

# THE WEEK:

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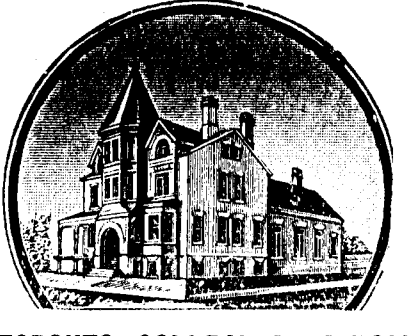
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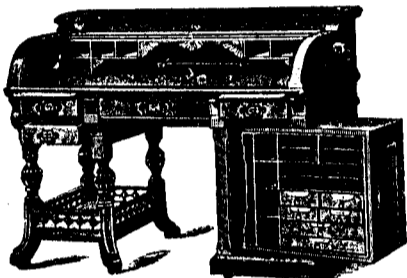
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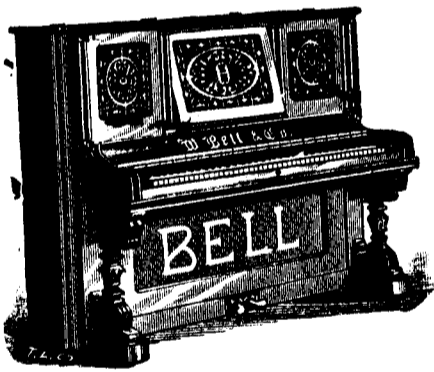
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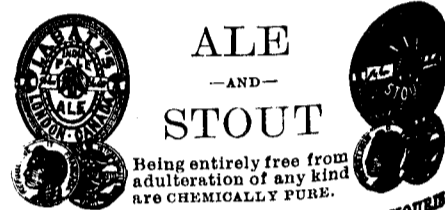
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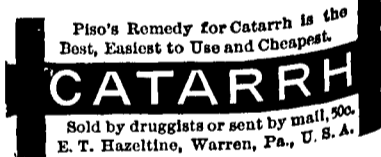
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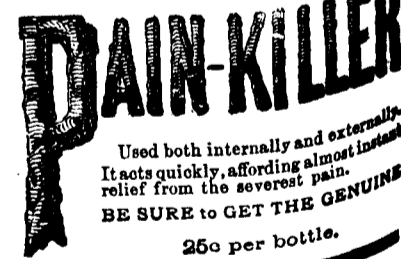
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CRISIS.....	

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THE question which "Canadian" opportunely brings to the front is one in which everyone who has anything to do with the railways, as almost everybody has in these days, is interested. However useful the Railway Committee of the Privy Council may have been in solving certain disputes, more or less legal or judicial in character, between different railways, and between railways and other corporations, we quite agree with our correspondent that a tribunal of a different kind, and easier of access to all classes, is needed to stand between the railways and the people. The success of the Interstate Railway Commission in the United States—a body whose usefulness has been so fully demonstrated that, if we mistake not, the majority of the railway authorities themselves now approve of it—has removed the project from the catalogue of doubtful experiments. But apart from any such practical trial, the establishment of such a Board, clothed with the legislative authority necessary to its efficiency, is so reasonable and fair on general principles, that the wonder is that the people should have so long been content without it as an ultimate authority to which they could appeal for even-handed justice. The fact that railways derive their existence from public charter, which alone can give them the right of way through private property, to say nothing of the immense endowments they have in Canada received out of the taxes of the citizens, places them at once on a different basis from that of any establishment or enterprise belonging exclusively to private individuals or corporations. The right of Government, that is of public control over the management of such roads, so far as their relations to the people are concerned, few will now care to dispute. The fact that no question of the kind which should come specially within the sphere of such a Commission, i.e., no question of "rebate, drawback, discrimination or exorbitant rates," is known to have come before the Railway Committee is, as "Canadian" points out, sufficient proof that that Committee does not serve the purpose for which a Railway Commission is specially needed. Whether such a Commission, when appointed, could be entrusted with the settlement of questions of the class which have come before the Privy Council Committee, or whether some tribunal of that kind would still be needed, would be a matter for consideration. Should it be found inadvisable to clothe a General Commission with authority to settle questions of a more strictly legal

character, it would seem better that such questions should be dealt with by some strictly judicial body independent of Government control. It is to be hoped that at the coming session of Parliament the appointment of a Dominion Railway Commission may again be brought forward. Would it not be desirable to add to the list of matters which "Canadian" enumerates as those which should come under the jurisdiction of such a Commission, that of passenger rates? It is at least an open question whether the existing tariffs of rates for travellers by rail standing, as we believe they do, at about the same level at which they were established many years ago, though freight rates have been greatly reduced, should not also come within the purview of an independent Commission. Is there not good reason for believing that those rates are altogether too high, and that while a considerable reduction would be a great boon to the travelling public, it would also benefit the railroads by greatly increasing the number of passengers?

WE comment, in another paragraph, on the suggestion of a correspondent that a Canadian Railway Commission is needed to decide business questions between the railways and their patrons. The ghastly details of the recent collision in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, New York, should bring forcibly home to the thoughtful and humane the need of some law or authority to compel the abolition of the car-stove on all passenger trains. The feasibility of other and safe modes of heating is now sufficiently proved by the practice of the roads which use them, and it should no longer be possible that to all the unavoidable horrors of a railway disaster may be added the danger of being burned alive. In the case in question we are told that the fire "added to the agony of the death of some of the victims, and hastened the death of others." Surely Parliaments and Legislatures should promptly forbid that the greed or callousness of railway owners should any longer place travellers in danger of a fate so horrible. The cruelty and guilt involved in the neglect or refusal of railway corporations to take proper precautions for the protection of their employees from maiming or death in coupling cars, from unprotected frogs, etc., have often been dealt with in our columns. Now is an excellent time, at the opening of a new Parliament, for some friend of the railway employee to bring forward and press a stringent measure for the prevention of such criminal neglect. So laudable a proposal could scarcely fail to secure a majority in the new House. Possibly all such matters might be put into the hands of the general Railway Commission.

THE protest of "Phalacrois" against the decision of the trustees of the city collegiate institutes, to convert them into training schools for teachers, is forcible and timely. We have always maintained that the policy of the Education Department in this matter is a short-sighted and mistaken one. The same objections, which our correspondent urges with so much vigour against the attempt to train raw pedagogical recruits in the city institutes, apply with equal force to the plan in accordance with which a large number of the public schools have been converted into training schools for third-class teachers. Contrivances to make a single machine pay a double debt are seldom successful, either in the mechanical or in the intellectual sphere. We do not see how any one who has a moderate acquaintance with educational matters can doubt that the division of attention and the diversion of energy necessary to enable any staff of instructors to give efficient training in the theory and art of teaching, must deduct naturally from the sum total of educational force available for carrying on the true work of the school, in its relation to its pupils. We also deem it fairly questionable whether the student who has passed through a course of instruction under competent public and high school masters, and has thus been for years initiated into the methods and mysteries of the teaching art as practised by them, has much to learn from a few weeks of practice under the direction of the same teachers, or others of the same class. This is not to deny that a systematic study of the laws and principles of the honourable profession of the teacher, a profession which demands the highest qualifi-

cations natural and acquired, is not necessary and should not be required of everyone before he is permitted to enter upon the practice of the profession. But this study is of a very different kind from any that can be profitably pursued in either a common or a collegiate school. It is at least pretty clear that the more nearly such a school approximates the ideal of a training school for teachers, the farther it must diverge from the methods of a true educational gymnasium, and fall short of its duty to its patrons. It may be admitted, however, that the problem of the proper training of teachers is a very difficult one, and is yet to be satisfactorily solved, but we cannot resist the conviction that the method proposed is one of the wrong ways of attempting its solution. It would be interesting to hear the opinions of the most competent masters in our collegiate institutes and high schools upon the subject.

IT is to be regretted that, in consequence no doubt of the intense political excitement of the moment, the city papers contented themselves with giving so meagre reports of Sir Daniel Wilson's lecture to students of the College Young Men's Christian Association, the other evening. At a time when the subject is being so earnestly discussed and so profoundly investigated, thousands of readers of the city dailies would, no doubt, have been deeply interested in learning what the learned and venerable President of the University had to say on "The Supernatural in Religion." It is a matter for congratulation that the Head of the Provincial University does not hesitate to discuss such topics before his students and to throw the weight of his influence in favour of earnest and profound study of questions which, though incomparably the most important of all which can occupy the human mind, are, strange to say, among the last to which a large proportion of students at College are willing to give serious attention. We presume Sir Daniel Wilson has not failed to note a somewhat remarkable movement which is going on in many of the best American Universities, in the direction of giving the Bible a prominent place in the curriculum. Whatever our views in regard to such questions as those relating to its inspiration and authority, there can be no doubt either of the surpassing literary excellence and historical value of the Book, or of the fact that it has exerted and is still exerting a more powerful influence upon the thinking and the morals of the race than all other books combined. The wonder then is, not that institutions of learning are giving to the scientific study of the Bible, as a literary and religious work, a place amongst other subjects of far less importance, but that they have been so long and are still so slow in doing so. It is safe to say that the average University graduate is far better acquainted with the mythological deities and heroes of ancient Rome and Greece, than with the characters and teachings of the Old Testament, though no one can claim that the former are more interesting and important in any respect than the latter. Should not a chair for the scientific and critical study of the Bible have a place in the Provincial University, at an early date?

NOMINATION day has come and gone without affording any reliable indication of the comparative strength of the respective parties. Under these circumstances we shall not commit the folly of indulging in any forecasts, which, read without the light of the official returns from all parts of the Dominion, might only provoke a smile at the prophet's lack of prescience. When the dissolution was announced the general opinion of those who were sufficiently free from the spirit of party to take a calm view of the situation was, we believe, that a large majority of supporters of the Government would be returned. Probably that is still so far the prevailing opinion that a Government triumph would be accepted in most quarters as a matter of course. Yet, on the other hand, it must be admitted, we believe, that the policy of "Unrestricted Reciprocity" has developed surprising strength, especially in the rural constituencies, in so much that an Opposition victory would excite far less surprise than did the great Democratic triumph a few months since in the United States. Should such a political revolution take place it would be due to a very similar

cause, the revolt of the farmers against the national policy of high protection. The astounding result of the local election in Hamilton reminds us, however, that another influence is at work which may also aid materially in bringing about such a change. There is, so far as we have been able to discover, but one way in which the conversion of a minority of eighty into a majority of seven hundred for the Liberal candidate in Hamilton can be accounted for. The change must have been wrought by the votes of the unemployed, and others who are feeling the pressure of hard times. All experience shows that no force is more potent to effect the overthrow of Governments in democratic communities than a period of depression. That the present is such a period in Canada is so clear from various indications that it has been a wonder to many that Sir John Macdonald and other members of the Cabinet should have seemed to deny or ignore the fact, when dilating upon the prosperity of the country. To hundreds out of employment, or but partially employed, such assurances must have sounded almost like cruel irony. One of the first remedies which suggests itself, to labouring men of all classes as well as to farmers, when they begin to suffer from the effects of "hard times," is a change of Government. The faith of the many in the power of Governments to bring prosperity or adversity is remarkable. To this, as is well known, was mainly due the overthrow of the Mackenzie administration, and the triumphant return of Sir John Macdonald and his party to power in 1878. It would not be wholly surprising if a similar cause should lead to their overthrow, and the return of their opponents to power in 1891. But we shall be able to speak with more confidence in our next issue.

THAT was a very suggestive article in which our Montreal correspondent, "Alchemist," two weeks ago, gave some account of the first meeting of an association of representative young French and English professional and business men, formed for the frank discussion of the relations of the two peoples, in the province of Quebec and in the Dominion. The discussion, though most friendly, showed apparently about as many different opinions on the questions taken up as there were individuals present. This will, we dare say, be a surprise to many who are accustomed to think of our French compatriots as being all of one mind in regard to those difficulties which have, or are supposed to have, their origin in differences of race and religion. If the French members of the club whose opinions are reported may be accepted as fairly representing at least the more intelligent of their fellow-countrymen—and we see no reason to doubt that they may be so accepted—it is evident that the popular English and Protestant conception of the French as moving in solid phalanx, under the intellectual as well as the religious guidance of their clergy, is very wide of the truth. One, it appeared, looked forward to the establishment of a French-speaking and Roman Catholic nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence, another had no such anticipation; one was an Ultramontane Conservative, another an extreme Radical, a third a moderate Liberal; one was in favour of making religion, *i. e.*, Roman Catholicism, the chief factor in the public schools, another desired their complete secularization, and so forth. In short the whole tone of the discussion confirmed the truth of the assertion made by one of the French members that they represented a greater divergence of opinion on almost every subject than any which existed between them and the English-Canadians present. And there can be no doubt that this tendency of our French fellow-citizens to think for themselves is increasing with the spread of education and intelligence. An incidental confirmation of this view may, we think, be found in the fact that the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in the French Province are becoming more and more chary in the utterance of opinions or mandates on political and other topics, not coming strictly within the ecclesiastical domain. Even the "solid French vote" in the House of Commons is no longer at the disposal of one party or the other. The formation of such an association as that described by "Alchemist" is an excellent idea. Its influence will be along the right lines, the only lines, in fact, in which the two races can live permanently and harmoniously together as members of one commonwealth—the lines of better acquaintance, growing intelligence and good fellowship. No influence is more potent in removing misunderstandings and toning down prejudices than free intercourse and friendly discussion. We hear a great deal about loyalty in these days, but there are no better Canadian loyalists than those who are doing what they can to promote harmony where possible, and genuine toleration

when harmony is impossible, between the French and English-speaking citizens of the Dominion; no worse foes of the Confederation than those who play upon racial and religious passions, for partisan or other purposes.

AN important contribution to the enquiries now being made both officially and unofficially into the question of game and fish preservation comes to us in the shape of a small pamphlet by Mr. Edward Harris, of Toronto. The title of this pamphlet, "Is Game of Any Value to the Farmer?" suggests the course of its argument. Mr. Harris sets forth in a striking manner how greatly an abundance of fish and game adds both to the attractiveness and to the economic wealth of a country, and the irreparable loss which is being inflicted upon this Province by the rapid extermination of both. He shows that the legislation hitherto enacted with a view to their preservation, consisting mainly of attempts to establish close seasons, and to limit or prohibit the export and even the sale of game, while it may do something to check the exterminating process, is quite inadequate to stay it. Much more does it fail to re-stock the forests, marshes and streams. The remedy which Mr. Harris would suggest is, in a word, legislation to encourage game preservation as a business. The results which he claims would follow are indicated in the following extract:—

If the farmers were encouraged by protective legislation to preserve and protect, not only would the cultivated farms soon abound in game, but the wilder parts would become stocked, and of greater value; our food supply would be increased, the local demand supplied, and an export trade established. The new enterprise would receive encouragement from many influential quarters; capital would be invested in or advanced to aid in stocking properties; county clubs, leagues and associations would be formed; young birds would be protected and artificially bred; trees, valuable for wind-breaks and shades, would be planted for cover; vermin—more destructive than man to game—would be destroyed, and an overflow soon created tending to stock the surroundings, and an immense extent of country would be educated into the mysteries, business and profit of game preservation.

Mr. Harris quotes also some interesting facts and statistics showing that in many parts of the United Kingdom the reduced value of farm lands has of late years caused game-producing to be developed to the very highest extent, with the result of increasing from two to five fold the renting value of farms, or estates, in various localities. With the principle that underlies Mr. Harris' argument we have, in a previous number, expressed our agreement. Any legislation, and any expenditure of public money for the preservation of game and fish, should have in view the benefit of the many rather than the pleasure of the few. The reproach which it is sometimes sought to attach to "pot-hunting," as if it were less legitimate to kill birds or fish for profit than for sport, must be taken away before the people will heartily sanction and second any protective legislation that may be passed. In regard to the feasibility of the methods proposed by Mr. Harris, it would be presumptuous in us to express an opinion without fuller knowledge of the whole subject. The idea of enlisting the farmers and country people generally in enforcing protective measures, by making it directly to their advantage to do so, is certainly practical, and, for aught we can see, practicable. The main difficulty that suggests itself to us has relation to the size of the farms which would be necessary. In some, at least, of the instances of marked success in England and Scotland referred to by Mr. Harris, the farms or estates contained from 2,500 to 11,000 acres. Evidently the attempt to establish a preserve on a farm of 200 or even 500 acres would be a failure, if not an absurdity. But popular sentiment in Canada is decidedly averse—and healthfully so, we think—to the acquisition of large landed estates of any kind, either by individuals or by corporations. Possibly the objections might lose much of their force in the case of waste lands, or lands nearly useless for agricultural purposes, of which there are, of course, large tracts in many parts of the Province; especially if, as suggested, the farmers and country people themselves should unite in the purchase, protection and use of such tracts as game preserves. Mr. Harris' views are eminently worthy of consideration, and we are glad to see that it is proposed to give his pamphlet a very wide circulation.

THE British Government is evidently making good use of the opportunity brought within its reach by the schism in the camp of the Irish Home Rulers and the consequent temporary paralysis of the Opposition. Various measures, such as the Tithes Bill, which they could hardly

have hoped, under former conditions, to pass without a fierce and prolonged struggle, have been pushed forward with marvellous facility. No doubt the announcement of their intention to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into labour questions is a bold and clever stroke of policy. It is clear that the great successes of the Gladstonian candidates in the Eccles and Hartlepool elections were due quite as much to their attitude in regard to labour questions as to their support of the Home Rule policy. It is also pretty well understood that the Radical leaders have been contemplating and probably preparing for further advances in the same direction, such as would tend to increase very materially their popularity with the labouring classes. The Government have evidently stolen a march upon their opponents and captured a considerable portion of their thunder. It is by no means likely, however, that they will be permitted to reap the fruits of their new policy without a struggle. The movements of Royal Commissions, in such investigations, are almost invariably slow, and the results, in the shape of practical measures of reform, uncertain. It is possible that the appointment of such a commission may be regarded with more or less of suspicion by those most deeply interested. They may, in fact, see in it but a device to gain time, and postpone troublesome discussions until after the coming election. Should, therefore, the Liberal leaders see their way clear to adopt a popular programme of reform in labour legislation, they may still be able to hold the advantage they have already gained by their friendly attitude. Mr. Gladstone himself is not the man to be easily outgeneralled in a contest of this kind. It is in the highest degree unlikely that he and his lieutenants are spending the period of suspension of hostilities in the supineness of despair. It is far more probable that, recognizing that the Home Rule agitation is, for the present, pushed hopelessly aside, they are busy in revising their policy preparatory to a new departure and a vigorous campaign. If, however, it be true, as reported by cable, that Mr. Gladstone has just been investing £12,000, or some other large sum, in the purchase of a Liverpool advowson for his son, the fact can hardly fail to give a shock to the members of the Liberation Society, if it does not seriously impair his prestige with the whole body of his Nonconformist followers. It was not, perhaps, to be supposed that so staunch a churchman should see anything wrong in purchasing a "living" as a purely business transaction, especially as he has, we believe, already done the same thing for one or two other sons. But such an investment at this particular time, when the disestablishment agitation is being vigorously pushed, and when he himself is committed to the principle in the case of Wales and Scotland, seems so much like a vote of confidence in the stability and perpetuity of the establishment in England that it must at least go far towards convincing the advocates of religious equality, that the great and final step in the severance of church and state must be taken under some other leader.

