

THE WEEK

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CURRENT TOPICS.

The decision of the British Government to establish a protectorate over Uganda will be approved by most thoughtful citizens of the Empire. The alternative being the handing over of the region to the tender mercies of whoever might succeed in seizing and holding it, in the rush which would have been made had the British claim been withdrawn, it is not easy to see how the Government could have done otherwise than it has done, without incurring a far greater responsibility than that involved in the present arrangement. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that an end will be made of the practice of leaving the work of conquering and ruling such countries to chartered companies. The mistakes and abuses which are sure to follow in the wake of such companies, and of which it is very likely the half is never known, will not, it is to be hoped, be again repeated in British history. No doubt,

now that the responsibility for the future of the country is openly assumed, the opening up by railroads and the establishment of a strong and stable government, able to protect the weak and punish outrages, will not long be delayed. The question of the annexation of Samoa to New Zealand is a much more complicated one. The Government will, evidently and rightly, not attempt to settle it without the full consent and concurrence of the United States and Germany, the other great nations involved. Unless jingoistic sentiments should gain the ascendancy, it is not likely that either of these nations is sufficiently interested in the matter to raise serious objections.

Though the investigations by the Legislative Committees may not have revealed anything very corrupt in the management of the Ontario Registry offices, which were made the subject of special enquiry, enough was revealed to justify the attack of the Opposition on the method of payment by fees in these and other offices. It is contrary to the principle which should prevail under any system of popular government that the Administration of the day should have a number of specially lucrative positions with which they may reward their followers, or which they may dangle before their eyes as possible future rewards of party loyalty and usefulness. Of course, as has been again and again made clear, this question is entirely distinct from that of requiring those who make use of such offices to pay for the service rendered. The latter arrangement is manifestly just and right. But it is not easy to conceive of anything which tends more to perpetuate the use of improper influences and corrupt dealing in politics, than for the party in power to have in their hands a number of fat offices, from which the lucky appointees may receive incomes out of proportion to the kind and amount of the work done. The possession of such patronage is a temptation from which the most virtuous Government should be delivered, and which it ought not to desire. The sooner all public officials are paid by fixed salaries, carefully graduated according to the amount of labour, education, and skill required, the better for honest administration. As a corollary from this self-evident principle, the payments should be given to those who do the actual work and not to sinecurists receiving the appointments by political favour, employing assistants at small salaries to do work for them, and pocketing the difference.

In fulfilment of their pledge of long standing, the British Government has introduced into the Commons a bill for the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales. The bill will no doubt be passed pretty readily by the Commons. It will, probably, be thrown out as promptly by the Lords. The latter event, if it takes place, will be rather pleasing than otherwise to the Radicals, as helping to fill up the measure of their Lordships' iniquities, and make them ripe for the coming judgment. The remarkable thing in connection with this new step in carrying out the programme of the Government is the peculiar position said to have been taken by Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech. He is reported to have said that the State had just as much right to establish and provide for a church as to establish and provide for an army or any other institution which it deemed to be beneficial to it. His reason for favouring disestablishment, so far as can be gathered from the fragmentary reports of his speech which have reached us, is that the Established Church has become a hotbed of Toryism, and must for that reason be rooted out. This will be very far from satisfactory to those Nonconformists who oppose the Establishment on the ground that its existence is a violation of a great principle. An influential Edinburgh minister says in the *Christian World* that the U. P.'s will not vote to disendow the church of their fathers from any sinister motive and intimates that the question must be settled on far higher ground. His meaning is, no doubt, that such an establishment is an intrusion of the State into a realm which is quite beyond and above its jurisdiction. It is pretty clear that should the leader of the Government seek to debase the question to the low level of political or party expediency, refusing to see the principle of liberty of conscience in religious matters, which is the main question with the more earnest advocates of disestablishment, he will quickly lose his hold on an influential body of supporters.

It is not easy to understand why Mr. Meredith and his followers, and a certain portion of the Conservative press, should have set themselves in so determined opposition to the proposed Registration Bill of the Mowat Government. The bill may be defective in some of its details. We confess ourselves unable to see how the registration of the large numbers of young men who will undoubtedly avail themselves of

the right to place their names on the voters' list, can be effected in the time and with the facilities provided. This is, however, a matter of detail. It should be easily adjusted with the help of the practical men on both sides of the House. But on general principles, it will, we think, be conceded by most thoughtful men, on either side of politics, that no better method for securing the vote to the largest number of those eligible, and rendering fraud and personation difficult, has yet been devised, than an effective registration system. There can be little doubt that the method will before many years be adopted in both Dominion and Provincial politics. The leading features of the Mowat Bill, which aims simply to make trial of the system within a limited area, and for a certain class of voters, has the approval, we believe, of some of the most thoughtful Conservatives in the Province. The *Empire* charges in so many words that it is a device to help the Ontario Government, and that it is particularly designed to deprive the party in Toronto of the advantage in numbers of manhood voters which they claim to have gained under the old system. But why may these same young men not be relied on, if they value the franchise, or have enough patriotic feeling to entitle them to the rights of citizenship, to take the small amount of trouble necessary to register their names? In the face of a near election, there is little danger that many would neglect the precaution. At the same time, it is clear that all this unseemly struggle and mutual suspicion might have been happily avoided, had the Government been magnanimous enough to refer the matter to a mixed committee, empowered to bring in a joint recommendation, such as would have commanded the support of all the best men on both sides.

Sir John Thompson's lucid speech on the North-West School Question last week must have gone far to convince all reasonable persons that the Catholics of the Territories have little cause for complaint. In several instances the arrangements complained of as a denial or deprivation of the rights of the minority were shown to have been made by the representatives of that minority, or with their full concurrence. For instance, with regard to the complaint touching the selection of school books, he stated that the selection was made by the Roman Catholic division of the Board of Education before the ordinance complained of, that of 1892, was passed, and had not been disturbed since in any important particular. From the statements of Mr. Haultain it appeared that no text-books have been struck off which the Roman Catholics wished to retain, and none added to which they objected. So with regard to the books upon which the teachers' examinations were held, Sir John said that no cause of complaint could exist against the legislation of 1892, because in 1891, although the mem-

bers of the Roman Catholic section of the Board had the right to prescribe the books for the examinations for Separate School teachers, they declined to exercise that right, and a resolution in favour of an uniform system was passed upon the motion of a member of that section. The Premier's speech was avowedly made with reserve, yet one can hardly read it without receiving, or at least having confirmed, the impression that the complaints are more of Quebec than of North-West origin, and that in many cases they are the result of afterthought. Sir John's explanation that the disallowance of the Act of 1892 would not disannul any regulations made under that Act previous to its disallowance, since disallowance takes effect only from the moment of its proclamation, presents what to the lay mind seems a rather strange state of things. If his remark on this point is rightly reported and we have correctly understood it, it would seem as if all a local legislature has to do, in order to escape from the effects of disallowance of a doubtful Act, is to make with all haste such regulations as will put into operation the provisions of the Act, and then await its disallowance with equanimity. Probably his remarks on this point have been misreported or misapprehended.

The majority report of the British Royal Labour Commission will probably be disappointing to many. More definite and positive recommendations were no doubt expected, particularly with reference to such matters as appointing official arbitrators, establishing boards of conciliation, or arbitration, and regulating the hours of labour. Conservative—we do not use the word in the party sense—views have evidently prevailed. Beyond recommending a few mild, tentative measures, such as giving a public department power to appoint an arbitrator to act alone or in conjunction with others, the majority do not go. Some of the enormous difficulties which confront any attempt at advanced labour legislation are very clearly brought out. For instance, it would seem a simple thing enough for Parliament to put it in the power of any trade to settle the hours of labour by a vote of the trade. But the practical difficulty in defining who constitute the trade and should have a vote under such legislation, is no doubt very great, if not insuperable. The Commission have no doubt done wisely in not attempting to propose any stricter law for the prevention of intimidation by picketing, etc. It is pretty evident that the line can be drawn only at violence or threats of violence. As the Commission point out, moral compulsion may be carried to great lengths in ways which the laws cannot control, and cannot usefully attempt to control.

Perhaps the most difficult subject which the Commission had to consider is that of "sweating." The minority report declares

in favor of immediate and strong measures to stop the sweating system, the excessive hours of labour, etc., and to raise the standard of life among the oppressed working people. But the radical union men are sometimes disposed to be even more cruel than the capitalists in their treatment of all workmen who do not come up to their standards. This is a case in which extremes meet. The union workmen, intent only on the interests of their own class, and the philanthropists, whose sensibilities are shocked by the hardships and degradation of the "sweated" work people, are alike apt to forget to ask what would be the effect of the sudden closing up of the sweating establishments upon those poor workers. If it were only a question of a law to compel the sweating employers to grant shorter hours, pay better wages, and improve the character of the places in which their business is carried on, the thing would be easy enough. But the trouble is, that the sweater's employees are usually of a kind who cannot find employment in the better class of establishments because of their want of skill or strength, or their general inefficiency, and who cannot even obtain situations, to say nothing of earning better wages, under the stress of competition with skilled workmen. The question often with them is that between life under their terribly hard conditions and life without even the present wretched means of support. Hence it will no doubt be usually found that those who are suffering horrible hardships and privations in the sweating shops will be the first to deprecate any legal interference with their employers, because that would mean absolute starvation for them. In some of the cities, philanthropic ladies are forming themselves into societies or bands pledged not to patronize those who are believed to deal in the products of the sweaters' toil. On the same principle the practice of buying the cheaper goods is sometimes denounced, even from the pulpits. These philanthropists deserve much credit for their humane motives, but they evidently should carry their kind feelings, or rather suffer their kind feelings to carry them, a little further, and ask themselves what would be the fate of these wretched, underpaid, and overworked people, who produce the cheap goods, were everyone to suddenly refuse to purchase them. The reply of the unions is short and to the purpose. "Let them go under, or go where they can. Our business is to raise the condition of the skilled and able-bodied labourers." The recommendation of the majority of the Commission would reach the same end by a somewhat slower process—gradual extinction of the lowest class of work places in which the sweated industries are carried on. Perhaps nothing better can be done, for these places are a menace both to the health and to the morals of the communities in which they exist. But it is well at least to see all that is involved in heroic measures before being in haste to use them.

"The Industrial Army," says the *New York Outlook*, "has risen from the proportions of a national joke into those of a serious national problem." The phenomenon is indeed a startling one. From all parts of the Republic, except the Old South, large bodies of men, and in some cases, we believe, of women, are on the march, converging towards the national capital. Their avowed object is to demand work. The underlying fact seems to be that the patience of the unemployed has become exhausted while their legislators have been for long months, and are likely to be for long months to come, wrangling over the tariff question and struggling for personal or party advantage, instead of enacting the legislation which might do much to set the wheels of the various industries again in motion. Meanwhile the hungry thousands out of employment are left to struggle on as best they can. Seen from this point of view, the uprising is less erratic than one might at first thought suppose. As the leader of one of the Western parties put it, in a speech at a great public meeting in Omaha, "When we reach Washington and present our living petition to Congress—a petition that cannot be pigeon-holed, referred, or put in the waste-basket—something must happen." It is noteworthy that while the papers in Washington, and in other great centres in the vicinity of the capital, deride and ridicule the movement, and the local authorities are discussing plans for bringing it to a speedy and ignominious end, the various branches of the army, along all the different routes, "are helped along and recruited by an almost passionate popular sympathy." It is difficult, in the jumble of contradictory representations, to form any reliable opinion as to either the numbers taking part in the movement or the class of men directing it. It is pretty clear, however, that the army is not the conglomeration of tramps and desperadoes which many seem to suppose. Some of the local commanders, at least, are men of character and ability. Some are university graduates, others men of intelligence and local standing.

It appears, moreover, that the stories telegraphed to the Eastern papers of train-stealings and other outrages are unreliable and in some cases false. The reported "capture" of a Union Pacific train was, we are now told, made with the knowledge and consent of the managers of the road, and the army that took it was composed of law-abiding workmen out of work. In another place, when five thousand Omaha trades-unionists had marched across the Missouri River Bridge, captured a train and placed it at the disposal of the army, "General" Kelly, the commander of the local branch, refused to accept it, saying that the movement stood for the principle of obedience to the laws, and the "army" trudged on afoot. It is impossible to foresee what will

be the outcome when the divisions meet in Washington, as they will probably do during the current week. Much will depend upon the spirit in which they are met. It must be evident to the wise that it will hardly do to resort to the cavalier methods which some have been recommending. The right of the people to petition in person, if they choose, is one which will not be readily surrendered. If the army is found to be law-abiding, and is really made up in any large degree of respectable workingmen, out of employment, it will be entitled to a very respectful hearing. If it has the sympathy of the masses to anything like the degree indicated, it might prove an extremely disastrous proceeding to refuse them such hearing.

What is the real principle involved in the movement? Clearly it is that of the right of the unemployed, in a democratic country, to demand employment from the national government. "Impossible! Absurd!" one is ready to exclaim at first thought. If six thousand of the unemployed may this week demand and receive employment, twelve thousand will be in Washington next week and twenty-four thousand the week after. Thus the demand will swell until it far surpasses the utmost limits of the national resources, unless those resources are replenished by something approaching to wholesale confiscation of the property of capitalists. "And this is really, no doubt, what many of those who take part in the movement would like to see. Stated in this way, the proposition seems simply an outrageous denial of the rights of property, which would soon reduce the whole nation to beggary and anarchy. And yet, when we put ourselves at the point of view of the hundreds of thousands who find themselves utterly unable to find employment and see their families in actual want of the barest necessities of life, while untold wealth, produced, as they believe, by their labors, is lying unused in the hands of the few who are living in ease and luxury, we cannot but wonder whether we should not feel and reason somewhat as they do, were we in their position. The problem is as old as humanity, yet is taking on ever new phases, of which the newest is, that, it has just now assumed, in the great American Republic. Will the Republic find a new solution?"

Vessels salute each other at sea by dipping their colors over the taffrail in the ship's wake.

Miss Mary Philbrook, of Jersey City Heights, who is the first woman in New Jersey to apply for admission to the bar, first became interested in law while typewriter and amanuensis in a lawyer's office, where she had access to legal literature. She is only twenty-three years old, but her employer, Mr. Min-turn, Corporation Attorney of Hoboken, calls her a capable young woman, and expresses full confidence in her ability to conduct cases in court.—*Harper's Bazar*.

PRISON REFORM.

For some years past the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada has been striving with praiseworthy persistence to procure certain reforms in the treatment of prisoners in the Dominion. With regard to the substance and aim of the reforms immediately sought, there is probably not much difference of opinion among right-minded and thoughtful persons. Foremost and chief among these is the removal of the necessity of sending youthful offenders to such institutions as the Central Prison of Toronto, and the Kingston and other penitentiaries of the Dominion, where they are thrown into association with the most depraved and hardened criminals, and from which they too often emerge, after serving longer or shorter terms, with every propensity towards vicious and criminal careers strengthened rather than weakened. The practice which it is thus sought to abrogate is so obviously indefensible that argument for a radical change seems unnecessary and almost insulting to common sense and right feeling. The only difficulty in the way of a change must be, we are sure, the practical and economical one.

A second and somewhat radical change desired grows naturally out of the first. It is the adoption, within prescribed limits, of the reformative, as distinct from the punitive, idea and method in the treatment of the younger classes of offenders. This principle is already recognized in such institutions as the Industrial School, the Mercer Reformatory, etc. It is desired to extend it to the other classes of criminals indicated, and in order to the greatest possible efficiency it is desired that the indeterminate instead of the fixed period of imprisonment be adopted. This method, as our readers are no doubt aware, has been tried for years, with generally satisfactory results, at the Elmira (N.Y.) and other prisons. The prospect of earlier release brings the stimulus of hope to the reinforcement of whatever real desire to reform and lead an honest life may exist in the bosom of any convict, and among juvenile offenders, whose consciences are not wholly hardened, the proportion of those possessing such a desire should, under proper influences, become very large.

How is it proposed that these ends be reached? It is quite possible that, with substantial agreement in regard to the aims to be kept in view, there may be serious differences of opinion as to the best means for the attainment of those ends. It was recommended by the Prison Reform Conference, which met in Toronto in November, 1891, that "the strongest pressure be brought to bear on the Dominion Government for the establishment of an Industrial Reformatory, conducted largely on the system now in use in the Elmira prison and other similar institutions in the United States." Mr. J. G. Moylan, Inspector of Penitentiaries, in his report to the Minis-

ter of Justice in 1891, strongly advocated the establishment of such a reformatory, where "young men, between the ages of seventeen and thirty, who have been convicted for the first time of a felony or serious misdemeanour, and who, in the opinion of the judges imposing sentence, are proper cases for reformatory treatment," should be sent, and "committed for an indeterminate period." Mr. Moylan is of opinion that one institution of the kind, located at Ottawa, might be made to serve the purposes of the whole Dominion. Ottawa is advocated as the best location, not only on account of its central position, but also and chiefly because its location there would give the members of the Government and Parliament opportunities and facilities for inquiring into the administration of the prison, and satisfying themselves in regard to its operation and results. There is force in these arguments. Yet much is to be said in favor of a number of smaller and more flexible institutions, rather than one large and less manageable one.

In order to the application of the indeterminate plan to the various refuges, reformatories and industrial schools, under the control of the Provincial Government, it is also proposed that such changes, if any, be made in the laws of the Dominion as may be necessary to confer on the Provincial Governments and their officers all requisite authority to pardon, patrol, apprentice, etc., the inmates of these institutions. This proposal is based on the view that the officers of the Provincial Government, under whose direct supervision and inspection the inmates of these institutions are placed, are in the best position to judge how and when the pardoning, commuting, and remitting authority should be used in individual cases.

As Sir John Thompson has declared himself in hearty sympathy with the general views and aims of the Prisoners' Aid Association, and as that association is asking the Dominion Government to take up the question during the present Session of Parliament, it is well that the subject should be brought prominently before the minds of all thoughtful citizens, in order that they may give it the consideration its importance demands, and may be prepared to give their hearty sympathy and co-operation in all such measures as they may be convinced will prove to be genuine reforms.

