

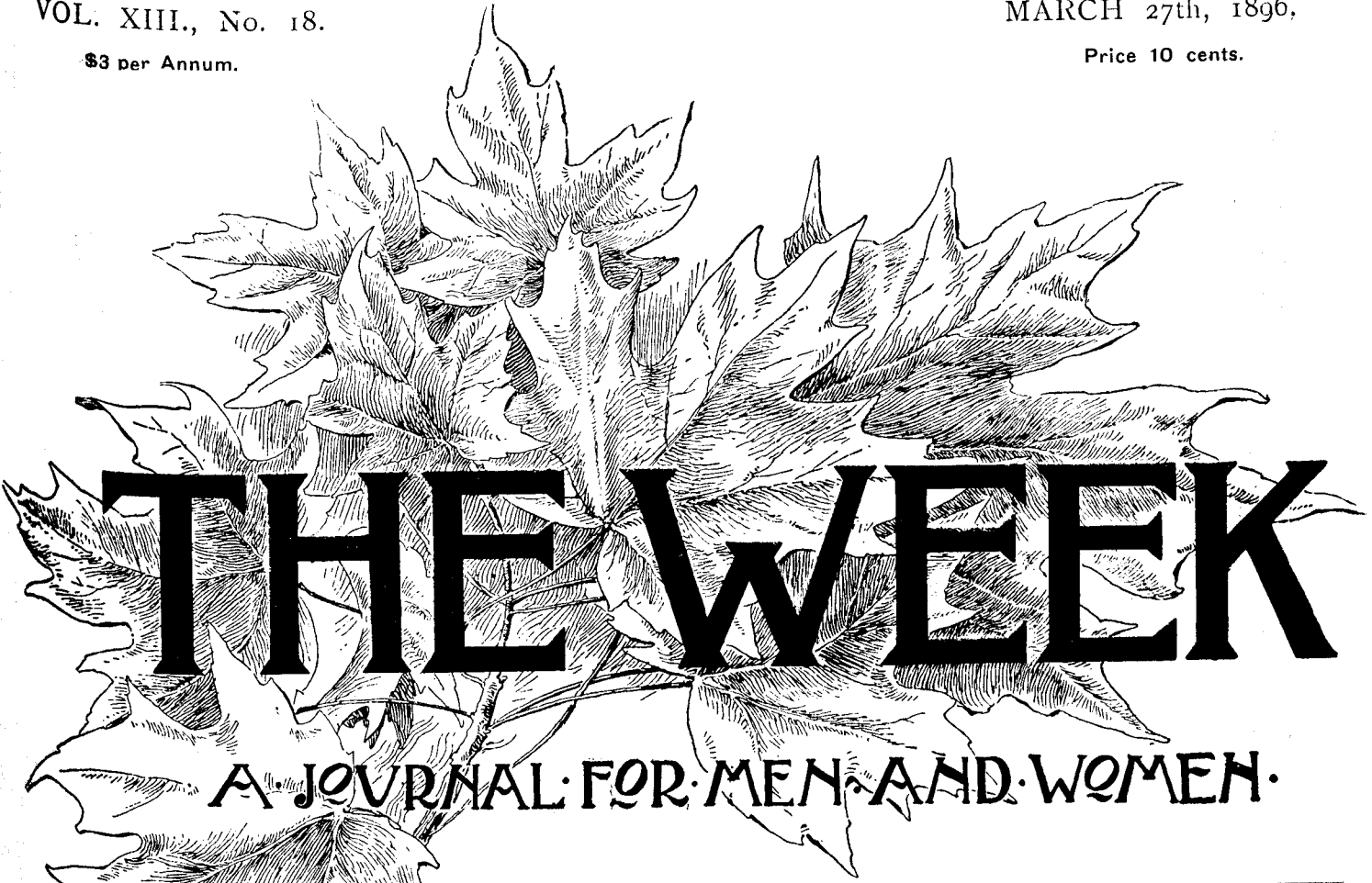
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# THE WEEK

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 27TH, 1896.

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## Current Topics.

### Imperial Unity.

At the Canada Club's banquet in London, on Wednesday night, Mr. Chamberlain made another notable speech on Imperial unity. He said, amidst much confirmatory applause, that it was no longer thought in England, or in Canada, that the "manifest destiny" of the Dominion was annexation to the United States. He noted with great interest the marked contrast between the doubt and hesitation of former years and the determination now of every son of Canada to maintain the local Constitution in its entirety, and, at the same time, to draw closer the bonds which unite him with the great parent State. Mr. Chamberlain spoke with keen appreciation of the steadfastness and loyalty of Canada at the time when war between Great Britain and the United States was imminent. He also referred, in appreciative terms, to Mr. McNeill's eloquent speech on the "loyalty resolution" a few weeks ago. In speaking of Imperial Federation Mr. Chamberlain expressed his belief that it could only be reached by a process of gradual development. "We may endeavour to establish some common interests and common obligations, to deal with which it is natural that some sort of representative authority should grow up. The greatest obligation is the Imperial defence. The greatest interest is the Imperial trade. The former must be reached through the latter, as was the case in the creation of the German Empire." With respect to preferential trade Mr. Chamberlain remarked that the proposal merited respectful consideration. It was a startling proposal for a free trade country like Great Britain. Her foreign trade is so gigantic in proportion to the foreign trade of the Colonies that the burden of taxation would fall with much greater weight upon the Mother Country than upon the Colonies. But Mr. Chamberlain invited the Colonies to continue their efforts. He was inclined to favour a Customs union comprising the whole Empire, by which the aggregate Customs revenue might be equitably proportioned among the principal communities. Its advantages to the Colonies, he claimed, would be so enormous that they would be bound to give such a suggestion their careful consideration. In such a general free trade arrangement Mr. Chamberlain held that exceptions must be made in the case of articles such as spirits and tobacco, which are chiefly taxed for revenue purposes. "If we are to make even the slightest progress in such a direction, protection must disappear, and the only duties must be revenue duties, not protective duties, in the sense of protecting the industries of one portion of the Empire against the industries of another." Though the matter

presents difficulties, the Colonial Secretary rightly believes that with the existing good-will and the ultimate goal in view, something like a working agreement would be reached, and free traders, even if they had to abandon their principles to some extent, must remember the enormous gain that would compensate for the loss in England's dealings with foreign countries. For the States forming the Empire are, after all, more likely to develop and increase in prosperity, population, wealth, power, commerce, and enterprise, than any foreign States.

### The Times' Opinions.

In commenting editorially on Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the Canada Club, The London Times says: "Mr. Chamberlain's stirring speech departed from the traditional commonplace of Imperial officialism, and struck boldly the keynote of free trade within the Empire. It is important to note that while the speech appears to have met with an encouraging reception, Canada has hitherto been more committed to the protectionist system than any other Colony. Even in Canada, however, protection is less popular than formerly. Therefore, it does not seem an Utopian hope of Mr. Chamberlain that overtures are worth consideration. It may be presumed that such a change would involve the reimposition of a shilling duty on foreign corn, and the levy of a tax on foreign sugar. A very moderate advantage would be given to the Colonies, and it would be a scarcely perceptible influence on the great bulk of our foreign trade. We are inclined to think that the obstacles on each side have been exaggerated. There is, at any rate, weighty matter for discussion in Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions." These remarks are eminently encouraging, and show clearly what a marked advance has been made in England of late touching the matter of Imperial unity. The London Chronicle, too, has little but praise for Mr. Chamberlain's speech, but appropriately suggests that before the government talks of a Zollverein, they had better drop the policy of ruining the Colonial meat and cattle trades by left-handed protection of English breeders.

### The Death of Thos. Hughes.

The author of "Tom Brown's School Days" is dead. In law, in politics, and in letters, he appeared to be equally at home. He won distinction in all three realms, and was withal a man of marked individuality and nobility of character. It is now nearly forty years since his famous "Tom Brown's School Days" appeared. It gives an excellent account of Rugby school, under the famous Dr. Arnold—whose pupil it was Hughes' privilege to be—and many delightful sketches of scenery, rural customs, and sports in Berkshire. Four years later "Tom Brown at Oxford," was published, which, although an admirable book, hardly equals the "School Days." Since that date Mr. Hughes has produced a goodly array of literary wares. He was called to the Bar in 1848, appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1869, and made judge of the County Court Circuit No. 9 in 1882. Mr. Hughes was for some time an active member of Parliament, warmly advocating the interests, without flattering the prejudices, of the working-class. In all social questions he took a deep interest, and was ever animated by a manly and patriotic spirit. His failure with his Tennessee settlement was always a sore point with him. Happy is the man who has only one failure to think about and mourn over. Mr. Hughes

was a regular subscriber to this journal, and on more than one occasion was kind enough to express his hearty approval of it. THE WEEK has lost a kindly friend, and England one of its noblest-hearted sons.

**A Question  
of Means.**

It was reported in Ottawa on Tuesday night that Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P., had formally announced to Mr. Laurier that he will not be a candidate for parliamentary honours at the forthcoming Dominion election. We doubt if there is any truth in the story that Mr. Martin has had a serious disagreement with the Liberal leader. The true reason for his contemplated withdrawal from political life appears to be that his private affairs demand more attention than he, as a member of Parliament, is able to give to them. It is to be regretted that so few of our men of wealth take an active interest in politics. Wealthy men of public spirit are rare in Canada, for money here seems to beget selfishness and narrowness and a distaste for public life. The result is that our politicians are, for the most part, men of slender means, and are less able, in consequence, to resist the wiles of interested leaders, or to turn their backs on Satan when he suggests little boodling schemes and other attractive but steady enterprises. Verily, our men of wealth will have much to answer for some day.

**Dissolution.**

After much foolish talk and fuss it has been decided that the present Parliament come to an end on the 25th of April. Many members, it is said, are prepared for a dissolution before that date. It seems evident now that unless the Liberals are willing the passage of the Remedial Bill this session is an impossibility; but the Administration will doubtless make a valiant effort, and leave no stone unturned that may expedite the measure in its tortuous path. For all that, it is more than possible that dissolution is not so far off as the 24th April.

**Insubordination  
at St. John's.**

Whilst we have no sympathy with insubordination, and believe in its prompt and effective punishment, the recent case of mutiny of the attached men of St. John's Military Depot seems to us to be one of abundant provocation. The six non-commissioned officers who refused to shovel snow have been degraded to the ranks, and narrowly escaped eighty-four days' imprisonment with hard labour. Though the men should have obeyed commands, it was clearly not their duty to shovel snow. They were not at the military depot for that purpose. It was the work of servants, and should have been performed by servants.

**Mr. Hardy's  
Civic Bill.**

The chief fault we have to find with Mr. Hardy's civic bill is that for its successful working a mayor of uncommon wisdom and righteousness is imperatively demanded. Now, wise and righteous mayors are by no means plentiful. Toronto may have had one or two in the dim and distant past, but they only serve to emphasize the general run of commonplace records with which our eminently respectable city hall abounds.

**Oom Paul  
Again.**

According to yesterday's despatches, the Transvaal burghers are assuming an alarming attitude. Fortifications are being raised and the Boers are arming themselves to the teeth. The streets of Pretoria ring with defiance of England. Emissaries have been sent to the Orange Free State and to Cape Colony with the object, it is said, of stirring up race feeling, and winning adherents to the Transvaal's cause. What President Kruger thinks of all this it is not difficult to imagine. He has finally

declined to accept Mr. Chamberlain's courteous invitation, though it is only fair to Oom Paul to say that he referred the matter to the Volksraad, and it refused to grant him permission to go. The Rand is much exercised over this refusal. It is feared that it will lead to evil complications. Yesterday morning the London Times, in an editorial, warned President Kruger that the suzerainty of Great Britain over the Transvaal is not a matter for discussion, and that if the invitation to come to England is not accepted, England will have to take measures to support the just claim of the Uitlanders. It is to be hoped that Oom Paul will consider well before he plunges his little republic into a war with Great Britain which can only have one end, and that, for him, a disastrous one, though once upon a time the brave Boers did win a great victory over the Imperial troops. That is not likely to be repeated again. But it is a serious matter for the Empire that two wars should be carried on in Africa at the same time. The struggle in the Transvaal cannot be much longer delayed, we apprehend, whether or not President Kruger should reconsider the declined invitation. But it is an unfortunate time for the struggle to begin. The Nile expedition, we predict, has evil days in store for it; it is not strong enough. But time will show. We hope we are mistaken.

**These  
Stirring Times.**

Events of vast importance occur so rapidly these days that one lives in a constant state of excitement and expectation. The alarm and confusion caused by Mr. Cleveland's bombastic message on the Venezuelan boundary question had scarcely abated ere the startling news came telling of the Jameson raid and the danger of war with the Transvaal. The telegram of Emperor William, following hard on the raid, threw the whole Empire into a state of amazement and indignation, and England facing a great European combination in open war seemed to be an immediate possibility. The excitement caused by the telegram had not died away before the American Congress shot off a couple of bombshells in the form of resolutions highly insulting to the Spaniards and their efforts to put down the rebellion in Cuba. In short, Congress appeared to threaten Spain with war, and this menaced the stability of all European combinations, as we noticed last week in these columns. Spanish mobs were still shouting defiance at the United States when the Italian defeat before Adowa stirred all Europe with pity for Italy and with alarm for the fate of Africa. As a result of this catastrophe England is again at war, and this time with a foe so brave and determined and powerful that the war promises to rank with those of the first order. These great political events have all been crowded into less than four months. What fate has in store for us next month who can say?

**The Unlovely  
Armenians.**

Mr. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who is thoroughly familiar with the Orient, has recently said some hard things about the Armenians, and now a naval officer in Turkish waters writes to the San Francisco Argonaut more than corroborating all that Mr. Crawford has said. According to this officer the Armenians in general are a most rascally set; far more so than the Turks. They hold a large proportion of the Turkish political offices, and cheat right and left. They are educated by the missions, learn the ways and customs of the Christian world, are Christians in the sense of the word, and all this, combined with the cunning of the Turk, make them dangerous, and a nuisance to the Turkish Government, which they wish to overthrow and rule themselves. As to being Christians, continues the naval officer, as you or I understand it, they are far from it.

They simply do not believe in the Turkish religion, but have one of their own. Our religion is not theirs. We should gather from all this that there is little to choose between the Turks and Armenians. The world could get along very well without either.

**The Remedial Bill.**

The passing of the Remedial Bill by a majority of eighteen, to which important fact we had only time and space to refer very briefly in our last number, was the great event of the week in the Canadian political world. It is a triumph for the Government, but one bought at great cost. Had it not been for the seven "bolting" Liberals the majority would have been but four. Two more desertions from the Conservative ranks and their majority would have vanished. Mr. Speaker would have had to give the casting vote—a responsibility which he no doubt was very glad to escape. Of the eighteen Conservatives who voted against the second reading, all are from Ontario save Dr. Weldon. Six of the Liberals who forsook Mr. Laurier are from Quebec, and one, Mr. McIsaacs, from Nova Scotia. Of the fifteen votes polled by Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, and British Columbia, all but one were in favour of the bill. Mr. Joseph Martin, who enjoys the distinction of being the only Liberal elected to the House of Commons from all that vast region lying between Ontario and the Pacific, voted against the second reading. The other members from the West are called traitors by the Winnipeg Tribune, and Mr. Martin is regarded as the only friend the Province has. It is certainly curious that there was no bolting on the part of Manitoba's members. The Province is reported to be practically solid on the school question. If it were so, could its members afford to ignore, as they appear to have done, the opinion of their constituents? Or is it that they do not intend again to seek parliamentary honours.

