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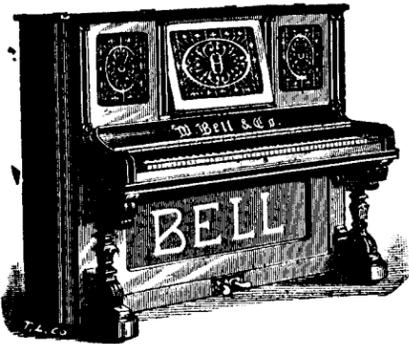
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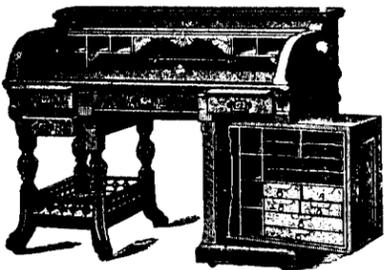
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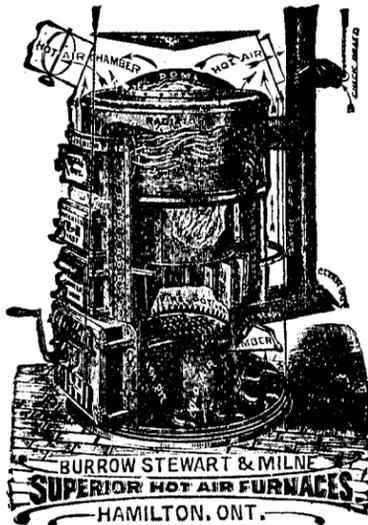
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- 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

Owing to a generally expressed desire THE WEEK has decided to accept MSS. sent in for the Short Story Prize Competition whether typewritten or not.

WE are glad to see that the attention of the Minister of Education has been directed not in vain to some serious defects in the working of the educational system of Ontario, and that he is beginning to consider the question of remedies. At an address delivered to a large audience in the City Hall, at Guelph, under the auspices of the South Wellington Teachers' Association, he is reported as having foreshadowed some legislation to secure better enforcement, or, we should rather say, some attempt at enforcement, of the compulsory clauses of the school law. He referred to the fact, which is brought out in his own annual report, and on which we have before commented, that notwithstanding the heavy taxation in Ontario for educational purposes, 235,000 pupils out of 498,000, or 45 per cent., had attended less than 100 days a year, when school was open 200 to 220 days a year. Mr. Ross did not think the people would submit to a compulsory education law like that of Germany, but he considered the present state of affairs unjust to the ratepayers, as if the law taxed every ratepayer for education it should also see that that education was given to those for whom it was provided. The logic of that position is certainly unassailable. There is no argument that will justify the taxation of the whole people for school purposes, which will not also require that the end for which the taxes are imposed be secured, by compulsion if necessary. Another point referred to is also one to which we have called attention as

a very serious defect in our schools, viz., the immaturity of a large proportion of the teachers employed. It is unquestionably the fact, we believe, that more than half of the Public School teachers of Ontario are less, and a large proportion of them very considerably less, than twenty-one years of age. Mr. Ross now proposes, we are glad to see, to raise the minimum age at which teachers' certificates shall be granted from eighteen to twenty-one. We can think of no reform, short of the perhaps impossible one of a doubling or trebling of the salaries of Public School teachers, which would do more to improve the character of the teaching and management than that thus foreshadowed. Nor should it be left out of the account that this reform will tend indirectly to an increase of salaries, by reducing the number of competitors, which is now out of all proportion to the number of schools. The Minister is also represented as saying that "while the main line of our educational system centres in the University there might with profit be switches, so to speak, in the High Schools, for commercial, industrial and agricultural training." We have always contended that the boasted unity of plan in our school system, a consequence of which is that the Public School work is carried on mainly with reference to the High School, and that of the High School mainly with reference to the University, is really one of its radical faults. The result is, in each case, that the interests of the many are sacrificed, or at least subordinated, to those of the few, for no one can doubt that the courses of both Public and High Schools could be much better adapted to the wants of the great majority in each, whose education proceeds no farther, were those courses arranged with special reference to the needs of those majorities. We are glad to see that Mr. Ross proposes some concession in favour of this common-sense view.