"THERE are no more moles in the sunbeam than in the rest of the room," says the old proverb. To what extent is the explanation it suggests available to explain the alleged increase of gambling and other vices in the upper circles of society in Great Britain, about which so much outcry has of late been made, particularly since the "Baccarat" scandal of a few weeks ago? This and similar disgraceful incidents have caused some of the most influential English journals to take a very disheartening view of the state of morality, especially in the Upper strata of British society, and to convey the impression that the English race is, indeed, on the "down-grade." The *Spectator* takes a somewhat reassuring view of the case. While not denying that gambling and other vices are deplorably prevalent in circles in which we might hope for better things, the *Spectator* goes on to say that it is always the most difficult thing in the world to compare the prevalence of any kind of evil or crime in such a century as ours, with the prevalence of the same evil or crime in a comparatively undeveloped period, if only because we hear so much more of it in days of cheap newspapers and cheap telegrams than we could possibly have heard in days when newspapers were few and telegrams had not even been "conceived." The *Spectator* proceeds to recall some facts and incidents which have come down to us from the days of George II. of which date, Thackeray tells us in his "Four Georges," that "when we try to recall Social England, we must fancy it playing at cards for many hours every day." "Even the Nonconformist clergy," he says, "looked not unkindly on the practice." "As for the

High Church parsons," says the *Spectator*, "they all played, Bishops and all." The satires of Pope and Swift and the social gossip that has come down to us in history make it very clear that the ladies of the upper ten thousand took an unblushing part in the high gambling of the last century, so that even this deplorable social blot is not peculiar to our day. The *Spectator's* review of the whole evidence pretty well substantiates its conclusion that on the whole "the gambling of the present generation is less dangerous and less common in the highest circles than it has been in previous centuries, though the taste has now spread to classes which a few generations ago would have preferred highway robbery, or burglary, or elaborate conspiracies to defraud, to mere gambling." The fact, if such it be, that gambling and the vices which accompany it are sinking lower in the social scale, and are now much commoner among the middle and lower classes than they were a century ago, is sufficiently disheartening. Yet it is gratifying to be able to conclude that society is, on the whole, improving, and that even such incidents as that in which the Prince of Wales so undesirably figured afford no solid basis for the despair of the pessimist. But while it is probably quite true, as the *Spectator* argues, that we are apt to mistake the greater publicity given to what is wrong in these days, for increase in the thing itself, there is one important aspect of the matter which it quite fails to notice. Should not the conduct of the nobles and people of Great Britain to-day be judged by higher standards than those of a century ago? Have not the conditions of society undergone such changes in many respects, that to affirm that the morals of the present day, in any stratum of society, are but little better than those of the corresponding classes a century or two ago is to pronounce the severest censure?

WE commented a few weeks since upon the Nicaragua Canal Bill, now before the United States Senate, the purpose of which is to give the guarantee of the National Government to the Company's four per cent. bonds, to the amount of \$100,000,000. The ostensible object of the Bill is, of course, to enable the Company to sell its bonds at a much higher rate than would otherwise be possible. The real effect would no doubt be to give the United States Government a controlling influence in the management of the Canal. As we pointed out at the time, the matter is one in which all the maritime nations and especially Great Britain are interested, and it is by no means probable that the little republic through which the Canal is being built would either consent to yield such control to any one nation, or be permitted to do so, without at least a very grave protest from other nations. The Bill was not long since before the Senate in debate, and, while supported by some influential senators, was strongly opposed by others, on the ground that the passage of such a Bill would be an infringement of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty with Great Britain, which is a convention between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain for the express purpose of securing the neutrality of the Canal. Some of the Senators seem disposed to claim that this treaty is no longer in existence, though, as Senator Vest stated, the British Government has repeatedly since 1850 assumed it to be in force, while the United States Government has never undertaken to annul, or to modify it. The Foreign Relations Committee has, it appears, reported that Great Britain's rights under this treaty have been destroyed by the English settlement at the Belize and Mosquito coast, though it would seem to most persons that her interest in these localities, which she contravenes no international agreement or right, would but give her a stronger reason for wishing to maintain the neutrality of the Canal. It is evident, however, that Congress is not very much in earnest to secure the passage of the Bill. Nor does it appear that any aid is really necessary to enable the Company to go on with the work, though it would, no doubt, be a very material gain to the stock-holders to have a Government guarantee. On the whole there is not, probably, much reason to fear that existing disputes between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations will be aggravated in the immediate future at least, by the passage of the Bill in question.

THE unfortunate mistake made by the German Emperor and Ministry in permitting the Empress Frederick to visit Paris has postponed indefinitely all hope of a better feeling between Frenchmen and Germans. One scarcely knows what most to wonder at or to condemn, the unreasonable and un-French-like discourtesy of that section of the Par-

isians who became so excited over the well-meant visit of the Empress as to treat her with unpardonable rudeness; or the want of discrimination and self-control which leads the Emperor and his Ministers to resent the insult as if it had been offered by the French nation. The more reasonable of the German newspapers admit that not only was the attitude of the French Government correct, but that even the mass of the Parisian populace did not fail in respect to their visitor. Only a small group of Chauvinists were responsible for the offensive treatment. Seeing that the Emperor and his advisers were to blame for not having informed themselves better in regard to the probability of such an ebullition of feeling from this excitable crew; seeing, also, that some provocation was given by the very indiscreet course of the Empress in prolonging her stay, and especially in visiting Versailles, it would have seemed both generous and wise for them to have overlooked or ignored the affair. In that case even the Boulangists might have become ashamed of their insults to an inoffensive lady. But, if not, such magnanimity would have been but a friendly recognition of the difficulty in which the French Government had been placed by the ill-advised visit for which that Government was in no way responsible. Of course the refusal of the French artists to exhibit their pictures in Berlin, in consequence of the state of feeling in Paris, was well calculated to aggravate the difficulty. But the artists had surely a right to do as they pleased, and it is not easy to see how the conduct of a comparatively small number of private Frenchmen, especially when no overt act was committed, could justify the German Government in ostentatiously increasing the severity of its passport regulations on the French frontier, or the Emperor in a discourteous refusal to see the French Ambassador in other than an official capacity. It is to be hoped, in the interests of European peace, that the storm may pass over and the incident be forgotten. But it must be confessed that the situation is just now full of danger. Should Emperor William insist, as he seems disposed to do, on some kind of apology from the French Government, it is extremely doubtful whether the state of feeling in France would permit the Government to make such a concession, even were it otherwise disposed to do so. Even if the event does not precipitate the seemingly inevitable conflict, it is greatly to be regretted in that it has rekindled much of the old passionate hate in both nations, and thus frustrated for a long time to come what we may hope were the Emperor's good and pacific intentions.

RAILWAY COMMISSIONS.

THE question of the formation of an independent railway commission to stand between the railways and the people in order to decide all questions of rebate, drawback, discrimination or exorbitant rates has been before the country now for quite a number of years, and, considering its importance, the only wonder is why something of a useful and practical nature has not been done ere this in order that there should be some speedy and fair way of disposing of the above matter.

The present position of this very important question seems to be shortly as follows:—

Several years ago Mr. McCarthy introduced a Bill into Parliament pointing in this direction, which after it had been brought up at more than one session was taken out of his hands by the Government, who, in 1886, appointed a Royal Railway Commission to enquire into and report the whole matter to the Government. The Commission, after taking a good deal of evidence on oath in the most important points in Canada, reported that they found that evils of the discriminatory class did exist on the railways, and as the Interstate Commerce Law of the United States had only then lately been passed, and it was likely that our Commission would follow in its path to some extent that it was better to appoint a "temporary" tribunal until the workings of the Interstate Commerce Law had been more fully tried, and for this purpose they recommended the appointment of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council.

This tribunal has now been appointed for about four years, and as far as is known not one single case has been brought before them; this would seem to point to the fact that there were none to be presented, but this appears not to be the case as the facts which have been stated continually in the papers, including some articles which appeared in the *Empire* some months ago, would indicate that there are still many and serious complaints being made, but it is the universal opinion of those aggrieved that the Railway Committee of the Privy Council is far too ponderous a body to apply to in matters of this kind, besides which it would be too expensive as well as too slow in dealing with such urgent and important matters which the interests of the public who maintain and support the railways demand should be readily, promptly and effectively dealt with. Those and other defects of this body were pointed out in the report of the

Commission, so that at present the question is left until some member of Parliament will take it up again and press the necessity of the appointment of a tribunal that can be more easily got at and whose powers would be sufficient to deal quickly and satisfactorily with the pressing questions above named.

Perhaps no time would be more opportune than the present for again bringing this most important question under the public notice. The elections have just been held and every constituency in the Dominion has elected a member and as this is entirely a non-political question, and one which all can support, the public generally has now a good chance should they so wish to get a pledge from their members to support any move in the direction of getting such a Commission appointed as may be useful both to the country and the railways, as, although there is some opposition to it on the part of the railways, it would seem from the beneficial results derived under the State and interstate Commission in the United States, that it cannot but be a measure which will be beneficial to both the people and the railways.

Canada is too deeply interested in the railways of the country to wish in any way to damage them, but at the same time the people of this country have given such a very large and substantial aid towards the building of railways that the people naturally feel that they have a right to ask, at least, to be dealt with, all on the same basis, and that no one person or place should be discriminated against in favour of any other person or place, this desirable result is not likely to take place unless some such Commission as has been proposed is constituted.

CANADIAN.

PARIS LETTER.

OF all the extraordinary spectacles of Paris, a municipal ball has no equal. It is a kind of *kermesse*, a Fourteenth of July *fête*, under cover. A clean shave and a frock coat, such at least is expected on the side of gentlemen; as for the gentler sex the toilette may be low or high bodied, and the materials silk, satin, cloth, tulle, calico, etc., or a harlequin mixture of these, for motley is the only wear. Brummagem seems to be exhausted of its jewellery. The Hôtel de Ville building, in which these annual ratepayers' crushes come off, is capable of accommodating 7,000 persons, if they only keep as quiet as bundled sticks. Picture then the Black Hole of Calcutta, when 15,000 perspiring *invités* are wedged together. Yet that was the dismal happiness at the first municipal *roué* of this season. Imagine the dancing under such circumstances, and its homogeneity. Every couple had the air of "wheeling about, and turning about, and just doing so," on their own account—proof of independence.

Talk of storming a redoubt; that bravery is nothing to the ugly rush, the *sortie torrentielle*, for the buffet, to capture a penny cake, a sandwich of "*paté de canard gras*," and a glass of the first questionable seizable beverage. Souls are always thirsty after a battle; at one time I thought the republican guard would have had to fix bayonets to keep back the tidal wave of funny folk. It was as difficult to move forwards as backwards. Several victors on gaining the buffet acted on the maxim, "*J'y suis j'y reste*." I have seen at the Presidential balls a crowd during supper time pushing, panting, gasping and perspiring just as determinedly, though less roughly, than the guests of the Municipal Councillors at starvation hour. Hunger forces the wolf to quit the forest; a buffet, no matter how questionably stocked, illustrates equality of stomachic brotherhood. But the zenith of the practical joke was reached on the *invités* departing, and looking a fire escape thankfulness being met at the exit door by a platter shaken under their noses for an obolus for the poor. Of course charity covereth a multitude of sins even in etiquette. After a struggle to enter the hall of dazzling lights, and next working through the horrors of a middle passage to get away, while perspiring at every pore, to be thus bled on the threshold of liberty! President Carnot and his lady were thus squeezed out of a 1,000 fr. note each; but M. Carnot has 1,500,000 frs. yearly to cover that *pensez à moi*, besides a free residence and coal, plus *eau et gaz* for all the stories of the Elysée Palace.

M. Lipmann claims to have solved the great difficulty of permanently photographing colours at one pose, and which till now has been almost viewed as akin to squaring the circle. Many scientists—Herschell, Gros, Claudet, Becquerel, etc.—have touched the borderland of this triumph; but, although they were able to catch some coloured rays and fix them, these proved to be evanescent when in contact with daylight. M. Lipmann has been occupied with his experiments for three years—success was only won within the last two months—in his laboratory at the Sorbonne. He submitted to the Academy of Sciences proofs of photographed colours that remain unaffected by the action of light. His plan is to employ the common glass plate with the ordinary chemical emulsion, divested of granulations; behind the plate is placed a frame or bath of mercury, when the "taking" details proceed as ordinarily. Only the object to be photographed must submit to the "not stir" attitude, pending at least thirty minutes, and at most three hours, according to the nature of the colours; some requiring a longer time for impression than others.

At present, photography is instantaneous; but, when first discovered, three hours were requisite for a pose. The quickest proof that Daguerre ever took occupied fifteen

## SPENSER AND ARIOSTO.

minutes. For the moment the capital fact is that photography can permanently fix colours. But can it fix, then, the colours of a picture or of a stuff? Yes, as M. Lipmann has succeeded within the last forty-eight hours in taking an impression of coloured stuff, after a pose of three hours, and the tones are of an extraordinary and permanent brilliancy. He is now experimenting on coloured glass church windows and on parrots. Soon the turn will come for the taking of ladies in all the tints of their wardrobe glories, plus their own truly blent beauty of red and white; but only when laid on by "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand." M. Lipmann informs me that the fixation of coloured rays may be compared to the fixation of the waves, or "rays" of sound caught and recorded by the phonograph.

Paris, after all, will delay its Bœuf-Gras procession till mid-Lent. Happily a troupe of Dahomeyans, fresh from their native heath, has arrived at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. The latter speculates in ethnography, as well as in more common-place zoologic matters. It is thus that Parisians have been served up from time to time with specimens of the human race from Indus to the Pole. In winter, Eskimo, Icelanders, etc.; in the dog days, Nubians, Zulus, Kurds and other dwellers beyond Mesopotamia.

The troupe of forty Dahomeyans is farmed by a Hindoo who boasts of being "Europeanized." Naturally, the French were curious about witnessing their latest enemies. There are twenty-four Amazonians selected from the household troops of King Behanzin, a sable majesty to whose civil list the French Government now contributes 20,000 frs. a year on condition that he will abstain from rows. There are only eleven male warriors; their uniform is simple: calico drawers ornamented with cows' tails, and a head dress of horse hair and fur. It is a cheap specimen of a bloated armament. So is that of the lady men-killers: striped cotton pantaloons, a skin corselet ornamented with tiny white shells—perhaps courie cash; a diadem, also, in shells; legs and arms covered with bracelets and bells, composed of bits of old iron, tin, etc. Round their waist is suspended a cartouche box. They are armed with massive flint tower muskets, the stocks of which are ornamented with polished brass and iron nails. These demoiselles—for, like French private soldiers, they must not be married—are commanded by the beautiful Goumah, the Belle Fatina of Dahomey. She looks a goddess and moves a queen in her majestic crimson velvet pantaloons.

Goumah commands not by words, but by gestures; at a look the women fly to arms, at a nod they fall into line; at a wink they carry arms and file past. They are quite familiar with the "goose" step. They form close and open columns; fire at the knee attitude, or fall flat on the ground. All the movements are in unison with a tambourine beaten with two sticks, and a drum struck with the palm of the hand. The Dahomeyan dances are positively graceful, and not on a par with the steps of the ancient Pomare, or the more modern grille d'Egoût.

M. de Lesseps is not expected to pull through his congestion of the lungs. He is in his 86th year. Z.

## THOUGHTS ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

In this the time of harsh unseemly strife,  
Fierce party feeling seems to blight the life  
Of our young country, and throughout the land,  
Friends against friends, brothers 'gainst brothers stand.  
From one, with emphasis the story's told,  
That men are basely bought by foreign gold;  
The other—that the vicious Tory reign—  
Brings sad depopulation in its train.  
From passion, blind; they storm, recriminate,  
Themselves they hurt not, but they wound the State.  
To this fair Empire both disloyal are,  
Cease! ere ye light the flames of civil war,  
Why this unrest? our independence gained,  
'Neath Britain's flag, by British force sustained;  
For change we care not nor for closer tie,  
With other land however near it lie  
Love first thy land, then will the country be,  
Above all strife, above all calumny.

From far Vancouver on Pacific shores,  
To Halifax where wild Atlantic roars;  
From ice-crowned mountains with eternal snows,  
To where St Lawrence in its grandeur flows;  
From Polar North in cold seclusion wrapp'd  
To kinder soil by Erie's waters lapp'd;  
"For God, for Queen, for Canada" we cry,  
We live for them, for them, if need be, die.

Toronto.

E. C. MACKENZIE.

In Trinidad the other day, according to a local paper. Mr. George Darmany, in company of some other persons along a road, came in contact with a huge snake 25 feet long, in whose coils a pig was imprisoned. The animal at the sight of these people reared itself up some three feet, and Darmany tried to throw a rope over its head, he being unarmed, while one of his companions went for a gun. The snake, frightened at the sight of a dog, let go its victim, and was trying to wriggle into a lagoon near by, when Darmany caught hold of it by the tail, and tried to prevent it from escaping, but so powerful was the brute that it dragged the man who was attached to its tail forward, and would have dragged him into the lagoon had he not let go his hold. Cameron.

THE name of Edmund Spenser closes the roll of the poets of chivalry. But no great poet stands alone. The development of Spenser's genius was affected by the Italian writers, and particularly by the "Orlando Innamorato" of Boiardo, and the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto. "In these two poems," says Gravina, a celebrated Italian critic, "is seen the true system of honour, known by the name of chivalry." The spirit of that system is found in Spenser's poem, the "Faerie Queene."

The "Orlando Innamorato" was the work of Matteo Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, who was born about 1430. He was educated at the University of Ferrara, and, after some years passed at the court of the Dukes Borso and Ercole d'Este, was made governor, first of Reggio, and afterwards of Modena. He died at Reggio in 1494, leaving his great work unfinished. It was published for the first time in 1495, and republished sixteen times during the next fifty years. Although received with great favour, it was severely criticized by Florentine judges, who objected to the dialect of Ferrara, in which it was written. Several attempts were made to rewrite it in the Florentine dialect. Of these the "Riformazione" of Ludovico Domenichi differed little in substance from the original, but Francesco Berni, in his "Rifacimento," which was published about 1545, completely altered and remodelled Boiardo's poem. It soon entirely replaced the original work, and is the one at present best known. Le Sage published a French prose translation of the poem early in the 17th century, but no complete English translation has ever been produced, and it is consequently less generally known than the poem of Ariosto.

The "Orlando Innamorato," which is based on the early romances and ballads of chivalry, begins with the arrival of Angelica, daughter of Galaphron, king of Cathay, at the court of Charlemagne, accompanied by her brother, Argalia, who offers to meet in the field any of the French knights, on condition that all those he vanquishes shall be his prisoners, while Angelica is the prize offered to the victor should he himself be conquered. The combats of the various knights, the passion inspired in them by Angelica, the exploits of Orlando and the other paladins of Charlemagne, and the two invasions of France by Agrican, king of Tartary, and Agramante, king of Africa, are the chief subjects of the poem. There is no attempt at unity, and the poem breaks off abruptly in the middle of a description of the siege of Paris by Agramante. Most of the characters reappear in the "Orlando Furioso," of Ariosto, which takes up the story at the point where it is dropped in the "Orlando Innamorato." Boiardo, like Ariosto, intended that his poem should have an allegorical meaning:—

Questi draghi fatati, questi incanti  
Questi giardini e libri, e corni, e cani  
Ed uomini selvatici e giganti  
E fieri, e Mostri ch'hanno visi umani  
Son fatti per dar pasti agli ignoranti  
Ma voi ch'avete gl'intelletti sani  
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde  
Sotto questo coperto alto e profondo.

—Ber. Or. Inn., B. I., c. xxx.

(These wondrous dragons, these enchantments, these gardens, books, horns, hounds, these savage men, these giants, beasts, and monsters, formed with human faces, are designed to delight the ignorant; but ye who have a higher intellect than they mark well the teaching that lies hid beneath these coverings deep and high.) The allegorical meaning is, however, continually lost. The "Orlando Innamorato" is a long poem of sixty-nine cantos. It abounds in the extravagant and the incredible, and although it contains many fine passages, is, on the whole, tedious and feeble. It would have little interest for the student of English literature, were it not for the picture presented of the customs and times of chivalry, and for the connection between Boiardo's poem and those of Ariosto and Spenser.

