

THE WEEK

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

Both the Dominion Government and the country are to be congratulated upon the fact that the former has at length taken steps to recover by legal process the sum of which the Treasury was defrauded by means of the falsified pay-lists used by the Montreal bridge contractor, with the connivance of various officials in connection with the building of that bridge. It is true that the Government has not hitherto been very successful in its attempts to recover for the public the large sums lost, or believed to have been lost, through the dishonesty of contractors and other officials, high and low. The injury done to the country by such corrupt and fraudulent transactions is by no means measured by

the actual pecuniary loss to the country, considerable though that has been. In filching the money of the Dominion, the dishonest persons have also done much to take from it its good name. When we review the fraud and corruption which have been brought to light during the last few years, in connection with the Public Works and other departments of the Federal Government, it is impossible to believe that such a state of things as that revealed has been of brief or sudden growth. Even dishonest contractors and officials do not become so bold, or play successfully for such high stakes, all at once. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the discoveries made by any means cover the whole area of corrupt practices under the shadow of the public departments. Sir John Thompson at one time gave great reason to hope that he would prove himself the fearless, impartial and indefatigable purifier of political and departmental life. Many who thus hoped have since had their confidence seriously shaken by events which we need not now recapitulate. It may not yet be too late. The eyes of the country are upon him and his administration. Party loyalty is, in many minds, giving way to a broader patriotism and a truer sense of public duty. He has still an opportunity to win for himself lasting honor and the country's gratitude as the purifier of Canadian politics, and public life.

The dishonourable methods that were resorted to by a large number of Irish patriots of another party to gain admission to Mr. Blake's meeting in New York, coupled with the dastardly attempt to break up that meeting, illustrate the peculiar, if not fatal, weakness of that mercurial and quarrelsome race. It has long since been pretty evident in Ireland that the most potent influence now working to make Home Rule impossible, is that of the dissensions among the Irish themselves. Even the warmest friends of the people and of the movement must admit that the struggle between the Parnellites and the Anti-Parnellites, is going very far towards defeating the very object for which both parties claim to be unselfishly working. If one is disposed to make a still wider deduction, and conclude from such violent faction quarrels that the Irish race are themselves constitutionally unfitted for self-government, there is much in the history of Irish national movements to support such an inference. It is only when one turns to the history of Irishmen abroad that he is reminded that some of the greatest names in the list of

statesmen and rulers in Great Britain, in the colonies, and in other lands, are those of Irishmen. He may even turn to Edward Blake himself and ask what race in Canada or elsewhere can produce a better specimen of a broad-minded, self-poised, incorruptible man, in public or private life. It is undeniable that there are several men of a somewhat similar stamp among the present leaders of the Irish contingent in the British Commons. But great leaders cannot of themselves ensure successful government. The qualities which make successful and prosperous self-ruling nations, whether absolutely independent or constituent parts of larger empires, must exist in the people as well as in the leaders. Whether these qualities are to be found in the rank and file of the people of Ireland, at the present time, remains to be proved. To account historically for any deterioration which may have taken place, would no change the existing fact.

The attention of the English people and their newspapers have been of late so much taken up with the more imposing struggles and changes, past and prospective, going on on the public and parliamentary stages that they seem to have lost sight, in a large measure, of a most important and radical change to be introduced within a very few weeks in every considerable village and rural parish in England. We refer to the Parish Councils Act. It is astonishing to note how quietly the people are awaiting the coming into operation of a measure which, as a member of Parliament from one of the rural constituencies observed in a recent speech, is one of the greatest which have been passed during the century, as regards the influence it is likely to have in coming years on the lives of the English people. The aim of the measure is, as the same speaker observed, to bring self-government home to every cottage door, to make of the government of every village a little commonwealth. The working of municipal self-government is so familiar to all Canadians that they may find it difficult to realize how radical the change must be to the inhabitants of an English village. Hitherto "their rural villages have been governed from the point of view of the mansion, parsonage and farmhouse, rather than from the point of view of the cottage." Henceforth all that is to be changed. Under the new system, the Squire, who may own the whole village, will have but one vote, just as each cottager will have one vote, in the election of the little parlia-

ment which is to govern the municipality. As the voting is to be done by ballot, the cottager's vote will weigh just as much as the Squire's or the parson's. It would occupy too much space were we to attempt to outline the provisions of the Act in detail. How thorough-going it is may be inferred from its provisions in relation to the all-important land-question. The Act aims to open the land to the people. The Parish Council is to be empowered to hire or to buy land, by compulsion if necessary, to underlet. Unhappily this unheard-of opportunity for the industrious labourer to get possession of a few acres to cultivate on his own account, comes at a time of great agricultural depression. Many of those who have land can no longer work it at a profit. Under such circumstances it would probably be vain to expect so much as we might otherwise do from this great innovation, yet even this unfortunate fact may conduce to the easy introduction of the great changes provided for in the Act.

Another change, scarcely less radical in character, though affecting only a limited territory, is that which is recommended in the report, made public only two or three weeks since, of the Royal Commission appointed to consider the conditions under which the amalgamation of the various parts of the little world of London might be effected. The report is said to be very elaborate in its details, but its main outlines are easily understood. One of the most difficult questions was what is to be done with that which is now the city proper, as distinguished from the rest of London, and which has long concentrated in itself great privileges and immunities not shared by other parts of the metropolis. Under the proposed scheme, what is now known as the County of London is to become the City, while what is now "the City" will become "the Old City." The central governing body is to be a Council, elected in the same way as the present County Council, but the Old City is, in view of its special position and prestige, to have double representation in the Council. A Lord Mayor, elected by the Council, is to be its chairman, and is to enjoy all the rights, offices, dignities and privileges now appertaining to that dignitary. The areas outside of the existing county, or the metropolis that is to be, are to be developed into municipalities, to the number of nineteen to commence with, each with its own mayor and corporation. What will be the relation of these local municipalities to the metropolitan Council is not made clear in the summary before us. The whole scheme, like that of the County Councils now established, and the Parish Councils shortly to be in operation, affords an illustration of the working of the powerful influences which are ever pressing in the direction of change, in the Motherland. The old is everywhere giving place to the new, whether for better or for worse the future only can determine.

Those who are accustomed to sneer at Irish patriotism have, it must be admitted, abundant material in the squabbles which are constantly taking place among the leading Irish patriots, both in Ireland and in America. But it will be hard for them to explain, on other grounds than pure love of country, the sacrifices which are being made from time to time on behalf of the Irish cause, or what they deem to be such, by such men as Edward Blake. With a certain class of minds, it might be possible to regard the honor of a seat in the British Parliament as an equivalent for the sacrifices which are involved in the surrender of large emoluments, with a position either of political leadership or of a high professional distinction in Canada, for the the turmoil and bitterness of party strife in Ireland. But it will be hard for even the most unfriendly critic to account on any such grounds for the crusade which Mr. Blake is just now carrying on in the United States for the furtherance of Home Rule for Ireland. In itself, the mission must be peculiarly distasteful, so far, at least, as its financial objects are concerned, to a man of Mr. Blake's mental and moral temperament. It is well known to many of his friends that one prime cause of his comparative lack of success in the leadership of the Liberal Opposition in Canada, if not of his retirement from that position, was the necessity involved of soliciting funds from the adherents of the Party for the legitimate and absolutely necessary purposes of a political campaign. Though he did, on one or two occasions, so far yield to the pressure of circumstances as to engage in money raising, the thing was utterly distasteful to him, and he finally declared with emphasis that he would do so no more, and unless the Party could supply the funds necessary for carrying on a vigorous campaign, without his personal solicitation, the campaign could not be carried on under his leadership.

Many of our readers will remember the somewhat surprising injunction issued by a Judge Jenkins, in the United States, last December, restraining the employees of the Northern Pacific Railroad, then in the hands of a receiver, from quitting their employment. Judge Jenkins laid it down as a fundamental principle that employees must be restrained from "combining and conspiring to quit, with or without notice, the service of said receiver with the object and intent of crippling the property in their custody or embarrassing the operation of said railroad." We think we commented at the time on the peculiarly unfair position in which this decision, if confirmed, would place the railroad and other employees, for the principle, if sound, was evidently capable of indefinite extension. It would wrench from them their only effective weapon and place them completely at the mercy of corporations whose power of combined

action was placed under no such limitation. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that Judge Harlan, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, on the appeal taken by Arthur and others, representing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, dissents broadly from Judge Jenkin's fundamental proposition. Judge Harlan points out that Judge Jenkin's injunction is equivalent to a command by the court that the employees should remain in the active service of their employers, and must perform their duties "until they could withdraw without crippling the property or preventing the operation of the road." In other words, it claims for the court the right "to prevent an individual from quitting the personal service of another."

"It would," he says, "be an invasion of one's natural liberty to compel him to work or to remain in the personal service of another. One who is placed under such a restraint is in a condition of involuntary servitude—a condition which the Supreme Court of the United States declares shall not exist. The rule, we think, is without exception, that equity will not compel the actual affirmative performance by an employee of merely personal services any more than it will compel an employer to retain in his personal service one who, for no matter what cause, is not acceptable to him for services of that character."

CHILD-SAVING.

To save the children is to save the nation. There is no sounder political economy than that which finds expression in the Children's Act which was recently passed by the Ontario Legislature, at the instance of Hon. Mr. Gibson. There is no wiser philanthropy than that which brought together a large number of the friends of children in this city, on Friday and Saturday of last week, to discuss the workings of that act, and agree upon measures for the better accomplishment of the purpose for which it has been placed on the statute book.

It may be said with confidence at the outset that the State, with its official machinery, cannot, single-handed, do the work of child-saving which is so greatly needed in every civilized state. It is one of the most pleasing, as well as one of the most hopeful, facts in the history of the Ontario Act that it was framed and passed largely at the instance of those who had gained their knowledge of the necessity for such an Act, and the shape it should take, by experience in the work of child-saving by voluntary effort, and that, instead of taking the work out of the hands of the voluntary organizations, the Act aims at utilizing to the utmost the agency of all such workers. Its main purpose is, in fact, to remove obstacles, otherwise insurmountable, out of the way of the voluntary agencies, and to aid in making their efforts more effective. Chief among the obstacles referred to is the excessive, not to say absurd, regard which has hitherto been paid to what are sentimentally

supposed to be the rights of parents in respect to their children. People seem just now to be coming to see that while it is a sacred and inalienable right of a parent to train and educate his child, so long as he is able and willing to discharge that duty faithfully, neglect or inability to do the duty cancels the right, and imposes a counter right upon the state to take the matter out of his hands and have the work done for him. This right of the state is the logical outcome of its duty to the society which constitutes it—that is, to its citizens as a whole. It is the paramount duty of self-preservation and self-elevation. Incalculable injury has, we hold, been done to society in consequence of the tendency of both individuals and the state to carry to an extreme the doctrine of the parental rights. No parent has a right to neglect or ill-treat his or her children, or, it should be unnecessary to add, to train them, or suffer them to be trained, in such a way as tends to make them vicious or criminal members of the commonwealth.

As a corollary from these almost self-evident propositions, it follows that the moment it can be clearly established that, whether through the fault, the neglect, the misfortune, or the death of the parents, or those who have stood in the place of parents, a given child is found to be growing up under vicious or criminal influences, that moment it becomes not only the right but the sacred duty of the state to step in, take the place of the natural guardians, and see to it that the child is removed from such influences and placed under other influences favourable to the development of right character and good citizenship. This it should be bound to do, not as a matter of charity or philanthropy, but as a thing indispensable to the civil and social well-being of the state. Why should it be deemed a greater invasion of the parental sphere to place the child where it may learn to do right than to punish it when it has done wrong. Several of the delegates at the Conference were, we notice, very solicitous lest the parents should take advantage of the work of the child-saving agencies to shift upon them, or upon the community, their own obligations. The law can hardly be made too rigid in its provision for compelling negligent parents to contribute to the full extent of their ability for the support of their children. But it should never be forgotten that it is far better for the community and the nation that a dozen parents should succeed in shirking their natural obligations than that one of their children should be permitted to grow up to become like those parents in worthlessness, vice, or criminality. The end is self-preservation, by cutting off the sources of supply of bad citizens. That end is paramount.

Many of the speakers at the Conference seem to have an astonishing faith in the efficacy of corporal punishment. As a deterrent from the repetition of certain offences easy of detection, there is no doubt

that this treatment is often effective. But the only permanent safeguard of society is the reformation of the culprit, and reformation, or a permanent change of character and habit, is very rarely if ever effected by a single act of punishment. It requires change of environment and time. If the sole choice were, as some seemed to assume, between whipping and imprisonment with hardened criminals, we should say by all means administer the whipping as the lesser evil. But from the moral point of view great care, at least, would be necessary to prevent the punishment assuming so vindictive a form as would tend to create in the young mind the notion that society was an enemy to be hated and, whenever possible, taken revenge upon. Then, again, as all were rightly agreed that the corporal punishment so much approved should be inflicted only by the officers of the state, it should not be forgotten that such power is to be entrusted to the hands of state officials with the greatest caution, and under the most effective safeguards against abuse. The cruelties which are from time to time brought to light in jails, insane asylums, etc., abundantly justify the caution.

The question between the home and the institutional methods is one which has two sides, upon both of which much may be said. Where the home is of the right kind, especially the country home, there is no other human agency to be compared with it as an agency for the training of good citizens. But all experience goes to prove that there is great danger in placing a stranger-child in the absolute power of multitudes, even of families accounted respectable. It is astonishing to what lengths human selfishness and thoughtlessness will often blind even those who mean to do right in a general way. The chief danger will, no doubt, be largely obviated in those cases in which the adoption takes place while the child is of tender years. Those who adopt children at such ages will generally do so from better than purely selfish motives of the lowest order. In all cases of apprenticeship a vigilant visiting committee should always be regarded as an absolute necessity.

An important phase of the subject is that which presents itself in connection with the question of hereditary taint. We have long been of the opinion that the tendency of the day is to overestimate the influence of heredity, as opposed to that of environment, in determining character. It is encouraging to find a practical observer, such as Inspector Stark, agreeing with this hopeful view.

Many species of bacteria are capable of doubling their number every hour. In this case, in the short space of 24 hours a single bacterium would increase to a number but little short of 17,000,000—to be exact, in 48 hours the offspring of this minute germ—which is not more than 1.15,000 of an inch in length—have increased to the surprising number of 281,500,000,000, their bulk being sufficient to fill a pint measure. —*Inventive Age.*

THE ATTITUDE TOWARDS RATIONALISM.

That the present age is more rationalistic than the age which has just passed is no doubt true, but there have been times when dependence on reason and its criteria was more characteristic of the world's thought than is the case at present. The earlier periods of rationalism, as far as the tendency was popular and not confined to the savants of the times, were largely due to moral causes; for people became corrupted in heart and life, and, then, thrusting aside the supernatural, looked for the foundations of life and belief elsewhere. Now the case is different, in degree at least. There is still a widespread rationalism which rests on a wrong state of the heart; but one must also recognize intellectual causes as very much more generally operative than was the case in some former times.

The masses of men think more than they did generations ago, and, in their thinking, test beliefs which were formerly unchallenged. This modern challenge to dogmas, venerable with age and historic tradition, results in an opinion which is emphatically that of the individual, judging according to his own methods and the evidences before him. But is this rationalism in the accepted sense of the term? Not exactly; it is only the broad tendency among modern men which often brings, as its accompaniment, that abuse of man's position now designated by the name of rationalism. The latter in practice, and this is all we are concerned to examine, exalts the individual thinker over the million thinkers of the past, whose life and testimony are an essential element in the fabric of history. It makes "I think" more potent for conviction than "the fact is," and constitutes the thought of the subject a creator rather than an interpreter and herald of nature, the Supernatural and God. The root error of all rationalism in common thinking, philosophy, criticism, or theology lies in the confidence of the thinker, philosopher, critic or theologian in his ability to explain things which present themselves to him, choosing only such aids as he prefers to employ.

My own province is properly that of theology, and, in that sphere, especially the department of Old Testament literature and criticism. And within that relatively narrow, and yet, in itself, far extending field, there are some questions which may well be asked of these rationalistic authorities who have seemed to desecrate the holy faith of past Christian ages. Remembering the conclusions of the Higher Criticism, we may well ask, for instance, in regard to the books of Pentateuch, if the linguistic tests now so productive of destructive results in that direction could not have been better and more surely applied by the makers of our tradition regarding the canon than by modern critics. We would be disposed to enquire, also, if the testimony of witnesses should ever be displaced by that of critics; and if there can ever be the same assured faith in the personal views of later investigators as can be reposed in the testimony of those who speak to us in the tradition regarding the Old Testament. And, further—and this is the crucial position to which I for one hold firmly—whether we are not under moral obligation to hold to the views received from our fathers, despite all critical judgments to the contrary until the external evidences supporting them are rebutted and

overthrown, not by opinions of moderns, but by contrary voices from the ages in which our own evidences were accumulating. It is replied "this is a very antiquated position." It is not antiquated, though it is allowed to be conservative. But, though such, and though taken in the midst of the very furnace where destructive views are forged, it is held with a very sober belief that, though old, it is sounder than the principle which governs later criticism.

It would be wrong to deny all good to rationalism in whatever direction it may operate. It has had generally a good motive—a thirst for a better understanding of things. I question very much the soundness of the view that there are mysteries into which we are forbidden to peer, and do not believe that the Creator has put a formal prohibition upon the intellect so that it may not enter any of the accessible fields of knowledge. The finiteness of the human mind is the only insurmountable limitation which it knows. All the Divine lets and hindrances are moral in their purpose, and if a man have a right heart, there is before his intellect the expanse of the Infinite and all within it which he, if he wishes, may seek to apprehend. Without this right heart, a man has no permission to know anything. We put restrictions upon the knowledge of children for good and wise reasons—moral reasons in this case, too, and such as do not deny their right to know, if they were only able to take the full responsibility of the knowledge. This responsibility a man is able to take, and thus the general motive of rationalism accords with that high prerogative of reason which allows it to open every door of investigation and explore every dark cavern of mystery.

