

# THE WEEK

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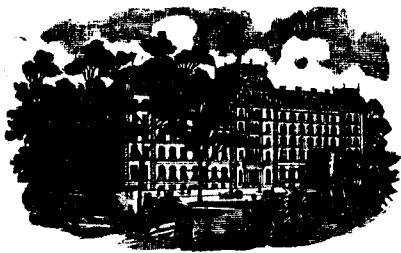
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY, 21st, 1893.

No. 34.

## 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.

Local conditions brought it about that the series of farewell addresses in which the departing Governor-General, Lord Derby, was assured of the respect and confidence of the people among whom his lot has been cast during the last five years, should have emanated from Eastern cities, but His Excellency can have no doubt that the sentiments expressed in those addresses are cordially endorsed by the people of the West, and indeed of all parts of the Dominion. Some of the cities of Ontario had the opportunity, only a few weeks since, of voicing their regret at his departure in somewhat similar terms. It cannot but be gratifying to His Excellency to know that his strict regard for constitutional principle in the discharge of the duties of his high office, and the warm personal interest which he has always taken in every thing which related to the welfare of Canada and its people, have received their measure of appreciation, and that his name

will go down in Canadian history as that of one who discharged with tact and faithfulness his duties as the representative of Imperial interests in Canada, and who at the same time took the trouble to understand the Canadian people, in order that he might the better sympathize with, and promote as occasion offered, their interests and aspirations. Lord Derby took occasion, from time to time, to express his opinion that the true interests of Canada would be best served by permanent connection with the Mother Country. Whatever form the relationship may assume in the future, he may rest assured that the number of Canadians is very small who look forward to any development of Canadian nationality which will not carry with it the full sympathy, and so far as may be necessary, the co-operation of all liberal-minded and progressive British statesmen. To this end Canada has reason to be gratified that, while losing the personal presence and influence of the departing Governor, his going will add another to the increasing roll of British noblemen of ability and influence who, while filling various posts of duty and responsibility throughout the Empire, will never cease to cherish those kindly feelings and to retain that intelligent interest in her progress, which were begotten during years of residence among us.

A peculiar and perhaps unique experiment in communism is about being made in Paraguay, under the auspices of "The New Australian Coöperative Settlement Association." It is hardly surprising that the movement should have originated among our fellow-colonists at the Antipodes, for Australian soil seems specially favourable to the development of socialistic sentiment and action. It is, however, somewhat peculiar that the Association should have had to come so far to find an opportunity to put its theories to the test. Perhaps, however, the freedom to found a little state within the state which has been given by the Paraguayan authorities could not so easily have been obtained elsewhere to the full extent desired. Be that as it may, the Association has entered into a compact with the Paraguayan Government, under which, while the community as a whole is responsible to the State and bound to obey its laws, the individual members are directly responsible to the directors of the Association, who are to be elected annually. According to the account before us, "a grant of land, comprising 100 square leagues, equal to

450,000 acres, has been obtained near Villa Rica, on the Rio Tibicuarí, 110 miles from Asunción. As an earnest of good faith the Association has deposited with the Paraguayan Government a substantial forfeit, agreeing to establish 400 families within two years from January 7, 1893, and to plant a colony of 800 families within four years from that date. There are no promoters seeking profit out of the enterprise; it is divorced from politics; the members are plain workingmen and women, who are thoroughly sincere, and who are setting out to improve their own condition—not to further socialistic reforms or to prove any original theories of government." Among the principles to be observed in the community, are the common ownership of land and equal division of expenses and profits, "without regard to sex, age, office, or physical or mental capacity," absolute equality of the sexes; maintenance of children at the expense of the community, but under the guardianship of parents, etc. "The individuality of every member in thought, religion, speech and leisure, and in all matters whatsoever whereby the individuality of others is not affected, is to be held inviolable." The history of the movement will be worth studying as a phenomenon in political and social life.

In an article on Civic Duty, in the July Forum, Mr. James Bryce makes a noteworthy distinction between two kinds of patriotism, that which concerns itself with services and sacrifices to protect one's country against external enemies, and that which regards specially whatever can promote her inner welfare. The latter, or "home side of patriotism, this sober and quiet sense of what one owes to the community into which he is born, and which he helps to govern," has been found, Mr. Bryce says, specially hard to maintain in modern times and in large countries. Commenting on this remark, the *New York Nation* admits that in regard to the large cities of the United States, and especially in regard to New York, nothing is more notable than the almost total lack of this home patriotism. "Our citizens," says the writer, "are capable of working themselves into a fury of Jingo patriotism over some trifling international incident, like that of a row among drunken sailors in the streets of Valparaiso, or like the unthinking hullabaloo over a proposal to annex Hawaii, but they bear with complete indifference the constant scandal of an ignorant and corrupt municipi-

pal administration which brings disgrace upon the name of popular government the world over." The *Nation* goes on to show that this same lack of the "home side of patriotism," which Mr. Bryce defines as the willingness "to take trouble, personal and even tedious trouble, for the well-governing of every public community one belongs to, be it a township or parish, a ward or a city, or the nation as a whole," manifests itself in regard to State and national affairs, and permits their legislative bodies to sink into a condition which is a constant reflection upon the capacity of the people for self-government. The distinction which Mr. Bryce makes between the two kinds of patriotism is an instructive and valuable one, and there is reason to fear that the contrast drawn by the *Nation* between the eagerness of the American people to exhibit the one kind and their persistent neglect of the other, holds good, though we venture to hope in a smaller degree, of Canadians. We have little fear that Canadian patriotism, even in its embryo state, would fail to respond to any demand that might be made upon it at any time for resistance to foreign aggression, but we see much reason to fear that there is far too much lethargy of feeling with regard to the home side of patriotism, as manifested in a willingness to take trouble and make sacrifice, for the perfecting of internal administration and the development of that high type of personal and civic character without which no people can ever attain to the highest pitch of national development.

A good cause is sometimes weakened almost as much by the use of a bad argument in its support, as by a valid one in opposition to it. This thought must have been suggested to many in view of the grounds which have been taken by some of the opponents of Sunday cars in Toronto in the course of the current discussion. It is now settled that the question is to be decided by the ballot of those citizens who are entitled to the use of the franchise. The logical consequence would, therefore, seem to be that all arguments should be addressed to them. It is perfectly legitimate, we suppose that, in addition to other motives, they should be appealed to individually, on the ground of their religious convictions and obligations. To convince a citizen that the running and using of street cars on Sunday would be a violation, on the part of those doing the one or the other, of a divine command, and so of a supreme obligation, is no doubt to set before him the best of all reasons why he should vote against the proposal to establish a Sunday car service. But to go further, as some of the clerical disputants are doing, and maintain that the Fourth Commandment is of universal and perpetual obligation, that the thing in question would be a violation of that commandment, and that, therefore, the matter is one upon which the people have no right to pro-

nounce an opinion or to make a decision, goes far to reduce the whole Scriptural argument to an absurdity. If the citizens have not a right to decide whether the cars shall be run on Sunday, or even to decree that they shall not be so run, who has? The responsibility must be thrown back upon the City Council. This can only mean that the Council is to take the Bible for its supreme law book. This means, again, that they are to become its authoritative interpreters. Every question of civic legislation, or regulation, which, in their opinion, is covered by a Biblical precept, must be excepted from the list of those in regard to which they are to be guided by the wishes of their constituents, or to acknowledge their responsibility to those who appointed them. In other words, the city of Toronto is to be under theocratic rule, with the Aldermen as the flamens who are to consult the oracles and constitute themselves the authoritative exponents and enforcers of the Divine will. By parity of reasoning the same will be true of every other city, the Province, and the whole Dominion, the Local and General Governments or Parliaments taking the place of the City Councils as the arbitrary rulers of the theocracy. This would evidently be worse than the Quebec system, under which the priests, not the politicians, claim to be the ultimate authority in civil and political, as well as in religious matters. The impracticability, not to say absurdity, of such a view becomes the more apparent when we remember that neither the Aldermen nor even the clergymen themselves are agreed as to what is really the Scriptural teaching in the case. But, rejecting this high *a priori* mode of settling a vexed question, does it follow that no attention is to be paid to the teachings of the inspired volume in regard to such matters? By no means. No one who accepts the Scriptures as of divine origin can doubt that the prescriptions even of the ceremonial, and much more those of the moral law, must have been based upon profound physiological and psychological principles. The testimony of observation and history abundantly proves that the setting apart of one day in seven as a day of rest and religious worship is not only highly beneficial but positively essential to the physical, moral and spiritual well-being of any people. This demonstrably true principle being accepted, it follows that every innovation that infringes upon the quiet of the weekly rest day, and largely reduces the number of those who can enjoy it, is against the public weal, and so contrary to sound policy or to be justified only by necessity. This principle can, we believe, be shown to condemn a Sunday car service in the city of Toronto, and upon it the argument should be, in our opinion, made to turn.

Countless columns are being published touching the causes and the cure of the pre-

sent monetary stringency in the United States, but amidst them all one simple fact stands out so clear that even a child may read it. That is, that the immediate and efficient cause of the stringency is the fear that the people of the nation will not meet their obligations in gold but in a debased currency. Hence, what is needed in order to restore confidence and settle the national finances on a sound basis, is the certainty that every dollar in circulation in the United States, whether issued by the Government or by the banks, can at any moment be converted into a gold dollar, and that every obligation shall be unmistakably an obligation to pay in gold. To this obvious conclusion the minds of all disinterested thinkers in the Union seem to be rapidly verging. When it shall have been reached and the requisite action taken, commencing with the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act, the tension of the situation will no doubt be relaxed. As Senator Henderson said the other day in a published letter, the \$600,000,000 of gold which has disappeared is being hoarded abroad, "not to reappear until its holders have some guarantee that if loaned it will be returned in money equally good." It is noteworthy that even Senator Sherman himself accepts this view and approves of the proposed repeal of the Act which bears his name, but which was, as it is now made to appear, the outcome of a spirit of concession and compromise on his part, rather than of any matured conviction as to the wisdom of the measure. The Act has done its work of favoritism and nothing can now prevent the nation from suffering a very heavy loss as the result of the purchase by its treasury of an enormous quantity of silver at a much higher price than its real market value. The Republic is wealthy, and can endure the loss, and the conviction seems to be becoming general that the sooner it accepts the situation, puts the deficit on the proper side of its profit and loss account, and commences to do business on a gold basis the sooner will the present crisis be ended and the financial equilibrium restored.

But will the depreciation of silver, a practical result of the stopping of free coinage in India, the repeal of the Sherman Act in the United States, and similar movements, really remove the roots of the difficulty and settle the question of national currency or international exchange? This would be too much to expect, so long as the gold, which will become the basis of finance in America, it has long been in England and elsewhere is variable in quantity and liable to fluctuation in value. There is evident truth in the contention of those who claim that gold has of late years appreciated in value, not merely in comparison with silver, but in relation to other commodities in general.

use. It is evident that a change in this direction bears hardly upon debtors and tends to the enrichment of creditors. The former have to meet their obligations with the equivalent of a metal which is constantly becoming harder to obtain, and consequently more costly, while the latter have, *per contra*, a corresponding advantage. It is difficult to see how such a result, unfair though it be, can be avoided so long as the price of any metal is made the criterion of value in business transactions. But it is no less difficult to see how the substitution of two metallic standards instead of one could help the matter. As both would be continually changing values both relatively and absolutely, the result could only be to multiply embarrassments instead of removing them. It is pretty clear that not even the universal gold standard affords a real solution of the problem. That the wisdom of financiers, stimulated by necessity, will yet find a true solution, can hardly be doubted. Whether that solution will be evolved from some principle which will make each nation responsible for the soundness of its own currency, or in some expedient of world-wide application, the future will determine.

There are some statesmen who never grow old; at least, age never deprives them of the capacity to learn. Prince Bismarck is no longer an official of the German Empire, but retirement has not perceptibly lessened his interest in political events as age has not perceptibly impaired his intellectual powers. In a recent speech to a group of excursionists from one of the smaller German states he gave advice which embodied much practical wisdom on two subjects with respect to which he has seldom been publicly heard. One of these was the danger of bureaucracy. When at the height of his political influence Bismarck was apparently a bureaucrat himself, drawing as much power as possible into the hands of the Executive and leaving as little as possible to the Legislature. Now he warns the Germans against "bureaucracy," "officialism," and the "lazy, dilatory policy" of waiting for the Government to do what is necessary. Perhaps Prince Bismarck's views in this matter may have changed, because he has less confidence in his successor in the Chancellorship than he had in himself—no uncommon characteristic of a politician out of power. On the other, his change of opinion may be more apparent (than real), as he himself hints. He may always have discerned the better way, though he may not have been able to follow it during a period when, in his opinion, a strong central Executive was necessary to the unification of Germany. And it must be confessed that he was always able to carry with him, in his apparently arbitrary administration, some of the most thoughtful of German Liberals. The late Mr. Hepworth Dixon once described an incident

which well illustrates the situation, as it was a few years ago. During a visit to Berlin he listened to a speech from the late Dr. Jacobi, leader of the Philosophical Radicals, in the course of which Bismarck's policy was strongly denounced and one of his measures in the Legislature vigorously opposed. To Mr. Dixon's surprise Dr. Jacobi, when a division was taken, voted for Bismarck's measure, which he had just condemned. When he asked for an explanation, he was told by the distinguished publicist: "I was quite sincere in my denunciation of Bismarck's general policy and in my opposition to this particular measure, but Bismarck is, just now necessary to the unification of Germany, and however much we may dislike his policy and his measures, we must, for the time accept them as the necessary bridge to the final triumph of Liberalism." Perhaps Bismarck may have had some such opinion of his own policy and measures at that very time.

The other subject above referred to was the federal constitution of the German Empire, and the good that might result to the whole organization, if the representatives of the smaller states would only exercise an independent and legitimate influence in the Federal Council. In that Upper House Prussia has eighteen members, the small states, with one member each, have fourteen, and the medium states have collectively twenty-four. In order to secure a majority Prussia must win the support of some of the smaller states, and Bismarck pointed out to his visitors the great political advantage to these states which might result from a policy of independence. He urged the wisdom of watching closely and criticising keenly the stand taken by their representative in the Federal Council, and dwelt on the necessity of keeping up the influence of the small states in the interest of the Empire. There can be no doubt that in this contention Bismarck speaks with the wisdom of a sage. It would be impossible to consolidate Germany into a legislative unit; this would be equivalent to converting "Germany" into "Prussia." Any avowed attempt to accomplish this would rend the Empire into fragments, and make for ever impossible, the realization of that dream of a united Germany which has filled the German imagination from Charlemagne to Bismarck. There are drawbacks to federalism as a form of state constitution, but there are compensations, and it is satisfactory to find a statesman of Bismarck's experience and ability taking his stand so strongly on a question that is of such vital importance to the whole civilized world, and not least to the Dominion of Canada.

The passage of the Army Bill in its modified form by the new Reichstag is now assured. Various combinations and compromises have no doubt contributed to

this end, but an analysis of the figures of the first test vote shows that the balance was turned by the Poles. What of the future? The German Army will be materially increased. France will no doubt promptly respond to the challenge, for as such it will be accepted, and the former state of equilibrium or non-equilibrium will be again restored. But this process cannot go on for ever. The point of exhaustion will soon be reached by both nations. There is, in fact, some reason to believe that it will have been reached by Germany in this Bill, insomuch as for years to come, neither Emperor nor Chancellor will venture to propose a further increase, save under the pressure of some alarming exigency. Both Austria and Italy are manifestly becoming tired of the perpetual strain, and the bonds of the Triple Alliance may be visibly relaxed at any moment. In Germany itself not only the great struggle, which was the price of the present success, but the further fact that the popular vote was against the Army Bill by a considerable majority, shows in what direction the current is setting. All these things point in the direction of the decadence of the baneful militarism which has so long been the dominating force in European politics. All that is needed to bring about a better state of things is some indication that "Revenge" is losing its force as a rallying cry for French politicians, and there is reason to believe that, unless some fortunate change shall bring to the surface in France, a band of wise statesmen and a better regime at home and abroad, both internal and foreign complications, may soon materially lessen the dread which even her war-cry is calculated to inspire.