**What it Shows.**

The vote on the second reading of the Remedial Bill was the largest ever recorded in the House of Commons. Two hundred and six members voted. Seven years ago another Roman Catholic question brought out the second largest vote—that on the Jesuits' Estates Act, when two hundred and one votes were polled. Matters of infinitely more importance to the Dominion than these two questions have failed to arouse in Parliament half of the interest excited by the Jesuits' Act or the Remedial Bill, as divisions have plainly shown. This is not a satisfactory state of affairs. It shows that our politicians are ready to allow the greater concerns of the country to be pushed into the background if the Roman Catholic Church has some little matter in hand to which it desires the attention of Parliament. Everything else is dropped until the "little matter" is attended to, the whole country is aroused from end to end over it, and the politicians regard it as a matter of life or death. This is all very nice for the Church of Rome. It is a great tribute to the pre-eminence of the Church and its commanding influence in Canada. But it is a little hard on the country. We are afraid the intense and overshadowing interest taken by our politicians in the Remedial Bill and other affairs of the Roman Church springs not so much from principle or religious zeal as a desire to gain the good will and the practically irresistible influence of the bishops and priests of that communion.

**The Deputation.**

The deputation appointed by the Federal Government to confer with the Manitoba Government on the interminable school question left for Winnipeg on Monday. The Minister of

Justice, the Minister of Militia, and Sir Donald Smith, comprise the deputation, and it is reported that Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., may be in Winnipeg before the negotiations are concluded. The deputation is commissioned to discuss the question with Mr. Greenway and his confrères "with a view to reaching a settlement, by Provincial legislation, which will be mutually satisfactory to the Government of Manitoba and to the Roman Catholic minority." It was announced that Mr. Laurier had been asked by Mr. Foster to accompany the deputation to Winnipeg, but this improbable story has been denied. Mr. Laurier has been requested by Sir Charles Tupper to exert his influence with Mr. Greenway to induce him to act in the matter, and the leader of the Opposition has assured Parliament that this has ever been his aim and wish. The deputation is an excellent one. Both Sir Donald Smith and Mr. Dickey have avoided taking an extreme position, whilst Mr. Desjardins, for a Frenchman, has been passably moderate. It is devoutly to be hoped that the conference will have a satisfactory ending, and that Manitoba may be induced to deal with the dispute itself. Had the Federal Government seen its way to cease pressing the Remedial Bill pending the outcome of the conference, we believe the prospects for a satisfactory settlement would have been very much greater. It is customary to cease firing when the flag of truce is sent forth.

**Nova Scotia's Method.**

The Roman Catholics of Nova Scotia are not allowed to have Separate Schools, but whenever their numerical strength justifies the division they may have schools of their own, though the law does not sanction such an arrangement. These schools come under the same regulations as the Public Schools. They differ from the latter in one respect only: Roman Catholic religious instruction is imparted to Roman Catholic children. It is reported that Mr. Greenway would be willing to accede to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba the same system as that which exists in Nova Scotia. If this be true, there can be no excuse whatever for the Roman Catholics to make any more fuss about the matter, and the present difficulty should be settled forthwith. If they are not willing to accept such an advantageous settlement as the adoption of the Nova Scotia system, the country will lose all patience with them, and decline to make any concessions whatever.

**Preferential Duties.**

On Monday there was an interesting debate in the House of Commons on Mr. McNeill's resolution, "That it would be to the advantage of Canada and the Empire, as a whole, that a small duty (irrespective of any existing tariff) be levied by each member of the Empire against foreign products imported by them, and that the proceeds from such duties be devoted to purposes of Imperial intercommunication and naval defence." In speaking to his resolution Mr. McNeill made an excellent speech, with the spirit and principle of which we are in hearty accord. The member for North Bruce estimates that a discriminating duty of five per cent. on the foreign imports of Canada would be sufficient to meet our ordinary military expenditure, to pay our steamship subsidies, and still leave a balance for other Imperial purposes. But the most important part of the plan is that it would give the produce of Canada an advantage over all foreign articles in British and Colonial markets. In return for this privilege Great Britain would have a corresponding advantage in Canada and the other Colonies. Mr. McNeill expected the hearty support of the Secretary of State, but Sir Charles appeared to have forgotten the conversation he had

had with Mr. McNeill touching the matter of his resolution, and surprised the member for North Bruce by taking exception to the coupling of the proposal for Imperial defence with preferential trade.

#### American Bounce.

The London Spectator, in commenting upon the Spanish Minister's action in publicly condemning the violence of American Senators' speeches in the Spanish-Cuba United States business, pokes fun at the Senate for demanding the withdrawal of the Minister. It is the privilege of the American Senator to denounce Spain as much as he pleases, and also to denounce the representative of Spain, if he objects to the language. But nobody must denounce the American Senator. He is a privileged being, and to him only is allowed freedom of speech. "It is not supposed," says The Spectator, "that Senor Dupuy de Lowe will be sent away; but the world is getting a little tired of all this. The Americans should either adhere strictly to diplomatic etiquette or grant full license of speech all round. It is a little hard to be shouted at and be compelled to whisper in reply." A Madrid newspaper, El Epoca, challenges the United States to doff its mask and display its true colours. If they want war, fiercely exclaims El Epoca, Spain is ready to face it with becoming dignity. Otherwise, it rightly advises the American politicians to desist from their vexatious debates and covert hostility. We are not surprised at the wrath of the Spaniards. They have had every provocation. It is to be hoped that Congress will look to its ways and learn wisdom.

#### Canada First.

SOME twenty years ago or more there was an attempt made in Canada to form a party under the device of Canada First. It was a generous but premature movement. But men who were not led away by mere sentiment refused to join the movement, because they saw that it was premature, and because they felt that, as matters stood, Independence must lead to Annexation. At that obstacle they paused, and the movement died a natural death. Another generation is coming to the front, and again Canada First is making itself heard. This time it is with a different intention. There has been a change of tone in England with regard to the England beyond the seas. When the Canada First party was organized, as we have said, a colony was spoken of in the style of "Tush, it is naught!" The Imperial idea seemed to be extinct, and the sons and grandsons of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen felt that they were considered by the people of the islands from which their ancestors came as aliens, and not akin. This feeling has disappeared in the home land, and a Canadian now knows that England, Ireland, and Scotland are in no sense more an integral part of the British Empire than Canada, Australia, or the Cape. Therefore, there is now not the feeling of bitterness there was twenty-five years ago on this point. Thus, a desire for independence is by no means as accentuated as it undoubtedly was then.

The supporters of the party were drawn from two sources. There were, first, those men who were born in this country, and who had the feeling in their breasts which Sir George E. Cartier has given expression to in his verses, "Oh Canada! Oh mon pays!" These men felt that the position of their country as a dependency was nondescript and unsatisfactory, and their desire was to see her take a place among the nations of the world. The second class of recruits were those who were humiliated by the attitude of Englishmen with regard to the Colonies in general and Canada in particular. The press and the platform both proclaimed that England would rather

be rid of the Colonies, and particularly rid of Canada, so as to propitiate the United States and gain their good will. It was not unnatural that the new movement received many adherents, and all the young feeling of the country was called forth in its favour.

But against annexation, and in favour of Canada's separate existence, there still remains the same passionate feeling. Canadians love their country, and intend to keep her for themselves. What, then, can now be said to be the new Canada First party? It may be placed in the form of a declaration which would run somewhat as follows:

- (1) Canada before everything.
  - (2) Canada an integral part of the British Empire—*Quis separabit?*
  - (3) This Canada to be one Dominion, not a union of Provinces, but one Dominion, one nation.
  - (4) The Dominion to be supreme—no state rights; no provincial *imperium in imperio*. A Canadian to be a Canadian, not a Quebecker or Ontarian, or Nova Scotian, but a Canadian.
  - (5) The law of Canada to be supreme.
  - (6) Development of national resources. Deepen the canals, encourage immigration, stop academic disputes as to the tariff. Leave it alone; do not shatter the confidence of financial men in the permanence of Canadian institutions. The tariff, as it stands, has done good work, and will do better if it is left alone. Old Cicero used to say that nations must be kept not only from fear, but from the fear of fear. Our philosophers have violated this cardinal principle. Who will invest a dollar in Canada if he thinks that next year his investment will be legislated out of existence? We have also run after the United States too often. If they erect a Chinese wall we can do without them. Devote our energies to trading with civilized nations, not barbarians.
  - (7) Act on the principle, Sell more than you import. Seek new markets; make what you can for yourselves; encourage your workmen to believe they can find work in Canada. Give them work. The modern system is for the State to inaugurate and carry through public works, to manage them when they are completed, and thus to return to the people the taxes levied.
  - (8) Look facts in the face. The Dominion can only exist by a steadfast policy of concession. If the Francophobes, the Anglophobes, the Orange fanatics, the ultra supporters of Papal supremacy are not soon put in their place they will turn Canada into a Donnybrook fair. Protestant and Papist, French and English Canadians, meet in business, meet in the drawing-room, eat side by side. They must learn to give and take in politics. Any member of the House of Commons who does not act on this line must be driven out. It is on this point that the Equal Righters, *lucus a non lucendo*, come to grief. That is why they will not succeed.
  - (9) Organize the defence of the country. Again, look facts in the face. We must not expect heaven to help us unless we help ourselves. Aggression from us against our neighbours is ridiculous, but defence from their aggression is a thing to be provided for at once.
- Such is the *credo* of young Canada. Old Canada is living comfortably on the shelf. It has been drawing salaries for a long time, and nothing else. The prominent members of the opposition are fighting the same old windmills they have been fighting any time during the last twenty years. New men are wanted—younger men who wish to see Canada go ahead. We would like to see nominations in every constituency of men pledged to carry out a programme such as we have outlined. Few of the present old stagers need apply. Most of them



have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and before the next election there ought to be a shaking up of the dry bones. There are a few independent papers in the country. Why cannot they be heard from in this crisis? Are things to go on forever as they are to-day? If the old provinces are hide-bound Grits or Tories, and not Canadians, will not the young and stirring great West cry out? Is there not some man who can communicate the enthusiasm of his own Canadian spirit to the masses? Is there not some Joshua to arise and lead his people to the fulfilment of their national hopes? Canada is on trial. Her existence is at stake, and the men who can save her are the young men. Why not form a young man's party. Organize young Canada, and select candidates from the Atlantic to the Pacific who will carry into Parliament the activity, the energy, and the candour of youth. Astuteness in opposition has had its day. Indecision and letting things slide on the Government side have had their day. Now the people have the power to arise in their might and wipe out the weak-kneed brethren who have disappointed their hopes. The ancient Fetishes have proved themselves the fraud they are. A new element is coming into Canadian politics, and that element is Young Canada. May he prove worthy of the cause confided in him. May he show that while he has the vigour of youth he has the sagacity of age, and may he know that most difficult of all knowledge, when to stop. But let him begin now, and Canada will yet be saved. If not, the handwriting on the wall will soon be seen, and the name Canadian, instead of being a glory and a pride, will be classed in the same category as the name of the Peruvian or the Aztec of America, or the Pole and Hungarian of Europe. "Choose ye, my people, which you will select."

**Silver and Gold.**

IN THE WEEK of February 28, Mr. Adam Harkness discusses what is known as "the silver question," and endeavours to show that most, if not all, of the financial troubles of the last twenty-five years have been caused by the demonetization of silver.

In what follows I shall try to controvert this conclusion; but I should like first of all to ask a couple of questions on matters of fact which are touched upon by Mr. Harkness.

Where can I find the proof of the existence of "the efforts that have been and are being put forth by the Governments of money-lending countries to force up the price of the standard by which the values of commodities are measured"?

Is it an historical fact that the crisis (of 1893) in the United States was precipitated by the closing of the Indian Mints?

It may also not be amiss to say that Mr. Harkness has detracted from the value of his paper by writing as though economic questions were, and should be, discussed by partizans; each side trying to make that appear the truth which will advance their own interests.

Surely in all argument there should be one object in view, and one only—to arrive at the facts.

It may, I think, be admitted that the fall in prices is in great measure responsible for the "hard times" of the last quarter of a century. The controversy turns on the cause of the fall in prices.

Mr. Harkness puts forward two distinct and separate causes:

- (1) The increase in the value of gold.
- (2) The decrease in the value of silver.

He ascribes both these changes to the effects of the demonetization of silver.

I join issue with him on these points. I believe that any increase in the value of gold has been, at the most, a trifling one.

I hold that the decrease in the value of silver is not a result of demonetization; and, furthermore, by whatever caused, that the fall in silver has had very little to do with the general fall in prices.

First, then, as to the increase in the value of gold. This might arise from:

(a) Diminution of supply, owing to the exhaustion of mines, so that the whole amount required at the old value is no longer obtainable from the old sources.

(b) Increase of demand.

In either case production will be forced to less productive mines (if such are available) where gold can be obtained only at greater cost, thus establishing a new value which will fix the value of the whole product.

We have first to enquire whether the supply of gold has decreased.

This is a question which admits of a very short and decided answer.

The following tables are compiled from the report (1894) of the director of the United States Mint.

Years. Inclusive.	Average annual production fine ounces.	Ratio of production.
1493 to 1600	224,693	1
1601 to 1700	293,304	1.3
1701 to 1810	607,308	2.8
1811 to 1830	412,500	1.9
1831 to 1850	1,206,400	5.5
1851 to 1870	6,279,000	28.5
1871 to 1890	5,347,100	24.3
1891	6,320,195	28.7
1892	7,077,165	32.1
1893	7,605,904	34.6
1894	*9,373,395	42.6

\* Estimate of Hamilton Smith.

So far from the production of gold having fallen off, it has enormously increased. The decrease began about 1848, and with some variations was maintained up till 1870. Between 1871 and 1889 the annual supply was less than between 1848 and 1870, but in 1889 an upward movement again began, which culminated in 1894 in the largest annual production ever known.

In view of these figures there is only one conclusion possible. If gold has increased in value, it is not because of any decrease in the supply.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that the increased supply has been obtained at a larger proportionate cost.

The question of the cost of the production of gold obviously presents many difficulties peculiar to itself, and it is nowhere, to my knowledge, satisfactorily dealt with. All that authorities appear to agree on is that gold mining is, on the average, less remunerative than any other considerable industry.

But I think we may safely say that there is no evidence to show that the cost of producing gold has increased of late years; on the contrary, the probability is, that, owing to improved methods, etc., it has, to some extent, decreased.

Next, as to the demand for gold.