As to the method of the system, we, in criticising the exaltations of the individual thinker, have already passed the most important judgment which we would pass. Still, we may find in the method, also, something of good which is beyond all price. Great stress is laid by rationalists upon the duty of men to think for themselves; and, in order to think well and truly, they say with admirable earnestness that mental discipline and expansion, together with as full an equipment of knowledge as is obtainable, should be secured. This is right; no duty is more imperative than that of judging things for ourselves. It may be practically impossible to examine the bases of all our beliefs, but the obligation to do so should be acknowledged as far as our opportunity extends, and should be felt especially in relation to beliefs on which depend great moral issues. To look at some of these beliefs; it would appear to be dishonoring to the Creator for me to believe in Him, and yet to neglect opportunities of examining the evidences for my belief. The belief in immortality, the resurrection of the body, and many other doctrines of the Christian system, is sometimes made to depend upon religious teachers or theological text books. But it is surely the responsibility of every believer in these holy mysteries to examine their evidences in and outside of the Bible, and come to a conclusion for himself in regard to their sufficiency. So with the Bible itself, the evidences of its Divine authority and origin are not to be thrust aside because we have no questionings as to the Book, but rather examined that we may know whether we hold just views in relation to a volume on which we have staked so much. Of course, the beliefs untested by us, which are our heritage under the Testament of a dead

past, are priceless in their practical value, and many for themselves know them to be as true as they are priceless; but still, as opportunity is afforded, we must each try to satisfy himself that things which are so valuable are also not unreasonable.

The mistake of the rationalist is in discrediting the evidences of our beliefs by the application of tests which he has made himself. We must accept these evidences, unless we have something stronger than our own opinion to offer in their stead; and, having received them, we must then enquire if they adequately support the belief which we have held. It should be a principle with every thinker that his opinion cannot overthrow the testimony of fact or to fact which comes to us from without ourselves. It is only when there is something irrational in testimony from without that we are justified in opposing it, and, even then, suspended judgment may be in order with a view to ascertaining whether we have really obtained a proper account of the evidence in question.

But the degree to which mental culture and education are urged by rationalism belongs, also, to the consideration of its method, and points to a great and good end which the movement has accomplished. It is just as important that a man should qualify himself to form sound judgements, as that he should judge for himself, while it is eminently more moral to judge of things when qualified to do so than to judge without fitness. The student life of Germany is to a great extent the result of a rationalistic stimulus to education and mental culture in general, and is a fine compliment to this good feature of a movement which, in other ways, has borne fruit unto evil.

It is somewhat discouraging to see mental advance discounted in some quarters. There is a praiseworthy enthusiasm with all classes everywhere for popular or elementary education, but in some minds the fear lurks that higher mental development will involve heresy in relation to the cherished dogmas of science or of faith. This fear, as far as it leads to results, is unwise, for, if we shut up the avenues of knowledge, we shall leave our sons and daughters to judge of things—for judge of them in some fashion they will—without good means of so doing. Ignorance and bigotry will neither banish error nor defend the truth. Truth has its fulness and error its extinction only as knowledge grows. So we consider that a full provision for the intellectual business of human life is one of the best of blessings to the living present and one of the best legacies to the future, and, more than that, it is one of the burning obligations to our developing humanity. Only this should be remembered, that reverence for the opinions and testimony of the past, a conservative spirit in relation to the heritage into which we have come, and an unvarying humility in the holding and advancing of personal views are characteristic of any safe attitude of mind.

I touch only slightly upon some other observed results of rationalism. The movement is positive enough, notwithstanding the fact that "negative" is a name very generally applied to it by German conservative thinkers and by many others. In the realm of Old Testament literature the new critics have not only attacked and discarded the traditional view; but, as most people who read know, they have their own theories as to the composition of the Old Testament and its several parts; and these theories they support, too, by evidence of

their own choosing, while they refuse much of the testimony offered for the orthodox opinions. These new theories, having a basis in the thought of the critics, rather than one which is historical, must be insecure and variable. And, as a matter of certainty, we see that this is the case in the fact that important positions vary in the view of different critics, and also in the view of the same critic at different times. It is observed, too, that not only does the rationalistic spirit often spring from pride of intellect, but it also fosters the same evil feature. This might be the more easily tolerated were it not that this pride of intellect rules out of our thought much of the supernatural, which is ever essential to the solution of all the deep problems of life and the universe, and which is as well the true glory of all things visible and invisible. I say that rationalism rules out *much* of the supernatural; it should, perhaps, logically exclude the latter altogether, but the very arbitrariness which makes the individual thinker the sole judge as to the kinds and degrees of evidence and explanation, and, consequently, as to the quantum of the supernatural to be admitted, is at once one of the haughtiest and most dangerous aspects of the movement.

I do not think that the permanent faith of the race will favour conclusions based on any other than historic premises, and cannot believe that the dogmas of the present rationalistic movement will be doctrines in the final confession of the race. They are the temporary ebb of a rising tide setting in steadily toward a more intelligent and expanded view, the foundation of which is the indubitable testimony of a great cloud of witnesses, whose lives were spent in the atmosphere of the events, if they were not actual eyewitnesses of them.

The pressure of the Infinite and Abiding on men is so felt that the universal reign of exclusive rationalism is an impossibility. In the future, men will see more and more that God's action among them, especially for great spiritual ends, is largely above the ways and thoughts of the human sphere; and, if reported to us by good and credible authority, must be accepted as history. Everyone will admit the superiority of divine action over that which is human, and will come to see in time that the occurrence of such action is decided finally by the credibility of the evidence supporting it, rather than by its intrinsic probability or improbability from the human point of view.

WALTER M. PATTON.

Heidelberg, Germany.

MONTREAL LETTER.

The football season is in full swing and the long-haired athlete treads the green sward with the air of a gladiator, urged on to the conflict by the waving of hundreds of tiny, silk, perfumed handkerchiefs and the shouts from the throats of a thousand enthusiastic college chums. The football champion is indeed the hero of the hour.

Miss Abbott has been interesting large audiences by her exhibitions of the mysterious force with which she is possessed. Her performances are remarkable, but as that young lady does not attempt to explain them there are many who have their doubts as to their genuineness. Her answers to questions are unsatisfactory and she insists on the performers holding the various articles in her way and no other. This is apt to lead the onlooker to think that her

feats are purely mechanical and some of them can be performed by anyone with little preliminary practice. Yet there are some feats performed by this lady that can hardly be explained by the ordinary laws of mechanics and the skeptic even looks troubled when he is asked to explain them.

At the annual convention of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers, Dr. Rexford made the statement that failure to perfect oneself in any branch of learning in early life had a great effect on after studies. He claimed that not three-fourths of the candidates who presented themselves for Normal School diplomas at the last examination were able to answer one of the questions in common arithmetic although it had been on the board for three years. The proceedings were somewhat altered by an examination, in arithmetic, of the ladies sitting in the front row. It came quite unexpectedly, and the audience was much amused. It is expected that at the next convention the front row of seats will be vacant. Inspector R. J. Hewton, of Richmond, was elected president of the association for the ensuing year.

Mgr. Satolli, the papal ablegate, passed through the city last Friday *en route* for the United States on his return from Quebec. Speaking of Cardinal Taschereau, the ablegate said he had aged very greatly since he had seen him last, in 1888. Cardinal Taschereau had not been surprised at the despatches stating that the ablegate's visit was for the purpose of settling difficulties between himself and his flock, as such rumours of alleged conflicts had been periodically circulated, though the best feeling existed throughout the whole diocese. As to the rumors of his approaching appointment as a cardinal, Mgr. Satolli said that this was, no doubt, a repetition of the stereotyped rumor which has been circulated at different intervals. He had no knowledge that the red hat was on its way across the sea, and as he was the person most interested, surely he would know something about it. He expressed himself delighted at what he had heard and seen, both in Quebec and Montreal.

There is considerable talk of holding a carnival during the coming winter, and a committee has been formed to ascertain the feeling of the citizens and to see if enough money can be raised to warrant the launching of such a venture. The hotelkeepers and railway men seem to be in favour of the carnival, but the store-keepers are not so enthusiastic that they will go into their pockets to help it along. The last carnival did not do them much good, and they considered that the money given towards it was poorly invested. But the failure was due to the weather which stopped train loads of sightseers on the boundary line, and kept them there in snow banks and on short rations for two or three days. There, however, have been carnivals held in this city which were very successful from every point of view, and there is no reason why there should not be another. But times are hard and the business man moves with caution. Already some ten thousand dollars have been subscribed. The Mayor has been approached in regard to the matter and he will bring it up before the city council. The estimated cost of the ice palace is ten thousand dollars.

Local political circles were put in a flurry last week by the rumour that Sir Donald Smith would not seek re-election to

the Dominion Parliament for the western division of Montreal after the expiration of the present term, and almost concurrent with this was the rumour that Alderman Costigan had an eye to the Conservative nomination for the said division. It seems that the first rumour is not without foundation, but Mr. Costigan denies that he has done anything to warrant the latter one, and he names other gentlemen whom he thinks more likely and more capable to be the party standard bearer in the western division. Some of the leading members of the party organizations, in case of Mr. Smith's retirement, favour the nomination of Lieut.-Col. Henshaw, the president of the Junior Conservative Club. This gentleman is very popular and has the capabilities of making a good representative, not only of the party, but of the whole division.

Judge Dugas expressed his views on the detective force and the city's crime before the special police investigation committee last Wednesday. He had no hesitation in saying that the Montreal detective force was many years behind the times. It lacks system and ability, the average detective knowing nothing of the modern means of detecting crime, especially the science of identification which is so completely carried out in other countries, particularly in France. The headquarters lack proper accommodation. There is too much jealousy among the men and through it criminals are allowed to escape. Cases are never followed up; the detective soon gets tired and picks up new cases before finishing the old. There might be better men and their might be better pay. There was the matter of disguise, so vital in the pursuit of criminals; the detectives know nothing about it. The detectives were all well known to the criminals, who had no trouble in keeping out of the way. There should be a new system of instruction suited to the larger requirements of Montreal. The judge favours the regulation of the social vice. He would not license it, but he would have the disreputable places always under surveillance. Efforts should be made to rescue girls that have fallen for the first time, but should their efforts fail then to place them in a certain class and keep them there. This regulation would be in the interests of society. Judge Dugas was the only witness examined during that session. Chief Detective Cullen, put on the stand the day following, was forced to admit a great many things which prove conclusively that there is no such thing as system in the detective force.

A. J. F.

A PAGE FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

ON AN OLD VENETIAN PORTRAIT.

The features loom out of the darkness
As brown as an ancient scroll,
But the eyes gleam on with the fire that shone
In the dead man's living soul.

He is clad in a Cardinal's mantle,
And he wears the cap of state,
But his lip is curled in a sneer at the world,
And his glance is full of hate.

Old age has just touched with its winter
The hair on his lip and chin,
He stooped, no doubt, as he walked about,
And the blood in his veins was thin.

His date and his title I know not,
But I know that the man is there
As cruel and cold as in days of old
When he schemed for the Pontiff's chair.

He never could get into heaven,
Though his lands were all given to pay
For prayers to be said on behalf of the dead
From now till the judgment day.

His palace, his statues and pictures
Were heaven, at least for a time;
And now he is "where?" Why, an ornament
there
On my wall, and I think him sublime!

For the gold of another sunset
Falls over him even now,
And it deepens the red of the cap on his head,
And it brings out the line on his brow.

The ages have died into silence,
And men have forgotten his tomb,
But he still sits there in his cardinal's chair
And he watches me now in the gloom.

ANDANTE.

The days and weeks are going, love,
The years roll on apace,
And the hand of time is showing, love,
In the care-lines on thy face.

But the tie that bound our hearts, love,
In the morning's golden haze,
Is a tie that never parts, love,
With the passing of the days.

For, though Death's arm be strong, love,
Our love its light will shed,
And like a glorious song, love,
Will live when Death is dead.

THE CRIPPLE.

I met once in a country lane
A little cripple pale and thin,
Who from my presence sought again,
The shadows she had hidden in.

Her wasted cheeks the sunset skies
Had hallowed with their fading glow,
And in her large and lustrous eyes
There dwelt a child's unuttered woe.

She crept into the autumn wood,
The parted bushes closed behind—
Poor little heart, I understood
The shameless shame that filled her mind.

I understood and loved her well
For one sad face I loved of yore;
And down the lane the dead leaves fell
Like dreams that pass for evermore.

IN THE CHURCH YARD.

As now my feet are straying
Where all the dead are lying,
O, trees, what are ye saying
That sets my soul a-sighing?

Your sound is as the weeping
Of one that dreads the morrow,
Or sob of sad heart sleeping
For fullness of its sorrow.

Methinks your rootlets groping
Beneath the dark earth's layers
Have found the doubt and hoping,
The blasphemies and prayers,

Of hearts that here are feeding
The worm, and now in pity
Ye storm with interceding
The floor of God's great city.

A NOCTURNE.

In the little French church at the bend of the
river,
When roaring and loud was the wind in the
night,
An altar-lamp burnt to the mighty Grace-Giver,
The Holy Child Jesus—the Light of the
Light.

It was hung on a chain from the roof and was
swinging,
As if the unseemly commotion to chide,
Like the choir-master's baton when hushing the
singing,
Or the tongue of the bell when its tollings
subsided.

It lit up the poor paper flowers on the altar,
And odd were the shadows it scattered around
On pulpit and lectern, on choir-seat and psalter,
While the chains threw the ghost of a cross on
the ground.

The people at home in their cabins were sleeping,

The Curé was tucked in his four-posted bed ;
While under the willows the river was creeping
As if silent with fear of the wind overhead.

But the little dark church had its own congregation,

The shadows that swayed on the pews and the floor,
While the rafters that creaked were a choir
whose laudation

Had an organ for base in the hurricane's roar.

The rusty gilt cock on the flèche was the preacher,

And scolding and grumpy his voice was to hear,
As he turned to the storm like some faithful
old teacher

Who prophesies hard things regardless of fear.

But the service reflected the state of the weather,

For, though each, I must say, did his part
with a will ;
The preacher and choir spoke and sang
altogether,

And the shapes on the benches would never sit still.

Yet, there was the Host in the midst of the altar,

Where that little red curtain of damask was hung,
The God whom King David has praised in the psalter,
And to whom the whole choir of the ages has sung.

But so big is the heart of our God, the Life-Giver,

That in its life's humour and pathos both meet ;
So I doubt not that night in the church by the river

The poor, old storm's service to Him sounded sweet.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Drummondville, Que.

RAMBLINGS ABOUT THE SOURCES OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FIRST EXPLORERS.

ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

It was a lovely morning when we again set out to follow the wandering French adventurers in their gallant attempt to establish a new France amid the hills and bays of Acadia. As we went on board the Nova Scotia steamer that carries passengers across the Bay of Fundy, and through the Basin of Annapolis, for the small sum of two dollars, during the season, the morning was as bright and clear as we could desire, and the sail down the harbour in the fresh sea air allowed us full opportunity to inspect all the lighthouses, fog-horn stations and queer sea-faring craft we encountered on the way. As St. John and the high bluffs which guard its harbour were gradually lost to view, and the widening river insensibly merged in the wider Bay of Fundy, the bold New Brunswick coast, stretching away to north and south of us, grew more and more indistinct, while its opposite neighbour, the coast of Nova Scotia, developed, from an undulating bank of blue cloud, into solid dark hills, in apparently unbroken rank. But, as we draw still nearer, we can discern a slight gap in the rocky rampart, just as De Monts and Poutrencourt had described it on their first exploring voyage. This is what is prosaically termed the "Digby Gut ;" otherwise, the entrance to the famous Basin of Annapolis.

The narrow pass is well guarded by dark wooded crags, with jagged, brown rocks at their base, sometimes hollowed into deep caves, into which the waves must surge and roar at high tide or in a storm. But at present they are left bare by the tide receding over the shingly beach, and the sea has been as calm as a mill-pond during all the way across. As we enter the rocky gateway, the same beautiful vista breaks on our delighted eyes that so charmed those of Marc Lescarbot on, as it happens, this same twenty-seventh day of July in the year 1604. We can easily, in imagination, roll back the three centuries that lie between ; for the grand curves of the wooded hills remain the same, and there is little change even in their aspect, save the cultivation of the lower sides of the hills and the narrow valley-ground along the shore, with here and there a sprinkling of white farm-houses along the hill-sides. Near the southern end of the lovely calm fiord lies the pretty white town of Digby, in the shelter of its almost overhanging ridge, amid its shady gardens and orchards, famous for their black cherries, now ripe. Looking up the long amphitheatre of hills from the high pier of Digby, one cannot wonder at the delight with which its tranquil beauty was described by the French voyagers. The "snowy water-falls" cannot indeed be described from the steamer, but we cannot doubt that amid the rocky recesses of the wooded hills there are many whispering cascades. As we penetrate farther in, the scenery becomes more Arcadian. The hill-side farms and the picturesque old farm-houses under their bowery orchards give the added touch of pastoral charm to the natural beauty of the scene, and we begin to realize that we are really getting into the famous valley of Annapolis, of whose "ninety miles of apple-blossoms" we have so often heard. It has already widened into a good-sized valley by the time we have reached the quaint little town of Annapolis Royal, with its river Annapolis, called by the French, the Equille, gliding peacefully out among the meadows where Lescarbot used to see the herds of moose grazing at their ease. At the pier, which is close to the railway station, where we might have taken train for Halifax, we go ashore and turn at once to the green earthworks which plainly mark the site of an old fort, and there we, in imagination, at once rebuild the imposing "habitation" of Port Royal, with its large banquetting-hall into which the Knights of Champlain's "Ordre de Bon-temps" used to carry, in procession, the daily banquet for which they had at hand so varied a *menu*. And, as we gazed down the long, blue expanse of water, glittering in the afternoon sun, and the eye rested with delight on the bold blue peaks and capes that closed in the distant view, we could easily imagine the pleasure with which such lovers of the picturesque as Poutrencourt and Champlain and Lescarbot must have revelled in its ever-changing beauty. We could recall, however, darker times in the eventful history of this interesting little settlement, when the eyes of its inhabitants anxiously searched the long stretch of sparkling waves in the hope of seeing at last the white sails that bore needed succor from France. We could imagine, too, the distress of that day of doom for Port Royal, when Samuel Argall's privateering vessel bore down on the unsuspecting and undefended post, and plundered and laid waste at his malicious pleasure, under the pretext that the French colonists, with De Monts

at their head, were trespassing on the rights of His British Majesty, having first seized the opportunity of stealing in the absence of Poutrencourt his letters of authority from the King of France.

