

This Number Contains : "Canadian Copyright," by Principal Grant ; "Notes in My Library," by Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G.; "Canadian Aspects of Education," by Mr. Frank Arnoldi; and a Supplement: "Canada and Her Relations to the Empire," by Colonel G. T. Denison.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, October 25th, 1895.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS	1131
LEADERS—	
Delenda est Carthago.....	1134
Chief Justice Meredith.....	1135
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Notes in My Library.....	1135
Canadian Copyright.....	1139
The Canadian Aspects of Education.....	1139
Fantasia.....	1142
Music.....	1143
Art Notes.....	1144
At Street Corners.....	1144
The Monroe Doctrine.....	1145
Montreal Affairs.....	1146
POETRY—	
A Song of the Empire.....	1135
The Legend of the Counted Footsteps.....	1141
October.....	1144
BOOKS—	
Dictionary of National Biography.....	1147
Recent Fiction.....	1148
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—	
The Copyright Question.....	1148
Legal Ethics.....	1149

Current Topics.

"The Week" of To-day.

We present to our readers to-day an enlarged number and several articles of great interest, timeliness, and importance. Dr. Bourinot's "Notes in My Library," to which we are glad to devote more than usual space, will be found to be remarkable in many respects. He deals with matters that will awaken wide interest, and gives much information in a very entertaining form. In response to many and repeated requests we issue as a supplement the article by Colonel George T. Denison, contributed to the September Westminster Review on "Canada and her Relations to the Empire." We have already commented at length on this admirable article, and gave copious quotations from it. These comments and quotations did but whet the appetite of our readers, and many letters have been received asking for its republication in full. We have issued the article in pamphlet form, and each subscriber will receive a copy enclosed in this number of THE WEEK. Principal Grant deals briefly and effectively with the Canadian Copyright Question, which at present is attracting much attention here and in Great Britain. The Monroe Doctrine is again to the fore by reason of the dispute between England and Venezuela touching the boundary between the latter country and British Guiana. The United States Government maintains that if England is endeavouring, under colour of this dispute, to extend her possessions in America, she is acting contrary to this doctrine. Mr. Castell Hopkins' article on this subject will be read with much interest and profit. He makes several strong points against the so-called doctrine which the Americans will find difficulty in answering. Dr. Parkin's acceptance of the Head-Mastership of Upper Canada College has given a marked impetus to this old and honoured institution. The devotion to its interests manifested by so many of Canada's prominent men finds expression in the able article contributed to this number of THE WEEK by Mr. Frank Arnoldi. Whilst we sympathize with him in the strong claim he makes for the College, and are quite ready to agree that the part it plays in our educational system is of the first importance, and that its maintenance is eminently essential, nay indispensable, we yet hold that it is hardly fair to ignore, as Mr. Frank Arnoldi does, the splendid work done on the same lines as Upper Canada College by such excellent and ably conducted institutions as Trinity College School of Port Hope, Bishop Ridley College of St. Catharines, and Bishop's College School of Lennoxville.

The Blair Coalition.

The New Brunswick elections held last week resulted in the Blair Government being sustained by an increased majority. Mr. Blair's supporters now outnumber his opponents by about three to one. Several rather questionable "deals" were made, it appears, by which the expense and trouble of an election was avoided — much to the exasperation of those who desired a contest. One or two of the newspapers have been much incensed by these deals, and have withdrawn their support. But on the whole Mr. Blair deserves the success he has met with. He has proved that a coalition government can be both strong and stable, and as Mr. Ketchum pointed out in these columns recently, he has greatly promoted the interests of some of the chief industries of the Province. He has endeavoured, with some measure of success, to separate Federal from Provincial issues, and in this he is highly to be commended. Nothing can be more foolish than to complicate the difficult task of securing good local government by dragging in questions reserved for Federal control.

Dr. Guerin's Election.

The Taillon Government met with a bad defeat on Tuesday by the election of Dr. Guerin for Montreal Centre by a majority of 1,254 votes over the Ministerial candidate, Mr. McDonnell. At the general election in 1892, the Liberal candidate, the Hon. James McShane, was defeated by nearly five hundred votes. This remarkable reverse is attributed to the financial policy of the Taillon Government. The Paris loan and the business taxes, coupled with the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Curran to the Bench, have been too much for this constituency to stand. It appears that no effort was made by the Ottawa Government to help Mr. McDonnell, although the authorities were warned that it would be necessary. The three wards comprising Montreal Centre will soon have to elect a successor to Hon. Mr. Justice Curran. Present indications for a Conservative success are not very promising.

Mr. R. S. White Resigns.

The important constituency of Cardwell is without a representative in the Dominion Parliament. Mr. White has resigned his seat. Whatever the cause may have been for this decided step on the part of Mr. White, we can rest assured that it was fully sufficient, and eminently to his credit. The House of Commons can ill afford to part with him. But still more would his firm hand be missed were he to relinquish the control of the Montreal Gazette, and it is to be hoped whatever changes may be in store for him the conduct of that admirable journal may long continue under the immediate supervision of Mr. White.

The Deep Waterways.

We have received a copy of the annual address on "International Comity and Cooperation," delivered by Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., the President of the International Deep Waterways Association, at the first Annual Convention held at Cleveland last month. It is an address in every way worthy of the accomplished author. We shall have something to say about it next week.

Mr. Laurier's
Tour.

As we predicted, Conservatives have been quite as eager as the Liberals to see and to hear the distinguished Leader of the Dominion Opposition, who is now making a tour of the Province of Ontario. He has already visited many places, and his reception has invariably been enthusiastic and his meetings all that could be desired in point of numbers and in attention. These great gatherings of the people have been conspicuous for their freedom from disturbances of any kind. The ubiquitous interlocutor has been present, it is true, but his questions have not been very embarrassing, and Mr. Laurier has always proved equal to the occasion. It is evident that there is a strong and general desire to hear what he has to say on the great questions of the day, and the people are prepared to give him every opportunity to say his say without let or hindrance. The Liberals must be on their guard against being over ready to accept as a tribute exclusively to the party and its principles the immense enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Laurier in this interesting tour. Much of it is for the man himself, apart altogether from his political opinions. This was made manifest in Toronto on Saturday night last when Conservatives cheered him as heartily as those who are his own followers and supporters. His reception in the Capital of the Province, though there was no great meeting to attract the people, was quite as enthusiastic as that of any place visited in Ontario. Altogether, Mr. Laurier has reason to feel that he commands the respect of the Dominion, and that he enjoys the personal devotion of a very large number of Canadians.

A Man with a
Past.

At Kingston Mr. Laurier was joined by Mr. Tarte. We are informed that he made a good impression in Kingston. Mr. Tarte is a man with a past. This perhaps makes him an interesting personage. But whilst he may add to the interest of Mr. Laurier's meetings it is very doubtful if that added interest is not gained at too great a cost. It is quite easy to understand that he possesses abundance of material for making effective speeches against the Ottawa Government, and the fact that he cannot make use of this material without proclaiming his own misdeeds does not seem at all to act as a restraint. On the contrary, he seems to find it very funny. The Liberals should bear in mind that Mr. Tarte may possibly become a Conservative again before long, and it behoves them to follow the advice of the wise man who counselled us to live with our friends as if some day they might become our enemies. We don't wish to be too hard upon Mr. Tarte. An apologist for him might say with considerable truth that though he may not be quite clean he is clean enough for the House of Commons—as some one remarked of the member for Northumberland. At any rate he deserves our thanks for the great exposures of 1891.

Principal Grant's
Views.

The interest taken in the Manitoba School Question is by no means confined to Canada. We learn from a member of the staff of *The Globe* that the letters of Principal Grant on this great subject have been in wide request. The Department of Education, Whitehall, and Mr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education for the United States, have written for complete sets of the letters, and many of the leading journals in England and the United States and also in Australia have devoted much attention to the Principal's opinions on the subject. Religious education in the schools is rapidly becoming a question of immense moment, and Canada's action in the matter is watched with close attention.

"Compromise or
Burst."

The extreme men on both sides have said their say on the Manitoba schools for a good while, but—if we mistake not—the sober sense of the Canadian people will settle the question by compromise. On the one side, the Hierarchy takes its stand upon the principle that the State has nothing to do with education but to supply the funds. The Church has a divine right in the matter, and the divine cannot be discounted. Bishop Laffêche represents this attitude in its best form. He knows nothing of the nineteenth century and takes good care to read only what is written on his own side; and as he is a good man, sincere and pious, he has his following, and he must be reckoned with, like any other elemental force. To argue with him is a waste of time. He belongs to the seventeenth century, and is willing to suffer and—what is of more consequence—to make others suffer, rather than bate one jot of what he calls his principles. On the other side, we find Mr. Martin and the forcible-feeble writers of the *Winnipeg Tribune*. They, too, stand upon "principle" and lecture the older Provinces of the Dominion on their timidity in having so long bowed the knee to Baal. The wild and woolly West intends to do otherwise. The State, according to them, has everything to do with education, and the Church, at the present, nothing, but to obey the Government, so long, that is, as the Government is in right hands. Religious forms may be allowed, but in such shape that they may be called a farce and therefore discontinued after the people see that they are only a farce. Between these two extremes stand the great body of the Canadian people, whose will, in the long run, is sure to prevail. On the one hand, they will not go to Canossa. On the other hand, they will not descend to P. P. A.-ism, nor will they consent to drive religion out of the schools, though they have no notion of identifying religion with any one Church or any set of prescribed exercises. They are far from intending to do any injustice to Protestant or Roman Catholic, and they wish to respect even the prejudices of zealots. They know perfectly well that in a country like Canada, in connection with a question like this, the issue must be "Compromise or burst."

Compromise

Is this an unprincipled attitude on the part of the average Canadian, who is kicked impartially by the extremists? Not at all, though he is sometimes so assailed with mock heroics that he fancies himself a great sinner. He desires to guide himself by common sense rather than by tall talk. He sees that in a country like this we must above everything else be practical; that, in the matter under discussion, the one thing needful is good schools, and that, in order to get these, all parties concerned must be conciliated rather than antagonized. The hierarchical may be a fine theory, or the secularists may be all right in "principle"; but what of that if either extreme is unsuited for Canada or for Manitoba, at present? The French doctor was delighted with his brilliant operation, and it was a mere incident that the patient died under his knife. John Bull takes a different view. He would rather have the patient live, operation or no operation, and Miss Canada comes largely from that robust if somewhat unscientific stock. It follows from this that the Government at Ottawa had better not drive too rapidly. If they do, the people will not follow them. The facts of the case have not yet been presented by an impartial Commission. Mr. Wade, in his interminable pamphlet, seems to think that it is only necessary to prove that the

majority of the R. C. schools, under the denominational system, were inefficient. That is a very small part of the case, and there may be reasons explanatory, to which he has not even referred. It is evident, from what we have seen in Principal Grant's letters and public reports, that some of the Protestant or public schools are also inefficient. The whole case, as regards the racial, social, religious, material, and economical condition of the people of Manitoba has to be put before the people of Canada, before they, in Parliament assembled, have the moral right to legislate on the subject. The highest court in the Empire has decided that there is a grievance. We must know the exact nature and extent of the grievance, and how it can be remedied with least damage to other interests, before we move in the matter.

Montreal's
Finances.

The Finance Committee of the City Council has, so to speak, been sweating blood lately. It had to face the question of the deficit; and how to meet it without cutting down the running expenses, increasing the taxation on the regular taxpayers who have been bled white already, or increasing the borrowing power of the city which has been fixed at \$25,000,000 by the Legislature, and has now been reached. The bulk of the aldermen would undoubtedly prefer to increase the debt and shift the settlement on posterity; but the sensible citizens and business men know that that way bankruptcy lies and are so determined in their opposition that they would probably defeat such a proposition if submitted to the Legislature as they did last year. The Finance Committee, in consequence, has had to look to other avenues for an escape from present difficulties; and, after much consideration, has prepared a scheme which, if approved by the City Council, will go to the Legislature for ratification. It is drastic in its provisions, involving, as it does, the abolition of exemptions in favour of religious and educational properties.

The Exemption
Right.

The exemption right has been grossly abused in Montreal in favour of institutions and property, actually commercial in their nature, but wearing a benevolent cloak. The details of the scheme have not been made public; and it is not known how far it goes, but it can certainly go a long way without doing any injustice to those on whose behalf exemptions can be properly asked. But it is certain to raise a furious storm; for Privilege never yields an inch of ground without protest. It will be fought in the City Council, of course; and if it survives the gauntlet there, it will go to Quebec, where it will no doubt be promptly killed. The Provincial Legislature is a Bourbon one, and is said to be wedded to fogyism of every description, and that it is practically impossible to get anything passed through it that aims at righting a wrong. We hope, however, that this is not the case, and that Montreal may before long succeed in getting out of the financial slough in which it is now so deeply fixed.

Unwise
Legislation.

Every one knows that the Tammany ring recently received a check, at the hands of Dr. Parkhurst and his friends in New York, which would probably be the beginning of a much purer and more honest civic government in New York. But alas! the reformers, not contented with what they had achieved, proceeded to carry out a system of root-and-branch reform in the city, which reminds us of Savonarola and the Puritans. According to the law of New York, all the saloons are to be closed during the whole of the Lord's Day. According to the practice of New York, most of them have

been as good or as bad as open. But the new reformers determined to make the law effectual, and in particular, that no beer should be sold on Sunday. And this in a city in which one-third of the population are Germans. What was the result? "The Germans revolted, the rougher voters revolted, the non-Puritan section of the Democrats revolted, and it is believed that in the November elections, Tammany, the most corrupt of modern caucuses, will recover its power." So says The Spectator. Will men ever learn wisdom? You cannot enforce unreasonable laws, or if you do so, the consequences will be every way injurious and mischievous. It would almost appear that the herculean labours of the reformers will be thrown away; and what that means for New York may be guessed by those who read some of the chapters in Professor Bryce's American Commonwealth.

The Pope and the
Religious
Congress.

Some persons were startled at the readiness which some of the Roman Catholic clergy took part at the Congress of Religions at Chicago, and in the recent Congress at Toronto. It was quite understood to be in accordance with the recent policy of the Roman Church to descend into the arena instead of standing aloof from the controversies of the day. And, on the whole, there can be no doubt that the clergy of that Church commended themselves to the general public by their action and utterances. Without in the least compromising their own position, they met their brethren of other communions on terms of social and civil equality, and said their say with much skill and power. It now appears doubtful whether these proceedings can be sanctioned at Rome. At least such would be the inference from the recent papal pronouncement on the subject. Yet we are not quite sure how far the disapproval of His Holiness extends. Certainly *Roma locuta est*; but we cannot add with full assurance, *Causa finita est*. There are always loopholes in these counsels and commands. Very probably the Pope means to tell his children that he has his eye on them, and they must be careful. One thing is tolerably certain, that when the supreme Papa makes known his exact wish and will, his children will obey.

An Ancient
Manuscript.

When a woman sets her mind to do a thing she does it thoroughly. The recovery of the ancient Syriac manuscript of the Gospels is a case in point. Mrs. Lewis and her sister, Mrs. Gibson, determined to visit Mount Sinai. They learned photography and studied Syriac. They got letters of introduction and stormed the library of the Monastery of St. Catherine on that Holy Mount. There they found an amiable librarian almost as obliging as our own Mr. Bain, who showed them all the treasures. These they photographed. When they got back to England they showed their treasures to what we call here "experts." It was found that they had got something very important—no less than a manuscript of the Gospels written in Syriac and in a date not far from the times of the very Apostles. Another journey to Mount Sinai was decided upon. Again the kind librarian was interviewed, once more the treasures were displayed, and this time Mrs. Lewis gave true evidence of her woman's wit. Like the lady in the poem of "The Well of St. Keyne," who took a bottle to church, she took a bottle to the monastery. It contained a fluid which restores faded writing on manuscripts and of which she had learned by enquiring at the British Museum. The use of this fluid was entirely successful. The manuscript was copied, and the result is now in England being worked up. The exact age of the writing is not known, nor the exact value of the discovery, but an exceedingly ancient and scarce probably unique, Syriac copy of the Gospels has been unearthed. No man would have thought of that plan of

going to the British Museum to ask for the restoring liquid. Mrs. Lewis deserves the very greatest credit for her ingenuity and determination.

Delenda est Carthago.

WHEN a Canadian tells an Englishman that the Americans are, as a nation, unfriendly to England, the Englishman first looks at him in a pitying, supercilious way. He then either dismisses the subject and goes on to something else, or else says: "Oh, you are prejudiced! Remember how at the Peiho Forts Flag-Officer Tatnall said: 'Blood is thicker than water,' and then sailed in. What he did there other Americans will do when necessary." Then he continues: "These people spring from our stock, speak our language, have adopted our institutions, borrow our money, take our surplus population. Why should they quarrel with us?"

Before stating the Canadian's answer it is necessary to bear in mind the disadvantages and advantages which influence the value of his reply. His disadvantages are these: He is constantly irritated by offensive speeches from Americans that Canada exists only by American sufferance. It is knocked into him by American newspapers and American speakers that a Canadian campaign would be a walk-over. The American Eagle can swallow the Canadian Beaver and ask for more. Now, the Canadian knows better, and his answer is "Come and try." But the irritation remains and makes, him, perhaps, not a fair judge of Americans. Therefore his criticism must be taken *cum grano*.

His advantages are that he lives alongside the Union. He mixes with its people. He gets behind the scenes, learns what is going on, knows their politics, hears their aspirations, sees how things are drifting and generally acquires an authority to speak about their intentions which gives a right to be listened to. He is less likely to be humbugged than a man living three thousand miles away.