DURING his recent visit to Winnipeg, Sir Hector Langevin made a speech, in the course of which he is reported to have referred in the following terms to the question of disallowance:—

If a Local Legislature affirms a false principle or interferes with the rights of the individual, the power is there on the part of the individuals to appeal to the Governor-General-in-Council and ask to have the Act disallowed, because it is against the constitutional right of the subject or against the interest of the country. Should that be the case, the Governor-General-in-Council would not hesitate a moment to disallow Acts of that kind. Therefore, individuals need not be uneasy about an Act of the Local Legislature.

These are words of serious import. If Sir Hector is correctly reported and if his expressions may be accepted as representing the views of the Dominion Government, we are evidently on the eve of a severer struggle than any which has yet taken place in regard to the question of Provincial Rights. As we have more than once had occasion to point out Sir John A. Macdonald's words in the debate on the Jesuit Estates' Act, and, in fact, the words and attitude of all the members of the Government in regard to that measure, seemed to indicate that they had conceded the broader doctrine of Provincial Rights as opposed to Dominion prerogative. It will never do to have one theory for Quebec and another for Manitoba. And yet we have now the Minister of Public Works affirming the power of disallowance, not only in defence of constitutional rights, but as against the affirmation of "false principles," and in the fancied "interests of the country." We need not just now enter into the merits of the particular Act of the Manitoba Legislature, which was no doubt the measure aimed at by Sir Hector's remarks, but it is clear that the language here ascribed to him asserts the right of the Dominion Government to veto Provincial Legislation, not only on strict constitutional grounds but on general principles, and in defence of what it may be pleased to regard as "the rights of the individual," or "the interest of the country." The reference to "the rights of the individual" reminds us of the chief ground on which the Government sought to justify the disallowance of the Ontario Rivers and Streams Act. The Imperial Privy Council's verdict has surely disposed of that contention. Not much argument would be needed to show that if the views enunciated by Sir Hector should prevail, the word "federation" as applied to the union of

the Provinces would be a misnomer. The Local Legislature would no longer be independent within their own spheres, but would be reduced to the position of subordinate councils, under the direction and control of the central authority.

THE great trial at Woodstock is now a thing of the past, and will soon be known only as a matter of history. Persistently and relentlessly the sleuth-hounds of justice have followed the trail left, in spite of all precautions, by the perpetrator of one of the most cold-blooded murders recorded in Canadian annals. Link by link a chain of evidence was forged so strong as to seem, not only to the twelve sworn men to whose hands was committed the power of life or death, but we suppose to nineteen out of every twenty of those who followed the welding process from day to day, practically if not absolutely unbreakable. The verdict has been found and the terrible sentence pronounced. The moral is written large upon the very face of the whole tragedy, the closing scene of which is to be enacted on the 14th of November. Leaving that to be read by all to whom the knowledge of the facts may come, two or three observations growing out of the trial rather than bearing upon it suggest themselves. In the first place, we believe, as we have said, that the evidence must be convincing to almost every mind that studies it. And yet, after all, it is but circumstantial evidence. No one saw the convict commit the crime. He is reported in some of the newspapers as having said that he could explain the whole matter and free himself by a few words. Wildly improbable as such a thing is, who can say that it is utterly impossible? The point is, that though the probability of guilt is of that overwhelming kind upon which we are obliged to act in nearly all the most important affairs of life, it is not absolute certainty. When Birchall shall have gone to the gallows and passed out of life there will still linger in the minds of many a haunting shadow of the possibility that he may have been innocent of the crime for which he paid the penalty. We need not stay to point out that this fact constitutes a strong plea in favour of imprisonment for life instead of death, as the legal punishment, at least in all cases in which the evidence, however strong, is purely circumstantial. Another thought suggested is that of the effect of the purpose or predilection, with which one comes to the study of evidence, in shaping his conclusions. No one can, we suppose, doubt that the eloquent Counsel for the defence became, in the course of his professional duty and the preparation of his final argument, strongly convinced of the innocence of his client, or that the equally learned and eloquent Crown Counsel became as firmly convinced of his guilt. It is no reflection upon these gentlemen, but merely the statement of a fact in the working of that curious piece of mechanism, the human mind, to say that, in all probability, had these gentlemen been engaged on the opposite sides of the case respectively, their convictions at the close of the trial would very likely have been reversed. Whether this fact, if it be accepted as such, constitutes an argument in favour of or against our system of criminal jurisprudence is an open question. To those who take the latter view will fall the difficult task of proposing a better system.