Standing here, in the centre of so much ill-fated struggle and endeavor, there seemed to rise before us the whole tragic story of dauntless enterprise, of heroic endurance of cruel disappointment, of renewed effort, and final hopeless abandonment of a cherished design, which is but one of the various precious memories that cluster so thickly around this quiet Arcadian nook among the hills.

For Port Royal's subsequent history, almost as eventful as the first pages of the story, must not be forgotten ; and, all through it, the lights and shadows seem to alternate as swiftly as they do on these grand wooded hills on a day of conflict between clouds and sunshine. After Poutrencourt had finally abandoned the lovely spot on which he had hoped to found his New World dominion, he seems to have bequeathed his rights, such as they were, to young Charles La Tour, the hero of Fort La Tour at St. John, whose tragic fall has been already alluded to. Here this chivalrous young noble, the flower and hope of Acadia in his day, fixed his residence for some time before removing to another stronghold near Cape Sable, which he named Fort Louis. His father, who had become, under English influence, a traitor to his French master, brought out two ships containing Scottish colonists, whom he tried to settle at Port Royal, where, for ten years, they contended with the ravages of disease and the attacks of hostile Indians. The two or three survivors went over to the French, by whom another attempt was made to settle on the spot. But once more, under Cromwell's rule, an English fleet sailed up the beautiful fiord on a mission of destruction, and reduced the place to smoking ruins. Charles II. restored it to its first owners ; but, in 1600, came Sir William Phipps, who forced the old French Governor of Acadia to capitulate under honourable terms of surrender, which Sir William, unfortunately for English honour, broke, plundering the place, and making M. Meneval a prisoner of war.

A few more dark pages were still to be added to a record that strongly illustrates "man's inhumanity to man" which has so overshadowed the history of our race. A visit from two pirate vessels seems to have completed the ruin of Port Royal, after which the French seemed to have been allowed to retain what did not seem to be much worth retaining. Then came expeditions from ambitious Massachusetts, which the colonists had to resist from their own resources as well as they were able, vainly looking for help from France. But, finally, General Nicholson's well-equipped forces proved too strong for the French General Subercase, with his three hundred men, and, after a six day's siege, when town and garrison were almost reduced to starvation, Subercase was obliged to yield to superior strength, and New England finally took possession of one of the fairest posts of New France, changing the name of the place to Annapolis Royal in honour of "good Queen Anne."

But there were still loyal French in Acadia, and the old ties of friendship between them and the Indians were not to be broken by the best efforts of the English. The French, in turn, again besieged Annapolis, and did all they could to harass its

English occupants. In the Peace of 1713, Annapolis was formally ceded to Great Britain, but nearly thirty years later, the sentinel hills again echoed the cannon and musketry of another siege, by Acadians and Indians, which, however, was successfully resisted. Once, only, since then has the secluded fiord borne a sail hostile to British power, when, in 1781, while the bitter feeling of the Revolution was still at its height, two American vessels made a nocturnal descent on the place, capturing the fort long enough to spike its guns and plunder yet once more a town, which, from its secluded position, might have been supposed safe from even the rumours of the war that have so frequently harassed and destroyed it.

Now, however, save for the grass-grown earth-works, and a strongly built underground vault, doubtless a powder magazine, and a weather-worn wooden building which had once done duty as a barracks, there is nothing to suggest that the tranquil, little place had ever known the onset of war or the clash of arms. All around one sees only quiet little bowery cottages, a street or two where a little business seems to be done in a leisurely way, and white steeples rising out of the white houses, homes that nestle amid the trees. In the grass-grown street near the old fort, we encountered the primitive sight of a couple of yoke of great mild-eyed oxen, on some agricultural mission, suggesting the idea that *here*, at least, the sword has given place to the ploughshare, as we may yet hope it will do at last throughout the whole world. The little railway station, with its noisy trains, seems quite alien to the tranquil quietude of the place, and the steamer whistling at the pier for its passengers to re-embark seems like a visitor from a different sphere. But our delightful dreamy hour here is over, the vessel's steam is up, and we reluctantly bid farewell to the lovely hills and soft green meadows and still waters amid which Champlain loved to follow the chase, and Lescarbot to work in his beloved garden, and write his history, and compose his verses for the special occasions which these exiles, with their innate love of the histrionic, loved to celebrate with all the pomp they could supply. The shadow of old Memberton, the centenarian Indian convert, seems to haunt the waters over which his skilful paddle deftly guided his canoe. Canadians who visit Europe are sometimes found expatiating on the richness of historical association which casts a sort of halo about many a famous spot in older lands. Yet, in perhaps nine cases out of ten, the same people will visit Annapolis with scarcely a thought given to the multitude of tragic memories of human conflict and suffering that cluster so thickly about these green slopes, for the possession of which so many combatants have fought and for which so many gallant men laid down their lives. The apathy shown by the great mass of Canadians towards the sacred places of their own history is both an indication and a cause of the low tide of patriotic feeling among us as a people. Too much cannot be done to awake a more intelligent reverence for our historical associations, on the principle on which a wise man said, long ago, that patriotism must naturally beat more strongly on the plains of Marathon, and piety grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona. We have appreciated too little, in the past, our heritage of noble memories from the "brave days of old." Let us hope that a better and more enlightened era is approaching, when every Canadian who visits

Annapolis will have the eventful story of such a place as Port Royal stored up in his heart, to add its thrilling interest to the natural charm of the scene.

Such, at least, is the track on which our thoughts are roaming as we lose sight of the little white town set amid its bosky slopes, while the eye rests with pleasure on the fertile valley narrowing on each side as we go on, till it becomes a mere strip of level road at the foot of the sloping hills; though the farms and orchards frequently climb a good way up the green ramparts of the fiord, crested with their sturdy pine woods and graceful birches. All the intervening miles between Annapolis and Digby are a continuous feast to the eye, and, as we once more leave Digby pier, and steer our way out between the crags and hills that guard the entrance of the basin, we feel as if we had realized as never before one of the most interesting chapters of our early history and the beauty of its classic scenes. A fresh breeze is blowing as we come out again into open sea, and, after a pleasant four hours' sail, find ourselves once more in St. John harbour, approaching what now seem the familiar landmarks of the picturesque approach; while, as we look up at Fort Latour, we seem to complete the pioneer history of the spot by recalling the romantic history of this stronghold, which was founded some twenty years after Poutrincourt had abandoned Port Royal.

A century and a half elapsed before new attempts at permanent colonizations were made, this time chiefly by the English. A fishery traffic was then set up and a few rude dwellings were clustered about the eminence on which now stands Fort Howe. But it was nearly twenty years later that the real founding of St. John took place, when a large band of Loyalists, driven from New England by the animosities that succeeded the American Revolution, landed at St. John on a grey morning in May, 1783. A year later New Brunswick was separated from Acadia and constituted into a separate province. When St. John celebrated her hundredth birthday, she had no reason to be ashamed of the work of a century, even though a destructive fire had, not long before, laid almost the whole city in ashes.

Another delightful though less historical trip lay before us the next day in a charming sail up the St. John to Fredericton, with the return journey on the following day; a double trip which is made for the reasonable price of \$1.75. We sailed at nine from the dock at Indiantown, at the opposite end of the harbour, and, of course, some distance above the Falls. The bold wooded bluffs that hem in this end of the harbour extend their fine succession of natural ramparts for some distance along the course of the river as it pursues its winding way, sometimes widening out into lake-like breadth, sometimes narrowing into the dimensions of a very moderate river; now between abrupt wooded heights and amid the pastoral slopes of the "Grand Bay," and the "Long Reach," and finally amid the long lush meadows, the willows and alders and stately elms that fringe the English-looking stream as we approach the English-looking little city of Fredericton. The St. John, we are told, has been called the "Canadian Rhine," and barring the absence of the old feudal castles, one would not care to dispute its rights to the name.

One point of similarity, at least, is the custom which here prevails of embarking and disembarking passengers and goods by

means of large skiffs which push out from the villages on the shore as the steamer approaches, just as they do on the Rhine, thus saving the loss of time which ensues from making each separate landing. The boat is held firm by a long hook, while passengers and their luggage, and even large round baskets of potatoes, are deftly transferred from the small boat to the large one. This process of embarkation and disembarkation is a never-failing source of amusement to the passengers who look on from the deck above. Occasionally the green hill slopes are in many places dotted with summer residences or groups of tents, testifying to a pleasant holiday life there enjoyed. There are a fair proportion also of comfortable looking farm houses, though, in some places, the tide of civilization seems receding from the shores, which, owing to the abandonment of many farms, are already in spots reverting to a state of primitive wildness, young birch and fir and spruce quickly supplanting the meadow cleared with so much labour, while one charming rural residence was pointed out which might have been rented for the nominal sum of twenty dollars for the season.

At the village of Maugerville, half hid behind its willows, twelve miles below Fredericton, we came upon a little bit of history, as there opposite the mouth of the Oremocto, settled the first colony from Massachusetts where they built a fort for protection against Indians in 1766, and, despite a hard time at first, they succeeded in establishing themselves. As we approach the little capital of New Brunswick, we spy in the distance the little gray cathedral tower rising above its embowering elms in a way that recalls the remembrances of the church at Stratford-on-Avon or the Thames about Richmond or Twickenham. A long, handsome bridge is one of the most prominent objects as we approach, between Fredericton and its suburb of Marysville, where the busy hum of mills goes on remote enough not to disturb the tranquility of the little city in which one would be inclined to say that "it seemeth always afternoon." This impression is made even in the one or two business streets of the place, much more as we pass through others looking like shady country lanes, with pretty veranda-fronted houses, embowered in a luxurance of shade which the warmth of the day makes all the more refreshing to the eye. We followed the river up to the outskirts of the town, and watched it winding away between the purpling hills till it hid itself among their soft curves. Then we retraced our steps towards the centre of the city, enjoying a refreshing tea at the W. C. T. U. coffee-house, which is a well managed and flourishing institution, flourishing all the more evidently because of its very moderate charges. We passed along the quiet village-like street on which stands the old red brick rectory, with its old-fashioned shady garden behind, just the place to be the early home of a poet like our Roberts. The house was shut up and a disconsolate-looking cat on the steps seemed the only sign of life about it, the rector and his family being absent at their country retreat at Cardigan, as we were told by a worthy shopkeeper, to whom our poet was evidently just "Rector Roberts' son." As for Tantramar and other spots, which have become familiar to us through some of his charming poems, we could not find any one who seemed able to give us any information. Even the captain of the David Weston seemed to know nothing about Tantramar. The Parliament Buildings, in their shady square, begirt with fine elms, is an interest-

ing group of buildings, each suggesting a different epoch. There is the old, grey, steep-roofed building of colonial days, with its narrow windows, considered handsome enough, no doubt, in its time, though its time is long past. The central Parliament building, of free-stone and grey granite, its front adorned with a portico of handsomely fluted square pillars, is an imposing building, despite its somewhat abortive attempt at a dome. On the other side of it, next the city, stands the fine new Departmental Building, of rough grey granite of a rich warm tint, with free-stone edgings, which is the most attractive of the group, and is the home of the law-courts, which Fredericton retains; so that, with her university, high on its flanking hill, her lovely cathedral and her old fashioned brick barracks, the seat of one of the military schools of Canada, she is, despite her small population of seven thousand, a pretty important place. But the gem of all her buildings, as it is the gem of all the ecclesiastical building of Canada, in her lovely little cathedral—the prettiest specimen of Gothic architecture to be found in the Dominion. Passing along the charming green river promenade in front of the leafy Parliament square, we come to the equally shady cathedral grounds, amid which the grey cathedral tower rises with a doubly picturesque effect for its setting of shade. Indeed, it strongly reminds us of some old English church rising from a "contiguity of shade" by the side of an English river. We miss only the old tombs of English churchyards as we pass round the church, and admire the fine Gothic windows and massive carven doors. But, if there are no antique tombstones, there is, in front of the chancel window, the white marble sarcophagus, with its floriated cross, which marks the appropriate last resting-place of the aged Bishop Medley close beside the church he loved so well. It is a charming tranquil spot in the soft sunlight, and, as we leave it behind, the sweet-toned bell rings out its silvery peal for the half-hour just completed, with all the soothing suggestion of the vesper chime.

Reluctantly leaving the quiet beauty of the cathedral, we pass on by the river walk, with its massive, rounded willows, overshadowing pleasantly-placed seats, which seem, at this hour, especially convenient for various youthful couples engaged in close conversation. We follow a charming road, between over-hanging foliage, with handsome, villa residences, standing in well-kept grounds. On a commanding wooded height, amid a mass of foliage, stands the stately grey pile of Government House, the present Governor, however, residing in his own pleasant villa near the river, which we pass to the left. Not far off is the white bridge that leads to the mouth of the Nashwaak opposite—a tranquil river which winds lazily out amid level meadows and a Dutch-looking landscape. The point of land which juts out at its mouth is the spot at which the early history of the place begins. For here the French commander, Villebon, entrenched himself, in 1690, for greater security from invasion, as well as for the proximity to his allies among the Melecite Indians, and here he and his garrison successfully resisted a vigorous attack from Massachusetts, led by Colonel Hawthorne, doubtless an ancestor of the teller of "Twice Told Tales." Towards the end of the century the garrison was removed to the rebuilt Fort Latour, and the old fort on the Nashwaak demolished. We may be thank-

ful that scarcely even the memory of such hostilities now remains, and that the summer invasions of our American friends are cordially welcomed on the St. John, as well as on other lines of Canadian travel! But Fredericton ultimately became the seat of government for much the same reason that Villebon built his fort on the Nashwaak, because St. Anne's Point, as the place was then called, was regarded as more secure from invasion than St. John, which, as the older and larger city, might have seemed to have a certain claim to the seat of government. But the little city certainly possesses a quiet dignity befitting her high estate.

The shades of evening are falling long before we have exhausted all the points of interest along the river; and the lights are suggestively gleaming out through the stately trees, that half conceal the charming villas, as we retrace our steps towards the city.

In the freshness of the early morning we pay another visit to the cathedral grounds, and venture across the long bridge just below the little old-fashioned barracks, far enough to enjoy the morning beauty of the encircling hills with gleams of light here and there on their verdant slopes; after which we settle ourselves down on the deck of the steamer for another day's enjoyment of the charming Arcadian pictures made by the ever-changing vistas and the blue curves of the distant hills, while the bold wooded heights, that close in its lower reaches, seem almost grander on the way down than they did on the upward trip.

Once more reaching St. John harbour with its cordon of sentinel bluffs, we reluctantly take our last glance at these from the deck of the steamer, and betake ourselves to the railway station, from whence, about five o'clock, we have a farewell glance at the picturesque old city, as we are rapidly whirling away from it and through the pretty suburban villages which gradually bring us out into the hill country beyond, with sapphire lakelets lying charmingly set amid its sombre folds. The fragrant hay is lying on the long sloping meadows, or being tossed up into mows, or loaded on the great hay-carts, to be taken home to the spacious barns of the comfortable looking farm-houses, with their tasteful and well-kept grounds. Everywhere are hill-slopes rising behind hill-slopes, and, save for its loneliness and wildness, the scenery strongly recalls that of Scotland. As the sun sets behind the hills, whose long shadows fall on the hayfields, we can follow the grand curves of their outlines against a daffodil sky, slightly flushed with rose, till the colour dies out even from this, and darkness settles on the scene long before we are turned out to change cars at Moncton. At Bathurst, two hours later, we leave the train for a delightful sojourn with a hospitable friend, within a short distance of Youghal Beach, on the Bay of Chaleurs. There, for a few days, we luxuriate in the sea-side pleasures of bathing on an ideal beach, strolling along the level sands at low tide, inspecting the jelly fish and other marine curiosities left by the retreating waves, or through the pretty pine-woods that skirt the beach; or of riding or driving to see the picturesque brown salmon pools made by the Tatagouche, as it winds through this pastoral country, with its hop gardens and spruce groves, sometimes watching the salmon leap up a mill-dam, sometimes the

fisher as he stands at the edge of the still, deep pool, eager for the tug of the prize he longs to capture. The Bay of Chaleurs is as pleasant to bathe in as can possibly be desired; the water delightfully buoyant and not too cold for remaining in as long as one may desire; while the absence of surf, if it deprives the bathing of a little of its excitement, renders it much safer for all, especially for unpractised swimmers and those who are not physically strong. There are a few pleasant-looking cottages near the beach where summer boarders are accommodated at very reasonable rates. One of our party had the novel experience of a semi-nocturnal cruise to fish for mackeral; the expedition, however, catching more lobsters than mackeral.

But we have to leave the ocean reluctantly behind, and turn our faces westward, leaving Bathurst station about five in the afternoon. And no part of our journey was more enjoyable than that afternoon ride along the curve of the charming Bay of Chaleurs, with the sea and the sweep of blue hills on both sides of the bay in full view most of the way. To the westward the eye can follow the line of hills we are approaching as far as the remote Point of Gaspé, while the nearer hills lose their hazy blue and assume an aspect of greater solidity, taking on, however, charming tones of purple and grey, as the sun descends and robes them in the idealizing glamour of his parting rays. As we reach Campbelltown the twilight is closing in and we can just trace the outline of the great shoulders of the wooded hills that look across to the little town over the rapid brown Restigouche—here a river of considerable width. We have to wait till morning, too, for a distinct view of these noble hills, and then they are wearing their darkest grey, for the day is by no means promising and the sun is hidden behind heavy clouds. Unfortunately Campbellton, like St. Andrews, has not made the most of its natural advantages of scenery, for the whole water-front, here, too, is built up to the water's edge. Had a boulevard like that at Fredericton been left for a promenade along the river bank the charm of the place would have been greatly enhanced. One has to resort to the pier lying at the foot of some of the streets in order to get the full view of the always beautiful hills opposite, with the strip of fertile country at their feet, the white farm-buildings dotted here and there, and little settlement of the Mic-mac Mission in the distance, to which a ferry boat plies at frequent intervals.