However anyone may be disposed to dissent from the view that the reformation of the criminal should be the only end of prison discipline, no one can, we think, doubt that it should always be kept in mind as one very important end. It is, indeed, clear that when once a genuine reform has been effected in any case, a great good has been done, even from the social and economic point of view, inasmuch as the community is freed from the danger to

which it is always exposed from the presence in its midst of a man with criminal instincts and purposes. How far an assurance of the genuineness of the reform may justify the State in relieving the convict from the punishment which may be deemed necessary, not as a vindictive penalty, but as a necessary warning and deterrent to those predisposed and tempted to commit similar offences, is a question not easily answered to the satisfaction of all. Yet the testimony of history could probably be shown to tell powerfully in favour of the view that the deterrent effects of punishment are by no means in proportion to its severity or the intensity of the suffering inflicted upon those who have been reached by the arm of the law. It is a great thing to convince the man who is at war with society that his law-abiding fellow-citizens do not share his vindictive spirit, but are actuated by higher motives, even in the sternest administration of justice. The whole subject admits of still wider investigation and discussion than it has yet received. Perhaps one of the best ways in which to test the various and conflicting theories which give rise to so much perplexity is by the trial of careful and well considered experiments along the line proposed by the Prisoners' Aid Association and its supporters.

OTTAWA LETTER.

In consequence of family affliction in Lady Aberdeen's family, the two events which are supposed to inaugurate the social life of the parliamentary session, the State dinner and the State reception, were postponed till the 26th and 28th of April. The State dinner is confined to official circles, the reception is a more open affair and about seven or eight hundred citizens passed through the spacious Senate Chamber to pay their respects to the official and social heads of Canada and at the same time the representatives of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. It was certainly a brilliant scene; whether you look upon Lord and Lady Aberdeen themselves, surrounded by the official advisers of the Crown in their uniforms, and supported by the Commander of the British forces in Canada, General Montgomery Moore, and the large military staff that accompanied Lord Aberdeen; the officers of the Canadian Militia, accompanied by General Herbert; or the costumes of the three or four hundred ladies, they were all worthy of Canada.

We missed Col. Gzowski from his official stand on the right of the Governor-General as A.D.C. to the Queen, and there are others missed whose past memory the brilliant scene conjures up.

In addition to these two social events, the ladies at the Russell House, through the hospitable instincts of Mr. St. Jacques, the proprietor, entertained a large number of friends at a ball on Friday evening. The spacious dining-room and corridors were filled to overflowing and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

In Parliament the details of the tariff in committee continue to be the subject of

the difficulty of defending protection in its details becomes more apparent. Mr. McNeill acknowledged that where combines controversy, and as the discussion advances are proved to exist for the purpose of running up prices, Government should effect a reduction of the duty. Senator Reid, of Belleville, has introduced a bill into the Senate to restore the words "unduly," "unreasonably" into the regular combine bill of Mr. Wallace. Destroy combines and where does protection stand?—on a tottering foundation.

It seems as if the country was approaching a period similar to that condition which preceded the adoption of free-trade principles in England in 1846. Although the condition of Canada has shown itself to be one of strength, evidences are not wanting to show that more extended markets are absolutely essential to maintain our industrial life in a healthy and progressive state; they can only be attained by applying more economic methods to our production and manufacturing.

The mineral production as exhibited by the return just presented from the Geological Department is not realistic, and the total mineral production shows a slight decrease. Is it in consequence of the cost entailed by protection, or is it anything inherent in the value or quality of our minerals?

The condition of industrial life in the United States is not without its interest to Canadians, and the disturbance of one of our principal markets points to the necessity of seeking fresh fields. Economy of production and manufacturing is the secret of their attainment. These are the arguments that grow out of the discussion of the details of the tariff, arguments that gradually influence the intelligence of the Canadian people.

Another matter of political interest was the close of the debate on the North-West school question, raised by Mr. Tarte's motion for papers. There is only one statesmanlike stand to take on this question and that is the constitutional one. If Canadians are going to prove themselves equal to the task of governing Canada, they can only successfully accomplish it by preserving the liberties our constitution confers upon the various provinces which go to make up the Canadian Confederation. Everything must give way to the principles of our constitution, otherwise reactionary methods set in which sap the liberties of the individual in the course of time. The power has been conferred upon each province to legislate for itself in matters appertaining to education, and it would be unwise for the central Government to attempt to interfere with any province in the exercise of its own provincial rights. By interpreting the principles of our constitution in the most liberal manner we may depend upon securing the most equitable method of administering Canadian affairs in the long run, be they for Protestant or Roman Catholic, or for our eastern or western citizen.

Colonel Denison occupied a members' day by the discussion of canal deepening, to improve the position of Toronto in its connection with ocean transport; facts and figures were against him, stubborn things. Colonel Denison should realize that by increasing the volume of trade and removing the barriers to ingress and egress, the necessity for the improvement he advocates would soon make themselves apparent. The "on dit" is that Government proposes to add Saturdays to the working days, an effort to shorten up the present session.

The C. P. R. freight rates were laid upon the table of the Senate, on the motion of Senator Boulton, who complains of such discrimination in the rates against western transport that it is retarding the development of the Province of Manitoba and the Western Territories, and he wished to have the official rates that a case could be prepared to lay before the Railway Committee of the Privy Council with the view of having any injustice that existed removed. At the same time, the paper called for by Senator Bernier, of St. Boniface, in regard to the correspondence that had taken place in relation to Separate School matters in the North-West, were laid upon the table.

An unusual amount of interest has been displayed in the Insolvency Bill which has been introduced in the Senate; the bankers and the merchants came down in force to represent their views and they are continuing to watch, through their solicitors, the progress of the bill through the Senate Committee.

The cricket season was opened out on Saturday last on Rideau Hall ground. Polo is being instituted, and it is said a consignment of five-and-twenty North-West ponies is on the way to mount the polo players. From all accounts the country is looking lovely everywhere, and farmers never had a better spring.

Ottawa.

VIVANDIER.

THE AUSTRALIAN PRESS ON CANADIAN LITERATURE.

THE WEEK has been well justified in its estimate of the importance, from a Canadian point of view, of Dr. Bourinot's monograph on "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness," by the favourable comments that have appeared on the work in the press generally of English-speaking countries. Without dwelling on the comments of the *London Times*—which considers the book "eloquent and very suggestive"—or of so high an authority as the *New York Nation*, which very truly says, "the subject is handled in a spirit neither of boastfulness nor of undue humility," we direct the attention of our readers to the appreciative criticism on our intellectual progress in the *Melbourne Argus*, the *Adelaide Advertiser* and other influential journals of Australia, all of which see much reason for hopefulness in the poems and histories that have already appeared in Canada. The *Argus*, while bearing "witness that the author has not lost his old power of pleasing and informing his readers," sees in the literary work already accomplished, "abundant evidence that neither patriotism, nor tender feeling, nor the love of nature, will be wanting in the race, or will lack exponents." The following comments from the great weekly of the fair land beneath the Southern Cross, the *Australasian*, will be interesting to all students of our intellectual progress: "Several people have been ready, upon a more or less superficial acquaintance with these colonies, to compile anthologies of Australian poetry or fiction. The work needs little labour and less research, and the gentlemen who engage in it have occasionally approached perilously near the line of literary pilfering. Widely different from such catchpenny service as this to the literature of a country is the laborious and critical review of Canadian progress in letters and art recently published by Dr. J. G. Bourinot, under the

title of "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness." The author, who has long since earned distinction in the Dominion as a writer upon historical and constitutional subjects, would divide the intellectual development of Canada into three distinct periods. First came the era of the French occupation, rich in heroic and picturesque features; next the long and stormy struggle for larger liberty under English rule, terminating in the establishment of responsible government; and finally the present progressive era, which has dated from the confederation of the provinces. Dr. Bourinot's complete grasp of his subject is evidently the result of no perfunctory turning over of dusty tomes; it indicates a long familiarity with the work of most of the men, whether of French or English extraction, who have helped to write the history and the songs of his country since its earliest infancy. Many of the names are unknown outside the borders of Canada save to a few bibliographical students, but it is not surprising that Dr. Bourinot, valuing as he does the ancient historical associations of his country, lingers lovingly among the relics of the French *regime*, bestowing fervent tributes of admiration upon Champlain, the sailor of Brouage, whom he designates "the father of New France;" Marc Lescarbot, Charlevoix, Le Clerq, and others. In the later aspects of Canadian development there is, no doubt, the same utilitarian tendency which the late James Russell Lowell deplored in the United States. Precisely the same thing is observable in Australia, and, indeed, in all new countries where the energies of the people are fully taxed to win their way to material prosperity. Literary men, as a rule, see cause for lament in this, yet the prosaic struggle is inevitable; and if it could be otherwise, it is doubtful whether true wisdom would endorse the change. Upon this foundation culture will afterwards rise when the hour of leisure comes, and perhaps it will flourish all the better because its roots are in soil that has been laboriously tilled. In commenting upon Canadian poetry, which he thinks illustrates the highest development so far of *belles lettres* in the Dominion, Dr. Bourinot cites impartially French and English Canadian writers, and although he recognizes, evidently, what may be called the "insufficiency" of French poetry, he ranks high, and deservedly so, the patriotic writings of Frechette, the French-Canadian laureate, and Cremazie, author of "La Drapeau de Carillion," a poem recalling the military achievements of the days of Levis and Montcalm. These poets were swayed by the influence which the picturesque history of French Canada exercised upon their imaginations, while the writers claiming Ontario as their home have oftener given the public rhythmical description of lake and river scenery. Yet Dr. Bourinot does not go a whit too far in his praise of some of the poets of Canada—the delightfully musical verses of Wilfred Campbell or John Reade. He quotes one simple but beautifully conceived poem by the latter, commencing:—

"In my heart are many chambers through which I wander free,
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre, some are light;
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night."

Nevertheless, the author is not carried away by his admiration of mere surface beauty. He prays for some critic with the

analytical faculty and poetic instinct of Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve to say whether the English and French Canadian poets are mere imitators of the best old-world models, or whether their work contains within itself the germs of original fruition in the future. The literature of every young country would doubtless be the better for the application of such a test. It is in poetry and in history that Canadian strength is chiefly claimed—in fiction, Dr. Bourinot confesses that the Dominion has halted badly. There are no novelists, he thinks, to compare with those of whom Australia can boast—Marcus Clarke, "Rolf Boldrewood," Madame Couvreur ("Tasma"), and even Mrs. Campbell Praed. He is grateful to Dr. Conan Doyle, who, with an obviously superficial knowledge of Canadian life, has embodied Canadian historical scenes in his work "The Refugees," and he hopes—with what justification remains to be seen—for really durable work in this direction from the pen of Mr. Gilbert Parker.

The review, which covers too wide ground to be followed in a brief notice, will well repay perusal by other than Canadian readers."

THE NIGHT-NURSE.

Adown the dusky corridor
The creeping dawn begins to stir;
The air grows crisp—the shadows change
Within my vision's stinted range;
The lamps burn pale—the morning star
Lims on the floor the window-bar.

Are those the swallows in the eaves?
I hear the waking, whispering leaves
Lisp out a welcome to the day,
And there's Sam's signal on the pane!
The rattle of the pebble-stone
Against the casement lightly thrown.
Fish bite so well at sunrise! Sam
Told me he'd call me — Ah! My God!
A moment slipped the truth away,
I dreamed I was a boy again!
Then stirred—to know the crash, the flame
That split in two the night's black noon,
The surging of an icy flood,
The horror of the shrieks, the blood,
Death's savage hurly—till there came
Upon my sense the gracious swoon,
Then—waking; and the wrench of pain
Brings consciousness of where I am.

The white washed wall, the narrow bed,
The bandage, the disordered brain,
And all the mysteries of pain,
Familiar now as daily bread
For many, many weary days.

The dawn grows whiter. In the rays
A shadow floats upon the wall;
Unechoed, measured footsteps fall,
And, 'twixt me and the broadening light
She comes, whose coming, to my sight,
Is as to sun-parched earth the rain—
The sovereign of this drear domain.

A queen of rebels! Fever, drought,
Ungoverned fancy's frantic child,
The havoc in an instant wrought
By fall or fire—the nerveless limb,
The laggard heart—the vision dim,
Unruly subjects these, and wild,
For her sole sway. She stands to gaze
A moment where the day shall rise,
Shading with levelled hands her eyes.

Oh sleepless, tireless hands and eyes!
Devote to tender ministries!
Hands whose soft force can draw the sting

(Almost) when surgesons' mercies wring ;
And eyes whose solemn light and smile
Can oft the tortured soul beguile
Into forgetfulness and rest
From woes and sins that rack the breast.

* * *

I lie and wonder—what of her
Who is my life's intrepeter ?

* * *

Young, but without the joy of youth ;
A smile as wintry sunshine fleet ;
Forgotten kisses on her mouth
Have left, maybe, that impress sweet.
And there's the shadow in her eyes
That only lives when rapture dies,
And leaves a pale and shivering ghost
For bliss and blessing owned and lost.

* * *

What loss of hers has proved my gain ?
What pang of hers has taught the touch
That hurts so little, helps so much ?
What sorrow sent her here to still
The aching grief—to soothe the ill
Of burning brow and throbbing vein ?
What anguished memory prompts the prayer,
Her tenderest and her latest care,
When all is borne that man can bear ?
Who knows ? her lip no secret tells,
She serves—she soothes—but nothing else.

* * *

Sin makes compassionate—has she sinned ?
Is there a page within her past
Whose blotted lines are folded fast ?
If so, that Spirit, who, like wind,
Blows where He lists, hath so touched her,
That in the harvest day to come
God's angels shall her case prefer,
The "one repentant" over whom
They sing their joyous welcome home.

* * *

Why probe her heart's deep secrets ? Here,
To us—she could not be more dear,
She could not be more holy. Heaven
To her the better part has given—
She loves—she serves—and thanks and prayers
That dare not rise to heaven are hers.

* * *

She is the daughter of the dark
And brings the darkness' comfort. Light
Is cruel—light reveals, betrays,
Reminds of all that we have lost,
And on the pillow torment-tost
Smiles baleful. But the gentle night—
As to the hopeless drifting ark—
The dove brought promise—on her wings
The boon of peace and silence brings,
And grants beneath their sacred screen
Forgetfulness of bitter days,
And leave to bear our pain unseen.
And she, night's priestess, holds the keys
Of consolation's mysteries.

Kingston, Ont. ANNIE ROTHWELL.

A VETERAN OF 1812.

Every addition to the historical literature of our country has its particular value to the present, in that it displays and commends to our notice the solidity of the foundation on which the superstructure of the future of Canada is being built, and by its records of the difficulties and dangers that have been overcome such literature encourages to strenuous endeavour, and nerves our people for those stern encounters that are alike the lot of nations as of individuals.

We, therefore, welcome with much cordiality the advent of such an addition to our bookshelves as "A Veteran of 1812," by Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon, of which we have been favoured with a sight of the advance sheets.

Both subject and author have special claims on the attention of Canadians. The latter comes of a literary stock, the Strick-

lands, among whom are found several contributors, both of the ladies and gentlemen of the family, to the literature of England and Canada—notably, Miss Agnes Strickland, the well-known author of "The Queens of England," a work which, as well as several others of like character, placed her in the highest rank among English writers of the forefront of the present century.

Two sisters of this lady are so well known in Canadian literature that it is hardly necessary to do more than mention their names here. Mrs. Moody, the author of "Roughing it in the Bush," and a frequent contributor to our earlier magazines ; and Mrs. Traill, whose "Canadian Crusoes" is still called for, and whose splendid volume, "The Wild Flowers of Canada," is a monument of scientific and loving study of the flora of our country.

Miss Fitzgibbon herself is the daughter of Col. Fitzgibbon's eldest son and his wife, Agnes Moody, now Mrs. Chamberlain, of Ottawa, and is thus doubly equipped, both by literary inheritance and military tradition, for the task she has so gracefully performed in giving us this record of the career of one of the ablest and most remarkable officers Canada has yet known.

Inheriting her grandfather's papers the present work has been to the author a labour of love, and in order to make it trustworthy as a history and, as a narrative of bygone times, as attractive as possible, she has spared no pains in her researches into official documents, letters, and other records which are to be found in our Dominion archives as well as scattered through the various public offices and libraries where such matter finds a resting place.

The career of Col. Fitzgibbon covers exciting periods, both in England and Canada, and very wisely the authoress lets Col. Fitzgibbon, as far as possible, tell his own story. As a sergeant in the 49th—a regiment to whose laurels he was to add much in after years—he was present, under the Duke of York—at the battle of Egmont-op-Zee, where also were Brock and Sheaffe, and was there taken prisoner. Later, he was with Nelson, under Sir Hyde Parker, at the battle of the Baltic, in 1801. In June of the following year, the 49th, under Col. Isaac Brock, were sent to Quebec, and here Fitzgibbon's services to Canada began ; and his painstaking endeavours to fit himself for such work as might fall to his lot show the conscientious and faithful character of the man—an example of especial value to the young. His most remarkable service to the Province of Upper Canada, where the 49th was very soon stationed after their arrival, was during the war of 1812, when owing to information received of an intended night attack upon his little company of forty-nine men who were in charge of stores at Beaver Dam, through the intrepidity of that noble and patriotic woman, Laura Secord, his rapid movement and prompt daring secured as prisoners the contingent of six hundred men, with artillery, sent under Colonel Børstler to entrap him. This action saved the Province, and won the gallant Lieutenant a captaincy.

He was also present at Fort Schlosser, Black Rock, and Lundy's Lane.

On the disbanding of the Glengarry Regiment, which he had joined during the war, Fitzgibbon received a civil appointment and his services in this capacity, as well as during the troubles of 1837, when a man of his loyalty was doubly of value,

are recited in three chapters full of incident and interest alike to the general reader and the student of history.

Of Fitzgibbon's retirement from public life, his residence as a Military Knight of Windsor, and his death in England, we learn in the concluding chapter of this very fascinating book, for which we prophesy a popularity that few books yet published in Canada have attained.

To the Militia of Canada, "A Veteran of 1812" may be particularly recommended. Not only does its story captivate, but its beautiful examples of duty nobly done, of dangers bravely met, and of impossibilities made possible—of which last a very pertinent anecdote is given alike to the credit of officers and men—together with its vivid portraiture of military life, both regular and militia, in the beginning of the century, must make it at once a story and a study.

The book will be illustrated with a portrait, map and several views.

S. A. CURZON.

IN THE HURON TRACT—I.