Bearing these considerations in mind the weight to be given to a Canadian's answer to the question put by the Englishman, can be tested. That answer would run somewhat as follows:

The reasons why Americans are to be deemed an unfriendly race are twofold, one sentimental, the other substantial. For some reason or other which we cannot understand, the Americans retain a bitter recollection of English domination. The grievances of 1775 are apparently as fresh in 1895 as when they were experienced. Why the Americans should treasure up these injuries so long is very hard to comprehend. There must have been something radically wrong about the English control of those days to produce the ill-feeling which has descended from father to son for over a century. History does not explain it exactly, but so it is. There is, besides, a large class in the States whose sole thought it is to continue this hostility and never let it die. The Irish-American element have transferred their antipathies from their native soil and transmitted them to their posterity as part of their very existence. Everything is done by them that can be done to prevent any *rapprochement*. How far their power extends has been proved over and over again. These are the sentimental grounds for the hostility.

The substantial grounds are based on commercial rivalry England has the trade. American ships are non-existent. Deprive England of her command of the seas and who would succeed her? America. On this continent England retains Canada, enough in itself to be a thorn in the side of the States. She commands from Halifax and Vancouver the

seaport towns of the Union. The West India Islands give her, as a maritime power a base of operation against the southern coasts and up the Mississippi. The possession of the Dominion and the West India Islands transferred to the United States, what a power she would be! It is not wonderful that Americans long for this consummation.

England requires the control of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama, whether by way of the DeLesseps route or through Lake Nicaragua. The United States consider that they have the natural right to dictate the terms on which traffic shall pass through the canal. It will ultimately be constructed. Perhaps the jealousy between the two nations has been the greatest stumbling-block its projectors have met. If England plunged into the Egyptian muddle to retain her hold on the Suez Canal, how much less will she stand interference with a canal which connects her Eastern and Western Empire.

North and south of the Isthmus are other possessions of England. They are great and valuable, but lie beside troublesome neighbours. These neighbours habitually appeal to the United States for support. Even now the South American republic of Venezuela is giving trouble in this direction.

Sum up, therefore, the situation in America and it is seen that England, north and south of the United States, enters into direct competition for the trade and commerce of the continent. On the Pacific the Republic of Hawaii has become virtually a dependency of the United States. The very suggestion that England was about to seize a barren rock in the same waters for a telegraph station was enough to throw the coast newspapers into hysterical anger.

It must next be remembered that in another generation the waste lands of the Union will be absorbed. The population must find an outlet. The only portion of the continent left will be the Canadian North-West. The knowledge that millions and millions of fertile acres are in alien hands will be to the American politicians a sound reason for agitating to get these acres opened up to their own people as part of their own territory. Even already their shrewdest leaders have pointed out the way to these fields and pastures new.

Does it not seem that inevitable destiny is leading the two nations to a life and death struggle?

The world's history repeats itself. Long ages ago Egypt and Assyria fought it out. Both succumbed to other nations, who took advantage of their exhaustion. Rome and Carthage stood in similar case. Each nation had its own sphere. They even made a commercial treaty and it seemed as if they need never collide. But inexorable Fate brought them alongside. Rome conquered Italy. Carthage held the greatest part of Sicily. Neither country desired war but it came. It had to come and when it did it meant the extinction of the conquered state. Commercial rivalry led to internecine strife. The struggle lasted over a century. When it ended Carthage was no more.

In our own days France and Germany suffered from the same irresistible impulse and flew at one another's throats. Only the first round has been fought, the next will be the death grapple.

In all these instances there was a power outside of themselves which urged on the combatants. Just as circumstances prove too strong for men circumstances prove too strong for nations. That same power is slowly but surely leading on to the war between England and America. England could not, if she would withdraw from this continent. If she did, it would be the death-blow to her power. If that is the case, far better for her sun to set in the crimson glory of a fierce death struggle than to sink in the cold

gray cloud of ignominious oblivion. She cannot, if she would retreat. Besides, her sons are not made of that sort of material. If therefore, the Americans stand in her way they must take the consequences.

The Americans see the issue clearly. They are preparing for the struggle. Why else are they creating a powerful navy? Why are they building ship after ship? Who is it to fight? With what other nation do they stand any chance of conflict? Let the English people look to it. They are living in a Fool's Paradise if they expect friendly consideration in their difficulties from the Americans.

It may be said that England and America are two great Christian English-speaking people, and are not to be compared with the races we have mentioned who were of different stock and different languages. That is true, but where dollars and cents are concerned family feuds are more bitter than any other. The rivalry of trade knows no religion. There are no encouraging signs that the feelings of the two people are drawing closer. It is rather the other way. They are drawing further apart. Each dislikes and sneers at the peculiarities of the other. Whenever they meet there is unpleasant conflict. They do not "get on" together. There is a certain amount of Anglo-American gush, but it has a false made-to-order ring. The truth is that England and America are rival suns in one firmament,

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.*

England's hour of trial is coming. The Americans intend to play their own game when that hour does come, and the Englishman who looks there for sympathy or aid will be deceived. The sooner the English people understand this fact, painful as it is, the better for them. The Canadian people have long known exactly what to expect from the Americans. It grieves and distresses them, therefore, to see Englishmen lavish praises and civilities on American visitors and accept hospitality from American sympathizers while they pass over their own kith and kin. The day is not far off when the eyes of England will be opened. Meantime let them be assured that just as the ancient Roman founded his whole policy on the maxim *delenda est Carthago*, so the modern average American in his heart of hearts looks forward to the time when England shall be no more and the Union rule from pole to equator and shore to shore. His hand may not be the one to pull England down but he will be there to share in the plunder. The Empire on which now the sun never sets, he will not put out one finger to save.

Therefore let England confide more in her faithful children—those who have clung to her and shared her troubles in some of her darkest hours. Let there be no more spurious Anglo-American compliments. Let the facts be looked at in the face and the result will be that England will know exactly on whom to depend, and above all, who her foes are. It is a dreadful thing to contemplate a struggle between two such nations, but if it has to come, as apparently it must come, it is surely far better to be forewarned in time.

Chief Justice Meredith.

IN commenting upon the report that the Ontario Parliamentary Librarian has been charged with supplying money to be used in corrupting electors of Kingston at the bye-elections there in January last, the London Advertiser makes itself rather ridiculous by objecting to Chief Justice Meredith presiding at the trial, on the grounds that Mr. Preston and the Chief are not on friendly terms. The Advertiser implies that the Librarian will not have a fair trial, owing to the "animus," which the Chief Justice is supposed to entertain for him. In the first place it is absurd to class the two men together as if there were any equality between them which there is not; and in the second place it is a reflection on the honour of the Chief Justice which the meanest in the land has never hitherto called in question. If, in the past, Mr. Preston has conducted himself so as to incur the disapproval of Hon. Mr. Meredith, we may take it for granted that the disapproval was well merited. But that this should, in any way, influence the judgment of the Chief Justice in trying the case, is not to be thought of for one moment.

* Henry IV, Act 5, sc. iv.

A Song of the Empire.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And bear the Briton's name,
For side by side our sires have died
In battle's smoke and flame.
They fought for England's glory,
And with her flag unfurled,
Their hearts and hands have made our lands
The girdle of the world.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And speak the British tongue,
Which loud and clear, like English cheer,
From honest hearts has sprung;
And over ocean's thunders,
Which roll since time began,
Our deathless speech the world will teach
The brotherhood of man.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And read how fierce and bold,
In battles long, to right the wrong,
Our fathers fought of old;
They broke the power of tyrants,
They set the poor slave free,
And badly fared the foe that dared
Oppose their liberty.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And, crowned with glories past,
With main and might, to champion right
And weld the Empire fast.
In vain the tempest thunders,
In vain the dark seas part,
The world's great flood of English blood
Beats with a single heart.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Notes in my Library.*

OLD TIMES AND OLD FACES—THE OLD PROVINCE BUILDING AT HALIFAX—ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS—THE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER—TWO INTERESTING PORTRAITS BY THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR—JAMES WILLIAM JOHNSTON, OLD CHIEF OF THE CONSERVATIVES—HIS ABILITIES AS A LEADER, LEGISLATOR AND LAWYER—JOSEPH HOWE, PRINTER, POET AND POLITICIAN—HIS REMARKABLE CAREER—HIS ADVOCACY OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT—HIS FIGHT WITH LORD FALKLAND—HIS ACTION AT THE INCEPTION OF CONFEDERATION—DIES IN THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT HALIFAX—A PLEA FOR A NOBLE MONUMENT.

AS I take my seat once more among my books and look over the notes I made, while spending some pleasant days on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, my thoughts constantly recur to a very short visit to an old brown-stone building, well darkened by the damp, sea air and coal smoke of the dingy city of Halifax—a building which has, for three quarters of a century, been the centre of the political conflicts that have always agitated a Province, noted for the virulence of faction as well as for the eloquence and genius of the men who have administered its public affairs and spoken within its legislative halls. It was in 1811 that the Lieutenant-Governor—that Sir George Prevost, whose name will be always associated with the discreditable affairs of Sackett's harbour and Plattsburg in the war of 1812—laid the foundations of the new "Province Building," between Hollis and Granville streets, and expressed the hope that the "building would perpetuate the loyalty and liberality of the people of Nova Scotia;" a hope realized by the conduct of that people on all occasions when they have been called to prove their fidelity to the British Empire. It was not, however, until 1819 that this edifice, then justly considered the finest of its class in America, was formally opened for the purposes of public business by the Earl of Dalhousie, afterwards Governor-General of Canada, who stated in the presence of a brilliant assemblage that it would always remain "to the latest posterity a proud record of the public spirit at this early period of our history." With the growth of the British American provinces in population and wealth this old "Province Building" has been left behind, and now seems, at first sight, small and inferior in accommodation, compared with the great structures that have been raised at Toronto and Quebec; but nevertheless it has a certain grandeur of its own as

* These notes on some eminent men Dr Bourinot has known in their lifetime will include Joseph Howe, James William Johnston, "Sam Slick," Sir William Young, Sir Adams Archibald, Williams of Kars, General Hastings Doyle, Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, and others. The first instalment on Joseph Howe and James W. Johnson appears in this week's issue.—ED WEEK.

we glance over its well proportioned, simple and massive exterior, only ornamented by stately Ionic columns, surmounted by a well cut representation of the royal arms. The dark tint that the stones have assumed in the course of years gives the whole structure an appearance of antiquity which is quite refreshing in these days of modern improvements, and recalls the many interesting historic associations that cling to its venerable walls. The interior of the building itself has been very little changed since the days it was opened with so much ceremony by Lord Dalhousie, and it was described by a contemporary writer as "the most splendid legislative building" on the Continent. The building contains the two legislative chambers, a small library, and provincial offices, all of which are reached by gloomy corridors and stairs, redolent with the odours of age. No marble pillars or tiled floors meet the eye as in later structures of a similar kind; but the whole aspect is sombre and uninviting until we look into the handsome legislative council chamber, which has fine proportions and a simple architectural beauty, very pleasing to the eye in these days when the tendency is to lavish ornate decoration on our public buildings. Nova Scotians, however, like the present writer, who have known these legislative halls for forty years and longer, will dwell little on their architectural characteristics, but will rather recall the voices and faces of those distinguished men, statesmen, orators, poets, humorists, historians, and publicists, whose feet have echoed on these gloomy stones of the lobbies that lead to the chambers with which must be always associated the most striking episodes in the political history of the Peninsula of Acadia.

Leaving the dark lobby we find ourselves suddenly in a small chamber, always set apart for the legislative chamber. Since I last stood within its walls, more than a quarter of a century ago, it has been subject to a number of changes, the arrangement of the seats being the most noticeable. As I remember the chamber, the members formerly sat on a raised platform, below which was a lounging place to which strangers had access. The Speaker's chair was then at the upper or north end, and the members sat on benches or long sofas on either side of the clerks' table. Now the room has been made smaller, but the old simple decorations of the ceiling can still be seen. The Speaker's chair now faces the main entrance, on what was once a side of the chamber, while the members have separate chairs, covered with that old-fashioned, though durable horse-hair cloth which is generally relegated to second-rate rural hotels and steamboats. What interested me most in this chamber, where some of the most brilliant orators of America once spoke, were the full-length portraits of two men, famous in their day—two names long associated with the struggles, victories and defeats of the Conservative and Liberal parties in Nova Scotia. To the right of the Speaker is the picture of Joseph Howe, somewhat coarsely painted, giving him, perhaps, too harsh an expression, but still on the whole an excellent portraiture of the printer, poet and politician whose name will be always connected with the triumph of responsible government in his native Province. On the other side of the chair is the intellectual face and bent figure of James William Johnston, the eminent lawyer and jurist, who was for a quarter of a century and more the able leader of the Conservative party, and the earnest opponent of Joseph Howe. The names of these two men were for years household words in Nova Scotia, as representing widely antagonistic principles, though sometimes meeting on the common patriotic ground of the public welfare. For thirty years they were associated in their representative and legislative capacity with men whose eloquence, wit, and power of debate have never been surpassed in the legislative halls of Canada. Nova Scotia has been always known, not simply for her great natural wealth of fisheries and mines, but notably for the intellectual gifts of her sons in statesmanship, letters and war.

It is quite probable that few of my readers, outside of Nova Scotia, will remember the name of James William Johnston, though he exercised in his lifetime large influence in the legislative halls and the law courts of the Province. Indeed, to verify a fact or date, I have just turned over the pages of the "American Cyclopædia of Biography," but find his name does not appear, though space is devoted to vastly inferior men in the same Province. The portrait that recalls

his memory in the Commons' House of Nova Scotia where he was so long an honoured leader, delineates a face of great intellectual power, with its finely cut features as if chiselled out of clear Carrara marble, his prominent brow, over which some scanty, white hairs fall, his earnest thoughtful expression, and his bending form, which tells of unwearied application to the many responsible and arduous duties that devolved upon him in the course of a busy life as lawyer and politician. The portrait presents him in his later life when age had accentuated all the forces of his character and the cares of his life, in the very expression and lineaments of his visage. He was, during his life, the chosen friend and adviser of governors, during the most critical period of the history of responsible government. He was a Tory and an aristocrat by education and inclination, but the annals of the legislature show he was not an obstinate opponent of reform, when he came to believe conscientiously that the proposed change was really a reform. A great lawyer in every sense of the term, an impassioned orator at times, a master of invective, a man of strong and earnest convictions, he exercised necessarily a large power in the political councils, and did much to mould the legislation of the Province. His speeches, however, were too often the laboured efforts of the lawyer, determined to exhaust the argument on his side—in this respect he resembled Edward Blake in these later days—and he had none of the arts of Joseph Howe, whose eloquence had more of nature and of the people. He had no deep sense of humor or ability to amuse an assembly—qualities indispensable for a great, popular leader, especially on the platform. At rare times, however, he forgot the lawyer and gave full scope to the pent-up fires of a man in whose veins flowed the hot blood of the tropics, for he was not a Nova Scotian, but a West Indian by birth. It is an interesting fact that, while a Tory by education and aspiration, he was more than once an advocate of most radical measures, one of which simultaneous polling for elections—or the holding of elections on one and the same day—he himself carried even before it was thought of in the Canadian provinces. To him more than any other does Nova Scotia owe the relief from the monopoly of the coal mines, long held by an English company under a royal charter, given to a royal duke who sold it for jewels for his mistresses. To him, as well as to Joseph Howe, we owe a most eloquent advocacy of the union of the provinces "as calculated to perpetuate their connection with the parent State, promote their advancement and prosperity, increase their strength and influence, and elevate their position in the Empire." In social intercourse he appeared much buried in his thoughts and never displayed those magnetic and sympathetic qualities that made Joseph Howe so widely liked by all classes, especially the poor and humble. For many years the prize he had always in view was the chief justiceship—the natural ambition of a great lawyer. The contest lay between him and William Young, an equally eminent lawyer and the recognized leader of the Liberal party, though Joseph Howe was really its soul and popular idol. Both in politics and law Johnston and Young were rivals; their aim was the same, the leadership of the government, and the chief justiceship as the crowning result. The office was held for very many years by Sir Brenton Halliburton—no relative of the famous humorist, also a judge, whose name must be spelled with only one "l". When the contest was at its height Sir Brenton was an octogenarian and his usefulness was fast disappearing, but he held on with persistency, to the great anxiety of Conservatives and Liberals, who wished the prize to fall to their respective chiefs, Johnston or Young. One day Sir Brenton died and unhappily for the aspirations of the Conservative leader the Liberals were in office, and William Young became chief justice and was afterwards knighted. It was undoubtedly a blow to Mr. Johnston, not quite mitigated by his subsequent appointment as chief judge in equity—an office made specially for him by the Conservative party as soon as they came into power. New generations have grown up since Mr. Johnston was a force in law and politics, and his name seems fast fading away from the memory of the old people of the Province where he laboured so earnestly and conscientiously. His speeches have never been collected in a volume, but it is questionable if they would now be read, since they were, as a rule, powerful, political and legal arguments intended for present effect, and not replete with those graces of literary culture and eloquence that

have distinguished the best efforts of Howe and McGee. He was no writer, and consequently we have no memorial of his undoubted genius except in the statute book and the official debates which can be found in the old files of the party newspapers. He was a pure and incorruptible politician, and despite his weakness for the chief justiceship, to win it he would never have sullied his character by base corruption or low intrigue. Although he had, for a while, doubts as to the successful operation of responsible government, once it was won he used his great talents to work out its principles with fidelity to Crown and people. He remained on the equity bench from 1863 to 1872, when he visited Europe with the hope of prolonging a life which was too obviously ebbing to its close. He would have been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Province in succession to Joseph Howe, but relentless fate intervened and Nova Scotia was not permitted to welcome the great Conservative chieftain and distinguished jurist to that old building, which, in old times of conflict, before the union of the provinces, seemed so far beyond the reach of colonial politicians, though it had so frequently for its tenants far inferior men from the parent State, who happened to be favourites with Downing Street and imperial politicians.