Ludovico Ariosto, the author of the second poem referred to, was born at Reggio in 1474, his father being at the time governor of that city. He was from boyhood an earnest student of Latin literature, and of the French and Spanish romances. The father of Ariosto was at first resolutely opposed to his literary pursuits, but at length, principally through the intercession of a friend and kinsman, Pandolfo Ariosto, reluctantly consented to allow his son to follow his natural tastes. To Pandolfo Ariosto the future poet owed much in the way of influence and encouragement. He guided his young kinsman in his classical studies, and was his firm friend and trusty adviser for many years. Ariosto's study of the Greek language, also begun at the instigation of this friend, was rudely interrupted by his father's death, which left him the eldest of ten children, and with the cares of a household on his shoulders. He had by this time gained considerable reputation by his poems and comedies, and he now devoted himself more vigorously than ever to literary work. His career, in some respects, resembled that of Spenser. Like him he was happy in obtaining the favour of an eminent and influential patron, and it was at the court of the Cardinal Hippolito d'Este, at Ferrara, that Ariosto wrote his great work, the "Orlando Furioso." It was first published in 1516, seventy-five years before the publication of the "Faerie Queene." It was at once received with the greatest enthusiasm, not only by literary critics, but by the Italian people in general. During Ariosto's residence at the Cardinal's court, he also came under the notice of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, to whom, when a disagreement

with the Cardinal ended a friendship of fifteen years, he transferred his services. Three years were afterwards spent in the mountainous district of Garfagnana, whither he was sent to restore peace and redress grievances. The remainder of his life was spent at Ferrara, except on the rare occasions when he visited Rome on business for the duke. He never married, but devoted himself to his literary work and to the care of his little estate. He died at Ferrara in 1534. His great poem, the "Orlando Furioso," is known to English readers in three translations, the first by Sir John Harrington, published in the reign of Elizabeth, the second by John Hoole at the close of the last century, and the third by W. Stewart Rose about thirty years later, but no one of these three translators has succeeded in doing justice to the beauties of the original work. The translation by Rose is generally preferred.

The "Orlando Furioso," taking up the story of the "Orlando Innamorato," was necessarily, to a great extent, modelled upon it, although the genius of Ariosto was too original and brilliant to be tied down to any copy. In the "Orlando Furioso" there is at first sight a lack of unity. The main subject of the poem is the war of Charlemagne with the Saracens, who have besieged Paris under Agramante, king of Africa. Agramante is at first victorious, but Charlemagne, with the help of his paladins, finally defeats him, and compels him to return to Africa, with the small remnant of his army. Agramante, despairing of raising another army, challenges Orlando and two other Christian knights to end the struggle by a personal encounter with himself and two Saracen chiefs. In the conflict which ensues, Agramante is killed, and the war ends in favour of Charlemagne. Two other stories of more particular interest are interwoven with the main narrative: the story of Orlando and Angelica, and the story of Ruggiero and Bradamante. The plot is complicated by a host of minor incidents, and by the habit common to both Ariosto and Spenser, of suddenly changing the scene of action. The uncomfortable sense of confusion, which is felt at the beginning of the poem, is however lost as the reader advances, and finds himself under the spell of the vigorous and animated verse. The principal characters gradually assert their own individuality, and stand out with distinctness amid their brilliant and dazzling surroundings.

The story of Orlando and Angelica turns upon the madness of Orlando, Count of Anglante, who is the hero of the "Orlando Furioso," and the most renowned of Charlemagne's knights. His character, which is generous, courageous and noble, presents Ariosto's conception of the ideal knight. He is enamoured of Angelica, the pagan princess of Cathay, in whose honour he has already achieved great deeds in foreign lands. His passion increases to frenzy as its object continually escapes him, and ends in madness when he discovers that she is in love with a young pagan knight, named Medoro, with whom she has returned to her father's kingdom. He casts away his armour and roams about the country, killing whoever opposes him, and leaving ruin wherever he passes. His senses are afterwards restored by Astolfo, another famous Christian knight, who, by the favour of St. John, is allowed to visit the kingdom of the moon and bring back the lost wits of Orlando. The knight returns to his right mind, completely cured of his love for Angelica, and once more takes his place among the paladins of France. Angelica, though in some respects the most important female character of the poem, is not an ideal heroine. "Flippant, vain, inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies," her fickleness and insensibility are in marked contrast with the devotion of Bradamante, and the madness of Orlando is sent to him as a punishment of his infatuation for the beautiful pagan. The passion inspired by her charms is always baneful in its results, as when Orlando, in his pursuit of her, is led to forsake his knightly camp at a critical moment, and thus fails in his duty to the king. Ariosto severely blames Orlando for this breach of trust, which is one of few instances of the kind recorded, though he confesses with great naïveté that he would have done the same under similar circumstances.

The story of the Christian maiden, Bradamante, and the Saracen knight, Ruggiero, is one of the most attractive in the poem, and is full of passages of great pathos and beauty. Bradamante, who is the prototype of Spenser's Britomart, may be considered the real heroine of the poem, and is a beautiful conception of the warrior maiden. Beneath her warlike garb beats a gentle and womanly heart, and her constancy and unselfishness of her love for Ruggiero are full of charm. The course of true love, traditionally rough, was never more so than in the case of these two warrior lovers. Brought together repeatedly, only to be separated again, and subjected to fresh trials of valour and endurance, they meet at last, and set forth to Vallombrosa, where Ruggiero has consented to be baptized previous to his marriage with Bradamante. "So dear he held her that, for her sake, he would have been baptized not with water but with fire." But peaceful days are not yet for them. Summoned during their journey to the assistance of a distressed damsel, a call which no true knight could leave unheeded, they are once more parted, and it is long before the lovers meet. The interest of the narrative deepens as troubles thicken round the faithful pair. Bradamante, after a vain endeavour to find Ruggiero, returns to her father's castle at Montalban to await her lover's arrival. But meanwhile, Ruggiero, his work of rescue accomplished, has heard of the failure of the Saracen cause. A fierce struggle takes place in his mind, as he

feels that honour calls him to the side of Agramante, while love loudly demands that he shall embrace the cause of the victorious Charles. Ruggiero has little to bind him to the Saracen king, by whose family his own father had been grievously wronged; and the fact that he had received knighthood at the hand of Agramante alone restrains him from leaving his service. The misfortunes of his master, however, revive the old affection; and again he tears himself from his own fair prospects to throw himself into the well-nigh hopeless struggle; nor is it till after the death of Agramante that the knight attaches himself to the service of Charlemagne. It is noteworthy not only in this instance, but with the other knights throughout the whole poem, that private considerations continually yield to the call of honour. Ruggiero puts away the cup of happiness from his lips, with the piteous appeal to Bradamante.

Io vi domando per mio onor sol questo  
Tutto poi vostro e di mia vita il resto.

—Or. Fur., c. xxv., v. 45.

(I ask but this for my honour's sake, and all the rest of my life is thine.) Bradamante is not slow to respond in the same spirit. She hid in her heart the words that might have kept him at her side, and sent him away on his hopeless errand to the Saracen camp.

All onor chi gli manca d' un momento  
Non puo in cento anni satisfar nè in cento.

Or. Fur., c. xxvii., v. 9.

(He who but for one instant fails at honour's call can never make amends in a hundred years, nor yet a hundred more.)

The final scenes in their story are a fitting ending to this stormy courtship. Ruggiero returns to France, after the death of Agramante, to find that the father of his promised bride is endeavouring to betroth her to Leon, Prince of Greece. In true knightly fashion he hurries to his rival's kingdom to settle his claim with the sword. He finds the kingdom of Greece at war with the kingdom of Bulgaria. Ruggiero fights in disguise on the side of the Bulgarians, and after many deeds of valour is taken by the Greeks through treachery, thrown into prison and condemned to death. Leon, ignorant of the fact that the captive is his rival, is filled with admiration of his courage and bravery, and, at great personal risk, generously sets him free. Meanwhile, Bradamante, who knows nothing of her lover's departure, entreats Charlemagne to allow her to enter the lists against her rival suitors. She promises to become the bride of any knight who can overcome her in single combat, feeling sure that Ruggiero will be the first to accept her challenge. The king consents, and the tidings reach her lover through the lips of his rival, Leon, who entreats Ruggiero to appear at the tournament in his place, for Leon himself is little skilled in the use of arms. Ruggiero feels compelled to consent, both from a sense of gratitude and from the oath he had sworn, to use his arms, if desired, on the prince's behalf. He agrees to wear Leon's armour, and to face Bradamante on the field. The principle of action in this case seems perhaps a little strained; but it was strictly in accordance with the rules of knightly honour. With a sinking heart, Ruggiero appears at the lists on the appointed day, clad in no enchanted armour, and wearing only a sword whose edge he had previously blunted, that it might neither cut nor pierce. Bradamante, who is fighting for love and liberty, and is well nigh desperate at her lover's delay, fights with the energy of despair, while Ruggiero only seeks to defend himself and simply parries her blows. Bradamante fails to disarm him, and at the close of the day is adjudged as the prize of Leon. She appeals to the king for a fresh contest, but in the meantime Leon has discovered his rival's identity and generously resigns his claim to the warlike maiden. He is perhaps urged to this step by the consciousness that he is no fit mate for so high-spirited and martial a maiden. Thus the lovers' thorny path is at last made smooth for the marriage procession.

Ariosto was a shrewd observer of men and women, and the creatures of his fancy, in spite of the enchanted atmosphere which surrounds them, impress us with a strong sense of reality. We do not attempt to put them in the class of merely allegorical or mythical creatures. The men and women of the "Orlando Furioso" live and fight, and love and suffer as truly as those of our own day; and through the glamour of Fairyland we can trace the stir and working of human life. This sense of reality renders more vivid the picture presented of chivalric times, and partly accounts for the weight attached to Ariosto's judgment on matters of chivalry. Maffei, an Italian writer of the sixteenth century, relates that he had seen a treaty for peace fall through because one of the parties failed to find a precedent for the omission of certain formalities in the pages of the "Orlando Furioso". Ariosto was an enthusiastic admirer of the chivalric mode of warfare, and seems to have regarded the rude sort of firearms, described in the ninth canto, as a wholly indefensible and satanic device. It is evident from the description of the machine, and its *modus operandi*, that its use was attended with considerable danger, both to friend and foe, and other motives perhaps than those of outraged piety caused Orlando to consign the diabolical engine to the sea, with the words:—

Mai cavalier per te d'essere arditto  
Nè quanto il buono val, mai più si vanti  
Il rio per te valer, qui giù rimanti,  
O maledetto, O abominoso ordigno,  
Che fabbricato nel tartareo fondo  
Fosti per man di Belzebù maligno,  
Che ruinar per te disegno il mondo,  
All'Inferno, onde uscisti, ti rassigino.  
Così dicendo, lo gitto in profondo.

—Or. Fur., c. ic., v. 90, 91.

("That true knight may never hereafter owe his valour to thy aid, or coward dare by thy help to boast himself above the brave, lie thou beneath the waters. O, accursed, O, abominable design, in lowest depths of hell wert thou framed by the malicious hands of Beëlzebub, who thought by thee to desolate the world! Back to the hell whence thou didst come I send thee.") Thus he spake, and cast it in the depths of the sea.) And in another passage, after describing the resurrection of this same infernal machine, by the unhallowed art of a wizard, and its subsequent adoption throughout Europe, he bursts forth:—

Come trovasti, O scellerata e brutta  
Invenzion, mai loco in uman core?  
Per te la militar gloria è distrutta;  
Per te il mestier dell'arme è senza onore;  
Per te è il valore e la virtù ridutta,  
Che spesso par del buono il rio migliore:  
Non più la gagliardia, non più l'ardire  
Per te puo in campo al paragon venire.

Chè s'io v'ho detto, il detto mio non erra,  
Che ben fu il più crudele, e il più di quanti  
Mai furo al mondo ingegni empî e maligni  
Ch'immagino si abominoso ordigni  
E credero che Dio, perchè vendetta  
Ne sia in inferno, nel profondo chiuda  
Del cieco abisso quella maladetta  
Anima, appresso al maladetto Ginda.

Or. Fur., c. xi., v. 25-27.

(How, O cursed and vile invention couldst thou ever find a home in the human breast? Through thee the glory of battle is destroyed, the noble art of war is shorn of its honour. Valour and daring are made of none effect, for oftentimes through thee the coward is more mighty than the valiant man. Courage and manly virtue no longer dare stand before thee in the field. . . . If thus I speak, surely my words are true; most cruel, most deadly of all impious and unhallowed minds, that ever the world has seen, was the mind which designed this abominable machine. Yea, I believe that God, whose judgments are eternal, far in the depths of the profound abyss, has locked that guilty soul, hard by accursed Judas.) Ariosto's familiarity with Latin, French and Spanish literature appears constantly in his own writings, where classical and mythical allusions abound side by side with the more recent romantic legends of feudal Europe. This anachronism, however, did not shock the taste of Ariosto's day, any more than that of Spenser's. The style of Ariosto is well suited to his subject; the facility and rapidity of his language, the grace and brilliancy of his invention and the beauty of his descriptions, accord well with the stirring scenes he describes. But these qualities render his poetry extremely difficult of translation, and its special charm has always eluded any attempt to grasp it. His style is also characterized by a strong sense of humour, and by a shrewd common sense, as when Ruggiero says:—

Non riguardiamo a questo;  
Facciam noi, quel che si puo far per noi;  
Abbia chi regge il ciel cura del resto,  
O la fortuna, se non tocca a lui.

—Or. Fur., c. xxii., v. 54.

(Let us give no heed to this matter; let us ourselves do what is in our power, and leave the rest to Him who rules the world, or to fortune, if it be not His affair.) Or again—

Ch'è donna non si fa maggior dispetto  
Che quando o vecchia o brutta le vien detto.

—Or. Fur., c. xx., v. 62.

(No greater displeasure can be done to a woman than to speak of her as either old or ugly.)

The defects of the "Orlando Furioso," though no less evident than its excellencies, are not sufficiently numerous greatly to detract from the beauties of the poem. His not infrequent extravagances, coarseness and poverty of thought are forgotten in the enchantment of his verse, and no other Italian poet has ever attained such universal and lasting popularity. The first success of the "Orlando Furioso" (it was republished sixty times in the sixteenth century) was no fleeting prosperity; and Ariosto still lays undisputed claim to the title of the most popular and best known poet of Italy.

But the main interest of the "Orlando Furioso" for us centres in the fact that it was the model of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Spenser was born in 1552. That stir of fresh literary life had already begun which heralded the first strains of—

Those melodious burst which fill  
The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
With sounds that echo still.

His predecessors, Wyatt and Surrey, were the leaders of the movement, and drew their inspiration from Italy, "for," as we are told by Puttenham, a writer of poetry, towards the close of the sixteenth century, "having travelled into Italy and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poetry, they greatly polished our rude and homely manners of vulgar poesy from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said to be the first reformers of our English metre and style." Spenser, who was born nearly fifty years after Wyatt and Surrey, was not slow to feel the influence of Italian poetry. Though essentially an English poet, and an admirer of Chaucer and other early English writers, he had passed under the spell of the great masters of Italian literature. He knew and loved Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto and his own contemporary Tasso, as many passages in his own works prove. For how could it be "but that . . . having the sound of those ancient poets ringing in his ears, he might needs in singing hit out some of their tunes." But he purified English literature of the affectations and conceits which had been imported into it with "the sweet and stately measures"

by his predecessors, and "laboured to restore as to their natural heritage such good and natural English words as have been a long time out of use, and almost clean disherited."

That the main idea of the "Faerie Queene" was derived from the "Orlando Furioso" there can be little doubt. Spenser makes no secret of his familiarity with and indebtedness to Ariosto. He uses the material lying to his hand in the "Orlando Furioso" as freely as Ariosto had used the writings of Virgil and Homer, in some cases transferring passages entire, in others simply making use of tales and incidents as Shakespeare has so frequently done. The story of the crime and punishment of the coward Braggadocchio in the "Faerie Queene" is almost identical with the story of Martano in the "Orlando Furioso"; the tale of Claribel in the "Faerie Queene" with that of Geneura in Ariosto's poem. The story of Spenser's Britomart is in the main the story of Bradamante; the portraits of the two warrior maidens are almost identical, and many incidents in the career of the one recur in that of the other. The visit of Britomart to Merlin is a reproduction of the scene where Bradamante visits the wizard's tomb under the guardianship of Melina. On one occasion Bradamante astonishes the knights assembled in the castle to disarm themselves after the day's adventures, with the vision of her beauty. She lays aside helmet and shield, her long hair falls on her shoulders and "reveals her a maiden no less proud in arms than fair in face." So Britomart, on a similar occasion, "was for like need enforst to disarray."

Her golden locks that were in trammels gay  
Upbouden, did themselves adown display.

Then of them all she plainly was espyde  
To be a woman wight, unwist to be  
The fairest woman wight and that ever eie did see.

—F. Q. B., III., c. ix.

Both authors celebrate "the antique glory which whilome wont in women to appeare," and blame the petty jealousy of man who refuses to allow them due credit for their "brave gestes and prowess martiall," and seeks "to coyne streight laws to curb their liberty," and to keep the praise of warlike deeds to himself. The bondage of the Red Crosse knight and his degradation by the false Duessa, find their parallel in the enslavement of Ruggiero in the garden of the enchantress Alcina. And, like Spenser's Duessa, Alcina has her deformity discovered, and her false charms destroyed before her lover's eyes. The enchanted shield of Ruggiero is found in the possession of Spenser's Artegal, and the "blast of that dread horn," which Astolfo was wont to blow, is sounded by Arthur's squire before the gates of the obstinate castle. The student of Ariosto meets with many old friends in the pages of Spenser. But the flowing and harmonious numbers, the brilliancy of language, and the innate love of beauty found in both poets are the real points of resemblance between them.

The Spenserian stanza has been supposed to be a development of the octave stanza (ottava rima) of Boiardo and Ariosto. But a comparison of the two stanzas lends little support to this view. The octave stanza consists of eight lines, usually dodecasyllables, with a recurring rhyme in the first, third and fifth lines, and in the second, fourth and sixth lines. The seventh and eighth lines always rhyme. It is an intricate and somewhat monotonous metre, which the fire and rapidity of Ariosto's style alone preserve from undue uniformity. The Spenserian stanza, since familiar to English readers in many of Keat's and Byron's poems, consists of eight decasyllabic lines and one dodecasyllabic or Alexandrine. Of these the first and third lines rhyme, the second, fourth, fifth and seventh, and the sixth, eighth and ninth. It appears to have been Spenser's own invention.

The allegory which, in Spenser's poem, occupies an important place, fills an entirely subordinate position in Ariosto's work. It is true that we are told that an allegorical truth underlies the poem, but it is continually lost sight of in the bewildering panorama of knights, ladies, giants and enchanters which pass before our eyes. In the "Faerie Queene" the spiritual truth in the poet's mind is kept constantly in view. No magic or melody of the verse obscures it from him who reads. The most cursory study of the two poets cannot fail to show how far Spenser surpasses Ariosto in the majesty and serenity of his language and in the breadth and grandeur of his views of life. Where shall we find in Ariosto lines like these:—

He there does now enjoy eternall rest  
And happy ease which thou dost want and crave  
And further from it daily wanderest:  
What if some little payne the passage have  
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,  
Is not short payne well born that brings long ease  
And lays the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?  
Sleepe after toil, port after stormy seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

—F. Q., B. I., c. ix.