ONE question suggested by such trials as that just concluded at Woodstock is why it should so often be thought necessary by the Counsel for the defence in such cases to browbeat and badger the crown witnesses. We can readily understand the reason for adopting such a course sometimes in civil cases, involving large sums of money, and so affording room for suspicion that some of the witnesses may have been tampered with. In trials involving political issues, too, there may often be good reason for suspecting that witnesses may have been "coached" for the occasion, or that their partisan feelings may have got the better of their consciences. In such cases—whenever, in short, there is reasonable ground for fearing that manufactured or perverted testimony is being given, we can well understand why an effort should be made in cross-examination to confuse or frighten the suspected witness, or to involve him in contradictions which may show the worthlessness of his statements. But in cases involving the life or death

of the accused, the solemnity of the issue makes it almost impossible to suspect any but a most disreputable witness of a design or desire to secure a conviction by false, distorted, or exaggerated testimony. It may be possible for a counsel who is anxious to secure the acquittal, by any means, of a man he believes to be guilty, to so intimidate or confuse a timid or nervous witness as to lead him or her to make incompatible or even contradictory admissions. It may be possible, too, to unduly weaken the force of testimony by insinuating unjust and cruel suspicions in regard to the moral character of the witness. But we cannot conceive of a high-minded and honourable barrister as either desiring such an end, contrary to the interests of justice, or as being willing to resort to the use of such means. Nevertheless, it is, as we all know, quite customary for the counsel for the defendant to cross-examine witnesses of whose good faith he can have no reasonable doubt, in such a style as would seem to the unprofessional mind to be justified only by strong suspicion of intentional perjury. Such a mode of treatment cannot be in the interests of truth, for the more complete the self-possession of the witness, the clearer will be his recollection and statement of the facts within his knowledge. It cannot be in the interests of justice, for the effect is to create such a dread of being subjected to the ordeal as no doubt deters many a one who might give valuable testimony from making known facts that may have come under his observation. May it not be worth the consideration of the members of the bar whether the dignity of the profession would not be promoted, and the true interests of justice subserved better by the breach than by the observance of this traditional mode, if such it be, of cross-examination in criminal cases?

THE standing objection with which the advocates of Imperial Federation have hitherto been met, and, as it has seemed to us, fairly met, has been that, in the absence of some well-defined scheme, no one was able to say or to know what Imperial Federation really means. To this the answer has usually been that it was too soon to ask or expect such a scheme, and that to attempt to formulate one at so early a stage in the progress of the movement would be but a source of embarrassment, if not of disaster. We are glad to see that the Executive Committee of the Imperial Federation League of Canada are no longer of this opinion. Under their auspices and by their order there has just appeared from the publishing houses of C. Blackett Robinson, Toronto, and William Drysdale and Company, Montreal, a treatise of more than a hundred pages, entitled "A Federal Parliament of the British People," by Arch. McGoun, M.A., B.C.L., advocate, Montreal. We have not yet been able to give this pamphlet the careful reading throughout, which its importance deserves, and must, therefore, defer any extended notice until another number. Meanwhile we may say that we have read far enough and closely enough to become very favourably impressed with the ability and lucidity of the work, and the author's comprehensive grasp of the subject. So far as we are aware, Mr. McGoun's pamphlet is by far the most important treatise which has yet appeared on the subject, and we cannot doubt that it will be widely read and will make a marked impression. If it does not give a strong and lasting impulse to the Federation movement, it will be, in our opinion, only because thoughtful readers, recognizing in it the outlines of the most complete scheme that could be evolved by a competent and judicious advocate, will be but the more firmly convinced that the obstacles which make it difficult if not impossible to regard such a scheme as practicable are obstacles inherent in the conditions of the problem, rather than mere faults of procedure in the attempted solution. Be that as it may, however, to Mr. McGoun belongs the great credit of having seen clearly that if the advocates of the scheme wish to gain the adhesion of thoughtful and practical men, they must not shrink from attempting to define their position; and of having had the courage which refuses to "shirk the consideration of the question in all its bearings," or "foster the delusion that it can be accomplished without some sacrifices." While we fail to be convinced that Imperial Federation is either a feasible or a desirable destiny for Canada, and may attempt to give some reasons for our opinion in connection with a fuller consideration of this able and interesting paper, at another time, we heartily commend Mr. McGoun's treatise as worthy of careful perusal by everyone who is interested in the question, whether as friend or opponent of the proposed federation.