#### THE CATTLE EMBARGO.

The reply made by Mr. Herbert Gardner, President of the British Board of Agriculture, to the deputation which waited on him a week or two since, in the interests of the Canadian live cattle trade, takes away all hope of the removal of the embargo during the current season. In view of the very slender evidence upon which the conclusion of the Board is based, it is not surprising that a good deal of feeling has been aroused among those interested in the trade, both in Scotland and in Canada. From a non-expert point of view, it certainly seems almost incredible that, among the thousands of cattle whose lungs were inspected, there should be found a solitary case of a Canadian animal infected with a highly contagious disease, while all the other members of the herd were absolutely free. The case certainly seems to suggest very strongly the possibility of some mistake on the part of the veterinary surgeons, or some substitution, accidental or otherwise, of a diseased lung during the process of transmission. But Canadians, it seems to us, should pause



and think before going to the length to which the Canadian High Commissioner and some others seem to have gone, of impugning the good faith of the Imperial Government in the matter. To charge, or insinuate, that that Government, or the section of it which has to do specially with this business, has either manufactured testimony or acted on insufficient evidence, for ulterior ends, is to accuse its members of being not only unfair but dishonest. To persist in such a charge in the face of Mr. Gardner's repeated and explicit assurance of his desire and determination to have the embargo removed at the earliest moment possible, consistent with his duty to the British public, is to impugn his personal veracity, as well as the honour of the Board over which he presides.

It is, certainly, a very serious matter to persist in putting a stop to an important trade, intimately related to the enlarging and cheapening of the food supply of Great Britain and to an important industry of Canada, save on the clearest evidence of necessity. But, in justice to Mr. Gardner and the other members of the British Board of Agriculture, it must not be forgotten that the question has another very serious aspect. Suppose that, as a consequence of reluctance to apply the most rigid safeguards against an important colony, it should so happen that the dread pleuro-pneumonia were introduced into Great Britain to the incalculable damage of her herds and with the inevitable result of a lessening of this source of food supply, and with all the vast expense and sacrifice that would be involved before the disease could be again stamped out, what would be the position of the Board and Government in relation to the British people? Mr. Gardner and his associates are forced by the conditions of the problem to keep the dread of such consequences as these constantly before their minds. We cannot do them justice unless we remember this side of the question, as well as that which affects us more particularly.

The proposal that the Board of Agriculture should send three of its best experts to study the question in Canada, which Mr. Gardner said they were willing to consider, seems an eminently practical one. It is to be hoped that no time will be lost in carrying it into effect. Meanwhile, if the present stoppage of the traffic, and the greater or less uncertainty which must always attend it, shall have the effect of leading to a great increase in the business of feeding cattle for the British market at home, the result cannot fail to be so far beneficial to us, and the embargo may yet prove to have been a blessing in disguise. To sell from our farms, first the cattle which represent the natural increase of the herds, and then the fodder which should have been used in finding them, is unquestionably a most uneconomical procedure.

Light, absolutely destitute of heat, is produced that shines through a solid wall as the present light through window glass. The light within a house enables one outside to read by it as though the brick walls were translucent glass.

### A PARSON'S PONDERINGS CONCERNING THE "HISTORIC EPISCOPATE."

There is a very interesting and suggestive article in the July number of the North American Review. It is by the renowned Professor Briggs, and entitled, "The Future of Presbyterianism." After digesting its contents, I read over again Dr. Langtry's recent pamphlet, "Presbyterianism." The contrast was striking; and at first I thought it would be a very interesting problem to set one essay over against the other, and see whether out of the two I could make an "equation," so to speak, by dint of bracketing, eliminating, transposing, dangling signs, and all that. I soon gave it up, however; for though they both treat of Presbyterianism, each views an aspect thereof which is irrelevant to the other's argument. Dr. Langtry reviews its past, Dr. Briggs discusses its future. Yet there is a factor common to both these doughty champions, and a very important factor it is. Each hopes for, and is working for, the unity of Christ's Church. Each is doing what he can to bring about what we all desire to see, an Organic Reunion of Christians. Both conclude their several deliverances with a reference to this hope. Dr. Briggs says in his last paragraph:

"All American Churches are in the stream of that tendency which is rushing onward towards the unity of Christ's Church. The hedge which separate the denominations are traditional theories and practices. . . . The problem in the near future is this: Can the Liberals remain in their several denominations, and so become the bridges of Church Unity. . . . There seems to be little doubt that the Liberals at the present time are quite comfortable as Episcopallians and Congregationalists, and not altogether uncomfortable as Baptists and Methodists," etc., and he closes by hoping that Presbyterianism has become less "uncomfortable," and "as broad, catholic and progressive as her Congregational and Episcopal sisters; and then Church Union will be nigh at the doors, and a happy end of controversy will be seen in a united Protestantism, which will then be encouraged to seek a higher and grander unity in which the Roman and Greek communions will likewise share."

That is a glorious vision of the future! That is a dream worth dreaming! That is also the object which some high church—very high church—Anglican societies have had in view these many years. The Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom (known as the A.P.U.C.) and the Order of Corporate Reunion (or the O.C.R.) were organized in England for this very purpose. But I fear the position of the members of these societies, especially the latter, is not quite so "comfortable" as the learned professor might deem. The former are often looked on with disdain as a pack of visionaries, while the latter are generally viewed with suspicion as a pack of "Jesuits in disguise."

Nevertheless, it is pleasant to see "extremes meet" in this hope of the future; the high—the excessively high—Church members of the O.C.R. and the liberal,

the very liberal Presbyterian Professor. To be sure, though their ultimate object is the same, their methods differ widely. The members of the O.C.R. work, or are supposed to work, after the manner of conspirators, determined to restore some obnoxious and oppressive dynasty which has been expelled. The other party (I hope Dr. Briggs will excuse the comparison) presents a spiritual scheme which may be compared to the secular one of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in "A Look Ahead," which he published in the North American Review of last June. Mr. Carnegie sees in the future a grand reunion of the English-speaking race, and it is to be brought about in this fashion: The Queen is to abdicate her throne, for which Mr. Carnegie is kind enough to canonize her in advance; India, Egypt, and other inconvenient parts of the Empire are to be abandoned to their fate; England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada and Australia are severally to become "Independent States" in this new Union and the seat of government is to be transferred from London to Washington.

Now, glorious as this "Look Ahead" might seem to Mr. Carnegie, I think most of us Britishers, however much we may wish for the consolidation of the English-speaking race, will cry, "non tali auxiliis!" And so with regard to the ecclesiastical scheme of Dr. Briggs, we of the Roman, Greek and Anglican communions who adhere in various ways and degrees to the ancient episcopal dynasty, will hardly concur in forwarding Dr. Briggs' extremely liberal views of the Church which he would like to see. Nevertheless, let us try to make some sort of "equation," even out of these unpromising factors.

I heartily sympathize with the Professor in many of his leading propositions. For instance, his dictum, that "The Bible, the Church and the Reason are historically three great fountains of divine authority," would receive my endorsement, and I think that of all Anglicans. As to the work of the "higher criticism," it does not make us of the Church of England as "uncomfortable" as others, and for this reason: Supposing it should hereafter be universally conceded that the Pentateuch is the product of two or more hands, that there were two Isaiahs, and so on; supposing all that has been advanced by Professor Robertson Smith, Canon Driver and others, were established beyond all doubt or question—I do not see that one word of our VI Article would need to be changed.

On the other hand, as a "High Anglican," my views coincide with Dr. Langtry's. Leaving out of present consideration all matters of doctrine, and merely regarding Dr. Briggs' scheme for Organic Union, I answer with Dr. Langtry, "Never!" just as I would to Mr. Carnegie's proposals. We cannot give up our Bishops any more than our Queen. This insistence by the Anglicans on the "Historic Episcopate," calls forth, naturally enough, the indignation of all other bodies. But, after all, what can we do? The proposed United Church must have some organization, some form of government, some regimen; and with us Episcopacy is the very back-bone; we cannot agree to adopt a molluscous condition of things. In

spite of this difficulty, however, I think we may approach one another, even on this score

Some time since an Anglican clergyman found in the parish to which he had been appointed, badly broken up by two opposing parties; the one led by Mr. A., being very High Church, and anxious to adopt every possible adjunct to the services; the other party, led by Mr. B., very Low Church, and opposed to all "innovations," however commendable in themselves. The rector, at length invited the two parishioners to a conference in his study, and with his frank and blunt common-sense, he said: "Now we can't go on in the way we are doing; we must average this thing. So let me know, Mr. A., how much ritual you are willing to give up; and you, Mr. B., tell me how much you can stand." The parson's suggestions were carried out, and a happy adjustment was the result.

Now, in this matter of the Historic Episcopate, the Anglican Church is willing to "give up" a lot. Indeed, in my opinion, such a course would be not only essential in the case of Reunion, but beneficial to herself. We cannot expect all other denominations to model themselves precisely on our lines; for our organization in Canada has been by no means a conspicuous success; nor does it appear to the average student to follow so very closely the lines of the primitive Church. We Anglicans boast of our retention of the "three orders of the ministry" as propounded by St. Ignatius, and we feel very proud because the late Bishop Lightfoot proved so conclusively the authenticity of the shorter epistles. Well now, let us suppose this St. Ignatius, whom we so often quote, were suffered to rise from his grave and visit us in the flesh. Suppose he were to find himself in one of our larger Canadian towns which has, say, two English churches in it. We can fancy the Saint, after walking about and becoming bewildered with the curious names of the different Christian sects, meeting an enthusiastic Anglican who assures him that his Church has all along faithfully adhered to the ancient line of "orders." Thereupon would ensue a conversation something like the following.

S. Ign.: I rejoice to hear that you at least, are the lineal descendants of the old Catholic Church, with its faith and order. I would like to see your Bishop; pray conduct me to him.

Ang.: I am sorry to say, I can't do that, sir; for his lordship lives some 60 miles away.

S. Ign.: Indeed! Then how often does he come here?

Ang.: Oh, about once in two or three years.

S. Ign.: Then who is his deputy?

Ang.: No one exactly. Each clergyman looks after his own Church.

S. Ign.: And how many presbyters has your Bishop, and how far does his jurisdiction extend?

Ang.: He has about 100 presbyters, scattered over a space about as large as Asia Minor.

S. Ign.: And how many deacons are there?

Ang.: About four or five.

S. Ign.: Ah, doubtless they are with the Bishop in his cathedral.

Ang.: Oh, dear, no! They are each in charge of a mission with four or five stations.

S. Ign.: Do you mean four or five congregations?

Ang.: Yes.

S. Ign.: Well, well! A large town with two churches, and the bishop in it only once in two or three years! No deacons to assist the priests in Divine Service! Your so-called deacons in charge of small dioceses, with four or five congregations to look after.

I fancy at this stage the good Saint would heave a sigh, and conclude that things had got pretty much mixed. On the other hand, if we should visit some Presbyterian congregation, he would find a man who declared himself its bishop and a presbytery of elders and a number of deacons all working fittingly together; and I think it would strike him, *prima facie*, that they were the closest copyists in the matter of regimen. The fact is, while adhering to ancient precedents, we have not taken care to adapt them to our changed circumstances, and so our "copy" has become a caricature.

Of course, I believe in "apostolical succession" and the "historic episcopate," in spite of this distortion of things. But if we desire other bodies to "stand" our episcopate, we must be prepared to "give up" these unprimitive mis-growths.

There is an admirable little work which goes fully into all this. I wish it were in the hands of every Anglican priest, and indeed of every minister of every denomination. It shows great research, and is a capital handbook of quotations from divines of every age, and besides it would serve as an eirenicon, I feel sure. It is entitled "Bishop, and Councils, by a layman of the Church of England." (Kingston, Ont.: John Henderson & Co.) Among other valuable extracts it gives, in extenso, Bingham's proposal (Antiquities, Book IX., chap. 8.), wherein that learned divine, nearly 200 years ago, held out the olive branch to the non-episcopal bodies in a way which may yet prove of service.

At any rate, if we Anglicans are sincere in the proposals put forth by the Lambeth Conference, especially if we are willing to stand by the terms of the fourth proposition, *viz.*, "The Historic Episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administrations," so we ought to be ready, and I am sure we would be willing; (1.) To "give up all such adjuncts of the episcopate as may be objectionable to the rest, such as temporal titles of "lordship," etc. (2.) To have a bishop in every town of any size—which would mean an indefinite multiplication of bishops—provided, of course that, after the ancient model, no town or city, however large, should have more than one bishop. (3.) To have our "deacons" reduced to their proper place, by being shorn of at least half their present powers and prerogatives, and indefinitely multiplied. If we "give up" so much, can the non-episcopal bodies "stand" the rest?

So, after all, I think I have got my "equation" at last. For let B.P.D. represent respectfully our "three orders" of Bishop, Priest, Deacon; let R stand for the Regimen of the proposed Reunion; let t (a small t as being of little consequence) stand for "titles" and other unventilous adjuncts of our modern episcopate; and then we have

$$R = (B - t)x + P + \frac{D}{2}x$$

GEO. J. LOW.

Almonte, 10th July, 1893.

GARDEN PARTIES.

A Garden Party is a very typical form of Anglo-Saxon amusement. In it, as in all other such assemblages, real conversation seems wholly impossible. You are not with any one person long enough; your eyes and ears are too much distracted; the atmosphere of "society" is too rarified; one is too far removed from things of earth, from care and trouble, and toil, and passion and the thousand other details that go to make up life, to be able to discuss the things of life. Tacitly the everyday affairs of life are dismissed from the mind, and with it are dismissed all such topics of conversation as the generality of people are able to discuss. True, there is art, there is philosophy, there is literature to speak about. But as a rule, the Anglo-Saxon cares for none of these things. And if he did he would fear to venture upon them, lest by those ignorant of them should be uttered the word "shop"—a word which, curiously enough, seems to grate upon the Anglo-Saxon. Even when such talk is "indulged in" (these social phrases are so significant), it rarely goes beyond the stage of asserting Swinburne to be sweet or Lowell lovely. The things of life, then, being tabooed, of what can one talk? Of what could one talk in the New Jerusalem, if earthly experiences were tabooed? We could but gaze about, criticize the place and its inhabitants, and make ourselves agreeable to our interlocutor. Well, this perhaps sums up the philosophy of the Garden Party. And perhaps it is better so. The woman who is overheard narrating to another woman her domestic embroilments, her troubles with her cook, the recalcitraancy of her eldest daughter or the ailments of her infant son, is put down as trenching upon topics unfit for the polite ear, when the polite ear is supposed to be attuned for higher themes. Unfortunately, the higher themes are never sung. A lame attempt is made to sing them by the youthful male to the youthful female, with the result that his conversation is a more or less subtle compound of compliment and badinage which the listener drinks in with pleased contentment or amused nonchalance, according as she happens to be on the hither or thither side of thirty. But perhaps it is better so. Man and woman-kind try at a Garden Party, at all sorts of parties in fact, to forget the cares of life. It is a kind of holiday, even for those who have nothing to do, for to these it is a temporary escape from themselves. Man and woman-kind put on for a couple of hours clean and comely raiment, and strive to make their inner-selves correspondingly attired. Thus prepared, wreathed with smiles, and clothed, some with a natural and some with a simulated good nature, they go forth to make themselves pleasant and agreeable to their fellows; for by so doing they find themselves mightily pleasant and agreeable to themselves. Nothing puts one in better humour with oneself than knowing that one is well dressed and agreeable. Accordingly the essence of all gatherings is to be well dressed and agreeable. Nothing more is needed. By consequence at a Garden Party all are on an intellectual level, for it takes no great mental capacity to be either well dressed or agreeable.

In fact, it might be said that all are on an absolute level, were it not that some by reason of wealth or taste, contrive to dress better than others (the recognition of which is strenuously concealed), and some are more proficient in "making themselves agreeable"—it has actually passed into a phrase (the recognition of which is not quite so strenuously concealed). In short, at such gatherings there is a supposed, though tacitly denied, absolute level of rank, of social importance, of distinction, of beauty, even of age. But since men are weak and women vain, and since in the course of life rank and importance and distinction and beauty and even age (the hoary head in the case of men, the dimpled cheek in the case of women) count for so much, not even on the most adroit of hostess's lawns can there be brought about that absolute level which all pretend and none admit. It is curious to observe how this pretence of equality, which in other quarters would be termed democratic, belonging to the rule of the mob, is here seen to cling to a society supposedly antipathetic to everything connected with Demos. It is but fair to note, however, that this equality has nothing in common with republicanism. The host or hostess is regarded as chief, and his or her will, though, like that of the sovereign, never arbitrarily exercised, is submitted to implicitly and without question. In short, a party is a petty court, and courtly, not parliamentary, manners prevail. As at court too, affairs of State are left for the Council Board, so at parties affairs of life are left for the office.