We cannot consider that Canada has much more than turned the last page of the first chapter of her young life, but, like all young people, she dearly loves the story of the past. That past, as acted in the lives of our grandfathers—we can say grandfathers, as we have now attained the distinction of having our own ancestors—was a life neither lightly lived then nor so spoken of now, and we of the Huron Tract have many a sad tale to tell. Of all those once well-known names there are few left now to show a quickening eye at the mention of the old days' doings ; but the children, and the children's children, of those pioneers are made of the right stuff, and we feel the quick heart-beats as we listen to stories of the passage out in sailing vessels, foul-smelling and slow ; or of the first days of taking up land, when a cheery spirit and brave front were often almost—never quite—crushed by the deadly home-sickness and physical fatigue. Or perhaps we remember our own childhood, spent in the clearing, in the log house built by our father and uncles, the chinking of the walls helped in by fingers too dear and too delicate for such work. What wonder that we love our country when our very heart's blood was in the making of it, and perhaps the Huron Tract was besprinkled more lavishly with the red drops than should have been its share. But let no one think we were all sadness—such visitors in our midst as the present Chief Justice of Ontario, and some of his contemporaries, will attest to the fast of reason and flow of soul found in the society of those days. The wit sparkled indeed. And later, likewise the champagne. With melancholy regret for my present state, I own that I had more straw covers to play with in my childhood than I ever hope to see again.

The long letters, at longer intervals, from home were eagerly watched for ; and, when received, every word was learned by a heart and then perhaps passed on to a neighbor less fortunate in the way of mail matter. And how we kept up with the far-away grantees who made us *au courant* with all the Court News ! We had not trolley cars to run away from or be killed by, nor a daily mail to answer, nor a shop to telephone to, so we could afford to waste some time over the history of Lord John's wrongdoings or Lady Mary's grievances.

The times of the two last Georges were of chief interest, for through Sheriff and Mrs. Hyndman many stories were handed down. The name "Hyndman" in Western Ontario will surely always carry its own weight, for the pioneers of that family were second to none. The first Sheriff of the Huron Tract is naturally a historic figure; and, even if he enjoyed his public honors for but a few short years, his name is never lost sight of. Personal respect was accorded to him and to his wife in both public and private intercourse, and no primitive style of life or early-times simplicity of manners ever detracted from the standard of true genteel people. But, to turn from them and their personal attributes, it is interesting to go over some of the incidents in court life which are perhaps "unknown to history," and we, at any rate, never believed the unfortunate Queen Caroline ought but, at the worst, a foolish woman. Perhaps no husband ever made a more fiendish use of his power as a man and as a king than did George the Fourth, and the crowning insult of her life, dealt to her at the entrance of Westminster by order of His Majesty on the day of his coronation, covered the wife's last despairing effort to uphold her breaking heart. That her miserable existence preceding death was anything but another name for heartbreak, we cannot suppose. The little scene enacted between Queen Caroline and Mrs. Hyndman's ancestress, who was the former's close friend, in the carriage as they found themselves denied entrance and their horses' heads forcibly turned by footguards, which makes it perhaps the better worth repeating. Had the Queen's self-love been stronger than her judgment she would naturally not have asked advice; but, turning to her friend and repeating the pet name by which she was in the habit of addressing her, she asked, "What would you do in my place?" "Your Majesty, I would return. I would obey the King's commands." They did return, and a much abused and wrongly judged woman spent her remaining years in miserable seclusion. That we had many such tales from Mrs. Hyndman, and from her sister, the wife of Captain Luard, is not wonderful, when they in turn had heard them from their father, who for some years was tutor to the younger sons of George the Third, and from an ancestress who had held an equally intimate office at court. Stories of royal doings and misdoings had an odd ring as we gathered round the open, blazing fireplace of a log house, set lonely in its own clearing, with no neighbor's dwelling perhaps within walking distance. Not long ago I heard of the sale of one of these early houses after it had given shelter to several generations, each generation possessing less of this world's goods than the preceding one, until at last the place was sold for what it would fetch. Situated in the heart of a now well-grown town, the structure was an eyesore, and the purchaser pulled it down with little compunction. On scraping the whitewash and accumulations of ages from the logs they were found to be black walnut of rare quality, and their individual sale made a handsome profit for their owner. So the times go; my grandfather's stable was of walnut, and our own house seems rather good in our own eyes when we dilate upon its picked pine and curled maple.

But our interest was not given to courts only, for dearly we, as children, loved to hear our grandmother tell of how her mother

and "Watty Scott," such a dirty-faced little boy, went to the same dame's school; and if they had only known what was to come after, how much they would have made of poor "Johnnie Moore" that day he came to say good-bye before he went off to be killed at Corunna. Many of the friends of this old lady and her parents were in the army, and on one occasion, at the opening of the Peninsular War, thirty-six officers dined at their house. Strangely enough, at the close of the war, the remnant of these thirty-six met at the same table, and they counted six in all. One, who at the first dinner was a bright young lieutenant, on the second occasion was placed beside my grandmother. "My child—for that was what I called you when I saw you last—you must wield my knife for me." After dinner he asked her to feel his arm, and the bones rattled under her touch.

So, with fireside nights and old-home tales, we turned our days to first growing our wheat and then grinding it, with perhaps weeks spent in fighting in the battles of the rival factions of Dunlop and Strachan. Ah, for the good old days!

K. M. LIZARS.

PARIS LETTER.

Having taken the mouth of the Nile, for the French now regard Egypt as really English since they threatened to remove the youthful Viceroy did he persist in his political larks, nothing is more natural than that the British should take the region where the river rises, that is, the Uganda. The intervening regions will duly follow, then the "evacuation" will be complete. The French raise their eyes in pious horror at this audacity of John Bull, which, after all, is merely cutting out French audacity. For the English, the solution of the Egyptian question is, to make the country English by staying in the land of Goshen. For the French, the solution would be, turning the English out and taking their place. What is good to take is good to keep. France has never given the example of abandoning her takes; she commences by converting them into protectorates, preparatory to adding them to her 86 departments. She has never abandoned Corfu disinterestedly. The Catholic Missionaries, the "White Fathers," have their headquarters in Paris, and have a good foothold in the Uganda. The Director of the Missions has been asked to explain about his work in that part of Africa; he avows he never doubted for a moment that England would annex Uganda; it is within her sphere of influence her hinterland of the Nile; he hopes she will pay an indemnity for what injuries her wars inflicted on the missions—why not indemnify the Protestant Missions also? At the Berlin Congress, France refused a slice of the Uganda, so Germany and England divided the territory between them, till the latter power bought out the Teuton with Heligoland. Some years ago France could have possessed all the Uganda, but her Consul at Zanzibar asserted the play was not worth the candle. It was like Voltaire, who, when Canada was ceded to England, said the territory "was only a few acres of snow." France declined to execute her *parole* to remove Araby Pasha: England did it single handed, like Coriolanus. And now, when they see their two blunders, the French hang their harps on willow trees. But why pour out the vials of wrath on the wiser English

The French, at least, attach no importance to the rumors of disarmament like others; they cry aloud for peace, but perfect their weapons of destruction and keep their powder dry. Technical authorities do not consider any scheme practicable for arranging the *proportionalite* of the defensive resources of a nation. It is not like a duel, where pistols or swords for two can be regulated with mathematical precision. The idea of coercing a first-class power into beating its spears into pruning hooks is not to be thought of. Only two issues remain; continue to arm to the teeth till bankruptcy compels peace, for inability to fight is not a bad method to secure tranquillity, or engines of warfare will continue to be made more annihilating, and thus render conflicts too terrible to be lightly undertaken. In the meantime preach sermons and sing hallelujah choruses for the millennium.

Nothing so well illustrates the difference in character between the French and English, than the Salford experiment of reducing the workday by 50 minutes, and after being tested for a twelvemonth, the employers found that the same out-put of work was realized without diminishing wages. The factory had over 1,000 hands. Three years ago a French wholesale boot and shoemaker, M. Cornevoit, employing 250 hands, working eleven hours a day, tried at once the regime of eight hours. The hands virtually broke down before a week, hence, concludes the writer, the Salford experiment is unsuited to France. This is comparing unlikes which children indulge in. At Salford, the time-reduction daily was 50 minutes, that of the Cornevoit, 130 minutes; the latter philanthropist ought to have commenced more gradually. Let his hands try now a daily minimum of fifty minutes and then compare with Salford. There will be no first of May jinks on the part of any laboring class this year; the socialists who run this annual spectre, no longer frighten; they are themselves divided: one coalition demands that parliament deal with labour legislation, the other urges barricades; the first is being done, the second is ridiculous. The anarchists detest all schools, and rely solely on bombs. For the moment they rest; even a monthly explosion is by much too much.

Chemist Berthelot has made a speech, an after dinner one, at the banquet just given by the Society of Manufacturing Chemists! He admits his speech is a dream, but not of the "day" order. He is the most eminent modern who has condescended to fix the date of the millennium—that will be the year A.D. 2,000. How our contemporaries must deplore being born too soon. The whole face of the material world will then be changed, and the orator expects as a consequence, the aspect of the moral world will be changed too; there will be no need for posting up or reading out the Decalogue. How is this change to be brought about? By chemical agencies, that will make aerial navigation as common as riding in a railway carriage or a cab, and supersede agriculture, whether depressed or prosperous, and by dispensing with mines, coal strikes will disappear. Where is the head centre of these agencies? Exactly where no company promoters can touch them. Bore a hole 4,500 yards deep, say three miles into the earth, cease building Babel towers, and the earth's centre heat and the boiling water there, two inexhaustible sources, can be tapped. With that heat and hot water, coal becomes unneces-

sary, and the supply of electric force unlimited. The elements of food are the three gases, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, and the solid carbon. By electrically combining these, chemistry can turn out rump steaks and penny rolls, in the tablette or lozenge form, and so on with other foods, from a newly laid egg, to a wing of a chicken, a Yorkshire ham, a pint of ale, a bottle of wine, a pot of tea, or water, virgin of microbes. Odd, that the mineral waters that bubble up from the centre of our planet, have been found to contain from 5,000 to 160,000 microbes per cubic inch. We cannot escape these little wrigglers, whether they be like the dog, the friend of man, or his natural enemy, his fellow man—pathogene. There will be no taxes to pay, no colds, no rheumatisms, no corns, no charity sermon, no war, no protectionist tariffs. "Dost thou like the picture?" as Claude Melnotte would say.

A merchant in the Rue des Rosiers noted for some time that the cash in his office drawer was daily less 6frs. in the morning than when he balanced it at night. At last the sums became more important, and, satisfied the abstraction was not to be attributed to any member of his family, he complained to the police. Two detectives were concealed in a press, through which a hole was bored; in the morning a young and confidential clerk was seen opening the drawer by means of a false key and helping himself. He was arrested. On searching his private residence, letters were discovered addressed to the clerk from three young women he had promised to marry. They were invited to call on the commissary of police, and there learned that their Romeo was a robber, and the three graces unconscious rivals; they had new bonnets, mantles, watches and rings; they upbraided the traitor with making them gifts of stolen goods, begged to be allowed to retire to the waiting room and then deposited every article of apparel, save what decency required to enable them to regain their homes, and so parted from the wardrobe glories and the giver for ever.

The French Academy is to be enlarged, that is, the structure, not the immortal forty members. This is the only chance upon which Zola can now hope to gain admission into that select circle.

The weather is viewed as dangerously lovely. Rain is loudly demanded by the farmers; anticipating another year of drought, they hesitate to make spring sowings. All early vegetables have run up 50 per cent. in price; this does not astonish Parisians; that which would, would be to witness anything coming down in price. The trees have not as yet suffered. People remark the quantity of flowers and the absence of leaves. The swallows are said to have arrived in full force, but the naked eye does not see them as yet. Generally their coming is the occasion during the first few days of pitched battles with the sparrows. The ornithological Billingsgate attracts notice.

The Press has, in Paris, a peculiar order of Odd Fellows, and independent to boot. They are attached to no journal, no news agency; they form a kind of close borough among themselves, and ferret out news wherever they can and sell it to any journal that pays them. They have just held their annual banquet and intend founding an old age pension fund for themselves.

Madame Carnot is a practical lady, and has created a new fashion and a new source of revenue for the Eiffel Tower. That

structure has in its skylight a meteorological office, and takes observations of the weather every two hours. When Madame Carnot intends going to shop or to drive, she has the telephone set to work to state what the weather will be for the next few hours and regulates her toilet by the reply. Fashionable ladies now subscribe to the weather office of the Tower, and telephone when they please.

JOHN GRANGER'S POMES.

CANADIAN HONOUR.

Folks tell me our Canadian mark
Is takin' well abroad;
The Yankee confidential clerk
From Canada is drawn.
He ain't perhaps so pison smart
As them that's Yanks by right,
But then, of hard work he ain't scart,
An' he's allers honour bright.

I likes to hear as our own boys,
Like as I helps to raise,
Is decent lads, sech as enjoys
Well-meanin' people's praise.
I'd rather have my boy a dunst
Than cock of all the fight,
Ef some good man 'ud jest say waunst,
"He's allers honor bright!"

'Twas honor made our England grand,
In the old days, afore
Boys quit the farm and lent a hand
To byin' in the store;
For stores is nests of lies and tricks,
Meanness and low down spite;
I'd rather have my boy pile bricks,
And be allers honor bright.

I ain't no politician now,
I wunst was, but I quit;
'Twas all a nasty dog-pit show,
Biter and biter bit.
They didn't care a single cent
For right that wasn't might,
And half the votes in parlyment
Was down on honour bright.

And parsons too, they make me sick,
With meetin's of all sorts,
And wond'rin' whose the next they'll stick,
At what they call church courts.
Why don't they try to feed their flocks,
And lead 'em to the light;
Ef Christ came down, He'd give 'em shocks,
For He was honour bright.

So, my dear young Canadian friends,
Think of the land you love:
England can't splice our ragged ends,
Nor yet won't Heaven above.
You've got to make her manhood known,
A walkin' in God's sight,
Till all the world is forced to own
Canadian honour bright.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—III.

It was not alone by projected land operations that those refugees from the Southern States, who made of Canada a home during the Civil War, sought to harass their opponents, but also by water. The Great Lakes furnished a magnificent field for these attempts. The gun-boat *Michigan* was about the only armed Federal vessel on Lake Erie and it was manifestly impossible for her to properly patrol that large body of water from end to end. She had to watch closely both shores—the Canadian shore, that no hostile armament should be fitted out in the mouths of the discharging rivers or creeks, unknown to the Canadian Government—and the Amer-

ican shore, to prevent foraging bands landing to burn the defenceless cities of Buffalo, Erie, Sandusky, and other places. This task became so clearly impossible in a lake eighty miles wide and nearly two hundred miles long, that she seems to have abandoned it early in the war, and confined her efforts to preventing landing parties; leaving the detection of fitting out expeditions to the numerous spies in the employ of the American Government. These spies for the most part were scattered along the Canadian frontier, and usually gave accurate information, but sometimes they magnified the dangers in order to make their own services more conspicuous. In many cases, the warning, though, came from the Canadian Government, and this was the case in what is known as the "Johnson's Island Affair." This island, situated in Sandusky Bay at the south-western end of Lake Erie, is unimportant in itself, and only became of importance because a large number of Confederate officers and men, captured by the Federals, were imprisoned there. The South could ill afford to lose the services of either officers or men in the death-struggle she was engaged in, so it became a matter of supreme moment that they should be released if at all possible. It was intended, besides, to have them attack the rich city of Buffalo after their release and thus create a diversion from their own sorely pressed troops in the field. Everything looked well for the success of the expedition.

Resolute men were not wanting to carry out the project, the Canadian Government apparently knew nothing of the plot and the island itself seemed practically undefended. But suddenly came a bolt out of the blue. The British Minister at Washington, Lord Lyons, who had been notified by the Governor-General of Canada, disclosed the entire scheme to Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, in the following note despatched near midnight, such was the urgency:—

Washington, Wednesday Night,
November 11th, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,—Persons hostile to the United States, who have sought an asylum in Canada, appear to be engaged in a serious and mischievous plot. Indeed, if the information which has reached the Governor-General be correct, they have a project for invading the United States and attacking and destroying the city of Buffalo. They purpose to get possession of some of the steamboats on Lake Erie, to surprise Johnson's Island and set free the prisoners of war confined there and proceed with them to attack Buffalo. The Governor-General suggests that steamboats should be watched. He has taken all the precautions in his power, has ordered a sharp lookout to be kept on the Welland Canal, and desired that any steamboats giving cause for suspicion by the number or character of passengers on board shall be arrested. You will excuse my disturbing you so late; the information has just reached me by telegraph, and it may be important that you should know it without delay.

Believe me, etc.,
Hon. W. H. Seward, (Signed) LYONS.
etc., etc.

This communication—for which Lord Lyons was thanked in a friendly note from Mr. Seward—was of course fatal to the hopes of the Confederates. The *Michigan* was promptly stationed off Johnson's Island, Governor Tod, of Ohio, called out two thousand militia at Sandusky and a battery of Parrott guns was erected on the island.

In addition, the detachments of Canadian Rifles, then stationed on the Welland Canal for the summer, were ordered to remain there by Lord Monck and prevent suspicious characters passing. Such rigid measures could only have one effect on the contemplated invasion: the leaders' hearts failed them and nothing came of the "Johnson's Island affair." It shows however, conclusively, that Canada and Great Britain endeavored to carry out a strict policy of neutrality along the frontier during the great struggle. The damage which could have been inflicted, had their plans not been frustrated, was incalculable. So well did the United States authorities understand this, that they shortly afterwards transferred most of the war-prisoners on Johnson's Island to less exposed quarters.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

SPEECH.

AND ITS MODIFICATIONS.

Speech is articulate language, or the voice modified by the organs through which it is transmitted. These modifications or articulations of the voice constitute a succession of sounds distinct from one another, to which mankind have agreed to attach special ideas that serve to express with facility, rapidity and clearness their sensations, sentiments and affections; in short, everything that results from the exercise of their intellectual faculties. There is this essential difference between voice and speech, that the first is nothing but a sharp or deep hollow noise, strong or weak, consequent upon the vibrations of the glottis; whilst speech is composed of this same sound submitted to the action of parts above the glottis, modified by these parts in an unvarying manner, that puts man in rapid and precise communication with his fellow-man.