We have not time to go thither, however, as we specially wish to take the delightful drive of thirteen miles to Metapedia, up the valley of the Restigouche. We are supplied with an excellent horse, which needs no urging as he bears us rapidly beyond the outskirts of the little town, lying, as it were, under the shadow of a curious hill, much like an unevenly truncated sugar-loaf. The road lies above the railway, following the ascent and descent of steep hills, from the high sides of which we catch many glorious views of the vista of the beautiful valley, with its rapid, island-studded stream, and the long chain of hills that encloses it abruptly on both sides. About half way, there is a superb view, grand either in the clear morning light or the slanting afternoon sunshine, looking up along densely-wooded heights towards the valley of the Metapedia, or down through a widening vista to the blue

hills just above and beyond Campbelltown, whitely gleaming at the foot of its blue sugar-loaf peak. The islands in the river grow more numerous and picturesque as we go farther up the valley, sometimes flat, green meadows, fringed with alder or willow, sometimes thickly wooded, with graceful elms here and there, contrasting with the denser foliage. As we approach the junction of the Metapedia with the larger stream, we have two valleys opening up their winding vistas of hills. We pass, on our right, the railway bridge across the Metapedia, which is a foot-bridge as well, and see the long white front of the celebrated "Club House" near its farther end. There is no bridge, however, for a horse and conveyance, and we pass on a mile or so over the woodland road, between serried spruce and waving birch, in the vain hope of finding some sort of hostelry at which to put up. As none offers we turn in at the gate of a small but neat looking farm house, and, in response to our request, receive cordial permission to put up the horse and come into the farmhouse for rest and lunch. Our hostess is alone, and kindly supplies the horse with food, even before the return of her husband to the house. "The boys," she told us, "were up the river with some American gentlemen, fishing for salmon, and they had taken their scow and the horses to draw it along the stream." The house was pleasantly placed on a grassy slope looking down on the winding river, with a charming view up the next bend of the valley. The little farmhouse was exceedingly neat and tidy, and the people kind and hospitable to the extent of their means. As the day was warm we begged them not to light a fire on our account, as they evidently did not mean to do so on their own. An excellent luncheon of home-made bread and butter and excellent milk, with red currant jam for a relish, was set before us on a snowy tablecloth, and, after the long drive, we did full justice to the simple but wholesome fare. Farming here is not very productive, our host informs us, for these hillside farms produce mainly oats, buckwheat and potatoes, little wheat being grown in this neighbourhood. Our host evidently looked back regretfully to his old farm on Prince Edward Island, where the "level" country and fertile soil more than made up, in his mind, for the absence of the superb hills which are less admired by the farmer than by the artist. As he looked across the Restigouche to the opposite bank, he said, "That is Canada!" We, as loyal Canadians, of course, put in a word for the integrity of the Dominion, but, though he admitted the correctness of our position, he evidently did not feel that his farm was in Canada for all that. One cause of this seemed to lie in the sense of the great difference in ideas, laws, etc., between New Brunswick and Quebec, while the latter Province was all that represented to him the idea of Canada. We tried to make it clear to him that Ontario was just as different from Quebec as was New Brunswick, but with somewhat doubtful effect. It can hardly be in this generation that Canada will attain to much real solidity of sentiment. Old ideas are still too deeply rooted.

After a refreshing rest, we were paddled over the river by our host and hostess, as we wished to walk up on the Metapedia side. The scene of the meeting of the waters is almost as charming as the famous Vale of Avoca. The wooded hills that rise above both streams are here and there di-

versified with a partial clearing, dotted with an occasional farmhouse, which adds to the charm of the ever-varying vistas among the richly wooded hills, here and there cleared into meadow or cornfield, with swaths of freshly cut hay in the low meadows, at hand, perfuming the summer air; and the two swiftly flowing brown streams, sometimes flashing over the shallows, sometimes very dark and deep. The exquisite views from the bridge over the rivers, and the Acadian character of the whole scene, remind one of some of the loveliest bits of the Tyrol. It is strange that one does not hear more about the valley of the Metapedia, that there are not more hotels to encourage summer visitors, and that some of our wealthy men do not take a fancy to build themselves country-houses in a spot where there is so much to make a summer sojourn delightful. Instead of buying up all our Thousand Islands, destroying their native charm, and shutting them off forever from the people at large, why not plant a few handsome country houses about these glorious hills, thus adding to the charming landscape just the touch of human interest that it needs to complete its beauty. Delightful drives and pathways, too, might be laid out amid these hills, so as to make the various points of view easily accessible to the tourist. Surely, in these lovely valleys there lies a mine of treasure for the artist and the lover of nature, of which we can at present form only a vague idea. At present the one interest of salmon fishing seems to be the main attraction to one of the most beautiful regions in the whole Dominion.

We must not stop to dwell in detail on the beauty of the drive back to Campbellton in the rich evening light, nor the suggestive vignettes which the rising moon made with a few sails as seen from one of the Campbellton piers. Next morning we had a hasty review of the valley from the train, which, however, is far too rapid to do it justice. Then we wound our way up the valley by the side of the Metapedia, past some of the well-remembered scenery we had enjoyed on our journey down; the intervalles at Carsepical, the long, rippling lake at the head of the valley, the tedious and unattractive stretch between that and Metis, Rimouski, then the charming glimpse of Bic, with its blue bay and rocky cliffs, looking, even more than before, like a bit of Mediterranean scenery, and so onward through the endless French farms, till the evening shadows once more gather about us, brought before their time by a veil of smoky fog. Again we draw up at Levis, and look across at the tiara of lights that mark the grand old city which Champlain went to found when he bade a final adieu to Port Royal; succeeding so much better with his colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence than he had done with that in the Basin of the Annapolis! And here at this other well known historic source of our history—too well known to need description—we must wind up our traveller's tale, and say farewell!

FIDELIS.

Human laws reach not thoughts.

Laws catch flies, but let hornets go free.

An ox should not be on the jury at a goose's trial.

Professor Virchow, the most versatile of the living savants, filled up his summer vacation by attending five great international congresses. Yet he is 73 years old.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

If somebody possessing tact, energy and leisure would found an English-speaking brotherhood, he would possibly take rank among the chief benefactors of mankind. The objects of such a brotherhood should be to draw together in affection and esteem the British Empire and the United States, to urge the settling of all disputes speedily and in a fair spirit of mutual compromise, to vote against demagogues who try to gain power or place by stirring up hatred or jealousy between the Republic and Empire. It should strive to render Britons and Americans proud instead of envious of each other's progress and achievements, and to incline either nation to shape its policy rather to help than to injure its fellow nation. The English-speaking brotherhood should not be animated by any spirit of jingoism or aggressiveness. But it should feel that the benevolent dominance of the kindred English-speaking powers is the chief earthly hope of humanity, that their growing preponderance will soon enable them to "dictate peace to the too heavily armed nations," and that an awful responsibility will rest on him who breaks asunder the bonds by which Providence has joined them, and who shatters by fratricidal war the strength assigned them for some great and benign purpose.

It would also be a good idea if somebody would found a Liberal party, with branches throughout the Empire and elsewhere, if possible. There are "liberal parties" in almost all the Colonies, but some of them are as conservative as their so-called "tory" opponents, and many of them advocate retrogressive encroachments upon liberty. The ideally consistent Liberal party would aim at removing all statutory trammels from the citizen and leaving him the full rights and full responsibilities of free will. It would oppose all legal regulations of private habits, except to guard against the various forms of fraud and violence. It would insist upon the complete legal equality of honest citizens, warring against all privileges of caste, all titles not won by merit or not limited to the individuals winning them, all rights of entail or primogeniture, all precedence except that voluntarily granted to age or worth. It would advocate entire religious freedom and combat all denominational tests, grants and prerogatives, as well as all religious instruction by teachers employed by the state. It would object to Sabbatarian restrictions of personal liberty, except for the purpose of securing a respite from labour for everybody and undisturbed worship for all congregations. It would not cramp the interchange of products by protective duties, nor unfairly handicap some producers by bonussing others. It would contend for the minimum of legislation with its proper corollary, the maximum of enforcement. And, being no respecter of persons, but treating countrymen and foreigners, Jews and Gentiles, rich and poor, with absolute impartiality, the Liberal party would spread the spirit of Christ and peace and goodwill among men.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Simla, the "Hills capital" of India, seems inclined to go piecemeal down the *khud*. One large house collapsed the other day, and another had to be vacated as dangerous, while, according to the Lahore paper, "new cracks and slips" are showing themselves all over the station.

WAITING.

It was here we parted, darling,
In the days of long ago,
When the cuckoo's note was sweetest
And the birds sang soft and low :
When the bloom was on the hedgerow
And the birds trilled in the trees,
And the fragrance of the wild flowers
Hung on every whispering breeze.

It was here we parted, darling,
In the twilight soft and gray,
And we heard the church bells tolling
On the blue hills far away :
And in fancy still I see you
Though the hot tears dim my sight,
Standing proudly here beside me
As you stood that summer night.

It was here I was to meet you
When the white-winged ship came home,
And the seabirds' cry seemed music
Through the sun-kissed mists of foam ;
And the white waves leaped with gladness
As they thundered on our lee
For they brought us nearer ever
As we crossed the sapphire sea.

It was here I was to meet you
But I wait alone, alone,
And my heart is bowed with sorrow
For my brightest hope has flown.
But a golden day is coming
When upon the further shore
I shall meet you, oh ! my darling
Where true hearts may part no more.

A. D. STEWART.

THE BORDER MINSTREL.--I.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.

Did Watty Scott
Dream of the rare, transcendent power
Behint that forehead's beetling tower,—
His grandeur o' expression?

—Thomas C. Latta.

Like the sudden opening of the door on the face of a friend—like the sound of your wife's footstep on the stair, when you return after absence—like the sweet cry of joy and the beaming face of your child, when you awake at morning—is even the most casual mention of the name of Walter Scott. So much virility and generous manhood gladdens the heart ; and such prodigality of sumptuous entertainment in the pages of this arch-purveyor sent out from Scotland's hills through all the world by the Muse of Romance, half bewilders us, and intoxicates with delight. Since Shakespeare, having concluded the rarest of literary feasts, folded his napkin and rose from the table, who had come to be his successor, or had sat down with the like various immortal company ? It is even as our genial friend, the author of "Rab," has said : "Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely ? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair ?" He is especially dear to our youth ; but he is no less the essential refreshment of our age. With the lifting of his wand—behold ! the landscapes we looked upon, when life was in its morning freshness, return, and we see things as they appeared when to us all the world was new.

When reading for the entertainment of my household group, I find them all similarly affected by our author, however wide, in general the diversity of their taste may be. One bright boy affects "the moving accident"—it wins his most immediate response, his warmest approbation. He is a healthy and high-spirited boy, dashing in, head foremost, through the casement from a

foray in the fields. Carelessly impulsive, like a kitten or a monkey, his eye is caught by some dog-eared little volume on his bookshelf. His mood changes as by enchantment ; he makes a plunge at the book ; the flashing eye is toned down in intense though subdued fascination, and in five minutes, with heart and soul absorbed, he is thousands of leagues away in some bright realm of fancy.* But the book's completest charm masters him when he can employ a reader, or find one with whom to share his enthusiasm. He disdains to protract a solitary pleasure.

I read to him "The Lady of the Lake," the other evening, and watched for the effect. I have boundless confidence in that book, and in the generous nature of the boy that responds to it. I saw he was stirred by the noble description, the dashing energy of "The Chase," and the magical compound of beauty and grandeur in that portrayal of Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. He saw the stag leap, through the lines ; he heard the cry of the hounds and the winding of the horn ; he saw the "gallant gray" urged to his fate. His interest visibly strengthened as the fiery cross began to circulate, and the clans to gather ; but when the passage of arms between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu was reached, his enthusiasm culminated. His eyes had glanced and flashed, but then they blazed. He had moved nervously in his chair, but then he leaped up, and seemed ready for combat. He let off a volley of exclamations, a running fire of comments and questions ; he came to scan the engravings, especially that of Fitz-James at bay against the rock ; he scanned the page and the text closely. Over and over again he repeated to himself each thrilling passage. The air, for days afterwards, became vocal with slogan, pibroch, with argument, defiance and clashing broadsword. His "study of imagination" held nothing so vividly as the blood-stained heather, whereon the savage, yet generous Gael and the impersonation of chivalrous romance struggle in that death grip ! What verve his rendering imparts to the lines :

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thy own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desparate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass, and triple steel !—
They tug,—they strain ! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below !

Truly, a good indication of the poet's power,—a worthy tribute to his genius. Watching the boy, I see my own youth appear. I marvel not he learns to love this lovely creation ; it has had a charm for me beyond the reach of criticism, since first my uncle put it into my hand and declared it to be the only poem he had ever read with interest.† Faults it doubtless has—as Jeffrey and later critics have pointed out—but my eyes were so bewitched that I could never have detected them. It was, and is, the same as faultless to me. Whatever its defects, surely its charms can bear them up, as good mother Tiber bore up the chin of Horatius, the brave Roman. Never can the opening

* Literary Voluptuaries.

† My first recollections of Scott, as revealed in this poem, belong to the time of boyhood ; when, being one day at grandfather's, Uncle John asked me if I had ever read "The Lady of the Lake." He grew warm in its praise, recalling long past days, when he and his companions had shared the pleasure together. Then he went into a back room and returned with a little coverless pocket-volume, stained and tattered with years and use. A portion of the notes had vanished, and were with "the snows of yesteryear," but the poem was all there ; and, to the boy who received the treasure into eager hands, Ellen Douglas, Fitz-James, Roderick Dhu, the Trossachs, Lake Katrine, and all that haunted region,

lines of the old harper's ballad, relating the battle of Beal'an Duine, lose their power over me ; with their thrilling contrast of nature's awful hush, the silent marching of men, and the sudden breaking of battle and storm !

There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nests the erne,
The deer has sought the brake ;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread ?

Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams ?
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war
That up the lake comes winding far ;
To hero boune for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array !

But quotation is needless. If you care for the remainder take up the enchanted lay again and feel the return of its spell.

If this man's work is wonderful, so is the story of his life. It stirs, thrills, invites, enchains, haunts the mind forever. As Lockhart has written it, it is in itself a romance, abounding in incident, rich in colour. Never did accomplishment of intellect, or the acquisition of industry, or the glamour of titled renown, have a more splendid or magical appearance. Like as in the case of Napoleon, for a season it seemed as if the genius of invincible Power were at his side, whispering in his ear the secret of success, and infusing within him the spirit of a weariless activity. He seemed to have had his birth under a veritable golden star from which were flashed all manner of splendid fortunes as it revolved. It would appear he quarried a mine of veins most plethoric on the middle slope of Parnassus, and coined literature, as the magician turns off tricks, while rivers of romantic song and story came flowing, like a Pactolus, from his pen. Helicon seemed to spout up at his approach, so that he needed not to stoop to its waters, flinging to the sunny air its beaded beauties mingled with pearls and precious sands. The past and the present, in his reflecting glass, were, like Mercy and Truth, met together ; while Scotland as she was, and Scotland as she had been, stood portrayed before the eyes of her delighted children. He sang not only the lays of romantic ages—ballads of

"Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago."

thrilling the hearts of his innumerable audience—rehabilitating unrobed, dis-crowned kings, putting new words upon the lips of by-gone poets and sages ; but he made imagination concrete, and built romance into walls of stone. For a time he seemed to reverse the calamities of a multitude of

became part and parcel of "an enchanted fairy-land," and "a joy forever." Subsequently I discovered, in a little entry closet—which, for the sake of books, I was permitted to rummage—copies of "Quentin Durward" and of "The Black Dwarf." These were the earliest of Scott's wonderful prose romances to drift to me ; and the latter had especially an enthralling and wizard power. It served to whet my appetites for the marvellous series that followed in due time. My better judgment may have corrected in some degree the childish predisposition ; but, in spite of taste and a maturer judgment, the old feeling remains.—P. F.

authors, reaching such a dazzling culmination as had rarely or never been attained before. It seemed, with the glories of his career, and the honours and favour heaped upon him, that Scotland in his person had repented her of the humiliations of Burns. He showed the world that just when the cry, Impossible! is raised, the never-believed-in Aladdin is at hand with his lamp; the new and ampler order is established, the outworn retires, the polished schools of imitators are superseded, for the creative master appears!

The first glow of morning in the domain of fiction had already passed. It seemed there could be no broader light; but was not here a sun of superior magnitude "risen upon midnight?" The initial budgings of romance had been taken as final—the measure of possible accomplishment. DeFoe, Sterne, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Goldsmith had been; Walpole, Mackenzie, Radcliffe, now ransacked creation for abnormal wonders; who should come after them? The unheralded, unsuspected successor was at hand. Emerson declared—

"The God who made New Hampshire
Taunted the lofty land with little men."