Or take those lines, which describe the ministering angels:—

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that succour want?  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant  
Against fowle fiendes to aid us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
O! why should heavenly God to man have such regard?

—F. Q., B. II., c. viii.

Purity of thought is another distinguishing feature of the poetry of Spenser. The writings of Ariosto are often marred by a moral laxity and licentiousness which were

## LETTER FROM ROME.

characteristic of the age and court in which he lived, and which often existed side by side with all the knightly virtues he celebrates. In this particular Spenser never offends; purity is as inherent a part in his character, as in any of his own heroes. His not infrequent coarseness of expression displeases our taste, but never offends our moral sense. It is but the outcome of the more frank and outspoken times in which he lived. We miss, too, in Ariosto that keen and constant sense of the beauties of Nature, and that intimate knowledge of her secrets, which are so marked in our own poet, and which have made him one of her truest interpreters. Panizzi, one of Ariosto's critics, points out that he makes the cicala appear in the spring, whereas it comes and goes with the summer heats. This mistake would never have occurred with Spenser, who, as he himself tells us, was born and brought up amid the sights and sounds of country life, and found his chief pleasures among them. And although both were worshippers of beauty, it is in Spenser alone that we must look for its appreciation in that far wider and deeper sense which embraces the beauties of moral law, of justice, and of truth. In his "Hymne to Beautie" he finds an intimate connection between moral and sensuous beauty, and makes the one to be dependent on the other:—

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have  
The most resemblance of that heavenly light  
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave  
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight.

And again—

So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairly dight,  
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take  
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

He sees a violation of natural law, when "a gentle mynd dwells in deformed tabernacle drowned," and when "goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne, is foul abused" and "made but the bait of sinne." To Spenser

Beauty is not as fond men misdeeme,  
An outward shew of things that only seeme  
For it is heavenly borne and cannot die,  
Being a parcel of the purest skie.

On the spiritual side of his nature Spenser was far in advance of his predecessor. The steady, earnest purpose underlying the whole of the "Faerie Queene" is lacking in the "Orlando Furioso." It is true that fiery outbursts of indignation against sin occur in the latter poem, as in the imprecations on the nations for the neglect of Christ's sepulchre, and in the attacks on the clerical vices of his day; it is true that Ariosto, perhaps unconsciously, had enforced the truth which Shakespeare afterwards put into the mouth of Isabella:—

Oh! it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

a truth which was gradually superseding—

The good old rule—the simple plan  
That those should take who have the power  
And those should keep who can.

But these things were not, as with Spenser, the all important object of his poem. To the "sage and serious Spenser" the gay tournament and sumptuous pageant are but a passing show; the stern and bitter battle with sin and wrong in all its forms is the reality. The feudal system had died out, the age of chivalry was passing away with the circumstances that had given it birth; but the poet's mind had grasped the truth which was at once the centre and mainspring of the deeds of chivalry, and his conception of true knightlyhood is for all time. If then to Ariosto we owe our most vivid representation of the days of chivalry, it is to Spenser that we owe the embodiment of its most noble and inspiring qualities. If Ariosto is the poet of chivalry, Spenser is the poet of the spirit of chivalry. He laid bare the eternal truth lying at the root of knight-errantry, and showed that truth, honour, courage, purity, self-sacrifice, and protection of the weak by the strong was the essence, not only of the system of chivalry, but of true manliness and nobility in every age. This was a point to which the Italian poet never attained. To Spenser was given the golden key which unlocked the secret places of chivalry, and he has laid them open to us. "He showed us," says F. D. Maurice, "what help we may get from Fairyland, if we understand that Fairyland is about the noble, and the shopkeeper, and the peasant; that even in the midst of the city where he was born a poor man, and perished perhaps for lack of bread, there is a way by which our spirits may ascend into it, may see its bright skies, and taste its fresh fountains: that every one who seeks his help and armour there may become as gentle a knight as he was who won the Red Cross shield; may be able to vanquish as many giants and enchanters as any who went forth from the palace of Gloriana.

Kingston.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

THE following anecdote is told of Jenny Lind's experience in Vienna. She had been singing in "Sonnambula," and, after the curtain fell on the last act, the audience persistently encored the final rondo, which Jenny Lind hesitated to sing again. The house was getting uproarious, when she came forward and said: "Five minutes for lemonade." Accordingly, after a five minutes' rest and a glass of lemonade, she repeated the song. The Archduke Franz Karl, who was present, sent for the manager, and said to him: "Give my compliments to Miss Lind, and tell her I am very sorry, but the people have no consideration. Tell her also that I waited till she had sung her song again."

THE new year has brought a cry of distress from the Vatican. The Pope finds the times hard; Peter's Pence diminishes, it is said, slowly but surely, although only a few weeks ago we read of a large English pilgrimage, headed by a duke, and heavily laden with the gifts of the faithful.

The expenses of the Vatican are enormous, and the Pope has never deigned to accept from the Italian Government the annual income of £120,000 ensured to him by the Law of Guarantees of 1870, which law, liberally as it deals with him, he has never in any way recognized.

The cost of keeping up those vast Papal museums must be very great, and it certainly seems natural enough that the poor old gentleman should object to keeping open house for the hordes of English, American and German tourists, who throng them, day after day, through the winter and spring months.

His friend, over on the Quirinal, charges entrance to his Capitol and Palatine, and why not follow his example, and turn an honest penny out of the "forestieri." And so, at the New Year, the edict went forth, that, from the first of January, a franc entrance money is charged at the Vatican museums. It would seem a simple matter enough, but not the merest trifle is a simple matter when it is any question between those two, the power of the past and the power of the present, that face each other on their two hills like two watch dogs—the Vatican and the Quirinal.

The *Riforma* opened the discussion with a half official threat, that as the museums are not included in the list of the Pope's property by the Law of Guarantees, it may not be in his power to close them to the public; and that the Italian Government may find it advisable to take charge of them as national property, which would be a bitter blow to the Vatican. This discussion has brought a demand from the Radicals for a revision of the Law of Guarantees, and there is no doubt that the whole subject will be ventilated in Parliament before the winter is over.

What a marvellous contradiction this modern papacy is! One result of the year's deficit at the Vatican is the reduction of the Papal army. This awe-inspiring body will henceforth consist only of two generals, two colonels, two majors, four captains and a hundred men; although every man of the *guarda nobile* will now have a horse to ride on, instead of, as before, being obliged to share the use of his with a comrade.

This reduction seems a pitiful and palpable sign of failing power, and yet, in the same paper that told of it, one read of the present made by the Pope to Cardinal Lavignerie for the benefit of his African anti-slavery works.

This present consists of the offerings of the faithful, the world over, on the one day of the Feast of the Epiphany. And this gift is expected to come to the sum of 12,000,000 francs. Surely one who has it in his power to make such a gift with so little personal effort can do without the francs of Cook's tourists! The figure of that active Frenchman, Cardinal Lavignerie, appears to be looming larger on the political horizon, and it seems likely that, backed as he is by the Jesuit influence, in the near future, which the Pope's failing health makes evident, there will be a determined effort made to seat him in the Chair of St. Peter.

His influence may be of the strongest, and yet fail to break the tradition of an Italian Pope, a tradition not once interrupted since early in the sixteenth century.

It is a wonderful work this last one that Cardinal Lavignerie has undertaken, and even if, as his detractors affirm, it is influenced by political and personal ambitions, that hardly detracts from its merits.

By means of his wandering missionaries he hopes to commence the reclaiming of the Sahara to fertility and civilization. Sent out by twos into those endless desert plains, they are to commence by searching for wells, and beginning to create around them that luxurious growth which water can raise like magic from those fertile sands. Wherever water is to be found the Arabs will gather, and the missionaries, trained in the Cardinal's Algerian schools in the Arab customs and language, are to devote all their skill and knowledge to influencing them towards Christianity.

It was my luck last winter to see the famous Cardinal, the occupier of St. Augustine's See of Carthage, in his favourite and most characteristic dwelling, the oasis of Biskra, and I shall not soon forget that sunny March afternoon, when trudging along the shadeless road that led to the native town, with the desert glare all around us, our escort of Arab boys abruptly left us at the sight of the shabbiest of old one-horse broughams; streaming in a long file after it, to scramble for the coppers which, as they told us afterwards, the "great Marabout" never failed to throw to them. Presently we overlooked the dingy vehicle as it stood before the door of the missionary schools, surrounded by its eager, noisy crowd of boys, to rebuke whom, an antique blue cotton Mother Gamp was occasionally thrust forth from the window, and rapped gently on their heads.

We had then a full sight of the powerful benevolent face, which numerous portraits have made familiar to the world, and, in return for our bows, received a blessing from the upraised hand which has done so much to alleviate the misery of the world.

But it is a far cry from Biskra to Rome, though not so far if "the great Marabout" of its Arab boys is

destined for the Vatican, and for the grand task which lies awaiting some future successor of St. Peter, that of reconciling the Church and the State in Italy.

In these days the gaiety of the great world has been gradually increasing, up to its Carnival crisis, and in everything the British Embassy holds its own well, under the rule of Lord and Lady Dufferin, as popular here as they always were in Canada.

Lord Dufferin certainly shows the passage of years a little, for his movements are slower and his hair grayer than in the old Canadian days, but Lady Dufferin is looking wonderfully young and graceful.

On Jan. 14, they gave their first large ball of the season, which was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen.

The usual etiquette is that on such occasions no one can receive an invitation who has not been presented at either the English or the Italian Court; but this year through some mistake this rule was overlooked, with the result that when the list of guests was sent for the Queen's approval, a good many names of those already invited were stroked out, and the Dufferins had the unpleasant task of notifying these same guests of the fact, although the next week they gave a consolation ball for their benefit.

Queen Marguerite is a rigid stickler for etiquette, and has just ordered that the few chairs, formerly placed at her receptions for those ladies whose strength cannot endure standing for three or four hours, are to be seen there no more, as, at her last reception, some young attachés were so regardless of rules as to take possession of them for a few moments.

However, at the Dufferin ball, the Queen was all smiles and graciousness, looking her best in pale salmon-coloured satin, looped with blue ribbons; and wearing her historic string of pearls.

It was an open question, though, whether Lady Dufferin did not look every bit as queenly in heavy white silk, trimmed with gold embroidery, and wearing a wonderful tiara of diamonds.

The Italian nobility were on this occasion much less represented than usual, as that very afternoon there had taken place the funeral of the young Princess Torlonia, beautiful, rich, only twenty-three years old, who died of consumption at San Remo, in spite of the inoculation with Dr. Koch's lymph which she had undergone.

The Roman nobility are so intermarried that one death in their ranks will plunge fully half of them into mourning. The bitter cold wave that swept down upon Italy came and went like an evil dream.

For four or five days the snow lay thick upon the house-tops and the piazzas, although in the streets it soon formed into a horrible compound of slush and ice, on which the smoothly-shod horses slid and fell in a pitiful fashion. The fountain of Trevi was massed with ice, and the Triton in the Piazza Barbarini was all bedecked with long icicles.

On the morning of St. Agnes' Day, a great Roman festa, going out with all the tourist world to the basilica outside the walls where the saint's body rests, and where that day the lambs, from whose wool the Pope's white robes are woven, are blessed upon the high altar; one seemed, as one passed the city gates, to be in the midst of a Canadian landscape. In spite of the brilliant sky, the still air was intensely frosty, and the long lines of the Campagna stretched away to the mountains, as spotlessly white as a northern prairie. The Alban mountains swimming in a golden haze were white too, if one can call white that glorified mixture of amber and bluish tints caused by the sunshine and shade upon them. The crisp snow crunched under our feet, we might as well have been at home in Canada again. And yet, presently, when we stood under the roof where, ever since the fourth century of Christianity, the constancy of that child martyr of fourteen has been celebrated by the Church. As we looked up at those dim mosaics that tell the story of her faithfulness unto death; as we thought of all those nameless martyrs sleeping in the catacombs under the church, we felt that in spite of the northern snow we were indeed in Rome.

ALICE JONES.

THERE is not a moment without some duty.—*Cicero*.

SUPPOSE every prospective litigant were to relieve himself of all manner of blame before seeking the services of a lawyer, were to apologise if an apology was called for, pay money if money were due, confess and plead guilty if he had done a wrong or committed a crime, and, having exhausted every effort of the kind that a nice sense of honour would demand, suppose he were still compelled to go to law to obtain or protect his rights, what would the result be if he should lay the matter fairly before his attorney and say: "I want this case tried openly and honourably. I don't want a suspicion of unfairness or prejudice or undue advantage of any kind to attach to it in any way?" Why, the result would be that the attorney would obey instructions and do so cheerfully. And if the opposing attorney were similarly instructed, what an unusual and refreshing spectacle there would be in court when that case should come on for trial? Yet there are few attorneys who would not rather, and far rather, conceal a cause after this fashion than with the usual concealment, evasion, exaggeration, and strained logic, if only they could be satisfied of the approval of their client and the appreciation of the public.—*Homer Greene, in North American Review.*



THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND—VI.

In part V. in THE WEEK for February 27, there are some clerical errors, partly owing to the fact that Arthur Young calculated prices on various scales, and also to the fact that the Dublin Warder, from which the prices for 1891 were quoted, gives different measures for wheat, barley and oats. The draft was correct, but the mistake arose in fair copying for the press.

The comparative prices of the cereals should read as under:—

Table comparing prices of cereals (Wheat, Barley, Oats) per 280 lbs. and per 112 lbs. for 1779 and 1891.

These prices, and also the general average for meat, butter and cereals, are the same as in my last paper, and as there stated show that in 1891 prices average 56 per cent. higher than in 1779.

1852 COMPARED WITH 1886.

In 1852 Ireland was valued for the purpose of taxation under the Poor Law. It is known as Griffith's valuation. His valuation was based on the average prices of produce at that time. He valued at three-fourths or 75 per cent. of the letting value. Thus if a farm was fairly worth a rent of £40, it was assessed at £30, although it might be let for only £25 or £35. The same principle prevails in England. Farm land there is commonly valued for local taxation purposes at 80 per cent. of the letting value. The like principle rules here. If a farmer in Ontario was compelled by law to sell his land at its assessed value he would say that he was robbed.

In 1886 the London Times republished in two one shilling volumes all the numerous letters which had appeared in its columns from all sorts of people, respecting Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. They form a perfect Encyclopedia on Irish affairs.

The late Mr. Arthur Kavanagh was a wealthy Irish landowner, and was descended from one of the genuine kings of Ireland. He was a very able and intelligent man. In March, 1886 (see vol. 2, p. 375), there is a very elaborate letter from him; and on p. 305, there is another from Mr. Villiers Stewart, "a landlord and also a farmer on an extensive scale." I have collated the following tables of prices from their letters:—

Table of prices in 1852 and 1886 for various commodities like Cattle, Pigs, Beef, Mutton, Butter, Oats, Barley, Hay, Straw, and Wheat.

The average is 72 per cent. higher in 1886 than in 1852. In other words, on a wide average, the farmers got for the above 72 per cent. more than they did when Griffith made his valuation in 1852.

The total average of the six articles, priced in THE WEEK for February 27, was one-half of one per cent. higher in January last than in 1886.

These facts prove that the charges against the landlords, as a mass, of having unduly raised their rents are totally unfounded. The average rent of the seven and a half millions of acres under the Land Act, before being reduced under that Act, was only 13s. 4d. or \$3.24 per acre, although the yields and prices average much greater there than in Ontario.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

ON LOU'S BIRTHDAY.

TO-DAY is thy birthday, Lou,  
And the dawn of thy twentieth year;  
With happiness may it strew  
Thy path, and its hours be few  
That hold for thy life a tear.

On thee falls this gift of Time  
As the leaf shade falls on the flower,  
As sweetly as falleth the chime  
Of bells on the air at prime,  
Or the purpled vesper hour.

So cold is the opening year  
In its glittering robe of snow,  
So stormy this month, and drear,  
God made it thy birth month, dear,  
Some pleasure that it might know.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Montreal, January 3.

BESS.

HER pet-name suits her exactly, because it suggested, to my mind at least, just such a rosy, rustic, unspoiled, little lass as she really is. But she has herself a curious fancy for her stately, old-fashioned, christened name; and when I said once that it was too grand for such a simple little maiden, that the Elizabeth was a queen, she retorted with quaint dignity: "Well, am not I a queen?" In spite of this bold declaration of right, she is not conscious of her power; but that the word was spoken in jest, makes it none the less true. Her sovereignty over us all, father, mother, sisters, summer boarders, is complete and undisputed. Never had monarch more devoted subjects; and never were subjects ruled with such beneficent sway. The secret of her power is that she has founded her queenship on the divine right of service. Like another Elizabeth,

—waiting still  
On the turnings of your will,

she is ready at any moment to do any thing she is bid. She pervades the old homestead like the light, doing her numberless errands in its quiet, cheering fashion. It is not always necessary to tell her what to do; she seems to know what you want before you are aware yourself and takes a quiet delight in forestalling your wishes. Old-fashioned people call her "biddable"; but never to her face. She is not praised, only loved; and so she has no notion that she is in any way different from other girls. This is her chief but not her only amiable quality. Is it any wonder that we all love her?

She is not a beautiful child in the usual sense of the term. She has grown too fast, is tall for her age and slim; but uncommonly graceful both in movement and in repose. Light, quick motions, as dancing and running, are natural to her and she delights in them. When I want a picture of Bess, it is the reed shaken in the wind that comes first before the inward eye; never at rest and never for a moment losing an atom of swaying grace, no matter how violent the agitation. Very few would have called her even pretty. She lacks brilliant colour, her frocks are always of neutral tinted stuff, grey or brown, to suit her eyes and hair. Her hair is without beauty of curl or gloss or special luxuriance; of that colour we call brown, for lack of a better word; but, flying round her shoulders and low on her forehead, it seems the only fitting frame for her face. As I said, she is a country lass, too fond of gathering flowers in a land where flowers are plenty, and too prone to consider hats and veils as Sunday nuisances to have a complexion of roses and cream. She has not escaped freckles; but these sun-printed beauty spots are only evidence of a fine textured skin. The contour of her face is evenly round, but not over full; and her cheeks are like the sides of softly rosy apples, in which the red fades into white by such subtle gradations that you can hardly be certain of the colour. When Bess plays, and she is fond of a hearty romp, her colour deepens but never changes into an unbecoming flush. Her eyes are only ordinary grey eyes; but they are large and very clear, and the eye-brows well defined and high arched. Their habitual expression is frank, kindly and merry; very honest eyes, that always look straight into yours. Her mouth is not a rose-bud or a cupid's bow; but an ordinary well cut mouth that breaks readily into a smile. Her nose is of even length and has just enough piquant upward curve to give to the whole face a bright air of curiosity. In a word, it is just the sort of face artists love in their models of rustic beauty, only not awkward or coarse. Birket Foster's girls are something like her. Bess is now what Perdita must have been at ten years of age, a nymph of the woodland rather than the flat fields.

It is simple justice to state that Bess possesses one physical charm that would go far to make a plainer child attractive—a pleasing voice. It is clear, low-pitched and well-modulated and charged with a becoming quality of shyness. Her laugh is unusually pleasant to hear, rippling and bubbling up from a pure, happy heart. It is well worth the trouble of burdening your memory with stories to witness her merriment at them; and taking time to explain picture books to her, to hear her confidential comments on them.