Mr. Harkness lays great stress upon the large amount of gold required to enable the monetary changes of 1871 to 1878 to be carried out; and, to some extent, he is right. There was a very large demand for gold during those years, and I believe that it did raise, in some measure, the value of gold.

The following figures, based partly upon Mulhall, and partly upon the report of the Director of the United States Mint, will give some idea of the limits and the results of this demand.

They show the total population, etc., (as shown by the headings) at different times of the following countries: The United Kingdom, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, the Scandinavian Union, and the United States.

Year.	Gold coin. (dollars.)	Population.	Imports and Exports. (dollars.)	Rates of gold coin to	
				Population.	Imports and Exports.
1850	827000000	261000000	3114000000	3.2	.26
1884	3241000000	371000000	11476000000	8.7	.28
1890	3284000000	393000000	*12171000000	8.3	.66
1894	3498000000	435000000	†	8.04	†

† Figures not available for this year.

\* Imports and exports are for 1889.

It will thus be seen that in 1884 there was nearly four times as much gold coin as in 1850, although the increase in population was only 42 per cent., and that although there had been great advances made in banking and in other means of economizing gold, gold coin had risen in proportion to the imports and exports.

No doubt the greater part of this increase is the natural result of the large increase in production from 1848 on, but I think an appreciable portion of it can be traced to the large and universal demand which unquestionably existed between 1871 and 1888.

This demand, together with the reduction in the annual amount produced during that period, as compared with the previous twenty years, necessarily tended to increase the value of gold, and thus to reduce prices in some degree, though to what extent it is impossible to estimate.

But by about 1889 the requirements of the new monetary systems were satisfied, and the demand weakened, so that, although production had again begun to increase, by 1890 gold coin had decreased in proportion both to population and to commerce, and by 1894 a still lower figure in proportion to population had been reached.

At present it cannot be said that there is any scarcity of gold; there are no special demands for it, there is more in existence than there ever was, and (as is evident from the figures quoted by Mr. Harkness) there is an unprecedented amount lying idle.

Apart from all statistics as to the supply of gold, there are two considerations which are strongly against its having risen in value.

One is that, although prices have fallen about 40 per cent. since 1870, the fall has been by no means uniform. Whilst some important articles of commerce are only one-third and one-half the price they were in 1870, others have remained about stationary, whilst others have even risen considerably. Could this be the case if gold, the one factor common to all prices, were the disturbing element?

The other is that wages (in gold) have risen, and that very appreciably since 1870.

Our conclusions with regard to gold will be somewhat as follows:

There has been no decrease in its supply, but a very large increase, and no evidence has been adduced to show that the larger supply has been obtained at a greater cost.

On the other hand, there was from about 1871 to 1888 an unusually large demand for it, which probably raised its exchange value and correspondingly decreased prices. But while we cannot attempt to fix the amount of the decline in prices thus caused, there can be no doubt but that it was a very small proportion of the whole.

And the exceptional demand for gold being over, and the monetary systems of Europe being supplied even in excess of their requirements, any decline thus caused is now a thing of the past.

So that while it is impossible to say positively that gold has not appreciated in some small measure, we can say that the weight of evidence is that it has not, and that any such possible appreciation must, at the most, be only a trifling one.

The cause of the fall in prices is not to be found in gold.

In another communication I propose to try to ascertain whether it is to be found in silver.

F. G. JEMMETT.

### My Winter in Boulogne.

I PROMISED you an account of my winter in Boulogne, and so I am going to try to give you some idea of the place principally in its social aspect. We have all arrived at the conclusion that there are many worse spots than Boulogne to spend a winter in, though as a foreign resort it proves a distinct failure, the English atmosphere completely flooding the French, and the Anglo contingent of the Boulognaï population taking the lead in most instances. However, we have found the Anglo-Boulognaï a charming people, and have no possible reason to complain of the existing state of things.

Our first experience here was of the winter fair, with which (it being held in the boulevard exactly opposite our abode) we had every opportunity of becoming acquainted. As far as

the goods offered for sale were concerned, I was greatly disappointed. There was absolutely nothing at all characteristic of Boulogne or the surrounding country, and of the one great manufacture of the neighbourhood, the Désvees china, there was not a single specimen. Everything was of a very mediocre stamp, and had, I strongly suspect, come chiefly from Birmingham.

The amusements were much more exciting. We had a menagerie, which, by the way, was American, and was travelling through France; three merry-go-rounds, which in themselves afforded an endless variety of entertainment, for you could take a sea voyage, or be whirled madly round a pole, a proceeding which was designated "The circle of love." I failed to see the connection, but that was probably because I am naturally obtuse. You could also ride every variety of kicking, rearing, and otherwise restive horse, besides a sedan chair and various other attractions. Then there were swings, an aquarium (why an aquarium I do not know, because it only contained a monkey and some diabolical-looking snakes). Finally, there were two theatres, in which drama, melodrama, and comedy could be seen each evening beautifully intermingled for ten centimes. Each place of amusement boasted a separate orchestra of sorts, and they all commenced at two in the afternoon—all, of course, playing different tunes, and going on steadily till eleven at night. At first I thought that in a very short time I should be fit for nothing but a lunatic asylum, but in a few days it had become a matter of perfect indifference, and when at the end of the fortnight the fair and its music departed I quite missed the cheerful, if somewhat inharmonious, strains.

Badminton is the great winter game here. I think because many of the English residents here are old Indians, and they have introduced the game. It so happened I had never seen it played before; but it is by no means a bad amusement for a winter afternoon. We play four times a week, and all manage to get quite excited over the uncertain evolutions of the shuttlecock. The evening parties are fairly numerous, and generally arranged after the pattern of the French. I will try to give you an idea of one. You are generally invited from 8.30 to 10 o'clock, and are supposed to arrive fairly punctually. On arrival you are conducted to a seat by your hostess, who, in some cases, looks upon it rather in the light of a personal insult if you venture to move from the aforesaid seat during the rest of the evening. Shortly after your arrival some light refreshments are handed round, generally ices and bonbons. The music begins with a piano-forte piece, that always comes first; then the singing comes next. You may think yourself lucky if the performer happens to have a small voice, as in that case you stand a chance of not being deafened, for the rooms are generally small, and you are formed in a compact mass all around the unfortunate singer, who, probably, feels quite as much overcome as you do by your close proximity. One evening it was my misfortune to be in the midst of such a charmed circle, when the baritone from the theatre was singing. Well, anyone would have earned my eternal gratitude who had presented me with cotton wool for my ears before the commencement of the song. The man was a singer of the second-rate French school, blatant, yet tremulous, and his performance resembled nothing so much as the bleating of an old sheep. After the song came more refreshments in the shape of hot negus, then *Paté de foie gras* sandwiches, then more drinks, then more sweets, and so on till the end of the evening, interrupted by more singing of the same order, and then you went home, probably feeling very ill with the combination of things you had eaten and drunk and heard. Space is wanting to mention the sights of Boulogne and the expeditions we here made, but doubtless you will have heard all that described before, and therefore I should but write stale news. I meant also to have told you of the English amateur theatricals that were got up here, but I fear I became garrulous over my other experiences. Next week comes the carnival, to which I looking forward, and of which I will write you an account. Meantime, believe me,

Toujour avous,

S.

According to the latest Socialist statistics, Berlin has 395,000 workingmen and 123,000 working women, employed in 86 different trades. Only 37,000 men and 1,410 women belong to the trades-unions, of which there are 84.



## Vacation.

O light, full light, is my heart to-night,  
For the winter's work is done :  
The things I write are all out of sight,  
Except this only one  
That counts to the dead the session fled,  
Its cares, and toils, and fears,  
And designs to spread a rest for the head  
That must work in coming years.

Now I turn my eyes to the bright sunrise,  
And the warmer evening glow,  
From the scholar's guise and his ologies,  
And the winter heaped with snow.  
For spring is near, it will soon be here,  
When the students leave the town,  
Then, too, I'll disappear, and shed no tear  
As I doff my cap and gown.

O birds that will sing, and flowers to spring,  
For rest to a weary brain,  
Give speed to your wing, and your blossoming,  
And get your welcome fain  
From him whose disease needs not but ease,  
And a halting in the race,  
Old longings to please, beneath the trees,  
With the sight of Nature's face.

What care I for books, and the learned looks  
Of scholars both young and old ?  
Give me shady nooks, and the running brooks,  
And the glorious sunshine gold  
That floods the heart, makes the warm blood start,  
Throbbing loudly in every vein,  
Till the body is part of God's highest art,  
And is straightway born again.

Speed on, ye days, with your tiresome ways,  
With your routine work and talk ;  
Gather strength, ye rays, so that I may praise  
The poet in morning walk,  
Away from the loud and cackling crowd,  
Vain seekers of something new,  
By field new ploughed, where his heart is proud  
To feast in the old with the few.

Thus I dream and pray the whole night away,  
Now my winter's work is o'er,  
Foreseeing the ray of a brighter day  
Through my old country cabin's door.  
And thus, when at last life's labour's past,  
May I lift my trusting eyes,  
With as sure forecast, and a faith as fast,  
To the mansions in the skies.

C.

abuses, is one that it is particularly well for women to make their own. It is so often said (or implied) by people who look little below the surface that women, as a rule, best fulfil their vocation when they narrow their thoughts and sympathies to the little world of home, and more particularly to its more mechanical duties ; and that it is quite superfluous, if not a little unwomanly, to travel beyond their individual or family interests, and obey the apostolic command to " look also on the things of others," that even those who engage actively in philanthropic work sometimes seem to work under a nervous dread of in some way overstepping the limits of a woman's sphere. Yet every thoughtful mother ought to feel, even while her children are in the cradle, that their future destinies will be greatly affected for good or evil by all the influences which are now shaping the future character of the community, and making it a more or less desirable place in which to live their lives and do their work. If, therefore, without neglecting her more immediate duties, she can, in combination with others, help to remove some of the evils which affect our social life, she is consulting the future well-being of her children much more effectually than by any efforts to surround them with luxuries, or to load them with elaborate finery.

On this principle, then, the Women's Council may fearlessly take its stand, knowing that it fully justifies the wisdom and common sense of doing all that we can in order to secure better and healthier conditions of life for workers, especially those of our own sex, and also to promote, according to our professed basis, " the application of the Golden Rule to law, custom, and society." Efforts such as these should be greeted by all as steps in the right direction, since, on the principle just stated, no class or portion of the community can be truly benefited without real, though perhaps unrecognized, benefit to the whole, while none can receive injury without injury also to the whole. And the Golden Rule, if honestly and consistently carried out in the spirit of " loving our neighbour as ourselves," would soon solve all our social problems and restore the social health of the community.

It has been in obedience to this principle that the National Council of Women of Canada has taken up the consideration of the unduly long hours of labour for our young women and girls in factories, which in many cases are so long protracted as to reduce the workers to mere machine drudges, exhausting the energies and vitality, and frequently, not merely arresting their mental and moral development, but also undermining the health and sapping the vigour of their constitutions. If the Woman's Council can and will do anything toward the speedy remedy of this far-reaching evil system, it will confer a benefit not merely on the thousands of individuals benefited, but on their country itself. Dr. Henry Dyer, in his " Evolution of Industry," a book to be heartily commended to all who desire to study these questions, tells us that : " One of the most distressing features of our present organization is the position occupied by women and children with regard to labour. One of the chief social dangers of the age is the effect of industrial work on the motherhood of the race. National welfare is impossible unless it is laid on a firm physical foundation." He tells us, further, that " the relation of women to the problem of labour requires very careful attention from all social reformers, especially from women themselves," and that " it is a condition of the highest economic efficiency that the race should be provided with good, healthy, and capable mothers, for on them will, to a very great extent, depend the conduct of their future children." He also remarks that we must look to combination on the part of women, combined with stringent regulations regarding sanitary conditions, with improved opportunities for general and technical education, that we must look for, at least, one part of the solution of the industrial and social problems connected with women." It is generally testified by those who, as physicians or philanthropic workers, have most opportunity for observation that the present unduly long hours of work, not only in factories, but also in shops, milliners' establishments, etc., are not only most unsanitary conditions, but also block the way to such mental development as every rational human being should be encouraged and aided to seek.

But there is another department which can scarcely be passed over, in which it is also important to secure the most healthy and happy conditions of woman's work. The vexed question of domestic service is one in which women can, as individuals, do more than any other to improve the condition

## Healthy and Unhealthy Conditions of Woman's Work.

NOTHING is a more notable, and, from both a Christian and humanitarian point of view, a more hopeful, feature of the advanced thought of our time than the emphasis it lays on the great truth that, as St. Paul has expressed it, " we are all members one of another." The diabolical character of the maxim, " Every man for himself," is being more and more exposed ; and we are now generally taught to regard humanity as a great living whole, of which all its parts are necessary members ; and that, though all members have not the same office, all are, or should be, important to the welfare of the whole. Regarded in this way, we can surely rejoice in the conception of this great world as the busy household of a common Father, the needs and capacities of each being so fitted and adapted to the needs and capacities of the rest that, if each man and woman would do his or her particular kind of work in the true spirit of brotherhood and service, the industrial world to-day, so troubled and distracted, would present the aspect of a harmonious and happy, because united, household.

This truth is impressed upon us more and more, not so much by our purely religious teachers (who more generally emphasize our individual needs) as by writers who discuss economic problems from a purely secular point of view ; who more and more agree in regarding society, not merely as a collection of individual units, or even of isolated families or " classes," as it has been too often regarded, but as an organic whole, which, like our own bodies, must suffer throughout, in sympathy with the injury to any one of its component parts.

Now, this principle, the growth of which must tend to revolutionize our present industrial system, and reform its

of their sex; though, perhaps, owing to the very fact of their special personal connection with it, they are not always able to consider it quite fairly and dispassionately. Yet they must remember that they have keen eyed critics ready to detect any inconsistency between large professions and imperfect practice. The annual meeting of the National Council in Toronto was scarcely over before certain popular journals plainly intimated that, in their opinion, its members were more ready to take up any other reform than that in which they could do most—the amelioration of the condition of the domestic “slaves,” as one paper expressed it. Now, there are many sorely tried mistresses who will be apt to consider this expression more applicable to themselves than to the raw and inefficient workers in their kitchens, so ready to leave them in the lurch on the shortest notice and the slightest pretext. But we must remember that this is a question with *two sides*, and that the problem, being ultimately one of human nature, has as many variations as there are differences of character in mistresses and maids; and that there is a dark side to it for the servant, as well as for the mistress, is only too certain.

Not long after the last annual meeting of the National Council of Women, there were brought to the notice of the writer certain grave charges against a certain class of mistresses, coming from an observant resident in one of our cities (not Toronto), a man who has, for many years, taken a deep interest in the welfare of our female workers, especially in young girls obliged to toil for a living. These charges were based on his own personal observation, and, as his object was to call the attention of women—especially of *mistresses*—to the evils whereof he complained, there can be no reason why this should not be done by quoting his own words. In doing so, it may be well to premise that the experience of some of us, at least, does not justify quite so darkly coloured a picture, and, though there are, doubtless, too many cases such as are pictured in the following passages, we would fain hope that they do not represent the *average* treatment of domestics in Canada, at least.