The "little men" of Scotland were doing what they could, and the sentimentalities of Mackenzie appeared as their consummate flower of mind. The God who had made that country "stern and wild," covering it as with a veil to hide it from the eyes of men, was also in His hour to bring forth its revealer commissioning him to exhibit its beauties and sublimities to enraptured thousands. He came, as said William Howitt, "when the sources of literature appeared to have exhausted themselves; when it was declared that nothing original could again be expected in poetry, that all its secret places were rifled, all its fashions outworn, all its imagery beaten into triteness; when romance was grown mawkish and even childish; when Mrs. Radcliffe and Horace Walpole had exhausted its terrors and the novelist's path through common life, it was thought, had been gleaned of all possible discovery." The cycle is believed to be now complete, and the "force of nature can no farther go." What can equal or transcend whatsoever we have believed and taught? Who shall show us such things? and, Whence hath this man letters, *having never learned?* are still the unanswered questions of crustacean philosophy. Good, my masters! You come to a magnificent inheritance; but who, out of the subterranean glooms or the vast empyrean of spirit, gave it to you? Dante and Shakespeare make occasion for a multitude of excellent learned explications; but whence Dante and Shakespeare? Genius is still the perpetual miracle. You are teachers of Greek, but who taught the stormy-souled Scian to weave out of its roots his Olympian epics? After Plato and the Sage of Stagira we parade philosophy, but where found they the fountain head? After Euclid, we demonstrate and exemplify, but how has his name become a synonym for mathematical science? Have Nature and mind no secret, undiscovered springs, that we should aver with pedantic assurance,—this is the end of things! Away with such purblind pessimism! But we may never away with it. The stars appear not to the moles; the ocean has pearls only for the diver. But for him who has eyes Nature opens her universal treasure-house. The cunning hand, the subtle brain, the fruitful spirit, shall come to their domain and exercise lordship;

and it is as true now as when the Magician of the North came to his own—

"The chosen one, of angel mien,
Shall swing upon its golden bars
The aurora for his shifting scene,
And crown his puppets with the stars."*

When Science, with Ithuriel wand, touches the common clay, the whitest of material is disclosed, and uprises the most glistening and beautiful of statues. Then bronze and marble seem eclipsed. The fact is, that when Scott came, so far from exhaustion, the richest, deepest mines of literature in Scotland were unopened; the most sterling stones were unquarried; her most abundant springs were yet unlocked. Our Magician found the road to them and heralded them forth. "The reign of the school men and the copyist was at an end. Nature, history tradition, life, everything and every place were shown by this new and vigorous spirit to be full to overflowing with what had been, in the dim eyes of former *soi-disant* geniuses, only dry bones; but which, at the touch of this bold necromancer, sprung up living forms of the most fascinating grace. The whole public opened eyes of wonder, and in breathless amazement and delight saw this active and unweariable agent call round him from the brooks and mountains of his native land, troop after troop of kings, queens, warriors, women of regal forms and more regal spirits; visions of purity and loveliness, and lowly creation of no less glorious virtue. The whole land seemed astir with armies, insurrections, pageantries of love, and passages of sorrow that for twenty years kept the enraptured public in a trance, as it were, of one accumulating marvel and joy. There seemed no bounds to his powers, or the field of his operations. From Scotland he descended into England, stepped over into France, Germany, Switzerland, nay, even into Palestine and India; and people stood astonished as volumes, any one of which would have established a first rate reputation, were poured out, year after year, with the rapid prodigality of a mountain stream, asking—Is there no limit to the wondrous powers of this man's imagination and creative faculty? There really seemed none."

He wove a wondrous spell, and never yet has it been broken. The wand wherewith he conjured may be lying unused in the study at Abbotsford, for there is no man who knows how to put it forth. Other masters have, according to the law of each diverse nature, wrought their enchantments, and a multitude have followed and wondered; but the Sovereign of Romance has never been superseded. What an illustrious company! but still he stands head and shoulders up, a giant amid them all. Dickens came to bid us laugh or weep, and we obeyed him; Thackeray, to inspire us with his noble scorn; Brönte, to wile us with her mercurial genius, and to teach us the hardships and sorrows of woman; Eliot, to show us the shadowy way, and fill us with life's pathos; Hawthorne, to turn out before our eyes the motley brood swarming in the heart's labyrinth; Cooper, to idealize the Red Man, and gild the savage wilderness; these, and others, have come and gone, or are still here; but Sir Walter Scott is yet a reigning sovereign, and sits smiling and radiant in the midst of his wide domain. The wonderful creations he evoked still endure; while the brain that evoked them has crumbled into dust, they still live, and walk forth in loveliness, and from their faces ray the beams of immortality.

* Bliss Carman.

Here they come! that wonderful company! in long procession; heroes of history touched with the hue and lustres of romance—kings and queens, with statelier majesty, that a poet has invested them anew, with sceptre and regalia; Bruce, the bold, who delivered Scotland; the hapless one, who, with his flower-like army was "wede away" on Flodden's fatal field; Richard, of the lion heart, with the king of the forest rampant on his shield; England's haughty virgin, Elizabeth, and that pale beautiful queen of crime and sorrow who died at Fotheringay; Leicester, in all his courtliness, and Raleigh, Montrose, Claverhouse, Cumberland and many more; yes, and another glorious company, whom history never knew, come treading out of the pavilion of his fancy!

"They walk in beauty;"

and, though like ghosts, they may leave no footprints, nor light upon the clouds like departing angels, we are never without the charm of their presence, and we number them among the choicest of our companions. Again, and again we greet them: "Flora McIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Rebecca the high-souled Jewess, the unhappy Lucy Ashton and Amy Robsart, the lowly Effie Deans, and her homely yet glorious sister Jennie, the bewitching Diana Vernon, and Minna and Brenda Troll, of the Northern Isles—they stand radiant amid a host of lesser beauties; while Rob Roy, the Robin Hood of the hills, treads in manly dignity his native heather; Balfour of Burley issues, a stalwart apparition, from his hiding-place; and for infinitude of humor, and strangeness of aspect and mood, where are the pages that can present a troop like these: the Baron of Bradwardine, Dominie Sampson, Meg Merrilees, Monkbarns, Edie Ochiltree, Dugald Dalgetty, Old Mortality, Bailie Nichol Jarvie, Andrew Fairservice, Caleb Balderstone, Fibbertigibbet, Norna of the Fitful Head, and that fine fellow, the farmer of Liddesdale, with whom everyone feels a desire to shake hands; honest Dandie Dinmont, with all his Peppers and Mustards yaffling at his heels!"

Health to the world in the tonic memory of Sir Walter! True it is, we never weary of him, till we weary of sun, and star, and river, and lone lake and mountain breeze. He brings us back not only to the old time, but to the eternal breathing and fashion of things. He and Nature walk exultantly together, hunting out nesting places of Romance. In him is the full, wild pulse of life, such as the eagle knows, springing from the rock, or the deer bounding through the wilderness. We love him in boyhood as no other writer is loved; we take him up with a pleasant familiarity in middle life, and read him with undiminished zest; if we become old, our gray hairs are familiar with the passion of our boyhood. Who does not read, and love, and remember Walter Scott? He goes down safely and well to other generations. He is constant as a mountain spring. He is an evergreen. He can never be outworn.

PASTOR FELIX.

When the Crown Prince of Denmark attended an examination in a Copenhagen school the other day, he noticed that one of the little girls was so confused that she could not recite her lesson. He thereupon took her on his lap, after which she answered every question correctly, and naively explained later: "Why, the Crown Prince whispered all the answers to me."

PARIS LETTER.

The insistent question is that of Madagascar. The French profess an innocent and wonderful astonishment that England can see anything invidious in their making the Protectorate Treaty, and its "consequences," a reality. The "consequences" mean the annexation of the Island, and a natural domination point for France to whip British shipping crossing the Indian Ocean. The conquest of the Island, now a matter of certainty, will beget new demands on the part of France; how far England would be bound to accept them, is in the womb of diplomacy. It is only wasting time examining the interpretation of the 1885 treaty executed between the Hovas and the French. One says black and the other white. France means to go to war for the Island; she will in time win. Is she then free to appropriate the island; will England consent to the annexation? That's all, but it may imply much for British and European interests. Prince Henri D'Orleans, the cousin, and not the brother, as some conclude, of the Duc D'Orleans, has made a Joshua visit to the island. He did the same in the Siam affair; he proceeds on identical lines. Madagascar, like Siam—he is a leading anglophobist—is worth an expedition, a war. Paris will always be worth a mass. Of course all this will only tighten the English grip on Egypt, and enlarge British intentions towards Morocco the moment any power makes the first grab on the Sultanate. Prince Henri writes grandiloquently about the natural resources of Madagascar. In the centre of the island is a plateau, three times the area of France, and health for European settlers; it would make capital coffee plantations and superb ranches; while sugar cane and rice culture and mining are also resources to be counted upon. In a word, it is a land flowing with milk and honey. To possess it only a small expedition, adds the Prince, would be necessary. Treaties are of no more value than prize essays in the eyes of the Hovas, he states, so secure at once the new Land of Goshen for France—her Gibraltar in the Indian Ocean.

How does it arise that each succeeding year, despite progress of steam, electricity, ballooning and similar stereotyped stand points of cosmic progress, England and France find their getting along together to be more difficult? Does the memory of Crecy, Agincourt, Aboukir and Waterloo, still form active elements in race hatred? At all events, the relations between the two countries are lamentably unfriendly, show but little evidence of bettering, and may become at any moment very dangerous. Under the excellent Waddington, who paid dear for his playing at *entente cordiale*, the relations closed unsatisfactorily. M. De-craize has not succeeded where M. Waddington failed, and now Baron de Courcel is to try his prentice hand at the task. May he not find it Sisyphean, will be every one's wish. The great error in the policy of England towards France has been the absence of grit and the want of backbone; to respect all the rights of France, and to treat differences with fairness and reason, but, in other respects, to be firm and resolute. It was rather by humouring their whims, sugar-candyng their sentiment, and coddling their irreflective aspirations, that England has led French opinion astray, and, now, when events are compelling her to say "no" to the increasing demands of a spoiled child for "more," she is surprised at

the kicking reaction. England went too far out of her way to please the French. Let her turn over a new leaf, with the advent of Baron de Courcel, for the transaction of diplomacy on strictly business lines, with all the civility of commercial intercourse. But for heaven's sake no international love making; meet and mix like men, that will be just in mutual dealings, but profoundly indifferent if the goods do not please the purchaser. Cromwell and Palmerston were good diplomatic salesmen. But namby-pambyism; neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herringism, are not the ways to get on with, and cement sublunary intercourse with the Gauls. Baron de Courcel does not go to London to discuss national vanities; he will be given to plain speaking and firmness. If met in that spirit all will go well. But no more sugar-stick sucking.

When the *Sans Culottes* beat the Prusso-Austrians at Valmy, in 1792, Goethe, who was present at the battle, said: "Here, and from to-day, commences a new era of history." Were he present at Ya-Lu, the Korean battle of the Nile between the Japs and Celestials, he could also apply the same remark to the Far East as he did to the Continent. The Japanese have there covered themselves with glory; the naval tactics were not unworthy of European powers, and the victory sweeps away the old order of things. For the moment China must go under. But reflective minds do not look with tranquillity upon the "new era of history" that the defeat of China may entail, by her accepting the present ruling of Destiny, and at once setting to work to become a military nation. She is naturally as intelligent as Japan, and may even surpass her in the utilization of the destructive or defensive scientific agencies that modern discoveries and inventions place within her reach. The Empire swarms, like an ant-hill, with millions of men; she has untold natural resources to be opened up; the gold money of the word is hoarded in her interior. The Celestials are sober, thrifty and industrious; they are ingenious and relatively enterprising; their vanity has been their worst enemy. But now that Japan has conferred upon them the invaluable service of knocking such out of them, the Emperor of China has only to decree; grid-iron the country with railroads; admit all foreign devils to establish industries; invite the best military and naval instructors to organize one or two armies of ten millions each; found dock-yards; turn out Krupp cannon, the best rifles, the latest shells, all the best explosives; create an army medical corps, a commissariat, ambulance corps; invite the Red Cross Knights and *dames* to note that they have entered the slaughtering circle of civilization; encourage all kinds of ballooning; run a few thousand newspapers; fix a grand Oriental World's Fair for A.D. 1930; have a collection of her sciences before the call of Abraham, and then China may make a salaam to Japan in kilt, pantaloons or cycle suit.

Here is a sad tragedy. In 1886, Beaujean was appointed ticket issuer at the railway terminus of St. Lazare. His salary was 4,000 fr. a year. In 1889, he married a most respectable lady, who is now in an hospital, having had to undergo a terrible operation. He has a family of three little children, and had a most happy home. He was a most efficient clerk and enjoyed the fullest confidences of his superiors. Spectators would stop before his office to look at the rapidity with which he issued tickets to the pressing crowds going to the racecourses.

He was thirty-six years of age. He suddenly disappeared a week ago, no one knew where. His accounts were investigated, and revealed a deficit of 80,000 fr., and that was carried on for fifteen months. The police at once pursued him. But how could a clerk rob tickets for that amount? In every office there is a large frame, divided into an immense number of tiny recesses, filled with tickets for the several stations. But what everybody does not know, behind the visible is a duplicate case, kept ever filled with a provision of tickets to meet unexpected exhaustion. Beaujean simply drew on the reserve, and pocketed the receipts; and the inspectors never checked the reserves. Two mornings ago a youngish man, very careworn, and head down, crossed one of the bridges; he carried in his hand a valise with the railway label, "Monte Carlo." Two detectives spotted him, at once took in the situation, and followed. He was bent on drowning himself; he descended to the river, closely followed; then he halted, remounted, and, on arriving in the street, asked a policeman where was the office of the *chef* of the detectives; he was informed, when the two detectives advanced, said they were going in that direction and would show it to him. He was quickly in the presence of the *chef*; related the above history, adding, that he left Paris, with 15,000 fr. of the Railway Co., and went to Monte Carlo, expecting to regain on *rouge et noir* what he lost in betting, when he would refund the Company his thefts. He lost all, returned to Paris, resolved to kill himself—odd, to make such a long journey to do so—when he thought of his wife and children, and had not the courage to drown himself. The *chef* told him to dry his eyes; then ordered him a free seat in the Black Maria to a breakfast in the prison.

Nimes is the capital of the department of Gard and 500 miles southeast of Paris. It is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and the stronghold of French Calvinism. Guizot was born there. It, and a few surrounding towns, threaten to resort to civil war—the old Huguenot blood still flows hot in their veins. But what is the cause of the present tempest in the teacup? The decision of the plucky Home Minister that the law shall be applied equally in France. The law lays down that no Spanish model bull fights—there can be "cow races"—shall be held in France. For years the authorities shut their eyes to these spectacles in several southern towns, [till they were bearded by the young millionaire, Lebauday, who organized private bull fights for himself and friends, in the vicinity of Paris. This was too audacious. A deputation of the foremost citizens came from Nimes, waited on the minister, but he said the law must be obeyed. The town council has resigned, because their constituents are deprived of their Sunday amusements—that is, bull-baiting, bull-swording and killing day. One amateur proposes to pay no more taxes till the people be allowed to indulge in bull stickings. It was time for France to slough off that ulcer on her civilized manners.

The wives of generals, legislators, and academicians, when indoors, are often left destitute: the government helps by giving them a "tobacco shop"; this they subtitle, and pocket the difference—say, 2,000 to 5,000 fr. a year. But they never appear in the shop, never sell a sou cigar or grammes of snuff. They "boss" the concession only.

The twelfth hour loan, attempted to be raised in the name of patriotism and other

fireworks, to complete the Panama Canal, appears to be—what it was expected to turn out—a failure. When the snapshot loan was announced, the old relic shares, that once were above par, were 20 fr.; since the close of the loan they have dropped to 14 fr. So the Columbian government may be expected to foreclose on the concession and plant at the end of the month. Poor old M. de Lesseps is down from an attack of influenza, I have been told his daily occupation consists in rolling an india rubber ball on the floor of his little room.

The chief financial speculations at present patronized in France—judging the transactions at the Bourse—are investments in South African diamond and gold mines. I am aware of one tenement let out to no less than six brokers in such stocks.

A public prosecutor in France, of the third class, has only 1,800 fr. a year; it is not much, but it is better than being a briefless barrister, and gives him a chance of obtaining a wife with means; perhaps of "catching an heiress."

It is a sad hour just now in Paris. The cabs and footways are crowded with small trunks and big bundles, of lads and lasses returning to school. They march with funeral steps and seem to have all their earthly joys and cares concentrated in a paper bag of bonbons. The only consolation the juveniles have is when they see others of their age bound on a like pilgrimage. Of late the majority of French schools have had private theatricals and a fete on returning-to-school-day to drive away sobs, dry up tears, and reconcile them to their Pharaohs, and to the making of bricks without straw. And to think that it is only some thirty years later they will look back on all their teen, and ante-teen, sorrows as the happiest period of their existence.

Z.

REALIZATION.

By the earth a shadow is ever thrown
Somewhere into start'd space,
And yet to our eyes 'tis all unknown
Till it veils the moon's fair face!

And so though Death each moment flings
His shadow on some hearthstone,
We never dream how dark his wings
Till he drives the light from our own.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlagmore."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PATRON MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—The interest that surrounds the Patron movement in its relation to other parties induces me to ask the use of your columns in replying to a point raised in the *Winnipeg Tribune* upon a former letter of mine to that paper. Though the Patron movement has a widespread interest in Western Canada, where agriculture is the forefront of industry, it has a national import in its relation to the two great parties of the Dominion.

The editorial criticism in the *Winnipeg Tribune*, above referred to, is as follows:

"We do not see the force or honesty of the Senator's statement that between the two old parties the Patrons are unable to feel that the cure would be a radical one if they trusted to either. The Senator knows that the Liberal party is pledged as earnestly and as irrevocably as it would be possible to pledge itself to inaugurate a policy of free trade or tariff reform just as soon as it assumes power. This plank the Patrons have incorporated in their plat-

form. It will thus be seen that the Patrons are no stouter tariff reformers than the Liberals, and what can they do that the Liberals cannot accomplish?"

In order to reply to this it is necessary to state the clauses in the platforms of the Liberal party and the Patrons of Industry dealing with the tariff, in order that those who are in favour of drastic measures of tariff reform may be able to express an intelligent opinion as to the effect of both policies upon the future welfare of the country. They are as follows:

Patrons.

9. Tariff for revenue only, and so adjusted as to fall as far as possible upon the luxuries and not upon the necessities of life.