As I recall the portrait of the most famous Nova Scotian of his time—famous for the brilliancy of his eloquence and his wide popularity in the Province where he struggled successfully for the people's rights—I can still see in my mind's eye the face and figure of Joseph Howe, as he stood by the clerks' table in the session of 1860, answering Dr. Tupper, the present High Commissioner of Canada in London, who was, in some respects, the most formidable opponent the Liberal leader ever met in the political field. Howe was claiming the victory for the Liberal party at the elections in 1859—a claim which was subsequently made good by the disqualification of a number of Conservative members, and the consequent coming into office of the Young-Howe administration. Then, as always, when excited, he had thrown his coat back on his shoulders and denounced his opponents with his forefinger pointed at them individually, and with all that scornful accent which his voice could assume on momentous occasions. He was a very ready and versatile debater, but his greatest and most readable speeches were the results of careful study and preparation, although never written out in full and memorized. He used notes, but not to a very great extent, depending chiefly on his memory of the arguments that he had previously passed through his mind when preparing for a debate. Although I reported many of his speeches in the years when I sat at a desk with the late Premier of Canada on the floor of the old chamber, a little beyond where the Speaker's chair is now placed, I never saw a manuscript of his speech; but he was a merciless corrector of proofs, and gave the printers a great deal of trouble, although he had been, in his young days, a compositor and knew of the trouble of over-running in his long journalistic experience. The fact is, he was a very keen critic of his own performances, and attached great importance to the literary finish of his speeches and to their reading well—an explanation of the interest and pleasure one can now take in the published volumes of his addresses. He did not speak entirely for the present but for future generations. His massive head was set on a sturdy framework, his eyes were always full of passionate expression, his voice had a fulness and a ring of which he had a most complete mastery, his invective was as powerful as his humour was catching and his pathos melting. Indeed he had a sense of humour and a capacity for wit which has never been equalled by any public man I have ever met in public life. Among his competitors, at a dinner or supper table, this humour was at times a "little robust," to use the expressive phrase given me by a former Governor-General of Canada. He was like Sir John Macdonald in this particular, though far superior to him in originality of wit and power to tell a good story. Howe's sense of humour and his personal magnetism, and his contempt for all humbugs, his sympathy for human weaknesses and frailties, added to his earnest advocacy of popular liberties, deservedly won for him a place in the people's hearts, never held before or after him by a public man in Nova Scotia. He was the most successful man I have heard on the public platform in the Dominion; he could sway thousands by his flights of eloquence, and lead them to follow

him as if he were the shepherd of a flock of political sheep. Even his opponents loved to listen to him in his palmy days in a Province where there has been always a great deal of political bitterness. In the homes of the people he was always welcome, the children loved to hear his stories, and the girls never objected to be kissed. He was vain of his popularity, but his vanity was that peculiar to all great men and never offensively displayed—it was the vanity that spurs men to greater effort and to make the best use of their abilities. He was always a loyal subject of the Crown, and when Papineau and Lyon Mackenzie were leading their patriot bands to certain ruin, Howe was urging counsels of moderation, and was not ready to go beyond lawful constitutional agitation to force the imperial authorities to grant Nova Scotians a larger measure of self-government. During the movement for confederation he found himself in the unfortunate position of opposing a union to the advocacy of which some of his most eloquent addresses had been devoted many years previously; but to do him justice he was largely forced to assume his attitude of hostility after 1864 by the want of tact and judgment which led the leaders of the scheme in Nova Scotia to underestimate his influence at the very inception and to believe that the people of Nova Scotia could be suddenly driven into a political connection with old Canada at the mere will and dictation of a few able and earnest politicians who thought they had a stronger hold on the popular confidence than turned out to be the case when they were obliged to appeal to the constituencies. Howe was never in his heart opposed to union in principle—as I know from conversations with him in later times—but he thought the policy pursued by the promoters of confederation was injurious to the cause itself, and that the terms they had agreed to take at Quebec were in the main unfair and inadequate. In one respect he was right, and that was in believing that the action of the Nova Scotia leaders of confederation was certain to create a bitterness of feeling against any scheme of union which might sooner or later endanger even imperial connection. Even at this day there are in Nova Scotia some people—happily fast disappearing with the coming of a new generation who were not actors in the conflict from 1864 until after confederation—who are still unfriendly to the existing union and believe, or make themselves believe, that it has been injurious to the best interests of the Province. When Howe gave up the fight against confederation, and accepted the "better terms" which were the result of the contest he fought from 1865 to 1868, it was with the honest conviction that no other course was open to one who valued the preservation of British interests on this continent. He understood above all other statesmen the value of confederation if fairly worked out, and the dangers of isolation; and when he had won for his Province more favourable financial terms he withdrew from a hostility which was not reconcilable with his former advocacy of a scheme of union and with his desire to perpetuate British institutions on this northern half of America. His action at this critical time in our political history lost him many staunch friends in his own Province, and no doubt he was, until his death, sometimes an unhappy man when he fretted under the difficulty of bringing his associates and supporters of a long political career to understand the loftiness of his motives and the true patriotism that underlay his whole conduct at this critical stage in the history of the Canadian Dominion.

Howe left behind him two volumes of speeches and addresses which he delivered in the course of his long and chequered career, with an appendix containing the letters he wrote to Lord Russell on responsible government—the ablest exposition of the subject written by any of the actors in those stirring times. These volumes* have on the title page the name of William Annand as the editor, but it is well known that Mr. Howe himself collated and corrected all these speeches and letters which cover the most momentous period in the history of Nova Scotia. Mr. Annand was chiefly noted as the publisher of *The Morning Chronicle and Nova Scotian*, the organ of the Liberal party, and as the friend and follower of Joseph Howe. Intellectually he was weak, but his paper

* The Speeches and Letters of the Hon. Joseph Howe. Edited by William Annand, M. P. P. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co., 1858, 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. ix. + 642; iv. + 558.

and his friendship gave him a sort of factitious weight in public affairs. It was men like Howe, Jonathan McCully, and other strong writers in the Liberal party who before 1867 gave vigour to the editorial columns of the Chronicle. However, Mr. Annand thought he saw his opportunity when Mr. Howe entered the Dominion Government, to become a leader himself, and refused to bow to his former idol, but used his best efforts to level him to the dust. While the friendship was real, and Mr. Annand was nominally editing Howe's "Life and Letters," he might have performed a useful task if he could have actually devoted himself to giving us an insight into his great friend's character, some accounts of his inner life, some stories of his humour and wit, some description of those personal traits which delight all readers, which give such a charm to Boswell's Johnson, and Lockhart's Scott. As it is, however, Mr. Howe attempted no more than to give a very meagre account of his own life, and a short historical narrative to explain each speech and address. His speeches and letters, however, were corrected by him with a careful literary hand, and are well worthy of the study of every young man who wishes to think well of his country and imbue himself with the true principles of political liberty and sound patriotism. Although delivered so many years ago they can still be read with pleasure and profit, replete as they are with passages of striking eloquence and illustrating his deep study of the great masters of thought, wit, and oratory. It is his graces of style—evidence of how deeply he had drunk from the well of English undefiled—that give to his speeches and letters a value and interest that cannot be found in the efforts of any other public man of British North America. We find more incisive debating power, closer argument, more legal and constitutional learning, in the great speeches of some of his contemporaries, but in none of them is there that rare genuine eloquence, that wealth of illustrations drawn from the masters of English prose and poetry, that originality of idea, that comprehension of what constitutes true political liberty, which we find in the speeches and letters of the famous liberator of Nova Scotia.

His career was in many respects most remarkable, from the day he worked at the compositor's case until he died in that old brown stone government house which has stood for the greater part of this century a few blocks from its contemporary, the Province Building. During the hot fight he carried on against Lord Falkland, who was sent out to Nova Scotia as a lieutenant-governor at a most critical stage in its constitutional history, he found himself actually shut out from the hospitalities of Government House, and was "cut" by the Governor and his friends. Indeed, it could hardly have been otherwise, as Howe fiercely attacked Lord Falkland for his very indiscreet and even improper conduct at a time when calmness and tact were qualities indispensable in a Governor called upon to work out responsible government at its very inception. The lieutenant-governor had been chosen unfortunately for Nova Scotia—for he was a weak man intellectually—to conciliate the popular leaders and give them a legitimate share in the government, but it was not long before he practically found himself at the head of the Tories and engaged in a conflict with Howe and his friends. Howe wrote as well as he spoke; he could be as sarcastic in verse as in prose, and Lord Falkland suffered accordingly. Some of the most patriotic verses ever written by a Canadian can be found in his collection of poems; but relatively very few persons now-a-days recollect those once famous satirical attacks upon the indiscreet lieutenant-governor, which gave much amusement to the people throughout the Province, and made his life almost unbearable. These verses contain too many local allusions to be appreciated by those who are not thoroughly conversant with the history of those times, and I shall content myself with a quotation from "The Lord of the Bedchamber,"* an allusion to one of the positions previously held by Lord Falkland. The following verses show the Lieutenant-Governor's opinion of the troublesome House of Assembly, and his way of conciliating some of its unruly elements:—

Lord Falkland is supposed to be in the privacy of his bedroom at Government House waiting for a reply to a message he had sent some time before to the People's House.

"No answer. The scoundrels how dare they delay!
Do they think that a man who's a peer

* See "Speeches and Letters," Vol. I. p. 458.

Can thus be kept feverish, day after day,
In the hope that their Speaker 'll appear.

"How dare they delay when a Peer of the Realm,
And a Lord of the Bedchamber too,
To govern them all has been placed at the helm,
And to order them just what to do.

"Go D—dy; go D—dy, and tell them from me,
That like Oliver Crom. I'll come down,
My orderly sergeant mace-bearer shall be
And kick them all out of the town.

Then one of his Tory friends, D—dy (afterwards Judge Dodd) ventures to hint that it might not, for him, be quite safe to repeat what the Governor had said.

"They've got some odd notions, the obstinate crew,
That we are their servants—and they
A sergeant have got, and a stout fellow too,
Who their orders will strictly obey.

"Besides, though the leader and I have averred
That justice they soon shall receive,
'Tis rather unlucky that never a word,
That we say will the fellows believe."

"How now, cries his Lordship, deserted by you,
I hope you don't mean to retire,
Sit down, sir, and tell me at once what to do,
For my blood and my brain are on fire."

Then the Governor's friend suggests a method of settling matters, quite common in these as in old times.

"Suppose: and his voice half recovered its tone,
You ask them to dinner, he cried,
And when you can get them aloof and alone
Let threats and persuasion be tried."

"If you swear you'll dissolve, you may frighten a few,
You may wheedle and coax a few more,
If the old ones look knowing, stick close to the new,
And we the opposition may floor."

This advice was obviously palatable to his Lordship.

"I'll do it, my D—dy, I'll do it this night,
Party government still I eschew,
But if a few dinners will set you all right,
I'll give them and you may come too."

"The Romans of old, when to battle they press'd
Consulted the entrails, 'tis said,
And arguments, if to the stomach address'd,
May do more than when aimed at the head."

In this way Howe and the political fighters of the Maritime Provinces diversified the furious contest that they fought with the Lieutenant-Governors, and it was certainly better that the people should be made to laugh than be hurried into such unfortunate uprisings as occurred in the Upper Provinces. Happily such a style of controversy has also passed away with the causes of irritation, and no Lord Falkland could be found now-a-day to step down into the arena and make a personal issue of political controversies.

But Howe's genius as a poet was better illustrated by other poems before me as I write than by such satirical verses called forth by heated political controversies, now almost forgotten with the death of the men who took part in them. In the little volume of verses,* which one of his sons had printed and published after his father's death, we see something of the true nature of the man—his love of Nature and her varied charms, his affection for wife, children and friends, his fervid patriotism, his love for England and her institutions. No poems ever written by a Canadian compare in point of poetic fire and patriotic ideas with those he wrote to recall the memories of the founders and fathers of our country. Great as were his services to his native Province and to Canada—for he had continued to oppose confederation, Nova Scotia would have remained much longer a discontented section of the Dominion—we look in vain in the capital or large towns of Nova Scotia, Windsor for instance, for a monument worthy of the man and statesman; for such a monument as has been raised in several cities of Canada to Sir John Macdonald, who in some respects was not his equal, and not more deserving of public gratitude. Howe's life was rarely free from pecuniary embarrassment, fortune never smiled on him and gave him large subscriptions and possessions of land and money, the *res angusta domi*

* "Poems and Essays." By the Hon. J. Howe. Montreal: John Lovell. 1874. 12 mo. pp. 340

must at times have worried him. He had an aim before him—not wealth, but his country's liberty and her good. It was, however, a fitting termination to his career that he should have died a tenant of that very Government House whose doors had been so long in old times obstinately closed against him. His voice had been often raised in favour of appointing eminent Canadians and Nova Scotians to the position of lieutenant-governors; and he was wont in some of his speeches to make caustic comparisons between the men of his Province and the appointees of Downing street. Although he did not live long enough to enjoy the rest and honour he had so well won in that old Government House, so representative of the political history of Nova Scotia, still it is something like poetic justice that he should have slept in the home of so many English Governors.

Stern Fate, which is ever playing such pranks with poor humanity, with statesmen as well as mechanics, with the greatest as well as the humblest of mortals, placed him for the while—too short a while—where Falkland had lorded it over him and others, and where he could recall the past with all its trials and struggles, humiliations and successes; and then Fate, in its irony, struck him down, and the old Government House lost the noblest and greatest man who ever lived within its walls. As I close this imperfect tribute to a man whose broad statesmanship and undoubted genius I recalled as I stood before his portrait in the old Assembly Room of the Province Building, I ask his countrymen to remember his own noble verses, and apply them not only to the famous Liberal orator, poet and statesman, but also to his eminent opponent, the Conservative chief, who, like himself, was an honest, conscientious man, differing in principles, but equally influenced by lofty aspirations:

"Not here? Oh! yes, our hearts their presence feel;
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
And names, which, in the days gone by, were spells,
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath will own our reverence for the dead.

"The Roman gather'd in a stately urn
The dust he honour'd—while the sacred fire
Nourished by vestal hands was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honour the dead; and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours;
Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And o'er the old men's graves go strew your choicest flowers."

JNO. GEO. BOURINOT.

Canadian Copyright.

THE readers of THE WEEK have had both sides of this question ably presented, and it is unnecessary to discuss it farther at any length. It seems to me that the immediate interests of a few publishers, who can afford to reprint cheap novels but cannot afford to publish valuable works or editions worth preserving, are on one side, and that the interests of authors, of the public, and in the long run of the publishing business are on the other side. The Dominion Act of 1889 may be an improvement on the former condition of things, though I do not think it is; and it may be fairer to the author than the Chase Act of the United States; but neither the one allegation nor the other is to the point, in the present case. As a correspondent of THE WEEK says: "The state of things existing in 1889 is entirely altered," and we have to deal with the present merits of the case. I have a great respect for Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, and the fact that J. D. Edgar, M.P., is on the same side with him shows that this is not a party question. But there is no necessity to persist on our right to misgovern ourselves, for nobody is particularly anxious to be misgoverned; and it is almost ridiculous for Mr. Edgar to imply that the delay of the British Government in ratifying the Act of 1889 is akin to the conduct which last century drove the thirteen colonies to the south of us into rebellion. There is not the slightest feeling on the subject, so far as I know, outside of a few interested parties. All that the public desires is that we should break the eighth commandment as little as possible (and if there is any property that is peculiarly your own it is that

which comes from midnight toil and the sweat of the brain), and that we should not take up a position of literary isolation which would throw us back fifty years without better reasons than any which have been submitted. I submit, too, that inasmuch as a representative of British authors has come to put their case before the Government, and to discuss it with our publishers and others, every effort should be made to meet him half way. It may be true that Mr. Hall Caine spoke or wrote rudely on the subject before he was in his present representative capacity; and that the line he has taken since coming to the States and Canada shows that his success as a literary man is not at all a measure of his fitness for diplomacy. But neither of these considerations should weigh with us for a moment. A man is apt to feel sore when his property has been stolen, and a touch of genius may well excuse absence of tact.

G. M. GRANT.

The Canadian Aspects of Education.

CANADA can point with pride to many great names of statesmen, judges, soldiers, and others who have served her during the comparatively short period of her history. Necessarily in earlier years many of these came to her shores in public capacities, or to carve out their own fortunes with the equipment which they had received in the Mother Land, and our progress and institutions largely owe their existence to the self-reliance, bravery, and wisdom of such men. The land which poured out so much of its best blood on this continent has sent forth its sons in the same way to every quarter of the globe, to make the mighty British Empire of today. In the Motherland itself the Empire growing from decade to decade has called for great statesmen, administrators, and soldiers without end to do service at home and abroad, and the years have witnessed no failure in the supply.

The development of this great Empire in the nineteenth century has been aided and accompanied by the clean, public life of the statesmen and administrators and servants of the State. The career of public men in England, and the scrupulous honour and integrity which is the rule in public life there, afford a standard which in Canada has yet to be reached.

The past of Canada has been a period of continual development, resulting from year to year in better conditions, and what has been achieved beyond doubt redounds greatly to the credit of the Canadian people. This development is proceeding and calling for great qualities in statesmen, administrators, and public men generally. Peoples, no less than individuals, should exercise the foresight necessary to provide the means for progress. We want to make sure of our supply of men capable of serving the State with ability and with power. We require the same material in this respect as does Britain herself, and no better subject for consideration can present itself than the question whether all is being done that can be done for the equipment of our boys to become the future statesmen, administrators, and public men of the State.

The men of England made the Empire, and we must look to those who are to be the men of Canada to meet sturdily the many difficulties with which she must necessarily have to contend, to make her future progressive and great.