Most vertebrate animals, particularly those that live in the air, have the power of regulating more or less varied vibrations in the fluid that traverses their larynx, by reason of which faculty they are endowed with a voice: man alone exercises the power of speech. When sounds are harmonious and succeed one another at fixed and appreciable intervals, voice takes the name of song.

The vocal organs are the larynx, the curtain of the palate, the arch of the palate, the tongue, the teeth and the lips.

The nose exercises little influence upon articulation, and injures, in certain cases, the purity of sound. Considered altogether, the vocal duct, proceeding upwards, consists: 1. Of a small excavation situated immediately above the inferior ligaments of the glottis called the ventricle of the larynx, which isolates in a wonderful manner the vocal plates. 2. The glottis, properly so called. 3. Of a large excavation situated immediately above, formed by the epiglottis, forward; by its lateral ligaments, and by the posterior wall of the larynx behind. 4. Of a still larger space, bounded forward by the base of the tongue, behind and laterally by the larynx. 5. The mouth or holes of the nose, as the position affects the curtain of the palate, and in some cases both these cavities at once. According as the larynx sinks or rises, the vocal duct becomes longer or shorter; and when the first of these movements takes place, the lower part of the pipe sensibly enlarges, whilst it becomes narrower as the larynx rises.

It is difficult to establish with rigorous accuracy what is the action of each part of the vocal conduit in the production of speech. The mechanism of the production of sounds can only be described in an approximate manner, and by those physiologists who have attentively studied the movements of the tongue, the palate curtain, and the lips during successive pronunciations of the letters of the alphabet. The movements of the different parts of the vocal tube are so variable, modifying themselves with such rapidity, and combining in so many different ways, that if it were possible to obtain an exact description of the simplest articulations, it cannot be done when complicated articulations are produced by the formation of syllables and words. Such researches are, nevertheless, very interesting in a physiological and medical point of view; because an exact knowledge of the mechanism of production leads to a knowledge of the causes which make the voice defective, and the discovery of the most efficacious means of remedying the defect, whether arising from the faulty conformation of the organs or the irregularity of their action. But as, in this last analysis, it is always by the aid of sounds that represent letters of which all the parts of a discourse are composed; and as the difficulties experienced in speaking frequently depend upon the impossible or incomplete articulation of these letters, it follows that their proper pronunciation is so important as to merit an investigation of their mechanism.

The whole art of language is embraced in the numerous modifications which the five fundamental sounds called vowels represented by the letters *a, e, i, o, u*, can be made to undergo. The name of consonants is given to characters which serve as signs to distinguish the different ways of articulating the vowels. It may be taken as a maxim that vowels or their modifications are less numerous, as languages are less sonorous; the difference is in favor of oriental and southern languages, for the more we advance from south to north, the more we remark that they degenerate into a squeaking or whispering monotone. Climate exercises an influence on speech analogous to its influence on music.

Sounds that represent vowels seem natural to man. He produces them without combination, without effort, and without will, as if by instinct. Vowels serve to express pain, pleasure and all sudden sensations, which are uttered unexpectedly, without mental influence or reason. On the contrary, articulation of consonants is the result of reflection, of labor and of art; none come to him with precision, or perspicuity, if education and continual exercise have not impressed his organs with all befitting strength, by means of which they acquire the requisite mobility.

The first of the vowels, and the one most frequently used, is the sound that represents the letter *a*. This sound is formed whilst the mouth being immediately opened, and the tongue abandoned to itself, we send the sound from the chest without much force. To produce *e* requires the jaws to be brought nearer, the mouth enlarged transversely, in an almost unconscious way, and the sides of the middle part of the tongue folded above, applied against the arch of the palate, so that its point, slightly lowered, is placed behind the lower incisor teeth.

The vowel duct should present to the sound of *i* a passage similar to that which

produces *e*. There is this difference between *a, e* and *i*, that the sound of the first is almost entirely guttural, whilst that of the second modulates itself, so to speak, towards the middle part of the arch of the palate, and that of the third to the most anterior part of that vault. According as we pass from one of these sounds to the other, the jaws approach each other more, the vocal duct becomes larger transversely, and narrower above and below. *o* is pronounced by a mechanism analogous to that of *a*, with this difference, that the lips are brought together and carried forward, so as to transform the cavity of the mouth into a sort of cavern, with a round and narrow aperture. Lastly *u* is produced by bringing the lips forward and puckering them, so that the mouth is almost entirely shut: there is then between the tongue and the round terminal opening of the vocal duct, a free space in which the air produces a vibrating sound similar to whistling.

Speech to man is the most precious result of education. After hearing for a long time other persons speak we ourselves learn to speak. Articulate language is not the product of an innate faculty, or a gift of nature; and man, in this respect, does not fare any better than other animals. He has been provided with a more developed intelligence and better regulated organs than his contiguous species; he received with his organization all that was necessary to produce language; but it is impossible for him to succeed in developing his superior advantages except by stubborn and uninterrupted toil, during a long succession of generations.

It is to the magic power of speech that man owes the authority he exercises over the most formidable animals; it is by speech he reigns upon the earth; speech, by giving rein to his thoughts, lifts him in soaring sublimity to the most august mysteries of the skies; it is, in short, to speech that the reunion of men in society is due, and of which that noble faculty is the indissoluble bond.

Up to the age of twelve or fifteen months, as a rule, infants express their agreeable or painful sensations only by smiles or tears. It is then they begin to represent articulate sounds by stammering. The first vowel they attempt is *a*, as its pronunciation is easiest. Its combinations with the consonants *b, m*, are, for a long time, and the same reason, the only ones to which his organs can attain; whence the words, *ba ba, ma ma*, which the maternal ear hails with delight, and which the attentive parents cause the child to repeat a hundred times a day, and are soon transformed into *papa, mamma*, names so sweet and dear, affirming, as it were, that the first word of a child is a homage rendered to the beings from whom he derives his life.

Metaphysicians have thought that when we pronounce a discourse, all its parts are present in the mind, and that we have only to unroll them and present them in succession to our hearers. This is not an accurate assertion; ordinarily, speech makes others acquainted with the sentiments we had grasped before commencing our discourse: it only conveys our thoughts as our ideas are produced by cerebral action. We know, doubtless, before speaking what we are going to say; we are conscious of the principal divisions and sometimes many of the subdivisions of the subject upon which we are going to discourse; but we know that

when there is an abundance of speech, the brain works energetically, and prepares ideas and expressions at the opportune moment; it seems never to go quicker than speech. This circumstance is dependent upon the cohesion of our ideas, the source of all intellectual action, and the cause, when one idea finds expression, another and another are presented in succession, and in logical order. We know that the clearness and beauty of a discourse frequently depend on the manner in which it has been commenced, that is to say, on the manner in which the series of ideas of which it should be composed has been presented to the mind. It is not rare to hear an orator give expression to ideas and images for which he was not prepared, and produce unexpected and felicitous impressions. This good fortune happens to those only who are habituated to much speaking. The professor, who adopts this method, if ever so little endowed with a happy elocution, is certain to captivate the attention of his audience, whom he interests and subjugates, because his lectures are dramatic representations. It is the same with the advocate at the bar, and the orator in parliamentary assemblies.

The action of the vocal organs is thus entirely subordinate to the action of the brain; if this is rapid, if its productions are luminous and exact, the expressions of the speaker will bear the same character; his elocution will be free, easy and agreeable; if, on the contrary, the march of intellect is embarrassed; if the ideas are confused or badly arranged in the mind, the speech will bear the impress of interior trouble; repetitions, hesitations, painful articulations will make the discourse fatiguing to the hearer and laborious for the speaker; and here the beautiful sentence of the poet finds its just application:

"What is well conceived is well expressed."

It results from these considerations that the education of the organs of speech, independently of the means by which we can directly modify their mode of action, and overcome obstacles created by their imperfections, is closely allied to the art of thinking, to logic, and to all the sciences which have for their object the regulation of our intellectual faculties.

It is not enough for an orator to have a sonorous and flexible voice, a facile and correct articulation; it is the fecundity, the perspicuity of thought, the force with which it presents itself to the mind which communicate to the voice those accents and expressions that captivate the soul, move the heart, inflame the audience and make them one with the speaker.

Demosthenes would have harangued the waves of the sea in vain, and would never have become the greatest orator of Greece, if he had not been endowed with the rarest qualities of mind, and possessed the most vigorous resources of logic. These qualities were stamped upon all the productions of his genius, and constituted their essential worth in such manner that his writings, stripped by translation of the charm of an harmonious tongue, rich and varied in its forms, are models none the less difficult, not to say impossible to imitate.

The art of speaking was an essential part of education in the ancient republics where all affairs were discussed before the people; it was the object of a sort of veneration; it was familiar to all citizens who by birth or ambition were destined to govern the state. Quintilian, who made

numerous researches in oratorical elocution, says that, to be a perfect orator, pronunciation must be (1) correct, that each word be pronounced in all its purity and compass, so that it may be easily distinguished from all others; (2) that the voice be clearly articulated by the rigorous pronunciation of every syllable, and treated in such manner that we can grasp every phrase and part of a discourse; (3) in a word, it should be embellished, that is to say, a pleasing voice; a pure, flexible and harmonious tone should make it agreeable. The orator who wishes to distinguish himself in this difficult art should master the action of his organs in such a way that he can in an instant, and without effort, change his tone according to circumstances, and give to his voice in those places where his theme demands force and vehemence, all the vigor and eclat that are indispensable to impress the mind, evoke approbation, convince and carry away the people.

The best method of teaching children to speak, is never to use before them vague or improper expressions, and never to change the pronunciation of words under the pretext of making them easier. That they may know what they are saying when they speak, it is necessary that they attach clear and precise ideas to the words they use; and to secure this result we should take care they do not speak more quickly than is necessary. We should, therefore, confine their learning at first to a small number of names and perceptible objects, whose qualities are easily understood. Their vocabulary will be augmented as their ideas are multiplied, and these ideas should constantly precede the expressions used to describe them, instead of coming to them afterwards.

The unfortunate facility with which we use words that we do not understand commences sooner than we think: the school-boy listens in his class to the verbiage of his teacher, as he listened in his cradle to the prattle of his nurse, and this is a method of learning how not to understand. Parents should resist the immoderate desire to make children repeat new words incessantly. They should confine their instruction for a long time to the knowledge of objects. The methods of instruction frequently used are excellent to make them clever parrots; not to form just minds and reasonable men. It has been observed that peasants, as a rule, who use few words and possess a very limited vocabulary, have clearer ideas and speak to the point better than people of the town, who have an overflow of words and few ideas at their command. What more insupportable than those eternal talkers who bewilder with their prattle, and have the art of continually talking without saying anything? All philosophers who have undertaken to unveil the mechanism of acquiring and communicating knowledge have adopted the principles of this negative method of education which aids nature without hindering her operations. The affinities that unite the organs of speech with the acts of the intellect constitute one of the most remarkable and important parts of physiology and merit deep research. The mode of procedure in acquiring and expressing our ideas should be a preliminary study to the cultivation of all the sciences; that alone can furnish the mind with a guide in the labyrinth of facts and observations, at first sight so contradictory.

The interest we take in a knowledge of our fellow-creatures has induced philosophers from the remotest antiquity to ob-

serve the relations that exist between the forms and exterior actions of men, on the one part; and the moral character and development of their intellectual faculties on the other. The outward man is the gushing out of the inward man. The fair sex employ notable differences in their manner of speaking. Girls appear to have organs of speech more facile and flexible than boys; they speak sooner, more easily and more pleasantly than men. The mouth and eyes are equally active. Always busy to please; observing with the most persevering attention everything that passes around them; clever to seize their opportunity; compelled from the nature of our manners and society to please by music, singing, dancing, and, above all, by conversation; they give themselves up to these exercises with fond passion, and excel therein more than men. Their nervous system is also more developed, and their impressions more frequent and active. Eager to penetrate the secrets of men and assure themselves of the state of their hearts, speech is their most useful minister, and most indispensable to their happiness.

Eloquence perished among the Romans, and the tongue of Cicero lost its character after the establishment of a most barbarous and despotic empire. His idioms, destined for a long time, not to the public discussion of affairs of state, but to obscure controversies on theology, had become dull, monotonous, embarrassed with a multitude of words without exact meaning; and, notwithstanding the re-establishment of liberty among several nations of Europe, their language still preserves this character, so difficult it is to efface the traces of slavery.

City children, in general, speak sooner, but less distinctly, than country children. People think that young citizens cannot talk too much. Their organs are forced to articulate songs too difficult for expression, and the parent's indulgence supplements the defect of pronunciation and augments the evil. They listen to the young marvel speak, but soon begin to realize they do not understand what they wish to say. Many a mother has the same patience for her son as for her parrot. She is satisfied with the most imperfect sounds, whence the practice of chewing one half the words and speaking in a mumbling manner, so common in the city and so rare in the country. These defects which result sometimes in painful stammering, ordinarily disappear with age; but the time arrives when the child must go to school. There he reads and re-reads with the greatest possible despatch the lesson he must keep in memory, and of which, very often, he understands, absolutely nothing. When, at last, he recites what cost him so much labour to learn he does it in a hurry; if he is obliged to stop, it is only after much stammering he finds what he is in search of, or after the teacher has pointed out the way. There results from such training a habit of stammering, an incorrect and incomplete pronunciation which can never be got rid of. We do not speak of institutions where fear and physical correction are the only means employed by teachers to hasten the proficiency of their pupils. Children that ignorance thus brings up are easily recognized by the timid and embarrassed air with which they present themselves, and especially the hesitation and weakness with which they articulate.

In advancing from facts to inductions, and from inductions to the most profound study of phenomena, the human mind pro-

gresses, and the different branches of knowledge are consolidated. The mind of man would rest in perpetual infancy, if limited to observations without deductions: observations already made without making use of deductions to perfect subsequent observations; but those who undertake this labor will not succeed if they are not gifted with just ideas of the mechanism by which knowledge is acquired; the different degrees of certitude of knowledge; and the use of language by which it is communicated to others. These preliminaries, indispensable to any science, are but the application of the principle of ideology, and constitute the most important part of the philosophy of science.

Toronto.

A. KIRKWOOD

QUESTION.

O soul of me, what thinkest thou?
The way is very weary,

And sad thy life and dreary,
O soul, what thinkest thou?

Think'st thou the sun should'st brightly shine
Upon the pathway ever,
And that the night should never
Spread her dark wings o'er thee?

Would'st have all things to thy liking,
And never shed a tear,
And never feel a fear,
On thy pathway tedious?

Ah, no! my soul, thou knowest this,
That trials do but chasten
The soul of man, and hasten
The perfecting of it!

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

Dartmouth, N.S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DEADLY LEVEL CROSSINGS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

Sir,—The debate in our Local House in Toronto on the question of the Level Crossings was disappointing enough to all who have taken a humane, that is "human" interest in what should have been recognized long ago as a grave public question.

Mr. Hardy dealt in evasions, but his speech had merely for its issue the retention of the present wretched conditions, and this could hardly have been expected from a Minister to whose care was, for the time, entrusted, as Goldwin Smith has lately expressed it, the protection of life and property as the primal duty of the State. Of course we give Mr. Hardy and his companions the credit of an earnest interest in what is classed as the material progress of the premier province of the Dominion; but this alone will not satisfy. We have no right to separate such material sphere of action from the grand idea of progress in all the vital issues of the advanced life. To do so is unworthy of the advanced intelligence we look for in a public trader, and one entrusted with the conduct of our affairs.

His argument, in effect, amounted to this, that to adjust the level crossings of the country would involve a large expenditure. Of course it will cost money. But what do we spend money for, if not for the good of the people? Every politician on the hustings is actively interested in the people's welfare, even of the humblest. Mr. Hardy himself, perhaps, will soon be asking the people—(what Mr Gladstone terms "the masses,"—if there is anything

he has overlooked in the past that concerns the welfare and comfort of their daily lives. He will want to be in touch with them, and the man of official cares and needs will feel a gush of human tenderness suffusing his breast, and may even, for the moment, think he is fulfilling all its promptings. So we delude ourselves! and too often get moulded in heart and life by the surroundings amongst which we have been placed.

We must not expect this great work of making the crossing of our railways by foot and waggon passengers a safe operation to be fuller completed in the week after next. Our affairs are not ordered exactly in that wise. We have abundance of engineering talent in this land of rails, and every crossing will come to be considered on its merits—chiefly—the peculiarities of the situation and the amount of the road and railway traffic.

To deal judiciously with any particular level crossing—that is, to provide a watchman where the traffic is light, or a bridge where it is heavy, is a comparatively simple undertaking. Reckon the watchman's service at a dollar a day. Our county councillors and patrons know something about timber bridges. If the point of selection were favourable, for example, over a cutting, this would amount to a few hundred dollars as the original cost of a timber bridge for waggon and pedestrian traffic. An iron bridge would cost more, and would last longer. The construction of metal bridges has been brought to very great perfection of late years, by the bridge companies of the Dominion. (As a side suggestion we might say that if inventive genius were as much encouraged when only human lives are involved as it is in other matters, the approaching train could be made to shut the gates by an application of electricity—opening them after it had passed. This plan was advocated by our friend, Mr. Malcolm McLeod, of Ottawa, the writer of the famous "Britannicus" letters and pamphlets on the railway system).