10. Reciprocal trade upon fair and equitable terms between Canada and the world.

11. Effectual legislation that will protect labor and the results of labor from those combinations and monopolies which unduly enhance the price of the articles produced by such combinations or monopolies.

Liberals.

6. Elimination of the principle of protection, with a revenue tariff restricted to the needs of honest, economic Government, and so arranged as to promote freer trade with the whole world.

7. Negotiations for a reciprocity treaty to be entered into with the United States, including a well-considered and mutually agreed upon list of manufactured articles, said treaty necessarily to receive the ratification of Her Majesty's Government, thus protecting Imperial interests.

8. The abolition of the protective principle, the most effectual means of meeting the evil effects of monopolies and combines.

According to my understanding, the clauses of the Liberal party are contradictory. While seeking to eliminate the principle of protection, provision is made which will nullify that effect by the clauses relating to reciprocity with the United States in manufactured articles unless a tariff common to both countries is maintained against the rest of the world to protect them. It is only changing the monopoly of Canadian manufacturers for the combined monopoly of the United States and Canada so far as the reciprocity confirms it. It does not seem that the reciprocity enunciated by the Liberal platform can produce any other result. The fact that Imperial interests are to be guarded does not affect the question. According to the *London Times*, it is impossible for the British Government to accept the platform of the Ottawa Conference; but it acknowledges if the Australian, South African and Canadian Colonies wish to apply the principle among themselves, Imperial interests will not suffer by the protective combination. It further appears that if the principles of the Ottawa Conference were considered by the British Government it should include the United States as well.

In contemplating a change in our commercial policy, it is necessary for the Canadian people to consider the probable effect of any given policy, so far as their influence extends. Is it towards an Imperial policy, a Colonial policy or a Continental policy? The Imperial policy is a distinctively free trade policy, and should the British Government some day contemplate, at the instance of colonial influence, a change, by the denouncement of the German and Belgian treaties, and the downfall of most favoured nation treatment, the fall of most favoured nation treatment, the fall of commerce and friendship, which would include the United States, to replace the treaties with foreign nations for so many years in force. The ultimate effect of the reciprocity contemplated by the Liberal platform in Clause 7 is posed to the Imperial or Colonial policy. How do the Patrons stand upon that? "Reciprocal trade between Canada and the world upon a fair and equitable basis." That is Britain's free trade policy. The Imperial Government has negotiated reciprocal treaties with seventy-five nations, which provide that in return for the open market of the British Isles they will give most favoured nation treatment to British trade—that is, that they will not discriminate

against British and colonial trade in their markets. That is what the Imperial Government considers reciprocity upon a fair and equitable basis with the world. We negotiated a treaty lately with France, by which we gave most favoured nation treatment to France in all French trade with Canada, and in return only received most favoured nation treatment in the twenty articles of Canadian produce admitted to France—that is not reciprocity upon a fair and equitable basis, and would not accord with the Patrons' principle, as laid down in Clause 10. If I might place the three parties in relation to the respective policies foreshadowed by their platforms, I should place the Conservative party opposite a Colonial policy with protection. The Liberal party opposite a Continental policy with reciprocity. The Patrons opposite an Imperial policy with free trade. Of the three, the Patron's policy is to my mind the safest and most truly Canadian. The utterances of the Hon. Mr. Laurier appear to lean to the latter policy, and in that respect he is in advance of his party, but the party must be judged by the official platform laid down in conference—it is only for that they can be held responsible.

The next point I desire to consider is the right of the Patrons to establish a party or to exist as a political organization, which seems to be in the minds of some a moot point, as it is charged by such thinkers only to exist for class legislation. The Patron movement is a spontaneous political movement generated during the past three or four years, and nursed into life by Mr. Mallory, an ultra and old-time Liberal. It may be termed a coalition of the rank and file of both parties in agricultural centres against the principle of Government centralizing power in their hands by the use of money or patronage, and thereby perpetuating their lease of power. It was first used as a political weapon against Sir Oliver Mowat's Government in Ontario with undoubted effect. A writer has said, "Nations have only enjoyed a healthy and vigorous life when wisely jealous of the encroachments of authority on individual rights and liberties. They have sunk into helplessness and corruption whenever they were content to be dependant on their Government. The men who have done the most for Society have been those who were the least inclined to obey its bidding when it had no moral claim to command." These sentiments are the mainspring of the Patron movement. Men saw the principles of liberty being sapped at the foundation, and they struck out without knowing the force of their blow, or the direction in which it was aimed, until now they are in the arena, ready to enforce respect for their principles. As a political force the agricultural community is entitled to respect. Taking the census returns of 1891, which give the industrial occupations of the people, farmers, farmers' sons and farm labourers number 730,000 out of a total of 1,440,000 enumerated industrial workers, with an export value of fifty-four million out of a total of one hundred and two million dollars. Where agriculture occupies such a prominent place in the industry of the country a strong party whose interests are confined to the soil is likely to guide legislation into sound channels by their influence. The soil is a fixture in its relation to the country at large. A manufacturer may leave, a professional man may leave, but the farmer is always there, and necessarily the personification of patriotism. Therefore, anything that roots him to the soil is a benefit to the nation at large. Those who know, realize that it takes longer teaching and greater experience to produce the highest results in farming than in any other calling in life. Western Canada is essentially dependant upon agriculture. We have questions that do not press upon the minds of Eastern members, the chief of which is transportation. Cheap transportation is essential to the success of our agricultural interests, and by pressing that home from an independent standpoint only can we hope to effect legislation in parliament. In so far as the Liberals and Patrons aim at the destruction of protection they have a common standing ground. With Free Traders in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia,

Patrons in Ontario, Quebec and the West, a more formidable array of opposition to protection is developed than could possibly be by the Liberal party alone, and when, to that list, we add the Massey Manufacturing Company, an object lesson of more than ordinary interest is presented. The Massey Company has reached that point when protection has failed to serve them. They have been trying to develop a foreign trade which is of more importance than their home trade. So long as it was manufacturing for Canadian markets, protection served their purpose. Any duty they were called upon to pay, they were able to collect again from the farmers of the country, being protected in their manufactured machines. When, however, it came to manufacture for a foreign market, if they could not get their raw material as cheaply as their neighbours they were cut out of the trade. In consequence of the competition in the production of iron in the south, its price has fallen lately very much. The manufacturer in the United States has the benefit of cheap iron, notwithstanding their duty, because their production has reached enormous proportions, their manufacture now, I believe, exceeding that of Great Britain. The Canadians have to pay from forty to fifty per cent. of duty for the privilege of purchasing it either from British or American smelters. This raises the hostile influence of those manufacturers who desire to extend their markets abroad, because they find they cannot make the cheapest machine for the foreign markets in England, Australia, the Continent, etc., and they must, therefore, move where the cheapest iron can be got. We attempt to strangle such manufacturer in the Canadian market by lowering his protection, and we strangle him in the foreign market by keeping up the protection on his raw material under the new tariff. If we remove all the duties on the necessities of his industry and his labour, he will stay and build up a large foreign trade on Canadian soil, and give Canadian farmers the cheapest machine that can be made; if we don't, he must carry his capital and his skilled labour away to the States or to free-trade England. At any rate, the very force of circumstances has made free traders of him and his men.

Sir Henry de Villiers, Speaker of the Legislative Council of the Cape of Good Hope, representing his Government at the Colonial Conference, said: "I believe Canada is a large manufacturer of agricultural implements, and if trade were established between the two Colonies, I have no doubt we should receive a fair percentage of our agricultural implements from Canada, which at present we receive chiefly from the United States. I do not know whether the United States produces them more cheaply than Canada, but perhaps it is only because there has been a trade between the United States and the Cape that we have hitherto received our agricultural implements from the United States." The Hon. Mr. Foster asked: "Have you a duty on those?" Sir Henry Villiers replied: "No; they are admitted free." There, is direct evidence of what may be accomplished by a free trade policy, and what the facts at present are. In conclusion, it is said: "The Patrons are no stouter tariff reformers than the Liberals, and what can they do that the Liberals cannot accomplish?" The Democrats in the United States failed to carry the measure of tariff reform the people elected them to carry, and there is no assurance the Liberal party will be more successful. An independent Patron party will be a great assistance to those who are in earnest about relieving the country from the thralldom of protection, and there is every indication that the next campaign will be fought out, not between Conservative and Liberal, but between free trader and protectionist; unless! unless the present Government should see the handwriting on the wall, and bring in a free trade measure before going to the country. More wonderful things have happened, and the campaign literature may have been issued in a moment of weakness.

C. A. BOULTON.

Shellmouth, Man.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.*

This fine quarto volume consists of 550 pp. and 24 maps and plates, as a piece of the bookmaker's art reflecting credit upon the work of the Canadian publisher. Nor are its contents unworthy of the ninety immortals who constitute the Royal Society. True, these select litterateurs and scientists are in point of numbers sparsely represented, but the work performed by those who have contributed to the Transactions of 1893 is worthy of all praise. To the general reader the first section, that of French literature, history and archaeology is the most interesting. Its papers are six in number, one of them being a veritable piece of light literature, *Le Capitaine Maillé*, a pleasing tale of Montreal life, by Lieut.-Governor Royal. Four admirably written historical sketches are those of the Tonty Brothers, by Benjamin Sulte; A Forgotten Canadian Historian, Dr. Jacques Labrie, by the Abbé A. Gosselin; Rear-Admiral Byng, by Faucher de Saint Maurice; and Chouart and Radisson, by N. E. Dionne. The venerable Abbé Cuoq contributes a paper for the benefit of the Canadian philologist on Algonquin Miscellanies, or, as he terms it in the Algonquin vernacular, *anote kekon*.

The most valuable paper in the corresponding English section is that by the accomplished Hon. Secretary of the Society, Dr. Bourinot, on Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness. It has appeared in full in the columns of THE WEEK, and has been frequently referred to therein in terms of high commendation. The eulogies of two departed fellows, Sir Daniel Wilson and Mr. F. N. Gisborne, are made by Dr. W. Kingsford and Sir James Grant respectively. Dr. Kingford also contributes letters relating to the American Revolutionary War; and Dr. Bourinot concludes his Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics.

The third section of Mathematical, Physical and Chemical Sciences is open to writers in both languages, although only one French-speaking fellow, M. E. Deville, has entered the lists. His article on the Photographic Survey of the Rocky Mountains is of unusual interest to the surveyor and the photographer. Dr. Chapman, the senior professor in University College, Toronto, and the last survivor in Canada of as fine a body of dignified gentlemen and scholars as the Dominion has ever seen or is likely to see together for many years to come, furnishes the inaugural address of the section over which he presided, an address largely reviewing the Transactions of previous years, and adds a note on the crystallization of Zircon. Two professors of McGill College, Montreal, Dr. Johnson, who, by right of seniority and scientific merit, would, under ordinary circumstances, be entitled to succeed Sir William Dawson in the Principalship, and Professor McLeod, Director of the Observatory, contribute each a paper. That of Dr. Johnson is on the Need of a Coast Survey for the Dominion of Canada, and that of Professor McLeod on The Work of the Montreal Longitude Determination. Mr. Keefer, than whom there can hardly be a better authority, writes on The Canals of Canada; and a paper by Mr. Frank T. Shutt on Experiments towards the Amelioration of certain Alkaline Soils was presented by the President.

* Royal Society of Canada, 1893. Proceedings and Transactions, Vol. XI. Ottawa: John Durie & Son. Montreal: W. Foster Brown & Co. London: Bernard Quaritch, 1894.

Geological and Biological Sciences is the title of the fourth section. Here Dr. Chapman once more appears with a Note on the Belmont Gold Veins of Peterborough County, Ont.; and the retired Principal of McGill, Sir W. Dawson, writes on New Species of Cretaceous Plants from Vancouver Island. The presidential address of Mr. Whiteaves is on The Cretaceous System in Canada, and he adds a note on the Discovery of large Unio-like Shells in the Coal Measures at the South Joggins, N.S. Dr. Ellis, of the Geological Survey, discusses the Geology of the Proposed Tunnel under the Northumberland Strait, and Mr. Matthew, of St. John, N.B., gives Illustrations of the Fauna of St. John Group, No. VIII. The latter Fellow also presented a paper by Mr. G. U. Hay, on The Flora of New Brunswick; Mr. Whiteaves presented one by Mr. L. M. Lambe, on Sponges from the Pacific Coast of Canada; and Mr. James Fletcher, a Fellow of this section, was godfather to Mr. W. Hague Harrington's Canadian Uroceridae.

Such are the most recently published Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. Poetry is altogether wanting in the volume, and Governor Royal's *Captaine Maillé* is the only work of the imagination. But the literary and political essay, the historical and biographical sketch, native philology, descriptive and economic scientific papers are well up to the mark and would do credit to any similar society in any country, however old and highly favoured. Though shut up in a ponderous black bound quarto, and hidden from many eyes that might appreciate them as a whole or in detail, the papers are not lost, but stored away in safe keeping, always available in libraries for those who, loving knowledge and their fellowmen, shall yet seek to bring out of their treasuries things new and old, and dress them out in popular setting for the delectation and instruction of posterity.

MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land!
I fain would send, from foreign strand,
A simple song
That hath lain long
Upon my heart.

Strong native land!
A sturdy wall of truth doth stand
Between thy glowing light
And evils of the night
Whereat men start.

Dear native land!
In purity, I see thee stand,
Unfolding, to each age,
Thy glorious heritage
Of faith and light.

Fair native land!
While darksome clouds o'er many a strand
Wrap up the face of day,
I hear thee tune thy lay
To numbers bright.

Oh native land!
While Europe thrusts her pauper hand
Upon this virgin west,
See thou that her bequest
Assoil thee not.

My native land!
Oh, guard, while truth and purity stand,
Thy glorious heritage,
Bequeathed from age to age,
Of charity untaught.

Dear native land!
Let not that evil, shifting sand,
Insatiate love of gold,
Ingulf thee in its hold.
Too dearly greed is bought.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Sweet native land !
While evils of the south do stand,
Their fingers in their eyes,
And shout to heaven their cries,
And mourn for thee.

Oh native land !
Heed not that soulless, moaning band ;
For self is all their cry,
And dry is every eye.
Their counsel flee.

Oh native land !
I've known that numb, that frozen hand,
That matchless greed of gold
Hath clutched within its hold.
'Tis not for thee.

Kind native land !
Thy loving heart must e'er command
The homeless wand'rer's smile ;
Misfortune look to thee awhile
From out her grief.

Oh native land !
The peace and love, that round thee stand,
Are thy great heritage.
Guard them for thine old age,
For youth is wond'rous brief.

Proud native land !
May, with the years, thy strength command
The lion of thy brood
To wake unto thy mood
And smile upon the sea.

My native land !
His brow with fresh'ning breezes fanned,
And bid mad, aimless strife
To cease its waste of life
That peace may be.

JOHN H. CORNYN.

New York.

ART NOTES.

The Province of Quebec Association of Architects held their annual meeting early this month in Montreal, and it seems to have been an unusually successful and well attended affair. The conversazione, which was given in the evening in the galleries of the Art Association, was said to have been quite brilliant and attended by a large and fashionable assemblage. Several papers were read in the course of the afternoon session. From that by Mr. A. T. Taylor, of Montreal, we make a selection likely to prove promotive of art culture, if its advice is carried out, as we hope it may be: The selection and arrangements for these memorials and adornments (this is with reference to monuments, statues and the embellishment of streets, etc.) are generally in the hands of men—very worthy, no doubt, but not educated in art, and therefore not capable of deciding such matters. It is extraordinary how intelligent men will wisely consult lawyers on all legal questions, doctors on matters of health, engineers on matters of drainage, hydraulics and machinery, but on matters of art and taste they think they are quite capable of judging for themselves. I have long cherished the dream that, in the city of the future, all such questions will be relegated to a special artistic authority or tribunal, who will decide such matters. Is it too much to hope that this may be realized in the near future in our own city? This is by no means a Utopian idea, for such a scheme has already been put into operation in Boston, where they have succeeded in getting an Art Committee appointed to supervise all such matters as I have spoken of.

An ill man in office is a public calamity.

The Torbett Concert Company, comprising the following artists: Miss Ollie Torbett, violinist; Herr Rudolf Von Scarpa, pianist; and the Lutteman Sextette, F. Erickson, C. Froholm, C. Smith, tenors, E. Schill, N. Lowenmark, G. Kindlundh, basses, from Stockholm, Sweden, gave two concerts in the Massey Music Hall, on the evenings of October 18th and 20th. The audiences were not so large as the excellence of the concerts justified, a fact which is much to be regretted, for those who were there, judging from the encores, and applause, were highly delighted. Miss Torbett is a vivacious and pretty young lady, who evidently has genuine musical talent. She plays with a warmth and fervor which are admirable, and her technic and intonation are highly efficient and praiseworthy. At the first concert she performed brilliantly Mendelssohn's lovely concerto, and a Polka de Concert of Ardities, although, through indisposition, she suffered from extreme nervousness, which debarr'd her from the success she otherwise would have achieved. At the second concert, however, she was in excellent form, and played with much abandon and artistic ease. Herr Von Scarpa created a most favorable impression. An artist who is continually travelling, and playing night after night in various towns and cities, is at a great disadvantage, for there is so little time for practice, often days elapsing before any study can be done. However, Herr Von Scarpa gave eloquent and brilliant renderings of Liszt's 12th and 14th Rhapsodies, Chopin's Valse op. 42, and Raff's "Cavatina" from the Suite op 91, the latter number receiving a most delightful and poetic performance. He, moreover, plays with refined sentiment and feeling, and his interpretations, if not absolutely above reproach, carry with them the honest convictions of an artist, inspired by love for his art, and who will not sacrifice it for effect or display. His encore pieces were Chopin's beautiful Etude, op. 25, No. 2, and the same composer's Nocturne in F. Minor. These were played charmingly and with refined expression. The Lutteman Sextette sing with beautiful ensemble. Their voices are fresh and musical, are well balanced, and thoroughly under control; and their shading and clearness in enunciation are features which are none the less admirable and artistic. It would be, perhaps, difficult to say which of their members were the most successful, for all were encored, and were good naturedly responded to. We think it is a mistake to sing such rubbish as "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," even if it does "soften the gums and promote sleep." It should be beneath the dignity of such an organization to extol the virtues of any patent medicine set to music of an ordinary kind. What good composer would set such words to music? The Sextette are worth hearing and cannot but give pleasure. The Company appear here again in the Massey Hall on the 17th November.