We have the example of Britain's methods and results in the training of her sons; let us, then, follow the example and with the good material which our people affords we need have no fear about attaining like results.

Dr. G. R. Parkin relates the story of the Lord Mayor's banquet to Her Majesty's Ministers. In his opening speech the Lord Mayor mentioned that he was an old Harrow boy; Lord Knutsford, then Colonial Minister, mentioned that he was an old Harrow boy; Mr. Stanhope, who was under Secretary for War, and Lord George Hamilton, Secretary for the Navy, both declared they were old Harrow boys. Dr. Parkin used the anecdote to impress on the Harrow school boys, whom he was addressing, the necessity for their studying the maps of the Empire in the affairs of which many of them would be called upon to take part.

As a rule, the great men of England have been fitted for their achievements by the training of the great public schools of England, e.g., Eton, Rugby, Harrow, Marlborough and the other schools of that class. We do not find the same

system in any of the continental countries, and it has been well said "that the sentiment of an English public school man for his school is unknown and unimagined elsewhere."

The scope of the public school training from which this sentiment arises is understood and appreciated by comparatively few in Canada. The importance of the subject has not been pressed upon the public attention. We welcome, therefore, such papers as that of the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, M.A., Head Master of Harrow, entitled "The Imperial Aspects of Education," read before the Royal Colonial Institute in London. (Journal for June, 1895.) He says:

"It will be well if the schoolmasters of the future shall take a wider view of education. For after all it is not so much the lessons learnt in class that constitute education; it is the habits formed in a great and generous community. 'What is the education of the generality of the world?' exclaims Burke on his impeachment of the great proconsul, whose faults as well as virtues were so vastly successful in extending the scope and celebrity of the British Empire. 'Reading a parcel of books? No. Restraint of discipline, emulation, examples of virtue and of justice, form the education of the world.'

"I take my stand upon these words. You will forgive me if I speak warmly as one whose life is given to the education of the young. What is education? What should be the aim that every teacher sets before himself? It is not a narrow or circumscribed view. It is large and spacious and profound. It is in Milton's stately phrase, so to train his pupils that they may 'perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of peace and war.' That is 'a compleat and generous education,' that and nothing less. Speaking in my own name (for I have no right to speak for others), I do not care to turn out scholars and mathematicians, or indeed, I do care, but I care far more to turn out governors, administrators, generals, philanthropists, statesmen. It is a grave error to judge the work of any teacher by the results which his pupils attain when they are twelve years old and go to school, or when they are nineteen and leave school, or when they are twenty-two and leave the University. Let me be judged, if judged at all upon the large field of national or international affairs. If it can be said with truth of the English schools and universities that year after year, generation after generation, century after century, they send forth men not without faults, not without limitations of knowledge or culture, not always guiltless, perhaps, of false quantities, as the Duke of Wellington himself was not guiltless, nor immaculate, perhaps, in spelling, as the Duke of Wellington was not immaculate; but men of vigour, tact, courage and integrity, men who are brave and chivalrous and true, men, who in the words of the academical prayer are 'duly qualified to serve God both in church and state,' then they can afford to smile at criticisms or can listen to them without shame or self-reproach. That is the object which the educator of to-day may set before himself; that is the service which he can render to his country.

"In this view of education it is natural to ask, what are the qualities of Englishmen which have enabled them not only to win but to retain their mighty Empire? I say to 'retain' as well as to 'win'; for the thought which will occur to any historical student as extraordinary is not that the Empire should have been lost or won by the inhabitants of the little British Isles—a people once regarded as being cut off from civilization, *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*—but that the process of building it up should have lasted for three centuries, and should even now after so long a time, show no signs of coming to an end."

And further on he says:

"It is possible that I shall be misunderstood, and it is almost certain that I shall be criticised, if I say that England owes her Empire far more to her sports than to her studies. The duty of a conscientious schoolmaster is sometimes supposed to lie in looking askance upon the athletic games of his pupils. I disdain that conscientious hypocrisy. It is the instinct of sport which has played a great part in creating the British Empire. I do not deny that the appreciation of games, among the young especially, may become excessive. It may not be the best use of money to spend thousands of pounds upon telegraphing from the Antipodes the details of a cricket match between England and Australia. The Spectator newspaper has called cricket a 'very tedious game.' It is not half so tedious as the

Spectator. It may not be the best expenditure of time that some fifty thousand people should visit the Crystal Palace to see the final football match for the Association Challenge Cup. But these are the interests which have made England a strong and dominant power: nor can anyone who has lived in a French lycée or a German gymnasium help being thankful for the healthy, vigorous, athletic tastes of the English nation. It is not long since I was at Harrow, looking on at a football match, and a lady said to me, 'What do you think of this, Mr. Weldon?' I said, 'It is to this that we owe the British Empire.' Englishmen are not superior to Frenchmen or Germans in brains or industry or the science and apparatus of war; but they are superior in the health and temper which games impart. That the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton is a saying which has passed into a proverb. But I do not think that I am wrong in saying that the sport, the pluck, the resolution, and the strength which have within the last few weeks animated the little garrison at Chitral and the gallant force that has accomplished their deliverance are effectively acquired in the cricket fields and football fields of the great public schools, and in the games of which they are the habitual scenes. For it is not the physical value of athletic games that is the highest. The pluck, the energy, the perseverance, the good temper, the self-control, the discipline, the co-operation, the *esprit de corps*, which merit success in cricket or football, are the very qualities which win the day in peace or war. The men who possessed these qualities, not sedate and faultless citizens, but men of will, spirit and chivalry are the men who conquered at Plassey and Quebec. In the history of the British Empire it is written that England has owned her sovereignty to her sports.

"But above athletic vigour stands the quality in which Englishmen, and especially English public school men, stand pre-eminent. I will call it readiness. It can indeed be scarcely defined in a single word. It means courage, it means self-reliance, it means the power of seizing opportunities, it means resource. But whatever it is, it is characteristic of the English race. I remember asking the most distinguished of living travellers what he had found to be the secret of success in life, and his answering that it was not so much intellectual ability as promptitude in taking advantage of opportunities. That is, I believe, the hereditary gift of Englishmen. It is fostered by the English public schools. When I look at the lines of my own pupils, I sometimes say to myself, 'These boys are not remarkably clever or remarkably cultivated, but if you take any one of them and put him down in difficult circumstances and tell him to make the best of them, the chances are that he will not greatly fail. There are few facts more striking than the latent reserve power of the English race. *It is not in the few men whose names are familiar as household words, it is in the far greater number of men who, if they were called upon to face an emergency, would face it successfully, that the strength of England consists.*'

"The Empire is one. The English-speaking world is one. Amidst a thousand differences of place, climate, resources, life, culture, religion and politics, it is in essential tone and character one. The men who founded it, the men who upheld it, have been animated by the same spirit, and have aspired to the same exalted aim."

And he concludes:

"The boys of to-day are the statesmen and administrators of to-morrow. In their hands is the future of the British Empire. May they prove themselves not unworthy of their solemn charge! May they scorn the idea of tarnishing or diminishing the Empire which their forefathers won! May they augment, consolidate and exalt it! May it be given them to cherish great ideas, to make great efforts, and to win great victories! That is my prayer."

Noble words and true are these of Mr. Weldon, well calculated to stir our hearts and make us think. There is, however, another aspect of the subject which we cannot put before our readers better than in the words of an American writer quoted in Mr. Neilson's article on Upper Canada College, in the Canadian Magazine for August, 1893:

"There is reason to believe that the rich Englishman finds for his children in the great public schools the best antidote for the enervating influences of wealth. These schools have long been, and are, the real salvation of the upper class of English society. Here a boy drops rank,

wealth, luxury, and for eight or ten years, and for the greater part of these years, lives among his equals in an atmosphere of steady discipline, which compels a simple and hardy life, and in a community where the prizes and the applause are divided about equally between mental energy and physical vigour. Here respect and obedience become habitual to him; he learns to regard the rights of others, and to defend his own, to stand upon his feet in the most democratic of all societies—a public residential school. Above all he escapes the mental and moral suffocation from which it is well-nigh impossible to guard boys in rich and luxurious homes.

Comment is not necessary to enable every one to appreciate the truth which these words convey. Their full application to the people of Canada admits of no question. This is a very busy community. The increase of wealth, the difficulties of the parent immersed in affairs, of the parent whose occupation takes him away from his children, and the thousand and one other causes which render the proper training of boys difficult or impossible, call for the same training of boys here as in Britain. We want our boys to be trained amongst us in the midst of our own ways and institutions, and just as surely as we don't supply the means many who are able will seek the training of their sons outside of Canada.

Boys educated outside of Canada, if they come back, are out of sympathy with the ways of this country, and must, with doubtful results, serve an apprenticeship to acquire the facility for taking the place which would have been theirs had they been trained here. Maybe they do not return at all, and spend their lives and means abroad. The sons of the well-to-do are those who should make our best citizens. To neglect the means of training and educating them at home means to risk their loss or greatly to impair their usefulness to Canada.

In Canada, however, a large number of those boys whose proper training is most important and from whom the best results may be anticipated are children of parents who cannot afford to pay anything approaching the large fees which are the price of public school education in Britain, and for this and other reasons which want of space prevents our examining in detail, a self-supporting public school of the class under discussion is scarcely possible in Canada. In saying this we are not overlooking the existence of several efficient schools under the management and auspices of different religious denominations. Such schools stand apart. We are advocating a public school undenominational and wholly or largely residential in character and with all the equipment and opportunities and generally on the lines of the great public schools of England; a public school which shall afford advantages and a training different from and beyond the education to be obtained under the admirable Public School System of Ontario and which will round off and complete that system by assuring a means for the boys of Canada to obtain the great advantages Mr. Weldon so eloquently advocates. The necessity of such a public school was wisely foreseen by that great administrator, Sir John Colborne, when he brought about the establishment and endowment of Upper Canada College in 1829. All the years since its foundation the College has been doing its work, and its record is a most honourable one. A very large number of the men whose names have been prominent in the life of Canada, in the last sixty years, claim her as their Alma Mater. College boys drawn from all parts of Canada have gone to be gallant and distinguished soldiers and sailors in Her Majesty's service abroad, and many have distinguished themselves in her service nearer home. The history of the College and the feeling of the old boys for the old institution is an example of Mr. Weldon's description of the sentiment of English public school men for their schools.

It is a matter for deep regret that the endowment which was originally conferred upon the college having been mainly diverted to the University of Toronto of late years, the endowment now remaining is only some \$40,000, besides the buildings and grounds. The income from this \$40,000 scarcely pays the pension to ex-masters with which it is charged. Very recently the college has had the good fortune to receive as its new Principal Dr. G. R. Parkin, a Canadian school man whose life of late years in England, in intimate association with English public schools and public school men, makes him specially qualified for the duties of the position.

A reorganization of the College has taken place; it is under the management of a Board of Trustees, and no longer subject to the blighting influence of direct political control, as it has been for some years past. The college building, equipment and grounds challenge admiration, but more is required to fulfil the objects in view.

Under the practical absence of an endowment, the Trustees and the new Principal must feel harassed and hampered in attaining the standard which is required. It is necessary that the Trustees and the Principal should have funds at their disposal to add to the staff and to the equipment of the College as experience may render necessary. They should be able to offer such inducements to the best of masters as will not only procure their services but retain them. As Dr. Parkin well says, no school with the permanent objects of such a Public School can thoroughly reach the goal if the masters are merely temporary occupants looking elsewhere continually to better their prospects and not making the sincere prosperity of the College the life-long and enthusiastic object of their ambition.

The old boys of the College have, through their representatives on the Board of Trustees, largely assisted in effecting the reorganization which has taken place, and have thus shown their interest in their Alma Mater. This is a great step in the right direction. They must go further, however, and bend their energies to the raising of a supplemental endowment, which the Upper Canada College Act provides for, and enables the donors to make free from the control of the Government. The subject, however, is not one confined to the narrow limit of the old boys, it is a matter of national importance. It calls upon the patriotism and public spirit of the whole community. In Upper Canada College as now established there exists something more than the foundation of a public school like those of which Mr. Weldon so glowingly describes the advantages, and there is no other school in Canada of the kind. It may be assumed that the more widely these advantages are known the more thoroughly will Upper Canada College be appreciated, and that the citizens of Canada will not fail to complete the edifice upon the foundation so well laid in the institution which has proved the wisdom of its founders in its history of the past sixty-six years.

Should a scheme be brought forward to raise the supplemental endowment to a sufficient amount, we bespeak for it a very generous acceptance by the public. We believe that the result will be that this country will possess, in Upper Canada College, not only one of the best public schools in the highest meaning of the term, but one with its existence assured for all time. FRANK ARNOLDI.

* * *

The Legend of the Counted Footsteps.

"The way is long and rugged, which my feet
Have trodden on the stony mountain side
From day to day, and then from week to week,
From month to month, for many a weary year,
Downward and upward, from my lonely cell
High on the mountain top, where no man comes,—
To where amid the trees, the ferns, the flowers
Far in the peaceful valley, ceaselessly
Up-wells the cooling fountain:—this the way
That I have travelled, 'neath the summer sun,
'Mid snows of winter; when the warring winds
Raged round me fiercely, with the rushing noise
Of countless wings, with weird, long, echoing cries
As of lost souls in torment: when the mist
Hid all the world of men, as with a veil
White and impenetrable, when the hills,
The smiling valleys, all the lowly homes
Of love and toil, were blotted out of sight
As if they were not: when the riven crags
Amid whose clefts I dwell these many years,
Where only God, and His bright angel host,
With His sweet Mother and the Holy Saints
Have ever communed with me, seemed to float
Upon a white, illimitable sea
That stretched into the infinitude of God.

"There, 'mid the wreck, as in a sick man's dream,
Strange faces came and went, and angels' wings
Gleamed 'mid the whiteness as the moonlight gleams
On snows of winter, while the shadows hid,
—Yet could not hide—the gloomy hosts of hell;
And silently, half seen, between the light and dark,
—As in a vision,—with no warlike cries,
No noise of jarring weapons, angels strove
Against the foes infernal, and the prize,
The crown of victory, was my poor soul.

Bought with a price tremendous, and redeemed
With the dear Blood of God ; not mine but His
Who died for me ; whose blessed angels still
Have striven, and shall strive, until the end ; —
Till—in His arms who made me, in His love—
My soul is safe, with Him, for ever more.

“So ’mid the rain and sunshine, and the mist,
The warring winds, the whirling flakes of snow,
From day to day, at morn, at noon, at eve,
The narrow path was worn :—but, now, my feet
Fall often stumble ; yet the cruel thirst
That racks and burns me, as the lost are burned
In flames eternal, will not let me stay.
Water ! I must have water ! Summer suns
And winter winds have made me worn and frail :
The burning passions of my early years
Are dead, forgotten :—save that I must make
My lifelong penance for the many sins
Of eager manhood—but the cruel thirst
Dies not, is unforgotten : Oh my Lord !
Thou knowest that the way is long and rough
From the far summit, where Thou bidst me dwell,
To the blest water, at the mountain’s foot
Welling incessantly. Yet Thou, of old,
Weary of journeying in the noon-tide heat,
Didst sit and rest beside the wayside well,
Didst ask for water, thirsty ; — I, Thy slave
Thy meanest servant, fain would slake my thirst
From day to day ; but, oh ! my steps are slow
With weight of years and sorrows, and the way
Seems longer, steeper daily : Oh my Lord
Give Thou Thine angels charge concerning me,
Thy feeble one ; Lord ! in their mighty hands
Still may they bear me safely, lest my feet
Grow weary with the way that I must tread
Going or coming. Lord ! Thy blessed Feet
Grew oft times weary on the dusty ways,
Of that blest land where Thou didst dwell with men,
A Man of toils and griefs ; for three long years,
No rest was Thine, no place to lay Thine Head
Oh Son of Man : and now, behold ! oh Lord,
I most unworthy, I, the least of all
Of those who do Thee service,—fain would share
In all Thy pains and sorrows ; — from the hour
When Thy faint Infant-cry made glad the Heart
Of Thy most holy Mother, till the day
When Thy last sigh, upon the cross of shame,
Pierced that sweet Mother’s Heart as with a sword,
Most sharp, most cruel :—so, from day to day,
When morning wakes me, till the setting sun
Calls me to rest, I offer up, oh Lord !
All that I think, or do, or bear, to fill
The measure of Thy sufferings :—yet the way
Grows longer, steeper daily.”

“Lord ! of old
Thy Servant smote upon a rock, and lo !
The living water ; — not for me, my Lord,
Such wondrous gift ; I am not worthy, Lord,
The least of all Thy favours Master mine,
Thyself didst choose for me my heritage,
Thy Spirit led me, and Thy blessed Hand
Laid down for me the limits of my lot,
Where I should sojourn ; not for me to change
What Thou hast ordered for me :—yet the way
Grows longer, steeper daily, and, to-day,
Scarce can I lift my weary feet, to tread
The daily path Thou bidst me journey :”

“One !”
“Surely an echo, or a falling stone
On which my foot had stumbled, or the cry
Of some lone mountain-bird that called its mate,
High overhead ; and yet the word seemed plain,
As if one murmured, counting :”

“Two !” “Once more
The whisper,—was it ? But I cannot hear
The night winds sighing, or the song of birds
As once I heard them, when in manhood’s prime
—God knows how long ago, I may not count
The years of faulty service—first I came,
To this lone mountain top ; not now for me
The hymns of Nature, at the twilight hour,
When shadows creep upon the weary world
Lulling to quiet rest and slumber”

“Three !”
“Lord of my life, reveal to me, Thy slave,
What means this whisper, counting. Lo ! I kneel
Here, where the way is hardest ; oh my Lord !
I am not worthy to entreat Thy face
Even for this, yet, for Thy Mother’s sake,
For her sweet intercession, oh reveal
The meaning of the message”

“Lo ! the steps
Slow, faint and feeble, of thy pilgrimage,
Have all been counted daily, one by one,
Not one forgotten ; I have marked them all,
Have known the summer’s heat, the winter snow,
The driving rain, the wind, the blinding mist,
That hid the world from sight ; and I have seen

Thy toil, thy penance ; known the weary weight
Of years and sorrows : how the rugged way
Grew longer, steeper daily : every step
Which thou hast taken, I have taken too.
Thy way was Mine, thy weary, way-worn feet
But trod the path where I had passed before
With bleeding feet ; thus, every step of thine
Through all the weary days and months and years
Have I remembered, daily ; each has been
Part of thy share of suffering, and shall be
Crowned with reward eternal. Weary not
To tread the oft-trod journey yet awhile,
A little while ; for, surely, at the end,
Will I hold out My Hand to welcome thee,
My fellow-traveller, who hast walked with Me,
From day to day, along the path that leads
Home to My Father’s House.”