To return to this notable debate:—There seemed to be a general understanding that the entire responsibility and charge connected with the crossings should devolve upon the railway company. Upon whomsoever it should be considered to devolve, the public urgency is so great—it is so much a matter of life and death for the people—that it should receive the earnest attention of the legislators, and the earliest arrangement possible in the circumstances. The railway companies, when they petitioned for their charters, might quite reasonably have been told that they must leave the road traffic in as good a state as it came to them—as we say, in as good a state as they found it. They are feeding upon this traffic. Have they any right to slaughter it? "It"—that is, the people who travel. There would in principle have been nothing unreasonable in the foregoing demand. But when "Commerce" and "Progress" are getting men's minds, the lives that they involve and are intended to serve are too apt to be neglected. The people wanted the railways. The cry was raised with effect, and the road traffic might take its chance. Certainly, they manage these things better in England. In Canada, the railroads have been largely built through the contributions of the towns and cities they were intended to connect. Did not the magnates of these municipalities give a thought to the lives of their own school children? Did the vision of broken and wounded families never come be-

fore their inner sense? Might it not have occurred to them that it was a risky enterprise to get a skittish horse across the track in front of a railway train? Did they not think of their own spirited youths whose blood would be only stirred by the danger and who would seldom lose an opportunity of "getting across before the train!" Even the father of a family is seen to catch the infection. There has been the same charm in his case in the contemplation of this danger. It springs from the native bravery and fearlessness of the race, as we must suppose. But in all these cases it is a perverted bravery. We have a better use for our citizens than to let them become the victims of folly. The mother and children know this well enough, and sadly often have had the assurance brought home to their bosoms by years of poverty and regret. Who should take upon themselves to avert such family crises as these if not the Government—under our well ordered constitution? The late Mr. Mackenzie, with that care for the life interests of his fellow-citizens which we should be rejoiced to find in many of his successors in the field of politics, caused all the doors of public buildings in Canada to open outward. The writer always gratefully associates that beneficent reform with the memory of the earnest patriot. In that historical fact, Mr. Hardy and the new commissioner of public works, whenever he comes to us, might find a stimulating example. We trust the new women's councils when they shall have become a little more organized will look after our friends in high places. Our able and sympathetic Lady Aberdeen has not yet found herself drawn so far into Canadian politics. But our, in many things, clear-headed Canadian public must see that this is no small or occasional matter, but a standing popular grievance, and a slur upon the reputation of this new member of the great civilized communities of the world. The Dominion loves to see its liberties growing from year to year, side by side with its material accumulations; but the liberty of self-destruction is only a drawback to progress. As to domestic life and all spiritual connections, have the religious papers nothing to say on such a point? The question of life saving has larger spiritual connections than they seem to dream of.

As we have already stated, it has been assumed that the entire expense of this greatly needed reform should be borne by the railway companies. We do not see this. None of these companies are paying excessive dividends. The keen personal interest in the desired action, next to the family interest, lies in the municipalities. It is seldom the company is adjudged by the courts as blamable in a level crossing accident. Admitting that the municipalities and the families that compose them, as being the principal sufferers, are the chief subjects of the great law of self-protection, under the conditions that unhappily exist, we think the burden might be divided. In a matter of such general and vital interest as this is, we need not haggle about the dollars. A trifling sum *per capita* will not be thrown away in protecting the lives of the families of the land. In the case of the permanent erections needed, the Province or the Dominion, whichever took over the grave responsibility of granting the charter, could lend its credit. The railway company might be assessed for its fair share. As a point of fact, the responsibility is of a

divided nature. But the people ought not to have the life crushed out of them on that account. Rather let Canada get the reputation in the face of the world of caring for its own people, and, amidst other good results, immigration will increase. We are seeking population with zeal and earnestness. Let us insist upon the duty of preserving and protecting the population we have. On the lowest consideration they are acknowledged to be the most valuable. Yes! Following the lower or monetary keynote, those who have a taste for calculations may reckon up what it costs to bring one promising and well disposed youth to the gates of citizenship, and they will be less likely to plead in monetary terms for the neglect of his life afterwards. A worthy and trained population are a nation's greatest possession. Given a county that wishes to be looked upon as a neighbourly and habitable place of residence, one would like to see it bring its people together without further preface to count the number of level crossings it would have to deal with. The Province or the Dominion will be found good for the sums that may be required as guarantee. We have the privilege of borrowing money at far lower rates of interest than were current a few years ago. By such financial action as we have foreshadowed we should be setting a valuable example to the world on this side the Atlantic, and should be assimilating its practice more nearly to the better and more humane regulations of the European States: the lands from which we sprung.

As a singular fruit of our chronic neglect, we have never yet troubled ourselves to invoke the aid of a commission to compare the systems in the older lands and here. As now seen, it appears a dilatory course. The knowledge would be valuable, but the case is urgent.

One respectful word to Mr. Waters, the member for South Middlesex in the Local House, who introduced the measure that met with so poor a reception. We owe him thanks for moving in a matter which has been so much neglected in the past.

It is not now too late in the session to move an amendment to the General Railway Act of the Province to put an end to trespassing on the tracks. The Provincial Railway Acts are largely copied from the General Act of the Dominion, and in that the practice has already been declared *illegal*, but by a strange omission no penalty has been given for infringement of this most important clause. Let a small fine be imposed for such act of trespass; and swear in the trackmen as special constables in order to enforce it. It is not everywhere understood that more lives are lost by walking on the tracks ahead of the engine than in any other way connected with the railway traffic of this continent. If the municipalities want the freedom of transit for pedestrians, it is quite easy for them to make a gravelled sidewalk alongside the track, and the privilege would be conceded to them in most cases. They should take note—these leading and valuable men in the counties—that the practice of our forefathers who adopted parapets and the Roman arch was less inconsiderate, not to say barbaric, than our own. In the midst of the far better facilities and wider knowledge of the modern time we look with reverence on those weather-worn memorials of the earlier care for life. We have to determine to-day whether it is local self-

government or local perversion and neglect that the age is leaning towards. Mr. Gladstone recently said he would be pleased to see the railways absorbed by the State, although the time was not yet come for the change. On our own Intercolonial Railway, which is a Government road, we have had far fewer accidents than on any other Canadian line, although there are improvements, even there, that it would be desirable to have made. Let us all be in earnest about this great public question. Then the people will cease to be cut to pieces.

SALUS POPULI.

ANDERSON'S LAYS OF CANADA.*

A judicious effort has been made in THE WEEK to draw attention to Canadian literature, its merits and needs. Chief among those needs is a moderate and reasonable recognition, and it is very far from receiving, at the present time, anything like the favour which it may rightfully claim. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that our ordinary Canada regards any production of a Canadian fellow-citizen with less favour than a work of equal merit produced by an Englishman or an American. To say the least of it, this is hardly fair.

The present writer would gladly join in doing some slight service, in this way, to the country of his adoption, his homage, and his affection. And at the present moment he sees no better way of doing so than by drawing attention to a charming volume of poems noticed some time ago in THE WEEK, Canadian in origin, in subject, in sympathy, and in colouring, by the Rev. Duncan Anderson, by birth a Scotchman, but to all intents a Canadian.

It must be confessed, however, that these lines are not written by an entirely unprejudiced hand, although the writer is not afraid that he will be accused of unlawful partiality by those who read the volume which he recommends. Duncan Anderson and he graduated together more than forty years ago at a Scottish University, and it must be quite forty years since they met face to face. But the personality of this gifted Scoto-Canadian was so striking and attractive that it could never be forgotten, and his old friends will find it charmingly reflected in this volume of lays which are worthy of one who has drawn his inspiration from writers like Burns and Tannahill without being a mere imitator of either.

Lest the writer should be suspected of puffing the wares of an old friend, he will adduce the impartial testimony of a French Canadian, Dr. Louis Fr chet, of Montreal, himself a poet of a high order. It is thus that he describes Mr. Anderson:—

"A man of great learning, a fluent talker, endowed with a spirit the most capacious and the most conciliatory. Mr. Anderson is one of the most sympathetic men that I know. . . ."

"The 'Lays of Canada' let me know that I lived side by side without knowing it, with an original poet, full of animation and intelligence (*de verve et d'esprit*), endowed with a powerful poetic temperament, served by a language which is very harmonious and well coloured. Among the poems I would particularly refer to the Death of Wolfe, a picture from the hand of a master.

"Mr. Anderson was not born in Canada; but no one among us is more Cana-

* Lays of Canada and other Poems. By the Rev. Duncan Anderson, M.A., Monymusk. Montreal: Lovell; Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison. Price \$1.50.

dian than he. In adopting our country many years ago he cordially espoused our past, our glories and our sorrows. He sings our struggles of earlier days and salutes with enthusiasm the dawning of our future.

"With him there is no exclusiveness, no narrowness of view, no prejudices of race. If he acclaims the illustrious Conqueror of the Plains of Abraham, he does respectful obeisance to the glorious conqueror. Not one syllable in all this poem, which is calculated to wound the French ear, however enthusiastic.

"In his verses, as in his person Mr. Anderson is courtesy itself. His poetry is completely himself, with his grace, his native kindness, and his delicately impressionable nature. The 'Lays of Canada' have their place in all Canadian libraries, and their author takes his place in the first rank among our native poets. I am happy to offer him my hand in token of the most cordial welcome."

It is to be feared that some of the bloom has escaped from this charming bouquet in the process of conversion from Dr. Fr chet's graceful French to the stiffer tongue of our English race; but we publish this testimony for more reasons than one. It is not merely that his criticism and encomium are admirably discriminating and thoroughly deserved; but we find in words like these a pledge that the two great races who people this Dominion may live side by side in mutual affection and confidence; besides that we have here an example of those amenities by which literary men, above all others, should be distinguished.

Mr. Anderson's work has already been reviewed in these columns and we shall, therefore, draw no further attention to its contents; but it may serve to give the reader a taste of his manner, if we publish a song of his, written since his Lays were published. Bennachie, it may be mentioned, is a beautiful mountain in Aberdeenshire, well-known to all picnickers old and young.

SONG.

TO BENNACHIE.

Tune: "O! gin I war whaur Gadie rins."

I'm weary o' the guggle's sang,
And a' the gaudy feathered thrang,
And would ance mair I war amang
Thy rocks, bauld Pennachie.

CHORUS.

O! gin I war whaur clear Don rins,
By fair Pittfichies gowden whins,
Whaur tunefu' linties wauk the linns
That sing to Bennachie.

My ploughboy soughs but foreign tunes;
My bairns are rocked to Frenchie croons;
Ah! would that I could hear the souns
I've heard near Bennachie.

Awa! vast lakes, proud commerce' throne;
Awa! broad streams that ships sail on;
Mair sweet's to me the wimplin' Don
That rows near Bennachie.

Fair Fancy, lend your son your wing,
That back my boyhood's joys can bring,
And tune my lips again to sing
The sangs o' Bennachie.

And when this heart is cauld and still;
My harp unstrung without a thrill;
Lay there ae stane frae frae the hill,
A stane frae Bennachie.

There are few readers who are familiar with the best Scottish poetry who will refuse to the author of these lines, so true, so

sweet, so melodious, a high place among the immortals. It is a not unfair sample of the volume to which attention has here been drawn.

WILLIAM CLARK.

Trinity College, Toronto.

TWO BITES AT A CHERRY.*

"A charming little collection of stories," is our exclamation as we close T. B. Aldrich's "Two Bites at a Cherry, with other tales." Mr. Aldrich has been for so many years before the public as a poet—and his verse has always possessed an excellence second to no American writer since the great singers of the Republic passed away—that we are apt to think of him only as a poet; but he is equally great as a prose writer. The stories before us have no ethical intention, and if great mysteries of existence are touched on—as in "For Bravery on the Field of Battle"—they are treated with such consummate skill and with such a blending of humor and pathos, that the mind is kept in equipoise.

These tales are essentially humorous. From the earliest times of American literature—despite the Puitanical origin of the inhabitants—the writers have been more or less humorous, writing for an audience that evidently desired to laugh; naturally enough, too, as the country was all hope, without fear for the future; in fact, a child among the nations. The authors have been finely, subtly humorous, from Irving, with his picture of John Bull, and Hawthorne, with his exquisitely drawn portrait of the Pyncheon family, and especially of Hepzibab, to the present race of humorists and comic writers. Of course a good thing must always have its extreme, and Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, and Bill Nye cater to those who, while wanting to laugh, want to guffaw, and who will not be pleased unless the colors are laid on thick; who have almost to be shocked into laughing. Aldrich does not write for such an audience. He is a lineal descendant of Irving and Hawthorne, and delights rather by his ridiculousness, and turns of thought than by his ridiculousness, although the close of "Goliath" and parts of "My Cousin the Colonel" and "The Chevalier de Resseguier" offer delightfully absurd situations. But his true power is to be found in such expressions as: "That invisible hand which obliterates even the deep carved grief on headstones effectually smoothed out the dent in Whitelaw's heart;" "if there were any heroic blood left in the old town by the sea, it appeared to be in no hurry to come forward and get itself shed;" "the gold ingots piled up in the sub-basement of the halls of the Montezumas;" "it was a tidy, comfortable, little war;" etc. There is scarcely a page in the book but contains some such refined piece of humor, free from any of the coarseness that we are so apt to associate with the modern American humorist.

It is difficult, among half-a-dozen such gems, to select one that could be considered the finest. They are all excellent; the absurdity of "My Cousin the Colonel," the ridiculousness of "Goliath," the tragically humorous disappointment at the close of "Her Dying Words," are delightful. But one piece, in workmanship, in knowledge of life, in humor and pathos, seems to surpass the others—"For Bravery

on the Field of Battle." I would analyse this story, but an analysis would, perhaps, spoil it for some reader, and so, to give an adequate impression of its force, I will quote a representative paragraph dealing with the attitude of different individuals in a village when news that a humble, unthought-of youth from among themselves had proved himself a hero.

"The Hon. Jedd Deane said that he had long regarded James Dutton as a young man of great promise, a—er—most remarkable young person in short; one of the kind with much—er—latent ability. Postmaster Mugridge observed with the strong approval of those who heard him, that young Dutton was nobody's fool. * * * Capt. Tewksberry, commanding the local militia company, the Rivermouth Tigers, was convinced that no one who had not carefully studied *Scott's Tactics* could have brought away that gun under the circumstances. * * * Dutton's former school-fellow began to remember that there had always been something tough and gritty in Jim Dutton. The event was one not to be passed over by Parson Wibird Hawkins, who made a most direct reference to it in his Sunday's sermon—Job xxxix. 25: "He saith among the trumpets Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, that the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

It is much to be regretted that in these latter days we do not meet with many more books possessed of the cultured wit and the gentlemanly humor of this little collection.

T. G. MARQUIS.

ART NOTES.

The Hungarian Government has just commissioned the painter Munkacsy to paint a picture representing the appeal of Maria Theresa to her subjects in 1741, when her country was menaced by Frederick the Great.

A number of French artists who sent works to the World's Fair have addressed a letter to the press, blaming the French agents who have them in charge. They say that for three months they have been vainly writing to the commissioners for news of their art works, and now appeal to the papers. A hasty statement to the effect that objects damaged by the recent fires at Jackson Park would not be paid for has excited their liveliest fears.

A recent issue of the *Montreal Gazette* contains a very appreciative notice of Mr. Herbert Clark, a young Canadian artist who left Ottawa last autumn for London, England. Mr. Clark has studied in Philadelphia, London, and Paris, giving two years to work in the latter city. While in Philadelphia he painted a portrait of Grover Cleveland, and in London a portrait of Lord Stanhope was said to have given satisfaction. In our own capital a portrait of Hon. John Haggart in pastel, and of other prominent men in both oil and pastel, have shown his fellow-countrymen what progress he has made.

An exchange gives the following statement: "At a recent meeting in Munich of the Society for the Promotion of Rational Methods of Painting, the eminent artist, Lenbach, declared that the plastic arts are in a bad way in Germany. For some time past, he said, things have been going from bad to worse, and two serious evils have been engendered which it will require a long time to remove. On the one hand, large and increasing quantities of rubbish are sent to every fine-art exhibition, where it fails to find a purchaser, and, on the other hand, the number of starving artists has swollen to enormous proportions. The chief causes of this decay of art among the Germans are, in Prof. Lenbach's opinion, the wrong system of teaching

at the various academies of art in the Empire and the revolt of the younger generation of painters against the proved methods of the classical school, handed down from the greatest masters of the Middle Ages. The younger generation pride themselves on the rejection of all traditions, and boast that they alone study nature with a clear and unprejudiced eye. But the productions of this new naturalistic school fail to win public favor, and will not sell. Prof. Lenbach holds that a revolution in German notions of art must be brought about before the present distress among painters can disappear. He points out that the true way to pursue art is to go to work modestly, to study thoroughly, and not to despise the art work required in various industries. He calls on the Bavarian Government to provide an experimental institute and art workshop, where all art students may study and practice for some time before entering the higher fields of art."

The Ontario Society of Artists has provided for its visitors a catalogue with a very dainty, artistic device on its cover, bearing the coat of arms of the society; within is all necessary information as to patrons, members, honorary members and committees, as well as a list of the works exhibited. Beginning with the south wall, which faces one on entrance, perhaps the first picture to be noticed would be Mr. Williamson's "Parting" (60): it is dusk, the room is in gloom, the only streak of light being where the curtain is slightly drawn and where a little fire still glows on the hearth, and the little wife clings tenderly to her young sailor husband in parting. The picture is full of pathos, as is also "Embers" (81) by the same artist. In this across the room you distinguish scarcely anything; on coming nearer you see the old woman whose years, like the fire over which she leans, are almost spent. Two well modelled heads of French peasants, somewhat monotonous in tone, are from the same brush, also "Nightfall" (111). Miss Ford sees color that scarcely seems natural in the portrait (73) and the drawing of the neck is a little out of proportion, but there is great breadth and freedom in the handling, and one has only to turn and see the full length portrait of a lady (157), on the opposite wall to be convinced of Miss Ford's artistic ability. The figure is full of quiet dignity, and the color throughout pleasing, but the flesh tones are not as pure as might be, and in consequence the hands and face are not satisfactory. Miss Ford's work is a valuable contribution to the exhibit. Another lady artist, some of whose work we have seen before, is Miss Muntz. There is a looseness and ease of execution in "At the Window" that would have made it a delightful picture had the work been carried a little further, so natural and free from posing are the figures. "The Story of the Jonquils" (64) is more finished, and very charming is the little face with the yellow reflections from the flowers lying near. "Jean and His Mother" (93) is rather stiff, and with "The Youngest Model of Them All" (164), somewhat sketchy. We turn with relief from "Discussing the P.P.A." (76) where, in spite of great expression in the faces, monotony of color and stiffness in posing detract somewhat, to Mr. Mower Martin's charming landscape "Afternoon of a Hot Day" (115). The flecks of sunshine falling on the red earth, the refreshing shade stretching far under the trees, are beautifully rendered. Mr. Cruikshank's "Breaking the Road" (75) is a double team of oxen hard at work making the first break after a heavy fall of snow; two teams of horses are in the distance. The action of the oxen as they flounder is splendidly given, the drawing true; the distant trees seem a little near so as to interfere with the interest of the foreground, but that may be the result of our clear atmosphere. "A Japanese Tea House" (84) is in Mr. T. T. Saito's best manner with little detail and pleasing color and an old soft outline to the trees. "Faded Leaves" (79), by Miss Tully, tells its story in the white robed figure that faces you holding the letter as she sits at her desk, with a world of sad regret in her face. The interior is charmingly painted, but the position of

* Two Bites at a Cherry. By T. B. Aldrich. Edinburgh: David Douglas. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd).

the left hand and the color of the flesh tones are not quite satisfactory. Miss Windeat has scarcely succeeded in carrying out the idea expressed in the title in "A Grey Day" (80). Mr. Bell Smith has caught a good effect in "The Path by the River," (74), in the light falling on the distant water seen through the trees; the sunlight on the foliage is not as vivid as might be, and we naturally turn to his larger work on another wall, "Parting Day" (127). This artist seldom does better work than in his marine views, and here he gives the soft tones of evening on water and shore; his other pictures will be noticed later. Each of Mrs. Reid's studies of flowers is a harmony of color, the "Pansies" (72), in purples and greys, the "Roses" (69), in yellowy greens. "An Idle Hour" from the same brush is an interior full of softly blended color, a figure in a quaint dress playing on the piano to a young man whose back alone may be seen. The composition is well balanced, the color a delight; possibly a more subdued background might have thrown the figures into greater relief; but it is a charming picture. Mr. Leduc has a wonderful bit of still life in his "Candle-light Study" (71), a candle, some brown jars, a bowl and glass on the table show sharp glints and dull reflections, the whole well worth careful study. So well related are the values, that Miss Montgomery's "Candlestick and Book" hanging near suffer by contrast, although both it and the "Pumpkin" (83), show careful study. Strong and loosely painted is "A Man's Head" (62), by A. F. Street; it is a good study and promises well. We recognize Mr. Manly in the brushwork of "Ripe Meadows" (63); it perhaps lacks variety in handling, but the figures are vividly given, and his other work is equally good. In W. Cantwell's "After the Rain" (68), the color is slightly heavy but is suggestive of the moisture after a shower, and the flock of sheep are well done. Mr. G. A. Reid's panel of "Harvest" (119), is a departure from anything as yet exhibited by him; it is decorative in character with a soft hazy, light scheme of color. "Twilight" (91), is more ordinary in treatment in the artist's usual vigorous style, and perhaps less interesting. Miss Holden's "A Son Gout," a monk eyeing with jovial delight the wine he is about to drink, is well executed, just a little dull in color but splendidly modelled.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Paderewski is engaged in the composition of an opera on a Polish subject, but refuses to disclose the title at present.