His first charge is that the hours during which they are expected to be on duty are frequently too long. He says, as to this: “The demand for eight hours’ labour (in factories) is reasonable, but not a word has been said of the ordinary day of a domestic servant, which averages from twelve to fourteen hours, seven days a week, while the factory hours are only for six days. Domestics, as a rule, are on duty from seventy-five to eighty hours every week, making full allowance for meal times and ‘nights out.’ The Sabbath too often stops at the kitchen door, even of ultra-Sabbatarians. There are thousands of these whose ordinary day averages up to fifteen or sixteen hours; indeed, they can be called upon for service any moment in the twenty-four. Even the privilege of ‘a night off’ has little value to a girl who, in most cases, has to spend half the time from 8 to 10 in going to and from her home for a brief visit. How would any mistress like such a miserable allowance for social enjoyment, or communion with her parents and family connections? How can any woman treat girls as many domestics are treated, and yet be doing to others as she would have others do to her?”

“I have learned much,” he continues, “since I began enquiries into this matter, from direct sources. There are hundreds of houses in this city in which it is impossible for a servant to lead a Christian life, opportunities for worship being denied her, sometimes by reputedly pious mistresses. In many cases the sleeping-rooms for girls are down under ground, in damp cellars, where the sun never shines, nor even broad daylight comes. I have seen dozens of such places in houses I have inspected when they were open at renting time. My blood has boiled at the sight; yet ‘ladies,’ women, mothers, put young girls down in such holes to sleep, and to pass any chance leisure hours they may get. I have personal knowledge of two noble-hearted girls, who each maintained a widowed mother, who were ruined in health by sleeping underground, as dozens more are being slowly done to death in the Christian homes of this city. Yet these poor girls are never allowed to breathe the free air, except at night, once a week, for a couple of hours, or, by a very special favour, an hour or two on Sunday afternoon between meals. You ladies spend your philanthropic energies over matters which involve no self-sacrifice, or war with the conventionalities of that woman’s bugbear ruled by Mrs. Grundy. O fall hollow, senseless cries, the one complaining of girls preferring outside work

to domestic service is about the silliest. Are they not human? Have they not the social instincts of their sex? Have they no family ties? Are they, alone, to be shut out from the enjoyments of companionship? On the moral, educational, and spiritual bearings of the question I will not speak. Were I to expose to you what I know of the immoral results of domestic slavery and of service in stores, I should give you a painful shock.”

In the second letter, the writer goes further into the subject. “Thirty years ago, I was lay visitor in Brighton, England, in a parish of 6,000 people, ninety-one per cent. of whom were in extreme poverty—large numbers living by vice—some by crime. Hundreds of these poor creatures had been in service; several of them were ‘season servants,’ being only engaged when visitors were numerous. I was commissioned by a newspaper to make thorough inquiry into the condition of the lower orders in two very large towns. This brought me into contact with many hundreds of young women working in houses, factories, and shops. Since I came to Canada I have pursued the same line of social studies, so I may be allowed to claim a practical knowledge of this subject possessed by very few. I can affirm, from the direct testimony of scores, that the burden of domestic service, the interminable hours of labour, and other disagreeable conditions, have led a multitude into vice. The longer the bow is strained, the stronger the reaction when loosened; so with all workers—the longer girls are kept at work in houses or stores, the stronger becomes the desire for excitement when free. The over-strung nervous system demands some stimulant; hence overworked girls are easily tempted with dangerous pleasures. Many a poor girl has rushed into evil when angered by the bitter consciousness of unfair treatment and of the cruelty of her lot.”

He then describes a case in which a girl of superior attainments and character left a place as nursemaid, considered better for her health, and went into factory work, saying, “I would rather die soon than have to work so many hours every day of the week.”

“There is truth in what you say about hard task-mistresses often being those who have been hardened by having to work hard themselves. But the ways and the whole tone of modern society harden the hearts of mistresses. I once heard a girl say, ‘Mistresses think of nothing but getting as much work out of us as they can squeeze, and when we are not at work, if it is ever so late at night, they seem miserable.’ A girl can ‘leave,’ it is true, and so is not a ‘slave’ in the strict sense; but leave to go where? To another place, with a character possibly injured by the mistress she has left.”

And then follow words which have a wider application, and which, it is to be hoped, express the true spirit and attitude of the Women’s Council.

“If the Women’s Council will go boldly into the work of the poorer classes, with divine courage, with tender sympathy, with a passionate hatred of oppression, injustice, and all forms of wrong, they will find a field of labour abounding in such opportunities for the service of humanity, and the help and the blessing of Him who accepts, as to Himself, a gift of cold water to a thirsty sufferer will be their strength and their reward.”

There will be many who will be likely to say, on a superficial view, that the picture above given is too darkly coloured; but those who look beneath the surface, and see how the spirit of selfishness pervades our whole social life—leading to oppression as its natural outcome—will not be so ready to think these words of warning unneeded, especially as the eyes of employers are, in general, more apt to be directed more towards the shortcomings of their domestics than their own. Especially in large cities, where there is often a too ambitious struggle to live in a style outrunning their means, is the household drudge apt to have a hard time of it, and, as a very little observation would convince us, the Golden Rule is far from being generally applied in our relations to our dependents. Anyone who knows how carriages are kept waiting for perhaps an hour at a time, on one of our bitterest nights, when men and horses frequently suffer severely, must know to a tolerable certainty that the same lack of justice and consideration will characterize the other domestic relations of those who so act in any case. It is the lack of consideration and sympathy that is at the root of the trouble; the old story that

“Harm is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as want of heart.”

It is not easy, of course, for a busy, often overtaxed mistress always to put herself in the place of the busy and also often overtaxed domestic, with her endless routine of work, unless, indeed, a temporary emergency compels her to make proof of the same herself—a discipline which is apt to develop her sympathies a little! Certainly, however, the increased exercise of consideration for servants in various ways—consideration in economizing work in training children—often the servant's bugbear—to be more orderly in their ways, and do their little share of household duty—consideration in regard to minimizing Sunday work, so as to afford the servants the day of rest, to which, in the very terms of the commandment, they are entitled—consideration for providing them with opportunities for suitable recreation and self-improvement—consideration in all these ways is sorely demanded of every conscientious, not to say every Christian, mistress. May we not hope that the day will come when every such mistress will regard herself as much responsible for the comfort and welfare of a young female domestic in her house as she would for that of a young guest, and will devote to her a portion of the same motherly care? There are many, even now, who do this, and we may cite one distinguished example, our noble Countess of Aberdeen, an example which we may well hope will have a widespread effect throughout this continent.

That girls are often greatly trying, even intensely provoking, is not to set us free from this responsibility. We can scarcely look for the highest principle or the most refined feeling from the homes and antecedent training—or lack of it—from which so many of them come into circumstances for which they have had little preparation. But we may do much to raise their tone of thought and feeling, and draw forth all that is good, instead of, as so often happens, fostering the reverse.

Obviously, this is a matter which must be set right from within. Legislation cannot do it, though sanitary inspectors should be careful to insist on the disuse of unwholesome sleeping-rooms; women's councils cannot meet the evil by resolutions, but the women who are banded together for the noble end of promoting the application of the Golden Rule to "law, custom, and society," can do much by their personal example and influence to call attention to the universal application of that divine rule to all the relations of life. If they are consistent, then, with their high aim, and if the influence of so large a body of women is unitedly brought to bear in this direction, we may look hopefully for a largely increased development of the brotherly spirit and the brotherly treatment, which, if universal, would be the truest and best solution of most of our social problems.

FIDELIS.

### The Canadian National Society—A Suggestion.

WE have now arrived at the third chapter in the history of the growth of Canada. In the first, we read of the uniting of the isolated provinces of British North America into one great country. The second is the story of development, a period of expenditure in the building of railways and canals necessary to provide communication between the more distant provinces, and with the markets of the world. The third chapter, which is now opening, will, or, at any rate, should be, a period of scientific colonization. The building of railways and canals, which caused a circulation of money and a certain amount of consequent activity, has come to an end. We have now to meet the payment of two hundred million dollars expended to provide for a population of fifty or a hundred millions, and the whole burden lies upon a people less in number than the inhabitants of the city of London. The great task, then, of the immediate future is to fill the country. How can it be done? We cannot look to our politicians, for they are after votes, and the subject is too wide, perhaps a little too absolute and too devoid of the party element, to provide food for a stump speech. Besides, successful stump speaking is not remarkable for close reasoning. The main object of a politician, in these days, is to please the people, not to teach them. The leader of the Orange Order, who, by the constitution of his order, is bound, above all things, to preserve the constitution of his country, in his addresses to the people on the Manitoba school question, carefully abstains from any reference to the constitutional side of the question. The man who depends upon the vote of the Labour party tries to win their support by opposing the importation of labour to harvest the

crops in Manitoba. He would let them rot on the ground first. And he sometimes even goes so far as to be opposed to any expenditure by the Government for immigration purposes.

While man squabbles over the tariff and the Manitoba school question, the country is drifting to a crisis, the end of which it is difficult to see. Millions of dollars have been spent on immigration by the Government, the C.P.R., and the Hudson Bay Company, and between 1880 and 1890 we only succeeded in retaining an increase of 38,054 in our foreign born population. Politicians, of course, on the stump, attribute this, with everything else that is bad, to the national policy. But common sense tells us that it is due to the absolute lack of system, and to the fact that the sole object of all our efforts at colonization has been, not the building up of civilization, but the sales of our homesteads; perhaps also to our northern position on this continent. Nor can we shut our eyes to the conditions of life in our cities. Higher education, increased facilities of communication, departmental stores, the evolution of machinery and of women, are rapidly bringing nearer the time when many will be forced to turn back from the city to the farm. With the cessation of immigration and settling down of the country the volume of litigation has permanently decreased by fifty per cent. in the last fifteen years, and yet lawyers are increasing in large numbers. In Toronto it is estimated that there are two hundred lawyers not making enough to pay office rent, and a similar proportion of doctors not paying expenses. Advertise for a public school teacher, and you will have a hundred and fifty applicants for miserable pittance. Meanwhile the educational mill is still going on. A hopeless battle for life is being fought by many of the smaller merchants against the principle of centralization. As the Indians disappeared before the march of advancing civilization, so the small storekeepers in this city must, in time, drop out before this new phase of mercantile evolution. And it is a parallel sign of the times that our patriotic societies, who should, by the great force of social attraction which they possess, contribute their dollars to bring their countrymen to Canada, subscribe, instead, to ship back home the city-stranded immigrant who cannot find employment here. These are facts; they will not be denied. We must take the world as it comes. But why should we go on drifting any longer? Are we living on hopes? The vote must soon be protested. Sooner or later we must turn right about face; and on our banner as we march will be inscribed, "Back to the land."

Canada, of course, is not alone in this. Let us see what other countries have been doing. In Holland labour colonies have flourished for seventy-five years under Government control. The German Government are dealing with the problem of relieving the congestion of cities upon similar lines with their land banks and colonies in Prussian Poland. In England there are numerous colonization societies with training homes and home farm colonies. And, to come to new countries, in the United States there has lately been formed the National Colonial Society, dealing with the same problems. Lectures have been delivered in the eastern cities, and model colonies are being founded upon scientific lines in the West. Nor has Australia been idle. The Government of South Australia, two years ago, passed the Village Settlement Act, which set aside for the use of colonists certain lands on the Murray River, and arranged for the advance of \$250 to each member of a colony in the form of a loan.

In Canada we are just beginning to wake up to the situation. In Montreal a Repatriation Society has existed among the French Canadians for some time. This, with the formation of a permanent immigration association in Winnipeg, and the application of a number of Toronto's citizens to the Provincial Legislature for a charter to carry out a system of home colonization for the unemployed, marks the transition line from the realms of intellectual interest to the field of practical work. It is an evidence that there is a large body of men who realize the situation and are willing to give thought, work, and time, to grapple with our great national problem; and it is reasonable to suppose that for every man who comes to the surface there are ten behind his back.

The situation is critical and fraught with possibilities. It is important that, at the start, this new force of "popular association" should be based upon the most comprehensive, lasting, and workable lines.

Two questions now confront us: What is the real province

of popular associations? And what is the best and most practical form of machinery?

In defining the limit for the operation of associations, it is important that we should not trespass upon the work which essentially belongs to the Government. In the conduct of immigration most people will agree that the distribution of literature and information belongs to the Government on account of the prestige and weight which naturally attaches to publications endorsed by the Government. We would add to this management of colonies both in home colonization and in immigration from abroad, which has proved such a failure in the past at the hands of amateurs. The deputation that went down to Ottawa a few weeks ago, from Winnipeg, were at a loss to know exactly wherein lay the duties and scope of usefulness of the Immigration Association. It was suggested that the association might act as an advisory board to the Government. This, no doubt, will be one of the most important of their functions. Another suggestion is contained in a letter from Sir Wm. Van Horne to the writer apropos of the formation of 'Colonial Clubs' advocated some time ago in *THE WEEK*, in which he says, "Something much more effective than 'Colonial clubs' would, to my mind, be clubs for pounding into the heads of the Ministers at Ottawa a sense of the importance of doing what is necessary to build up the country." The proper functions of popular associations may, then, be said to be to give advice, to "pound" and, we may add a third, to educate.

And now to discuss the machinery. There is surely an affinity between the societies formed in Toronto and Montreal and the Immigration Society of the Northwest. The principles involved are the same, and the older provinces are greatly interested, though, perhaps not equally, with the settlers of Manitoba, in the settlement of our prairie lands.

We would suggest, then, that the nucleus formed by the Immigration Association in the West should be extended to embrace the Repatriation Society of Montreal, the chartered association for home colonization in Toronto, and all thinking patriotic men through the Dominion who are interested in the request; and that from this material shall be formed the Canadian National Association. It would be a non-political and distinctly national organization, with local branches and a local secretary in the larger centres, and its motto will be "To fill the country." Annual conferences should be held in each province and an annual or triennial conference for the whole Dominion.

It would be necessary to have some journal to act as the organ and central pivot of the association. For this purpose there is no journal in the country at the present time which, from its non-political and judicial character, is more specially suitable than *THE WEEK*. *THE WEEK* might issue a special supplement devoted to these subjects, with a review of current literature dealing with the objects of the association, including magazine articles, lectures, Government reports of our own country, the other colonies, and the United States, much on the line of Mr. Stead's journal, the *Review of Reviews*. This supplement would also be the medium for correspondence and suggestions. An annual programme of subjects might be decided upon for papers to be contemporaneously read and discussed at the monthly meetings of the different branches of the association. The secretary of each branch would forward the paper with a report of the discussions to the editor of *THE WEEK*, whose duty it would be to give a judicial criticism of the reports and papers submitted to him.