The right spirit, then, in which to attend a Garden Party is a spirit which is content for a time to forsake common earth and soar to a higher sphere, to make believe that all people are nice and all things pleasant, that the present conditions are the best possible, and that we are thoroughly gratified with ourselves and all about us. This is why so much stress is put upon mere bodily comfort, upon dress and ices and claret-cup, upon things that please the eye and palate; for to the mind the Anglo-Saxon gathering does not cater. To cater for the mind or the heart would be to introduce dissension and feeling, and dissension and feeling are the two very last things admissible at a Garden Party. Dissension and feeling relate to passion, and passion, by all the rules of human etiquette, is rigidly prohibited. Imagine a man showing enthusiasm at a Garden Party! How gauche he would be! Imagine a woman moved to tears at a Garden Party! What an "object" she would be! The place to show feeling is one's closet; not even is it permissible in church, closely and intimately as worship and emotion are—or perhaps ought to be—associated. But church is another species of Anglo-Saxon gathering, that perhaps in which we take our pleasure most sadly of all. However, that is another story.

Are Garden Parties, then, to be derided? Not by any manner of means. The lawns are refreshing, the umbrage is sweet, that most interesting of things, your fellowman, in the one case, and your fellowwoman, in the other, are to be seen in their most affable manner and gayest of toilets. The ices are delicious, the claret-cup capital. Everybody is nice and

everybody is trying to think of nice things to say. To be sure, this man may be wondering how on earth it came to pass that that one was asked, and this woman may be counting the number of bell skirts that have been gored and frilled into more fashionable shape. But surely this feeling of good nature, this sense of being pleased with oneself and one's neighbours is one highly worthy of cultivation. It opens the heart, warms the affections, and makes us better prepared to receive the gentler influences of grace and beauty and good-will. To some, too, the Garden Party brings relief from toil; to others relief from ennui, that more deadening enemy of the soul than even excess of toil itself; to all it brings relief from self. Further, it brings men and women together, and the Great God knows how hard it is for men and women to live alone. And in thus bringing men and women together, even if the Garden Party surrounds their intercourse with multiform obstacles to the true communing of heart with heart, yet eye looks into eye (even if veiled), and hand grasps hand (even if gloved), and perhaps now and again a tiny crevice is opened in that granite prison-house in which each of us frail mortals lives immured. And this crevice after-meetings may enlarge, till in time that sacred thing, called friendship, even that more sacred thing called love, may be awakened in the soul, and the prisoners clasp hands with tears of gladness. Love!—perhaps here we touch the very core of the reason for bringing men and women together, whether on the summer shaven lawn or the winter waxen floor. All seek love, though all hide that search, and all love the lover, though all smile at him; and so all are willing to give love and the lover scope and opportunity. For at bottom the human heart is conscious of its own weakness and is lenient to the weakness of another. And so hostesses place pairs of chairs in convenient nooks and carefully carpet conservatories and staircases. And surely of all places to give scope and opportunity to love and the lover the Garden Party is the fairest. There is always something in sward and foliage and the open sky that recalls Eden or Enna, and youth and beauty on a summer lawn is to-day as idyllic as in the day of Theocritus. Welcome, then, the season of the Garden Party!

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

#### A BACCHANALIAN.

Rosy Bacchus, god of Mirth,  
Rouse once more the sleepy earth;  
Round our brows the ivy twine;  
Sodden all our cares with wine;  
Then, as all our troubles flee,  
Jovial is the hour with thee.

Earthly strife before thee dies,  
Misery, too, no longer cries;  
Peace, contentment, mirth and joy  
Gather round thee, Happy Boy,  
While the harsher cares of day  
At thy presence flee away.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and, having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.—Cervantes.

#### "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

One of the most remarkable poems which the mind of the nineteenth century has produced and one which, if merit be the measure of endurance, is destined to live exalted for many centuries more,—is that mid-night epic, by James Thomson, "The City of Dreadful Night." This poem is the work of a modern Dante, who had no need to search his imagination for a hell, being fortunate enough to live in London. It is even more fearful than the "Inferno" or "Purgatorio," because it is more real. It is not a creation, but a picture. It is not a phantom of a brooding mind, but it is a crape-clad fact draped it may be, with the darkness of a sorrowing mind, shrouded perhaps indubitably with the raven imagery of individual grief, but still a fact which many sad eyes have seen, a mid-night poem of which several sad stanzas had already been written in the intelligible wrinkles of many stricken brows. The touching language of wrinkles is unfortunately one which society is not at all times anxious to read and which poets searching for a present popularity, are seldom brave enough to record, and so it behooved this poet to do it for them, and this while other rymsters were sweetly warbling of lilies and roses, of azure clouds, and flowers, and silvery streams, and smiling skies and fair coquettes, he grandly, grimly, sternly did, and so behold "The City of Dreadful Night" rising in gloomy grandeur before the eyes of men, its foundation deeply, firmly laid upon the granite rock of fact; its massive outlines clearly defined in the centuries; its mighty shadow falling across the plain of ages. It is a negative argument for Utopia, a powerful pamphlet in the propaganda for social reform, and a new and striking feature in the landscape of the world's imagination. "The City of Dreadful Night" must take its place in the pantheon of imperishable thought there to live exalted when the reality of which it is the image has been wiped away from earth and there to be gazed at, wonderingly, by eyes as yet un-open and ages as yet unborn, as a dark reminiscence of the barbaric nineteenth century, and spoken of by lips as yet unsealed as "the picture of a hell, called in the language of the ancients, 'City.'"

The light of civilization can burn as well as brighten as the sun that shines can scorch, and there are some who feel its rays like daggers, and writhe amidst the thorns its warmth has nourished; and there are some, who at its zenith, live in utter night doomed by their day to darkness. The sun is responsible for the Sahara. There are deserts as well as gardens, and sighs as well as smiles, and in the very centre and soul of civilization a stately soul has lived a withered life, majestically prophetic in its gloom. It is significantly strange that there should be born of human thought works so dissimilar as this author's "City of Dreadful Night" and that other poem of his namesake, James Thomson, "The Castle of Indolence." One is the smile of the light of the day, the other the light of the night. One is gilded with sunshine, the other is shrouded with shadow; and yet both came from citizens of a common civilization; but the eyes of one were sure-



ly on the stars, while the other looked at the earth. And which is the worthiest? The truth is not always welcome; a smile is more lovely than a frown, laughter more melodious than sobs, mirth more harmonious than misery. And, if this is so, what wonder that Thompson, the happy, has a throne in the temple of Fame, while Thompson, the gloomy, is exiled from its walls. A ragged poet, he prances around its walls, singing a dirge more musical in its plaintive intensity, in its vast immensity, than any that are sounding in the exclusive precincts of its perfumed halls. But he is dolorous, and therefore unpopular, he is veracious and therefore unfashionable; and right well and bitterly he knows that for a time, at least, none but his fellow-exiles, his fellow-paupers, his fellow-sharers of the absolute realm of doubt, and death and darkness will listen to the music of his song. Perhaps, had he sung a sweeter strain, one fainer, but more lovely, the crowd might have flocked from the temple, seized him, borne him into its sacred precincts, robed him in the garments rare and rich, and placed him on a throne. Sometimes to the mind of the poet there came a doubt whether it would not be wiser, kindlier in him to sing in strains less gloomy. Why should he paint a mournful picture? Why add to the burden of human woe the tortured visions of his imagination? Why drag the devil from the depths, the pauper from the poorhouse, the drunkard from the ditch, and hold them up before the eyes of sensitive contemporaries or shuddering posterity? Why exorcise the ghosts and bid the angry gods unveil? The poet pauses before the gate of the stately sepulchre to answer:—

"Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles  
To show the bitter, old and wrinkled truth,  
Stripped naked from all vesture that beguiles,  
False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth.  
Because it gives some sense of power and passion,  
In helpless impotence to try and fashion  
Our woe in living words, how'er uncouth."

This fact actually differed from his age and gave the lie to the majority. Is it necessary to deviate from exposition to biography and inform the reader that his age ignored him in consequence, that he was crucified upon the cross of Christian criticism? That might be safely inferred from a general knowledge of the times. James Thomson was indeed one of those unfortunate poets who write in poverty and are paid with pain. Thus when he wrote his master epic, with bitter prescience he predicted that he would be ignored by his age:

"If any care for the weak words here written,  
It must be some one desolate, fate-smitten,  
Whose faith and hope are dead or who would die.

Yet here and there some weary wanderer  
In this same city of tremendous night  
Will understand the speech and feel a stir  
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight."  
And then standing in bitter loneliness in the night,  
standing with stately head bowed down, among ears that heard not,  
eyes that saw not and love that stood afar,

which has degenerated into robbery and in the great city of tremendous night, with lips that trembled and eyes alight with that rare fire that never fades, and heart bursting with grief and pain and genius, he turned from the light to the darkness, he gathered his fellow beggars around him, the only audience he had, the only auditors he cared for; and with outstretched hands and passionate intensity of grief, he poured forth the miraculous music of his song:—

"O sad fraternity do I unfold  
Your dolorous mysteries shrouded from of yore;  
Nay, be assured, no secret can be told  
To any who divined it not before."

And so the dark tide of turbulent melody flows with mighty dirge-like music from his mind, scene on scene, and verse after verse, unfolding new depths of darkness and new strains of grief.

There is no greater or more prolific subject for poetic inspiration than the modern city, with its bewildering revelation of every form and phase and tint and shade of human nature, fair and foul. There is man in communion with man, dependent on man, warring with man and interlaced and interwoven by social shackles, locks and chains into the intricate complexity of society. It is not in repose but in conflict that human nature is fully and truly revealed. Man must be studied, not as an individual unit, but as a component portion of universal unity. He must be heard as a note in the general harmony, a strain in the common choir. He must be seen under circumstances in which a thousand varying conditions call forth a thousand varying traits of character, and every chord of his being is touched and quickened into life. Thus he is seen in the city. There all the streams and tides of pleasure, pain and passion run and riot, meet and mingle. There necessity binds the thief, envy the liar, sorrow the saint and adversity the hero. There in mad chaos the tides of being ebb flow, and crystal waters mingle with the black. Here as in a mighty theatre, vast panorama of human nature is unfolded, the shifting scenes of life appear, each actor steps upon the stage, every depth is sounded, every shallow is seen, all characters, all shades of character, and all possibilities and capacities of character, are revealed. There are the mighty alternations of life, the palaces and tenements, the boulevards and lanes, the sick and poor, the smile and sigh, the laugh and groan, peace and strife, life and death. There noble weakness battles, sadly failing and vice grows rich on food of human woe, and there on the runes of wrinkled faces may be read the saddest social problem yet unsolved. The city seemed a wilderness whose myriad soils, some sterile, few fertile, grow few flowers and many weeds; where daily, hourly, momentarily, the seeds are sown and the bitter harvest of misery reaped. There, written in indelible letters upon the intelligible register of living flesh, might be seen the story of every stage in the evolution from savagery to civilization. The old barbarian is there damned with the double agony of his humiliation and the sight of a civilization he cannot share. There in endless monotony of toil can be seen that saddest slavery—the subjection of mind to the body, the homage of the thought to the

flesh, the bondage of the intellect to the stomach. There men are degraded to slaves or automata. There are the invisible chains that bind with links more cruel and pains more pitiless than ever despot devised or decreed. There is a hopeless tyranny of conditions, a bastille of social environment, a conspiracy of circumstances, which terrorize the impotent victim of their necessity, robbing him of everything but despair. There in cloud of care and shame of sin and shadow of an omnipresent gloom, the sable city stands. It stands like a withered tree on whose gnarled boughs and mouldered limbs sit songless birds and buds that never blossom; within whose fibres, roots and heart the worms creep breeding rottenness; through whose soiled. His was a grief-stricken mind, and life and wither love and wither the hopes of the poor; and on its topmost boughs, perhaps, a few green leaves which draw their nourishment from the roots die of stolen life; and from the heart of the gloom, from the very centre and core of dreariest night a denizen, a black raven singing in the tones of a nightingale, pauses for its miracle of plaintive song, its melody and music of the night. How sad it is to think that many more caged birds, now doomed to be dumb or doleful, to faint and die in the tainted atmosphere and gloom, will never sing their songs. The songs unsung, the locked harmonies, the still-born music, born and buried at once; the world has slain its best singers before their mouths were opened. The silent songsters that haunt the dreary depths might in a happier atmosphere burst forth into music, and palpitate with love, might fill the world with sovereign strains, divine and deathless, that would repay a thousand times in the golden coin of song the toil that made them sing.

The poem is a description of the great city at night. It is the narrative of one who wandered through its tangled streets and saw them draped and shrouded in heavy gloom. But there is something more than the darkness of nature reflected in the poetic picture, the darkness of the observing mind is also there. The gloom that pervades the poem is a double gloom. It comes in part from without the mind and part from within. The poet saw the city through the veil of his despair, which was only intensified by the kindred gloom of night. To the brooding mind of Thompson, the city was dark at any time, dark in the dawn, dark in the day and doubly dark at night. For there was darkness in his mind that pondered, and darkness in the eyes that gazed and darkness in the thought that mourned. His was a grief-stricken mind, and he felt magnetic sympathy with kindred gloom, so fitly symbolized by brooding night. The ingredients that enter into the composition of the poem are dual—subjective and objective. The former are permanent, the latter, transitory. The misery of the city may by just statesmanship be alleviated and destroyed, the problem of poverty may be solved in time, the light of genius may dissipate the darkness of the civic bastille, and shed prosperity and peace into the darkest ditches and the saddest slums. Industrial order may supplant industrial confusion, co-operation may supersede a competition

theft. The city may be cleansed, the stains of vice, crime and poverty, which are born of social inequality and injustice, may vanish with the advent of social equality and content. The city of Dreadful Night, as a present fact and feature of society, may vanish with time, the objective source of the poet's gloom may disappear, but the subjective capacity for grief must remain. There is no alchemy in time to extract the gloom from the mind of man. It is part of the web and woof of human nature. It is the dark thread in the fabric of thought. It is an elemental mood of mind. When the worlds mingled together, and the nebular currents, freighted with cosmic fire, framed and formed in mingled ecstasy and agony the tissue of material being, the ingredient of gloom was mingled with the rest.

It has been said that every man has his mission. Let it also be said that every poem has its purpose. I like to think that even the faintest rhyme is not written altogether in vain, but brings its humble strain of melody to the store of universal harmony, its tribute of ideas to the treasury of universal thought, that, behind the magic of its music, and the mystery of its meaning, there lurks the grandeur of its moral. That it is freighted with a fact, and carries with it in its journey to the realm of individual thought, the witchery and wisdom of a new and welcome truth; that when the Master thinker wrought it from the texture of His thought, He fashioned it a soul. It may be that the thought that is the spirit and the essence of a poem, is never completely severed from the poet's mind, that though visibly detached, it is invisibly linked to its source, that there are subtle cords of tenuous thought, and telephoric continuity, which still connect it with the parent mind, and that, when by sense of sound or sight, another thinker becomes cognizant of its being, he has but (in the words he saw or heard) been linked to invisible circuits of thought and wrought into communion with the creative mind. If every poem has its purposes, and every fabric of fancy its foundations of fact, it may be asked what is the meaning which lies concealed in the heavy drapery of this frame; what are the facts it commemorates, and what is the measure of its reality. Psychology would seem to teach us that every conception is a combination of perceptions, that the material of thought is supplied by experience. If this is so then must these mental types united in two poems have had these actual prototypes, ideas were based on images, and images cast on the retina by the external world. On logical grounds, therefore, we affirm an external material reality as the prototype of this internal mental production. Even if it were what the plutocratic critic will pronounce it—a dream, the laws which govern the production and determine the character of dreams, inexorably declare that they must find their basic material in the external environment of the mind; but in the realm of midnight thought, no stranger ever enters. The subject matter of dreams is supplied by experiences of waking life. Combinations, exaggerations, grotesque imitations of the materials of experience, there may be but the ideas of which the

mental monstrosities are composed, can all, if analyzed and separated, be traced to the environment of daily life, and in citizens of dreamland, like the strange phantoms that throng the mind in delirium, are lineal descendants of the inhabitants of earth, emigres from the republic of reason to empire of imagination, staid upright thoughts, who take advantage of the night to join a mental masquerade and revel in the Saturnalia of midnight fantasy, and the weightiest authorities on hypnotism inform us that the hypnotist can never discover in the mind of his subject, or unveil any experience not supplied by and limited to the world environment of that subject. If this is so, we may safely conclude deductively, that there was an external reality to suggest this poem, and inductive evidence of this fact, is furnished by the presence of the city of London itself. Thompson was therefore no "idle singer of an idle day." He was a dealer in facts, a builder with truths. "The City of Dreadful Night" is no chimera of the poetic mind. Poverty no phantom is; misery, no myth. The fields of the nineteenth century are stained by many cities such as this. Feudalism exiled from the political sphere, still reigns in the industrial. Charity is powerless to destroy it, for it does not touch the roots. A symmetrical structure cannot be built on the old foundations.