THE remarkable letter addressed a few weeks ago by the Minister of the Interior to the Oka Indians, on which we commented at the time, has had its natural effect in arousing sympathy for the Indians and indignation against both the Sulpicians and the Hon. Mr. Dewdney. It is probable that the public meeting held in Ottawa a few days since may have been too much under the influence of feeling to take a dispassionate view of the question discussed. It is possible, too, that Mr. MacLaren's sketch of the history and legal aspects of the case may need supplementing from the Seminary's standpoint. It would be beyond our sphere to venture an opinion in regard to the validity or invalidity of the Seminary's claim to the disputed property. That is a purely legal question. But it is not easy to see how any fair-minded man can feel otherwise than indignant in view of the manner in which the Seminary has attempted to crowd out those unfortunate Indians who have incurred its displeasure by becoming Protestants. Either the Seminary's title to the lands so long occupied by these Indians is good in law and equity or it is not. There is a regular way in which the question may be decided, and should it be decided in favour of the Sulpician claim there is a regular way in which to gain possession. Mere *ex parte* legal opinions are worthless in such a case. Mr. MacLaren says that he, as Counsel for the Indians, has repeatedly challenged the Seminary to take such action as would insure the early settlement of the dispute by the courts. The fact that they have steadily refused to do this gives ground for a pretty strong suspicion that the Seminary authorities have not full confidence in the justice of their cause. On the other hand Chief Timothy's complaints of the manner in which his people have been treated and his simple faith in British honour appeal strongly not only to the sympathy of the public but to its sense of justice and its love of fair play. In any case Mr. Dewdney's letter is indefensible and inexcusable. As Chief Timothy intimated, it is the duty of the Government to secure justice to the poor and weak. Especially is this the case when they are its wards. But it surely cannot be its duty to bring pressure to bear to aid the strong in enforcing claims not duly established in a court of justice. The attachment of the Indians to the spot in which their fathers have lived and died is touching. Even should the Seminary's claim be made good in a court of law, it would devolve upon the Government to maintain British justice, and to honour the faith of the Indians in the covenant of British kings, by either purchasing for the dispossessed the homes to which they are so much attached, or securing for them others in a locality satisfactory to them. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Dewdney's blunder is likely to have an effect just the opposite of that intended, and by fixing public attention upon the case and raising up powerful friends for the Protestant Indians, to compel either the abandonment of the attempt to remove them, or the settlement of the question by proper legal processes.

"PROFESSIONAL politician" is a phrase very often used in these days, and almost invariably with a sneering inflection. And yet, unless the word "politician" itself is understood to carry with it necessarily a bad connotation, it is not easy to see why the duties it implies should not constitute one of the noblest of professions. Theoretically, politics, or the science of government, is one of the most difficult and abstruse, as well as one of the most indispensable of studies, and hence one that demands the undivided energies of the ablest minds; while if in the term "politician" we include the business of reducing the science to practice in the work of legislation and government, the demands necessarily made upon the time and powers of the individual are increased to a degree that should know no limits but those set by nature and necessity. These remarks are suggested by the rumour, whether well-founded or not we have no means of knowing, that the friends and admirers of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier are proposing to establish a fund for the purpose of paying him such a salary as might in some measure compensate him for giving up his legal practice and giving all his time and attention to the duties resting upon him as leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament. The suggestion, if properly conditioned, seems to us wise on political and unobjectionable on ethical grounds. Whether it is feasible or not depends upon the earnestness and liberality of his supporters. We have, as our readers are well aware, no admiration for the party system in government. It is, to our thinking, a roundabout, wasteful mode of making and administering the laws of a country. What is infinitely worse, it is the fruitful parent of much of the favouritism