“Oh Lord, my Lord !
I ask no more ; let me but walk with Thee,
Then, though the way be long, and rough, and hard,
I shall not fear to tread it, for it leads,
Sooner or late, to Thee :—so let it be !”

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Fantasia.

“My Lady seems of Ivory.”

THE violin, the cello, and piano are weaving a three-ply magic web of rippling, floating sound. They have caught in their net the senses of the crowded drawing room, and hold them fast. Although it has entered into our souls as a king takes possession of conquered cities, the music is at no time arrogant. Now and then the piano almost ceases from those notes that are like large raindrops falling into still water at sunset, and the strings sink into moanings gentler than a doves ; but not a silk rustles. The people seem scarcely to move.

I do not know what the trio means to the other men and women ; but to me it shifts and turns a hundred times, in endless variation of cadence about the simple theme,

“Beata, mea Domina !”

the old refrain that has sung itself all through my life, as it seems to me. There are many fair faces to fill up the pauses of the music ; but I see only one—the face of the lady who has many names and whose dearest title is Beata. From the other side of the room, I watch how her deep eyes and slight, changeful smile give back the dreamlike vagaries of melody, as the mountain pool mirrors the passing clouds. Where she sits a shadow falls and half envelops her ; her dress, too, is black ; and out of the double darkness her neck and slender arms gleam white. The little face is white also ; too white. It changes delicately, to rhyme with the music. The tiny vague shadow about the mouth shifts its place a trifle ; or the sweet lips droop or draw together ; or the eyes, instead of looking at me, look through me and beyond. Once I thought I saw the gleam of a tear on the lashes. I wonder what the trio means to her.

The frame about this picture is not the usual one. A year ago, there were some rooms in a plain little house, which any one might rent, tables and chairs in different shops which anyone might buy ; but she came to these common things, and of them made something richer than the Escorial—a home. In that home she is as a light. I can hardly think of her apart from the walls and poor household belongings she has glorified. But to-night there are strange pictures on the walls ; there are laurel wreaths about and statuettes and other unfamiliar knick-knacks. It has all a foreign look and the foreign speech I hear now and then is in keeping with the room. The little lady in black is no part of it. Nor is she alone, as usual. Beside her are two young girls in bright dresses. They look younger than my Lady, though that can hardly be. Their cheeks are tinted like the rose. Now that I bethink me, her little face is whiter than it should be ; the eyes look hollowly, and a muscle of her neck betrays itself when she turns her head. She looks as if pain had not passed her by. And yet—who could think those two fairer than she ? How the music insists on according her the palm ! Everyone must hear how plain it speaks !

“Beata, beata mea Domina !”

Does she hear ?

Her white arms, as they lie in her lap, seem to twine about something which she would guard, if need be, with her life. It is no riddle. Instead of Schubert, you have heard only a cradle song, the homeliest of lullabies.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Music and the Drama.

THE play "Shore Acres," which was played at the Grand the first three nights of this week, is considered to be one of the best and purest of plays written in recent years. The author, Mr. James A. Herne, is thoroughly familiar with stage traditions, and has written a tale which throbs with pathos, and sentiment; and the simplicities of country life with its innocence and quiet humour, is vividly portrayed. The whole atmosphere of the play is genuinely wholesome.

According to a cable despatch in the Musical Courier, sent by the eminent critic and *litterateur*, Otto Flörsheim, Arthur Nikisch, the great conductor, achieved a wonderful success at the first Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig on Oct. 10th. He is the man to musically rejuvenate the old and famous Saxon city, and no doubt the orchestra will be made one of the best and most finished organizations in the world. It has the players—all artists, any one of whom can play a finished solo, so why should not the orchestra be brought up to a standard beyond which it is not possible to go farther? Nikisch demands the most finished execution and perfect ensemble. He is magnetic, sensitive, imaginative, and his fancy pictures glowing colours, poetic ideals, and the most delightful expression. Yet at the same time he is irresistibly intense, and his passion burns with fervour, abandon, and ardent zeal.

It is understood that Dr. Anton Dvorak, the great Bohemian composer, who has lived in America the past two or three years, being the director of the National Conservatory of Music, will not return to this country. No reason for this has been forthcoming, but it is surmised that while he liked the Americans because of their zeal, enterprise, and talents, he required the poetry and artistic repose of peaceful Bohemia, his native land, to stimulate his imagination for the composition of great art works, such as he has given to the world in other years. One can get noise and activity in New York, hear plenty of good music, mingle with excellent artists, see handsome, well-dressed women, and get fine fried sausages, but it will not give to the mind that degree of serenity, and romantic suggestiveness which the life and atmosphere of the old world affords. We have many good things in America, but Europe is the place for a creative artist, our freedom, scenery of mountains, woods and lakes, to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Trilby," Du Maurier's famous novel, has been dramatized by Paul M. Potter, and will be produced in this city at the Grand Opera House every evening next week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The A. M. Palmer Co. has already produced the play in the United States something over seven hundred times to large and fashionable audiences, and it will be presented here on the same scale of magnificence, by the same company of artists. Sale of seats began yesterday morning at 9 o'clock.

That the Lillian Russell Opera Company is a very good one will readily be admitted, and that De Koven, the clever composer of "Tzigane," which was given on the first four evenings of last week in the Grand Opera House, has not written a particularly tuneful and original opera, will also be conceded. Mr. De Koven is talented; he has the technique of composition at his finger ends, he scores well and effectively, and his harmonies are for the most part well contrasted and interesting. These are points which show the musician, the thoughtful, careful worker. But one sadly misses the genuine melodic inspiration, animated fancy, the sparkle and rhythmic brilliancy of (for instance) an Offenbach, Strauss, or Sullivan. Scattered through the opera are a few fertile melodic places, but for the most part it is more than usually barren, and were it not so gorgeously put on the boards, and presented with such a brilliant company, it would create little or no effect on the ordinary theatre-going public. Miss Russell, who is an extraordinary beautiful woman, sang and acted most charmingly. I had never heard her before, and must confess that I hardly expected to hear a voice so dulcet and musical. It is rich and wonderfully soft and mellow in quality, although at times it is not always in tune. She does everything, however, with such becoming grace, and easy naturalness and her splendid beauty is so intrinsically charming, that one readily forgives and forgets any inaccuracy in this respect. Miss Finlayson sang with spirit, so did Mr. Hoff (the tenor), and the other soloists. The chorus was on the whole very good,

and the scenery strikingly picturesque and realistic. The orchestra was unfortunately not all that could be desired, as there were too few players. Mr. Herbert, of Ko-Ko fame, had a part almost too silly to be funny, and, however, he could wear such an oriental costume—not taking into account the sheep skins—in an ice palace as represented in the second act, and be comfortable, is quite beyond my powers of analysis.

Perhaps the most universally gifted of all modern artists was the brilliant, courteous Franz Liszt. One cannot read any of his letters without being impressed with his critical wisdom and judgment, his thorough unselfishness and love for the beautiful in art, and his willingness to assist—in every way possible—any young, talented, struggling musician of any nationality, whether performer or composer. In this connection, one has only to remember Wagner, Peter Cornelius, Schumann, Berlioz, Chopin, and hosts of others, to recognize what he was as an ardent, inspiring noble friend, who thought nothing of his own labour, so long as he was able to benefit others and enlarge the sphere of genuine art. Liszt had the brain and mental capacity to have become great in any calling which required intellectual force, vivid imagination, dramatic fervour, brilliant sarcasm, or descriptive poetic fancy, for not only can we discern these attributes in his voluminous correspondence, but we are met face to face with them in his music, which at times teems with burning passion, and the most refined sentiment, eloquent, romantic, impressive. He was always the genial, courteous artist, and many a musician living to-day might profit by the example of his unflinching kindness and consideration in this respect. No favour was so small but what he deemed it worthy of acknowledgment, either personally or in writing, and he was not afraid to write his real opinion of any musical work, no matter who the composer was, friend or foe. In this respect also he sets an example worthy of being followed.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The desirability of having perfect harmony between the music and the other portions of our church services can scarcely be dwelt upon too frequently. As a rule we have not very much to complain of in this respect, yet there are times when the whole effect of a service is destroyed by the association of a solemn discourse with joyous music, or *vice versa*. Frequently the anthems, solos, etc., rendered by the choir are chosen before the nature of the services for which they are intended is known to the choir leader, and, when this is the case, disaster must occasionally occur. For instance, in one of our leading city churches a sermon on the subject of Hell was prefaced by "Unfold ye portals everlasting," sung with much spirit by the choir, and followed, at the close of the service, by the wedding march from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music. Of course, the last number should have been changed, but, no doubt, when the chorus was given the organist was ignorant of the solemn nature of the discourse to follow. In those churches where the sermon forms a large part of the service the choir leader ought certainly to know the general nature of every discourse before the music for the service is chosen. There would be difficulties to meet in carrying out such a plan, but the result would amply repay the labour involved.

There are times when the proverbial penny would be well expended if one could, at so low a price, read the thoughts of an organist performing before or after a service. Some time ago in a church not far from Toronto a few desultory strains were being played while the congregation was assembling and grave deacons and elders were showing strangers to seats. All at once a sadly familiar strain seemed to grow up out of a meaningless succession of harmonies which passed for extempore music. At least one member of the congregation felt a thrill of horror and looked around at his neighbours. No one seemed moved: even the steps of the ushers did not falter. Then the strain came again. There could be no mistake. Some tunes possess an innate vulgarity which cannot be disguised. Once more—"After-the-Ball-was-o-ver," *adagio molto*, to be sure, deprived of its gay swing, but unmistakable nevertheless. Was the organist an unbeliever mocking the service to follow, or was he merely testing the ears of the congregation, or had he forgotten himself for a moment and allowed his thoughts to dwell on the ball of the past week when he had led the fair Aurelia through the mad whirl of the dance to the tune of

— ? But the minister was waiting. "Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow."

It was an incident not easily forgotten.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

* * *
October.

'Mid snowy clouds that flit o'er azure skies,
Chasing each other in their airy flight;
A buoyant, mischief-loving, trickey sprite,
Tearing aside fair nature's summer guise.

Tossing the light leaf as it onward flies,
Waking the storm-cloud's desolating night,
Loosing the frost-fiend's silent, withering blight,
Then, penitent, a gentler role she tries!

With subtle touch she paints the landscape o'er;
Crimson and gold and Tyrian purple glow
On rainbow-tinted woodlands, where the shore
Repeats the rainbow in the stream below,
Neath rose and amber sunsets. Then once more
Comes change: and sobbing rain; and wild winds blow!
FIDELIS.

* * *
Art Notes.

I FIND myself unable to leave the subject of Watts the artist without making some reference to Watts the man. To a good deal of heresay knowledge I am fortunate enough to be able to add a little from personal acquaintance; for, as a humble tyro in the art of which Watts is one of the greatest of modern masters, I had the inestimable privilege and advantage of knowing him. And, of the prominent men in art that I have met, none has impressed me more. No student is worth the name who is not a hero-worshipper, and happy is he who meets his hero. I remember having had two who occupied positions about equally exalted in my youthfully idolatrous heart. They were Michel Angelo and Watts. Angelo there was no hope of a personal meeting with—unless it might be in remote futurity, under a happy conjunction of circumstances to which reference is made in the dogmas of mother Church; but Watts was still in the flesh. And the golden opportunity came; and the idol descended from his pedestal and became a kind teacher and guide. Watts made his appointments with me and my portfolio of drawings at such an early hour in the morning that in after years I always associated him with the chilly murkiness of a London fog, the milkman, the early watering cart, and the drudging housemaid cleaning the front door-step with Bath-brick.

His studio was large, lofty and rather irregularly shaped, having somewhat the appearance of two compartments which had been thrown into one. A bright fire always blazed on the hearth; and Watts, arrayed in a sculptor's blouse or tunic, with ruffles (whether of lace or not I am unable to remember) at the wrists, with the Titianesque scull-cap on his head, received me with dignified cordiality. There were always some half-dozen portraits on the easels, and half-finished clay or plaster figures by Watts himself were ranged alongside casts from the statues of Phidias. I remember particularly a colossal arm from a group by the great Grecian which is amongst the veiled masterpieces of the Pope's secret sculpture gallery in the Vatican. The arm I refer to was the text of a little lecture showing the complete knowledge of human bone structure possessed (so Watts convincingly urges) by the Greeks. That Watts is equally learned in this subject is demonstrated by all his work—not least by his portraits the heads of which have the somewhat rare quality in portraits of being inhabited by a skull. The studio, or at least the sculpture department, was fully lighted, and the whole interior presented the appearance of a workshop—a very hard-working shop—and had none of the upholstered luxuriousness of the modern arras-and-armor-hung atelier.

In a kind of yard adjoining the house was a half-finished colossal equestrian statue of an ancient sportsman, the founder of the house of Grosvenor. One wing of the building is occupied by a picture gallery in which one finds replicas of well-known works by the master as well as a few fine portraits, subject pictures, and studies. On one canvas I noted the signature "Signor," which seems to be a kind of

pet name for Watts amongst his intimate friends. This gallery may be visited by the public on Sunday on presentation of a visiting card; and London not having yet emerged into that broad blaze of enlightenment enjoyed by Toronto, Watts is permitted by the city by-laws to follow his pernicious course, aided and abetted by the Metropolitan Railway, which not only operates within the town but continues unrestrained to take the pale toilers of Bow street and the "Dials" to the healthy region of Hampstead and Epping.

A very large amount of philanthropic effort is being expended in the endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the people of the East End; and Watts has associated himself with those who believe that after due care has been taken with regard to physical conditions, a potent means by which to "elevate the masses" is to give them access to the nobler creations of the musical and the plastic arts. To this laudable end Watts has contributed to a gallery in the noise-some east several of the finest of his works; and always sends several pictures to the annual loan exhibition. But the "great unwashed" (or, ought I to say, "hitherto unwashed"?) are not the only recipients of benefits at his hands, for it is authoritatively stated that the painter intends to bequeath to the nation (i.e., the National Gallery) some of the very finest of his splendid creations—pictures which have gained a more universal respect and admiration for the painter, and especially amongst the followers of his own craft, than has been enjoyed by any English artist since the days of Reynolds, Handel and Garrick. E. WYLY GRIER.

* * *
At Street Corners.

I KNOW one house at least in this city where intending burglars will be received at the point of the bayonet. The sons of the family are of a military tendency and rather fond of weapons. The burglar that breaks in there will "get it" in the ribs in a way that will be prejudicial to his health. Other friends of mine have revolvers, so I live in hope that a burglar or two will be slain this winter, if that be the only way in which these sneaking miscreants can be kept out of our houses.

The problem of the unemployed is doubtless a perplexing one. But the solution of it is not aided by helping those sturdy beggars, of whom there are more than a few in this city, who make a paying business of their unemployed condition. These people are of various ranks. There is the educated, steady-drinking vagabond, who retains enough of his manner of other days to "bluff" unsuspecting people out of their money. "It is perfectly ridiculous, my dear sir, that I should be wanting money—actually hard up for a mere dollar or two, but what can one do? After the positions I have held it is of course very distasteful to me. What I want is work." This is the way one talked to a friend of mine the other day. What he wanted, however, was not work but 25 cents.

After awhile one gets to know these people and gives them a firm refusal. They really ought to be jailed. What they do is to live in idleness and sordid plenty on the earnings of hard-working men. They have found out that this is possible and they continue the occupation. I was visited not long ago by a man of seedy appearance but gentlemanly manner, who told me that he was a clergyman who had gone to the bad and had to leave his curacy as a consequence of his misdemeanours. Without shame he explained what an unconscionable villain he was, and then, as payment for his frankness, asked for the "loan" of five dollars. He did not get it.

A short time afterwards I heard of him standing at the corner of King and Yonge Sts., where he accosted a friend of mine. "I want to go home in that car," he said, pointing to one that was just coming up, "and unfortunately I have not a ticket. May I ask you to frank me on that car? Somehow one gets into the habit of riding, you know, and then it becomes rather disagreeable to walk, doesn't it." He got his car fare.

The Editor tells me that one of THE WEEK'S contributors, at present in England, will shortly publish simultaneously in London (Methuen & Co.) and New York (Stone & Kimball) a volume of verse entitled "The Gods Give My Donkey Wings." The author's *nom-de-guerre* is "Angus Evan Abbott." He is a Canadian and well known under his real name as a clever and delightfully humorous writer.

Dr. Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University, has issued a circular-letter stating that the late Professor Williamson has bequeathed the residue of his estate to the endowment of the University. There are many old students and friends of Dr. Williamson who would like his name associated with some permanent memorial, and it is proposed to ask the trustees to allow the bequest (which will be under \$2,000) to form the nucleus of a fund, to be supplemented by voluntary subscriptions sufficient to establish a fellowship or lectureship which would forever be known by his name. Those in favour of the proposal are requested to communicate with Dr. Fleming as early as convenient, stating the sum they are disposed to contribute. DIOGENES.