Pessimism is born of ignorance. There is both pain and misery in the world; but pain is discord, and discord is evanescent and transitory. It is incomplete and limited in time. Harmony is absolute and universal, because it is complete, and in every mind that perceives discord by its capacity to do so, proves that it has harmony, as by its capacity to know division it manifests its unity. Why did the poet know that pain was pain? Because it jarred with something which was not pain and which he carried in his mind, because the harmonious within revolted and rebuked the discord without.

What a strange home for genius—that thing of bewildering light—was this dark city. There is no slur, or star, or satellite, which gives forth light like genius. The primordial elemental cosmic fires burn in the mind of man, and daylight, dawnlight, moonlight, sunlight, starlight, jewel light, electric light and even the light of candles on the highest of altars, burn dim in the presence of genius. The rays of thought are cosmic and supernal, they find the way through mists and clouds and nights, and shrouds and doubts; yes, and through the deepest fold of night called death, they find their glorious way—these mystic rays of thought. Why, then, with such fire in his mind, did James Thompson despair? Was his genius too feeble, or was dust too thick to let him see in ecstasy of intuition, as may by some be seen, that only the imperfect can die; that harmony is external, omnipresent, infinite; that thought is the basis of being and made of fair spirit stuff, which only dies to purify its threads; that mind could not comprehend the relation were it not absolute, the finite were it not infinite. Perhaps had he consulted with himself he might have learned these things, but the rays of his own rare mind were caught and twisted by the lurid baneful rays from the maimed mind of Schopenhauer. There he stopped. He sought no more. Schopen-

hauer preached, Leopardi sang and Thompson bowed and listened, or rather he listened and bowed. He knew that religion was false: it might have been well had he gone a little further and found that some pessimism was equally false, and pure philosophy sublimely true. And so the fires of his genius, instead of going out to find the truth, stayed in and burned his brain to ashes, and he died.

It is strange of all the world's cities, London should have been chosen as his home, strange that his thoughts should hear groans or erudite songs and sighs or lullabies. These things are sadly strange, but the thing sublimely strange is this—that to all the languid powers of the city whose missions it was to cripple and maim, could neither maim nor dwarf nor cripple the might and majesty of his mind. The mind expanded even there and broke the chains of cramping circumstances. But there were other cities where it was not darkness. All were not Londons. Even as he sighed, others in happier civic homes were smiling. The world was not wholly miserable. The habitations of all men were not gloomy. Beneath the lights of other skies, other and happier cities had their place and cherished in their myriad homes the throbbing hearts of millions. Venice the beautiful, teased by silvery waves, throned on a smiling sea, arched by a heaven of perpetual light, and kissed and kindled into life and love by radiant rays of sunny gold. Florence the golden, caressed by loving seas, and crowned by happy skies,—a jewelled picture in an azure frame, a perfect dream of joy, whose marble pieces were crystal thoughts, adorned with others fairer still, lights from the mind of Angelo, hopes from the heart of Leonardo, visions from the brain of Raphael, all crystallized in countless colours tints, and shades, and linked in love together by spiritual threads that lent them deathless life. Lovely Florence, the witchery of sea and sky and soul, the music of lutes and lutes and loves, the perfume of perfect flowers, the glory of crowned art all met and mingled there. No wonder her great Dante had to leave her walls to find a hell. Paris was another city of delight, another town that had what London lacked, that city of the Celts, that people in whose breast the God that made them planted the flower of perpetual joy, whose revolutions were sunbursts, whose blood deeds were blossoms and brought forth flowers, whose battles only seemed to fertilize their soil, who never had to seek delight because they carried it, whose every tear brought forth its rainbow, whose gloom was of the surface, and whose mirth was of the depths, who never fell except to rise again more glorious. There marble fountains toss their waters in the air, and when the stars come out, the murmur of glad voices and slivery laughter mingles with music of harps, and violins and lutes, and a thousand stages tremble to the music of the dancer's tread and the songs of the minstrels of joy. San Francisco, throned on the majestic mother of seas—the vast Pacific, looking out through her Golden Gate with loving glance across the dreamy depths, freighted with orange groves, with luscious fruits, and rich with ruby wine, the Mecca of the sick, blessed with perpetual summer, in whose air microbes take wings,

and fly, peace conquers pain, and men grow rich with joy, and full to satiety with a slumbering, soundless breath of delight.

These were the other cities, but he knew them not. Only one did he know, and that was the greatest, darkest and most terrible fall. A city not of joy, not of peace, not of rest, not of art, not of love, but a "City of Dreadful Night." So he found it, so he painted it, and so he has bequeathed it to the ages. Even after living, London is dead; it will live again in his verse. He will pen with his dolorous vision down the aisle of many centuries. A bard in black, he will unfold his tale to the wondering ears of posterity. He will gather them from their revels in the golden ages, and in the midst of their festivity, he will speak, and the voice of joy will be hushed. By the witchery of his voice and verse he will awake again the tortured night, and dimly outlined within it they will see the midnight city, faintly, misty, there will be seen again his twinkling lights, the gloomly outlines of the dreary houses, the bridge of suicides, the domes of dark cathedrals, the steeples of vanished churches, the leperous lanes, the multiplied beating of the sea of sobs and sighs, the dark Thames, the beggars, the usurers, the broken images of men, and in the midst of all, a covering figure casting a lurid light over the whole with his eyes, the soul of the city, with head bowed down, a ragged miserable minstrel, pointing with withered hands to the charnel pile and sobbing in dreary, hopeless tones, that weird refrain, ending fearfully, breathlessly sad:

"As I came through the city, thus it was

As I came through the city." Perhaps posterity kinder than age, he dragged before them for judgment, will realize that the crape of his cloak, the raven sable hue of his thought, the darkness of his verse did not belong to himself, but that his generation had robbed him in black. Perhaps posterity, looking through the veil he wore, a web so closely spun by tangled thought, so stained by centre gloom, will see within as white and pure a soul as ever glorified the name of man. The truth will not be hid. In him it found a voice that scorned to lie. It spoke, and he was its utterance. This voice, majestic as the strong seas, titanic as the towering hills, which, though it knew no hills and saw no seas, yet gathered in the vastness of its utterance, the majesty of both the agony of hills, the grief of gods.

When even at a distance, we contemplate the misery of those depths, when at a distance of some thousand miles, we feel and share the shame of a derelict humanity and bade the misery be, and stretches out the hand to make it cease, when over the waste of waters are born to our ears in Toronto the sobs of the prisoners in the desolate city, and before our eyes, in tortured gloom, there rises his image of the midnight city, "freighted with agony and canopied with care," we cannot but echo in no steady tone, the bitter words of him who has made its gloom immortal and bequeathed the "City of Dreadful Night" and its stricken denizens to eternity.

"The chambers of the mansions of my heart

In every one whereof thine image dwells,  
Are black with grief, eternal for thy sake.

The inmost oratory of my soul,  
Wherein thou ever dwellest, quick or dead

Is black with grief, eternal for thy sake."

We give the immortal Thomson sympathy as a miser gives alms to a beggar; but posterity will give him glory as the subject brings grief to a king. He will stand a midnight minstrel at the banquet halls of posterity, and when the cup of ruby joy goes round and others string golden harps, and tell the children of the dawn what their fathers achieved, he will unfold his dreary tale and tell what they endured.

ETHELBERT F. H. CROSS.

### PARIS LETTER.

The impression exists, that the affair of the forged diplomatic documents alleged to have been abstracted from the British Embassy, have been a deeper conspiracy than is generally accepted. It is very clear, that all the well-known personages desirous of compromising a good understanding between France and England, have had a finger in the nasty pie. And the same personages are remarkable for their vociferations for the Russian Alliance. That the "Nigger Norton" copied, that is forged, what was given or told him, no one doubts. But he has not the political education or the knowledge of diplomatic events that the forgeries display. The conspiracy crystallizes under two distinct heads; to destroy the advanced Radical party, by exposing M. Clemenceau as a traitor, and next, to show how England was plotting against France. There cannot now be the slightest doubt, that the whole band knew pretty well what they were doing. Norton, the actual "penman" in the forgery, is not a British subject, it now appears, but a French recidivist. The preliminary payment of 10,000 frs., on account of the 100,000 frs. to be given him, did the conspiracy succeed, was re-taken from his wife to be paid back to the co-operative society which supplied the funds. Judas Iscariot seems to have been swindled out of his thirty pieces of silver. Public opinion has well punished the Cocarde, the journal which launched the dirty business. Its director is in prison, pending that he explains his prominent part in the scandal, and the paper that once had such a sale on account of its sensational mare's nest, is now avoided. The names of two public men are freely mentioned in connection with the forgeries, and the concoction of the plot; they cannot but know the finger of scorn pointed at them, and would do well to voluntarily present themselves before the magistrate for cross-examination.

Dr. Herz will soon be as many times dead as Osman Digma. It is hard to know what French parties have to gain either by his death or his extradition. Impartial judges do not think the latter could be now accorded, after the French highest court of appeal ruling that the Panama directors were not indictable, and the parliamentary committee of inquiry reporting that neither legislators nor functionaries had been corrupted. The

death of the notorious patient would relieve England of one ennui, and the political papers that she has seized ad interim she will be only too glad to hand over to the rightful claimant. In case of the death of Herz, an event to be expected at any moment, he being an American citizen, the Government of the United States may appear on the scene, to demand that all the impounded documents be integrally restituted to his heirs. What the latter may do with them is uncertain. If they have any political value, are really self-proving, they might add a disturbing element to the coming general elections. If any compromising documents exist, the heirs ought to invite those involved to buy the papers in; they would gain nothing personally by publishing them for mere revenge. And the French nation does not much care whether any more dirt about Panama be exposed.

I took a run into the provinces a few days ago to witness the commencement of the harvest; the rye had been cut, and was in stocks; the wheat was inviting the sickle, and had in several cases the invitation accepted. The farmers are not actually fretting over the result of these two cereals; they sigh over the oat crop; and moan and groan at the next to total loss of the hay harvest. The sugar beet fields presented a sad appearance. Potatoes are excellent. As for the vineyards, they are magnificent; it is to be hoped that France will have sufficient barrels into which to run the wine. Bread from this Algerian harvest's flour, is promised for next week.

The terrible catastrophe that has befallen the Victoria iron-clad off the coast of Syria, has reopened the war in France between the two schools of naval tacticians, respecting the relative destructive capabilities of iron-clads versus torpedoes. For the unprofessional, there can be no doubt that a Camperdown rent would finish any fight between two iron-clads, and if they are resolved to "ram," the antagonists must have an ending like the Kilkenny cats. Admiration is expressed for the heroism of Rear-Admiral Tryon; to coolly prefer to join the death-parade rather than seek individual safety, is a bravery that sheds lustre on our common humanity. In French naval circles, the collision is "guessed" to have been caused by something having gone astray with the steering gear. I heard one officer wittily maintaining that iron-clads had "fits of obstinacy," and refused to obey the helm when most expected to do so. Others asserted that the monster iron-clads have become delicate, from the very excess of their scientific construction. Perhaps they have a nervous system of their own that we cannot fathom. The French navy has lost two, perhaps three, big war-ships, from peace collisions also.

The Home Minister is about carrying out an excellent idea: that of publishing an evening edition of the Journal Officiel, at one sou. It will appear at eight o'clock, and contain the full parliamentary debates, extracts from blue book literature, and summaries of colonial, commercial, industrial and trade reports. It will be supplied gratis to every public institution, to every trades union and agricultural syndicate. The Lyceums will also be placed on the free list, as well

as newspapers and accredited foreign correspondents. The day appears to be within measurable distance, when the world, or perhaps each country shall have but one journal. Napoleon I. believed in that idea, and tried to apply it; only his sheet was filled with lying bulletins.

The cab strike is now entering upon its crucial stage. Only think, that citizens have been almost a fortnight without cabs, and have never uttered a complaint. They commence to think now, that the peasantry has endured sufficiently long, and so does the Prefect de Police, as he intimates his intention to employ non-diploma drivers, if the cab proprietors so desire. The orthodox cab driver has to undergo a few months' training, and to stand an examination for his diploma. The "tyros," now about occupying a box seat, will learn their business at the expense of running over citizens. If the fares were computed on a quarter-hour basis, and timed at so much for every five minutes afterwards, all disputants, and the public included, would be satisfied. There is nothing to prevent the cabmen from forming a co-operative society and fixing their own fares less than the official tariff.

M. Sarcey, the eminent theatrical critic, has been much pleased with his professional trip to London, to chronicle at the same time the proceedings of the troupe of the Theatre Francais. His friends prevailed upon him visiting Whitechapel, the scene of Jack the Ripper's crimes; the place, and the memory of the deeds, terrified him. But he was more desirous of witnessing the "two-penny theatres," and one in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel apparently cured him; when his party presented their united twopence for admission, they shocked the ticket taker, who informed them the price was 31s. 6d.; this they declined, but accepted standing room for a few minutes just to look round the house for one shilling each. M. Sarcey sees no difference between the twopenny London theatres, and their co-types of Paris. He only regrets he was not able to visit all the minor play-houses in London; but that will be for another occasion. The French are much pleased at the reception given their theatrical artists.

Surely the working classes cannot expect to carry public opinion with them, if they accept solidarity with the men or the party that control the new Bourse du Travail, or Labour Exchange. Here is a palatial building erected, fitted up, and "run" by the municipal taxes, where all the trades, some 300 in number, of the city are provided with office accommodation or halls wherein to hold their annual or guild meetings. The law requires all the trade unions to be registered at the Prefecture de Police, a mere formality, and to obtain thus a legal status. They decline to comply with the law and defy the Government to enforce it. And the Government will do so, as it must. The Home Minister has the veto on the municipal payments, and has commenced by stopping the salaries of the executive of the Exchange, as well as all other sums—about 75,000 frs. a year. In the course of a week, if the trades unions be not registered, the Exchange will be shut up, on the ground of holding unlawful meet-

ings, without permission of the police, for no meeting can be held in France comprising more than nineteen persons, without the sanction of the authorities. The workmen say if they are ejected—which they will be—they will resist, in a word, fight—not a bit of it. The law must be obeyed.

The Sanitary Commissioners request the Prefect of Police to issue a notice to the public, not to expectorate in the omnibuses, tram cars and cabs, as such matters can often be the medium of diphtheria and tuberculosis. One doctor urges that all public vehicles be disinfected every morning before being employed. And when a decree requesting the public not to expectorate in cafes, restaurants, theatres and shops, throat-rasping and its consequences will never be suppressed in France. The right to expectorate is a "constitutional" liberty. Z.

### THE CRITIC.

Another book from Mr. Rudyard Kipling; not all of it new, but all of it good; and if none of it quite so good as some plain tales from the hills or stories of soldiers three, yet all of it worthy of its writer. Mulvaney appears again and Ortheres, as also that by no means least interesting personage who speaks always in the first person. But besides these are many new characters; there is a Mahomedan, one Shafiz Ullah Khan, who reveals himself as well as a good deal of Mussulman feeling, in a letter portraying from "one view of the question" England and the English, which will make thoughtful reading for many an Anglo-Indian; there is Badalia Herodsfoot, a young grass widow of the slums of London, roughly but powerfully drawn; there is an intoxicated Scotchman without a name, who makes most excellent fooling; there is a gentleman ranker, by name Ellis, whose story will make more sigh than smile; and there are journalists, forestry officials, native out-castes, and, of course, soldiers and sailors innumerable—all delightful to those who delight in Kipling. To those who do not . . . but it is perhaps more interesting to discuss this remarkable writer from the point of view of those who delight in him.