Bess likes books almost as much as flowers, pets and

play; and one of her favourite nooks is the corner of the huge old sofa, nearest the window, whither she always resorts to read. Curled up in her nest, her face bent over book and almost hidden by her veil of hair, she makes a picture I do not tire of contemplating. When I was first honoured with her friendship we used to get much pleasure out of an illustrated Shakespeare, she questioning and I explaining. I was amply repaid for the time and slight trouble expended. Bess had the habit of coming out to my big rocking chair on the verandah, after dinner, every summer evening, and chatting till bed-time. We discussed all sorts of questions, flowers, the painter, puppy's education, her doll's complexions (Bess laughing softly at the absurdity of this last debate), the state of crops, or whatever came into her head. These were pleasant conferences for both friends. One night after the Shakespeare exhibitions, Bess climbed up to her usual perch and said, without any preface:—

"I saw Romeo and Juliet to-day. Yes, I did. Charlie's white pigeon was up on the pigeon-house and the black one was on the ladder, talking to her. Just like the picture."

And she laughed merrily in enjoyment of my surprise. Nothing is wasted on her.

She has a fashion of making speeches which are gently and unconsciously ironical. One night the family was gathered round the dining-room table, papa reading his newspaper, the girls busy with woman's work and the children at their lessons. There had been a long pause in the talk, in which Bess had been trying to solve some problem, not laid down in her school-books. At last she broke the silence with "papa, doesn't everybody have to think before they speak?" There was a shout of laughter, which puzzled but did not abash her, and she repeated the question. Bess thinks before she speaks and was trying to arrive at a general law.

Poetry she liked, especially what she called funny poetry. It was a genuine pleasure to read "Edward Gray" or "The Lord of Burleigh" to her, and to find how thoroughly she felt the charm of the musical words. Once, to gratify her, I tried "The Skipping-Rope," as verse that might be justly called funny. Bess made no comment for a moment, after her fashion of thinking before she speaks, then, lifting a smiling but puzzled face, queried: "That doesn't sound like grown-up people's poetry, does it?" which seems to me the best possible critique on the unfortunate verses.

It is no wonder that she can appreciate beautiful poems. Some fine instinct of sisterhood with them must guide her subtly and unconsciously, for she is herself a living poem. She has a faculty for doing graceful things artlessly; for she is a perfect child. She likes to dress herself in the long pliant sprays of spiria, and manages to cover her frock completely with the white flowers. Then, with a coronal of the snowy, star-like blossoms on her dark, flowing hair, she looks like a little South Sea Island princess on a festal day. One afternoon in spring when Bess had arrayed herself in this fantastic garb, we all went for a stroll through the grounds of our rich neighbour; the fence was down between and we had permission to go where we liked. In a clump of trees beside the drive were two or three statues, Flora and Diana, if I remember rightly. What sudden fancy took possession of the child, I cannot say, but she went up to the marble woman, put her arms round the neck of stone and kissed the unbreathing lips; then taking the wreath from her own head, she placed it, in the prettiest way, upon moveless, braided tresses of the chaste goddess. It was over in a minute, but the cool, green centre of the little grove into which the bright spring sunshine shot through the looped branches, the flower-clad girl before the eyeless marble made an ineffaceable picture in my memory. When she came back, leaving her wreath to wither on Diana's brow, she offered no explanation for her pagan rite. No one put any question to her, but I pondered over it and tried to read the omens. And she was full of such unconscious poetry.

Few people could live under the same roof with her and not grow fond of such a child. There was one, at least, who could not, he who now dedicates with gratitude and humility this column to the memory of a serene and flawless friendship.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

THE RAMBLER.

IT would be easy to fill very much more than one column of THE WEEK with notices and opinions, all favourable and expressed at great length, of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe." The "four tons" of piano and vocal score, already subscribed for, bear flattering testimony to its wonderful success. I recommend all who wish to see sketches of the superb scenery and extracts (not so satisfactory) of the musical portion, to look over a recent number of the Pall Mall Budget, the very live journal, conducted by a nephew of John Morley, the well-known politician. In all details of stage management "Ivanhoe" appears to be vastly more thorough than previous similar productions on the English stage. To ensure the effect of having been worn for some time and subjected to rough usage, the costumes allotted to the Saxon churls and retainers have been "twice dirtied and twice cleaned" before being submitted to the gaze of the critical at the Royal English Opera House. This is realism, if anything is. The only comic character is our old friend, "Friar Tuck," whose song, "Ho, Jolly Jenkin," would appear to smack mightily

of things Savoy. As a proof of the immortality of the legends that cluster around the name of Robin Hood, another opera at a London theatre is entitled "Maid Marian." Instinctively the mind travels back to the first—presumably—opera ever written, by Adam de la Halle upon the same subject. However in "Ivanhoe" the Robin Hood episode is but an episode, the interest being centred and culminating in the fate of Rebecca and the stormy events circulating in the life of her champion, whose tardy entry at the close must be dangerously suggestive of "Lohengrin."

People in London who have watched Arthur Sullivan's career will tell you they well remember the time when he went about with the traditional half-a-crown in his pocket, and was only known as the composer of a few pretty songs, "Little Maid of Arcadee," etc. His rise has been gradual but great, slow but sure. The first really poetic things he wrote—for the voice—were perhaps the incomparable settings of Tennyson's "Songs of the Wrens." These still remain as gems of the pure Sullivan manner, abounding in melody and harmonic variety, but never laboured nor sentimentally overdone. This little Song-Cycle has never been quite so much appreciated as it should have been, but occasionally appears upon the programmes of Song-Recital-ers. I think Mr. De Lara favoured a London audience with it not very long ago.

A correspondent writes to me gravely to enquire with reference to five o'clock teas, whether, if your acquaintance with people is limited to these entertainments, you can really be said to be friends of theirs or not. I do not quite see what she means—I imagine that you, dear C. W., are a lady—unless it is the fashion of "ladies' teas" she alludes to. In the latter case, she is very near being right. A lady friend of my own complains that she knows a number of other women to whose houses she has gone for these afternoon arrangements, but has never met their husbands, nor does her husband know them. The affair is entirely in the hands of the female representatives. There is therefore no proper interchange of courtesies between the families, as courtesy is properly understood. Of course, in these days, one is afraid of criticizing the system known as "tea-fight," but, on the whole, it is scarcely productive of much understanding between families, and is simply regarded as a convenient method of having people who—I must be plain—one would not have to dinner, nor to an evening party. On the other hand, people who are dying to get into society can, with impunity, invite to a "tea" magnates who they would never dare to ask in any other fashion. Take as illustration the *personnel* of a Mission Board. The dignified President is a lady high up in the social scale and when she gives a "tea" asks every member of the Board, and they all come—bless them—not one of them would stay away. Perhaps out of the eighteen or twenty, will be ten whom she does not "know" socially at all. When the excitements of the day are over, these ten reflect, and decide that they will have "teas" too, and each, in fear and trembling, invites Mrs. —. Carefully sifting their social qualifications she accepts for six. Pity the remaining four! In a flutter of pride and exultation the favoured hostesses retail to the less fortunate ones the fact that Mrs. — was at their "tea"; Mrs. —, doubtless accounting for the fact to her normal satellites by the remark that "they were members of the Board, my dear, so I had to go."

As a rule, when people ask you to a meal, a dinner, or a comfortable high tea, they really wish you to come. The reasons for this approximation to friendliness are to be found in the fact that "company" at close quarters is far more difficult to interest and impress than a mixed lot of acquaintances thrown together only for an hour and a half with plenty to eat and drink—if you can only get at it—in the adjoining room. I reiterate—that the chattering inane assemblage of beings, either male and female or simply female—humanely and collectively termed "a five o'clock tea" is a great convenience, and no one, with numerous hangers-on, can afford to do without it. It is as indispensable as the telephone, or the scavenger, or the Saturday paper. But I consider it rather a pity that many people, who do not own an abnormally large acquaintance and who have no hangers-on, parasitical growths only native to the very rich and distinguished and influential, still think it their bounden duty to follow like the stupid sheep they are and give imitations of the "monster affairs" they read about in society journals. Distinctly is this a pity in the case of some young married people. By dint of going to and giving these senseless shows they leave themselves neither time nor money to entertain in a way far more pleasing to themselves and productive of good results. The latter part of my correspondent's letter touches, I think, upon this point so pathetically that I will give it here, with all apologies to the fair writer. "C. W." says:—

"We are married people of about ten years' standing, and we are therefore removed from the society of the quite young. We do not care for dancing and we are not very musical. My husband enjoys a little whist, and I am not particularly good at anything, unless at talking. So the fault may be in ourselves. But the fact remains, that we do not visit any other young married people like ourselves and they never come to spend an evening with us. We cannot afford to dine people, and are hardly ever asked out to dine, but I go to an enormous number of 'teas,' both kinds, pay large lists of calls, and sometimes go to large *musicales* or card-parties. My husband says I

am always late for dinner, as 'those things' are never over till after six. We are not hermits by nature, nor yet by choice, seeing we go out, *in a way*, a good deal, but what is the good of it? There must be something wrong."

There is a good deal that is wrong, my dear C. W., that neither you nor the "Rambler" will ever put exactly right. I know just how you feel. Married people like to meet married people—all well-regulated ones do, at least—quietly and pleasantly and upon the same ground, as it were. Let me suggest to you that you make a beginning. Have a very small and dainty dinner and ask the nicest married couple you know and so break the ice. I'll sketch it for you. Don't bother with soup, nor yet oysters. Have some delicate fish croquettes (you can make them yourself in the morning and the maid can learn to fry them all right), a joint and appurtenances, a shape of jelly and an apricot steamed pudding, coffee—what more do you want? Most big things are vulgar; do not attempt them. Write and let me know how you succeed.

The fact is, the big "At Home" itself is rapidly becoming vulgar. You know, it is all the result of an English custom which arose simply enough. In English country-houses, there has been, for over a century, an hour before the assembling for dinner devoted to rest and conversation in the drawing-room. It is the sweetest—and most dangerous—hour in the whole day. The girls and men, either in walking or shooting costumes, troop in, tired, happy, and often really in need of refreshment, for English girls walk and Englishmen ride. It is permissible to enter the drawing-room just as you are, and presently window seats and couches are full of the house-party in various stages of fatigue or the reverse. Tea, bread and butter or muffins were originally the only comestibles offered; of late years sandwiches and cake have made their appearance—only as exception, however, to a very general rule. If the weather be rough, the couples will stroll in from the library or billiard-room and perhaps a *variante* will be afforded by the appearance of hot buttered toast—a great card on cold dull days.

But the exigencies of life in the season have made more of this custom in London, where it has been transformed from "five o'clock tea" to "At Home"—the fashion we are following here. Whether the exigencies of Canadian life call for the fashionable crushes so frequent throughout the winter, and whether they are the best thing we can do in the way of culture and social attainment is a point I will leave my readers to settle. They have their place, they have their use—they also have their abuse—and in no sense can they be held as novel or important developments in a social direction. Something more is necessary before acquaintanceship—friendship is out of the question—can accrue. If friends are worth making—and they occasionally are—a little reflection and system, social courage and personal effort are needed.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR TEACHERS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I desire to enter a most earnest protest against the decision of the trustees of our collegiate institutes, to convert them into Training Schools for teachers.

Surely such an important and retrogressive step has not been duly considered or debated by the whole Board, and, if it is so, I affirm that the exercise of any right they may possess, in this respect, is very questionable indeed, without the views of the parents and the citizens generally, who support the schools, being heard, and ample time permitted to judge of the wisdom of such an important step.

I venture to say that the parents of the pupils, actual and prospective, will be unanimously opposed to the scheme. I believe the whole teaching staff, also, will condemn it on various substantial grounds.

But it is from the parent's point of view I desire to speak, and this is how it strikes me: The curriculum calls for a certain time to be devoted to each subject; and taking twenty-five raw students into each institute to train cannot but seriously deprive the pupils of the attentions and services of the trained staff, who must, in the time allotted, also teach these students. We are, therefore, not receiving for our children an equivalent for the fees paid or the time spent.

The introduction of green students to a class room of sharp, keen boys and girls would be a source of disturbance, laxity of discipline, an interruption to the continuity of important studies, and their blundering efforts, a powerful factor in disorganization of both teacher and class. In fact it would be time worse than wasted.

Students of other professions are not foisted upon a clientele that pays for skilled services, and why should the support and training of these students be borne by us who pay for the support of our collegiate institutes?

A Training School should have an individuality of its own. The demands of the Province amply justify the erection of a first-class Training School and its equipment by a staff of educators against whom the censures of "Cheshire and York" would not apply.

It should not be demanded of the parents of the pupils of the collegiate institutes of this city, that they should bear the burden of the training of seventy-five students every year!

The people of this Province never object to money being freely spent in furthering the education of the rising generation, and I venture to say that the establishment of a Provincial Training School of a character appropriate to this century will be generously supported by every one where this "make shift" and "bawbee-saving" scheme has already aroused much dissatisfaction.

The abolishing the fees of the Model School, and the removing the Kindergarten, would give ample room for these seventy-five provincial students, where both teachers and curriculum are supposed to be devoted to this special work. Training Schools should never charge fees to pupils; they are for the benefit of the teaching profession, and any good to pupils is quite incidental.

While pupils are making satisfactory progress and parents know that their time is employed in learning from a skilled staff of teachers, our collegiate institutes will be supported; but when these factors are excluded from any cause, as degrading them to mere schools where students try their pretence hands, I do not know my fellow-citizens, if they do not do as I myself and others are forced to do: remove their boys and girls to some school where their time will be properly spent and a suitable return be had for the fees paid.

Personally I prefer to pay the fees of any school suitable, rather than submit to the imposition of this hastily considered alternative of our well-meaning but thoughtless trustees. I am quite certain the action so far has been owing to imperfect knowledge of the relative character of a collegiate institute and a Training School, or the effects upon those pupils and parents who have trusted this most important duty to them. Pardon this lengthy trespass on your columns.

PHALACROSIS.

### DESPOTISM, AND THE MIDDLE CLASS IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In the London *Public Opinion* of February 6, there is an extract from the *Quarterly Review*, entitled:—"Wanted: middle class in Russia." It reads as follows:—

"It is impossible proximately to predict the future of the gigantic Russian Empire, occupied as it is by two distinct bodies which exist side by side, but between which there is no organic tie. Russia consists of two unequal and incongruous halves which do not and cannot make one whole. The head and the feet belong in no sense to each other; the one runs after every new fashion, the other as yet does not perceptibly move. The one is that ephemeral creation called *la Société*, the other nation,—the one belongs to 1890, the other to 1490; and for the present the slender rudiments of a middle class are utterly inadequate to fill the void between them. But that such rudiments do exist is obvious to those who have had opportunities for observation. Scientific men are forming the nucleus of the coming class. The Czar may be absolute, but as long as he continues so, though his subjects are drilled and governed to death, he stands helpless in the centre of a vicious circle. All he can do is to order Tchinovniks to control Tchinovniks—in other words to set the evil to remedy the evil. The more absolutism lasts, the principles of Government will never cease to be oppression and repression. With the continuance of this rule, and what we have stated, giving no hope of relaxation, there may soon be nothing left to encourage. And it is the natural tendency of absolutism. In Dr. Johnson's words, 'a country governed by a despot is an inverted cone.'"

The *Quarterly Review's* assertion as to the want of a middle class in Russia is hardly in accordance with facts. True it is that the occasional observer will see but two classes—the nation and the so-called *la Société*, yet the careful observer who has lived in Russia for a long time will tell you that there exists also a middle class even on a larger scale than in Europe or America. In Russia the two classes, i.e., the peasants and middle class (*metichans* and *kouptzi*) resemble each other in all respects whereas they differ in other countries. Rich, poor, burghers, workmen or peasants are accustomed to the same mode of life, observe the same national manners. Exceptions are rare and on the whole insignificant. Both burghers and the peasants groan under the same social oppression which strengthens the existing ties of nationality. Both entertain a common hatred against the nobility. The relation between burghers and peasants is thus placed on the most intimate and cordial footing. The law which prohibited burghers from owning serfs eminently cemented the understanding which exists between the burgher and the peasant. The so-called *la Société* is nothing but misrepresentation or imitation of the French Salon. It seems to be highly cultured, yet it is ignorant and vain. Most of the Russian poets and novelists sprang from the people, and they always sympathized with—and even fought for—the interests of the people. The human mind is working in Russia as elsewhere and especially among the middle class. If in the so-called *la Société* there exists any thinking and honest members, they are crushed by the insults of their brethren and thus they lose all hope, all courage and all belief, they hate and despise the society in which they live, and finally retire from their former rank and mode of life, and identify themselves, in life, dress and aspirations with the common people. I should say that *la Société* does not at all belong to 1890, and I trace its likeness back to the time of Czar Nicholas. There exists in Russia an additional middle class, possessing

A VOICE FROM THE CITY.

ONCE again—the sweet old picture!  
For awhile these tired eyes,  
Turning from life's toil and pain,  
Shall grow calm and bright again;  
E'en as they who in life's even catch some  
Glimpse of Paradise.

Year by year the work grinds onward,  
From the dawn to twilight gloom.  
Lo!—there comes a sudden break—  
Some chance memories awake:  
A forgotten dream of childhood floats  
Across the dusty room.

Just a sunbeam on the paper!  
Yet it sent my thoughts afar,  
To the days that long have flown—  
Sunny days that I have known;  
Where the heather and the moorland and  
The smile of Nature are!

O, thou tender Mother Nature,  
I have tried to bear my part!  
I have toiled with book and pen,  
Midst the busy mass of men—  
For one moment, for one moment, fold  
Me closely to thy heart!

I have watched thee oft come sweeping  
Brightly o'er the mountain brow;  
I recall each look of old  
With a yearning manifold.  
Mother Nature, Mother Nature, would that  
I could see thee now!

Knee-deep stand the cows in clover  
Where the lindens interlace.  
Hark! I hear the rushes quiver,  
Bending to the wind-swept river,  
Gliding thro' the light and shadow round  
My earliest dwelling place.

Shall I ever more behold thee,  
E'er life's working day shall wane?  
Shall I ever view thy charms,  
Rest within thy mother arms,  
E'er thou hold me, e'er thou fold me, silent  
To thy breast again?

Fades once more the sweet old picture,  
With the parting golden gleam!  
Four walls rise and close me in  
To the city's strife and din.  
This the substance, that the shadow; this  
The waking, that the dream!

Kingston, Ont.

LILIAN CLAXTON.

THE HITTITES.\*

SOME years ago a work of considerable magnitude and importance on the subject of Sound was put forth by an eminent graduate, afterwards a professor of the University of Cambridge. Interested readers sought almost in vain for literary notices and reviews of the work. Only one or two appeared. The reason was obvious: there were hardly half a dozen men alive who were competent to review such a work.

We imagine that something of the same kind might be said of the volumes now before us. Very few men are competent to estimate the full value of the work accomplished by Professor Campbell. What mere amateur will venture to call in question the results reached after many long years of diligent study? Who will, on the other hand, be bold enough to say that none of these results will hereafter be called in question?

The author declares with well-grounded confidence that, whatever defects may be discovered in his work, its publication at least requires no apology; since it embodies the "results of patient and laborious researches extending over a score of years." No one who takes the trouble of perusing the rich and elaborate contents of these two volumes will have any doubt of the amount of labour bestowed upon them.

Professor Campbell does not profess to be the only successful labourer in this field. Other scholars have preceded him in the work of deciphering the Hittite inscriptions; but he declares, and we imagine that his statement will remain unchallenged, that, up to the present time, "the inscriptions of Hamath and Jerabis have guarded their secret."

The first part of his work, filling 168 pages of Volume I., is devoted to an account of the discovering of the various inscriptions, and of the method by which the key was discovered for their interpretation. It is undeniable that it requires some degree of patience to plod through the somewhat technical details which are given under this head; but we believe that anyone who perseveres will be amply rewarded.