As an inducement to special study, the association might offer, at stated intervals, a prize for the best papers upon given subjects. A circulating library of all literature dealing with these subjects should be established in connection with the journal and a list of publications sent to every member. If it could be so managed the editor of this department should be chosen from among the higher clerks of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, for he would have extraordinary facilities for obtaining information, and the subjects would be in direct touch with his line of thought and the work in which he is engaged. Money, of course, will be required for the work of organization and for running expenses. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that, if the association was once formed on a practical working basis, an annual grant would be given by the Dominion, and possibly the Provincial, Government. Indeed, according to the press reports, the Ministers at Ottawa who met the deputation from Winnipeg informed them that

the objects of their association were such that they might reasonably expect a grant from the Government.

The Government want to be "pounded." No one is more painfully aware of the necessity of filling up the country, and yet the grants for immigration purposes are being constantly cut down, to please, it may be, the leaders of the Labour party. And the Government want advice. Our public men are waiting for some genius to bring out a practical working scheme of colonization, but such a scheme can only be evolved by collecting the ideas of the people, based upon practical experience of life and colonization in this country; an acquaintance with the social conditions of Great Britain and the different countries in Europe from which we expect to draw our population, and a careful study of the history of colonization in this and other countries.

There will be no lack of food for discussion. Tariff and education both have a bearing upon the subject. The social instinct inherent in us all, and especially in our women folk and educated young men, points to the necessity of making farm life a more pleasant social existence. Model colonies on our virgin lands open up great possibilities. Irrigation in our Northwest, and electricity, with the gospel of diversified products and small holdings, are new factors in social life which have not yet been studied from a practical point of view. We might add the exclusion of undesirable immigrants, the evils of irresponsible agents and colonization companies—the best methods of assisting immigration and interprovincial colonization. We might, indeed, go on *ad infinitum*. These are all subjects not merely of intellectual interest, but of national, practical, and vital importance. We cannot arrive at any solution of the problems of colonization until they are dealt with in the light of wide knowledge and practical experience, free from all element of politics and catering to the votes of people who take a one-sided view of these questions. The association would become a power in the land, and the journal which acted as its organ would hold a unique position as reflecting the views, not of one man, but of hundreds of the most thoughtful and useful citizens in the country. It would have a deterrent and a leavening influence on the country press, and it would preserve a continuous, reliable record of the history and advance of scientific colonization.

ERNEST HENTON.

### Historical Canes.

**A**N antiquarian friend who recently visited the Spencer Grange Museum, at Quebec, sends us the following note anent some of the quaint relics there in the shape of walking sticks, presented to our esteemed contributor, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C.

(1) General I. Brock's cane—a curiously carved and worm-eaten bludgeon, presented to the past president of the Literary and Historical Society, in 1872, by Messrs. Fisher & Blouin, owners of the antique tenement occupied for years by the firm in Fabrique street, Quebec, where, it is said, the chivalrous soldier, Brock, resided when commanding his regiment, the 49th, at Quebec, in 1806.

(2) A fragment of the planking of the French man-of-war, the "Original," sunk after being launched at Pres-de-Ville, near Quebec, in 1750, and made into a handsome walking-stick, with a deer's antlers on pommel.

(3) A piece of oak from the wreck of one of the French frigates, the "Bienfaisant," and the "Marquis de Manlaze," run ashore on 8th July, 1760, at Cross Point, on the river Restigambe, Gaspé, by Admiral Byron. This relic has been made into a light cane, and a French marine's head carved on the pommel.

(4) A walking-stick hewn out of iron wood grown at St. Kitts, West Indies, presented by Lieut. Chas. Fitzgerald.

(5) Ditto, hewn out of West Indian cork wood.

(6) A light cane from Japan, with Japanese designs.

(7) A handsome walking-stick made out of an oak plank of the French frigate "Elephant," stranded on the shoal of Cape Brule, on the lower St. Lawrence, on the 1st September, 1729; said vessel commanded by M. le Comte de Faudreuil, and bringing out from France several important Quebec officials, Intendant Hacquart, Bishop Dasquet, and others.

This piece of French oak, after being under water one hundred and sixty-seven years, is solid, has taken a beautiful polish, but is light in color.

(8) A walking-stick from timber recovered from the ruin of the famous Arctic steamer "Alert," broken up in the port of Quebec in September, 1895.

D. S.

### Parisian Affairs.

PARIS, March 11, 1896.

THE panic element of the Italian crisis is subsiding. The Italians are regarding the mess and muddle of the situation with cooler heads, and public opinion is satisfied that the end of the world is not a whit nearer by the defeat of the Italians at Adoua. Perhaps King Menelik may feel less comfortable at his good luck. General Baratieri is now accepted as having lost his head, as there was neither skill nor strategy in his attack. It recalled the tactics of MacMahon at Sedan; he had no plan, did not see clearly his way, but would fight a bit to note what would turn up. Italy must first regulate her home situation; the disappearance of Signor Crispi does not remove many interior dangers totally unconnected with the African disaster. No nation likes to be whipped, especially by a foe ranked as their inferior. The French went into hysterics at the Langson disaster, and were prepared to bestow Carthage crucifixion upon Jules Ferry; yet that affair was only a flea bite in comparison with Italy's misfortune. The Americans had their Bulls Run, or, more correctly, two; the Spaniards do not accept their contests in Cuba with joy; England herself was not pleased after Gaudiana, Majuba Hill, and, later, Krugersdorp; only the English did not rend their clothes or tear their hair, as if Israelites en route for Babylonish captivity.

The Italian State coach having secured a new driver, what next? Suspend, as necessity compels, any exchange of marches with King Menelik; get the financial situation of Italy into smooth water—she will obtain a recuperative loan, for the nation, though not rich, is industrious and frugal. Then will come the moment to consider the attention to be given to the victor; his army is a combination of diverse tribes; they may be kept together while a battle is in view; but to be kept in uncertainty as to when it will come off will be trying for them. To advance into the lowlands will be dangerous for the Abyssinian highlanders. Patience is not a virtue with savage tribes. As to the Italians having no right to invade Ethiopia, that is hardly fit for the severe virtues of a debating society. To day every nation drafts its own decalogue, and practises half a dozen of moralities. Italy has had to peg off a tougher bit of the Dark Continent than the other good Samaritan powers, who, save England, have not been successes in their developments of their grabs of Africa. Whether Crispi or di Rudini be at the helm, Italy will remain a member of the triple alliance. That will not please France, nor perhaps Russia, but the latter obtains all she wants by simply remaining quiet and on the watch. Germany has to count with France, and Austria with Russia. England counts only with herself, but armed to the teeth and ready to take to the warpath when her interests are endangered, or when she is threatened by imperial telegrams or presidential messages.

In Europe, then, nothing will be changed. But the Egyptian question will become more business-like, for England, now that the Osman Dignas and the orthodox and heretical Mahdis are on the move, will strike the iron while it is hot, and advance into the Soudan. That may prevent her naming the exact day when she will be able to quit the valley of the Nile. The French have thus no reason to bless King Menelik. It is well known that diplomatic discontent is general at the sly excelsiorism of Russia. Germany is reported to be very sore on the point. After all, the Kaiser has obtained no concrete advantages by playing second fiddle to the Muscovite; neither has France, as first violinist. Japan and Great Britain do not belong to the concert.

The English Blue Book published upon the Venezuela conflict is viewed by the French as a most admirable production of foreign office literature. It leaves the Venezuelans without a leg to stand on. But the most surprising part of the matter is, what proofs had President Cleveland to justify his very grave message that was on the brink of plunging two nations, kinsfolk, into a fratricidal war? Happily, the cool temperament and sound judgment of England saved America herself from a terrible calamity. Sir Frederick Pollock's *résumé* of the case, and his *précis* of the facts, constitute a

reputation of imaginary claims as logical as it is crystally clear. There can be no second opinion on the dispute now; not an anglophobist in Tamanny Hall could "take the floor" and place a finger on a weak spot of the British case. There is this question which rises to the reader of the Blue Book, which is as interesting as a volume of travels: "Why, with the crushing evidence at its command, did England allow the sore to remain open for fifty years?" It is full time for America and Venezuela to ring down the curtain; at the same time it is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury will let off Venezuela as modestly as possible, consistent with English rights and the interests of British colonists.

Uncle Sam does not appear to have his hand happy in regulating European questions. The Spaniards continue to be very wroth against him. However, it is only fair to give the new commander-in-chief of the Spanish army time to oppose the rebels in a fashion different from that adopted by Marshal Campos. Spain will show thus that she has more than one General. Delaying her philanthropy for a while will not make its value less when its exercise will have no protests.

M. Faure's tour through Southern France has been, on the whole, good, save to the political parties that will never pardon him for his committing the cardinal sin of nominating M. Bourgeois premier, though it is a majority of the Chamber of Deputies that keeps him in office. The southerners are very warm-blooded, so they must not be judged too harshly in the few cases where they cried *à bas le Sénat*, a body they viewed as a collection of uninteresting fossils. They dipped the tricolour, with a red knot at the top, under the nose of the President, to show that they had their views of the Commune. This was at Ciotat, a sort of Chatham dockyard, near Marseilles, and the latter feels proud at being able to boast it declared for the Commune before sleepy Paris did, just as Lyons is proud at having voted the downfall of the Second Empire two days before the capital. The dockyard men are full of fun. When the "Marseillaise" was played, they replied by their own band with Chopin's "Funeral March," and, instead of presenting the customary nosegay—the bread and salt—offered to visitors, they presented a mortuary crown. But these out-and-outers did not indulge in a *vive* for the Panamists, nor a cheer for the Duc d'Orleans, nor a hurrah for Prince Victor Napoleon. The tour's moral is that the people want a Cabinet of action, a Ministry fearless to expose corruption and the corrupted, and to put an end to namby-pambyism in the proceedings of the Executive. It is against M. Faure, personally, that the Opportunists wage war now.

For the third time the Chamber of Deputies has indulged in a *fi! fi!* when asked to validate the election of M. Wilson, famous for his specialties of raising the wind, when his father-in-law Grèvy was in power. Yet "Dan's" misconduct was nothing when compared with the wholesale corruption of the Panamists, the railways, and the colonial concessions. It is to be presumed Wilson has been fairly elected, since no illegality has been established. But the cause of virtue, etc., etc.

The assizes of Riom presented the curious spectacle of three of the jurors, before any verdict was arrived at, or the trial concluded, applauding the speech of the prisoner's counsel. The act, of course, will lead to the finding being quashed on appeal. It is known as the *affaire Marie Michel*—the country servant girl, not aged yet nineteen, who, three years ago, when her mistress, a strong and robust widow, was found strangled and robbed, accused a local government clerk named Cauvin, who was promised to be left the wealth, with the crime. Cauvin was married; material evidence told against him, but he got the benefit of the doubt, and was transported instead of being guillotined. Informalities led to new trials and law's delays. In the interim Marie, a model wretch, had become penitent. She owned that she was the mistress of Cauvin, that it was she who strangled the old widow, and demanded to be tried and guillotined. The public prosecutor did not concede these requests, but had Marie tried for defeating the ends of justice. She was convicted, and has been sentenced to five years' solitary imprisonment. Were her story credited, Cauvin should be liberated; he expects to be so. That is where the case is now; a young girl avows she committed a murder; the alienists attest she is not mad; yet no one will aid her to reach the guillotine—a disappointment which causes her to shed many tears.

The Lebaudy blackmailing trial has commenced. The two "sons," the scions of the late Duke of Brunswick, "Old



Diamonds," as he was nick-named, are the chief sinners. These men, by their audacity, moved in a certain society, and as if they had thousands a year. They were virtually penniless; so much so, that one of the brothers was supplied now and then by the house porter with a cup of coffee out of charity. Then some of the members, in order to obtain his premature release as an ordinary conscript from the army, conspired to employ every dodge. Lebaudy, a millionaire, was bled accordingly. One of the combinations was to farm a young woman, a Jewess, in the last stage of consumption, to preserve her expectorations to be examined by the doctors at Rouen, where Lebaudy was quartered. They paid her 10 fr. a day; the doctors reported the presence of the tubercule bacilli in the expectorations, and recommended that Lebaudy be discharged from the army. Instead, the War Office ordered him to the head military hospital, at Paris. The poor consumptive woman was made to follow, and paid 20 fr. a day for her expectorations. Once liberated, the poor creature was to be decoyed to Italy for change of air, but in reality to be "removed" to secure her silence. This was a very great offence against the articles of war, so the blackmailers had, unfortunately, Lebaudy under their thumbs, threatening to expose him did he not cash down. He died in the military hospital at Aix-les-Bains, in a shivering fit, brought on by a fresh threat and a renewed demand for 125,000 fr. for hush money; and when the Army Medical Board called for later samples of the expectorations, to decide definitely, the local general replied: "Lebaudy no more expectorates, as he is dead."

While the exports of France increased 9½ million francs during the last month, the augmentation under the same head for England was 98 million francs.

The various large shops in Paris now deliver all their goods in the suburbs by horseless vans. The latter look very fair, save the absence of shafts and the noble animal, that gives the vehicle a wanting-in-something look; the air as if the steed had bolted and dragged the shafts with it. The collection of tubes, of cocks, of breaks, etc., is as formidable as if a locomotive.

#### At The House of Commons.

THE long sitting with which the House indulged itself last week is still the general topic of conversation. It must be admitted, though, that to-day the honours of first place in thoughts and words are divided with the longer sitting upon which most members believe they are entering.

Last Wednesday it was expected the vote would come, like serious illness and death, in the small hours. The hours dragged wearily on, French speeches and English, English speeches and French; and still the end was not yet. Several however, who wanted to be "in at the death," slept uneasily in their hotels, ready to leave at a moment's notice for the big House on the hill, where the tower light, the signal that the House is in session, burned until they lost themselves in the dawn. But no message came, and at breakfast time a crowd of hungry, chalky-faced men swarmed down.

The chamber looks tousled after a whole night's sitting. There are papers on the floor—more than usual. The air is more fetid, fat with exhalations from beery bodies who "tasted" during the night, and murky with tobacco smoke. Some one said it looked like the "second day in the train," and that was before the snow blockade, too.

At a quarter-past eight Mr. Daly was the only Minister in the House, and he was sound asleep. He roused after a little, and a messenger brought him a cup of coffee. It assisted in the rousing, and then presently reinforcements came up from their naps, and we missed Mr. Daly. One woman in the gallery had a bag of sandwiches but she seemed not to be in full communion with the rest.

All day Thursday the debate dragged on. Relays of members slept and came on duty, and the Hansard men worked like the farmers do when there are two more loads of grain in the field and a thunderstorm is growling its way from the west.

Thursday night they told us the vote would come about midnight, probably a little after, and we surged up where the great steamy crowd awaited an entrance. Across in the public gallery, tier above tier of men sat. It looked like a meeting for men only. To the left, women and their escorts made blotches of colour, blue, and pink, and yellow, mingled with the

black and dun shades. It was hot in those badly ventilated galleries, and the pretty light waists were the one restful detail in sight. The members yawned, bowed their heads on their folded arms and slept, tossed paper balls at one another, prodded the specially sleepy ones with paper spikes, wheeled circles of blotting paper in the air—circles which wandered off here and there and sometimes fell upon the throne of the august Speaker himself. The Speaker was visibly worn with attention to duty. He held his privileges with a masterful tone, and want of sleep had taken away a little of the benignity—of countenance with which, upon other occasions, he delivers his ruling, grasping his gown and moving it upon his shoulders before he speaks.