What is the secret of that delight? To the present writer (who, by the way, knows something of India and, by consequence, of Tommy Atkins) Kipling was first recommended by one who knew nothing of either, as being "so true to nature." Doubtless he is, and doubtless that is one and a strong reason of our delight in him. But how can nine-tenths of his readers know this, readers to whom nine-tenths of his scenes and characters are as unfamiliar as though they were scenes and characters in another planet? The solution of this problem probably lies in the fact that what Kipling knows is—human nature, and, how to depict it. Given these two great gifts, and in all likelihood it matters little where the writer lays his scenes or whom he chooses for his characters. And when we say he is true to nature we mean that we recognize the verisimilitude of his representation of life, whether or not we are intimately acquainted with the particular phase of life which he portrays.

Another source of the delight we find

in Mr. Kipling's stories is no doubt their freedom from the restraints by which the bulk of English fiction is fettered. There is something wonderfully refreshing in the freedom manifest in every speech and action detailed in these volumes of stories. They breathe the breath of open skies and limitless plains and forests, of actions prompted by large motives for great purposes, of soaring ambitions stimulated by desperate straits, by indomitable resolutions, of open and sincere joyousness—of things altogether above and beyond the narrow standards that warp those writers who cannot get beyond the neighbouring glebe or paddock, and the scandal which has arisen within the confines of their own county. Kipling's characters are wholesome characters. Their wholesomeness has hardly yet been sufficiently emphasized. His men are not all immaculate, nor for that matter, are all his women; but few writers have exceeded him in avoiding even the shadow of the taint of what is known as viciousness. Can any one recall a single sentence in all that he has written against which any such charge could be laid? When from such a charge some of our recognized masters and mistresses of contemporary English fiction cannot be wholly exonerated, it is but fair to give Mr. Kipling his due meed of praise for his possession of what perhaps ought to be, but certainly is not, a purely negative virtue.

### BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY.

Dear Life, cling close, true friend through  
good or ill,  
Mine eye—we cannot part our company.  
Though breathing cease and busy heart  
be still,  
Together will we wake eternally.

Strange Life, in whose immeasurable  
grasp  
The past, the present, and the vast to be  
Mingle—Oh Time, the world's for thee to  
grasp,  
I and my life for immortality!

Those bygone hours that were too sweet  
to stay,  
And vanished from my sight like morning  
mist,  
Will dawn again—ah! ne'er to fade away;  
The fleeting moments endlessly exist.

The present lives, the past and future  
twine.

My life, my days forevermore endure;  
My life, it comes I know not whence;  
but mine

For aye 'twill be, indissolubly sure.  
J. W.

### DIALECT LITERATURE.

In The Week of the 23rd there is an article on dialect literature in which the writer refers to Burns as having "Opened up the flood-gates of that kind of literature in Scottish poetry and song." I agree with Mr. Kay in his strictures on the flood of dialect literature in which we are threatened to be deluged, and the amount of rubbish that passes under that name at present, but when he classes Burns' poetry and Scotch prose, when delineating Scottish character in his novels as dialect literature, I object to the term. The writer might as well class all of Chaucer's poetry, a large part of Spencer's, and a good deal of Shakespeare as dialect literature as well as that of Burns and Scott. The language which Burns wrote and spoke

was written and spoken by the Scottish people, gentle and simple, by peer and peasant, from before the earliest Stuart's time up to the union of the two kingdoms. I have read the statutes enacted by the Scottish Parliament, from the first James' time to the sixth of Scotland and the first of England, and they are all written in the tongue Burns wrote and spoke, only the language is a little more archaic than that used by him. One of the Stuart kings was no mean poet. He wrote a poem called "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which, for point and humorous description of the manners and customs of the age, could not be surpassed. It was the language which Knox spoke and wrote; and when he was a prisoner in France toiling at the oar as a galley slave, one of his guards brought an image of the Virgin to him to worship. The stern reformer called it "A pented bredd," i. e., a painted piece of wood, and contemptuously pitched it into the sea. The great Scottish writers of the eighteenth century—Smith, Hume and Robertson—wrote in English, but they all spoke their native tongue, especially Hume who spoke it with great fluency and force. The Scottish language is no provincial dialect of the English, but a sister tongue. It was the language of Scott's boyhood. He heard no other at Sandy Knowe his grandfather's place, where he spent most of his earlier years. It was spoken by his father and the noblemen and gentlemen of Edinburgh as late as his time, and when the young poet Burns left his plough stilt in Ayrshire and appeared among the cultivated literati of the metropolis, and startled them with his bursts of eloquence and flashes of wit and humour, it was in no vulgar dialect he addressed them, but in a tongue they all understood and spoke. The Duchess of Gordon, who probably had met and conversed with most if not all of the leading men in politics and literature, in both capitals, said that Burns was the only man she ever met whose conversation completely carried her off her feet. He could not have done that had he not spoken in a tongue common to them both. Anyone well read in Scottish literature, has no difficulty in reading Chaucer, which cannot be done by modern Englishmen without the aid of a glossary, and many words in Spenser and Shakespeare, obsolete or their meaning obscure to the English reader, are perfectly plain to the Scottish. The language written in Chaucer's time in both countries, was identical, but it changed much more rapidly in England than Scotland, and after the union of the two kingdoms under one crown, and the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into that "pure well of English undefiled," the Bible and the book became a sacred treasure and in every home in both countries, English became the predominant tongue and the Scottish virtually ceased to be written. I think it is greatly to be regretted, as all that magnificent literature of heroic song and ballad that when trumpets, is written in a language that cannot be thoroughly understood and appreciated without study by the great part of the English-speaking race. Yet those splendid lyrics will never per-

ish. Lady Anne Lindsay's "Auld Robin Grey;" that hymn of hope and sorrow by Lady Nairn—"The Land o' the Leal," will embalm the language in which they are written as long as tongue can speak or heart feel. Bruce's Address at Bannockburn, by Burns, unequalled in any language, ancient or modern, that should be sung as Carlyle said, by the "throat of the whirlwind," will never cease to cheer and inspire to heroic action men of the British race in all lands and every clime. Has not "Auld Lang Syne" (a phrase untranslatable into English) become the meeting and parting song of the Saxon kindred wherever they are to be found on this planet. The last great writer who spoke the Scottish language in its purity, was Carlyle, and notwithstanding his long residence in England he continued to speak it to the end of his days, and no reader of his life needs to be reminded of his splendid powers as a conversationalist. W.C.K.

THE SEARS LIBRARY.

An important event in the library world of the United States, has recently occurred in the city of New York.

The admirable collection of books illustrating the origin, growth and development of The Book in all its phases, including the history of early manuscripts, printing, paper-making, binding, wood and metal engraving, etc., etc., gathered by Mr. George Edward Sears, has passed at private sale, for a very large sum, into the possession of Mr. William Evarts Benjamin, of New York, who is one of the largest dealers in rare and expensive books in America.

Mr. Sears is the son of the late Mr. Robert Sears, sr., of Toronto, and for many years conducted a large printing business in New York. Taking a great interest in the subject, he devoted twenty years of his leisure time to gathering early manuscripts, early bindings, early printed books, and all kinds of typographical curios.

The collection contains one illuminated MS. of the fifteenth century, written on 600 leaves of vellum, and having 350 hand-painted miniatures, valued alone at \$5,000; a complete Caxton, "Tully on Old Age," worth \$2,500. Numerous specimens of all the distinguished presses: Aldus of Venice; Plantin, of Antwerp; Pannertz, of Rome; The Ginntas, of Venice; Elzivirs, of Leyden, etc., etc., from 1470 to 1550.

These precious volumes were kept in an ancient Park avenue mansion, reminding one, as the New York Times expressed it, "of the Christian chapels in the catacombs."

During the past years, many grave meetings were held there by enthusiastic and studious bibliophiles, learned in Gothic and black-letter lore, after the manner of good old Dr. Dibbin.

Mr. Sears had already made two very remarkable catalogues of his collection, one, of the curious and sombre subject of "The Dance of Death," which we have already noticed; the other, upon "The Emblems of Alciati," privately printed in editions of 100 copies. The New York Times says "he had formed a perfect chain

of all the links, by which the work of the early monkish scribes, copyists, and book-makers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is allied with the work of the publishers and printers of the present day."

Mr. Benjamin is now engaged in classifying the books in chronological order, for a public exhibition to be held in his new and extensive galleries in East 16th in the fall.

Now that Mr. Sears regards his work as fairly finished, and having given up his residence in New York, he decided that it was proper to no longer keep these curios hid under a bushel, but to place them where they might be a benefit, as well as a gratification to other collectors, quarrying possibly in the same field.

It is to be hoped that such a collection as a whole, will not be largely separated, as a similar one will not be easily formed again. Mr. Sears having for nearly a quarter of a century, personally and through agents, searched the various book marts of the world for rare editions and choice specimens of the printer's art, sparing neither money nor pains to achieve his end, the results being the formation of one of the most unique and intrinsically interesting and valuable libraries on the continent.

It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Sears is greatly attached to the old home of his father, and a large part of every year is spent in visiting Toronto.

ART NOTES.

In the June number of the McMaster University Monthly, Mrs. M. E. Dignam, in an article on "The Development of Art," states a truth which is often lost sight of. "If I were asked what the great need of the day was, I should say, 'Intelligent and critical appreciation of art.' It is a crude idea that such knowledge would be wasted if not practically or professionally applied. Surely a full development of all the faculties, is worth all it costs to the individual, and a diffused knowledge of art, of good taste, is needed, first of all for personal enjoyment, and secondly, to create a demand for what is produced, which can only be through a more cultured appreciation of the masterpieces."

The Galignani Messenger for June 25th, gives the following:

A week or two ago, there was published an article from the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, in which he pleaded for the establishment and endowment of a permanent Fine Art Exhibition in the East-end. The article was read with interest by Mr. Watts, R. A., who expressed his hearty commendation of the scheme. How far more delightful, he says, are the small private galleries in Italy than the large ones! Why should not small galleries be built in various parts of London? Mr. Tate's Gallery, at Millbank, might serve as a head-centre for them, all circulating pictures and catalogues through them. If the management of the Tate Gallery, undertook also the management of these smaller local galleries, having the responsibility both for hanging and for accepting loans and gifts, much labour would be saved, and the work would be much more thoroughly done. An annex in each case for minor arts and crafts, with special reference where possible to local industries, would be a valuable addition. Mr. Watts himself promises to send some of his pictures to any permanent gallery which may be established in Whitechapel; while another reader of Mr. Barnett's



"plea," has offered to leave pictures on trust, to the value of £12,000, as well as to subscribe a substantial sum to an endowment fund, should the idea be carried out.

#### LEIGHTON'S METHODS OF WORK.

Before commencing a picture, Sir Frederick Leighton carefully makes up his mind as to what he purposes to do, and proceeds without hesitation to do it. Unlike Mr. Alma Tadema, and certain other distinguished artists, he never "paints out" portions of a work, substituting other objects or other figures for those originally decided upon. The general idea is, in the first instance, fixed upon a sheet of brown paper, in black and white—we reproduce, by way of example, the original study for "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alceste." Then the scheme of colour—always a matter of prime importance—is painted on a small panel. Next, the model is posed, and drawn—first in the nude, and then as draped; the drapery having previously been carefully and minutely studied apart. Lastly, the final cartoon is copied accurately on to the canvas in outline, and coloured in monochrome. The nude is then draped over, and the actual work of painting proceeds apace.—From sketch of Sir Frederick Leighton, in the June Review of Reviews.

#### WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT. VIII.

Carl Guthery shows three, two of which are much alike in subject, "Arcessita at Angells," and "Light of the Incarnation." In this latter there is a wonderful idea of immensity in space and number suggested. The heavens are crowded with angels, all bending towards the one point of light in the centre. The elaborate haloes in both of these pictures, cause one to wonder. In the "Temptation of Saint Anthony," there is a bit of very fine flesh painting. It seems, Mr. Beckwith has chosen this same subject for one of his last, and it is at the Summer Art Exhibition, now open in New York. Somewhat alike in tone, are two by Louis P. Dessar. "The Fisherman's Departure," and "Evening;" both have the same purplish, misty effect, but the first has much more of a story to tell. The vessels are about to start, and around the wayside cross, with its lighted candles, is a group of rough fishermen praying, their faces lit from the candles; one fisherman, a little way off, is stooping to kiss his baby, which the wife is holding, and in the foreground are two children, with backs towards you, intently watching the others. The interest, and childlike abandon expressed in these figures, is exceedingly good; indeed, this, and much more could be said of the fine feeling throughout the picture. Wm. T. Dannat, has made a very startling experiment, in effects of light, in his "Spanish Women." It is a row of women seated opposite you on a bench, whose faces are artificially lighted from below; they are gesticulating, and keeping time to music; there is nothing else in background or foreground. You are drawn to it, as the most striking thing in the room, not the best or most pleasing; there is no texture given in dress, no modelling in flesh, and the figures might almost have been painted from the same model, but as it is an effect of light the artist is aiming at, he has no doubt succeeded—whether one cares for his aim or not, is another matter.

T. W. Dewing has some very fine portraits, also "A Musician," which is what one might expect from so great an artist. A very spirited portrait of Mark Twain, is by Charles N. Flagg. George de Forest Brush has struck a new vein in his choice of subjects, which are all Indian. In "The Sculptor and the King," the action is very dramatic, as the sculptor watches his sovereign, who is sternly and intently regarding the sculptured reliefs before him. Clifford P. Grayson, gives a beautiful rendering of nature in his "A Rainy Day in Pont Aven," that gathering place for the American artist.

Alexander Harrison's "Bathers," has been referred to before; his water effects are always fine. "In Arcadia," is a subject, examples of which are to be seen in every collection under different names, a group of nude figures in a sunlit garden. The flesh in sunlight is brilliant but, perhaps, the whole effect is heavy. To think of Collin's group of dancing figures in the French collection, is to put most others of this kind at a disadvantage. D. S. Hasbrook has succeeded well in giving sunlight on snow. Of Childe Hasserm's street scenes, the "Autumn Landscape" is, perhaps, the best; the canvas is larger than is usual with him. It is almost dusk, and the gas has been lit in the streets; you look down a long vista of mellow, dusty atmosphere, an old man sweeping up the dead leaves, is coming towards you, and is the principal figure. The autumn colouring, the feeling of oncoming night, are well given. Thomas Hovenden has two examples of his carefully finished, and well composed work. "Breaking Home Ties" and "Bringing Home the Bride," each telling its story well, but finished so that there is no room for suggestiveness; you know all there is to know; it would not be worth while to go to the door there, you are so sure of what is beyond. W. H. Low exhibits quite a number; "In an Old Garden," is a charming portrait of a child charmingly treated.

Alfred Kappes has two pictures, "Rent Day" and "Tattered and Torn," in which he has used the same model. In the first, there is no mistaking the subject. The landlord sits by, patient and amused, while the old coloured couple count carefully the rent, holding up the coins for close inspection, each time, with such an intensely absorbed expression. "Exchanging Confidences," is a small canvas by Francis C. Jones, in which an old man and little child are seated at table, while the little one is eagerly relating something. The intent attitude of both figures is good. Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, and Mrs. MacMonnies, whose work may be seen in the decoration of the Women's Building, have each something here; Mrs. Keith a portrait and Mrs. MacMonnies two, both rather decorative in treatment. "Tea al Fresco," is afternoon tea, the figures in sunshine and shade beautifully rendered in a very light key. John S. Sargent has a large number of portraits, which to see, is indeed "a liberal education." Julian Story has a very large canvas in "Mlle. de Sombreuil" (an episode in the French Revolution), powerfully dramatic; the young girl stands at the door of the house, shielding her father, while she faces the infuriated mob, and raises to her lips the glass of blood—the drinking of which is the price of her father's life.