Mr. Fairclough gives his eighth and last organ recital for the present year to-morrow afternoon, May 5th, at four o'clock.

The opera "Nanon" is being performed on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of this week in the Academy, but we go to press too early to give an extended notice of the performance.

Mr. Anger's organ recital the other evening in St. Luke's Church was attended by a large gathering who were delighted with the clever organist's brilliant playing. The programme was comprehensive, and contained many excellent works which received highly musical interpretations. Miss Mable Langstaff sang several songs in a winning and pleasant style.

Mr. F. A. Moore, organist of St. Basil's Church, gave an organ recital on Wednesday evening of last week, when he performed in an able manner compositions by Guilman, Hesse, Gounod, Hofmann, Tours, and others. Mr. Fred Warrington sang with distinctness and in a dramatic and telling manner, Handel's "Honour and Arms." Mrs. D'Erviex Smith followed shortly after with Coenen's "Come unto me," and gave this song with much taste and expression. Each number on the programme was given in a praiseworthy manner.

The concert given by the Galt Philharmonic Society on 29th April, under the direction of the conductor, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, was a gratifying and artistic success. We have been

informed by a competent authority that the choruses were rendered with splendid tone, excellent precision, and commendable expression. The soloists likewise sang their parts in a thoroughly creditable manner and received much applause. The following was the cast: Samson, Mr. Fred Jenkins, of Cleveland; Micah, Miss Jennie Mann, Hamilton; Man-oah, Mr. Fred Lee, Toronto; Delilah, Miss Smart, Toronto; Herapha, Mr. Edwin Skeddin, Hamilton; Messenger, Mr. Adam Dockray. Mrs. Adamson, of Toronto, led the orchestra, Mr. R. Strong, of Galt, was the organist. Our enthusiastic townsman Mr. Robinson, deserves a great deal of credit for the production of so difficult a work as Samson, for such performances cannot help but do much good to music in the pretty town of Galt, and in all that section.

The banquet of the Canadian Society of Musicians—which it is hoped to make an annual affair—came off in Webb's supper rooms on Thursday evening of last week, being in all respects most successful and enjoyable. About 160 sat down to supper, chiefly from Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford and Guelph. A gay party of music-loving merry-makers, gathered round the festive board, and in the way of doing duty to the tasty viands so lavishly displayed before them were perfectly at ease, having brought their appetites with them. After finishing the repast, and drinking lemonade, the following toasts were proposed and responded to, viz:—"The Queen," "The Canadian Society of Musicians," "The development of music in Canada," "The future development of music," "The Ladies," "Our Musical Amateurs," "The Trades," and "The Press." The speeches on the whole were to the point, embodying many important and thoroughly alive and progressive ideas. Much praise is due the president of the society, Mr. A. S. Vogt, and the energetic secretary, Miss Alice Denzill, for the way in which they accomplished their labors incident to the banquet.

An amusing story is told by Otto Floersheim, the clever Berlin correspondent of the *New York Musical Courier*, about being challenged to fight a duel with the composer Moritz Moskowski. It would appear that Mr. Floersheim some weeks ago intimated in one of his letters to the *Courier* that there was some talk of a Chicago society lady procuring a divorce and marrying a well known Berlin composer whose wife had recently run away from him. This caused Moskowski to cherish anything but friendly feelings towards the *Courier* correspondent, and the other day in a restaurant in Hamburg, after the funeral of Hans Von Bulow, Moskowski came over to Floersheim and told him that if he ever spoke of him in that way again he would challenge him to fight a duel. We hope nothing of the sort will eventuate, because we cannot do without Moskowski as yet, nor can we do without Mr. Floersheim's interesting and accurately critical letters relating to Berlin musical life, which have now become a permanent factor in the make-up of the famous and indispensable *Musical Courier*. Mr. Floersheim humorously remarks that it would be entirely unfair for them to participate in a duel anyhow, because, whereas Moskowski would stand a pretty good chance of hitting him (if pistols were used), as he is of fair size—weighs something like 200 pounds—his chance of wounding Moskowski would be slim indeed, because he would be popping away at "the thinnest man in all Europe."

Despair makes a despicable figure, and is descended from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, laziness and impatience. It argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and often of honesty, too.—*Jeremy Collier*.

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose? And may not a little book as easily be made by chance as this great volume of the world?—*Tillotson*.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE EUCHARISTIC OFFERING. By Professor G. H. S. Walpole. London: Skelfington. 1894. Price 3s. 6d.

The author of this very excellent volume is Professor of Theology in the General Theological Seminary in New York, and he gives us here a book of real interest and of much practical usefulness. Professor Walpole does not ignore the doctrinal aspect of his great subject. He begins by asserting and illustrating the double aspect of the Eucharist as (1) an offering to God and (2) a communion; and these points he brings out very well. But his purpose is mainly devotional, and he gives a *vade mecum* which will be found very helpful to those who wish thoroughly to enter into the meaning of the office of Holy Communion, and make it a guide and a support to the spiritual life. Without being eccentric, the work is in the best sense original, and owes less than most recent books to its predecessors.

THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. Conan Doyle. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

For a pleasant print, illustrated by Sidney Paget, we are indebted to Messrs. Longmans & Co., their "Colonial Library" series—an edition intended for circulation only in India and the British Colonies—presenting to the reader many of the advantages of a more expensive get-up, with the benefits of books suited to the depth of pocket of the casual reader. In "Sherlock Holmes" Mr. Conan Doyle gives us a set of memoirs which it is not wise to begin to read late in the evening; for, once begun, it must be finished at a sitting, should the reader be of the class interested in the workings of detective methods. The portrayal of the character and abilities of this peculiarly gifted man by his attached friend, who is prone to self-effacement, takes to itself all the interest which the writer demands for it; and as the "Final Problem" is perused, one is filled with a nervous expectation in the opening pages which develops into a complete sympathy with "the foremost champion of the law of his generation," a sympathy which ends in a personal regret at the manner of his taking-off by that "Napoleon of Crime" who had made only a "little, little trip," that little trip which worked the destruction of the Professor and Sherlock Holmes alike. A description of the life of a man, even a hero of fiction, who could conscientiously say at the end of it that the air of London was sweeter for his presence, is worth reading.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN CHRISTIANITY. Price 3s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

This is a very timely little volume. Its production seemed almost a necessity. The trustees of the Gifford Lecture had appointed Dr. Pfeleiderer, of Berlin, to deliver two series of lectures under that trust. Whether the trustees and Dr. Pfeleiderer were justified in making their lectures not merely an exposition of Natural Religion, but an attack on the Supernatural in Christianity, does not seem to be decided; but at any rate it was felt that such pronouncements under a kind of university authority should not be permitted to pass without some kind of protest. Accordingly a number of Presbyterian divines resolved to bear their testimony. These are Dr. Charteris of the Established church of Scotland, Dr. Rainy and Dr. Dods of the Free Church, and Dr. Orr of the United Presbyterian. Dr. Charteris was unable to give a lecture; but he presided at the first of them, and his address is printed here, giving reasons for the delivery of the present course. Dr. Rainy in the first lecture points out the "Issues at Stake," namely, whether Jesus Christ is, in the proper sense, the Revelation of God, or whether He is merely the greatest among the teachers arisen among men. In the second lecture Dr. Orr answers the question: "Can Professor Pfeleiderer's view justify itself?" and points out that Pfeleiderer, in deciding for the impossibility

of miracles, who goes beyond Huxley, who declares that the question of miracles is merely a question of evidence, and is not to be decided by *a priori* assumptions, and moreover takes a strange position for one who holds to the personality of God. In the third lecture, Dr. Marcus Dods points out that Dr. Pfeiderer, while professing to occupy the position of his master, F. C. Baur, is really obliged to give it up, and that the position which he assumes is untenable. This is a small book, but it is one of great value, and we strongly recommend it.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. By Rider Haggard. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

Thomas Wingfield, the younger, cursed by a weak father for his failure to avenge his mother's murder, seeks his enemy in far-off lands where a kind fortune aids his natural wit and prowess, and to the command of Britain's Great Queen we are indebted for the tale of his life. He refuses her bribe, for "I, who for many years had been the prince of a great tribe, had no wish to be a knight. So I kissed the royal hand, and so tightly did it grip the gem within that the knuckle joints shone white" (the royal lady had not refused his gift, when the man refused her offer of title), "and I went my ways, coming back home to this my house by the Waveney on that same day." It is not our intention to defraud the reader of any part of the thrilling interest found in quaint old Thomas Wingfield's tale, so we do little more than recommend to the sensation-loving public this story of the fall of the Aztec Empire; a story of mad adventure and lust for blood, of love and death, each pen picture executed with the minuteness of detail which marks Haggard's writing; and with the history of the man who loved and fought and loved again is interwoven the pathos of the life of each woman who loved but once. Diplomatic Thomas made a keen use of his years in Spain before the sojourn in Mexico began—that later life which "was life; the rest was but a dream." And he tells us to "look now at Cortes—that great man whom I have known clothed with power like a god." And again: "What Drake began at Gravelines God will finish in many another place and time, till at last Spain is of no more account and lies as low as the Empire of Montezuma lies to-day." This quaint Thomas has his touches of humor when he tells us that he finds out "how wearisome a thing it is to be a god," and how a certain fiery cleric came "to turn the Indians to the love of God by torment and by sword." The book throughout holds its interest, and the publishers are justified in offering it in the Colonial Library series. At the same time we are in receipt of a reprint in the same series of "Cleopatra," one of Haggard's stories already well known to our readers.

A COMMENTARY ON THE WORKS OF HENRIK IBSEN. By H. H. Boyesen. Price \$2.00. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

We took up this volume with a certain feeling of watchfulness and even antagonism. Mr. Boyesen is a strong, masterful critic, and a countryman of Ibsen, so that we were quite prepared for a thorough-going advocacy of Ibsen's genius, purpose, and methods. We are happy to say, we find nothing of the kind. If Mr. Boyesen gives to Ibsen a higher place than is likely to be ultimately accorded to him, he is by no means blind to his defects and limitations.

In one sense he finds Ibsen to be a man of his time, in the width of his sympathies, in the contradictoriness of his principles, if principles they can be called, which seem more like impulses often irrational or semi-rational, which have no internal coherence or possibility of reconciliation.

The plan of the volume is good and it is carried out nearly as well as a work on such a subject could be. First of all, we have an introduction, chiefly biographic, and also critical in a general way. From this we learn that Ibsen grew up amid an environment the least favorable for his normal and healthy develop-

ment. According to his biography, nothing could have been much worse than the society of Christians, which, although it had a population of 100,000, had all the characteristics of a country village.

Partly out of these surroundings, partly out of his own nature, came that pessimism, and that spirit of rebellion, which pervade all his writings. Ibsen has no satisfaction in mankind or in any human institutions. He does not love the aristocracy, he loaths and despises the democracy; he might perhaps be called an anarchist in the sense of acquiescing in no form or kind of government.

Mr. Boyesen compares Ibsen in various respects to Carlyle; and the points of resemblance cannot be denied; although, obviously, in one respect, he is utterly unlike the Seer of Chelsea. Carlyle wrote with a solemn, almost a fierce moral purpose, and had very little tolerance for human weakness. Carlyle might have wished to inspire some of our institutions with a higher life; he would have been very far from wishing to destroy them. Ibsen would seem to have some sympathy with Carlyle's hero-worship and autocracy; but his pessimism forbids his having much expectation of good from any method of government.

Mr. Boyesen passes in review nearly all the writings of Ibsen from the Comedy of Love down to the Master Builder, and he seems to the present writer to have executed this task with great ability, fairness, and insight. Let the reader select as examples Chapters IX and X on "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" and he will see a specimen of what we cannot help thinking to be the right kind of criticism on work of this kind. The critic acknowledges the greatness of the artist, but he is not overpowered by the sense of his ability. He points out that Ibsen, while representing certain types and aspects of human character and conduct, yet fails to teach the lesson which might seem to come out of his story, because it is only one side of life, and that in an abnormal and exceptional form that he sets forth. He is strong, but he is reckless. He sees the evil, and it excites in him despair of anything better and no impulse to remove it.

Instead of giving illustrations from the examples of relations between men and women, we select a few lines from "An Enemy of the People." Mr. Boyesen says that Dr. Stockman, the speaker, is the representative of the author. "Every one of the following sentences is stamped with the image and likeness of Henrik Ibsen." Here they are: "The most dangerous foes of truth and liberty among us is the compact majority. The majority have never the right on their side. Never, I say. That is one of the social lies against which a free-thinking man must revolt. Who is it that constitutes the majority among the inhabitants of this country." Is it the wise folk or the fools. I think we might easily agree that it is the fools who are at present in an overwhelming majority everywhere in this wide world. But it can never in all eternity be right that the fools should govern the wise!" *Quod erat demonstrandum!*

PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for May has, amongst the usual number of papers devoted to religious subjects, a new hymn-tune by Dr. Garrett, F.R.C.O., and further on we get a second glimpse of "Earthly Paradises," contributed by the author of "How to be Happy, Though Married."

Cassell's opens with a short story with a somnambulist for the hero, somewhat after the manner of Thomas Barham; some of the perils in the experience of a life-boat's man are dealt with, and we get a short description of "Coming Kings and Queens," while Raymond Blathway contributes an illustrated paper on "The world-famed training ship, the *Britannia*."

The Methodist Magazine for May contains an abridged reprint of Mr. Stead's interesting article on Lady Henry Somerset which appeared in the *Review of Reviews* some months ago, and there is also a report of an article

from her own pen. Louis Kossuth bids fair to stay with us as long as has General Grant in the magazines of his own country, but the great merit of the paper in this number is its brevity. The serial stories are continued, and the balance of this month's space is devoted to the usual range in topics.

Elizabeth Phipps Train's novel entitled "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty" occupies just one page short of a hundred in *Lippincott's* for May, leaving but small space for other contributions. However, Gilbert Parker adds three bright chapters to "The Trespasser," and Professor C. G. D. Roberts contributes one of his vivid short sketches entitled "The Young Ravens that call upon Him." There are other readable prose and some poetic contributions as well in this number.

The New England Magazine gives loyal attention to eastern matters as usual, but we must be pardoned for saying that we do not quite fall in with the advertising spirit displayed by some magazines in the style of letter-press and illustration devoted to favorite cities. A readable paper is contributed by Elizabeth Porter Gould on "Hannah Adams," the Pioneer woman in American Literature," with a most successful copy from the painting of that strong woman, now in possession of the Boston Athenæum.

Let all untidy children look in this month's *St. Nicholas* and learn a lesson from "The Mob of Blots," that dreadful array of deriding faces. And the Brownies, those jolly little chaps who have worked their way into the affections of children and their elders, meet with moving adventures by flood and field as they gambol along on their second tour. Although papers of a graver nature have their usual place, the humorous element is well carried out, and "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" alone is almost enough to make a non-contributor purchase the number.

A striking portrait of the distinguished English chemist, Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert, appears as frontispiece of the *Popular Science Monthly* for May. Professor White continues his studies and considers the theological and scientific theories of evolution. Professor Weeds' pleasant article, "The Guests of the Mayflower" is a most seasonable paper relating to the favorite *Arbutus*. Frank Bolles has written very intelligently and pleasantly of bird life in a chimney. Many other interesting and instructive articles appear in this number bearing upon such subjects as education, sound effects, religious belief, ancient and mediæval chemistry.

A striking picture is "A Corner in a Market," by Jules Muenier, which appears as frontispiece of *Scribner's* for May. Edwin Lord Weeks has a most readable mountaineering article, and George Bird Grinnell makes one realize that his middle term is not inappropriate as he tells us of his cliff seaing in pursuit of the White Goat. The serials by G. W. Cable and W. H. Bishop are well sustained. Captain Bourke's contribution, "The American Congo," is an interesting piece of descriptive writing and its subject is the Rio Grande. "Practically, we have, in America, no social intercourse between men and women," says Aline Gorsen, in her timely paper on "Womanliness as a Profession." Professor Roberts has a moving poem, "Afoot," and there is other good matter in this issue.