We are obliged to withhold several paragraphs until next issue.

Quebec House, Westerham, Kent, the house in which General Wolfe was born, is to be let. It is called after the battle in which the hero gained such renown. His first commission as lieutenant of marines, signed by George II., was handed to him in the garden of Squerryes Court, close by.

THE PAMUNKEY INDIANS of VIRGINIA.

By John Garland Pollard. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1894.

Mr. Pollard, who knows the remnant of the Pamunkeys, devotes 19 pages to their early history, present home, individual characteristics, languages, mode of subsistence, government and arts. About 110 survive of the leading tribe in the confederacy over which Powhatan ruled, and to whose race belonged the Princess Pocahontas, celebrated in the adventures of Captain John Smith. They are all half-breeds, and by no means advanced in civilization; yet it is well to know something of these old lords of the Virginian soil, and what there is to know Mr. Pollard tells simply and briefly. It will interest some readers to know that the present Pamunkeys are all Baptists, and go to church regularly.

BIBLIOGRAPHY of the WAKASHAN LANGUAGES. By James Constantine Pilling. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1894

When Captain Cook landed in Nootka Sound, the natives hailed him with the word "Waukash," which means "good." He thought it was the name of the tribe, and called them Waukashes. The allied tribes live on Vancouver Island and in other parts of British Columbia, and the adjoining regions in the United States. Among them are the maritime Ahts, the Hailtsuks, Klakwats, Nootkas and Makahs. Mr. Pilling's bibliography of 70 large octavo pages is, like all his work, exact and exhaustive. To the uninitiated it may be very dry bones, but to the student of American ethnology and philology it is a boon of no mean order. Some day the Wakashans will want a historian; then will the man of the time bless the memory of Pilling.

JAMAICA at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893. Compiled under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. C. J. Ward, C.M.G., Honorary Commissioner.

This handsome, thin octavo contains fifty beautiful engravings of Jamaica scenery, and its letterpress is full of interest. The table of contents embraces: A Descriptive Account of the Parishes of Jamaica; Columbus and Jamaica; Later History; Sport in Jamaica; The Blue Mountains of Jamaica; The Climate of Jamaica; and Statistical Information. It is thus a very complete handbook to the largest of the British possessions in the West Indies. As the British Colonies are making more extensive trade connections, and are being drawn closer together in Imperial sympathies, it is well that we in Canada should be well informed regarding our sister dependencies, in the New World especially. For such a purpose it would be hard to find a more pleasing and complete guide than the volume before us.

THE MAYA YEAR. By Cyrus Thomas. Washington: Government Printing Office 1894.

The Mayas live in Yucatan, and are the leading tribe of the Maya-Quiche-Huastec family, inhabiting Yucatan, Guatemala, and parts of Mexico. They have a calendar of their own, distinct from the Aztec or Mexican. This calendar is illustrated in old Maya codices preserved in Paris, Dresden and elsewhere. Professor Thomas has long studied these codices, and notably the Codex Troano. He now comes to the conclusion, which some of our Canadian scholars reached long ago, that the Maya-Quiche-Huastecs are of Polynesian origin, and that their calendar is derived from the same source going back by degrees to Java and other islands of the Malay Archipelago. Professor Thomas is thus in accord with Professor Campbell, of Montreal, whose recent paper before the Royal Society, deciphering the Palenque and other Central American tablets, indubitably proves the Malay-Polynesian origin of the Mayas and their congeners.

ANNUAL REPORT of the BUREAU of ETHNOLOGY to the SECRETARY of the SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION—1888. 89. By J. W. Powell, Director. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893.

Of the 850 small folio pages of this large book, no fewer than 820 are occupied with General Garrick Mallery's Picture Writing of the American Indians. There are over 1,300 illustrations of picture writing in the volume which alone invest it with permanent value. Indeed, the General's text may be called a descriptive commentary on the illustrations, many of which he explains at length. His previous studies in Sign and Gesture Language eminently fitted him for undertaking the task which he has brought to a successful completion. Something like classification and a formulation of principles one would naturally expect in so exhaustive a work, but after all, one is grateful for the vast amount of material provided. Although no doubt a labour of love, General Mallery's task was a Herculean one, and must have involved very extensive research. Only a government institution of large resources could have undertaken the preparation and publication of so extensive a thesaurus of native graphic art.

THE EARLIEST TRANSLATION of the OLD TESTAMENT into the BASQUE LANGUAGE (a fragment). By Pierre D'Urte, of St. Jean de Luz, *circa* 1700. Edited from a MS. in the library of Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire, by Llewelyn Thomas, M.A., Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1894.

This very handsomely printed small quarto volume of over 160 pages and a facsimile sheet of the original MS. contains the text in Basque of Genesis and part of Exodus. The author of the translation was a Huguenot, and his translation was made not from the Hebrew but from the French Geneva Bible, which it follows in all particulars. D'Urte's Basque is good and his rendering is faithful; his only fault is the often unnecessary use of foreign words of Latin derivation. There have been several more or less important versions of portions of Scripture in Basque, the earliest being the New Testament of Licarrague in 1571, made at the instance of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, and, perhaps, the latest, that of the whole Bible, under the patronage of Prince L. L. Bonaparte, by Captain Duvoisin. The latter was made from the Latin Vulgate. Mr. Thomas' historical and critical introduction, Professor Julien Vinson's vocabulary of the occurring forms of the Basque verb, and Mr. Dodgson's List of Translations of the Bible or parts of it into Basque, add to the completeness of this, to the student of the language of the Pyrenees, really valuable work.

A CHANGE OF AIR. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Toronto: P. C. Allan.

Mr. Anthony Hope—to which name you must add "Hawkins" if you would have the surname of the author—is an English gentleman a little over thirty years of age, a graduate of Oxford, a barrister-at-law, a defeated Liberal candidate for a seat in Parliament, and the writer of seven books—all fiction. His seventh book is "A Change of Air"; his sixth was "A Prisoner of Zenda," the novel which Mr. Andrew Lang declares entitles the author to be ranked amongst the potential immortals. It is soon to be dramatized. The remaining five books are not so well known: "A Man of Mark," published in 1890; "Father Stafford," 1891; "Mr. Witt's Widow, a Frivolous Tale," 1892; "Sport Royal," a collection of short stories, and "Half a Hero," 1893. His style has terseness, distinction, charm. A fine sense of humour, lively wit, keen observation, broad and active sympathies—these are writ large over his animated pages. Altogether Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins is a very clever writer and a man whose books one cannot afford to pass by. "A Change of Air" is delightfully original. Dale Bannister, the hero,

is a poet and a genius, young, handsome, daring. His views are very radical indeed, and his early poems are dreadfully severe on kings and bishops and priests and other eminently respectable folk. He becomes very rich by the sale of his works, and for a change of air leases for a season a pretty place in the country hard by the old town of Market Denborough, to which he bids some of his literary friends of Bohemia. He electrified Market Denborough, and the shock penetrated far out into the surrounding districts of Denshire—even Denshire, which, remote from villas and season tickets, had almost preserved pristine simplicity. An ardent and uncompromising radical in the person of the village doctor does the poet homage and accepts him as his leader. But under the subtle influence of the "ancient dignity of Dirckham"—the squire's residence—and more especially of the squire's very charming and clever daughter, Dale Bannister unconsciously begins to see the error of his radical notions and in time goes so far as to renounce the doctrines taught in his earlier poems. Then the fiery doctor turns on him and makes things decidedly uncomfortable. All this is very interesting and novel, but we will tell no more lest we tell too much. Though the plot is good and most skilfully worked out, it is not too absorbing: one can take time to note the literary excellence of the author, his gift for dialogue, his dramatic force, and the way he makes you feel that his characters are real men and women, not labelled puppets or mere shadows. Janet Delane is a singularly interesting girl. One can quite understand how she would impress the brilliant Dale Bannister. Much might be said about them and the other characters, which, though playing minor parts, are none the less real and living personages, notably the Mayor of the town, and the pretty Nellie Fane, whose love affairs cause so much disturbance. But we can only commend them all to our readers. They are worth knowing

PERIODICALS.

George P. Morris, John Godfrey Saxe and Fitz-Greene Halleck are the subjects of sketches pictorial and biographical, with accompanying selections from their works, in the *Magazine of Poetry* for October.

University Extension for October begins with a paper by E. W. Bemis on extension work among wage earners. Edward Everett Hale contributes a thoughtful paper on the Lecturer as a Social Reformer.

"With a Fine Thread" is the title of Miss Jane Barlow's clever story of Irish life in the October number of *Onward and Upward*. Miss Friederichs has one of her capital reviews, about a home in Japan. This will be found a good number of a good magazine.

The middle October number of the *Chap Book* is devoted to an extraordinary story, the product of a highly wrought fancy, entitled "The Passion Flower of Magdala," by Walker Kennedy. It is preceded by a toned portrait being head of the Magdalen, detail from a painting by Giovanni Bellini.

Canada-by-the-Sea is the title of a pleasing descriptive paper with which the editor begins the *Methodist Magazine* for October. Rev. W. I. Shaw follows with a sketch of Cyril Lucar, a Greek Patriarch and Protestant. Poems, papers, stories, and other matters of devotional or literary interest, will also be found.

October brings us a capital *Blackwood*. Most readable are all its papers from the first on "The Streets of Paris Forty Years Ago," to the last in which "The New American Tariff" is discussed. "A Son of the Marshes," Messrs. William Greswell, T. H. S. Escott, George Manners are among the contributors, and Professor Blackie has a spirited poetic "Farewell to Ben Vrackie."

Among the many important books which receive scholarly notice in the current number of the *Critical Review* may be mentioned Mackintosh's Natural History of the Christian Religion, Houghton's Sabbatier's Life of St.

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Francis of Assisi, Fowler and Wilson's Principles of Morals, Fraser's Locke, which receives high praise, and Ritchie's Darwin and Hegel. Many German works also receive attention in this number.

"Cromwell's Views of Sport" is the curious title of the first article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for October. "The Protector" seems to have been fully able to hold his own with the quarter staff, in hawking, horse-manship and other manly exercises. On one occasion he kept a parliamentary deputation, sent to argue him into accepting the crown, waiting for two hours while he went to inspect a Barbary horse in the garden at Whitehall. This is an excellent number of *Macmillan*.

General Sir Evelyn Wood writes most interestingly in the October *Fortnightly* on the Crimea in '54 and '94. Mr. Graham continues his side-lights on the second empire. Frederic Harrison entertains us charmingly with "An Antiquarian Ramble in Paris," and H. A. Bryden deplors the extermination of great game in South Africa. Ouida contributes some of her appalling literary stuff. There are also papers on Syria and Madagascar respectively and Mr. Vandam has some French recollections.

"Issues of the coming Elections" are discussed in the October number of the *North American Review* by the Hon. W. L. Wilson and the Hon. T. B. Reed. Sir Edwin Arnold gives some of his views on "Astronomy and Religion." The indefatigable J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., discusses "The Transatlantic Mails." The Lord Mayor of London writes on the Municipal Problems of that great city. Archbishop Ireland shows the position of the Catholic (we presume, Roman Catholic) church as regards the saloon. Other important subjects are considered in this number.

Professor Hiram Corson continues his series of papers on "The Aims of Literary Study" in *Poet Lore* for October. "Literary knowledge and literary culture," says the learned professor, "are two quite distinct things so distinct that a student may possess a large fund of the one and be almost destitute of the other." Professor W. G. Kingsland's contribution on "Literary Dilettantism" refers to choice, privately printed limited editions of rare poems and pamphlets. Under the caption of "A School of Literature," P. A. C. gives his views on the study of Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

Professor Henry Sidgwick presents some striking considerations on the subject of "Luxury" in the *International Journal of Ethics* for October. Professor Bradley, of Merton College, Oxford, writes ably on "The Limits of Individual and National Self Sacri-

face." Another English contributor is E. E. Constance Jones, of Girton College, Cambridge, who has something rather weighty to say in defence of "Rational Hedonism." Italy leaves its mark on this number in the form of a learned paper by Professor Luigi Ferri, of the University of Rome, which deals with "National Character and Classicism in Italian Philosophy."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

William Briggs announces "At Last," a novel, by Mrs. M. E. Lauder, to be published late in November.

We sincerely regret the loss sustained by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, authoress of "Laura Secord," etc., in the recent death of her husband, Mr. Robert Curzon. We are confident that our regret will be shared by readers of THE WEEK who have, from time to time, been pleased and profited by Mrs. Curzon's contributions to its columns.

Mrs. J. K. Lawson, an occasional contributor to THE WEEK, is at present visiting Toronto, after an absence of about eighteen months in the old land. Mrs. Lawson has three serial stories running in British journals and disposed of another before leaving. Mrs. Lawson purposes leaving for Great Britain in the spring of 1895.

The original of Rossetti's "Jenny," some unpublished letters of William Morris, on "Socialism;" Mr. F. G. Fleay's "Notes on Shelley;" Gutzkow's Masterpiece, "Uriel Acosta," translated by Richard Hovey and Francois Stewart Jones; Drachmann's Sailor Story, "A Whit-Monday Festival in Denmark," translated by Johannes H. Wisby; together with other unusual fiction will be prominent among the attractions of Post-Lore of the New Year.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Carter Troop delivered an extempore lecture at Holy Trinity school room, entitled "Under the Southern Cross; or six weeks in Australia." Mr. Troop's trip to the great Island Continent of the Southern Sea, during the summer and autumn of last year, amply prepared him for the able, informing and graphic address with which he favoured his auditors. Our readers may expect later on to hear from Mr. Troop on this most interesting topic.

In the death of James Anthony Froude the world loses one of the most brilliant historical writers of the present century. Though much exception has been taken to Froude's matter we have heard of none to his manner. He published, in 1856, the first two volumes of "The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." The third and fourth volumes appeared in 1858, the fifth and sixth in 1860. These brought the history to the death of Queen Mary. Six more volumes have since been published—the last two came out in 1870 with an altered title: "The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada." His best known controversial effort was the "Nemesis of Faith" which appeared in 1848. In biography he will be remembered for his "Thomas Carlyle: A history of the first forty years of his life." At the time of his death he occupied the chair of Modern History at Oxford.

A distinguished French specialist is now claiming that a hypodermic injection of nitrate of strychnine will cure alcoholism.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DUMAS PERE ET FILS.

A curious and interesting bit of correspondence between Alexandre Dumas, father, and Alexandre Dumas, son, has just been published in Paris. The letters read as follows:

PARIS, October 7, 1865.

Alexandre Dumas, father, to Alexandre Dumas, son—

DEAR MASTER: After thirty years of struggle, defeats and victories, of failures and successes, I believe that, if not a great celebrity, I have, at least, the reputation of being a fruitful novelist. Only yesterday I received from Victor Hugo, in Guernsey, a letter full of encouragement and congratulations. I have the honor to belong to the Society of Authors and the Society of Dramatists. My modest claims to the first are: (Here follows a list of his most successful works.) Now, I beg, dear master, the honor of writing with you a drama in five acts, the ideas for which I shall discuss with you at our first meeting. The ideas are, I believe, in accordance with the tastes of the day. Will you agree?

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FATHER.

Alexandre Dumas, son, to Alexandre Dumas, father—

DEAR MASTER: Your letter came to the correct address. The friendship, the love, the respect, the admiration which I have for my father make it my duty and pleasure to accept blindly your amiable offer. Be it so, therefore, we shall work together on some piece in five acts. To work with you, let me say, between us, will be no bad piece of business for me.

Argument. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SON.

SENTIMENTAL VIEWS OF SIN.

While sentimental views of law-breaking and sentimental petting of thieves, anarchists, murderers, and criminals generally, are dishonoring to God, and opposed to the best interests of any community, they are also contrary to the best welfare of the sinner himself. Punishment to be effective must punish, otherwise it will never prohibit. Moreover, the man who realizes that respectable people are busy making his crime any less horrible-looking than it really is, will lose any sense of penitence which prompt and sufficient punitive measures would be likely to produce. There seems to be no doubt that murderers who have been enabled by somebody's weak sentimentality to put off their day of doom have again and again been deluded into the expectation of escaping execution altogether. The concern of such has centred itself upon the escape from punishment in this life rather than upon preparation for eternity, a preparation already too long delayed. When sentimentality has done its best and failed in rescuing its object from death, who will say that it has not been responsible for the sinner's neglect of his opportunity for seeking and finding pardon and life eternal through repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ? For the triple reason, that divine righteousness may be honoured, that the community may be safeguarded, and that the sinner may know that sin is exceeding sinful, and that it is an evil and bitter thing to defy law, we must dismiss weak and maudlin sentimentality, go about establishing the righteousness of the law, and give to sin of every kind its proper name and, as far as possible, its due punishment.—*New York Observer (Presbyterian).*

A GOOD LITERARY STYLE.