No one could pass Edmund C. Tarbell's work, without pausing. Boldly he gives his sunlight effects in the manner of the impressionists, and wonderfully he succeeds too, only in doing so, sacrifices his values, and, in some cases, the effect is too violent to be pleasing. This is the case in "The Girl and the Horse;" the grass is such a vivid green, crude in the shadows, and with the purple of the horse makes a harsh composition. Elihu Vedder's work is so well known in black and white, that little need be said. Many of those exhibited have been seen in some of the great Magazines.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Paderewski's only appearance this season was the occasion for the most fashionable gathering seen at St. James' Hall for many a day. He was in his best form and treated his enthusiastic audience to Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Liszt and Chopin in his own inimitable manner.

By command of the Queen, there was a state performance at Covent Garden in honour of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May. At the royal wedding little Jeannie Blancard, the "girl Mozart" of eight years of age, played the

"Wedding March" which she composed for that occasion. This wonderful child can, by her instincts of composition and harmony, improvise on the piano according to the schools of Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Palestrina, Mendelssohn, Gounod or any of the modern composers. If this child retains and develops those faculties and continues in health, she is destined to be one of the marvels of our time.—Musical Courier.

In London Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" has scored another success at the grand festival of the Handel Society, at Crystal Palace, when about 20,000 people listened to a masterly rendition of this cantata, which shot into popularity on its first production at the Leeds Festival in 1886. Since Mr. Manns was appointed conductor of this society, he has aroused the interest of its members, and the work done by the choir and orchestra, numbering over 2,500, shows a high standard has been reached. The solos were taken by Mrs. Albani, Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Henschel. All were well received, while the Welsh tenor made the hit of the occasion, scoring a veritable triumph in his masterly rendition of the entire role.

Verdi's chef d'oeuvre, "Falstaff," was recently produced at the Royal Opera House at Berlin, and the correspondent of The Musical Courier, in reference to the performance, writes: So great is my admiration for "Falstaff" that upon repeated hearing I cannot help placing the work in artistic value between Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" and Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia," the latter one of which it far outranks in the technic of composition. But whether it will ever attain the popularity of "The Barber" is an entirely different question which I am inclined to doubt very much, just as much as I shall never believe that Verdi's "Otello" will ever attain the popularity of his "Trovatore," or that Wagner's "Tristan" will ever draw the masses in the same irresistible style that his "Lohengrin" does. Yet "Tristan" is a far greater art work than "Lohengrin" or "Otello" far surpasses in artistic merits "Il Trovatore." The cavaliere pour le peuple, all the vox populi howlings to the contrary notwithstanding, is still an indisputable truism in art matters. Otherwise why would not the Berliners have gone to listen to "Falstaff?" Well, the wiseacres and the told-you-sos will of course maintain that the season was too far advanced; that four performances were anyhow too much; that the prices, 20 marks for a stall in the pit, and 25 marks for seats in the front balcony, were too high; that Maurel was not in the cast nor Pasquelli the original contralto, and that as these were the only two artists known by name and reputation in Berlin, a success with an entirely strange personnel was not to be expected. Well, no doubt, there is something in all this, and one may wonder why an impresario of Pollini's sagacity and experience, did not take all these circumstances into consideration, if he did not do so; but the mainspring which failed to operate with the critics and the down with the hot polloi was the spirit of recognition and understanding of a great art work. "Falstaff," moreover, can never appeal to the great throng of those who want to go home from an opera whistling or humming its "tunes." There are no "Trovatore" tunes in it. The melodic stream is of the very finest kind, the thematic material of the most minute matter, and although I am blessed with a tolerably good musical memory (as some have found out to their sorrow), I failed after two hearings, to retain more than a couple of short phrases. First, the one upon which "Falstaff" strutting march in A flat major to supposing female conquerings in the second act is built, and which in the third act recurs for a moment in A flat minor in a most limp and abject but all the more descriptive manner, after the knight's return from his dump into the Thames.

The sorriest of all criticisms I read were those which indulged in a comparison of Verdi's "Falstaff" with Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." The German's beautiful and poetic music is as different from the Italian's sparkling and springly humour as the German libretto is different from that of Boito. The entire German conception of the principal character is different from that of the Italian's, for, as is almost natural, because it is national, the German treats "Falstaff" principally as a toper, while the Italian lays the most stress upon his predilection for the fair sex. Boito's verses moreover are vastly superior to the German libretto and are at times exuberantly funny.

LIBRARY TABLE.

A DEPLORABLE AFFAIR. By W. E. Norris. A DEADLY DILEMMA. By Grant Allen. (Shandon Series.) New York: Tait, Sons and Company.

These tales are included under one cover: they will afford an hour's diversion to the reader, but we have seen much better work by both authors.

STORIES FROM INDIAN WIGWAMS AND NORTHERN CAMP FIRES. By Egerton Ryerson Young. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis.

In reading tales of adventures in foreign lands, the thought so often occurs to the intelligent Canadian, what better country can there be than his own to supply material for such stories. From the far northland, whose shores the Arctic Ocean washes, to the Acadian peninsula, and westward to the warm Pacific, what more fruitful soil for the pen of the story writer? Mr. Young, who is a Methodist missionary, in this most readable and enjoyable volume of nearly 300 appropriately illustrated pages, has well told the story of his wanderings in the land of the Hudson Bay Company. Missionary work, sport and adventure, ashore and afloat; description of scenery and of manners and customs of Indian tribes; observations on the country, its past, present and future; anecdote and story of journeyings and canoe-are all told brightly, cheerily and instructively. This book may safely be placed in the hands of boys and girls alike. It is a worthy specimen of a pure, yet exceedingly interesting book of Canadian travel and adventure in our great North-land.

THE CONDITION OF THE WESTERN FARMER. By Arthur F. Bentley. A. B. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1893.

This is another contribution to the historical and political science, and as an exemplification of the subject, the case of Harrison township, Hall County, Nebraska, is considered. After carefully discussing the question from a variety of standpoints, such as land values; rents; credit; taxes, and markets, and having given a sketch of the colonization and history of the township selected, as well as having detailed the present economic condition of the farmers, Mr. Bentley concludes that, "Any man who undertakes farming in Nebraska at the present day, requires, in order to be assured of success, at least three things,—first, that he have some little capital; second, that he possess good business qualifications, and third, that he escape any extraordinary misfortunes" (meaning possibly grasshopper incursions) and he emphasises the necessity of the possession of these qualifications by "Western agriculturists of the present time." We should be inclined to add—a thorough knowledge of the conditions of Western farming based on practical experience of farm life, and even then, we rather from this pamphlet, his life will be far from rose-coloured.

"THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY," and "BRIEF GUIDE TO THE COMMONER BUTTERFLIES OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES AND CANADA." By Samuel Hubbard Scudder. New York: Henry Holt and pany. 1893.

Who has not chased a butterfly? To most of us the butterfly is associated with the bright memories of early childhood—the summer hey-day of life, when we gathered wild strawberries and roses in the meadows, and, hat in hand, gave vigorous chase to the eluding butterfly. It remains for the scientific specialist to continue the pursuit through life and to make the world wiser by his knowledge. This is what Mr. Scudder has done in the two excellent handbooks above mentioned. The first is what it professes to be, "A chapter in Natural History for the general reader" and describes the main events in the life of the milkweed butterfly clearly, and at the same time comprehensively. A table of contents, an index, four illustrative plates with an explanatory statement of them, are included. The latter book is more elaborate, and for its size, we doubt whether a similar work can be found in which the subject is more satisfactorily treated. We are satisfied that no one interested in the subject can be otherwise than well pleased with the extent and variety of information, the clearness of statement, the careful classification and the helpful explanations and instructions for collecting, etc., which its enthusiastic author and compiler have provided for him.

ONTARIO'S PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS; or a Century of Legislature. 1792—1892. A Historical Sketch. By Frank Yeigh. Toronto: The Williamson Book Company, Ltd. 1893.

Mr. Yeigh has gathered within the 170 pages of this interesting volume a large amount of information appropriate to, or associated with, the history of the Parliament buildings of our Province. "The first parliament of Canada," says Mr. Yeigh, "is supposed by some to have been held under an oak tree which is still standing—with but few of its sturdy old branches left—at the southern limit of the beautiful property known as the Anchorage. The same tree is also pointed out as the one on which two American spies were hung during the war of 1812. Others hold to the opinion that the upper room in a Freemasons' hall had this honour, while others claim that it met in a camp tent, and that Simcoe took his seat on a camp stool when he delivered his address. Still another writer claims that Navy Hall was not only Simcoe's official residence, but that it was the original meeting-place of the Legislature." The locality was then called Newark, later it became the old town of Niagara, and it is now known as "Niagara." The village then had, says Mr. Yeigh, about fifty houses, and the population of Upper Canada was only about ten thousand whites and as many Indians. On the 17th September, 1792, the first Parliament of Upper Canada was called together, and was composed of the following persons: John White, Attorney-General; John Macdonell, Speaker; Angus Macdonnell, Clerk; George Law, Sergeant-at-Arms; Rev. Mr. Addison, Addison; John Booth,—Baby, Alexander Campbell, Peter Vanalstine, Nathaniel Pettit, Hazleton Spencer,—Young, Jeremiah French, Ephraim Jones, William Macomb, Hugh Macdonell, Benjamin Rawling, David William Smith, and Isaac Swazy. Governor Simcoe having decided to move the seat of government to York in 1796, a new house of Parliament was completed, "on a small piece of cleared land, but a stone's throw from the waters of the bay to the south, and the forest to the north and east, while not far to the west there stood a grove of fine oak trees—a remnant of the original forest, and an irregular road led to

it from Castle Frank, on the banks of the Don. This road now forms Parliament street." As to the condition of York (now Toronto) at that date we are told that "a few new buildings had been erected in addition to the twelve log houses and the barracks that first formed the settlement. Vessels approaching the banks threw out a gang plank to the muddy shore. To the north, the Governor's soldiers had hewn out a roadway to Lake Simcoe, a distance of 30 miles. Old settlers who passed away during the 'fifties,' were wont to tell thrilling stories of the bears shot on King street, and the howling of the wolves at night in the vicinity of the Parliament Buildings and the market." But we must not linger over interesting details. The above buildings were burnt by United States invaders in April, 1813, together with the library, state papers and records. In February, 1814, Parliament was held in the "ball room" of Jordan's York hotel which stood on King street, near Berkeley street, and we learn that several succeeding sessions were held in a residence occupied in after years by Chief Justice Draper, known as "The Lawn," and which stood at the north-west corner of Wellington and York streets. In 1818 the foundation of a new Parliament house was laid which was completed in two years: this building was brick, and occupied the site of the old gaol, near the corner of King and Berkeley streets, and in 1824 was destroyed by a fire, caused by an overheated flue. The sessions of 1825-6, 1827 and 1828 were held in the old general hospital which stood between King street and Hospital—now Richmond street. From the hospital the vagrant Parliament journeyed to the old court house which stood in the block bordered by King, Church, Court and Toronto streets; here as well as in the old hospital, many a stormy debate took place as the spirit of reform moved on the waters and such men as John Rolph, William Lyon Mackenzie and Robert Baldwin made their weight felt. In 1832, the old familiar buildings on Front street, between Simcoe, Wellington and John streets were occupied, and during the years of their chequered history, have been used from time to time as a court house, university and medical school; an insane asylum; and a barracks. In 1892, the new buildings which stand in the Queen's Park, Toronto, were completed, and for long years to come will be the home of our provincial legislation. Of these buildings like most things political, opinions vary. They were built at great cost from plans of a United States architect. In many respects they are admirably suited to the purpose, but we by no means deem the pile to be as impressive, noble or as worthy of the province as Mr. Yeigh represents. Lists of Governors and Lieutenant Governors and Members of Provincial Legislature and United Parliament from 1792 to 1892, are provided, and anecdote, story, speech, germane to the subject-matter, enliven the pages of this creditable and servicable compilation—which, we may add, is also abundantly illustrated.

PERIODICALS.

"New Occasions" is the title of a new magazine published in Chicago by Charles H. Kerr & Co., and edited by Mr. B. F. Underwood. The July number contains a number of papers dealing with social and industrial questions.

A welcome and useful periodical is "The Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health." Every month it brings to its readers wise and able advice on matters of health. The July number continues the excellent notes of the editor on Hygienic Treatment of Indigestion. There are valuable notes concerning health. The ygienic series for women, is continued by Jennie Chandler, and other reasonable matter completes the number.

Cassell's Family Magazine for July has a pleasing frontispiece portrait of the

Princess May, and a new story entitled "Davenant," by S. Southall Bone, which has a rather gloomy beginning. "Ruha" is the title of another new serial and is a stirring tale of adventure in the Maori War, by L. Frost Rattray. Cassel's has four complete stories and a capital assortment of miscellaneous papers. This is a seasonable number and will please a variety of readers.

"My Friends the Costers—Past and Present," is the title of the opening paper by G. Holden Pike in the Quiver for July. Rev. W. Murdoch Johnston has a third paper on "Character." Miss Darrell's Sketching Class, is a story in three chapters. Dr. E. J. Hopkins contributes a new setting of "O, God of Haste." Rev. Hugh Macmillan has a helpful paper on "Waste." The Dean of Canterbury has a third article on "New Lights on the Sacred Story with archaeological illustration. The Rev. P. B. Power continues his observations on the Pear Tree, and the serials are as interesting as usual.

Edison and a cigar, form the subject of the frontispiece of The Review of Reviews for July. We notice a decided advance in the editorial notes on the progress of the world, in the inclusion of a summary by Mr. Stead. We shall have greater breadth of treatment and a larger outlook from a British standpoint. "Current History in Caricature" is, as usual, very amusing and suggestive. The Rev. F. Herbert Stead writes, "An Englishman's Impressions at the Fair;" Mr. J. R. Cravath, "Electricity at the World's Fair." Two biographical sketches of unusual interest, are that by C. D. Lainer, on Thomas Edison, and that by J. Munro on Sir William Thomson.

An extract from W. S. Caine's "Picturesque India" opens the Methodist Magazine for July, then comes a delightful paper from the pen of the gifted editor in which he pays tribute to "Ticonderoga and its memories" with the happy touch of the scholar, historian and poet; long may Dr. Withrow's graphic pen be spared us! Then follows another bright addition to the series, descriptive of "Tent Life in Palestine," taking the reader from "Jerusalem to Jericho." Dr. Carman contributes a fine patriotic ode to Canada, and there are two pleasing papers on Californian subjects, by Dr. Ormiston and Professor W. P. Wright respectively, accompanied by a robust and stirring note from the editor.

W. D. McCracken argues in the Arena for July that the United States is initiating a vicious foreign policy. Mr. McCracken's paper, though short, is outspoken and sensible. Rev. T. E. Allen, in urging the claims of reason at the World's Congress of Religion, modestly (?) suggests that we should carefully test the teachings of Jesus, and set aside without hesitation whatever seems to us false or doubtful. Helena Campbell discusses the hardships of "Women Wage-earners" and Rabbi Solomon Schneider, the deplorable general ignorance of the laws of procreation; C. J. Bluell sounds the praises of paper money; G. G. Brown, a wholesale whiskey dealer, applies Scripture and medical evidence to test the legitimacy of his business, and Dr. Emil Blum has a paper on the realistic trend of modern German literature. The fun of the Bacon Shakespeare case is kept up by many writers, and the short story is not neglected in this number.

The most sublime courage I have ever witnessed has been among that class too poor to know they possessed it, and too humble for the world to discover it.—H. W. Shaw.

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—F. W. Robertson.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris, have in hand a new drama for production in the autumn at Drury Lane.

Miss Jane Barlow, author of 'Irish Idylls,' contributes a story entitled 'The Mockers of the Shallow Waters,' to Sylvia's Journal.

The Hourly News is in future to be published quarterly as the organ of the 'Swift Society,' originated by the Hon. Stuart Erskine.

In Sala's Journal for July 8, a novel by Mr. George Augustus Sala, entitled 'Miss Forster,' a Romance within a Romance, will be commenced.

Major W. A. Smith, R. A., has been appointed Assistant Military Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to Lieutenant-General A. G. Montgomery Moore, commanding the troops in Canada.