The second division of the work begins with an account of the sources of the history; and the author points out that we are now not dependent upon untrustworthy sources

\* "The Hittites: Their Inscriptions and their History." Two Volumes. Price \$5.00. Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1890.

of information, but are able to compare different monuments and documents in such a manner as to be fairly confident as to the results obtained. One of the most interesting sections of this division is the second chapter on the Primitive Hittites, which must on no account be neglected by the intelligent reader.

The Hittites were of the family of Ham and Canaan, of whom the latter left two sons, Sidon and Heth. The Hivites and the Amorites derive from Sidon, the Hamathites from Heth. We have these two great Canaanitish families, the Sidonians or Phœnicians, known as Horites, Hivites or Amorites, on the one side; and the Hittites on the other. The former, Dr. Campbell says, at least in some of their divisions became thoroughly Semitized in speech (we see this in the names of localities in Palestine); the Hittites remained typical Turanians.

The history of early civilization is mainly a history of these Hittites. They were, according to our author, the greatest of ancient peoples, and constituted the substratum of all early civilizations. They were predominant in Egypt; they were the principal element in Babylon and Nineveh; they preceded the Israelites in Palestine and in Syria generally; they "gave to Greece her mythology and sacred rites, and, overflowing into Illyria, Italy, Spain and Britain, bore the Iberic and Pictish name, now only recognizable in the Basques of the Pyrenees."

It may be useful, and perhaps even interesting, to note the localities in which Professor Campbell finds traces of the influence of this great race. Beginning with the Hittites in Palestine, he goes on to the kings that reigned in Edom (our readers will remember the very wonderful discovery made, not many years ago, of the ruined "cities" of Edom); he then treats of the Hittites in Egypt at considerable length; next of the Hittites at the Tigris and Euphrates; and again in Palestine and the neighbouring countries, and gives an account of their dispersion.

The last chapter, on the Hittites in America, is one of the shortest, but to us one of the most interesting. Instead of attempting to summarize or condense a section, which is itself a condensation, we will quote from Professor Campbell's conclusion some lines which will illustrate his power of lucid and energetic expression: "The descendants of the great heroes of the world's second infancy are to be found in the New World from the extreme north to the extreme south, some of them clothed in their right mind, others leading a wandering savage life. How great their capabilities are, our survey of their past greatness sufficiently proves. Nothing that man may achieve lies beyond the power of a race that has produced a Hadad, a Paseach, a Job, a Jabez, a Saul, a Gautama Buddha, and an Asoka. Yet Ichabod seems long ago to have been written over the Hittite name so far as America is concerned, though a bright future appears before it in Japan."

We must conclude this notice with the reflection which has accompanied in the perusal of the whole work and in all our comments upon it. As far as we can judge, Professor Campbell seems to have secure grounds for the superstructure which he has raised. But most men will feel, as they survey his achievement, that they are called upon rather to admire than to criticize. This, at least, must be said, that future investigators of this fruitful subject will be unable to dispense with the labours of Professor Campbell.

ART NOTES.

IN securing Augustus St. Gaudens as art adviser the Chicago World's Fair managers have made a good selection.

ST. GAUDENS, the sculptor, has a remarkable study for a bust of General Sherman, taken from life, which has always been pronounced a wonderful likeness.

HELEN RAFF, the gifted daughter of the great dead tone poet, Joachim Raff, is meeting with much success as an artist. Her latest painting, "Palm Sunday," which was exhibited at the Munich Art Exhibition, has just been bought by the Hamburg Art Society.

STILL another Rembrandt, a portrait of the Dutch naval commander, Joris de Coulery, is to be seen at the galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Company, 303 Fifth Avenue. The work is signed, and dated 1632. It is highly finished, and comparable in that respect with "The Gilder," but shows some signs of cracking in the darker parts. It was exhibited in 1887 at Amsterdam.

AT a recent exhibition of etchings at the Grolier Club were shown many proof impressions, first states, and original drawings by Whistler, Rajon, Seymour Haden, Bracquemond, Buhot and other well-known etchers. All or very nearly all have been seen at special exhibitions in New York within the last two or three years; still, it was a pleasure to pass, like Mr. Whistler's butterfly, from his dainty Venetian and Holland scenes to Buhot's Parisian fantasies, from Lalanne's views in and about Rouen to Haden's "Sunset in Tipperary." Some pencil-drawings by Lalanne and two pastels of heads by Rajon gave a further variety to the show.

IN age, the Spanish school of painting ranks third amongst the national schools of Europe, after the German, and before the French; in artistic importance, second only to the Italian. But Spanish painting, like Spanish literature, has a glory proper and peculiar to itself. It is true that no Spaniard can claim to rank with those great Italian painters whom their most illustrious followers have regarded with a reverence that forbade rivalry. Spain has no Rafael, no Correggio, nor has she a Dante or a Shake-

sing the highest principles of humanity, highly cultured and on the whole endowed with the purest love for, and devotion to, the good of the people. This class is called "Liberals." Their motives and actions are too often misrepresented and misunderstood. Yet in the face of stupendous difficulties they freely lay down their lives for the poor and oppressed people in order to bring them the light and blessings of civilization. Though the entire force of the Empire is devoted to keeping out the influence of Western Europe, and preventing the enlightenment of the people, yet the people are in full sympathy with this movement, rejoicing at the successes and sympathizing with the sufferings of its martyrs whose lives are offered up to free them from ignorance and oppression and to win for them freedom and knowledge. The soil is being prepared constantly for the reception and germinating of the seeds of liberalism. Absolutism or despotism, though it has reached its zenith in the person of the present Czar, yet has nearly run its course; it has fulfilled its terrible mission; the unnatural worship of and subjection to imperial despotism has begun slowly to die away, even now, among all classes of the nation. Czarism is pushing its way to the eternal Abyss. The question is when its fall will be consummated? The blessed hour is not so far distant as some may suppose.

M. RAVITCH.

68 Pearl St., Toronto.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have often wished for the pen and the power of "Fidelis," that I might write as she has done on the burning social "question" in the columns of THE WEEK. She has reached the same conclusion as so many thinkers have done, that as pure Christianity is the panacea for all the human woes of life, so the churches where Christians most do congregate are the ones to be foremost in their efforts to bring about that much-talked-of brotherhood of man, where the gospel of Christ is preached and obeyed and for the inequalities between man and man to vanish away, but our churches in this age are more concerned to raise money to pay the interest on their debt than to bring in the outcast and neglected, and the poor ministers, much as they may wish to do the right thing, are kept in a constant state of nervous tension to devise ways and means to keep up and increase the revenue, and so the poor are forgotten; indeed, are not wanted. I have been making a tour of the churches lately and fail to find, except in the Catholic and Anglican churches, any of the poor—who should be always with us—visible. In one north-west church I was told there were no poor in the neighbourhood—in direct contradiction to what the Rev. Hugh Johnston said about many being on the verge of starvation—it was a very large congregation, and I found from a paper placed in the pew that it took \$165 each Sunday to maintain the church, while the debt on the building was seventy-three thousand dollars. Surely it is not wise to build such expensive structures, filling them with such large congregations, where it seems to be an utter impossibility for the members to be ought but strangers, instead of brothers. In a crowd like that of nine hundred or a thousand, they file in and out Sunday after Sunday without a hand shake or a word of greeting, and the sick, who may be absent for many months, are rarely missed. Churches are too large and expensive; God does not want bricks and mortar, but the heartfelt aspirations of his people, who in loving fellowship meet together for prayer and praise. Christian churches can do more when they fully realize the two great truths that lie at the root of their faith. The brotherhood of mankind, however the classes may be separated by social distinction, culture or position; and above all that essence of Christianity the opening of a door of hope to the miserable and the lost. Through the enormous debts on the churches there has been little or nothing for a poor fund, and the pulpit has had to grossly neglect its duty in relation to the love of money. A man may be too fond of hoarding money, yet he is never excommunicated, although that sin is condemned as severely in the New Testament as drunkenness or adultery. We must insist on the duty of the Christian pulpits to bring the rich and the poor and to break down the barrier between the licentious use of wealth, the cruelty and waste which have disgraced the 19th century and to speed the golden age when no man will have too little, because no man will have too much. Oh, Christians! if your Christianity has the true ring, hasten to open the door of hope to the miserable and lost; do not shut your eyes to the misery in your city,

For the blind and crippled are there,  
And the babe that pines for food!  
And the houseless man, and the widow poor  
Who begs to bury the dead.

PITY.

MORE unshed tears swell beneath the eyelids of gentle woman than ever wet her cheek.—Lamartine.

THE figure which a man makes in life, the reception which he meets with in company, the esteem paid him by his acquaintance—all these depend as much upon his good sense and judgment as upon any other part of his character. A man of the best intentions and the farthest removed from all injustice and violence would never be able to make himself much regarded without a moderate share of parts and understanding.—Hume.

speare; yet her noble Castilian tongue possesses the single book of which the humour, so strictly natural, and yet so true and universal, has become native to all Europe. And Spain has produced the painters whose works unite high excellence of conception and execution with an absolute adherence to Nature, and are thus best fitted to please the most critical as well as the most uneducated eyes. If the visible and material efforts of the pencil may be compared with the airy flights of thought, Velazquez and Murillo may be said to appeal, like Cervantes, to the feelings and perceptions of all men; and, like him, they will be understood and enjoyed where the loftiest strains of Shakespeare, and the ideal creations of Rafael, would find no sympathy, because addressed to a kindred and responsive imagination belonging only to minds of a higher order. The crazy gentleman of La Mancha and his squire will always be more popular with the many than the wondrous Prince of Denmark. And those who turn away, perplexed and disappointed from the "Spasimo" or the "Transfiguration," would probably gaze with ever fresh delight on the living and moving captains and spearmen of Velazquez, or on Murillo's thirsty multitudes flocking to the rock that gushed in Hoerob.—*Annals of the Artists of Spain.* By Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell, Bart. New Edition.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"OTELLO" is to be given at the Covent Garden Theatre with Albani as "Desdemona."

THE latest reports about Patti state that she sang recently at Nice in "Lucia," and was in the best of health and spirits. The illness at Bristol and the troubles with the Russian leave her unscathed.

MARCILLA SEMBRICH, the great singer, is meeting with remarkable success during her tour through Russia. Both at Moscow and St. Petersburg the diva is reported to have created immense enthusiasm.

THE oldest journal of those devoted to music, the *Musical World*, has ceased to exist. Its life has been a strangely chequered one, but during the last two or three years its fortunes had appeared much brighter, and no definite cause, so far as we know, is assigned for its demise.

Not long ago at Rome, at the Sala Dante, a rare concert was given by Aristides Francheschetti, aided by several prominent musicians who performed a number of old Jewish compositions. The concert was preceded by a lecture on Hebrew music delivered by the Marquis Gino Monaldi, the music critic of the *Popolo Romano*.

EMIL BLAUWAERT, the gifted Flemish baritone, who appeared in London in the original cast of Benoit's "Lucifer" at the Albert Hall in 1889, is dead. Mr. Blauwaert was an accomplished linguist, singing in French, Flemish, German, Italian, English and Russian, and in Germany and Belgium he was highly esteemed as a Wagnerian vocalist, he having appeared in Bayreuth two years ago, in "Parsifal," and in Berlin at a concert of the Wagner Society.

THE College of Music gave one of its enjoyable entertainments at the College Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 26. These College concerts are an evidence of the genuine and progressive work which is being done in the way of vocal and instrumental education in Toronto, and they are from an artistic standpoint well worthy of mention. Perhaps the most finished contribution of the evening was that of Mrs. Adamson and Miss Benson in Grieg's "Sonata" for violin and piano, Op. 8, which was admirably interpreted by both performers.

IN reviewing the first performance of Mascagni's "Cavaleria Rusticana" in Munich, A. Von Mensi asks: "How was it possible that all Italy, after the first performances of this opera last May, was plunged into a sea of ecstasy, that the citizens of Leghorn coined a special gold medal, and all the military bands played selections from 'Cavaleria Rusticana' till the thing became tiresome—how was all this possible with music which could never have been written without Richard Wagner's precedence, and which, with the exception of a few details, has nothing that is national about it?"

THE budget of the Paris Opera House varies from a little under 3,000,000 francs to a little over 4,000,000. Salaries are paid to no less than 700 persons. The enumeration is interesting and curious. Artists—which means singers—30; ballet dancers, 150; chorus, 80; orchestra, 100; at the booking offices, 30; carpenters, 80; gasmen, 15; dressers, 20 of each sex; ballet masters, stage managers, prompters, etc., 15; so the list runs on till we get the full number. The *claque* only get their admission—from sixty to ninety tickets for the pit—some of which they may dispose of. Every artist has a right to a dresser, who has charge of his wardrobe and conducts his toilet, but the artist may have his own valet if he prefer it. The chorus get each about 1,500 frs. a year, but they combine the opera with singing in the choirs of churches and also of the conservatoires, and have their special employments during the day. The leader of the orchestra gets 12,000 frs. a year, and the lesser lights from 1,500 frs. to 3,000 frs., but they stand out for their status. Meyerbeer used to call them "Messieurs les Professeurs," and the tradition remains. Then there are the dancers—the corps de ballet—who, starting with 1,800 frs. a year, get an annual increase of 200 frs., and sometimes rise very high indeed. Miss Mauri at present receives 40,000 frs.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THOREAU'S THOUGHTS: Selections from the Writings of Henry David Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1890.

Though there is a wide divergence of opinion as to the genius of Thoreau and the merit of his work, there can be but one view as to the indebtedness of the attentive reader of this small, compact and well-printed volume to both its editor and publishers. We find here in essence the teaching of this weird and many-sided man, who says to us: "Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion and prejudice and tradition and delusion and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord; through Church and State, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call reality." "Walden," p. 105. And again: "Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction—a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God, and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe, you carrying on the work. *Ibid*, p. 353. And again: "Between whom there is hearty truth there is love; and in proportion to our truthfulness and confidence in one another, our lives are divine and miraculous, and answer our ideal." "Week," p. 284. "A grain of gold will gild a great surface, but not so much as a grain of wisdom." "Yankoe in Canada," p. 257. But we must close with this extract: "How much more habitable a few birds make the fields! At the end of winter, when the fields are bare and there is nothing to relieve the monotony of withered vegetation, our life seems reduced to its lowest terms. But let a bluebird come and warble over them, and what a change! The note of the first bluebird in the air answers to the purling rill of melted snow beneath. It is evidently soft and soothing, and, as surely as the thermometer, indicates a higher temperature. It is the accent of the south wind, its vernacular." "Early Spring," p. 168.

It was of Thoreau, Emerson said: "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home." But we are regretfully forced to agree with Dr. Samuel Jones, who, in the preface to his Bibliography of Thoreau, has written: "There is too much of truth in the fear that the man so certified 'great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America' knows not yet or in least part."

WORDS THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company. 1888.

There are comparatively few men who have the power of investing a commonplace or hackneyed subject with a new and attractive interest, and through their mastery of language, and grace of style, of imparting information on such a subject, aptly, vividly and practically. That Dr. Mathews possesses this power goes almost without saying, and as an author he may well enjoy the happy consciousness of having been useful as well as ornamental in his day and generation. His "Getting on in the World" in usefulness and helpfulness has been a worthy rival of Smiles' "Self Help," and the present volume has, during the years that have passed since its first issue, taken rank with those of Alford, Trench, Marsh, and other well-known writers on the same topic. The fourteen chapters of which it is composed treat of "The Significance of Words"; "The Morality in Words"; "Grand Words"; "Small Words"; "Words without Meaning"; "Some Abuses of Words"; "Saxon Words, or Romanic"; "The Secret of Apt Words" (in two chapters); "Onomatopoes"; "The Fallacies of Words" (in two chapters); "Names of Men"; "Nicknames"; "Curiosities of Language"; "Common Improperities of Speech," and to these are added the helpful adjuncts: A table of Contents; A List of Principal Books Consulted, and a copious Index. In writing of the significance of words Dr. Mathews says, wisely: "Let no one underrate the importance of the study of words. Daniel Webster was often seen absorbed in the study of an English dictionary. Lord Chatham read the folio dictionary of Bailey twice through, examining each word attentively, dwelling on its peculiar import and modes of construction, and thus endeavouring to bring the whole range of our language completely under his control. One of the most distinguished American authors is said to be in the habit of reading the dictionary through about once a year." To these illustrations we may add that the great English statesman and orator, the late Earl of Derby—"the Rupert of debate"—was a close student of the English dictionary and those who have followed our own Edward Blake through the course of an important legal argument, where nice distinctions were drawn as to the meaning of words and phrases, must have been impressed by his profound knowledge of English words and the advantage such knowledge gave him. Dr. Mathews has the happy art of illustrating his subject and enforcing his meaning by striking references to the great speakers, writers and thinkers of the present and past, as well as to the requirements and needs of those whose lot is cast in the humbler walks of life. To all who wish to use—but not abuse—our priceless heritage of English speech, we heartily commend this book which is a singularly happy adaptation of scholastic culture to popular needs.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* for March opens with the serial, "A Sharp Experience," by Kate Eyre. The second paper on "How to Choose a New House," has a good deal of practical advice in it. "When Mother is Ill" is the title of a poem that accompanies the frontispiece. "A Model Irish Town" describes Bessbrook, a manufacturing village in Ireland. "Only Just" is the title of a story by the author of "Who is Sylvia?" A practical paper is "On Colouring Materials for Embroiderers." "Their Living to Get" is the title of a story of four girls and their start in life, by "Their Mother." "The Belfry Clock" is a pleasing poem by Frederic H. Weatherly.

THE *Methodist Magazine* for March is a special Wesley number. Amongst its articles are "Footprints of Wesley," with many engravings; "Last Days of Wesley," by Luke Tyerman, with portrait; "Mother of the Wesleys," by Dr. J. O. Clark; "Wesley as seen by his Contemporaries"; "Wesley and Literature," by Dr. Punshon; "Methodism in the Eighteenth Century," by the editor; and a Symposium of Methodism, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, Hon. O. Mowat, Hon. G. W. Allan, Lieut.-Governor Sir L. Tilley, and other leaders of Canadian thought.

"THE Wings of the Morning," by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, opens the *Quiver* for March. The serial, "Waiting to be Claimed," increases in interest. "Life's Guide: The Book of Books," is the second paper in the series, "Sundays with the Young." "Imperfect Workers" is a paper containing good advice to those who have their way in the world to make; it advises taking pains. "White Violets" is a story in two chapters with a French *persuasion* for its scene. That old custom, "The Ringing of the Curfew," is described. "The Shield, the Sword and the Battle" papers are continued. There are numerous stories, long and short, some pretty poetry, theological articles and pictures, besides a bundle of Short Arrows.

THE *March Magazine of American History* opens with a study of the public career of "General F. E. Spinner," by Rev. Isaac S. Hartley, D.D., including a description of General Spinner's part in the conception and issue of the "greenbacks" in the time of the late Civil War. The second article is a story, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, of his varied experiences in bringing out his first book. In the third paper we have a sketch, with portrait, of the Rev. Samuel M. Isaacs, by Abram S. Isaacs, Ph.D. Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, of Florence, Italy, in "An Hour with George Bancroft" describes his last visit to the great historian. There is also a sonnet on "George Bancroft, 1800-1891," by W. C. Richards. "Slavery in Canada" is by J. C. Hamilton, LL.B., of Toronto; "The Home-spun Age," by M. C. Williams, relates to early settlements in the interior of Tennessee. Other matter follows and completes an interesting number.