* * *

The Monroe Doctrine.

THE Monroe doctrine is the flag of American Jingoism. It is used to voice American jealousy of British power, American fear of British influence, and American rivalry with British interests. From a principle suggested and supported by Canning to protect South American States against despotism as represented by the Holy Alliance, it has become the embodiment of American aggressiveness and hostility towards Great Britain.

On the 4th of July last ex-Governor, James E. Campbell, of Ohio, in addressing Tammany Hall, declared that:

"He would confine his remarks to the Monroe doctrine, than which there was no more popular subject to the American heart. The meaning of the Monroe doctrine was, that we should extend our territory in the Western Hemisphere whenever the opportunity was presented, and confine the nations of Europe to the possessions on this continent which they already hold. Any attempt to seize a foot of soil on this continent should be treated by the United States as a declaration of war."

About the same time, in the columns of the Times-Herald of Chicago, ex-Senator Ingalls declared himself not a Jingo, but added that "Eventually we shall rule the North America Continent, and by the assertion of the Monroe doctrine direct the destinies of the entire Western Hemisphere." Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, took the same occasion to observe that he did not approve the annexation of Mexico and Central America, but thought that "Cuba should be annexed, and also Canada, Newfoundland and Hawaii," while, under the Monroe doctrine, "any attempt on the part of any European power to seize territory other than that which they then held in North and South America should be regarded as an act of hostility towards the United States." And then he concluded:

"The supremacy of the Monroe doctrine should be established and at once—peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. It will be the duty and the privilege of the next Congress to see that this is done."

Such is the present view of the Monroe doctrine. It is one which is founded upon error, built upon prejudice, and impossible of maintenance. The original doctrine had no more likeness to this modern Jingo conception than Patagonian barbarism has to English culture. The United States, it must be remembered, was founded amid considerable surrounding difficulties. During almost the first half century of its existence, South America was largely in the hands of the most despotic and alien power in Europe; British America was looked upon, wrongly, I think, as the outpost of British hostility; and Central America was regarded as a possible field for the operation of those influences which the despotic continental governments of that day were apparently anxious to extend. Hence the general belief, outlined in Washington's farewell address, enunciated by Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, and elaborated by Monroe in 1823, that the extension of European power upon the American continent was dangerous to the liberties of the United States, and must therefore be opposed. Writing on June 17th, 1785, from Paris, Jefferson, who was then Minister to France, asked that his testimony be added to that of every thinking

American "in order to satisfy our countrymen how much it is their interest to preserve *uninfected by contagion*, those peculiarities in their government and manners to which they are indebted for those blessings."

Writing again on March 18th, 1801, he says that the powers of Europe "have so many interests different from ours that we must avoid being entangled in them." And again: "We have a perfect horror at everything like connecting ourselves with the politics of Europe." And in 1823 at a moment when there was a riot of reaction in Europe; when free institutions had been crushed for the time in Spain and the Bourbons seemed all-powerful; when the Spanish colonies in America were trying to throw off the yoke, and an effort was on foot amongst the powers of the Holy Alliance—Russia, Prussia, and Austria—to join Spain in their subjugation; when the Congress of Laybach had affirmed that by divine law European nations had the imprescriptible right to put themselves in open hostility to states, which, by a change in their institutions or government, offered a dangerous example; when Jefferson had just declared that "in the great struggle of the epoch between liberty and despotism, we owe it to ourselves to sustain the former, in this hemisphere at least"; at this moment President Monroe enunciated his famous doctrine.

The text is found in his Annual Message to Congress, December 2, 1823, and reads as follows:

"The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American Continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered subjects for future colonization by any European power. . . . The political system of the allied powers is essentially different . . . from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. We owe it, therefore, to candour and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend *their system* to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not yet interfered, and *shall not interfere*. . . . It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness."

Such was the original Monroe doctrine. One more point there was, however. To quote the additional words of President Monroe: "In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so." In this position he was most fully borne out by other founders of the Republic. Writing to Jefferson on January 1st, 1788, Washington declared that "an energetic general government must prevent the several states from involving themselves in the political disputes of the European powers." And on October 24th, 1823, Jefferson himself declared that "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe." A summary of the Monroe doctrine, therefore, gives us this result:

- I. It was enunciated at a time when the Republic was weak and was threatened by an alliance of despotic European powers.
- II. It opposed primarily the extension in South America of that extreme monarchical system known as Bourbonism.
- III. It opposed further colonization by European powers.
- IV. It was directed in the main against Spain, and in so far as that was the case, had the support of Great Britain.
- V. It was essentially and absolutely non-aggressive and was based upon non-interference in European affairs or with existing European or British interests in America.

The Monroe doctrine as now presented by fire-eating Jingoism has not the slightest basis of danger to free institutions anywhere from any despotic power whatever. It has no excuse in any weakness of the United States to protect its own institutions or maintain its own liberties. The "contagion" is the other way. It is directed almost entirely against Great Britain and British interests. It is aggressive, and instead of claiming merely to compel European non-interference in a struggle between Spain and her American colonies, is intent mainly upon preventing Great Britain from protecting its own interests when in conflict with independent Southern countries. It opposes entirely the original principle of non-intervention abroad and finds room for

action in the Congo State, in China, in Japan, in the Behring Sea, in Cuba, in Hawaii, in the proposed annexation of Canada, in vigorous flag-waving and in general Chauvinism. It aims also at commercial extension; and all this, in place of the protection of a certain defined political principle, which was the chief original cause of its promulgation.

In hardly any respect, therefore, does the "Monroe doctrine" of to-day bear the slightest resemblance to the original expression of presidential opinion. But even taking the Monroe doctrine as it was seventy years ago we find that what someone has termed "the supreme, indisputable and irreversible judgment of our national union" has never received legislative sanction, has never been authoritatively endorsed by the popular representatives, and has, in fact, been distinctly rejected by the Congress of the Republic. The resolutions presented upon the subject, despite its latter and varied interpretations, have been very few. In January, 1824, Mr. Clay proposed one approving the principle as then understood, but it was never called up for consideration. In April, 1826, what are called the Panama Congress Resolutions were submitted, to the effect that American Ministers or delegates to that Congress "ought not to be authorized to discuss, consider or consult upon any proposition of alliance, offensive or defensive, between this country and any of the Spanish-American Governments, or any stipulation, compact, or declaration binding the United States in any way or to any extent, to resist interference from abroad with the domestic concerns of the aforesaid Governments."

This very decisive and distinct repudiation of the Monroe doctrine as understood in its original and most limited application was actually carried by a vote of 99 to 95 in the American House of Representatives. A motion approving the principle has never been passed by either that House or the Senate. One was presented in June 1874, by Representative Burnside, but was got rid of by reference to a committee and another in December, 1880, proposed by Mr. Crapo, was similarly disposed of. Outside of Canning's sympathy with the South American Colonies in their struggle with Spain and his willingness to join with the United States in keeping the Holy Alliance neutral, there has never been the slightest recognition of this so-called "doctrine" and "international law" by England or any other power. And that case can hardly be called an exception. As a matter of fact, too, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1853, neutralizing the proposed ship canal across Panama, practically committed the United States to a constructive recognition in British colonization on the Mosquito Coast, and the consequent recognition of British settlement and annexation of Central American territory years after, the Monroe doctrine—the irreversible decision of the American people—had been first formally promulgated.

As to the modern version of the principle, which proposes to make the United States a sort of international arbitrator in all the Americas, ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, perhaps the best known of American authorities upon international law, declares that: "To lay down the principle that the acquisition of territory on this continent by any European power cannot be allowed by the United States, would go far beyond any measures dictated by the system of the balance of power, for the rule of self-preservation is not applicable in our case; we fear no neighbours." And in addressing the Senate on 28th January, 1856, Senator Cass asserted that "to suppose that the declaration (the Monroe doctrine) was intended as a promise, pledge or engagement that the United States would guard from European encroachment the territory of the whole boundless continent, is greatly to misconceive the purpose of its promulgator and to misconstrue the explicit interpretation published to the world by Mr. Adams." A few months ago Great Britain took action in Nicaragua without regard to Jingo bluster, and in Venezuela she is now behaving as if no such thing as the Monroe doctrine had ever been discussed or developed out of all resemblance to its first form, by the fevered brains of excited politicians.

To sum up, the Monroe doctrine as now stated is an historic fiction, its application to existing conditions is a distinct fraud upon Great Britain as the chief of American territorial powers; its extension so as to include the annexation of Canada and other countries, is an unmitigated farce.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Toronto, October 19th, 1895.

Montreal Affairs.

THREE of the Federal constituencies of this Province are now vacant, a pr sage of lively times. These are Montreal Centre, made vacant by Mr. Curran's appointment; Jacques Cartier, whose late member, Mr. Girouard, is now a Supreme Court judge; and Missisquoi, where Hon. Mr. Baker, the new Solicitor-General, will have to offer himself for re-election. Mr. Baker has been in public life since 1870, when he was elected to Parliament for Missisquoi. From 1874 to 1878 he was a member of the Quebec Legislature, and for a time a Cabinet Minister in the de Boucherville Administration. In 1878 he went back to Ottawa and has been ever since a member, with the exception of the Parliament of 1887-91, when his county was held by the Liberals. It has long been understood in his county that before the conclusion of the present Parliament he would be raised to the Senate; but these plans have been changed by new circumstances which have arisen, and he is now to remain in active public life. Mr. Baker has been a silent Member of Parliament, but not for lack of ability to speak. He is a good lawyer, and has long been a political power in the Bedford district. In Jacques Cartier, the Conservative candidate will be Desine Girouard, the son of the late member.

The election in Montreal Centre for the Legislature took place on Tuesday of this week; and, as intimated in this correspondence, resulted in overwhelming victory for Dr. Guerin, the Liberal candidate, around whom all the forces hostile to the Taillon Government rallied. West Ward, the wholesale and commercial section of the city which in 1892 gave a Conservative majority of 487, reversed this to over two hundred the other way. This may be regarded as the answer of the Montreal business men to the loan and taxation policy of Mr. Taillon. The Liberals fought the campaign on these issues; and were careful not to bring in Dominion matters in any way. By these means they secured the votes of hundreds of Conservatives dissatisfied with the Government's course. But, of course, such a crushing defeat for the Conservative organization which was behind Mr. Macdonell is bound to have an effect on the Dominion bye-election which takes place shortly in the same division.

The Chateauguay battle monument is to be unveiled on Friday of this week. The unveiling will be done by Miss Hermine de Salaberry, of the family of the hero of the battle, and Sir Adolphe Caron will be the speaker of the day. The sword of de Salaberry and other relics of war times will be displayed. The monument is a plain granite one, suitably inscribed in both languages, and stands almost on the site of the blockhouse shown in Bouchette's plan of the battle.

The judgeship question, to which I referred recently in this correspondence, was settled last week in a way that surprised both parties to the dispute. The French-Canadians were anxious that the late Sir Francis Johnson should be replaced on the bench of the Superior Court by Mr. Beaudin, Q.C., an eminent professional gentleman of their nationality. There was determined opposition to this on the part of the English Protestant minority; and the Government was warned that Mr. Beaudin's appointment would mean trouble. The tug of war had been going on for over a year with the result very much in doubt, until it was announced that the Government had about decided to pass both parties by and appoint Hon. Mr. Curran, Solicitor-General, to the position. Immediately a petition was sent off by personal messenger to Ottawa against Mr. Curran's appointment; it was headed by the name of the Lord Bishop of Montreal and its signers included most of the merchant princes of the city. Notwithstanding this, the appointment was made the following day. To say that there was a good deal of feeling over the matter among the petitioners and those for whom they spoke, would be putting it very mildly; and threats were made that if accepted at their face value would mean the changing of the political complexion of this Island of Montreal. But it is probable that this, like most other things of the kind, will blow over, in great part at least. Hon. Mr. Ives discussed the situation very frankly with a newspaper reporter, and said that while he had been unable to get the judgeship for an English lawyer he had the promise that a member of the Protestant minority should be appointed to the Collectorship of Customs here and the Solicitor-Generalship in Quebec to be held by Irish Cath-

olies; and he was inclined to consider this a fair set-off for the loss of the judgeship.

This bringing on of the nationality question in appointments to public office is often deprecated, but so long as politics remain as they are it must continue. If mere ability were the determining factor in every Government appointment, there would be good ground for objecting to sections of country and minorities of the population clamouring for recognition; but, as everybody knows, ability does not go very far in matters of this nature. It is the "pull" that counts; and wherever the votes are there is the pull also. For this reason in any mixed community like that of Montreal the nationality that is greatly in the minority would be denuded in the course of time of every shred of representation in the civil service of the country if they did not insist upon a fair division of offices. Too great complaisance in this matter by the English minority of Montreal has cost them position after position during the last twenty years, and it will continue unless they show themselves jealous of their privileges. This they now, fortunately, show themselves inclined to do.

Dr. W. H. Drummond will probably issue shortly a volume made up of collections of his French-Canadian dialect verse. In this field the Doctor has no rivals. Most of our French-Canadian dialect stories and poems are chiefly remarkable for their lack of resemblance to English "as she is spoke" by the habitant. The charge of publishing bogus French-Canadian dialect could be made against a good many writers, some of them of note. But there are at least two Canadian writers who are complete masters of this dialect—William MacLennan and Dr. Drummond, both residents of this city. Two of Dr. Drummond's poems, "The Papineau Gun" and the inimitable "Wreck of the Julie Plante," are included in the collection of American humorous verse published by Walter Scott, of London. Nothing ever written in Canada has had the popularity of the "Wreck of the Julie Plante;" it is known all over the Dominion. Dr. Drummond has written other ballads and rhymes which have seen the light and others which have not, and could easily fill a tidy volume with them. It should be warmly welcomed when published.

Mrs. J. B. Hammond, whose novel of Canadian life was recently mentioned in these columns, is putting the finishing touches to a volume of short sketches and stories of the Sudbury mining district, where she lived for years. "The Story of an Old-Fashioned Family," which is the title Mrs. Hammond intended should go on her novel, was written several years ago, but only saw the light this year.

The Montreal branch of the Woman's Art Association of Canada is now at work again, sketching classes being held on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon. It is to hold an exhibition of unframed sketches and illustrations on October 28th. The branch is now trying to induce the Montreal artists to throw their studios open on certain days to art students and members of the general public interested in pictures. The Montreal organization is fortunate in its President, Mrs. J. H. Peck, who has laboured earnestly and intelligently and, therefore, successfully in its establishment. It is expected that during the winter the energies of the branch will be directed towards opening up new avenues of useful labour for women, for Mrs. Peck and her associates are progressive and enterprising women.

* * *

Dictionary of National Biography.*

THERE are no names of the very first rank in this volume; but there are a good many of real distinction and interest; and few will pass from page to page and from article to article without being deeply interested in the lives of many of those who are here commemorated. Upon one event, which was much deplored at the time, we may now congratulate ourselves. We refer to the retirement of Mr. Leslie Stephen from the editorship of *The Dictionary*. It was a great loss; but it has brought this compensation, that Mr. Stephen contributes to the present volume, for example, some of the best of its articles, and more than he could have done if he had been responsible for the whole.

The present volume extends from Owens to Passelewe,

so that we have, near the beginning, the well-known name of Oxenden, and first among these, Ashton Oxenden, late Bishop of Montreal, and so specially interesting to us Canadians. Bishop Oxenden is gently and generously handled in this memoir. Of more importance are the Ovenhams, and first among them that clever, able, and slightly eccentric Henry Nutcombe Ovenham, well known as the author of a remarkable book on the Atonement, a convert to the Church of Rome, who could never be got to confess that his Anglican orders were invalid. But we passed by one who was formerly well known in certain circles, John Ovenford, the dramatic author and critic.

Passing on to the next letter, we come to the Pagets—a considerable clan, numbering among them statesmen, divines, and soldiers, conspicuous among them the first Marquis of Anglesey, the heroic cavalry officer at Waterloo, at which he left one of his legs, and subsequently Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Soon afterwards we came to Thomas (better known as Tom) Paine, with his *Rights of Man* and his *Age of Reason*, who is dealt with in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, by Mr. Leslie Stephen. We are reminded here of the manner in which "good people" thought it right to slander a man who was not a believer in revelation, and of the possibility of such a man being sincere and earnest. Of course, many readers will take Mr. Stephen's account with a grain of salt; still we see no reason for doubting the general accuracy of his statements or the general justice of the estimate which he makes of Paine.

Pakenhams and Pakingtons might detain us, but we light upon a more striking and attractive figure in the person of Archdeacon Paley, the author of the *Natural Theology* and the *Evidences*, one of the most lucid and, if not very profound, yet candid and convincing writers in the whole round of English theology. It is fashionable to say that Paley is out of date, and so he is in the sense that the old musket is out of date, yet many of the current arguments for religion are only Paley's refurbished; and if it is said that many of Paley's were borrowed (!) that is only what might be said of every writer on any subject except the first. Upon the whole, we will find no fault with borrowers, if they can only manage to put their material into such shape as Paley does. Mr. Leslie Stephen has given us here an admirable and delightful picture of the brave, simple, rough old champion of religious faith and goodness, which makes us glad to think that it will be some time before he is forgotten.