We are glad to hear that another paper by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain has been accepted by Blackwoods, and may shortly be expected to appear in the columns of that eminent journal.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication, a work entitled 'Sin and Redemption,' by John Garnier, dealing exhaustively with the subject from the philosophical and critical point of view.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces a new volume entitled 'Eminent Men of Kent,' by James Simson, author of 'Historic Thanet.' It will contain a series of sketches of celebrated Kentish men from the earliest time.

Major Arthur Griffiths, author of 'Chronicles of Newgate,' 'The Queen's Shilling,' etc., is about to issue a new volume entitled, 'My Perils in a Pullman Car.' It will be published in a few days by Mr. Henry J. Drane.

The Carswell Co. (Ltd.) announce publication of the third edition of Judge Taschereau's "Criminal Code of the Dominion of Canada." This edition includes the amendments of the present year, and in other respects has been brought well down to date.

The fact that Mr. Lewis Morris's Ode to celebrate the approaching Royal marriage, was written 'by desire' is taken in some quarters as confirmation of the rumour that the question of the Laureateship has been settled. But obviously an announcement just now would be premature.

Miss Saunders, of Halifax, daughter of Rev. Dr. Saunders, has been awarded the prize of \$200 offered by the American Humane Society, for the best story on the kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds. Dr. Edward E. Hale, Ezekiah Butterworth, and P. S. Moxom were the judges. Miss Saunders' story is to be published by the A. H. E. Society, and will be widely circulated.

It is not every one who knows that there is an American Peerage published. 'Titled Americans' gives a list of American ladies who have married titled Englishmen, and a certain number of those who marry titled foreigners; but the most remarkable feature in the book is the list appended of the unmarried scions of our nobility, with their estimated incomes—a sort of vade-mecum for Chicago millionaires.

De Maupassant is dead. Strangely enough this romanticist of the naturalistic school ended his days in an insane asylum. A follower of Flaubert, head of the modern French school of fiction, he obtained from his master careful training, and in 1880, at the early age of thirty, he became a contributor of note. Overwork carried him across that subtle line which divides genius and insanity, and at the early age of forty-two he has finished his fight and laid down his pen.

The following opinion of two popular novelists, appears in the literary columns of London Truth: "I fancy Messrs. Howells and James have few more appreciative readers than I, but the continual coxcombry, and occasional fantastic foppery of the style of each of these brilliant novelists, is certainly irritating. You are again and again reminded of that 'waterfly,' Osric, and his ridiculous euphuism, of Hamlet's parody thereof, and the comment of Horatio, 'Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?'"

Ernest Renan was very careless about his dress. When at work in his library he wore a coat which was rather "a collocation of tatters than a coat." "When the news came to Renan," says Black and White, "that the Duke of Aumale had become his colleague at the Academy, the great French author was among his books and wearing this extremely ragged coat. He did not stay to change it, but carried his congratulations and his coat straight to the Duke. 'I could not make out,' he said to his wife when he came back, 'how it was I attracted so much attention at the Duke's.' Mme. Renan thought she could guess."

Professor T. E. Tout's 'Edward the First' is, with the exception of Mr. John Morley's 'Chatham,' now in the press, the last of Messrs. Macmillan's Twelve English Statesmen series. The author has clearly made it his aim to show the many-sidedness of Edward's character. His ready eloquence was in itself a means of delighting his people. No less commendable were his earnestness and indefatigability at the seat of judgment. He delighted in unravelling a knotty point of law, and prided himself upon his zeal for the poor and oppressed. As a soldier, he tells us, 'Edward was the true knight of chivalry, brave to recklessness, careless of his life, careless of all ulterior consequences, throwing his whole soul into the fierce rush of the feudal charge which scattered the Londoners at Lewes, or wrestling hand to hand in long and doubtful struggle with the fierce Adam Gurdon, or the treacherous Count of Chalon.'

The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York and his bride, having honoured Mr. Eric Mackay by accepting copies of 'The Royal Marriage Ode' from his pen, an edition consisting of exact replicas of those copies is offered to the public, elegantly printed, and suitably bound in white and gold. (Guests numbering, it was estimated, nearly five hundred availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. Hermann Vezin recite the poet's welcome of, to quote his words,

A day in which are merged the linked powers  
Of love and valour in the sunlit ways—  
The lovely linked powers  
Of grace and honour, formed for unison  
And for the fulness of a Nation's pride.  
Truly at the present moment, Parnassus  
and its approaches must be a painful spectacle for the disloyal.

Miss Jean Ingelow, the popular poetess, who is one of the contributors to the 'Child's Library' at the World's Fair, is a quiet old lady of 63 years of age, having her home in a pretty house at Lexham Gardens, South Kensington. She is still a hard literary worker, being one of those who believe that perseverance makes the better part of genius; but she finds an occasional relaxation in the study of botany, as well as in the weekly dinners which she gives to poor persons discharged from the hospitals. Her poems have had an immense circulation, and her prose works have been hardly less successful. One of her best known poems is 'Divided.' It was written over thirty years ago near Ongar, about a mile from where her friends, the Isaac Taylors, lived; and was suggested one day when the authoress found herself on the edge of a brook too wide to cross. Miss Ingelow is as considerate to young authors as Mr. Besant himself, and keeps well abreast of the literature of the day.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE HEART.

Oh, the rosy days of childhood,  
How blissfully they sped,  
When not a charm had vanished,  
And not a wonder fled!  
The year was full of promise then,  
The tongue was full of praise,—  
But I think the cup is sweeter now  
Than in the childish days.

Oh, the laughing world of childhood,  
Of ignorance and ease!  
The lightest touch could quicken,  
And the least pleasure please;  
Yet the upward paths are dearer,  
With all the thorns they bear,  
Than a garden of a hundred flowers  
When ignorance is there!

Oh, the beating heart of childhood—  
That little heart of snow,  
That doubt has never entered,  
Nor sorrow has brought low!  
Trust me, not all the rapture  
Its eager life can span  
Can shadow forth the perfect love  
That warms the breast of man.  
—Dora Read Goodale, in Harper's Weekly.

THE NEW SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

Those who are disposed to invest in Australian securities should read in the Nineteenth Century the Hon. J. Fortescue's account of the finance of the Southern Colonies, which he calls "The New South Sea Bubble." He is far too pessimistic, making too little of the property as well as the resources of Victoria and New South Wales; but he draws a terrible picture of the financial recklessness and confusion which for years past have prevailed in those Colonies. He declares that Victoria is insolvent, as she cannot, or does not, raise the money to provide interest on her existing debt; and he estimates the debt of South Australia at £51,000,000. Here, again, he does not take in the other side—the property obtained as well as the lands thrown open by this expenditure; but it is well, in a sanguine time, to read the depressing side. We believe ourselves that the Colonies will pull through, though with frightful losses to individuals; but we are not sure that they are not trusted too fully by investors, simply because their people are of British origin. So were the people in all the American States which repudiated.

EXPLOITS OF A FAKIR.

In a short time the fakir had sufficiently recovered from his long trance to stand up, and when the sheik pointed to the brazier, he thrust his hand into it, seized some of the live coals, blew them till they emitted sparks, bit off pieces of them, as one would bite an apple, and eagerly ate them up. He then went to a large prickly cactus, which was standing on the platform, plucked a leaf armed with strong spines, bit off a piece and swallowed it. With equal avidity he crunched and consumed cactus and the glass were handed to the spectators, who examined them and convinced themselves that they were really the things they were represented to be. An attendant brought in a shovel, the iron-part of which was red-hot, so that a bit of paper thrown upon it flashed at once into flame. The fakir took the wooden handle of the shovel with his right hand, placed his left hand on the glowing iron plate, which he also licked with apparent relish, and then stood upon it with his bare feet until it became black. This exploit filled the air with a faint odor of burned horn. A sword, so sharp that it cut a piece of paper in two when drawn across the edge, was handed to the fakir, who thrust it with all his force against his throat, his breast, and his sides. The sword was then held in a horizontal position about three feet from the ground with the edge upward, by the servant who took hold of the point, which

was wrapped in several folds of cloth for the protection of his hand, and by another, Aissaut, who held it by the hilt. The fakir placed his hands on the shoulders of the two men and, leaping up barefoot on the edge of the sword, stood there for some seconds. He then stripped and, resting his naked abdomen on the edge of the sword, balanced himself in the air without touching the floor with his feet, the sheik meanwhile pressing down upon the fakir's back with the whole weight of his body.—The Popular Science Monthly.

FAIL MEN.

Turner, the naturalist, declared that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was 12 feet in height. M. Thevet, of France, in his description of America, published at Paris in 1575, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was 11 feet 5 inches in length. The Chinese are said to claim that, in the last century, there were men in their country who measured 15 feet in height. Josephus mentioned the case of a Jew who was 10 feet 2 inches in height. Pliny tells of an Arabian knight, Gabara, 9 feet 9 inches, the tallest man in the days of Claudius. John Middleton, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I., was 9 feet 3 inches in height; his hand was 17 inches long and 8 1-2 inches broad, says Dr Platt in his "History of Staffordshire." The Irish giant Murphy, contemporary with O'Brien, was 8 feet 10 inches. A skeleton in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, is 8 feet 6 inches in height, and that of Charles Byrne, in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London, is 8 feet 4 inches.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

William Morris, the poet, is a short-set, broad-shouldered man of robust build, with keen, lustrous eyes, a curly mane of tangled gray hair, and a full flowing beard. He waxes his moustache, and wears spectacles. He habitually affects the roughest apparel, his general get-up being decidedly nautical. His friends declare that nothing pleases him so much as to be mistaken for a sailor. Not very long since, while he was sauntering through one of the crooked riverside streets in the old part of London, he was overhauled by a seafaring man. "Avast there!" cried the stranger: "don't I know you? Weren't you once mate of the brig Sea Swallow?" To be taken for a sailor was delightful, but to be mistaken for the mate of a ship with so poetic a name was simply glorious. "Yes, I am he," replied Morris; and, locking arms with the stranger, he piloted him to the nearest public house and filled him with meat and drink. The poet is now fifty-eight, and is a graduate of Oxford. He early turned his attention to the study of architecture, and in 1868, together with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Burne Jones, endeavoured to set on foot a movement for elevating the artistic tastes of the public by starting an "art fabrics" concern for the manufacture of wall-papers, stained glass, tiles, and other household decorations. Though undertaken as an artistic venture rather than as a business speculation, the concern has proved extremely successful. His leisure moments are devoted to the composition of poetry. "The Earthly Paradise," which is perhaps his best-known work, appeared just a quarter of a century ago. He has recently translated the Odyssey of Homer, and rendered into English verse a number of Icelandic legends. He declares that hereafter he intends to do his own printing, and announces that his forthcoming volume will be issued from the press he has established in a cottage near his house. He is quite an enthusiastic antiquarian, and, as is well known, has long been one of the leaders of the socialistic movement in England. His wife, who is said to be a singularly beau-

tiful woman, lives a remarkably secluded life, hardly any of the poet's closest intimates having ever seen her.—M. Crofton, in Lippincott's.

ABUSE OF THE STOMACH.

Different constitutions have peculiarities in regard to the way in which they assimilate food, and the old adage that, what is one man's meat is another's poison, is a very true one. There is no ailment more common in middle life and in old age, than indigestion. This, of course, depends upon improper food taken too frequently, and in undue quantity. As a rule, the victim of indigestion flies to medicines for relief, or to one of the thousand-and-one quack remedies that are advertised to cure everything.

How much more rational, would it not be, to alter the diet, and to give the stomach the food for what it is craving! If the stomach could talk, I can imagine it, after pills, and gin and bitters, and quack remedies of every description have been poured into it, begging to be relieved of such horrors, and saying, "Give me a little rest, and a cup of beef tea, and a biscuit, and go and take a little fresh air, and exercise yourself." Instead of this, the miserable organ has to be dosed with all sorts of horrible concoctions in the way of drugs, brandies, and sodas, and champagne, to endeavor to stimulate it into action. There is no doubt, that the stomach that requires stimulants and potions to enable it to act efficiently, can hardly be said to be in a healthy state, or can long continue to do its work properly.

The digestive organs, unfortunately, are the first to sympathize with any mental worry. They are like a barometer, and indicate the errors of malnutrition and their consequences. The healthy action of every organ depends upon the proper assimilation of the food taken. As soon as the digestive process fails, everything fails, and ill-health results with all its disastrous concomitants.—The Popular Science Monthly.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The New England Conservatory of Music, which since its establishment has been at the head of American Conservatories, is to-day in a most flourishing condition. Many changes and improvements have been made in its methods and systems under the new management, whose intentions and wisdom have been so plainly apparent to all who have taken any interest in the welfare of the institution, that the confidence of the public has been secured to an extent not heretofore believed possible.

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He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it never changes with the next block.—Shakespeare.

As a blush is a signal of innocence, so is serenity of manner the token of a quiet conscience.—Mme. Necker.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.—Thomas Hobbes.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.—George Eliot.

There would not be so much harm in the giddy following the fashions, if somehow the wise could always set them.—Bouvee.

A well-cultivated mind is, so to speak, made up of all the minds of preceding ages. It is only one single mind which has been educated during all this time.—Foutenelle.

The newspapers!—Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infamous—Not that I ever read them. No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.—Sheridan.



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### THIS LIFE.

I would not lose the joy of having dwelt  
Upon this earth--the wondrous gift of  
mind—  
The power of thinking, sharing with  
mankind  
Its hopes and fears, which have been freely  
dealt  
To all To know, to suffer, to have felt,  
To love, is life--whate'er may lie behind,  
We struggle onward, worn, and faint,  
and blind.  
But should the darkness into sunrise  
melt,  
And earth's dear insufficiency recoil  
Into the broader, deeper hope which  
gleamed,  
Shall we not triumph that throughout  
the toil  
And warfare of our present life, we deemed  
That evil was but passing, faith a foil  
To knowledge, so transcending all we  
dreamed?  
—D. M. Bruce, in Murray's Magazine.

### HINDU LITERATURE.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, is one of the most distinguished oriental scholars among the many learned women of the United States, and her name and fame have spread across the Atlantic. In the elegant volume before us, we find, in spite of the analytical character of her work, the same pleasant style that pervades her later book on the literature of Persia. To the extent to which Mrs. Reed performs her appointed task, she does it well, but, as in the Persian literature, so in the Indian, she is incomplete. She tells us what the Vedic hymns are, and that very honestly and faithfully. She makes us acquainted with their accompanying ritual works, or Brahmanas and doctrinal treatises on Upanishads; Max Muller could not do so better. The ancient Institutes of Maine, as old, probably, as the Egyptian Menes and the Cretian Minos, occupy a whole chapter of great interest. Then come the two great Itihisas, or epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, epics that rival the Iliad and the Odyssey in the beauty of their narration, and that far excel them in the vastness of their proportions. Finally, Mrs. Reed discusses the Puranas or much more recent mythological treatises, which remind one of the Greek work of Apollodorus. There are analytical chapters on the mythology of the Vedas and of later Hindu works, on the Vedas and Suttee, on the monotheism of the Upanishads, on the origin of man, cosmogony, and rewards and punishments. A separate chapter also deals with the Bhagavadgita, an interpolated song in praise of Krishna in the Mahabharata.

This is Hindu literature in part, or rather it is Brahman literature in part. In vain we question Mrs. Reed's book for anything on the Hindu schools of philosophy, for some illustrations of the native drama, for tales and romances, for such histories as the Raja Tarquin of Cashmere. There is no word of the voluminous literature of Indian Buddhists, and Janis, and Sikhs, which certainly call for attention. The Vedas, and the Institutes, the Itihisas and Puranas, are, no doubt, the most important Brahman works, and probably Mrs. Reed does well to expend her strength upon them, so as to give a very accurate and interesting view of their contents. Her book will have the effect of leading many who might otherwise have remained ignorant of the literary treasures of the East, to acquaint themselves with them. Perhaps, in her next edition she will, after consulting a work on Indian literature, give an idea of the vast amount of ancient writing, Sanskrit, Pali, etc., that there is lying outside of the circle embraced in her present pages.

In the wine districts of France, Spain and Italy grapes are still trodden with the bare feet, the idea prevailing that this makes wine better.

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Almost Helpless and in Constant Agony for Eight Months—After Many Remedies Had Failed Health is Again Restored.—What Prominent Druggists Have to Say.

From The Brantford Courier.