Mr. Massingham's article "The Old Premier and the New," in *The Contemporary Review* for April, is an interesting study in personal politics. Mr. Edmund Gosse has a critical appreciation of the new member of the French Academy, M. J. M. De Heredia. He is, says Mr. Gosse "a great poetic artist and probably the most remarkable now alive in Europe." The Duke of Argyll writes with his accustomed vigour in defence of the House of Lords, and the well known statistician Mr. M. G. Mulhall discusses "The Financial Crisis in Italy." Phil Robinson, Mrs. Amos and Archibald Forbes cater to a diversity of taste. To many, however, the author of "The Policy of the

Pope" will have afforded a most agreeable quarter hour in his frank and forcible study, from a Catholic standpoint, of "The Papal Encyclical and the Bible."

The Critical Review for April is a first rate number of a first rate periodical. The writers are competent, to say no more, and the books reviewed are of unusual interest. We especially refer to the notice of Kaffan's Truth of the Christain Religion in regard to which the reviewer takes the same exceptions which have already been noted in the WEEK. The notice of Dr. Stirling's Darwinianism prepares us for war, which may turn out to be useful. There is a pleasant notice of Prothero's Life of Dean Stanley. Sayce's Higher Criticism gets rather rough handling at some points. We must also note a very good little article on a man little known "to the general," John Norris of Bemerton—a name dear to Platonists and Mystics. Will anyone do for him what an admirer has just done for William Law, and let us have a complete edition of his works?

A beautiful illustration of "La Bernoise," by Dagnan Bouveret, and a charming sonnet "Reminiscence," from the pen of Thomas Bailey Aldrich greet the eye in the first pages of the *Century* for May. William A. Coffin follows with an article on Bouveret containing a portrait and other examples. Still more gleanings from Lowell! We do not weary of them, whether prose, or verse. A lovely face indeed has "A Lady in Black," after F. W. Freer; well worthy is she of a full page to her beautiful self. Art, and artistic workmanship will be found in T. Cole's paper on "Cuyp," and that of Brander Matthews on "Bookbindings of the Past." "Across Asia on a Bicycle" has lots of dash and is most entertaining. The story of the capture of the slave ship *Cora* is also full of spirited movement. Nikola Tesla has a contribution of unique literary interest, a sketch of Zmai Iovan Iovanovich, chief Servian poet—with specimens of his poetical handicraft.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., opens the April *Fortnightly* with a paper on "The Government and the Evicted Tenants." "In South Africa," says the honourable gentleman, "when Mr. Gladstone surrendered, the Boers had had the best of the battle. In Ireland, the campaigners have been thoroughly beaten." "Constantinople as an Historic City" is the title of an interesting contribution from Mr. Frederic Harrison; "The Italian Bank Scandals," are discussed by Napoleone Colejannia in a manner at once captivating and judicious. "Italy," he says, "for many years to come, will pay the penalty for having made possible a Giolitti Ministry, which united all the faults and all the errors of preceding Ministries. The economic injury caused by the Bank Act will last for twenty years." Count Gleichen writes upon "The French in Tunis." Paul Verlaine contributes two poems to this number which is in all respects up to the standard of *The Fortnightly Review*.

Harper's for May begins with an excellent example of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's grace and strength as a poet: "The Lament of El Moulouk" cannot fail to impress the reader. William Dean Howells begins a series of sketches of his first visit to New England. In this reminiscent age they cannot fail to attract. "Trilby" takes on a pathetic tone, but it is very clever pathos. Edgar S. Maclay has a spirited narrative of United States naval enterprise in "The Chastisement of the Qualla Battatoans." The illustrated paper, "The Advent of Spring," popularizes the scientific view of that season—Surely science will not insist on revealing the *modus operandi* of the spring poet with diagrams? Richard Harding Davis makes "The Exiles" a telling story, and Owen Wister does like service in "A Kinsman of Red Cloud." Frederick M. Burr supplies a pretty bit of description in "A Little Journey in Java," and this is but a title of what this number contains.

"The House of Lords" is the subject of a symposium of vigorous articles with which the April number of *The Nineteenth Century* be-

gins. Professor Goldwin Smith evidently thinks that ancient and historic House doomed. The following sentence is by no means in the learned Professor's worst style: "A gleam of popularity has shone upon the House of Lords since its vigorous rejection of the Home Rule Bill, which may give birth to illusory hopes. It is but the ray shot by a setting sun. The French Noblesse refused any concession when timely concession might have availed; then, they flung up everything in one night." The Hon. Amvas Stafford Northcote has not changed his opinion that manhood suffrage is accountable for much misgovernment in the United States. An Irish question from an Irish standpoint is "The Evicted Tenants' Problem" treated by Michael Davitt. The Countess Cowper writes ably on that moot point in art, "Realism." Admirers of Goethe will enjoy Mr. H. Schutz Wilson's paper on "Frau Aga." Professor Cheyne's contribution "Sayce on 'Higher Criticism'" is strong meat for the average reader, but admirably suited for the digestion of the scientific theologian. There are, of course, other excellent papers in this issue.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Count Tolstoi recently reported that he is now able to live on five copecks or two cents per day.

It is estimated that during four and a half centuries three thousand million volumes have been produced.

The demand for "Marcella," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new story, is very great and a second edition was in requisition even before the first appeared.

Notwithstanding the popularity of her books and the large income they have brought her for many years, Mrs. Oliphant is said by the *Critic* to be kept poor by her many charities.

Walter Savage Landor's villa at Fiesole is at present the property of a New Yorker, who has in preparation two tablets, to be placed on the house, one to the memory of Boccaccio, who laid the scene of the "Decamerone" in the neighborhood; the other to the memory of Landor.

Lord Houghton has accepted the presidency of the Brontë Society formed for the purpose of establishing a museum of Brontë relics at Haworth. Considering that "Jane Eyre" was published nearly half a century ago—in 1847—the fame of the Brontë sisters seems likely to last for generations.

To use the happy phrase of Henry James, "the animated show which goes on in 'Trilby' all belongs to the sociable, audible air, the irresponsible, personal pitch of a style so talked and smoked, so drawn, so danced so played, so whistled and sung, that it never occurs to us even to ask ourselves whether it is written."

From among the poor peasant girls of Italy a poetess of the first rank seems to have emerged. The fame of Ada Negri has spread all over the peninsula, and her songs, breathing a socialistic sympathy for the poor and distressed, are upon everyone's lips. She is only 23 years old, and is supporting an aged mother by teaching at Milan.

The *Literary Digest* has—It was Ben Jonson who first sneered at the ignorance of Shakespeare in making the mariners in "The Winter's Tale" suffer "shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by one hundred miles." Now, however, appears one of the Editors of *Post-Lore*, in its April number, to claim that, after all, Shakespeare was right, and that there was a time when Bohemia had a sea-coast.

Macmillan's Magazine has this anecdote:—One day Mr. Bright was passing through the hall of the Reform Club. There he met Thackeray. The novelist stepped back, took off his hat, and stood with it in his outstretched hand. "What is that for?" said Mr. Bright. "Why do you hold your hat like that?" Be-

cause I see the most consistent politician I know going by," said Thackeray, "and I take off my hat to him."

The *Times* has the following literary note: "The Grand Old Mystery Unravelled" is the title of a collection of original cartoons and portraits of Mr. Gladstone, which Mr. Harry Furniss has been preparing since he retired from the staff of *Punch*, to be published in a few days at a popular price, the letterpress being written by some old Parliamentary hands, and the mystery is explained in an interview between Mr. Gladstone and Lika Joko.

Still another Scotch writer has risen into prominence of late years, and one, moreover, who, following in the wake of Stevenson and Barrie, bids fair to rival even them in popularity. For although *The Raiders* is only the second work of the Rev. S. E. Crockett, there has been the greatest demand for it even in advance of its publication. On the other side the entire edition was sold out before issue, and here in America a second edition has been called for only a week after the publication of the first.

It is said of Robert Buchanan's latest dictum that in nine cases out of ten contemporary praise implies a sacrifice on the writer's part to contemporary prejudices. "I think," he adds, "that more than one pet of the parturres (Mr. R. L. Stevenson, for example) might have done fine work in literature but for the constant assurance of the critics that such fine work was being done. I think that there is no more certain hallmark of intellectual mediocrity than the approval of the mob of gentlemen who criticize and puff with ease."

A wish has been generally expressed among the friends of the late Peter Redpath (says the *Colonies and India*) that some steps should be taken to perpetuate his memory. A few gentlemen met at Sir Charles Tupper's office not long ago to consider the matter, and it was decided to form a small committee. It was suggested that the memorial should take the shape of a marble bust, to be presented to the magnificent library at McGill, Mr. Redpath's last, and perhaps most valuable, gift to the University to which he was so much attached. Some definite announcement from the committee will probably be made shortly.

Le Petit Journal of Paris has the following interesting item: The General Inventory of the printed matter in the French National Library at Paris has just been finished, and it is found that on the shelves of the Library there are not less than 2,500,000 volumes. The manuscript catalogue having been completed, it remains now to print it. A committee of savants and specialists met recently at the library and decided that the printing shall begin in January, 1895. The printing will be a long and toilsome job, for the catalogue will fill from 80 to 100 big volumes. Multitudinous will be the proofs to correct and the corrections to verify; numerous will be the writings and difficult the texts. Whether this colossal work will be printed at the Imprimerie Nationale or at some private establishment has not yet been settled.

The *Boston Home Journal* has this interesting note on Robert Louis Stevenson: Mr. Meredith's protégé and disciple, Robert Louis Stevenson, has for several years past been wandering about the islands of the South Seas, but when in England he lives at Bournemouth, a southeastern Hampshire resort for invalids that overlooks the English Channel. Stevenson's house, Skerryoone, stands within a stone's throw of the River Bourne, which cuts in two the red cliffs upon which the town of Bournemouth is built. It is a two-story house of yellow brick, almost overgrown with ivy. The walls of the little room where Mr. Stevenson works, and where Alan Breck and a score of other heroes were born, are lined with well-filled bookshelves, and the room itself is provided with the orderly disorder characteristic of the snuggery of the famous man of letters. The room in which Mr. Stevenson receives his guests is adorned with a few choice etchings and engravings, prominent among them being

reproductions of Turner's "Bell Rock Lighthouse." This lighthouse was built by Mr. Stevenson's grandfather, who was in his time as skilled and capable an artist as his descendant is an artist. Portraits of Meredith and Henry James testify to their friendship for the author of "Treasure Island," and beneath a Venetian mirror, a gift from Mr. James, is grouped a goodly array of weapons of the style in vogue two centuries ago, and which the gentleman who gave them to Mr. Stevenson would have us believe once belonged to Long John Silver. Perhaps they did.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Frank R. Stockton. The Watchmaker's Wife. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd.

R. Walter Wright, B.D. The Dream of Columbus. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 25cts.

Rolf Boldrewood. A Modern Buccaneer. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd.

Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. IV. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd.

Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A. Europe 1598-1715. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd.

C. Ellis Stevens, LL.D. Sources of the Constitution of the United States. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell and John Philip Varley. Mitchell's Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cambridge, Mass.: The Riverside Press.

M. E. Francis. The Story of Dan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cambridge, Mass.: The Riverside Press.

Herbert D. Ward. The White Crown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cambridge, Mass.: The Riverside Press.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE INTRODUCTION OF WALL-PAPERS.

It is probably to King William III. that we owe the introduction of wall-papers into this country. Paper-hangings of a sort, it is true, were in use in England and in some parts of the continent long before the time of William of Orange; but they usually consisted merely of maps of the world, as it was known, then, with fantastic borders of Indians, negroes, and elephants, and other "natives" of far-off regions. The art of paper-hanging in imitation of the old velvet flock was new when William came to England, and it was on the walls of the drawing-room at Kensington Palace that these new hangings were first seen in this country. They took the fancy of the fashionable folk of the day, and their cheapness being an additional recommendation, they speedily came into general use.

MOUTH-BREATHING.

The evils of mouth-breathing is emphasized in an article by Dr. Henry Bixby Hemenway in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. In cold weather especially the direct ill effects of mouth-breathing are not confined to the throat. Bronchitis is a very common result, and probably pneumonia would often have been prevented if the patient had kept his mouth shut. Pneumonia is now believed to be generally the result of the action of a germ called the pneumococcus. If the air is taken into the lungs through the mouth there is little to arrest the germ before it reaches the lungs. In passing through a healthy nose, however, the air is strained, and germs and dust are caught upon

the membrane covering turbinated bones. The next expiration tends to throw the impurities out. Since in a mouth-breather the cause is always present, the diseases produced tend to become chronic.—*Springfield Republican*.

HELIOtropISM.

Professor Romane's paper on "Heliotropism," read not long ago before the Royal Society, is attracting a good deal of attention. Heliotropism is the peculiar property shown by many plants, notably the sunflower, of always turning towards the sun. In the case of seedlings the phenomenon is especially marked. The cells on the light side are apparently retarded in growth, thus causing a curvature toward that side. Professor Romane has experienced with an intermittent light, such as that of an electric spark discharge, upon mustard seedlings, and has found that the heliotropic effect produced in this way is far greater than that caused by the sun or any other form of light. Strange to say, however, this abnormal influence is unaccompanied by the generation of phlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants which requires sunshine for its proper production.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CANADIANS IN THE IMPERIAL ARMY.

On December 17 a tablet to the memory of three graduates of the Royal Military College of Canada was unveiled by Dean Smith in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ontario. The first was Captain Huntly Brodie Mackay, R.E., a native of Kingston, who served with distinction in Bechuanaland in 1884-85, obtained the Distinguished Service Order after operations near Sierra Leone in 1887-89, and died at Mombasa in 1891, while acting administrator for the British East Africa Company. The second was Captain William Henry Robinson, R.E., a native of St. John, New Brunswick. The tablet states that he was killed in action whilst with conspicuous bravery blowing in the gate of a stockaded village near Sierra Leone on March 14, 1892. The third Canadian was Captain William Grant Stairs, of the Welsh Regiment, and formerly lieutenant R.E. Born at Halifax, N.S., he served on Mr. Stanley's staff during the Emin Relief Expedition, and died in 1892 on the Zambesi while in command of the Belgian Katanga expedition. The tablet was erected by the comrades and friends of these deceased officers, both in Canada and in the Royal Engineers.—*The Times*.

GREAT BRIDGES.

They are indulging in some big bridge talk in Europe. The high level bridge across the Mersey at Liverpool is to consist of three spans on the arched suspension principle, each of 1,150 feet, 150 feet above the river at high water. There is to be a double railway track, a roadway 40 feet wide for vehicles, and sidewalks or footpaths. The railway bridge proposed across the Bosphorus at Constantinople would be 8,645 feet long, or nearly the length of the Forth Bridge. The projected Channel bridge between England and France runs in a straight line from the South Foreland to Cape Blanc Nez. The structure, as now proposed, would consist of seventy-three spans, alternately 1,300 feet and 1,625 feet long. It would give a clear headway of 175 feet at every point between the piers. Two bridges just completed across the new North Sea and Baltic Canal have spans of 510 feet each, and, besides railways, carry also a common roadway and footpaths. The new East River Bridge as projected is to take six or seven years to complete. The span will be 1,670 feet; the total length from anchor to anchor 3,200 feet. The towers will be 280 feet high, and the centre of the bridge above mean high-water mark will be 140 feet, five feet higher than the present bridge. There will be four railroad tracks. The North River Bridge, for which the House of Representatives has just passed a bill, is required to have a clear waterway of 2,000 feet, and a clear headway above high water of spring tides of not less than 150 feet. New York is

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unique among the world's cities of the first class in the greatness of its need of river bridges and in the almost total lack of such accommodation. The ferry lines, although thirteen in number on the two rivers, can never serve the purpose of bridges for heavy city traffic. To the visitors from London or Paris it is an enigma how the people of Brooklyn and Jersey City manage to transfer themselves from one part to another of what is virtually one great town. The Brooklyn Bridge, on October 12, during the Columbus festival, transferred 258,953 passengers. The plans now in progress are to double its capacity. The era is one of great bridge building.—*New York Evening Sun*.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLORS.

Speaking of color photography, about three months ago, the *Tribune* mentioned the plan, followed by several experimenters, of taking three different pictures of the same scene through glass of different colors, and then effecting some sort of combination into one therewith, the color screens being again brought into service in this latter operation. Mr. R. D. Gray, of New York city, who made lantern slides by this method and projected his combined pictures on a white wall or cloth, obtained his original negatives on separate plates, and one at a time. But Mr. Frederick E. Ives, of Philadelphia, who put his pictures into an instrument called the photochromoscope (looking into which the observer found them merged, as in a stereoscope), got his three negatives on one plate and at one exposure.

Owing to the unequal sensitiveness of an ordinary plate to light that is strained through red, green and blue glass, Mr. Gray found it necessary to give the plates very different exposures. The red required about 200 times as long a one as the blue. How, then, could Mr. Ives take all three at once? Did he have an emulsion possessing some hitherto unknown quality? Replying to an inquiry on this point, Mr. Ives says to the *Tribune*: "I use an ordinary commercial isochromatic plate, and I compensate for the inequality by inserting in my one lens camera smoke-colored glasses of suitable densities in front of the portions of the plate on which the green and blue-violet sensations are produced. In this way all the images are obtained at a single exposure of equal duration." Obviously, then, the amount of time given to the plate is that required for a good impression through the red screen; action through the other two is slowed down by the smoked glass.—*New York Tribune*.

Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your word.—*Chesterfield*.

Endurance is the prerogative of woman, enabling the gentlest to suffer what would cause terror to manhood.—*Wieland*.

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Her von Mittnacht, the Prime Minister of Wurtemberg, whose name has been mentioned frequently of late in connection with the alleged differences between the Emperor of Germany and the King of Wurtemberg, has been the head of the Wurtemberg Cabinet for many years.

Were the Royal Family to leave Balmoral to-morrow, it would leave innumerable memorials of its sojourn behind. On each conspicuous height is a cairn, celebrating somebody or some remarkable domestic event; and there are memorial obelisks or statues elsewhere. The building of the cairns shows Her Majesty's attachment to old Celtic customs. Their completion is always celebrated in genuine Highland fashion, with hideous screechings of the pipes and generous libations of whiskey.