Reference, if no more, should be made to two notices of the Palgraves, father and son, the one historian of Normandy, and the other author of one of the best books of travel that we know. Happily, another Palgrave (of the *Golden Treasury*) is still with us. The Palmers are also notable. William Palmer, of Magdalene, the learned ecclesiastic, brother of Sir Rundell, afterwards Lord Selborne, one of the most beautiful specimens of an English gentleman, lawyer, Lord Chancellor, who is also here admirably commemorated. Another (Sir) William Palmer, also a learned ecclesiastic, indeed, some think the most learned man of all the Oxford Tract leaders, to whom we are indebted for the admirable *Origines Liturgicae*. And there are many more Palmers—an immense number, in fact.

Mr. Hunt, as was to be expected, gives us an admirable article on Matthew Paris, as does Mr. Carr on Mungo Park. Of the many Parkers, we naturally turn to Matthew Parker, under whom, as Archbishop of Canterbury, what we may call the Reformation Settlement was reached. This article has been entrusted to Professor Barr Mullinger, who has done it in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

One of the longest papers in the volume—the longest, we think—is an unsigned article on Mr. Parnell, executed with great care and exactness, as far as we can understand the matter, with very great fairness also, presenting before us the man as he was, as he lived, as he acted. "By his personal efforts he dragged the question of Ireland's legislative independence from the field of academic discussion into that of practical politics. . . . At heart he was a rebel. . . . He read little and had no intimate friends." The article is full of incisive remarks like these, and for many reasons deserves to be studied. Then we have Parr in considerable number, and Parry, and Parsons, some of these eminent in many different fields; and Partridge, the Almanack maker, and many others. A dictionary is thought to be dry reading. That cannot be said of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

C.

* "Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLIII. Owens—Passelewe. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., 1895.

Recent Fiction.*

WE are glad to welcome another story by S. R. Crockett dealing with the Lowland Scotch, and to add it to those of a similar character with which we have already been treated by himself, Barrie, and Ian MacLaren. With the exception of some opening scenes in London, and some closing ones for which Paris, at the time of the Commune, forms the background—all of which are full of turmoil and gloom—"A Galloway Herd" breathes the fresh air of the Scotch heath, and introduces us mostly to sober Cameronians. A plot runs through the book, but it is not well balanced and the interest lies much more in the character sketching and the dialogue. Certain of the adventures which take place in that God-fearing community during the present century strike us as rather far-fetched. Some of the characters are like the men of Drumtochty, and we enjoyed reading about their ways and their doings. The principal ones drawn are:—M'Quhrr, a good-hearted, solemn elder and his loveable wife, with his boys, sturdy Aleck, the model James, and mischievous Rab; the somewhat Pharisaic Peter Christie and his daughter Nance; the rough and brutal poacher, Sandy Bean, who rather suddenly turns into a law-abiding Scot; Mrs. Nellie Anderson, fresh from a London tragedy but gradually inoculated by Drumquhat air and sympathy till the old things of her life pass away; and last and most important of all, Walter Anderson, Nellie's boy, a child all through the book, whose ambition it is to be "a Galloway Herd." The weakness of the book lies in the failure of the story to hang together. We have but a confused idea of the relations between Nellie Anderson and Herbert Peyton, the villain of the plot, and there is no earthly reason assigned for the trip to Paris, which trip could well be dispensed with. But we pardon these defects, serious as they are in a connected story, for the sake of the scenes in Scotland which make up the bulk of the book.

One day Walter, about six years old, gets lost on the moor. He has no fear by day, but when night comes on it is quite another matter. After a run from an unseen monster he lies down to rest with the following prayer:—

"O Lord, forgive us our sins, and remember not our trans-somethings against us. Look down from heaven and help"—(so far his petitions had run in the accustomed groove carefully modelled upon the prayer of Saunders the elder, but now the official supplications broke down and the personal came in)—"and help a wee laddie in a moss-hole. Keep him frae teegers, an' lions, an' bogles, an' black horses that come oot o' the lochs an' eat ye up, an' frae green monkeys that hing on trees, an' claw ye as ye gang by; an' gie me something to eat, for I'm near deid wi' hunger, an', my word, but I'll warm Yarra (that's my dowg) for runnin' awa', when I catch him, an' bless my mither an' a' inquiren' freen's, Amen."

Presently Walter makes the acquaintance of a little girl who thinks he is "the nicest boy she ever saw," and he tells her about his cats, ten in number:—

"Specklie's an awfu' thief." This with an accent of pride. "How is that?" asked the little girl.

"Well," said Walter, "ye see Specklie is no' a hoose cat. He bides in the barn and whiles in the byre. And when ony o' the decent hoose cats come oot into the yaird wi' a moose or onything to eat, Specklie is doon frae the riggin' like a shot, an' there's a graun' fecht, lyin' on their backs an' fechtin', an' spittin' an' rowin' ower like a ha'—"

"Horrid creatures!" said the little girl. "My cat Flossie never does that!" This with her little nose high in the air.

"May be there's nae Specklie in your yaird!" said Walter, compassionately. "But it's no' a lang fecht, though graun' while it lasts—for a' in a meenit the hoose cat'll be rinnin' a' it can for the hoose wi' a tail like a heather besom, an' Specklie sittin' on the riggin' o' the barn eatin' the hoose cat's breakfast."

"What a very wicked beast! Tell me more about Specklie." Specklie's wickedness was fascinating above the tame excellence of many "hoose cats."

The book is full of good things, as when poor little Walter, after sleeping at intervals during a long sermon on "the spiritual rights of a covenanted Kirk" for what seemed a week, at length stands on the seat with the words "Will that man no' sune be dune?" or the account of his preaching to the crows. Peter Christie and his daughter Nance come in for a good deal of attention. He is blessed with a

lazy servant, and has occasionally to persuade him to get up with a stout hazel stick. He does not look with favour on Aleck M'Quhrr's attentions to Nance. These, by the way, are delightfully worked into the story. When they inform him one day that they have made up their minds to be married, the old man bursts into a tempest of wrath, gets upset in the peat by Nance, and is hauled by Aleck "out of the tenacious black mass with a *cloop* like the uncorking of a bottle." They bring him to terms because they have got knowledge of his being mixed up with poachers, and Nance remorselessly makes him promise, niggardly though he is, "twal score o' sheep," "a matter o' maybes ten kye," and "twa pair o' horse an' my ain' powny" towards their house-keeping. When the deal was over—

"Nance," said her lover, "what made ye so sore on yer faither? We could hae managed without that."

"Aleck," said the practical Nance, "we'll be nane the waur o' the beast, an' he'll like us a' the better for no' being saft wi' him. Mair nor that, he can brow an' weel afford it."

A clever idea lies at the basis of "An Arranged Marriage." Mr Brand, a *nouveau riche*, buys an old English country property but cannot get into the county society for which he craves. He goes abroad, stumbles across an Italian countess, who has an obstinate son, Luigi, in the army. She has determined that a wealthy bride is necessary for him to restore the decayed fortunes of the family. Mr. Brand has a charming and beautiful daughter, and they arrange that these two shall marry. The difficulty lies in bringing this about, for if either of the two chief parties suspected a plot, goodbye to the scheme. The finesse of the old lady manages to make them fall in love of their own accord, but all is nearly ruined on the eve of betrothal. An Italian girl, who is in love with Luigi, arrives on the scene, discovers the plot, and nearly brings about a catastrophe. All ends well, but the happy consummation is accomplished only in a rather forced way and strikes us as a blemish on the working out of the story. Of course Mr. Brand is welcomed on his return with open arms by his aristocratic neighbours. Miss Brand is very proper and demure at first, but she has a thoroughly good heart and blossoms out wonderfully under the influence of her love.

In the "Martyred Fool" there are two parts, "The Sowing of the Seed" and "The Reaping of the Harvest." In the former the hero, Evan Rhys, is a boy of eight and we see the process of his being fledged into a red-hot anarchist. The scene is Australia, and his father is hung for killing a wealthy neighbour, more or less in self-defence. There is a capital description of little Evan's long tramp from Melbourne to Adelaide. In the second part the scene has shifted to Paris and Evan has grown up a socialist, but not an anarchist. He becomes entangled with some of the latter type, is made a tool of, and the story deals with the way his eyes become open to their real characters, but unfortunately not till it is too late to avoid a tragedy. Evan is well drawn both as a boy and a man, and though he is rather a "Fool" he deserves a better end than being blown into fragments with a lot of scoundrelly anarchists. We think, however, that fourteen years of the most kind-hearted treatment at the hands of one of the hated "aristocrats" who had adopted him, might have acted as a corrective to the seeds of bitterness sown in his childhood.

Letters to the Editor.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

SIR,—To appreciate the puerile position taken up by Canada in this copyright controversy with the Mother Country, one has only to read the British Blue Book of 1895 containing all the correspondence since 1889.

When, in 1892, the Imperial Committee, appointed to consider the whole question, reported that Canada would be completely isolated by the passage of our Act of 1889, and the interests of her authors and artists destroyed, the following is a sample reply of our Government under date of February 7th, 1894, to wit:—

Par. 63. "The report under review devotes a paragraph to the interests of the Canadian author, of whom it is said that under the Canadian Act of 1889, he would be deprived of copyright in every country outside of Canada. This would be by no means the case, unless Imperial legislation were adopted to withdraw from Canadians not only the rights within the Empire, conceded to all British subjects, but the

* "A Galloway Herd." By S. R. Crockett. New York: R. F. Fenn & Co. Toronto: Revell & Co. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50c.

"An Arranged Marriage." By Dorothea Gerard. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Longmans Colonial Library.

"The Martyred Fool." By David Christie Murray. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Macmillan's Colonial Library.

rights conceded to the people of most foreign countries under the Berne Convention, which seems a suggestion quite unworthy of a place in this controversy."

Par. 64. "The Canadian Parliament has not overlooked the interests of its authors or any other class. When it speaks, as it has done on the subject, it speaks after full consideration of all the interests involved, and which it is well able to weigh."

In meeting all the clauses of this Canadian reply "seriatim," the British Copyright Association rejoin:

Par. 63. "This might be the outcome of the isolated position Canada takes up. Canada attacks the literary property of all nations, and thus places herself outside of the arrangement of civilized society, even more than Liberia, or Hayti, and in the same paragraph (63) is shocked at the idea that her interests should not be considered more than the rest of the world."

Par. 64. "Either Canada has overlooked the interests of her authors or cannot understand them."

We contend that Canada has the right to impose impossible printing, reproducing, and publishing conditions on British, Australian, New Zealand, Indian, South African, South America, and West Indian authors and artists, yet Canada is still to retain all the privileges under the Imperial Act of 1886 which she now enjoys, and have the free unconditional run of all the Empire, merely by copyrighting in Canada. We are to be permitted to break up the Berne Convention and withdraw therefrom, to jeopardize the copyright arrangement between the United States and the British Empire by our unreasoning wilfulness, and destroy the right to copyright in the States, not only of Canadians, but other members of the Empire, and still retain all our privileges intact throughout the Empire. We wish to eat our cake and still to have it, and like naughty children must be permitted to misgovern ourselves, even though we destroy the rights and privileges of all the other members of the Empire. The reply of our Government is so artless, child-like, and bland, that one would suppose it emanated from that distinguished statesman Li Hung Chang of Eastern fame. We want no intercourse with "foreign devils." While we Canadians are content to play the unmanly role of running for protection to the British Navy without contributing a dollar or a man to its maintenance, although we will let them use our dry docks when battered in our service, because the Mother Country helped to build them, it ill-becomes some of our politicians and Librarian Lancefield to tail-twist the British lion; some day the noble beast will put down its paw and growl, when the tail-twisters will be tumbling over each other to get out of the way. Brave words should be backed up by brave deeds, or one is apt to appear ridiculous or contemptible.

As to the oft-repeated statement that our Piratical Act of 1889, having been passed unanimously by both Chambers, is the will of Canada: I state that I have interviewed several members who had voted for this Act and who petitioned the Queen for its allowance, and I found that they knew absolutely nothing about its provisions, had never read it, and I was assured that it went through the House of Commons without discussion, on the statement of the late Premier and Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P. When its provisions were explained to them by me, they were entirely opposed to it; one of them, Senator Boulton, has since made an able speech in the Senate denouncing the Act; not one of our three city members had any knowledge whatever of the subject. Any verdict so gained by a liberal use of "suppressio veri" and "suggestio falsi" should never be flaunted as the unanimous wish of the people of Canada who do not care about or understand the question. As the Act of 1889 lapsed some years ago under the provisions of Sec. 57 of the B.N.A. Act not having been assented to within two years, it must be re-enacted. When brought up again in the House, its provisions should be explained and discussed, when it is safe to say it will not go through so swimmingly as before. The public do not wish to see the rights of Canadian authors, artists, musicians, etc., destroyed by isolating Canada, merely to allow half a dozen publishers the privilege of appropriating British, Colonial, and American novels and music on their own terms. The exasperating thing is, that the literature coveted is of the class of serial novel one sees daily in the Evening Telegram. The nearer it approaches the "penny dreadful" or "shilling shocker" style, the more popular it

is and the more likely to be gobbled by our piratical publishers, and for this demoralizing trash our Canadian Act and literature is to be isolated and squelched.

Mr. Laurier, at Morristown, recently diagnosed the position as follows:

"The policy of protection," he declared, "had degraded the character of the Canadian people. The name of Canada had become a by-word and a shame by reason of the stealing and robbery which had disgraced our common country."

By the Act of 1889, we propose now to legalize piracy, and set Canada up as the literary pirate of the world, yet we are not ashamed.

In the matter of copyright and naval defence, the Australian colonies set us a manly and generous example, which it would be well for Canada to follow.

Toronto, October 15th, 1895. JOHN G. RIDOUT.

LEGAL ETHICS.

SIR,—All are aware that the great majority of our lawyers are reputable and honourable men, but it is notorious that there are a few who are below that level. Of late years there have been notable instances where barristers when defending in criminal cases, have grievously transgressed. It is an ancient saying that "all is fair in love and war," but such offenders apparently believe that "all is fair in law." Some of the painful failures of justice in criminal cases have been caused by (1) hysterical oratory, (2) misrepresenting and abusing honest witnesses, (3) and by adopting and upholding manufactured evidence after counsel have become aware of its falsity. There has been a very bad case of the latter. The Crown should prosecute.

When Courvoisier was tried about 50 years ago for murdering Lord William Russell, a Mr. Phillips—an Irish barrister—after the prisoner had confessed the crime to him, suggested to the jury that a certain servant-maid had committed the awful deed. He was severely blamed for so doing. Now-a-days a lawyer guilty of such a crime would be promptly disbarred. In the Durant case in California, counsel—without the shadow of any evidence—suggested that the pastor of the church had murdered the girl. The pillory would be a proper punishment for such a man. In England about sixty years ago there was said to be a barrister, who would, if the fee were sufficiently heavy, shed tears when addressing a jury. This is a pointer for our hysterical lawyers.

All barristers of experience have gone into court honestly believing their clients' stories, but have discovered on hearing the evidence on both sides, especially the cross-examinations, that the opposite side was in the right. The following is one of innumerable cases:—A, a machinist, occasionally went on sprees. While under such a spell he called upon B, a founder who lived a hundred miles away, and ordered certain castings. He was sober enough to give coherent orders, and B, knowing him, and also that he would often require such work, filled the order. But A, being under the influence of liquor, forgot all about it and refused payment. Both he and his lawyer looked upon it as a "plant"; but the facts were clearly proved at the Assizes and of course B obtained a verdict.

Suppose in a criminal case the friends of a prisoner manufacture false evidence which is conclusively shown to be untrue—is it right for a lawyer to hysterically appeal to the jury, and to contend that that is true which he well knows to be false? If an unbiassed and intelligent jury were asked to decide whether such an offender should be disbarred or not, all know what their verdict would be.

I respectfully submit that the Benchers should take action. If in their semi-judicial capacity they openly sided with public morality and welfare, this growing evil would be stopped. In conclusion, I respectfully maintain that the following misconduct should be dealt with:—(1) The shameful abuse of respectable witnesses. (2) Oratorical hysterics. (3) Upholding manufactured evidence as true, after discovering it to be false.

The Benchers should not sanction the misconduct of such lawyers perpetrated for market-place purposes and to advertise themselves. Such misbehaviour in many ways injures the honourable members of the profession, as also the public at large.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Oct. 21.

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Periodicals.

The Nineteenth Century presents to its readers an unusually interesting number in the October issue. The subjects are numerous and varied, appealing, therefore, to one class or another of the literary public. Dr. Berdoe gives a medical view of the miracles at Lourdes; the Duchess of Sutherland contributes an entertaining sketch, "In Germany;" and the Marchese de Viti de Marco treats of the political situation in Italy, making a critical examination of the subject in hand. The present mining boom in London is commented on by S. F. Van Oss, who, in an able paper, thoroughly discusses the financial side of the mining market and of Rand finance. The writer finds the cause of the mining boom in the results of the period of stagnation in the money market from 1887-1890. Mr. Van Oss says:—"We are producing fresh capital, and we have so much of it that unless there is a constant out-flow to foreign countries we become glutted with 'money' to an extent which seriously reduces the yield of capital." Then he goes on to show how South African stocks, from results dependent upon this, began to attract attention. Frederic Harrison contributes a scholarly paper, "Ruskin as Master of Prose." After a careful analysis of the great writer's style, Mr. Harrison concludes, "Every other faculty of a great master of speech, except reserve, husbanding of resources and patience, he possesses in measure most abundant—lucidity, purity, brilliance, elasticity, wit, fire, passion, imagination, majesty, with a mastery over all the melody of cadence that has no rival in the whole range of English literature." In "The New Spirit in History" the mission of the historian is disclosed. "History is not only a science," says Mr. Lilly, "it is also an art. To be a great

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Lates Designs — — — Good Workmanship

historian one must also be a great artist. That incommunicable attribute of genius, creative or poetic power, is necessary to anyone who would make the past live before us." Mr. Lilly's paper will repay careful attention. The history of the past must always exercise a noticeable influence on life in the present, and, if only for that reason, historical study is all important. Mr. W. H. Mallock criticises "The Religion of Humanity," in answer to Mr. Frederic Harrison. The Rev. Anthony C. Deane writes on "The Religion of the Undergraduate" "Easy-going agnosticism is the average undergraduate's creed," states Mr. Deane, and then considers the reasons for this, as found in the universities themselves. J. Gennadius, in a lengthy paper, discusses the proper pronunciation of Greek. Other contributors to this month's Nineteenth Century are W. L. Clowes, J. T. Bent, C. Kernahan, Lord Brassey, and Lord Playfair.