Some two years ago a startling article appeared in the papers telling of the recovery of a Mr. Marshall, of Hamilton, who had been pronounced incurable by many doctors, and so hopeless was his case that he was paid the total disability claim of the Royal Templars. The potent agent in his recovery was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Since then the whole country has rung with the praises of these marvellous Pink Pills. They have been prime health-giving Agents wherever conscientiously used, and have done more good during the past two or three years than half the graduates of the medical colleges have accomplished in a life-time. The citizens of Brantford who suffer from nervous diseases and all the ills which they entail, have not been slow to seize upon the aid to health and happiness held out to them at such a small price, and the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this city and vicinity has been simply enormous; and the good done has more than kept pace with the sale.

Recently the Courier has had called to its attention a remarkable recovery—only one, it is stated, of many that have occurred in this city. Incredulous as one may be, a story, when oft repeated, certainly calls for consideration and investigation, and a Courier representative determined to ascertain what measure of truth was in this oft-repeated story. Mr. John Congdon, whose recovery was announced, lives in a neat little cottage, at 102 Queen Street. When the newspaper man first called on the Wellington Street Church. Thither the scribe repaired, but decided not to interview Mr. C., until a more convenient season, as he was then plying his trade at a giddy height repairing the roof of the church. On a subsequent occasion Mr. Congdon was found at home, and in response to the reporter's enquiries, told the following wonderful story:—

"I am a miller by trade, and a year ago was exposed a great deal in an open building in Guelph, where I was running a chopping mill. I think it was the result of this exposure that laid the foundation of the terrible illness that was to follow. At any rate I began to suffer severe pain in my left hip which bothered me a great deal. Shortly after this I removed to Stratford, and here my symptoms became alarmingly worse. I consulted a doctor, who thought it rheumatism, but afterwards pronounced me suffering from sciatica. Up to this time I had always been a robust man, and hardly knew what sickness meant. But now my life was to be a misery to myself and those around me. I had to give up my trade and was glad to get a lighter job in a feed-store. Getting worse and worse I had eventually to lay up altogether. All this time I was taking medicines of all descriptions. The doctor blistered me several times and punctured around the nerve with a needle, but instead of improving, I was going down grade steadily. The pain I suffered was simply excruciating, and the only easy position I could get at all was by lying on the bare floor and stretching myself at full length. In this position I took my meals as best I could. If I did try to get some exercise by walking, I would perhaps fall to the ground, my left leg giving way under me. I was losing in flesh and was the subject of commiseration on the part of

my friends, and alarm on the part of myself and wife, as I have a young family growing up. This went on for eight months, and although I did some work during this time, I was never fit really to do a hand's turn; I was rapidly approaching the terrible state of a chronic cripple."

"Well," said the newspaper man, "what was the factor that brought about such an astonishing cure? You didn't look as though you had ever approached the chronic cripple stage when I saw you yesterday up those three flights of ladders at the church. It would take a pretty active and daring man to go up there."

"Yes," replied Mr. Congdon, "a few months ago I could not have gone up one rung of those ladders. I couldn't walk a step in fact without assistance. I will tell you what cured me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a nerve tonic and blood builder, to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, etc., and a friend urged me to take the pills. I was as incredulous as some other people; but all that is now past, as I owe my present health and happiness to them. I bought a box of Pink Pills after a good deal of persuasion, and it was the best fifty cents I ever invested in my life. For a while there were no noticeable results, then came a slight relaxation from the pain, and slight as it was I felt encouraged to get more of the pills. There was no instantaneous result, but every day added to my gradual but steady improvement, until I am as well as ever I was in my life. Fifty dollars a box wouldn't commence to represent the value of those pills to me, and I am only too glad, out of gratitude for what they have done for me, to recommend them whenever and wherever I can. They are deserving of every good thing that can be said in their favour."

Mrs. Congdon was present and added her tribute to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which not only cure the diseases above mentioned, but eradicate all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as chronic erysipelas, scrofula, the after effects of la grippe, etc. They are also a specific for the ailments peculiar to women, correct irregularities, suppressions and all forms of weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow faces. In the case of men they effect a cure in troubles arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature, building up and stimulating the blood, thus driving disease from the system.

After leaving Mr. Congdon's the reporter made some inquiries among the local druggists as to the sale and general reputation of Pink Pills. "Do you sell many Pink Pills," was asked of Mr. S. Tapscott, of Tapscott & Co.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "We order a hundred dollars worth every month and can't keep a stock ahead even then. The demand for them is steady and seems to constantly increase. Pink Pills are a good remedy, there can be no question about that, and that accounts for the enormous demand."

Mr. Golding, of the opera house drug store, reported very large sales of the Pink Pills, and had no doubt of the great virtues contained in the ingredients.

Mr. J. A. Wallace said—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had the most remarkable sale of any medicine of late years. There can be no question about the wonderful good they are accomplishing."

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitute in this form, is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.



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**PUBLIC OPINION.**

The Hamilton Spectator: That greatest nation on top of earth, the United States, seems to have finally reached the lowest depth of meanness by cancelling the pensions of soldiers and soldiers' widows who reside in Canada. Fifty thousand Canadians fought in the Federal army during the war, and, at that time, the great American nation was glad enough to secure the service of the Canadians; but gratitude is a virtue that don't belong to the United States, and the petty pensions of the Canadian soldiers' widows, is now to be cut off. Uncle Sam ought to be ashamed of himself.

The Montreal Daily Witness: Canadians should know what influential American papers say about them and their country. The St. John (N. B.) correspondence of the New York 'Times' is about the silliest and most misleading that we have yet seen. It is probably the work of some needy person who has written just what he knows would find a market in the United States. That the Maritime Provinces are not prosperous is, unhappily, true, but the same is true of the adjoining New England States, and the great trouble with both the Canadian Provinces, and the American States is, that they are dependent upon agriculture and shipping for their prosperity, and both of these have been oppressed, the latter to the point of extinction, by the now happily discredited policy of protection, which the United States has already condemned at the polls, and which Canadians, after a sickening experience, are ready also to condemn on the first opportunity.

The London Free Press: The General Manager of the Molsons Bank, Mr. F. Wollerstan Thomas, has, through the medium of the Winnipeg branch, obtained reports from seventy-five points in Manitoba, relating to the condition of the growing crops. The reports cover elevator points on the main line, and branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway, and coming down to the first week in July, they afford the latest and most reliable information of harvest prospects yet gathered. The reports are most gratifying from all quarters. According to the last bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture of Manitoba, the acreage under cultivation in the province is as follows:—

	1892.	1893.
Wheat, acres.....	875,990	1,003,640
Oats, acres.....	332,974	388,529
Barley, acres.....	97,644	114,762
Roots, acres.....	27,501	33,306

Total..... 1,334,109 1,540,237

The increased acreage this year is 206,123 acres, or about 16 per cent. Though the spring was late in opening, the seed, under the influence of hot sun and showers, germinated quickly, and the growth since has been rapid and uninterrupted, and on July 8th was considered ahead of last year in some districts. So far, the damage reported, is of a trifling nature—a few insects on odd farms, weeds on others, and a little drought about the middle of the Province. With continued fine weather, the yield should be very heavy, and the crop one of the best, if not the very best ever gathered. Live stock is increasing in numbers throughout the Province.

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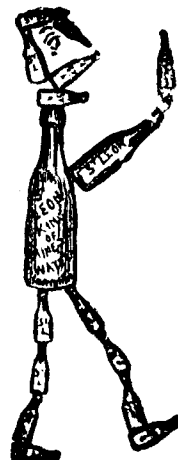
Smith and his wife have every luxury that money can buy, but there is one thing lacking to their happiness. Both are fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful home. "I would give ten years of my life if I could have one healthy, living child of my own," Smith often says to himself. No woman can be the mother of healthy offspring unless she is herself in good health. If she suffers from female weakness, general debility, bearing-down pains, and functional derangements, her physical condition is such that she cannot hope to have healthy children. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign and guaranteed remedy for all these ailments. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The Prussian Government is making an experimental boring in the Rybnik district of Prussian Silesia which, at the depth of a mile and a quarter is still progressing.

A pound of rice contains 86.09 per cent. of nutritive matter, against 82.54 per cent. for wheat, 82.79 per cent. for rye, 74.2 per cent. for oats, 82.97 per cent. for corn, 23.24 per cent. for potatoes, 46.03 per cent. for fat beef and 26.83 per cent. for lean beef.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Naphthalene, which is a product of coal tar distillation, in appearance somewhat like paraffin, has been found useful in England for the preservation of timber. The wood is soaked for two to twelve hours in the melted naphthalene at a temperature of about 200 degrees Fahrenheit.—Scientific American.

An invention designed to facilitate the immediate stopping of a vessel moving in dangerous waters, or in danger of colliding with another vessel, has been patented by a Peruvian. A vertically sliding frame on a post at the bow of the vessel has on its sides pivoted wings adapted to expand transversely to offer resistance to the forward motion of the vessel in the water when the frame is in its lowermost position.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Helmholtz has shown that the fundi of the eyes are themselves luminous, and he was able to see in total darkness, the movement of his arm by the light of his own eyes. This is one of the most remarkable experiments recorded in the history of science, and probably only a few men could satisfactorily repeat it, for it is very likely that the luminosity of the eyes is associated with uncommon activity of the brain and great imaginative power. It is fluorescence of brain action, as it were.—Electricity.

The Mediterranean is the highway along which the cholera seems at present to be making its most determined advance westward. The disease is common in Asiatic Turkey, at Bagdad and at Red Sea ports. The trade route through the Suez canal is infected. Marseilles is in the line of march. Alais, Cette, and Nismes are supposed to have been infected from Marseilles. The recent case at Hamburg seems to have had no sequel. France just now is the scene of danger.—Baltimore Sun.

The number of small planets is still increasing at a rapid rate, and one discovered photographically by Dr. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, on the 14th of April, is provisionally registered as Y 1893, so that the alphabet is nearly exhausted before we are half through the year. It is not unlikely that some of these photographic discoveries will have to be eliminated from the lists; but it seems advisable to adopt numbers instead of letters if planetoids are to be discovered at this rate.

In the profoundest abysses of the sea are strange forms of life that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by the United States Fish Commission vessel, the Albatross, has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting the upper waters may descend to about 1,200 feet from the surface, but below this, to a depth of 300 or 360 fathoms, a barren zone intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure and paucity of the life-sustaining element of oxygen.—Cosmopolitan.

Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded empires; but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire on love; and to this very day millions would die for him.—Napoleon I.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Most people fancy themselves innocent of those crimes of which they cannot be convicted.—Seneca.

The length of the largest tiger skin after drying is said to be 13 feet 6 inches, but it must be noted that skins expand considerably in the curing.

The gifted pen—a gift of a box of Esterbrook's Falcon or other popular pens. The stationers have them.

The Suez Canal, the greatest work of marine engineering, is 88 miles long, and reduces the distance from Europe to India from 11,379 miles to 7,628 miles.

The ordinary folding fan is said to have been invented in Japan, in the seventh century, by a native artist, who derived the idea from the way in which the bat closes its wings.

It is extremely easy to be as egotistical as Montaigne and as conceited as Rousseau; but it is extremely difficult to be as entertaining as the one or as eloquent as the other.—Colton.

## HAVE YOU HEADACHE?

Headache, which is usually a symptom of stomach trouble, constipation or liver complaint can be entirely cured by B. B. B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) because this medicine acts upon, and regulates the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood.

On the slopes of the Apennines there are said to be several races of silkworms free from the various ills which attack those in other regions. One particularly hardy race is the Reggiana, which is cultivated extensively as high up the mountains as the mulberry tree will grow.

Captain John Christianson has made one of the deepest dives on record. He plunged into the waters of Elliot Bay, and, after 20 minutes, returned with a lead line and a bucket from one of the hatches of the tug *Majestic*, lying at a depth, at half flood tide, of 195 feet. He apparently suffered no great inconvenience.

## A BATTLE FOR BLOOD

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

A cable dispatch to the "New York Sun" says: The underground wire system in London owes its successful growth more to "Strip, the electrician," than to any other agency. Strip is not a man, but a tiny fox terrier, just big enough to crawl through the wire conduits. She has been trained to lay wires by dragging them through the pipes attached to her collar.

The Shah of Persia has ordered from Paris a terrestrial globe which it will be more correct, perhaps, to style unique than rare, seeing that the different countries of the world are depicted on it in precious stones. Thus, for instance, Italy is represented by a topaz, France by a sapphire, England by rubies, Russia by diamonds, etc. The seas are represented by emeralds. In short a valuable curiosity.—Un po' di Tutto.

Edward Linlef, of St. Peter's, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of Minard's Liniment cured him."

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Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.—Sir Richard Steele.

The Rev. W. Tuckwell, in "Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stones," says (page 85): "The oldest living tree in the world is said to be the Soma cypress of Lombardy. It was a tree 40 years before the birth of Christ." But Alphonse Karr, in his "Voyage autour de mon Jardin," says, (page 39), of the baobab (*Adansonia digitata*): "It is asserted that some exist in Senegal that are 5,000 years old."—Notes and Queries.

## A CHILD SAVED.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate, and got so low that we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and, although he could only bear a few drops at a time, he got well. It saved my child. Mrs. Wm. Stewart, Campbellville, Ont.

Nature never gives to a living thing capacities not particularly meant for its benefit and use. If Nature gives to us capacities to believe that we have a Creator whom we never saw, of whom we have no direct proof, who is kind and good and tender beyond all we know of kindness and goodness and tenderness on earth, it is because the endowment of capacities to conceive a Being, must be for our benefit and use; it would not be for our benefit and use if it were a lie.—Bulwer-Lytton.

In answer to a prize offered by a French paper for the best examples of microscopic writing, a constant reader sent in the whole history of Christopher Columbus written on an egg. Another wrote on the back of a cabinet photograph Francois Coppee's novel of "Henriette," of twelve thousand words. The prize was won by a man who sent in the contents, written at length, of the first two sheets of a great newspaper written on a post card. The people who will ultimately be benefitted by this strange competition are the Paris oculists.

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Education Department (Ontario).  
Toronto, 12th July, 1893.

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

Besides the ocean greyhounds, there are many other barks on the sea.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

"That new suit of Canebrake's is a perfect poem, isn't it?" "Yes; he calls it an 'Owed to his Tailor.'"

A divine announced to his flock Sunday that "Amens" were all right at the proper time, but that they did not rattle in the collection basket.

Of the whole sum of human life no small part is that which consists of a man's relation to his country, and his feelings concerning it.—Gladstone.

Through every rift of discovery some seeming anomaly drops out of the darkness, and falls as a golden link into the great chain of order.—E. H. Chapin.

"I wondah, now, where I got these five single cents, doncher know," said Goslin, as he drew forth some small cash from his pocket. "You must have changed your mind," suggested Dolly.

Visitor: Why, how big you are growing, Tommy! If you don't look out you will be getting taller than your father. Tommy: Won't that be jolly! Then Pap'd have to wear my old trousers cut down for him.

An Irish sergeant was drilling a squad of militia recruits, whose ideas of marching in line were altogether original. Getting utterly disgusted at their irregularity, he bawled: "Halt! Just come out and look at yourselves. It's a foine line your kaping, isn't it?"

"Throw up your hands and give us your money!" said an armed highwayman, boarding a train. "Goodness me!" exclaimed an old gentleman in the corner; "I didn't think we had reached Chicago yet."

**IT SAVED HIS LIFE.**

Gentlemen,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family, when required, ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

Francis Walsh, Dalkeith, Ont.

A certain Nevada judge, who had been a great scamp years before his accession to the bench, recognized an old acquaintance in a prisoner brought before him, and supposing himself safe from recognition, asked the prisoner what had become of the companions of his early life of crime. The reply was "They are all hanged, your honor, except you and me."

Mr. Blowhard.—"I tell you what, I believe in a man being supreme in his own family. No woman could ever—"

Telephone.—"Ting-ling-a-ling br—"

Mr. Blowhard.—"Excuse me a moment. Hello! Is that you, my dear? Very well, I'll be home at six. Where's that? Woman's outrage meeting? All right. I'll mind the baby." Telephone.—"Ting-ling."

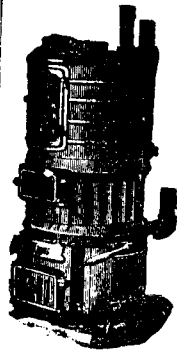
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