If I were asked to name the two first essentials of a good literary style I should unhesitatingly reply, simplicity and sincerity. Perhaps the second named should be placed first—sincerity. For this implies that the motive in writing is good. If a young writer wishes to write merely for the sake of being called a writer, merely for the sake of winning personal distinction, his or her aim and motive is unworthy, and, consequently, the writing will never amount to anything or win any permanent place in literature. I would have all young writers ask themselves the question: "What is my motive in writing?" And if the true and sincere answer is that it is because good thoughts and desires stir the heart and brain and cause a desire for expression, so that these good thoughts and aspirations shall be passed on to others, then by all means let the young writer take heart and press forward. With this first essential of sincerity attained, the next thing is to express thought with directness and simplicity. This does not imply too great brevity, or conciseness. Graceful and elegant forms of speech, carefully chosen words, harmonious and musical sentences and periods are all compatible with true simplicity. One thing must be carefully and constantly aimed at, and that is to convey clearly the thought that is in our own minds. Oftentimes a thought is not quite clear to ourselves. Very often an idea is hazy as well as luminous. To clear away the haze and to increase and perfect its luminousness is the work of the conscientious writer. It is a great imposition on those who read in these busy and hurried days not to make our meaning so clear that he who runs may read and understand. On the value of clearness and simplicity our greatest modern writers have long insisted. Matthew Arnold in his Essays and Criticism, insists again and again that the chief merit of the best modern writing is this quality. Take Matthew Arnold himself, take John Stuart Mill, or Herbert Spencer, or John Ruskin, as examples and models. Note how clear, how direct, how simple are their sentences. They seem to have but one aim in view, and that is to declare the truths they see and feel in such a way as shall make others feel and see them. Take Washington Irving, or James Russell Lowell, or Hawthorne, or Emerson, among our American writers, and note the same quality.

After the habit has been acquired of expressing thought in clear, well ordered sentences, comes the possible embellishments of style by figures of speech. The rule that metaphors must not be mixed, the young writer can easily understand, especially after having his attention called to examples of mixed metaphors. One thing which all writers who have a good style learn to avoid is exaggeration of statement. It is a saying of Emerson's in regard to manners that culture kills exaggeration, and nothing could be truer. And finally, one of the best possible aids to the cultivation of a good literary style is to read and study good models from among the great writers of all time, and to read the critical estimates by good critics on the literature of the past or the present. The way is clear, the helps are many for the ambitious, persevering, industrious writer of articles, or books, in his effort to acquire that most delightful and useful art, a good literary style.—*Mrs. Helen E. Sturtevant, in the Chicago Interior.*

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OCTOBER NUMBER READY.

Book Reviews.

A Monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications. Price, 5 cents each number; subscription, 50 cents a year.

The current number contains some Reminiscences of the late Walter Pater, by Prof. E. B. Titchener, Cornell University.

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PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Citizen: The Finance Minister does not feel called upon to notice the attack upon the credit of Canada in the London *Investor's Review*. It is scarcely worth while. The best answer is the fact that our three per cent. bonds are worth 101.

St. John Globe: The faction fights in New York are having a bad effect throughout the country, and adding to the troubles of the party everywhere. The outlook of the Democrats in November is not bright but they appear to be making a gallant fight. While acknowledging that they will make losses, the leaders still have hope that they will retain a majority in Congress.

Montreal Witness: The death of Mr. James Anthony Froude removes the last of the great English historians of this age. There are popular English historians left both in the United States and Great Britain, of whom Mr. Justin McCarthy is perhaps the most prominent, but they are fascinating chroniclers, rather than philosophic historians, of whom Mr. Froude was the latest.

Halifax Chronicle: Canada is in luck with regard to the markets of the Spanish West Indies. The tariff reform legislation of the United States, repealing the reciprocity arrangements affected by the Harrison-Blaine administration, places Canadian and United States products on an equal footing in those markets so far as tariff duties are concerned. The Democratic reform policy seems to be benefiting Canada in more ways than one.

Quebec Chronicle: It seems that it is all up with the Czar of Russia, whose life, literally, hangs upon a thread. When a man suffers from cancer in any form, his days are, practically, numbered, for it is an impossible thing to keep back the encroachments of that insidious and destructive disease. The patient himself is at last convinced that his life is of short duration, and his mental advisers appear to be of the same opinion.

Hamilton Spectator: The strongest opposition against the proposed fast line of Atlantic steamers comes from Montreal. That city doesn't want to lose the trade, and, of course, makes a vigorous kick, making all sorts of objections to the line, which, if established, will be of the greatest benefit to all Canada outside of Montreal. And of all the Montreal kickers, the Allans—the owners of the Allan line of steamers—have been the most energetic and vicious. It was easy for the public to see through the opposition of Montreal, and particularly easy for the people to see through the opposition of the Allans.

Victoria Colonist: The only way, then, to prevent the spread of plausible but mischievous theories, is to educate the people better. They must be taught to think, to distinguish sound argument from specious fallacy, and they must know enough to discern between fact and falsehood. Young people must learn to distrust hasty judgments in themselves and others. They must be taught that jumping at conclusions is always a foolish and often a dangerous pastime. But this is slow work, it will be objected. So it is, but people must be content in this world to do some things slowly. What is done in a hurry is seldom done well. The process of true education is slow.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A system of electric lighting is being put in at Juneau, one of the best known Alaskan settlements—a place of 2,000 inhabitants. When completed this will be the first central electric light plant in the territory. Electricity, however, has been used for some time in a limited way in the Alaskan mines.

It is generally supposed that when a man's heart pulsations go down to 40 a minute death will follow unless restoratives are administered. Parisian doctors are now it is said puzzled over a man, in one of the hospitals, whose pulsations have sunk as low as 18 a minute, although to all appearances he is well and strong.

It is the pretty Christian legend that the aspen quivers with shame because from its wood the cross was made. Observers of nature have discovered, however, that the quivering of aspen leaves is due to the fact that the leaf stalk is flat on the sides and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves a-wagging horizontally.—*New York Sun.*

An idea advanced by Mr. Charpentin-Page, of Belfort, England, is that of the use of aluminium bullets instead of leaden in cases of riot, etc., because, while no less effective at short distances, they lose much of their force at about 150 yards, and are utterly spent at a little over 200 yards, and hence there would be less risk of innocent persons being hit at a distance by stray bullets fired at a riotous mob.

It is a great mistake to peel potatoes before cooking them. The skin, like the bark of all medicinal roots, is the richest part of the tuber. Potatoes baked are more nutritious than prepared in any other form, because the valuable mineral salts are held in solution by the pellicle of the skin. If it is desired to remove the skin it should be done by rubbing with a rough cloth, which preserves the true skin.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Dr. D. L. W. Robinson, President of the South Dakota State Board of Health, is convinced from experience in practice in that region of great climatic variation and pressure that a close relationship exists between weather changes and health and disease. Yet he fails to identify this relationship specifically with either barometric changes or low temperature, and suggests that it may be connected with electrical conditions as the principal factor.

Having been able at last to ascertain the nature of the ocean bed at Diamond Shoal, off Cape Hatteras, the Lighthouse Board has virtually decided on the style of structure to be erected there. It will probably have screw-pile foundations, and open ironwork above the surface for quite a distance. Doubts are cherished as to the possibility of any lighthouse there withstanding the action of the waves. But the spot is so important and so dangerous that the Government will doubtless undertake the work in the face of this uncertainty.

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an invisible form over that wire more than 13,000 horse-power, which is enough to rupture instantly six such cables as are ordinarily used in operating a cable railway.—*Electrical Age.*

A comparison of the maximum temperature in different parts of the world shows that the Great Desert of Africa is by far the hottest. This vast plain, which extends 2,000 miles from east to west, and 1,000 from north to south, has a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest days of summer. It would be impossible for anyone but the acclimatized Moors, Berbers and Arabs to live even for a day in the heart of the rainless Sahara. In spite of the fact that the days are extremely hot, the nights are nearly always uncomfortably cold, and the travellers are obliged to burden themselves with blankets in order to endure the change.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Probably, few housekeepers or servants, says Dr. Cyrus Edson, have any idea of what is meant by keeping the refrigerator clean. All refrigerators should be washed out thoroughly once a week with hot water in which soda has been dissolved. In the part where the food is kept, little particles of this are apt to adhere to the zinc. Unless these are removed they will putrefy and produce a germ which will attack at once all fresh food put in, and cause it to become bad in a very short time. Almost everyone is familiar with the stale smell in refrigerators, which is indicative of putrefying matter. Merely to wash out a refrigerator is not enough; it must be cleaned. This means that the corners must be scrubbed out, the waste-pipe thoroughly cleansed. Then, before the ice is put into it, it should be well aired. The solution of soda should be washed out with fresh hot water.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A petition to the Swiss Bundesrath, signed by nearly 30,000 voters, demands energetic repressive measures against the Anarchists living within the Republic.

The Powers intend to do everything they can to carry out the provisions of the Geneva Convention and alleviate the sufferings caused by the Eastern war. Armed ships are to cruise in the waters between China and Japan to assist disabled vessels. The French gunboat *Lion*, the German *Wolf* and the English *Porpoise* have already been assigned to this duty.

May 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,

J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,

Principal of Collegiate Institute,
St. Catharines.
Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria st., Toronto.

According to the Paris *Figaro*, Mr. Coates, the American "millionaire," during the whole of his life-time has never taken any medicine. He has constantly consulted doctors and chemists, and all the medicine they prescribe for him he put away in a room. The result of this strange fancy is that Mr. Coates has now 1,900 bottles of medicine, 1,370 boxes of powders, and 870 boxes of pills.

Madrid advices state that the Spanish Government is willing to negotiate with the United States regarding a new Commercial Treaty. Spain conceded considerable advantages to this country when Cuban sugar had easy access to American markets. The new tariff has changed this, and Senor Muruaga, the Spanish Ambassador, has been instructed to point out that the new treaty must be strictly reciprocal.

Chicago, Sept. 20th, 1894.

Gentlemen,—I wish to certify for the benefit of rheumatic sufferers of the great relief and cure I have experienced through your wonderful remedy. Three weeks after exhausting every known remedy, and feeling completely discouraged, I commenced using your Acetocura and now I am another man and I have no pain whatever.

Very truly,

G. H. REEVES,

(Reeves & Beebe),

169 State st., Chicago.

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria st., Toronto.

The peculiar atmospheric effects which have been observed from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic Coast are attributable to the forest fires raging for many weeks in the Northwest. Day after day there are dull skies enveloped with a dry haze resembling that of Indian summer, and likely to be the thickest at noontime. The sun either shines with a red, molten glow or is nearly obscured. The conditions resemble those of the famous "dark days" and "yellow days" known to tradition, and would be equally uncanny if the world had not outgrown its superstitious dread of unusual phenomena, and if satisfactory scientific explanations were not at once available—*New York Tribune*.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

The President-elect of Brazil, Senhor Moraes, has chosen a Cabinet and proposes to take office in November if nothing unexpected happens. It is, however, far more likely that Marshal Peixoto will establish himself dictator in order to better defend the freedom of the Brazilian people from an arbitrary rule. Large shipments of rifles, artillery and steel fortifications have been ordered by him in Europe.

Emperor William recently delivered a speech at Konigsberg, in which he hit the nobles some very hard blows. He reminded the Prussian aristocracy that some of his ancestors had more than once been forced to hang a noble or two to insure peace and prosperity. While the Emperor did not deny that the Liberals had a right to oppose him, he declared plainly that, in his opinion, a mutinous nobility is an incongruity. The speech has created much comment, and the Emperor is called arbitrary by the Conservatives, while the Liberals applaud.

IT SHARPENS

the appetite, improves digestion, and restores health and vigor; all the organs of the body are aroused to healthy action by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. More than all, the liver—and that's the key to the whole system. You have pure blood or poisonous blood, just as your liver chooses. The blood controls the health, the liver controls the blood, the "Discovery" controls the liver.

You can escape just about half the ills that flesh is heir to, by being ready for them. Brace the system up with this medicine, which prevents as well as cures. For all diseases caused by a disordered liver or impure blood—dyspepsia, biliousness, the most stubborn skin, scalp and scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so certain and effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

You pay only for the good you get.

The English naval manœuvres have brought to light many defects that need a remedy. The steam steering apparatus of a great many ships broke down and rendered them unmanageable for a time. One reason for this seems to be that strength has frequently been sacrificed for lightness. It was also shown that the first-class cruisers of the Crescent class can be loaded at the rate of only nineteen tons of coal an hour, which, as they carry eight hundred and fifty tons in their bunkers, means that it would take at least two days, working day and night, to load them completely for sea.

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THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY
IN BROCKVILLE.

A Case that Created Much Interest—Weak, Almost
Bloodless, and Frequently Confined to her Bed
—Again Enjoying Complete Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Readers of the Recorder have no doubt followed with interest the many instances related in these columns of recoveries—sometimes of a very remarkable nature—of persons affected with diseases of different kinds by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Apart from the marvellous recoveries, the accounts were interesting to the people of Brockville and vicinity from the fact that this town is the home of the Dr. Williams' Co., and the place where the celebrated medicine is made. The family of Mr. Thomas Humble, residents on Park street north, furnish a case of such recovery, no less notable than many previously published, that will be of particular interest in this community. Mr. Humble is an employee of Bowie & Co., brewers, and is well known and highly respected by many of our citizens. The member of his family, whose cure we have mentioned, is his eldest daughter, Carrie, a girl of about nineteen years of age. The facts in the case were first brought to the notice of the Recorder by Mr. Wm. Birks, a well known merchant tailor, who, on one occasion, assisted in removing Miss Humble, who was attacked with a fit of extreme weakness while attending service in the George street Methodist Church. The other evening a reporter visited the home of the family in question, and, upon stating his mission to Mrs. Humble, the story of the case was briefly related, not, however, with any desire for notoriety, but rather a determination on her part that it should be given if it might in the least be of benefit to others similarly afflicted. According to her mother's story, Miss Humble's illness dates back to the summer of 1889. Her trouble was extreme weakness and exhaustion, caused by weak and watery blood. She was subject to severe headaches, heart palpitation, and other symptoms which follow a depraved condition of the blood. Often while down street on business the young lady would become so exhausted by the walk as to be scarcely able to get home, and she was frequently confined to her bed for weeks at a time, and had to have her meals carried to her. For a period of over 3 years she was almost continually under medical treatment. The doctors' medicine would prove of benefit while being taken, but, as soon as the treatment was discontinued, the patient would become worse. Her friends were much discouraged and feared she would not recover. In the winter of 1893 Mrs. Humble read of a similar case where a cure was brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This prompted her to give them a trial in her daughter's case, who was at the time so weak that she could not leave her room. The result was remarkable. There was soon a marked improvement, and by the time two boxes were used Miss Humble appeared to be so much recovered that the treatment was discontinued. But it later became evident that the patient had not been fully restored for after a few months there was a return of the trouble. Miss Humble was sent on a visit to some friends in the United States in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial, but she returned to her home worse than when she went away. Her mother was then determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a further trial, and the result proved most gratifying, as the girl's health has been completely restored, and she is to-day as well and strong as any girl of her age. Mrs. Humble told the story of her daughter's illness and recovery with an impressiveness that carried conviction of its absolute truthfulness. Miss Humble also corroborated her mother's statements, and they can be vouched for by many of her friends in the church, the Sunday school and others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

The Punjabi woman is worthy of her sire. We read of two Punjabi women who, while travelling on a camel, were attacked by two robbers. The camel driver was struck senseless, but one of the women seized his stick, stunned one of the robbers, and made the other take to his heels.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"Jones prides himself upon his learning."
 "So I believe." "Self-educated?" "Wholly so."
 "Does he know Latin?" "Know Latin? I should say so. Why, man, when he writes to the papers he signs himself 'Pro Bono Publico.'"

"I am going to buy a light coat to match these trousers," he remarked to his wife; "and a light pair of gloves to match the coat, and a light soft hat to match—" "Your head, I suppose," interrupted the spouse gently; and the household knew no harmony that day.

Small boy (to grocer): If you please, Mr. Welby, my mother wants to know if you will give her an almanack? Grocer (leaning over the counter): But, my little man, your mother does not get her groceries here. Small boy: No, Mr. Welby; but we often borrow your wheelbarrow.

A facetious man had built himself a new house with a stone verandah and steps up to it in the front, and took a friend to look at it. "Very nice—very nice, indeed," said the friend critically; "but it has such a set look—lacks expression, you know." "Of course," replied the owner; "but what else could you expect from a house with such a stony stair?"

Mr. Hay, (afterwards Lord Newton), one of the Judges of the Court of Session, often dined alone, not by any means quickly. A client once called on him at four o'clock, and, to his surprise, heard from the servant that his master was at dinner. "Why I thought he dined at five," said the visitor. "Well, yes, sir, so he does; but this is his yesterday's dinner."

A vacancy having occurred in the office of grave-digger in a small country parish, one Pate Hardie made application for the appointment. The rate per burial having been duly fixed, the minister had almost closed the bargains when Pate, with an eye to self-interest, said—"But am I to get anything like steady work?" "Guid forbid, Pate!" answered the minister, "or ye'd buiry a' the parish in a fortnight."

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here is a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."

A favourite theme of discussion among the ancient Greek sophists was the following, or something approaching to it:—

If I lie and say I lie,
 Do I lie or do I speak the truth?
 For if I speak the truth I lie,
 And if I lie I speak the truth.

One ancient sage wrote 200 or 300 articles on the subject, and then committed suicide through not being able to give a satisfactory solution.

Archdeacon Blank and his wife were the principal guests of the evening at a country house. The servant had been previously warned that, when the eminent divine arrived, he was to be announced as "The Venerable the Archdeacon Blank." The drawing-room was full; the guests of the evening arrived. The servant looked at the archdeacon and then at the lady, and he got a bit mixed. At last he got it right—he saw how it stood. Great was the consternation when he announced, "Archdeacon Blank and the venerable Mrs. Blank."

That the liberty of the press is only a myth in Germany is proved again by the imprisonment of the editor of the *Lokal Anzeiger*, Berlin, and one of the reporters of that paper, because their paper publish-

ed something that was not true. The *Lokal Anzeiger* contained a report of the sinking of the ocean greyhound *Augusta Victoria*, when no such thing had happened.

The greater the man the greater the crime.

A. A. RHEAUME, Pianist

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15 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO



"Great is Acetocura."

185 Madison street,
 Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

Respectfully yours,
 P. O. BAUER.
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VAN NESS PLACE, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY—With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and at times to both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away. Although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather, I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, **GEO. STARR.**

INTERNALLY.—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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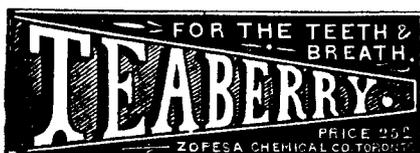


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