PUBLIC OPINION.

London Advertiser: The chief Conservative organ, the Toronto Empire, acknowledges that Sir Oliver Mowat will be sustained in the coming general elections. It concedes that Sir Oliver will still have the power of making Provincial appointments.

Quebec Chronicle: Mr. Hurteau's scheme to bring back to Canada, Canadians who had settled in the United States, seems to be meeting with a gratifying success. Every little while, we hear of some fifty or sixty families, averaging a membership of five or six persons each, returning to the land of their birth. Thousands more would be glad to come, had they the wherewithal to pay their fares. They do not seem to have bettered themselves much in the land of the Stars and Stripes, and are doubtless aware, now, that there are many worse places than Canada to live in.

Montreal Star: A slow travelling street car—comparing it with the speed of a locomotive—ought certainly to be readily equipped with some contrivance which would lift a little toddler off the track instead of hurling it beneath the wheels. And the provision of these nets, or whatever may be used, must be done at once. Human life is far too precious to be sacrificed to delay, or even to a spirit of commercial caution. It is well worth experimenting to an unlimited extent, if there is any reason to hope that the result will be a machine that can carry people about the city without killing others.

Regina Leader: We call the attention of municipal councillors and all persons interested in the conduct of public meetings and societies to the valuable Manual of Procedure, which has just been published at Toronto from the pen of the well known Canadian writer on Canadian constitutional history and parliamentary practice, Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., clerk of the House of Commons. As a popular manual of procedure it is the most complete yet issued on this continent. The publishers, The Carswell Law Co., Toronto, have done their part well, and printed a very handsome book of 450 pages.

Hamilton Spectator: In Canada the bank statements are "on the whole satisfactory," though the most critical months of the year have just been passed. It is true that tariff changes have adversely affected some industries. It is true that business is quiet in many lines. While financial storms are raging in other countries, Canadians feel the need of shortening sail and keeping a sharp eye out to windward. But that is all. The excellent character of the Canadian banking system and the stability which the national policy has given to Canadian industry have carried the Dominion through without disaster, while almost all other countries have suffered.

Victoria Colonist: There is nothing necessarily dishonorable or deserving of reproach in a public man leaving the party to which he belonged and co-operating with those whom he had up to that time opposed. On the contrary, such a course may be both honorable and patriotic. Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain and the other Whigs and Radicals who left Mr. Gladstone and joined the Conservatives, did what they believed to be their duty to their country, and consequently they lost no right-thinking man's respect, whether he agreed with them on the question of Irish Home Rule or not. Mr. Gladstone might have been grieved, and no doubt he was grieved, at the defection of John Bright, but the respect of the leader of the Liberals for the great Radical orator was not in the least lessened because he could not conscientiously support what had become the policy of the Liberal party.

Compulsory education has been in vogue for ages in China.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A Russian scientist has traced all of a man's diseases to the fact that he wears clothes.

Herr Brugsch, the eminent Egyptologist, has found evidence that the ancient Egyptians had lightning rods on some of their temples.

Experiments have been tried with a view to ascertain if color has an effect on certain forms of disease. In making this test a number of smallpox patients were placed in a room to which only red light was admitted. The patients were for the most part those suffering from unusually severe attacks, and about half of them being unvaccinated children. In spite of the violent form of the malady, they all made speedy and safe recoveries, with very little fever and but few scars.—*New York Ledger.*

Benedict has relieved a case of writer's cramp by injecting carbolic acid in the neighborhood of a sensitive point in the course of one of the flexor tendons of the related forearm. Langes (*Munch. med. Wochenschr.*) has succeeded in overcoming writer's cramp by having the pen held between the second and third fingers in such a way that the holder rests upon the latter at an angle of from 110° to 125°, while it is supported below by the thumb, the index finger resting lightly above.—*Gaillard's Medical Journal.*

According to Mr. Henry Gannett of the United States Geological Survey, who has just published the results of his calculations of the average elevations of the United States, this average is 2,500 feet—a little greater than the estimated mean height of the land of the globe. The lowest State is Delaware, which is only 60 feet above sea level, and the highest is Colorado—6,800 feet, though Wyoming is only 100 feet lower. Florida and Louisiana come next to Delaware, at the bottom of the list, being only 100 feet above the sea, on the average.

The Zoothermic Institute in Rome is a "cure" place where people go to drink fresh blood for the cure of gott, rheumatism and the great prostration and anemia caused by the malarial fevers of the Tontine Marshes. The blood to be imbibed is first rapidly freed from fibrin by a carefully aseptic method, the animals from which it is derived having previously undergone inspection by a veterinary surgeon. Some patients bathe either a part or the whole of the body in the warm blood, and, the Italian doctors think, with great benefit.—*New York Independent.*

The phonograph is not unlikely soon to take its place as an instrument of instruction in medical teaching. Dr. Macintyre, of Glasgow, recently demonstrated a number of cough-sounds and varieties of hoarseness due to different pathological conditions; and he has been able by special recording arrangements to register the heart sounds. Dr. Macintyre also exhibited a microphone enabling a number of students to listen to the sounds of the body at the same time, and also to transmit these sounds to a distance, so that students in a class room could hear the chest-sounds of a patient in the hospital.

The daily papers report the discovery by Dr. Niels Finsen, a Danish physician, of a favorable effect exerted by red light on patients suffering from small-pox. Dr. Finsen has constructed a small-pox hospital in which only red light is admitted into the sick-rooms. It is alleged that the effect of the red light is to do away with the dangerous and painful suppuration, the exanthema drying up and falling off without leaving any scars on the skin. If there is truth in these claims, the effect must evidently be due to the removal of the more refrangible rays, since the red rays are present in full proportion in ordinary sunlight. Scepticism in the matter, however, is quite pardonable until fuller details are forthcoming.

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A rumour which rose shortly after the death of General Petit that the flag of the Old Guard was to be sold to a foreigner has caused a good deal of excitement in Paris. There is not the least foundation for the report, as the famous standard is not likely to pass out of the hands of M. de la Goupilliere, who now inherits it. The flag was kept in the room in which the late General died, and though age has rendered the colors almost indistinguishable the names of the battles in which the Guard took part are still legible.—*London Globe.*

An organ built for a Jesuit church in Shanghai has its pipes made of bamboo instead of metal. The tone is said to be remarkable for its sweetness and purity. As bamboo can be obtained in all sizes, it is available for open diapason pipes down to CC.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria.
French Village. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure croup.
Cape Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The wine cellar of the House of Commons is 100 feet long, and usually contains about £4,000 worth of wine.

A London writer mentions that the late Maharanee Dhuleep Singh was an ardent advocate of the new theory. She was constantly in a draught herself, and kept her children in draughts, and the result was that colds were unknown in her household!

REV. ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue avenue, Toronto, has used Acetocura for eighteen years and recommends it for colds, sore throat and indigestion.

Napoleon was a very awkward dancer. On one occasion he danced with a countess, who could not conceal her blushes at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat he remarked, "The fact is, madam, my forte is not so much in dancing myself, as making others dance."

Dew is a great respecter of colours. To prove this take pieces of glass or boards and paint them red, yellow, green and black. Expose them at night and you will find that the yellow will be covered with moisture; that the green will be damp, but that the red and the black will be left perfectly dry.

Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, having asserted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as others have also done, that he had seen in the public museum in Mexico the remains of a woman and child who had been walled up in a convent in that city, Mr. Jas. Britten, secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, denied that such immuring ever took place, but the accuracy of Mr. Haggard's statement has been corroborated by further correspondence.

University extension has just reached the continent of Europe. Courses of instruction of this character have been undertaken under the auspices of the University of Ghent with great success. A similar movement has been started in Brussels, where the society having the work in charge is presided over by the rector of the University. In both cases the lines marked out by the University Extension movement in England are closely followed.

Snakes are carnivorous, and do not feed on dust, as some people believe. For the best treatment for snake bite, the early application of a ligature above the bite is the most important preliminary step; then rub in, and even drink, salad oil freely. The delusion that there is in India a two-headed snake called the *bis-cobra*, is explained by "bis" being a corruption of the "bish," meaning poison, and cobra, of "Khopra," meaning hard; the term bish-khopra being applied to a lizard said to be poisonous.—*From Colonies and India.*

Mr. Warren, a horse importer, informed a representative of the *Times of India* recently that "there is no such thing as an Australian horse; all the horses in the colonies are the issue of English imported stock. In the time of Captain Cook the largest animal in the country was the kangaroo, and it was several years before anything like a horse was known there. Of course, once English stock was imported, it was not long before we had plenty of country breeds, but there is no such thing as an indigenous horse in the Antipodes."

John Ruskin, when ill, is a difficult patient to deal with. He prefers to be his own doctor as long as he can, and has little faith in medicine. Once when laid up by a severe attack of internal inflammation, he asked the doctor what would be worst for him. The answer was "beef." Immediately the self-willed patient called for a slice of cold roast beef. There was none in the hotel where he and his friends were stopping, and it was late at night. But a friend went off to get some, and at last found a slice in an eating house. He brought it to Ruskin wrapped up in paper. He enjoyed his late supper thoroughly, and fortunately the rash act did him no harm.—*London Answers.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY.

THE STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG LADY
IN ST. THOMAS.

A Constant Sufferer for More Than Five Years—
Her blood Had Turned to Water—Physicians
Held Out no Hope of Her Recovery—How Her
Life Was saved—A Wonderful Story.

From the St. Thomas Journal.

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and deliver them." Such is a verse of holy writ made familiar to very many residents of St. Thomas by the well-known evangelist, Rev. J. E. Hunter. In letters of gold on the stained glass fanlight over the door of his residence, No. 113 Wellington Street, is the text, "Psalm xxxiv, 7." Though we live in an age noted for its energetic, zealous Christian endeavor, this idea of Mr. Hunter's to impress the truths of the scripture upon those who read though they run, is altogether so original and so novel that it at once excites the curiosity. Those not familiar with the text make a mental note of it, and at the first opportunity look it up. This is just what was done by a representative of the Journal, who had occasion to visit Mr. Hunter's residence the other day. But with the object of the visit and the information obtained, the reader will be more concerned. The reporter was assigned to investigate a marvellous cure said to have been effected in the case of a young lady employed in Mr. Hunter's family, by that well-known and popular remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. And it was a wonderful story that the young lady had to tell, and is undoubtedly as true as it is wonderful. Last June the same reporter interviewed Mrs. John Cope, wife of the tollgate-keeper on the London and Port Stanley road, who had been cured by Pink Pills, of running ulcers on the limbs after years of suffering, and after having been given up by a number of physicians. The old lady had entirely recovered, and could not say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which had given her a new lease of life. As it was with Mrs. Cope, so was it with Miss Edna Harris, the young lady in the employ of Mr. Hunter's family who has been restored to health and strength by Pink Pills. Miss Harris has just passed her twentieth year, and is a daughter of George Harris, who lives at Yarmouth Heights, and is employed by Mr. Geo. Boucher, florist and plantsman.

"I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I am quite willing that everyone should know it," was the reply of Miss Harris when asked if she had been benefitted by Pink Pills, and if so would she make public her story. Continuing, she said, "When I was twelve or thirteen years of age I was first taken sick, the doctor said my blood had all turned to water. For five years I suffered terribly, and was so weak that I could barely keep alive. It was only my grit and strong will the doctors said, that kept me alive at all. If I tried to stand for a short time, or if I got the least bit warm I would fall over in a faint. My eyes were white and glassy, and I was so thin and pallid that every one believed I was dying of consumption. During the five years I was ill, I was attended by five physicians in St. Thomas, two in Detroit, one in London and one in Aylmer, and none of them could do anything for me. I was so far gone that they had no hopes of my recovery. Towards the last my feet and limbs swelled so, they had to be bandaged to keep them from bursting. They were bandaged for three months, and my whole body was swollen and bloated, and the doctors said there was not a pint of blood in my body, and they held out no hopes whatever. Two years ago I saw in the Journal about a man in Hamilton being cured by taking Pink Pills. I thought that if they could cure him they would help me, and I decided to try them. Before I had finished three boxes I felt relieved; the swelling went down and the bandages were removed. I continued taking Pink Pills until I had taken seven boxes, then irregularly I took three more, one of which Mr. Hunter brought back from Brockville. I am perfectly cured. I have not been ill a single day since I finished the seventh box of pills. I came to Mrs. Hunter's a year ago, and she will tell you I have never been ill a day since coming here, and I always feel strong and able to do the work. I can and do strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Miss Harris in conclusion. Her appearance is certainly that of a strong, healthy young woman.

Mrs. J. E. Hunter, wife of the evangelist, told the reporter that Miss Harris was a good, reliable and truthful girl, and that perfect reliance could be placed in her statements. "She looks like a different girl from what she was when she came here a year ago," said Mrs. Hunter.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into

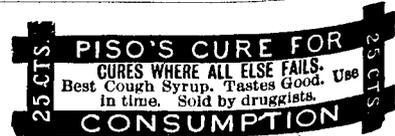
womanhood, whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided. The public are cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Can be had from all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenecady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Men have sight; women insight.—*Victor Hugo.*

When a man's countenance falls it naturally lowers his face value.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The essential difference between a good and a bad education is this, that the former draws on the child to learn by making it sweet to him; the latter drives the child to learn by making it sour for him if he does not.—*Charles Buxton.*



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QUIPS AND CRANKS.

He (audaciously): Suppose I were to kiss you unaware. She (cooly): I don't believe you could.

She: You know papa has failed; and he says that we must begin to economise. He: Well, we needn't be wearing out two chairs.

Mr. Micawber: I wish I knew some nice easy way to make money. Mrs. Micawber: Well, my dear, you might get your life insured and then die.

Miss De Cops: Miss Buntling is very plain, I hear. Miss Hardheart: Well, she's so homely that her diamonds won't sparkle when she wears them.

He: I'm afraid you don't like to have me dropping in on you for these little chats. She (earnestly): Indeed, I'm sure your short calls are perfectly delightful.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; and the other, that they haven't any business.

The boy halted in front of the blacksmith shop, when the proprietor queried: "You are sure your father told you to get the old mare shod, are you?" And the boy said shooer.

School Teacher: What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow? Bobby: I kin, please. School Teacher: Well, Bobby? Bobby: The home of the swallow is the stomach.

A teacher asked a girl how many bones there were in her body, and her answer was 208. "Wrong; there are only 207," said the teacher. "Yes'm," was the triumphant response, "but I swallowed a fish-bone to-day."

Lady: I want to sit for a picture. Artist: I shall be very glad to paint you if you will wait a week, until I finish the one I am at work on now. Lady: Oh, my! I couldn't wait that long. Why, I promised to be home to dinner at five o'clock!

Harry (aged eight), reading from a printed bill on a gate post: Sermons will be preached on Sunday next by the Rev. John Cuthberts, M.A. Oh! Amy, fancy, Mr. Cuthbert's ma is going to preach; I didn't think women ever did."

Scene: Lawyer's office. Enter little girl, sobbing bitterly. Lawyer: Why, little one, what's wrong? Little Girl: Are you Mr. Blank, the lawyer? Lawyer: Yes. What is it you want? Little Girl: I want—(sob)—I want—a divorce from my pa and ma.

"Sammerson tells me that he courted his wife five years before she would accept him." "Well, he has nothing to complain of at that. She brought him \$100,000. It looks to me as if \$20,000 a year for courting a good-looking girl is big pay for a mighty easy job.

"My dear," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you?" "Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."

A blind man going for water to a fountain carried a jug in one hand and a candle in the other. "What is the good of your candle," said a passer-by, "since you cannot see a step before you?" "It is to prevent some stupid fellow from running against me and breaking my jug."

A neighbour being dangerously ill, a lady one morning sent her new maid over to inquire concerning her condition. "Go over," she said, "and inquire how Mrs. X is this morning. And if she is dead," she added, "as the girl started, "ask when the funeral is to be." The messenger went as directed, and soon returned with the air of one who had done her whole duty. "Mrs. X. is better this morning," and they cannot tell when the funeral will be!

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**Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals**



are used in the preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO.'S
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which is absolutely pure and soluble.

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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PRICE \$1.00. From all Druggists.

Energetic business men wanted as agents. It will pay you to write for terms.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, completes this year his twenty-fifth year in his office, and the Harvard Clubs throughout the country intend to unite in commemorating his silver anniversary by presenting to him a gold medal appropriately inscribed, at the alumni dinner on the next commencement day. But one other President of Harvard has served longer than President Eliot. This was Edward Hylolke, who served from 1737 to 1769.

STOP, LADY, STOP!

Lean and lank,
He's such a crank;
My stars! I thank
I'm not his wife;
He'd make my life
A scene of strife.

Stop, lady, stop! his liver is out of order. "He's just too nice for anything," his wife says, "when he is well." Every wife's husband should, if sick, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the liver and kidneys in good working order, purifies the blood, cleanses the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising, and tones up the functions generally. Guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets permanently cure constipation, sick headache, indigestion and kindred derangements.

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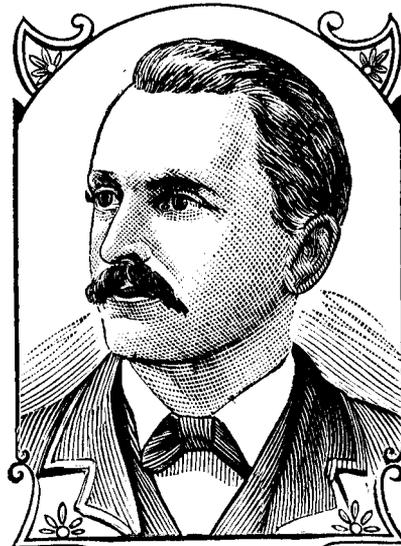
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DEAR SIRS.—I was covered with pimples and small boils and after obtaining no relief from a doctor tried different remedies without success until one Sunday I was given 3 of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time. I made up my mind never to be without B.B.B. in the house, and I can highly recommend it to all.

FRED. CARTER, Haney, B. C.
I can answer for the truth of the above.
T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B. C.

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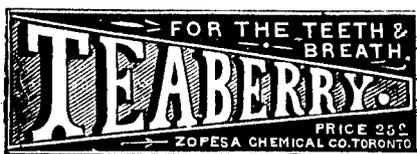
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Skin Diseases

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