and corruption which are the curse of our politics and the bane of our civilization. But so long as we are unable to work a radical reform in this respect, it is eminently desirable that the representatives chosen, and especially the leaders of both parties, should be the very best men the country can produce, and that they should have every inducement to give their best energies to their political duties, and every encouragement and help to spurn the temptations with which their path will always be thickly bestrewn. Under the present system the State provides moderate salaries for the members of the Government, that is the leaders of the successful party, but makes, of course, no provision for the leaders of the minority, though it is generally admitted, and is indeed but a corollary of the party system, that an efficient Opposition is almost as useful and as necessary to good government as an efficient administration. But as in the majority of cases our best public men are dependent upon some business or profession for support, it is too much to ask or expect that they shall forego their means of livelihood in order to serve either the public or the party. Canada has no doubt lost the services of more than one of her ablest and most incorruptible statesmen, simply because they could not afford to give the necessary attention to political matters. We are, therefore, unable to see why it should not be in the best interest of the country that each party should have a sufficient fund to enable more than one of its ablest men to give their whole time to the study of the science of politics, and the application of sound political principles and laws to the solution of the hard, practical questions which are continually coming up for discussion and settlement. Such men could do, too, an excellent and much-needed educational work by series of statesmanlike addresses and lectures in different localities all over the Dominion. Of course it would be necessary to guard against the use of any portion of such a fund for improper purposes, and to this end it should be collected and managed in the most open and above-board manner, all accounts being subject to Parliamentary inspection. In the same category should be placed all party expenditures in elections. These indeed might well be brought under the same management. The adoption of the British system in regard to such expenditures is the reform most imperatively needed just now to promote purity of elections.

IT is, perhaps, impossible to conceive of a more fiendish crime than that of purposely wrecking, or trying to wreck, a railway train, in order either to plunder the dead and maimed passengers, or to take revenge upon stockholders or managers. Hence, such an event as the destruction of the train on the N. Y. Central Railroad, a week or two since, is of more than local or even national importance. The whole continent at least is interested in finding out the perpetrators of such an outrage, and the motives which could prompt them to so horrible a deed. Especially is it desirable that it should be known whether the dastardly act was committed by members of a labour organization and with the connivance of its local managers. Were it to be proved that a section of the Knights of Labour were responsible for the crime, the effect would be, not only to brand those immediately concerned as criminals of the deepest dye, but, however unjustly, to put an indelible stigma upon the whole organization, and probably to lead to its destruction. On the other hand, if it be that the Knights as such are innocent, the members of the Order, everywhere, will suffer cruel wrong from the unjust accusation. The fact that three men, who were alleged to be Knights of Labour, confessed themselves to be the guilty parties was naturally accepted at first as settling the question unfavourably for the Knights. But the further fact that the Grand Jury before whom this confession was laid, failed to indict the men for the alleged crime, though it did for a lesser one committed elsewhere, and acquitted two other men whom the confession implicated as accomplices, shows that the confession could hardly have been considered genuine by those who had the best means of judging. That which tends more than anything else to make the people cautious in believing the Knights guilty is the presence of a paid detective agency in the persons of the Pinkerton men. Many of these are, undoubtedly, men of the very lowest type, and the agency has a direct interest in leading the public to believe that it has made some great discoveries. It is encouraging to learn that the Legislature of New York is considering the propriety of legislating against the employment of private police such as those organized by Pinkerton. As the *Christian Union* well observes: "the difference between a

barbaric and a civilized State is marked in nothing more than in this, that in the barbaric State every man is his own protector and his own avenger, while in the civilized State he goes unarmed, and the community undertakes the duty of protecting his rights and avenging his wrongs."