Austerity had settled down upon many a face as the night wore on, but upon some there came a foolish happiness and a ruddy flush, and with these flippant tongues went to and fro like a wag-on-the-wall clock.

The galleries thinned. Some of the weariest spectators slept leaning back against the seats. One young man stretched himself out into the Speaker's gallery, only to be rudely shaken up, just after turning the corner into the sleepy land, by the messenger on duty, who whispered that it was "strictly against the rules." A miscreant in the visitors' gallery required the attendance of Mr. Bowie, with his sword and sergeant trappings.

The ladies from the Speaker's gallery passed up and down from the Speaker's rooms, where Mrs. White was offering tea to the sleepy but obstinately-determined ones, who were bound to see what their fathers and husbands were going to do about the vote.

Frenchmen purled their soft-vowelled words from their eager tongues. English ones, with calmer voices and harsher words, followed. The light of dawn sifted through the tiny openings in the roof, the yawns grew larger and louder, and the back benches lost their tempers and found their tongues. They railed at Mr. McGillivray, and Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Lister. They made irrelevant and irreverent remarks. They imitated chancicleer. They tried to establish a "God Save the Queen." They squeaked their feet on the desk boards, scraped on the wood, slammed down the lids of their lockers, and acted as boyishly as grown men can well do when they have in them the spirit of "We won't go home till morning."

And then, after the constitutionally constructed tongues had smoothed the way, the House rang with "Question! question!" and the Speaker rose and said: "Call in the members!"

The vote had come at last. It was soon over. There were cheers on the Government side, a dogged silence, with here and there a dragged smile, on the Opposition side, and then the crowds went home. Sleights followed one another quickly from the western way, out past the eastern block. The tops were powdered with snow, the horses' blankets were gleaming white, and down the centre road stretched a long string of people stumbling through the snow, bending their faces away from the storm. It was broad day, and the bells rang six.

OTTAWA, March 24th.

#### Art Notes.

NONE of the draughtsmen of Punch have kept up the high standing of that periodical more effectually than John Tenniel. I say "high standing," in spite of the fact that the prevailing opinion in the United States is that Punch entirely fails in the matter of humour. This opinion is probably also the prevailing one in Japan, and in the island of Borneo; but that the Wednesday issue of the London Charivari is an event looked forward to by a very large and intelligent portion of the world, gifted with the perception of its humour, is a fact not to be denied; and unquestionably it takes the highest place amongst the comic papers in its breadth of range in the delineation of character, in the naturalness and truthfulness of its humour, and in its freedom from exaggeration. Tenniel has had, for many years, the most responsible position amongst the illustrators. He has had to conceive an appropriate cartoon each week dealing with a prominent political topic; and he has had to produce an incalculable number of likenesses—likenesses which must be immediately recognizable by the entire body of Punch's readers. How faithfully he has fulfilled these two conditions may be seen by reference to a bound volume of the periodical. In turning over the leaves one cannot but be struck by the man's enormous fertility of



design, his ingenuity, his rich humour, and his moderate employment of caricature in a field of design which called into existence a great deal of exaggerated and sometimes ill-humoured drawing. This last characteristic indicates the prevailing tone of Punch, which is distinguished for its good-humoured raillery; and if it has occasionally plied the lash of satire, the cause has generally been a sufficient warranty for the act. Tenniel is sometimes entirely serious, and our immediate perception that he is serious is an evidence that the majority of his drawings are produced with a restraint that keeps them within the confines of the legitimate and the possible. We all of us have met the man whose every utterance produces a laugh; whose friends are prepared to laugh directly he opens his lips; and whose reputation as a humourist is such that (as some one has recently said) the best way to make one of your own jokes effective is to father it on him. Tenniel is not of these. He is not generally boisterous; he can, like a pianist, suddenly put the soft pedal down, and learn, by the general silence, that he still commands the attention of the company. His figure of Britain mourning over the death of Beaconsfield, or over the loss of her sons in some disastrous field of battle, moves us to tears the more readily because she is recognizable as the same familiar and stately dame who has erstwhile been swabbing a French ambassador or offering a compassionate hand to a tyrannized state.

Tenniel's labours have not been entirely confined to the pages of Punch, for besides some few other excursions in the field of illustration, he rendered even more delightful by his pretty drawings the quaintly, childish, irresistible humour of Carol's "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-glass." For those of us who still have a palate to enjoy the preternatural adventures of a child and a rabbit, these pictures will always remain amongst the most dear and lasting of our recollections. For "The Hunting of the Shark" Carol chose another illustration; perhaps this was on account of his perception of Tenniel's restraint, already referred to; the vessel, if you remember, which was chartered for the voyage, Sharkwards, was such that "the rudder got mixed with the bowsprit sometimes!"

E. WYLY GRIER.

### At Street Corners.

I WAS looking the other day at the "Easter" number of the Sunday edition of the New York Herald. According to this publication, Easter is reduced to a thing of bonnets and new gowns, a time of fashion and display. I suppose this truly represents the public sentiment. Dress, dollars, and display being the trinity worshipped by the smart New Yorker, the churches are turned into haunts of entertainment and the display of modes, and all truly serious and noble life is flouted as frumpish and old-fashioned. The heroism and virility of the Americans must be looked for in the rural districts rather than in the cities, and even there the sordid pursuit of wealth has sapped the national vigour and patriotism. Is any of this rotting process going on in Canada? I am afraid there is, worse luck! The passion for what is called style is very seductive and absorbing, and that which should be merely the ornament and blossom of a solid and useful life is followed as a positive pursuit, and we have "society" pages in our newspapers *ad nauseam*, and people who find the principal business of life in the unsatisfying and tiresome round. Here endeth my Lenten sermon—a short one—the brevity of which may be noted by clerical readers.

Mr. E. A. Macdonald, having been deprived of his seat in the city council, is going to run for mayor, he says. This gentleman mistakes his vocation. He is a second Jules Verne. If he would only give his laborious days and nights to writing pseudo-scientific novels he might attain fame. His descriptions of what the aqueduct and canal will do always remind me of Jules Verne's stories. There is just a dash of scientific knowledge in them—just enough to spice the fiction of which they are mainly composed. Try fiction pure and simple, Mr. Macdonald; give us "Aqueduct City in 1996," and bring out a cheap 25 cent edition!

I was interested in reading Miss Harriet Ford's letters to the Mail and Empire about the Royal Academy Exhibition at Montreal, though they were marred by the writer's constitu-

tional pessimism and lack of sympathetic insight. I think there is more cant written and talked about art than about anything else, and some of it seems to creep into nearly everybody's head who ventures on the perilous task of describing pictures or sculpture. Ruskin was responsible for some of the utterest "rot" on the subject, and he has been followed by hundreds of smaller scribes. The true place of art is, comparatively speaking, a humble one, and to think of it as a regeneration of society, or even as a main factor of progress, is not in accordance with true philosophy. Art is the creeper that beautifies the pillars of the house of the commonwealth, but it is not a pillar, and never can be. But Miss Ford writes as if we only had duly to reverence the esoteric views of art entertained by a few dozen persons—some of whom are undoubtedly insane—to have a new heaven and a new earth, so to speak. Still, I must say that Miss Ford's outspoken criticisms are very much better than the namby-pamby butter with which our picture-makers are sometimes plastered. Why in the world is it done? It is merely a fashion. The work of the school teacher is ten times as important as that of the artist, yet nobody ever goes round to our schoolrooms and notes Mr. —'s "fine, impressionistic breadth of method," or Miss —'s "sincerity," or "conscientious rendering of the large facts of life."

The death of Judge Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," will be felt as a personal loss by people all over the world. He was one of those who are the salt of the earth, and who help to keep life healthy and sweet, and the Lord knows we want such badly in these fashion-ridden, decadent days. "Tom" Hughes was a Liberal, but there was a good old Toryism about him, too, that made him reverence the best things of the past with an ardent reverence. Of late those occasional letters of his in the London Spectator, signed "Vacuus Viator," have kept him pleasantly in the minds of friendly readers. They denoted the youthful elasticity of a mind that declined to succumb to the attacks of time.

The winter is weakening; the street corners are becoming more bearable; already an old crony or two stand about and chat. Some faces I miss. There was the impecunious man with the round face and the shifty look who had been made clever by numerous adversities. He was evidently a broken-down gentleman. He came up to you with an air of friendliness and said, "Would you believe it; I am actually short of a car ticket, and I want to go home on this car; one gets into the habit of not walking, don't you know: may I ask you to frank me for this trip?" Where is he? Is he killed by Madame La Grippe? The last time I saw him he was eating an excessively good dinner at Moyans', and washing it down with expensive libations. He had had a windfall, evidently. He was of the sort that spend freely—on themselves—when they have it, which is not often.

Where, too, is the musical professor—lank and middle-aged, who always has a grievance against somebody, and who will air it to any extent you will let him on the slightest provocation? It is well known that as a vocalist the men who are in the front rank could not touch him if only he were given a fair show; while as an organist, it is simply the jealousy of his professional brethren that is keeping him out of the best churches. If only he could get \$200 together he would show them a thing or two! "But the fact is, sir, Toronto is rotten—rotten. Talk about honour! It is a thing unknown. As for society, it is dropping 40 pieces. There are not ten people in — street who pay their tradesmen. Live on credit, sir—credit. Well, thank you, I don't mind if I do. It is rather cold this afternoon," and that was the last time I saw him. Has he, too, dropped into a quiet grave?

Where, too, is the man who was just on the eve of a great invention? He had almost accomplished it. It only wanted some cog wheel, or spring, or something of the sort, when it would do—ah! what would it not do? He did not mention it to everybody, but he knew he was safe in my hands. The fact was, he did not like to let his mind dwell too much on the riches which were within his grasp; it unnerved a man, and, of course, there were difficulties in the way yet. But he could see to the end of them, and then I should see what he would do. But I do not see him. Has he moved to some other town? Perhaps he has gone to Hamilton.

Everybody is talking bicycles, especially the women. Mrs. — tells me she is taking lessons at one of the schools; and Mrs. —, who is quite an age, can ride round the school-room she attends without tumbling off; while as for the misses, they are just gone on the wheel. Where on earth does all the money come from to purchase these expensive machines? Thousands of dollars are changing hands over bicycles every day. We are told of bad times; but bad times or not, people seem to find money for wheels.

I am not a bigot, I think, but it seems a pity that our sportists and gamists can find no other day than Good Friday on which to have their bicycle and whist conventions—both good things in their way. Good Friday is a day which a large proportion of the people of this country regard as sacred, and there are too few sacred things in modern life for us to be able lightly to secularize any of them. I know all about the cant of freedom that is talked; I talk it myself sometimes. But the older I get the more I feel that unless a man conserves the quiet opportunities of his life, he cannot expect the best things from himself. To put it no higher than mere utilitarianism and good taste, a gentleman should go to church on a Good Friday.

DIOGENES.

### Music and the Drama.

IT was an appreciative audience which assembled in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week, to hear the annual concert given by the Toronto String Orchestra, under the leadership of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson. This little orchestra, which was organized a couple of years or so ago, has improved considerably since its last appearance, and in the performance of a couple of numbers from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite No. 1, and Haydn's Variations on the Austrian National Hymn, popularly known as "God Preserve the Emperor," the tone was quite mellow and rich in quality. The young ladies composing the band, and their really talented leader, are to be congratulated on the result of their interesting concert. Those assisting were Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, mezzo soprano; Miss Kate Archer, violiniste; and Mr. W. H. Robinson, tenor. Miss Robinson is, as I have before stated, a very graceful and artistic singer. Her voice, method, and musical phrasing stamp her as a vocalist of both culture and skill, and in several songs she displayed her talent so admirably as to receive spontaneous recognition in applause. Miss Archer is another of our young Canadian violinists who may be expected in years to come to achieve more than a local reputation. She has already developed a facile, accurate technic, and her tone, on the whole, is healthy and vigorous. Mr. Robinson sang with his accustomed success, and as I have frequently alluded to his style of singing (and excellent choice of songs from the musician's standpoint), I will not at this time refer to it again.

Massey Hall was crowded on the occasion of the production of the "Messiah" last Monday evening. No doubt the large attendance was due to the fact of Mme. Albani being engaged as soloist, with the other important engagements, Mme. Van der Vere Green, contralto; Mr. Norman Salmond, basso; and Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor. The work had a fair representation, a few of the choruses being in some respects exceptionally well sung, although the chorus itself was too large, quantity and volume being apparently preferred to quality and purity. Seventy-five or one hundred singers could easily have been removed, and the effect, in consequence, been much more pliable and musically satisfactory. Mr. Anger did well during the short time the work was in preparation, and can be honestly complimented on the result. His style of conducting is rather stiff at present, but will naturally improve as experience is acquired. The soloists were received favourably, all singing their numbers with care and artistic fervency. Mme. Albani was lustily cheered when she first appeared on the stage, and after her splendid rendition of the noble aria, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." Whilst she sings in the same manner as regards truthfulness of interpretation and sincere appreciation of her numbers, the fact is apparent that the ease of intonation and remarkable purity of her voice which gave her singing such world-wide recognition and fame have considerably deteriorated. Phrases which should be sung with one breath are broken, and many of her notes are a trifle harsh and uncertain. Still, she is the great artist, and her winning

personality, happy, refined manner, and beautiful interpretations will ever delight for years to come. Mme. Green has a voice of exquisite purity, and under excellent control; her singing was delightful. In the aria, "He was Despised," she created a profound impression. It was full of pathos and tenderness. In her other numbers she proved herself an artist of first quality. Mr. Harold Jarvis was warmly received, and rightly so, for he sang earnestly and well. In one or two of his solos his voice seemed a little robust, and lacked elasticity, but again in passages which required no particular effort to sustain, or develop volume, it had the appealing, refined quality which has been so universally admired. Mr. Salmond's success with the audience was considerable, for he certainly is conscientious, and sings with manliness, but, unfortunately, not always in tune. He doubtless would appear to better advantage in a song recital. Mr. John Bayley was *concert meister*, and the orchestra was perhaps better than we are accustomed to hear at oratorio performances. To Mr. Charles A. Harris, the composer and impressario of Montreal, we are indebted for hearing "The Messiah" under such favourable and interesting conditions, as I understand he engaged the Philharmonic, and gave the concert on his own account. For some little time past the manager of Massey Music Hall has refused to extend any courtesies to the musical representatives of THE WEEK in the way of press tickets, notwithstanding the fact that the writer of these lines has always—as files of this paper will show—commented favourably on important musical attractions prior to dates of appearance, ever since, and for years before, Massey Hall was built. In addition, I have endeavoured to further the interests of real musical art, both personally and in this column, whenever possible, by bringing to the notice of at least a portion of the public any concerts of artistic merit which deserved patronage, because of the musically educating effect they would develop in the minds of the people. If the trustees and manager of what was supposed to be the people's music hall imagine their treatment of a friendly journal which for years has had a musical department, and desires to give to its readers a weekly review of what is best in the local musical world, is commendable and respectful, well and good; but I would modestly suggest that courtesy is not an undesirable feature to cultivate and practice, even in the management of our concerts, and always brings its due reward.