THE *Century Magazine* for March has another installment of "Talleyrand Memoirs" in which the celebrated diplomatist refers to the desire of Napoleon to be divorced from Josephine and to be married to a sister of the Czar Alexander, to his ultimate choice of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, and other interesting occurrences in his life. And then the accession of the Bourbons is referred to and the extract ends with an estimate by Talleyrand of Napoleon's career. "Australian Cities" is another of Mr. G. R. Parkin's able and well-balanced articles which adds greatly to the reader's knowledge of the important features of Australian Civic Life. Captain John G. Bourke's article on "General Crook in the Indian Country" is a vivacious and entertaining description of one of the most skilful and daring frontier Captains that the United States army has produced. The Fremont exploratory articles are resumed and the serials, short stories, poems, and other departments are well sustained. We have read with interest "Two Interviews with Robert E. Lee," by W. W. Page.

WITH the number for March the *Forum* begins its eleventh volume. "In the Nicaragua Canal" Senator John Sherman gives an explanation of the report by the Senate Committee in favour of an appropriation; the commercial and international significance of the undertaking. "Silver as a Circulating Medium" is treated by George S. Boutwell, former Secretary of the Treasury, in an explanation of the present issue of silver coin, and of the proposed legislation to extend it. Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe has a timely and creditable contribution on "Do We Hate England?" It is a plea for the peaceful settlement of our dispute with Great Britain, with sharp reference to the Irish both in English and in American politics. In "The Shibboleth of 'The People'" W. S. Lilly examines Government by the majority and the modern faith in numbers instead of moral force. Other notable articles are "Freedom of Religious Discussion," by Prof. Max Müller; "The Ring and The Trust," by Rev. Dr. William Barry, which treats of state socialism; and "Railways Under Government Control," by W. M. Acworth.

Outing for March is a capital number. Lovers of the dog will find a St. Bernard article with Sir Bedivere's portrait by Moore. Canoeists will enjoy the chatty manner in which C. Bowyer Vaux tells his tales by the winter camp fire. Yachtsmen will peruse with profit the first chapter of Capt. Roosevelt Schuyler's *Evolution in Yacht Building*; athletes, also, the instruction which Prof. Austin imparts in "A Bout with the Gloves," and National Guardsmen the attractive article, "How Old England trains her Red Coats." The cyclist and naturalist will find

fresh fields of enterprise open to him in following the tracks of *Outing's* special representative through the Azores with rod, gun and camera; whilst in "Landscape Photography" Ellersie Wallace pours forth hints and directions of great value. Turning from pastimes, recreations, etc.—not forgetting, by-the-bye, Association Football, which finds a doughty Champion in P. H. Roberts—the March *Outing* concludes Edgar Fawcett's remarkable novelette, "The Pink Sun," and contains a charming pastoral romance, "Gert."

*Harper's Magazine* for March contains an important article on "The Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," written by Laurence Hutton, and profusely illustrated from drawings made in Edinburgh by Joseph Pennell. Edwin A. Abbey contributes eight full-page illustrations of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors"; and Andrew Lang, in his comment upon the play, gives some curious facts concerning the history of the play. Theodore Child relates his impressions of "The Argentine Capital." His paper, which is the sixth of the popular series of articles on South America, is very fully illustrated by C. S. Reinhart and others. Julian Ralph, in a paper illustrated by Frederic Remington, presents some interesting information regarding "The Chinese Leak," or the smuggling of Chinamen into our country across the Canadian border. Brander Matthews contributes a charming love story, "In the Vestibule Limited." A new series of stories, entitled "Wessex Folk," by Thomas Hardy, is begun, and Charles Egbert Craddock's absorbing story, "In the 'Stranger People's' Country," is continued. The usual departments are well sustained.

*Scribner's Magazine* for March contains two articles of exploration and adventure—Mr. Mounteney Jephson's account of one of the most exciting periods of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and Mr. M. B. Kerr's description of the latest attempt to reach the summit of Mount St. Elias in Alaska. The former is illustrated with sketches by Frederic Villiers, made under Mr. Jephson's personal direction, and the latter from photographs made by the Expedition. The number also contains four short stories by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Richard Harding Davis, Duncan Campbell Scott, and W. H. Woods, respectively. E. S. Nadal (so long one of the secretaries of the United States Legation in London) writes of "London and American Clubs." His article is richly illustrated, as is also the novel paper on "The Ornamentation of Ponds and Lakes," by Samuel Parsons, Jr., superintendent of New York parks. Sir Edwin Arnold's papers on Japan are concluded in this issue, but two more papers on the new régime in Japan, by Professor J. H. Wigmore, are promised, with more of Robert Blum's exquisite illustrations, which he is now completing in Tokio.

"THE Sound of a Voice: or, the Song of the Débard-ent" is the title of the complete novel in the March number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The author is the late Frederic S. Cozzens, the famous humorist, whose "Sparrow-grass Papers" are known the country over. The story relates the adventures of a young American in Paris, is full of stirring incidents and is very well told. The first instalment of "Some Familiar Letters by Horace Greeley" form an interesting feature of this number. There is another of the entertaining series of "Round-Robin Talks." Among the guests are Paul B. Du Chaillu, George W. Childs, T. P. Gill, M.P., George Parsons Lathrop, Julian Hawthorne, and others. Walt Whitman has two notable contributions, a page of poems entitled "Old-Age Echoes" and "Some Personal and Old-Age memoranda." Following these is a review of the poet's life and work, by Horace L. Traubel. A striking likeness of the "good gray poet" serves as a frontispiece to this number. Agnes Repplier has an article on "Three Famous Old Maids," Miss Austin, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Mitford. Short stories, other contributions and poems add to the interest of the number.

The *North American Review* for March contains two unpublished letters of the late General Sherman. One of them was written to General Garfield in 1870, and is a defence of General Thomas against the charge of disloyalty. The other contains an account of two visits paid by Generals Sherman and Grant to President Lincoln on board the *Queen City*, near City Point, Va., in March, 1865, shortly before the assassination of Lincoln and the close of the war. The number opens with "Further Recollections of Gettysburg," in which Generals Sickles, Gregg, Newton and Butterfield fight the battle over again for the benefit of those who were not present. "The Future of the Sandwich Islands" is discussed in a pointed manner by Claus Spreckels. An answer to Mrs. Kate Gannet Wells' article in the February number on "Why More Girls Do Not Marry" is charmingly presented by Mrs. John Sherwood in "Why Women Marry." The silver question is treated by Hon. Edward Owen Leech, the Director of the Mint, in "The Menace of Silver Legislation." Dr. William A. Hammond finds a congenial theme in "Self-Control in Curing Insanity," and Lieutenant J. Rose Troup, of the Rear Guard, forcibly presents the case against Stanley. A characteristic article from the pen of Walt Whitman bears the title, "Have We a National Literature?" The impending election in Canada is dealt with by Erastus Wiman from a Wiman standpoint, and "Why Home Rule is Undesirable" is cogently argued by the historian, Lecky.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MAX O'RELL has arranged another trip to America this year.

MR. W. BLACKBURN HARTE has been appointed an assistant editor of the *New England Magazine*.

THE April number of the *New England Magazine* will have an article on "Contemporary Canadian Art and Artists," by W. Blackburn Harte.

LIEUT. ROSE TROUP of the Rear Guard has written a new version of the trouble of that wing of the Stanley expedition for the March number of the *North American Review*.

AN unusual interest at the present time attaches itself to some unpublished letters from the late General Sherman which appear in the March number of the *North American Review*.

A SOMEWHAT remarkable book in press by D. Lothrop Company and announced for early publication is "The Gospels are True Histories"—a vindication of the historical correctness of the Gospels made after careful research by Rev. Dr. Barrows of Chicago.

ONE of the clauses in the marriage-contract between Dr. Schliemann and the Greek lady whom he married as his second wife provided, it is said, that the lady should improve her knowledge of Homer by learning and reciting fifty lines of the "Iliad" nightly.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE asserts, without reservation, that, as a poet, "no woman has attained the third or lowest degree of excellence," and that the art is "the supreme and peculiar vocation of man." Several editors are known who will testify that the failure is not for want of striving on the ladies' part.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS' new book on Egyptian subjects will be entitled "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers," and will include several of the lectures which she delivered during her recent visit to America, together with much additional matter. It will be published this spring by Harper and Brothers.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in preparation for publication during the coming year a special edition of Irving's "Alhambra," which is to be issued as a companion to the well-known artist's edition of the "Sketch-Book." In the Knickerbocker Nuggets series will shortly be included "Kinglake's Eothen" and "The Sayings of Epictetus."

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "The Epic of the Inner Life," being a new translation of the Book of Job, with an introductory study and notes, by John F. Genung, professor in Amherst College. Professor Genung has given years of study to this book, which he treats as a masterpiece of literature, and not as involving any theological questions.

BY the death of Francesco Mastriani, Naples has lost its special romancer. He made a great impression with his novel, "The Blind Girl of Sorrento," published in 1852. Rapidly one novel followed the other. Social, popular, historical and psychological romances were produced, in a realistic, yet elegant style, depicting often the life of the Neapolitan people. From 1875 to his death he published no less than sixty-two romances, and was still writing when death overtook him.

THE report that the venerable poet John Greenleaf Whittier has finally decided to write no more has been confirmed. His literary career will be closed by two pieces of verse (now in the hands of editors), one of the poems being a sort of farewell to his friends and admirers. It is encouraging to feel that this noble man's work has not been in vain, and that even now his admirers are not waning. It is said that every year his publishers look to a sale of between fifty and sixty thousand volumes of his poems, and that they are never disappointed.

THE Canadian Institute offers the following interesting list of papers for March: "A Consideration of Sewage Schemes, with Exhibition of a Specific Gravity Flushing Tank" and "A Few Words on Lake Currents," by Levi J. Clark; "Indian Remains and Relics," by G. E. Laidlaw; "The Genesis and Growth of Capital," by W. Houston, M.A.; "Some Points in Milk Analysis," by Prof. Ellis, M.A., M.B.; "Notes on French-Canadian Folk-Lore," by A. F. Chamberlain, M.A.; "Ginseng, its Medicinal Properties and Commercial Value (continued)," by James H. Pearce; "Lower Forms of Life," by Andrew Elvins; "Notes on Nickel Assaying," by George Mickle, B.A.; and "The Administration of Governor Simcoe," by Capt. Ernest A. Cruikshank.

INCLUDED in a recent sale at Wakefield was a letter, hitherto unpublished, from Charles Dickens to Angus Fletcher, dated from Devonshire Terrace, June 15, 1841. It commences with plans for a trip in the Highlands, but the greater part of the manuscript relates to the death of Grip, the "Barnaby Rudge" raven. The writer says: "Grip is no more. He was only ill a day. I sent for the medical gentleman (a bird fancier in the New Road) on the first appearance of his indisposition. He promptly attended, and administered castor oil and warm gruel. Next day the patient walked in a thoughtful manner up and down the stable till the clock struck twelve at noon, then staggered twice, exclaimed: 'Hal-loa, old girl!'—either as a remonstrance with his weakness or an apostrophe to death, I am not sure which—and expired." In a postscript Dickens speaks of his being importuned to stand for Parliament at Reading.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## QUIS SEPARABIT.

[An answer to those who consider Colonial Independence desirable.]

WHY separate? I would that we were one—  
Not we, and she, and Canada, alone,  
But our lost brothers of the Union.  
Union is strength—union is statescraft, too;  
And what are we, if England be not with us,  
But a few traders fringing the sea-coast  
Of a huge half-discovered continent—  
A few backwoodsmen pushing out our bounds  
A forced-march further in the wilderness  
Through peril and starvation, year by year.  
We have a noble future, but not yet  
Have we emerged from childhood, and our bones  
And sinews are not set to manhood's mould;  
We are not old enough to leave our home  
And launch out into life, like grown-up men;  
We could not, by ourselves, maintain the strife  
In war, with a great nation, disciplined  
And hardened in a thousand years of battles;  
We are the pickets of an army sent  
To pioneer and keep a steady watch  
Against advancing foes—a vanguard sent  
To carry a position, and hold out  
Until the reinforcements can come up.  
We have done yeoman's service for the State;  
But is it wise to call for separation  
From the main force, and constitute ourselves  
An independent corps, because no foe  
Has fronted us, no lurid cloud of war  
Darkened our fair horizon?

While we cling  
To our great mother we are sons and heirs  
To all the heroes in her Abbey laid;  
Our fathers fought at Crecy, Agincourt,  
Blenheim, Quebec, Trafalgar, Waterloo;  
Shakespeare's and Bacon's countrymen are we,  
Newton's disciples, friends of Walter Scott,  
Fellow-inventors of Watt, Stephenson,  
Arkwright, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Wheatstone,  
Fellow discoverers of Drake and Cook,  
Brothers-in-arms of Wellington and Nelson,  
Successors to the Lords of Runnymede,  
Assigns of the Petitioners of Right,  
Executors of England's Constitution,  
Joint-tenants of the commerce of the world,  
Joint-owners of the Empire upon which  
The sun sets never, co-heirs of the Fame  
Built up by valour, learning, statesmanship,  
Integrity, endurance, and devotion,  
On land and sea, in fierce and frozen climes,  
Through eight blood-stained and glorious centuries.  
Divide us, and we sink at once to bourgeois,  
Received in the society of nations  
For our new wealth, but laughed at secretly  
By the proud governments of ancient blood,  
Who ever wear their rapiers at their sides  
To draw for fancied insults—while poor we,  
Like good plain tradesmen, have to put our pride  
Into our pocket, and, when one cheek's struck,  
Present the other meekly to the smiter.

But while we live as children in the household  
Of the Great Empire, let them but insult  
Her honour in the poorest artisan  
Who labours in our streets, and there will follow  
Swift vengeance, borne along in serried ranks  
Of veterans, or wafted over seas  
In her triumphant navy's iron fleets.  
Dear land of my adoption, sever not  
The right hand from thy parent, nor despoil  
Thy mother of her youngest, fairest child  
But rather be united in thyself,  
With all thy members knit in close communion,  
And strive to draw thy sisters, east and west,  
More closely round her till, in after years,  
The children—older, wiser, mightier—  
Shall be found worthy to assert their voice  
Beside their mother, in a Parliament  
Replete from every corner of the realm.

—Douglas Sladen, in "A Poetry of Exiles."

THE largest barometer yet made has been put in working order in the St. Jacques Tower in Paris. It is forty-one feet five inches high.

THIS story comes all the way from Russia: A lady of Warsaw, desiring to marry, advertised the fact in the daily papers and enumerated the qualifications she required in her suitor. Among them she mentioned that he must be the owner of real estate. She received many letters in reply, but one of them was strikingly original. The writer said that he possessed all that which the lady desired in her future husband. He was good-looking, he held a respectable position, he had many friends and was received in good society, and could support a family comfortably. As to real estate, he had that, too; he was the owner of a plot of ground in a cemetery which was large enough to accommodate him, a wife and six children. The lady selected the writer of this letter from the whole number of suitors. She opined that a young man of his position who had thought of acquiring graves for himself and a large family before he was married was surely worthy of the endowment of her heart and hand.—*Spare Moments.*

## LONGEVITY AND FAME.

GREAT as have been some men who died young, who knows how much greater they would have been had their lives been prolonged! Might not Marlowe have rivalled Shakespeare? Yet possibly Byron had already given up his best, and Shelley and Keats might not have surpassed their early efforts. Had the author of "Festus" died at twenty-three there would have been lamentation as over Keats, but Mr. Bailey has lived half a century longer without producing a second poem. Tasso, though he lived twenty years after "Jerusalem Delivered," never equalled that epic written at thirty-one. Still, there are men whose longevity has certainly stood for much. Michel Angelo showed astonishing precocity, but he owes to his eighty-nine years his great renown as painter, sculptor, and sonneteer. Voltaire's fame, again, rests on the entirety of his writings, not on any single work, and on the literary dictatorship with which age invested him. Cut off twenty years of his life, and his fame would perceptibly shrink. Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Dumas, all had the advantage of fulness of years, so as to be judged by bulk as well as quality. Humboldt, too, owed to his ninety years a portion of his reputation. The true comparison would obviously be between works produced at the same age, or between men dying at about the same age; but it is much easier to test achievement than capacity. Perhaps the best books (*in posse*) have never been written, and we often feel that the men were greater than their works. Who knows, moreover, what geniuses have died in childhood!—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## COMPANIONS.

A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions: men, women and books.—SIR JOHN DAVYS.

We have companions, comrade mine;  
Jolly good fellows, tried and true,  
Are filling their cups with the Rhenish wine,  
And pledging each other as I do you.  
Never a man in all the land  
But has, in his hour of need, a friend,  
Who stretches to him a helping hand,  
And stands by him to the bitter end.  
If not before, there is comfort then,  
In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,  
Is the love of woman, the life of life,  
Whether in maiden's eyes it shine,  
Or melts in the tender kiss of wife;  
A heart contented to feel, not know,  
That finds in the other its sole delight;  
White hands that are loth to let us go,  
The tenderness that is more than might!  
On earth below, in heaven above,  
Is there anything better than woman's love?

I do not say so, companion mine,  
For what, without it, would I be here?  
It lightens my troubles, like this good wine,  
And, if I must weep, sheds tear for tear!  
But books, old friends that are always new,  
Of all good things that we know are best;  
They never forsake us, as others do,  
And never disturb our inward rest.  
Here is truth in a world of lies,  
And all that in man is great and wise!

Better than men and women, friend,  
That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,  
Are the books their cunning hands have penned,  
For they depart, but the books remain;  
Through these they speak to us what was best  
In the loving heart and the noble mind;  
All their royal souls possessed  
Belongs for ever to all mankind!  
When others fail him, the wise man looks  
To the sure companionship of books.

—R. H. Stoddard, in the *Book World*.

In each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air. A healthy man respire sixteen or twenty times a minute, or 20,000 a day; a child twenty-five or thirty-five times a minute. While standing, the adult respiration is twenty-two times a minute; while lying down, thirteen. The superficial surface of the lungs, *i.e.*, of their valveolar space, is 200 square yards. The amount of air respired every twenty-four hours is about 10,000 quarts.

**THE SPRING MEDICINE.**—The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

EVERY tissue of the body, every bone, muscle and organ, is made stronger and more healthful by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## WESTERN ASSURANCE CO.

## FORTIETH ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

*Report of Directors—Continued Prosperity—Large Profits and Liberal Dividends—Considerable Addition to the Reserves—Good Management and Excellent Results.*

The fortieth annual meeting of shareholders of the above Company was held at its offices in this city at noon on Friday, 20th ult.

Mr. A. M. Smith, President, occupied the chair, and Mr. J. J. Kenny, Managing Director, was appointed to act as secretary to the meeting.

The secretary read the following annual report:—  
In presenting the Annual Report of the business of the year ending 31st December, 1890, the Directors are pleased to be able to submit to the Shareholders such gratifying evidence of the continued prosperity of the Company as is embraced in the accompanying accounts.

It will be seen from the Revenue Account that there is a profit balance on the transactions of the year of \$155,125 19.  
A satisfactory increase is shown in the receipts from Fire premiums, while in the Marine branch certain lines of business, which have not resulted profitably in the past, have been discontinued, and the premium income somewhat reduced.

Two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting to \$60,000, have been declared, and the sum of \$26,225 21 has been written off investments to bring them to their market value at the close of the year, when, owing to the disturbed conditions existing in monetary circles, almost all classes of securities were more or less depreciated. After providing for these deductions from the year's earnings, \$75,000 has been carried to the Reserve, making that fund \$900,000, and \$16,186 39 remains at the credit of Profit and Loss Account. The total surplus of the Company—which these two latter amounts constitute—is, therefore, \$916,186 39, and deducting from this the amount estimated as necessary to re-insure or run off all existing risks, say \$546,506 64, a net surplus remains over Capital and all liabilities of \$369,679 75.

## STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1890.

Revenue Account.	
Fire premiums.....	\$1,333,582 70
Marine premiums.....	715,032 49
Less re-assurances.....	2,048,615 19
Interest account.....	388,128 30
Fire losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31st, 1890.....	\$1,060,486 89
Marine losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31st, 1890.....	43,367 18
General expenses, agents' commission, etc.....	\$1,703,854 07
Balance to profit and loss.....	665,071 26
	368,274 07
	615,383 55
	155,125 19
	\$1,703,854 07

Profit and Loss Account.	
Balance from last year.....	12,286 41
Profit for the year.....	155,125 19
	\$167,411 60

Dividend paid July, 1890.....	25,000 00
Dividend payable 8th January, 1891.....	25,000 00
Written off Securities.....	26,225 21
Carried to Reserve Fund.....	75,000 00
Balance.....	16,186 39
	\$167,411 60

Assets.	
United States and State Bonds.....	\$450,525 00
Dominion of Canada Stock.....	211,417 50
Loan Company and Bank Stocks.....	151,577 40
Company's building.....	65,000 00
Municipal Debentures.....	80,369 23
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	277,260 51
Bills receivable.....	34,508 27
Mortgages.....	16,466 60
Real estate losses.....	43,642 36
Interest due and accrued.....	4,989 50
Agents' balances and Sundry accounts.....	210,918 82
	\$1,555,665 19

Liabilities.	
Capital Stock paid up.....	\$500,000 00
Losses under adjustment.....	114,478 60
Dividend payable 8th January, 1891.....	25,000 00
Reserve Fund.....	\$900,000 00
Balance profit and loss.....	16,186 39
	916,186 39
	\$1,555,665 19

A. M. SMITH, President. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

WESTERN ASSURANCE OFFICES, TORONTO, February 9th, 1891.

## AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Western Assurance Company:  
GENTLEMEN,—We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1890, and have examined the vouchers and securities in connection therewith, and find the same carefully kept, correct, and properly set forth in the above statement.

TORONTO, February 9th, 1891. R. R. CATHERN, JOHN M. MARTIN, F.C.A., Auditors.

In moving the adoption of the report the President said:—

The Annual Report and accompanying accounts which you have just heard read present, I think, so clearly the result of the business of the past year, and so satisfactorily the condition of affairs at the close of the year, that it is scarcely necessary for me in moving the adoption of the Report to do more than congratulate you upon the happy auspices under which we meet at this, the fortieth annual gathering of the shareholders of the Company. There is one item in the accounts, however, to which it may be well to refer particularly. I allude to the amount written off securities in order to enable us to place them in the Balance Sheet, as has always been our custom, at their market value on 31st December. You are aware that just at that time the prices of stocks and bonds generally were much depressed, and the fact that our securities were affected to such a comparatively slight extent is perhaps the best evidence that could be offered as to the character of our investments. Moreover, I think we are safe in regarding this as merely a temporary depreciation, and that the former values will be, as indeed some have already been, regained.

I may be permitted to say also that, interested as I have been in this Company since its organization—for 40 years as a stock-holder, for 25 years as a director, and for the past eight years as its president—it is with a feeling of pride, which I think is pardonable, that I regard the position which the Western occupies to-day among the financial institutions of this country and among the insurance companies of this continent. Organized, as it was, at a time when the popular belief existed that indemnity for losses by fire—or in fact from death or any other calamity which might be covered by an insurance policy—could be obtained only from the other side of the Atlantic, it had secured at the end of its first ten years' struggle for existence against this popular delusion an annual premium income of only some \$60,000. The twentieth annual report shows that it had increased this five-fold, and at the close of its thirtieth year its income exceeded one million dollars per annum; and having thoroughly established its prestige at home it had extended its field of operations beyond the limits of Canada. It is now entering upon its fifth decade with an income of nearly a million and three-quarters, derived from all the provinces of the Dominion and from the United States, as well as some of the British West India Islands; with cash assets of upwards of a million and a half; with a profit balance on its last year's transactions of over \$150,000; and with a corps of tried officers and agents loyal to the Company and its interests; and, if I may say it without egotism, with an experienced Board of Directors, several of whom may claim to be veterans, and not likely to be frightened by "fire," even though it may come (as it sometimes does through conflagrations) in "volleys," rather trying to the nerves. I think I may say looking at what has been accomplished from small beginnings and looking at our present position—that by continuing the policy which has guided us in the past, of fair and liberal dealings with our insurers and

just recognition of the services of our agents, upon whose judgment we have so largely to depend in the selection of business—we may confidently look for at least an equal measure of success for the Western in the future to that which it has enjoyed in the past, and, as a consequence, to its being in a position to continue to make satisfactory returns to its shareholders upon their invested capital.

Permit me to say before closing my remarks that—under a kind Providence—I feel that we are indebted in no small degree to the wisdom and untiring energy of our Managing Director and his able staff of assistants for the high position that our Company now occupies in the estimation of the insuring public.

Mr. George A. Cox, Vice-President of the Company, in seconding the adoption of the report said:—

The satisfactory nature of the report now submitted for your approval, and the full explanations of the President in moving its adoption, leave but little for me to say. There is, however, one important item in the statement to which reference has not been made, and that is the very substantial addition of no less than seventy-five thousand dollars to the Reserve Fund. With net earnings for the year equal to thirty-one per cent. of our paid-up capital, it was not unreasonable that the dividend should arise: Are you only going to pay a ten per cent. dividend, less than one-third of your net earnings? But I am sure the shareholders and the public will appreciate the prudence and recognize the necessity of providing in good years like this for less fortunate ones, when we are called upon to meet exceptional losses by conflagrations such as have occurred, and in all probability will occur again.

It is very satisfactory to know that after fully providing for our re-insurance fund, which takes \$546,506 64, we have a net surplus over and above our capital and all liabilities to the public equal to about seventy-five per cent. of our paid-up capital.

The splendid position of the Western on its fortieth anniversary fully justifies the President in feeling proud of the Company and proud of his long and honourable connection with it; and I shall also indulge a little in the same way. The best standard by which to judge a company is the relative position it occupies at home, and the Western company has stood in the very front rank, its income from fire and marine premiums in Canada exceeding that of any other company doing business here—English, American or Canadian—and what is still more gratifying, its loss ratio on its Canadian business is considerably below the average of both the home and foreign Fire Insurance Companies making returns to the Dominion Insurance Department.

I may also refer to the relative position of the Company on this continent. Of one hundred and sixty companies reporting to the Canadian and New York Insurance Departments only some twenty exceed the Western in volume of business; and the steadily improving character of the Company's United States business, as shown by its diminishing loss ratio, affords good grounds for anticipating that the continued efforts in that direction of its representatives in the United States will make an equally favourable record for it there to that which it enjoys at home. It is gratifying to know that, notwithstanding some exceptionally trying years, the business of that branch shows a fair profit to the Company, and that the year just closed has been one of the most favourable in its experience.

I very heartily concur, Mr. President, in all that you have said as to the obligations we are under to our Managing Director, who brings to bear upon the business of the Company a thorough and ever-increasing knowledge of the insurance world and the insurance business in all its details. It is to his intelligent and close supervision of the Company's interests and to his efficient and well-selected staff that we are largely indebted for the position that we are so proud of to-day. I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution for the adoption of the report.

On motion of Mr. A. Nairn, seconded by Mr. William Ross, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the President and Board of Directors for their services and attention to the interests of the Company during the past year.

Messrs. F. J. Stewart and J. K. Niven having been appointed scrutineers, the election of Directors for the ensuing year was proceeded with, which resulted in the unanimous re-election of the old Board, *viz.*, Messrs. A. M. Smith, George A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robert Beatty, A. T. Fulton, George McMurrich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock and J. J. Kenny. At a meeting of the Board of Directors held subsequently, Mr. A. M. Smith was re-elected President and Mr. George A. Cox, Vice-President for the ensuing year.

## A CANADIAN MILO.

LOUIS CYR, of Montreal, who is variously called the Canadian Sampson and Hercules, has been performing some remarkable feats of strength in New York. He first put up a dumbbell weighing 102 pounds, lifting the bell with one hand and holding it out straight from the shoulder in a horizontal position. He then lifted a 232 pound dumbbell with one hand to the shoulder, and then slowly pushed it up and held it in that position. He next lifted the 232 pound and the 102 pound dumbbell with a man who weighed 150 pounds with one finger. The aggregate weight lifted was 480 pounds, which beat Cyr's own record by 40 pounds. Cyr balanced Mme. Minnie Cyr, who weighs 118 pounds, while she hung on a ladder on his chin. Cyr's best exhibition was lifting a platform bound with iron, on which was 18 men and a 232 pound dumbbell, with his back and hands. He was eager to lift 4,000 pounds weight, but the platform was not large enough. The actual weight the giant lifted was 3,337 pounds. He has, it is said, lifted 3,339 pounds of pig iron in the same manner. He then shouldered a barrel of lime, which weighed 251 pounds, with one hand from the floor. He finished his feats by lifting a man weighing 200 pounds with one hand, and holding him dangling in the air above his head. Cyr, I might remark, is a monster in size. He weighs 280 pounds, stands 5 feet 10½ inches in his stockings, and measures 60 inches around the chest. His right arm above the elbow measures 21 inches. He is 27 years old. He is declared to be the nearest approach to the man whom Delilah betrayed that has been seen within the lifetime of living man.

## Rheumatism

Is of two kinds, acute and chronic. The former is accompanied by high fever, and in the swollen joints there is intense pain, which often suddenly changes from one part of the body to another. Chronic rheumatism is without fever and not so severe, but more continuous and liable to come on at every storm or after slight exposure. Rheumatism is known to be a disease of the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing it. This medicine possesses qualities which neutralize acidity, and purify, enrich and vitalize the blood.

## ENTIRELY CURED.

"I had attacks of rheumatism which increased in severity. I took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am pleased to say the rheumatic pains ceased, my appetite and digestion became better, and my general health greatly improved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, as I have felt no recurrence of this blood disease."—WM. SCOON, Geneva, N.Y.

N.B.—If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all Druggists. \$1.00; six for \$5.00. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

POTTON-SEED-MEAL-FOR-COWS. \*

From the New England Homestead. Henry Morse, of Delaware County, N. Y., who has become wealthy by dairying, says that he has fed cotton seed meal to his cows for eight years, the first four in connection with other grains, and after that, pure, excepting while the cows were dry and on coarse fodder; they were then given wheat bran and such grain as was produced on the farm. As soon as the cows came in full milk, they were given hay twice a day, and three quarts of cotton seed meal in the morning and two quarts at night. The morning ration of meal was mixed with six quarts of sweet skimmed milk. When at pasture they received two quarts of the meal a day. Following this practice he was able to keep 25 per cent. more cows, and make 20 per cent. more butter per cow, than by any other grain method. The manure from the cows fed so heavily on cotton seed meal was very rich and gave about double the crops of hay that other manures gave. The pastures also show it, and the increased value of the manure nearly pays for the cotton seed meal.

BOYD'S Linseed Oil Cake Meal Cotton Seed Meal: 1.40 PER 100 LBS. Send your money and try a bag of each. Use half Cotton and half Linseed—mixed with other feed: For MILK 2 to 3 lbs. For BEEF 5 to 10 lbs. One Pound of OIL CAKE MEAL equals: 3 lbs. Corn, 10 lbs. Hay, 8 lbs. Wheat Bran. WHICH IS CHEAPEST? Address: ALFRED BOYD, 1 Wellington St. East, TORONTO.

RADWAY'S ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE.

For the Cure of all DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES, PAINS IN THE BACK, DRAGGING FEELING, etc., INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the internal viscera.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability to contract disease.

PERFECT DIGESTION.

Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

Price 25 Cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

Send for our BOOK OF ADVICE to RADWAY & CO., 419 St. James Street MONTREAL.

Confederation Life

ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

REMEMBER, AFTER THREE YEARS

Policies are Incontestable

Free from all Restrictions as to Residence, Travel or Occupation.

PAID-UP POLICY AND CASH SURRENDER VALUE GUARANTEED IN EACH POLICY.

The New Annuity Endowment Policy

AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH

PROVIDES AN INCOME IN OLD AGE, AND IS A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums. Profits, which are unexpended by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured.

Profits so allocated are absolute, and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances. Participating Policy-holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in their class and for the past seven years have actually received 5 per cent. of the profits so earned.

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary.

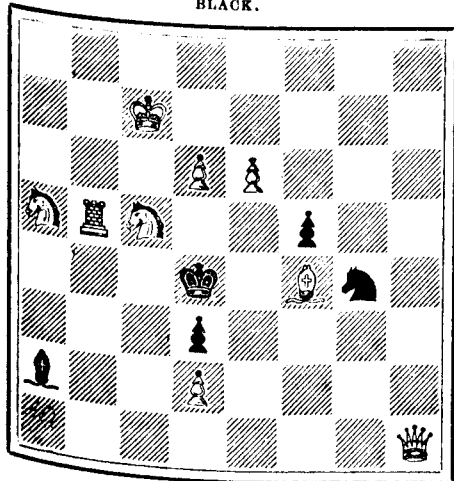
J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 545.

From La Monde Illustré.

BLACK.



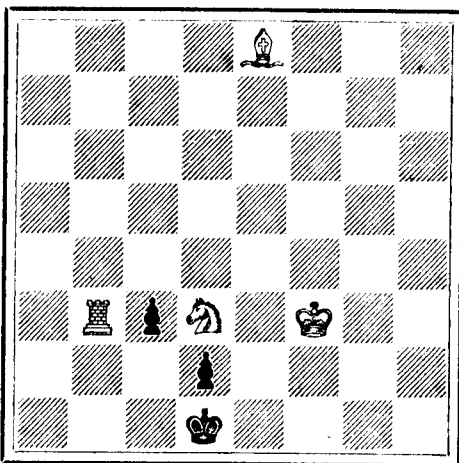
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 546.

By Editor Glasgow Herald.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 539.

- White. 1. Kt x P 2. R-K 3 3. R-K 4 mate

- Black. 1. K x Kt 2. K-B 5 if 1. K-K 4 2. K-K 5

Note in Problem No. 543 there should be a White Q on White Q 3 instead of a King.

No. 540.

Q-K 5

GAME PLAYED IN THE GUNSBURG AND STEINITZ MATCH AT NEW YORK.

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING.

- I. GUNSBURG. White. 1. P-Q 4 2. P-K 3 3. B-Q 3 4. P-Q 3 5. Kt-K 3 6. Kt-K B 3 7. Castles 8. B-K 2 9. P-B 3 10. P-Q 2 11. P-K 3 12. Kt x Kt 13. Kt x Kt 14. P-B 3 15. P-B 3 16. P-B 3 17. P-Q 1 18. P-Q 1 19. P-Q 1 20. P-Q 1 21. P-Q 1 22. P-Q 1

- W. STEINITZ. Black. P-Q 4 P-K 3 P-Q B 4 Kt-Q B 3 Kt-B 3 B-Q 2 R-B 1 R-B 1 B-Q 3 P-K 4 Kt x P B x Kt B-Kt 1 P-B 5 Castles R-K 1 P-Q Kt 4 Q-B 2 R-K 2 Q-R-K 1 Q-Q 3 Q-B 3 B-K 4

- I. GUNSBURG. White. 23. B x Q P 24. P-Q R 4 25. P-R 5 26. R (Q 5)-Q 4 27. Kt-K 1 28. R (Q 4)-Q 2 29. R-K 2 30. P-B 3 31. R x R 32. B-B 1 33. Q-B 2 34. B-K 3 35. Q-Q 2 36. B-Q 4 37. B-B 2 38. B-Kt 1 39. Kt-B 2 40. P x B 41. Q-Q 7 42. B-Kt 1 43. B-B 2 Resigns

- W. STEINITZ. Black. B-Kt 1 P-Q R 3 P-R 3 Q-Kt 2 B-K 4 B-B 2 R-K 4 R x P R x R R-K 4 Q-B 3 R-K 1 Q-K 3 Kt-R B-B 3 R-K 4 B x B P Q-R 7 Q-R 8 + Q x B P + Kt-Kt 6 +

RADWAY'S ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE.

Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis,

And other affections of the Throat or Lungs, are speedily cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine is an anodyne expectorant, potent in its action to check the advance of disease, allaying all tendency to Inflammation and Consumption, and speedily restoring health to the afflicted. \*\*On several occasions, during the past year, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In cases of severe and sudden Colds, if used according to directions, it will, judging by my experience, prove a sure cure.—L. D. Coburn, Addison, N. Y.

Last December I suffered greatly from an attack of Bronchitis. My physician advised me to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I did. Less than a bottle of this medicine relieved and cured me.—Elwood D. Piper, Elgin, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral once saved my life. I had a constant Cough, Night Sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and declining rapidly. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me.—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn.

LUNG COMPLAINTS.

I have no hesitation in saying that I regard Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the best remedy within my knowledge for the cure of Colds, Chronic Bronchitis, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Parish, Me.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, from which I could get no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure.—John Tooley, Ironton, Mich.

An experience of over thirty years enables me to say that there is no better remedy for Sore Throat and Coughs, even of long standing, than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has ever been effective in my personal experience, and has warded off many an attack of Croup from my children, in the course of their growth, besides giving effective relief from Colds.—Samuel Motter, Editor of the Emmitsburg Chronicle, Emmitsburg, Md.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in my family, for a number of years, and with marked success. For the cure of Throat and Lung Complaints, I consider this remedy invaluable. It never fails to give effect satisfaction.—Elihu M. Robertson, Battle Creek, Mich.

Two years ago I was taken suddenly ill. At first I supposed it was nothing but a common cold, but I grew worse, and in a few weeks, was compelled to give up my work. The doctor told me that I had Bronchitis, which he was afraid would end in Consumption. I took two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was entirely cured.—J. L. Kramer, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

TO ALL WHO NEED A HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS FOOD

It is of especial interest to know that

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF



is the most perfect form of Concentrated Food.

It is Palatable, Easily Digested, and Quickly Strengthens and Invigorates.

CURE FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

as an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wound Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism.

For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 87 New Oxford St. London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. COAL AND WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE:—90 KING STREET WEST.

BRANCH OFFICES:—409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 44 Queen Street East. YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES:—Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street; Esplanade foot of Princess Street; Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front Street.

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure everything.

Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten.

We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequaled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers if taken in time. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of weariness and weakness. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

**IMPERIAL**  
 CREAM  TARTAR  
**BAKING POWDER**  
 PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,  
 CONTAINS NO Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, OR ANY INJURIOUS SUBSTANCE.  
 E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT.  
 MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED ROYAL PAST CAKES

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

**W. BAKER & Co.'s**  
**Breakfast Cocoa**  
 from which the excess of oil has been removed, is **Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.**

**No Chemicals**

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
**W. BAKER & CO.,** Dorchester, Mass.

**JOHN H. R. MOLSON & BROS.**  
 ALE AND PORTER BREWERS,  
 No. 1006 Notre Dame St.  
**MONTREAL,**  
 Have always on hand the various kinds of  
**ALE AND PORTER**  
 IN WOOD AND BOTTLE.

Families Regularly Supplied

H. H. DAVIDSON, V.S., V.D. W. M. DAVIDSON.  
**WEST END VETERINARY INFIRMARY,**  
**CAB, LIVERY**  
 AND  
**SALE STABLES.**  
 TELEPHONE 5006.  
 All orders will receive prompt attention  
**DAVIDSON BROS.**  
 188 STRACHAN AVE.

NOTICE.—Agents for B. J. Nash & Co., London.  
 Carriages of all kinds on hand.

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