RECENT despatches from England and Europe fall far short of corroborating Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's somewhat bombastic statement that the people of all classes in the trans-Atlantic nations are in mortal terror of the McKinley Bill. That the operation of that middle-age measure will cause a good deal of inconvenience and loss for a time, while commerce is adjusting itself to the new conditions, is very probable. But it requires no great prescience to foresee that it will lead to a speedy development of British and European trade with Africa and Asia, the extent of which may prove practically unlimited. Selfishness and isolation are no more likely to prove good policy on the part of a nation than on that of an individual. That the new and unique course upon which the United States is about to enter will be bitterly regretted at a future day may be regarded as certain, because recoil as the effect of sudden and violent disturbance of established order is the law of nature, in commerce as in every other sphere. With the adoption of the McKinley Bill our neighbours must abandon any hope they may have cherished of being able to regain gradually their lost ocean commerce, to say nothing of competing in the race for the prizes Africa and other Eastern lands have to offer. There seems little reason to fear that the rapidly developing resources of her own colonies and of India, Africa and other Eastern lands will prove ample in the near future to meet all the demands which Great Britain may make upon them, and render her less and less dependent upon the United States. On the other hand, the dread with which, the *Standard* says, many English merchants and manufacturers have looked forward to the possible adoption by America of a trade policy which would enable her to compete on equal terms in the markets of the world, was, no doubt, well founded. We have only to imagine that instead of resorting to a policy of "protection run mad," the American Congress were just now about passing a measure looking in the direction of universal free trade, to be enabled to get some conception of the cause for British apprehension. There can be no doubt that the United States has a wealth of resources of various kinds, and her people an inventiveness and energy which would give her, other things being equal, an advantage over any European nation. With the vast merchant fleets she might have sailing every sea, freighted with the rich products of her boundless fields and her skilful industry, or bearing back the treasures of foreign lands to her shores, what was to prevent her from becoming, in a single decade, England's most formidable rival on the high seas and in foreign markets? We are not sure that we should be going too far in saying that the danger England's manufacturers thus escape may fully counterbalance any loss they may temporarily suffer from the operation of the McKinley Bill.

IN a recent number of the *London Times* it is said that "a new form of electrical generator and motor has been invented by Mr. J. Vaughan-Sherrin, by means of which the propulsion of boats, tricycles and Bath chairs is effected without accumulators." If this be so, and it becomes thereby possible to get rid of the weight of accumulators, a new revolution, so far at least as light vehicles are concerned, is at our doors, and we may expect to see spider-wheeled carriages of various kinds flying over the roads with the speed of bicycles, but without the demand for skill and muscular effort on the part of the riders which those imply. There is, we are told, an entire absence of danger to those working the new machine, and no chance of even a shock being received. Characteristically enough, an Act of Parliament is said to stand in the way of the use of these new vehicles on English roads, and legislation must be had before they can be employed. If, however, the invention proves successful it will be of too great value to admit of its being long hampered by any artificial obstacles.

FROM the accounts given in papers now to hand of the use of smokeless powder at recent manoeuvres of French and Austrian troops, it is evident that the term "smokeless" as applied to these new explosives is not, as we have half-suspected, a hyperbole or a misnomer. The *London Times'* correspondent, telegraphing from Vienna, says that in a certain sham fight in Hungary there were 77 battalions of infantry, 36 squadrons of cavalry, and 128 pieces of artillery engaged, and that, although heavy firing

was going on for more than four hours, not the slightest trace of smoke was visible. "Commanding officers were no longer able to judge the position, movements and strength of opposing forces by the density of the smoke, and it took considerable time to fix the position of firing batteries, while infantry well under cover could hardly be discovered. There was the usual roaring of cannon and musketry, although somewhat subdued, but the landscape as far as the eye could reach remained serene and motionless." The *Spectator* suggests that amongst other results of this momentous change, it is possible that the effects on men's nerve may be very great. "Death that comes from no one can tell where, and is accompanied only by a dull, indeterminate roar, might become terrifying beyond human endurance." We do not see, however, why the nerves may not as easily be schooled to withstand that, as the certainly not lesser terrors of the roar of cannon, the crash of musketry, and the death-dealing messengers coming unseen out of dense clouds of smoke. There is one consolation in connection with all these improvements in the means of destruction. It is pretty evident that each great nation's hesitation to engage in war with its neighbours may be due, in no small measure, to the fear that that neighbour may have some more potent implement of war than its own. Such an implement, as has been more than once demonstrated, may decide the issue of a great campaign.

BIGOTRY.