Mr. Thomas Foster Wainwright, of Regina, Assa., was the successful competitor in the recent musical competition offered by this paper in the setting of the patriotic words, "We Stand to Guard." It will be issued shortly by the publishing house of Whaley, Royce & Co., of this city.

Paderewski will give a recital in Massey Hall on the 9th of April, which will be pleasing news to our lovers of piano music.  
W. O. FORSYTH.

Mme. Albani drew another large audience last Monday evening, when she appeared at the production of the "Messiah" by the Toronto Philharmonic chorus. The other soloists were Mme. Van der Vere Green, and Messrs. H. Jarvis and N. Salmond. Mme. Albani did herself much better justice than on her former appearance here this season, as the solos of the oratorio do not require any of those very high notes which she now produces with so much difficulty. She sang her part with the authority and distinction which come from careful training and long experience. Mme. Green's sweet contralto voice, though scarcely heavy enough for the part, gave much delight. Mr. Jarvis is not at his best in oratorio, the style and traditions of which he is evidently unfamiliar with. His efforts were greeted with much applause, but not with the enthusiasm they usually arouse at a miscellaneous concert. Mr. Salmond could not, of course, escape the severe test of a comparison with Mr. Watkin Mills, to whom he is clearly inferior; yet he was heartily applauded. That his singing was so persistently out of tune with the average pitch of the orchestra was due, perhaps, not so much to an untrustworthy ear as to his inability to strike an average. Though the orchestra played with considerable expression, and at times, especially in the "Pastoral Symphony," with much delicacy, the deviations from pitch were frequently excruciating. The introduction to the solo, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" was much too realistic. The chorus, on the other hand, considering the great difficulty of the work, and the very short time in which

it was prepared, deserves much credit for the results obtained. This must not, however, be understood as an expression of approval of the presentation of such music after so few rehearsals—a course which is certainly unwise. It was a mistake, also, to omit the bass air, "The Trumpet shall Sound," after having specially announced in the press that it would be given.

A new song by a Canadian composer is always of interest, but that interest is largely increased when the composition is the work of one of our leading musicians. The readers of THE WEEK, in particular, will be pleased to hear of the publication by Whaley, Royce & Co. of a song entitled "Love Springs up Wild," the music of which is by Mr. W. O. Forsyth, who has been for several years a contributor to the columns of this paper. To those who are acquainted with Mr. Forsyth's previous work it is needless to say that this little song is composed in a refined and scholarly style. But its merits do not end there, for the melody is smooth and agreeable—without being too conventional—and rises in one place to quite an outburst of feeling. Moreover, the song is eminently satisfactory from the standpoint of a vocalist, and requires only a reasonable compass. It is adapted for a soprano or tenor voice, but to do it full justice considerable power is required. To vocalists who desire something new this song is recommended as being worthy of their attention, and far superior to the vast majority of imported novelties. Though it often seems that the nearness of the source of light causes us to mistake a candle for the sun, I venture to assert that we have here a composition of unusual value, and one which cannot fail to add to the reputation of the composer.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

#### An Old Novelist in a New Dress.\*

OF making new books there is no end; yet, despite this, some of the old ones ably maintain their undisputed place in our affection. It may be true that Balzac no longer the fashion in Paris; that his work is not as artistic as Daudet's; as beautifully idealized as Loti's; as patiently exact as Zola's; but no one writer in France or elsewhere at present has to the same degree all these qualities, so essential in a novelist, as the author of the "La Peau de Chagrin," or, as the translator has rendered it, "The Wild Ass's Skin." Saintsbury says of this book that "it is difficult for those who know it to approach it without a somewhat uncritical enthusiasm;" and yet it has all of Balzac's defects. As is usual with the novels of the brilliant Frenchman, the opening chapters rivet the reader's attention, and the wildest flights, and even absurdities, are forgiven as the imagination of the writer inflames the imagination of the reader, and the central thought or character takes possession of all the faculties.

"The Wild Ass's Skin" is an allegory, but by no means an easy one to define. A sentence from the preface will greatly help the reading of the riddle. "The Law of Nemesis—the law that every extraordinary expansion of heart, or brain, or will is paid for—paid for inevitably, incommutably, without the possibility of putting off or transferring the payment, is one of the truths about which no human being with a soul a little above the brute has the slightest doubt." But this is no purpose novel; it is as little written to teach as was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is the work of a seer, a mystic; and in it he gives us his most intense vision. We forget as we read that the characters are not human, that the situations are often impossible, that the very idea of the book is hidden in obscure mysticism, and find ourselves agreeing with the critic's dictum that "this is the most apocalyptic of the novels of the nineteenth century."

But it is not all mysticism. It is sternly mundane at times, and nothing could be finer than the opening description of the gaming-house, its surroundings, its habitués, and its results. It is packed, too, with sentences showing keen insight into life and society, as wise in their way as the wisest words of any inspired poet, which, indeed, in this book Balzac really is. The study, too, of the hero, Raphael, is at times intensely human, especially when, as a struggling student, he lived for three years in his "airy sepulchre, and worked unflaggingly day and night," spending three sous for bread,

"The Wild Ass's Skin." (La Peau de Chagrin). By H. de Balzac. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. "Ursule Mirouet."

two for milk, and three for cold meat." Balzac is here giving us merely his own early life, and the Raphael of the beginning of the novel is as true to life as the most carefully analyzed characters of the modern novel. He likewise shows in this book his power of taking infinite pains to observe and collect material. His curiosity shop is too full, and his knowledge of the curious is almost too exact; in a Zola we would say it was mere affectation, but Balzac here, as in "Cousin Pons," is revelling in a subject that was dear to his own heart. It would be impossible to dismiss the book without a word about Pauline. She is not unlike some of Shakespeare's women, and what higher praise can be given Balzac? She forms a striking contrast with Fœlora, the "woman without a heart," and is that rare thing in French fiction, a truly womanly woman.

In striking contrast to "The Wild Ass's Skin" is "Ursule Mirouet." In the former book Balzac showed a keen appreciation of such English novelists as Richardson and Scott, and in this book we are half inclined to think that he was imitating their manner. At any rate, he produced a novel "that is sure to be cried up by one set of judges as 'wholesome,' and to be cried down by another as 'goody.'" Balzac is not at his best in this book. He is evidently under restraint, and instead of allowing his subject to carry him away, we feel that he is constantly thinking about his niece, Mademoiselle Sophie Surville, to whom he dedicates the book with the words, "You young girls are a public to be dreaded; you ought never to be suffered to read any books less pure than your own pure souls." All of which is doubtless true; but the author of the "Contes Drolatiques" is out of his element when writing for such an audience. How unlike Balzac are these sentences: "She was fated to do right as a pleasure before doing it as an obligation. This tone is the peculiar result of a Christian education. These principles, quite unlike those to be inculcated in a man, are suited to a woman, the soul and conscience of the family, the latent elegance of home life, the queen, or little less, of the household." But the most serious result that this restriction has upon the work is at the close. Balzac usually finishes with a fine dramatic rush. All the threads of the story are held well in hand, and the strongest part is the climatic chapter. It is otherwise in "Ursule Mirouet." He has the "young person" before his mind's eye, and instead of allowing his titanic imagination and powerful constructive genius to control his pen, he industriously, after the manner of circulating library books of a few years ago, distributes rewards and punishments in the most orthodox style. The good receive their long-withheld deserts, and the villains are punished, reformed, go to church, and visit the poor.

But the book is by no means drivell. The opening sketch of Minoret-Levrault is in Balzac's best vein, and, indeed, the whole of the first part, "The Heirs in Alarm," is, in its own way, as strong as Tolstoi's "Ivan Ilyith." But we prefer Balzac when he is always inevitable, when his imagination is unconstrained, and his seer-like insight untrammelled.

Not the least important part of the two books under consideration is the powerful introductory essay by George Saintsbury in "The Wild Ass's Skin," and the helpful preface in each. Balzac has long been a classic, and a word from a critic so conversant with French literature as Saintsbury cannot but aid all readers in their comprehension of this novelist of the ideas and life engendered by the revolution.

Kingston, Ont.

T. G. MARQUIS.

#### Fiction and Fact.\*

"THE Stolen Bacillus," by the author of "The Time Machine," is the first of a collection of just such stories as might be expected from the pen of the writer of that weird romance. There are fifteen in all, and it is very difficult to pick out the best. Science has been enlisted in the service of fiction, and in Aepyornis Island an extinct species of bird is introduced very much alive indeed. The flowering of the strange orchid ends in this manner:

"The next morning the strange orchid still lay there, black and putrescent. The door banged intermittently in the morn-

\* Methuen's Colonial Library: "The Stolen Bacillus and other Incidents." By H. G. Wells, author of "The Time Machine." Methuen, No. 36 Essex street, Strand, London, 1895. "Strange Survivals. Some Chapters in the History of Man." By S. Baring Gould, M.A., author of "Mehalah," etc. Same publishers. "The King of Andaman: a Saviour of Society." By J. Maclaren Cobban, author of "A Reverend Gentleman," etc. Same publishers.

ing breeze, and all the array of Wedderburn's orchids was shrivelled and prostrate. But Wedderburn himself was bright and garrulous upstairs in the glory of his strange adventure."

What the adventure was, of course, the story tells, and it is a warning to all hunters after orchids. "The Treasure in the Forest" is another story which is told in a calm, natural kind of way, but is positively horrible in its incidents. Its *finale* is as follows:

"Abruptly he stopped, and, sitting down by the pile of ingots, and resting his chin upon his hands, and his elbows upon his knees, stared at the distorted, but still-stirring, body of his companion. Hangh's grin came in his mind again. The dull pain spread towards his throat and grew slowly in intensity. Far above him a faint breeze stirred the greenery, and the white petals of some unknown flower came floating down through the gloom." The last scene of all is thus in charity hidden, but it is worked up to carefully. The diamond maker was a curious specimen of humanity, and the reader is not quite certain whether he was a fraud or a genius. We have the greatest pleasure in recommending these stories.

"Strange Survivals," by Baring Gould, is a collection of notices of curious traditions and customs still remaining, or recently in existence, in Europe. They are the traces of primeval manners and beliefs. Foundations of buildings, gables, ovens, beds, umbrellas, and dolls—all are dealt with. The recurrence of religious revivals, with their psychological problems, form the subject of a separate paper. The gallows are not a pleasant subject to read about, but Mr. Baring Gould takes us to their foot. There are a great many superstitions traced in these pages to their origin. For instance:

In 1885 Holsworthy Parish Church was restored, and in the course of restoration the south-west angle wall of the church was taken down. In it, embedded in the mortar and stone, was found a skeleton. The wall of this portion of the church was faulty and had settled. According to the account given by the masons who found the ghastly remains, there was no trace of a tomb, but every appearance of the person having been buried alive and hurriedly. A mass of mortar was over the mouth, and the stones were huddled about the corpse as though hastily heaped about it; then the wall was leisurely proceeded with.

Mr. Gould's explanation is, "And now without further quotation of examples what do they mean? They mean this—that in remote times a sacrifice of some sort was offered at the completion of a building; but not only at the completion—the foundation of a house, a castle, a bridge, a town, even of a church, was laid in blood." Many other examples to prove the statement are given besides the one we have selected. Our readers must not fancy that they can skim through the pages of Mr. Gould's collection. They are highly interesting, but require study. Some of his inferences seem far-fetched, but every paper is suggestive. There are many wood cuts scattered through the book to illustrate the text. They are a decided assistance to the reader. Altogether the book is of permanent value.

"The King of Andaman" is a curious title, and when one takes up the book it is with a discontented feeling. The question naturally arises, What on earth can it mean? The Andaman Islands are away off in the Bay of Bengal. Who ever heard of a king of Andaman? And he is a "saviour of society." The conclusion is jumped to that it is one of those new books dealing with impossible or imaginary Utopias. The quotation on the fly-leaf, "He weaves, and is clothed with derision," does not assist much in guessing at the contents. We open the book and find the scene laid in Scotland. The story progresses a long way before Andaman comes in at all. But it does come in, and in an entirely novel and interesting manner. The hero of the book, the Master of Hutcheon, is a distinctively new creation. He is a character by himself, like Scott's types. Even his failings lean to virtue's side. We can assure our readers that they will not regret making the acquaintance of the Master of Hutcheon. Ilkastane is the name of a Scotch village where weavers mostly live. These weavers, in 1849, were mostly Chartists, and the Government did not approve of their proceedings. George Hutcheon, the brother of the hero, and Fergus O'Rhea, the Master's evil genius, are both driven out of the country. Several years pass, and in 1856 the story re-opens. The relations of the Master to his fellow-townsmen were those of somewhat a feudal character. Although Hutcheon was a weaver, like the men he lived among, they knew he was of ancient

descent, of a family ruined in the '45, and they revered him accordingly. Fergus O'Rhea comes back, and "the Maister" is told of the death of his brother, and succeeds to his brother's fortune, made in foreign parts. Then O'Rhea, for his own purposes, plays on Hutcheon's simplicity and single-mindedness, and concocts the scheme of Andaman. A meeting of the inhabitants is held, and all hands resolve to follow the Master. O'Rhea becomes the Master's right-hand man, and his plots, and the counterplots of a French-Scotchman, named Lepine, are woven behind the Master's back. There are many subsidiary characters in the book, all strongly drawn. The romance is furnished by Aimée Lepine, the Franco-Scot's daughter. The only fault we have to find with the book is the *dénouement*. That the party could start off from a port in Scotland in the manner described in the last chapter is too much of an impossibility, even for fiction. We cannot say it spoils the story, but we would have preferred another, even if a more tragic, ending. In spite of this complaint, which we very gently urge, we most strongly praise the book. It contains one entirely new, unconventional character, like no other character in fiction we remember. It is consistently worked out. There is plenty of incident. The descriptions are well done, and in every way the book will repay perusal.

The following description of the return of a Highland regiment will serve as a specimen of the style of the author:

"It was only later that Hamish understood what that meant. Then he but saw with all his eyes these great, noble, bearded men, and believed they appeared—halt, maimed, and worn as they were—fresh from the heat and horror of battle. He expected to see them wearing their swords, bare and blood-stained; but, though all bore knapsacks and bayonets at their sides, many did not even carry muskets. Yet, when the chief piper swelled his broad chest and blew into his pipes, and the other pipers did likewise, and the escorted soldiers formed fours, and when to the shrill martial strains of "The Campbells are coming!" they all marched away proudly swinging kilt and plaid, then Hamish's heart and soul went out to the Highlanders; he felt as if he were a soldier himself, and invested with the glory of military prowess. He tramped and trotted along with the jostling crowd, by the leg of a stalwart soldier. As they marched on to the castle, with the skirling pipes in their van, the crowd attracted to itself more and more exciting spirits. At one point a hale old woman, wrinkled and ruddy as a winter apple, burst forth from the crowd, with a cry of, 'Oh, Geordie! Eh, my bonnie bairn!' She was raised in the arms of a big soldier, who exclaimed 'Mither!' kissed her, and set her down again before she was aware. Then the two tramped along hand in hand, without another word. The crowd laughed and cheered in the maddest sympathy. The laughter and cheers were redoubled, and dashed here and there with women's tears, when a poor old man, who had been caught away by the general excitement from his wretched occupation of vending watercress (or 'sourrocks'), pushed through the crowd, and, standing on its inner edge, bestowed handful after handful of his stock-in-trade on the passing heroes; till not a blade remained in his basket. It was so spontaneous and so completely generous an offering, although it was so poor, that it could not fail to touch all hearts. Tears sprang to the eyes of even the grim, bearded soldiers themselves, and Hamish was moved in a way which he could not understand."