The Educational Review presents, as its first article in the October issue, an address delivered in July by James H. Baker before the National Educational Association at Denver. "We estimate a man's worth by his intellectual grasp, his æsthetic and ethical insight, and his power for action towards right and useful ends," says Mr. Baker. "If these characteristics make the ideal man they should be the ideal aim of education, and a study is to be valued as it best contributes toward developing them." These are the opening words and the keynote of the address, in which Mr. Baker gives his opinion as to the comparative values of different lines of study. Geo. T. Ladd, the eminent Professor of Philosophy in Yale University, contributes a thoughtful and instructive address on the essentials of a modern liberal education, pointing out that, although the curricula of educational institutions widely differ in regard to the studies necessary for a liberal education, yet all are practically "agreed as to the validity of a distinction between essentials and non-essentials." Mr. Ladd claims that the essentials are three groups of subjects, namely, language and literature, mathematics and natural science, and the soul of man, including products of his reflective thinking. There is an interesting paper by James L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools in Toronto, on the educational theories of Froebel and Herbart, in which the two systems are carefully compared. Wilbur S. Jackman writes concerning representative expression in nature-study. Walter Channing deals with the necessity and importance of physical training in childhood, drawing attention to the fact that the importance of this is not yet sufficiently recognized. The mental growth depends on the physical to a great extent, and the dependence of mental development on physical training is most clearly seen in the case of an idiot. "Approach the mind through the hand," says Mr. Channing, "and wait patiently for results which will pretty surely follow." Discussions, reviews of recent works, and editorials make up the balance of the October number.

Poet-Lore for October contains several entertaining and instructive articles, notably one on the critical work of Margaret Fuller, written by Carolyn B. La Monte. William G. Kingsland writes regarding the Poet-Socialist, William Morris. Mr. Kingsland says of him: "Supreme in our England of today as a poet, Mr. William Morris has likewise proved himself to be supreme as a worker; although he is artist and teacher, he is none the less a veritable doer and worker." Mr. Kingsland quotes extensively from letters on socialism written by the poet, in which he explains his views of the foundation and aims of socialism. Ella Adams Moore contributes a paper on "Moral Proportion and Fatalism in King Lear." There is a very pretty little story by Grace L. Cook, "Charles Pelham, Sportsman; His Holiday"; and H. E. Franklin treats fully of the blank verse in Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." Other papers in this number of Poet-Lore are: "A Summer with George Meredith," by Edith L. Menefee; "Do Women Possess any Dramatic Ability?" in which woman as a dramatic writer is discussed; "The Modernism of Hafiz," and "Longfellow's Hiawatha," an article well worth perusal.

The October Contemporary Review is a good number. In "The Japanese Constitu-

tional Crisis," the political debates in Parliament are summarized. Professor Sayce calls recent archaeological discoveries to witness that, in opposition to "higher criticism," the art of writing was known in the days of Moses, and that one alleged impossibility of his having been the author of the Books of Moses is refuted. The Rev. Dr. T. M. Lindsay deals with "The Unity of the Church in Modern Times," and the Rev. H. R. Haweis writes concerning "The New Clergy." The Rev. W. Bonar, in comments on India, notices the lack of sympathy between the ruling classes and the natives, a lack which is hurtful both to the governors and the governed. Papers are also contributed by Miss Julia Wedgwood, Lieut. C. H. Knolly and the Countess Cesaresco.

Macmillan's Magazine for October contains, among other instructive articles, a well considered paper on "The Ethics of Translation," the writer trying to show how necessary it is for a translator to take into consideration the personal opinions and the environment of the author with whom he is dealing. A merely literal translation is worth nothing from a literary standpoint. Splendid historical reading is to be found in a paper on the career of Alexander Hamilton, the real author of the Constitution of the United States. There is also a short, but comprehensive resume of the causes which led to the occupation of Italy, evidently written in consideration of the recent celebration in Rome.

Temple Bar has an interesting description by Mr. Harrison Barker, of the Finistere coast, and of the fortifications that defend Brest. Miss Broughton's "Scylla or Charybdis" is continued, there is a story "A Madonna of a Day," and several other sketches of interest, which provide for the fiction in this month's issue. The identity of Don Quixote and of other characters in that wonderful romance, with several personal acquaintances of Cervantes is traced by another writer in Temple Bar. There are also numerous sketches and anecdotes of well-known musical and literary celebrities, among which a brief memoir of Hiller will be found.

Blackwood's for October comments through a special correspondent, on the battle of the Yalu, describing the ruinous condition of the Chinese ships, and the inefficiency and ignorance of their commanders. Mr. W. B. Harris gives an "Unbiased View of the Armenian Question," by no means favourable to the Armenians. Sir H. Maxwell contributes a paper on English trout-fishing, which is full of interest and instruction to anglers. Mr. T. R. Stebbings' article on "Luminous Animals" is full of curious information, and makes entertaining reading.

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Literary Notes.

It is said that Mr. Hall Caine will receive \$15,000 for the serial rights, English and American, of his new novel.

During the coming year St. Nicholas will print a series of letters written by Robert Louis Stevenson, to a boy relative, describing the romantic incidents of his life in Samoa.

Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. are publishing immediately "St. Paul: His Life and Epistles," in two volumes, by the Rev. Dr. Geikie, forming volumes two and three of "New Testament Hours."

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press a new illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," and a war story for boys, "The Blue Balloon: A tale of Shenandoah Valley," by Reginald Horsley.

Of the many visitors during the past twelve months to Arch House, Ecclefechan, the birthplace of Carlyle, it is a significant fact that comparatively few Scotchmen were among the number, most of the visitors being from the midlands and south of England. None of the Carlyle relics have been removed from the house in Ecclefechan.

Friends of the University Extension Movement will be glad to hear that the first number of a Journal, issued under the official sanction of the Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Victoria "Extension Authorities," and therefore "standing for the unity of the whole movement," appears this month, with the name of A. Constable & Co. as publishers. The price is threepence.

* * *
 St. Vitus Dance.

A MALADY THAT HAS LONG BAFLED MEDICAL SKILL.

A Speedy Cure for the Trouble at Last Discovered—The Particulars of the Cure of a Little Girl Who was a Severe Sufferer. From the Ottawa Journal.

In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulborn township, Carleton Co., lives Mr. Thomas Bradley, one of Goulborn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Bradley's family is a bright little daughter, 8 years of age, who had been a severe sufferer from St. Vitus dance, and who had been treated by physicians without any beneficial results. Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a correspondent of the Journal



"Now Entirely Free From Disease."

called at the family residence for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, and found the little girl a picture of brightness and good health. Mrs. Faulkner, a sister of the little one, gave the following information: "About eighteen months ago Alvira was attacked by that terrible malady, St. Vitus dance, and became so bad that we called in two doctors, who held out no hope to us of her ultimate cure, and she was so badly affected with the 'dance' as to require almost constant watching. About this time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement. After using six boxes more she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can



Saved His Life

—by a fortunate discovery in the nick of time. Hundreds of persons suffering from consumption have had the progress of the disease stopped, and have been brought back to life and health by the "Golden Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce.

Years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, now chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., recognizing the fact that consumption was essentially a germ disease, and that a remedy which would drive the germs and their poisons from the blood would cure consumption, at last found a medicine which cured 98 per cent. of all cases, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease.

The tissues of the lungs being irritated by the germs and poisons in the blood circulating through them, the germs find lodgment there, and the lungs begin to break down. Soon the general health begins to fail, and the person feels languid, weak, faint, drowsy and confused.

This is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; it drives the germs and poisons from the blood, and has a soothing effect upon the dry cough. In cases of bronchitis the "Discovery" is invaluable.

"Golden Medical Discovery" increases the amount and quality of the blood, thus invigorating and fortifying the system against disease and builds up wholesome flesh and strength after wasting diseases, as fevers, pneumonia, grip and other debilitating affections.

JNO. M. HITE, of Audubon, Audubon Co., Ia., says: "I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and chest, and I suffered intensely with it. I tried several of our best physicians here and they gave up all hopes of my recovery, and thought I would have to die. I would cough and spit blood for hours, and I was pale and weak. I was greatly discouraged when I began the use of the 'Discovery,' but I soon got better. It has been five years since I took it and have had no return of that trouble since."



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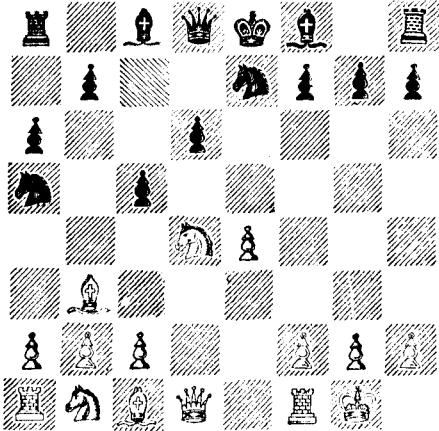
Chess Corner.

ECHOES FROM HASTINGS.

Game 712 shows the G. O. M., of chess, losing,—

JANOWSKI.	STEINITZ	White	1 lack.
1 P K4	P K4	WE	ew,
2 Kt KB3	Kt QB3	77P	2m,
3 B Kt5	P QR3	66t	aj.
4 B R4	P Q3	tA	dn,
5 Castles.	KKt K2	5577	7e,
	5... inferior to Kt KB3!!		
6 B Kt3	Kt R4	ak	ms,
7 P Q4	P xP	VD	wD,
8 Kt xP	P QB4	PD	en,
	8... weakens QB after gaining P		

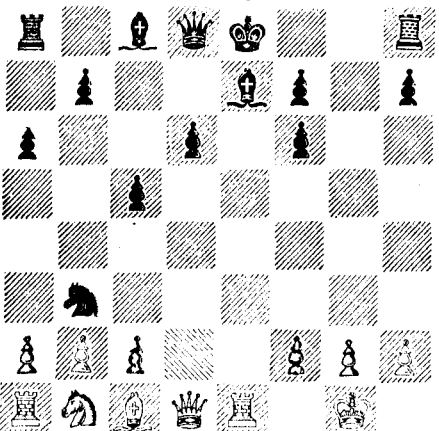
(r1bqkblr, 1p2pppp, p2p4, n1p5.



3NP3, 1B6, PPP2PPP, RNBQ1RK1

9 Kt B5	Kt xKt	Dx	ex,
	9... prevents 10 Kt xQ P ch.		
10 P xKt	Kt xB	Ex	sK,
	10... P B5, then 11Q K2 ch		
11 R K1 ch	B K2	6655 t	6e,
	12 best method of sacrifice.		
12 PB6	P xP	xP	gp,
	12... KtxR, 13 RxB ch, KxR, 14 QR5, BK3, 15 BR6		

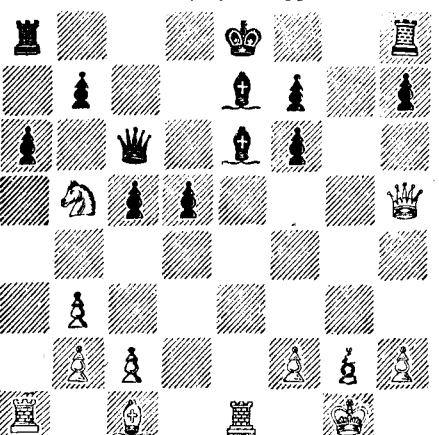
(r1bqk2r, 1p2bp1p, p2p1p2, 2p5.



8, In6, PPP2PPP, RNBQR1K1)

13 RP xKt	P Q4	SK	nv ?
	13... B K3 should win.		
	14 to prevent 14... B K3		
14 Q R5	Q Q3	44z	4n,
15 Kt B3	BK3	22M	3o,
	16 very fine play this		
16 Kt Kt5	Q B3	Mt	nm,

(r3k2r, 1p2bp1p, p1q1bp2, 1Npp3Q



8, 1P6, 1PP2PPP, R1B1R1K1)

Don't Miss the November Number.

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THE PROGRAM FOR '96.

Letters to a Boy, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
Delightful letters written by Mr. Stevenson to a boy and to other young friends, graphically describing incidents in his own life at Samoa. Fully illustrated.

Rudyard Kipling, James Whitcomb Riley,
whose first Jungle Stories were in the Hoosier poet, has one of his first ST. NICHOLAS, will write for it in '96. nest poems in the Christmas number.

SERIAL STORIES
will include: "The Swordmaker's Son," a story of boy-life at the time of the founding of Christianity, by W. O. Stoddard; "The Prize Cup," one of J. T. Trowbridge's best stories; "Sindbad, Smith & Co.," a remarkable adaptation of The Arabian Nights,—the story of Sindbad, the Sailor, in partnership with an American boy; a serial for girls, by Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, John Burroughs, George Parsons Latrop, Tudor Jenks, Noah Brooks, and Laurence Hutton
are among the other well-known writers whose work will appear. Noah Brooks tells the romantic history of Marco Polo. "Talks with Children about Themselves" will be a feature of the year, and stories of the navy are to be contributed by Ensign Ellicott and other naval officers.

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17 R xB	Q xKt	55o	mt,
18 B R6	K Q1	33r	54,
	18... otherwise 19 QR K1 wins R.		
19 QxBP	R K1	zf	85
20 QR K1	Q Q2	1155	td.
	20... shortest road, probably.		
21 B Kt7	R QB1	rg	13,
22 B xP	B xB	gp	ep,
23 Q x B ch	Kt B2	fp †	4c,
	24 the finish of a perfect gem.		
24 Q K5 ch	resigns	pw †	ill.

(2r1r3, 1pkq3p, p3R3, 2ppQ3, 8, 1P6, 1PP2PP P, 4R1K1)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

710.—Q Kt6 good. 711.—Q Kt2
Drawer 584, Port Hope.

The Manhattan Club will have a championship tournament and the City Club is arranging for a second ticket tournament. The Metropolitan Club is also arranging a lively programme. Altogether it promises to be a big chess season.

A writer, in characterizing Lasker, said: "I don't take to Lasker. I think chess players generally do not, and hoped he would not win first prize. He is as cold and keen as a weapon: his friendship for himself is so intense and devoted as to leave little room for other friendships, and his estimate of himself is so calmly cocksure and withal so disagreeably accurate that he is not popular."

Notwithstanding their strained chess relations, Lasker and Steinitz are personally on excellent terms with each other, "greatly to the credit of both" says that writer.

Publications Received.

- Ruth Ashmore. Side Talks with Girls. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Donald G. Mitchell. English, Lands, Letters, and Kings. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Imbert de Saint-Amand. The Revolution of 1848. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Thos. Hardy. A Pair of Blue Eyes. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Capt. Marryatt. Jacob Faithful (new edition). Illustrated by H. M. Brock. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Emily Lawless. Maelcho. London: Methuen & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Tighe Hopkins. Lady Bonnie's Experiment. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. A Singular Life. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Chas. Kingsley. Westward Ho! 2 vols. (pocket edition.) New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Mrs. Hungerford. Molly Darling. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- William Chas. Scully. Kafir Stories. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Frank Stockton. Chosen Short Stories. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Cy Warman. Tales of an Engineer. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Kirk Munroe. At War with Pontiac. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Thos. Nelson Page. Unc. Edinburg. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Chas. A. Stoddart. Cruising Among the Caribbees. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Mary L. B. Branch. The Kanter Girls. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- F. Marion Crawford. Constantinople. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Robert Grant. A Bachelor's Christmas and other stories. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- G. A. Henty. Through Russian Snows. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- G. A. Henty. A Knight of the White Cross. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- G. A. Henty. The Tiger of Mysore. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Thos. Wardlaw Taylor, Jr., M.A. The Individual and the State. Boston: Ginn & Company.
- Geo. John Romanes. Darwin and After Darwin. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

THE DIMPLE CHEEKED VILLAGE MAID

may not retain her dimples and rosy cheeks "blooming with health," until she finds a good husband. A little neglect or accident may bring about some one of the many "female" diseases and "weaknesses," to which the sex is subject, and health may be forever impair-

ed, and hopes and happiness be at an end. Thanks to Dr. Pierce, his Favorite Prescription, prepared by him for women, cures the worst cases of uterine diseases, nervousness, neuralgia, irregularities, and "weaknesses." It is a great invigorating tonic and nerve, and rapidly builds up the health and strength.

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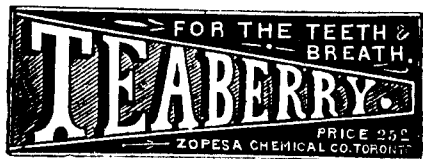
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N.B.—Advice gratis at the above address, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

Timely Warning.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
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The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.
Slocum's EMULSION is for sale by all reliable Chemists.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York St. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.
A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.
Octavius Newcombe & Co. Wareroom, 107-9 Church St. Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuators, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
- Stocks & Bonds** { Emilius Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.
H. O'Hara & Co. Member Toronto Stock Exchange. Stock & Debenture Brokers, 24 Toronto St.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.
- Undertakers** { T. W. Kay & A. M. Craig. Embalming a specialty. 1265 and 529 Queen Street West.

THE WEEK

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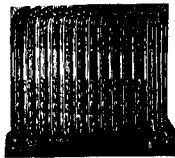
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