#### Letters to the Editor.

SIR,—It is constantly assumed by you that anyone who holds Continental Unionist opinions is isolated and ought to leave the country; though why a citizen should be compelled to leave a free country because he is at the time singular in his opinions it would not be easy, consistently with the principles of liberty, to explain. But you would, no doubt, be sorry to mislead your readers as to the fact. The Continental Union Association offers by advertisement in a weekly paper to send its literature to anyone who applies for it. There have been not less than twenty-eight hundred applications during the last year and a half, and they frequently come accompanied by assurances, from persons who cannot fail to be well informed, of the prevalence of Unionist opinions. Those who hold these opinions will some day undoubtedly speak their minds.

W. D. GREGORY.

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## Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Confederation Life Association.

A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

An Increased Volume of New Business Written—A Very Favourable Death Rate—A Reduced Expense Rate—Increases in Assets, Income, and Surplus.

The annual meeting of the Confederation Life Association was held at the Head Office of the Company, Yonge, Richmond, and Victoria streets, Toronto on Tuesday, the 17th inst., at 3 p.m. There was a good attendance of policyholders, shareholders, and members of the agency staff.

On motion, the Hon. Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., was called to the chair, and Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Managing Director, appointed secretary of the meeting.

The report and financial statements, relating to the business of the company for the year 1895, were submitted as follows:

### REPORT.

During the past year the directors have had under consideration 2,540 applications for insurance to the amount of \$3,736,150. This includes five applications for \$8,000, which were deferred at the close of 1894, 2,389 for \$3,474,150 were approved, while 134 for \$230,000 were declined, not being up to the standard; and 17 for \$32,000 were incomplete at the close of the register and were deferred. Adding to the above issue the revived policies of previous years, which had been written off, and the bonus additions, the total issue for 1895 was 2,421 policies for \$3,544,920. The total business on the books at the close of the year was \$26,611,718, under 17,590 policies on 15,413 lives. From this it will be seen that, though the year was quite unfavourable for the life insurance business, and many companies fell behind in the volume of new business as compared with the previous year, and while the total insurance written by all the companies for the year is a good deal less, we have been able to maintain an equal volume with a lesser expenditure by several thousand dollars than in 1894.

The claims by death were 107, calling for \$171,847 under 121 policies. In view of the amount at risk, it will be observed that the death rate was very favourable, a fact which bears continued strong testimony to the care exercised in the admission of only good, healthy lives.

The financial statements, which form part of the report, will be found to furnish full in-

formation regarding the position of the association.

The past year, on account of the continued and intensified commercial depression, called for more than usual care in conducting a business such as ours, combining insurance and investment; it cannot, therefore, fail to be a source of gratification to our policyholders and shareholders to observe the very substantial advances made in all those features which indicate real progress and careful management. Some of these are:

1st. Maintaining an equal volume of new business, and carrying on the old with a total expenditure over four thousand dollars less than in 1894.

2nd. Increased income.

3rd. Increased assets.

4th. Increased surplus, notwithstanding the payment to policyholders during the year of over \$87,000 in profits.

These facts will prove the wisdom of the policy pursued by your directors and management to secure a fair volume of business at a fair cost. The business has been sought for on strictly business principles, and means unfortunately too frequently used to procure applications, such as rebates, are strictly prohibited.

The report of the auditors, who have continued to give regular and careful attention to their duties, will be found appended to the report.

It is a source of deep regret that we have to announce the death, since the completion of the audit for the past year, of Mr. William E. Watson, F.C.A., who has intelligently and faithfully discharged the duties of joint auditor for a period of six years.

Your directors are pleased to report that the office and field staff continue to discharge their respective duties in a zealous and efficient manner.

All the directors retire, but are eligible for re-election.

W. P. HOWLAND, President.

J. K. MACDONALD, Man. Director.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Receipts.	
Premiums.....	\$ 852,874 37
Interest and rent (net).....	209,767 65
	\$1,062,642 02

DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Policyholders.	
Death Claims.....	\$165,879 17
Endowment Claims.....	75,444 00
Annuities.....	4,905 40
Surrendered Policies.....	63,650 11
Dividends.....	87,195 19
	\$ 397,073 07
Expenses, Commissions, etc.....	195,281 30
Dividends to Stockholders.....	15,139 00
Balance.....	454,148 85
	1,062,642 02

BALANCE SHEET.	
Assets.	
Mortgages, Debentures and Real Estate.....	\$4,232,180 34
Loans on Stocks, Policies, etc.....	643,142 70
Cash in Banks and at H. O.....	176,216 80
Net Oust'd and Def. Prem.....	166,137 70
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	106,761 35
	\$5,324,438 89

LIABILITIES.	
Assurance and Annuity Funds.....	\$4,757,451 00
Death Claims, Dividends, etc.....	137,733 86
Capital Stock Paid Up.....	100,000 00
Cash Surplus above all Liabilities.....	334,254 03
	\$5,324,438 89

Cash Surplus above all Liabilities.....	\$ 334,254 03
Capital Stock.....	1,000,000 00

Total Surplus Security for Policyholders..... \$1,334,254 03  
J. K. MACDONALD,  
Managing Director.

### AUDITORS' REPORT.

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the association for the year ending December 31st, 1895, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and certify that the financial statements agree with the books, and are correct.

The securities represented in the assets (with the exception of those lodged with the Dominion Government, amounting to \$84,500, and those deposited with the Government of Newfoundland, amounting to \$25,000) have been examined and compared with the books of the association, and are correct and correspond with the schedules and ledgers.

The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS,  
WM. E. WATSON, F.C.A.  
Auditors.

Toronto, February 27th, 1896.

The president, Sir W. P. Howland, in moving the adoption of the report and statement submitted, said: It is a matter of sincere satisfaction to those on whom you have imposed the duty and responsibility of conducting and managing the affairs of this important company to be able to place before you, considering the unfavourable circumstances which attended the business for the past year, statements which give evidence of fair and reasonable progress and improvement in every branch of the company's business. The new business obtained amounted to \$3,554,920, showing a fair increase over that of 1894. Our income for 1895 was \$1,062,642, showing an increase over the previous year of \$59,326; we also show an increase in assets of \$453,605. Our total surplus security for policyholders at the end of the year was \$1,334,254, an increase of \$32,581, besides having paid, as stated in the report, over \$87,000 in profits to policy holders.

The foregoing results have been obtained under most unfavourable conditions and in the face of keen competition. The progress made in all branches of the company's business should prove, I think, not only satisfactory to its policyholders and shareholders, but furnishes striking proof of the careful management and application on the part of those who are charged with the responsible duties of managing its affairs. Furthermore, it proves the favourable position which the company occupies in the minds of the public.

If there is any information desired regarding any matter referred to in the statements, I am sure the managing director will be very happy to answer any question which may be asked. (Applause.)

Mr. W. H. Beatty, vice-president: I have much pleasure in seconding the adoption of the report, and, after referring to the advances which had been made in the different branches of the company's business during the past year as set forth in the report, and which did not, in his opinion, require enlarging upon, said, in conclusion, I cannot help alluding to the loss which the company has sustained in the death of a gentleman who was very near and dear to me. I refer to the late Hon. Edward Murphy, Senator, who represented us in Montreal as a director on our local board for many years—a man who earned the esteem not only of his own co-religionists but of all other classes in the country.

The resolution was carried unanimously. Votes of thanks were unanimously tendered to the directors, management, and agency staff for their services during the year; several of the policyholders present, referring in complimentary terms to the report and statements submitted, and in recognition of the care and attention which had evidently been exercised by the management over the affairs of the company during the past year.

The retiring board of directors were all re-elected, and a meeting of the new board was held immediately after the annual meeting adjourned. Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., was re-elected president, and Messrs. Edward Hooper and W. H. Beatty vice-presidents.

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### Publications Received.

Katharine Tynan, "The Way of a Maid." London: Geo. Bell & Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Lord Tennyson, "A Dream of Fair Women." (People's edition). New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Lord Tennyson, "Locksley Hall." (People's edition). New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Charles Kingsley, "Yeast." (Pocket edition). New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

George Gissing, "Sleeping Fires." London: T. Fisher Unwin; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Jos. Wilton, "When Wheat is Green." London: T. Fisher Unwin; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

H. B. Marriott Watson, "Galloping Dick." Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

Elinor Lightfoot, "Body or Soul." London: T. Fisher Unwin; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Jane Austin, "Pride and Prejudice." (New edition, illustrated by Charles E. Brock.) New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Henry Fry, "History North Atlantic Steam Navigation." London: Sampson Low, Mars-  
 ton & Co.

Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, "The Victorious Life." New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell (Editors), "Hunting in Many Lands." New York: Forest and Stream.

H. G. Wells, "The Stolen Bacillus." London: Methuen's Colonial Library.

J. Maclaren Cobban, "The King of Andaman." London: Methuen's Colonial Library.

S. Baring-Gould, "Strange Survivals." London: Methuen's Colonial Library.

H. De Balzac, "Ursule Mirouët." London and New York: Macmillan's; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

H. De Balzac, "The Wild Ass's Skin." London and New York: Macmillan's; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Hawley Smart, "A Member of Tattersall's." London: Bell's Indian and Colonial Library; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Anthony Hope, "Comedies of Courtship." London: Bell's Indian and Colonial Library; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

"Amiel's Journal," Vol. I., edited by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. London and New York: Macmillan's Miniature Series.

Hiram Courson, "The Voice of Spiritual Education." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Hiram Courson, "The Aims of Literary Study." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

W. C. Lawton, "Art and Humanity in Homer." London & New York: Macmillan & Co.

Matthew Arnold, "Lyric and Elegiac Poems." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.'s Eversley Series.

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 DRAFTS ON NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

Romances and Narratives by Daniel Defoe, Vol. XV., "Due Preparations for the Plague"; Vol. XVI., "The King of Pirates." London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.  
 E. D. Cope, Ph.D., "Organic Evolution." Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.  
 D. W. McCourt, "The Treasures of Weinsberg." Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.

**The March Reviews.**

The Fortnightly for March presents rather a heavy bill of fare to its readers. In "the Fiasco in Armenia," by Dr. G. I. Dillon, The late Liberal Government is arraigned for England's present undignified position on the Eastern Question, and we are bid to thank our lucky stars that, "during the late crisis in South Africa, the Secretary of State for the Colonies was neither a diplomatist nor a statesman in the Foreign Office acceptance of the word, but a swallower of diplomatic formulas, and a clear-headed man of business." "Monticelli," "Our Naval Reserves," "The Increase of Insanity," and the "Blessedness of Egoism," are some of the principal articles. In "Rhodes and Jameson" John Verschoyle argues the question of Rhodes' complicity in the raid, and acquits him of all knowledge of it. Dr. Jim's march, he seems to think, was simply "you're another," in view of the many filibustering expeditions the Boers themselves had made from time to time. In "Plays of Heoswitha," an article translated from the French of G. de P. Dubor, we find a nun of the Middle Ages—the Pinero of the 10th century—advocating naturalism in theatrical representation in much the same words that the most modern playwright uses to-day. There is nothing new under the sun!

Cardinal Manning seems for the present to take the place that "Harriet" and "Last Words of Harriet" occupied at one time in English magazine articles. The two most interesting papers in this month's Contemporary Review are "Cardinal Manning and the Catholic Revival," by A. M. Fairbairn, and "Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning," by Aubery De Vere, both articles suggested by Purcell's much criticized life, and both extremely interesting. The article entitled "The Labour Party in Queensland" gives a very good account of the labour movement in that colony. It enforces the truth that there is no new world now in which the workingman can forget old world problems. The questions he left behind him in Wales or Newcastle he finds just as vital when he has traversed half the globe and lands on Australian soil. "South Africa and the Chartered Company," "Degrees for Women at Oxford," and Cecil Rhodes, Colonist and Imperialist," are all good reading. In the Glass Mosaics at St. Paul's, H. J. Powell tells us "an experiment in decoration, which

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In the Nineteenth Century, the Marquis of Lorne writes one of those articles that he seems to evolve, as the women of the last generation did fancy work, as an outlet for a mild, harmless, and inconsequential activity. In this instance he gives us chartered companies, and he writes in his usual manner. The March number might almost be called a "war number." There are four articles bearing on the subject. "An Army without Leaders," "Our Invasion Scares and Panics," "The Naval Teachings of the Crisis," and "Australia as a Strategic Base," are all timely and important papers. Frederic Harrison gives us in his article on "Matthew Arnold" the one bit of writing that is literature in the number. He writes on Arnold as a poet, a critic, a philosopher, and a theologian. Speaking of his position as a poet he uses wise words: "The full acceptance of Arnold's poetry has yet to come. His peculiar distinction is his unflinching level of thoughtfulness, of culture, and of balance. Almost alone amongst our poets since Milton, Arnold is never incoherent, washy, or banal. . . . He has more general insight into the intellectual world of our age, and he sees into it more deeply and more surely than any contemporary poet."

Prince Kropotkin writes on the Roentgen Rays, and Purcell defends himself against the storm of indignation the publication of his "Life of Manning" has brought down on his head in an article entitled "Poisoning the Wells of Catholic Criticism." Since Froude's day, no biography has, we suppose, evoked such lively discussion and warm indignation as the "Life," but Mr. Purcell can comfort himself with Gladstone's words: "Meantime you will sell like wildfire, and the position of the book as the biography of a remarkable, a very remarkable man, will be more and more confirmed."

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The most striking feature in the large, but by no means excessive, naval estimates laid before the House of Commons by the First Lord of the Admiralty, is the internal evidence which they afford that our maritime defences are being developed upon a well-considered plan. The Naval Defence Act cost £21,800,000. The joint programme of Lord Spencer and the present Government will cost between £28,000,000 and £29,000,000 more. In all we shall have expended on this branch of our naval defences fifty-five millions in the ten years between 1889 and 1899. The sum is a vast one, and it forms but one item, though a heavy item, in the total cost of our Navy.

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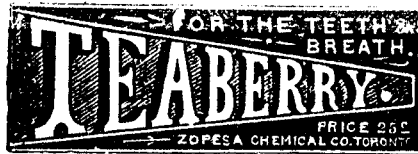
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- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
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- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
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