THE *Canada Educational Monthly* is presumed to be written for the benefit chiefly of those who are interested in educational work; in other words, of an exceptionally intelligent class of readers. If its readers are as intelligent as might fairly be expected, a majority of them will certainly repudiate the intolerant remarks that appear in the September number on the subject of the new High School Reader. The statement is editorially made that, in the volume in question, "there are no less than eight authors represented who are distinctly atheistic, or agnostic, or materialistic, or whatever else they may choose to be called"; and a desire is expressed to see "a new table of contents made out in which the names of these writers shall not be seen." I have looked over the list of authors represented to see who the eight are to whom the editor of the *Educational Monthly* refers, and I find some difficulty in making out the number with certainty. The following seven are probably included:—Arnold (Matthew), Darwin, George Eliot, Hume, Huxley, Shelley and Swinburne; but who is the eighth? Is it Carlyle, or Clough, or Emerson, or Froude, or Dante Rossetti? It may be any one of them, or any one of half a dozen others whose names appear. Now, had passages been chosen from the above writers that expressed agnostic opinions, it might not unfairly have been objected that questions unsuited to the age of High School pupils were being unnecessarily brought forward. But when we find George Eliot represented by a most innocent description from the "Mill on the Floss" of a summer morning spent by Tom and Maggie in fishing; Matthew Arnold by his fine poem "Rugby Chapel"; Darwin by a page or two from his universally admired book on the "Formation of Vegetable Mould"; Hume by an account of the first Crusade; Huxley by his splendid delineation of "A Liberal Education"; and Shelley by his "Cloud," the simple intolerance of the objection raised to the appearance of these names becomes obvious. As regards Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden," I am disposed to agree with the editor of the *Monthly* that it is not a good selection; there is nothing in it of a specially agnostic character, but it is dreary and unsuited to youth—quite as dreary as a good deal of the Book of Ecclesiastes. The extraordinary thing is, however, that a professed advocate of education should wish to keep the intelligent pupils of our High Schools in ignorance of the broad fact that there are such writers in the world as Huxley, Darwin, Matthew Arnold and George Eliot—should advocate the policy of excluding the very names of such writers from a selection of readings that claims to be representative of modern literature and modern thought. Are such writers excluded from our public libraries? Do the most orthodox of booksellers exclude the novels of George Eliot or the works of Darwin from their shelves and counters? It would really be interesting to know in whose behalf the *Educational Monthly* speaks when it recommends so obscurantist a policy. We know there are feeble-minded men and women in the community who dread the very name of modern thought, and look upon science itself as almost a spirit of evil. Here and there we discover a degree of mental darkness that would find a fitter environment in Equatorial Africa than in the progressive cities of the Western Continent; but an educational journal is not supposed to appeal to, or take its inspiration from, the most backward portion of the community. Where, then, are the intelligent men and women, persons themselves educated, thoughtful and competent, and known to be such, who will come out over their names and support the *Educational Monthly* in objecting to the insertion in a High School Reader of any selections whatever—even the most instructive and the least controversial in tone—from such writers as are named above? If there are such persons,

let them speak so that we may know what kind of a community we are living in.

It is a favourite idea, as I have had many occasions to notice, of the ultra-orthodox that dissentients from orthodoxy have no rights which they (the ultra-orthodox) are bound to respect. It may be presumed that people who themselves buy the works of Darwin, Huxley, Arnold, Spencer (somehow or other Spencer's name does not appear in the Reader, though he has written many a page suitable for selection) and other literary and scientific leaders of our time, would not prevent their children from reading such portions of the works of these writers as might be suited to their comprehension. Are such people so few in number that their very existence as an element in the community may not only safely but justly be ignored? Ask the booksellers whether in the class that chiefly sends pupils to the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, the purchasers of the works of modern "liberal" thinkers are a really negligible element. If they are, how is it that such books are *always* kept in stock in the bookstores? No one can read the great English reviews without being brought into the most intimate contact with the most advanced thought of the time. These reviews are in every reading-room and on every bookseller's counter. Have the people who read them no rights? Have their children no rights? "No rights that I am bound to respect" virtually replies the editor of the *Educational Monthly*, "for if I had my way I should not let any writer of the Matthew Arnold or George Eliot or Charles Darwin type so much as show his or her face in a School Reader. I, and those who think with me, are in the majority, and I should have no hesitation in excluding all names that did not belong to our household of faith."

Well, yes, the editor of the *Monthly* and his friends are the majority; how is it, then, that they do not have their way as completely as they could wish? Mainly because what they wish is both unjust and absurd. The moral and intellectual forces, which they would gladly over-ride if they could by the brute force of numbers, are too strong for them. The reason on which the unthinking multitude would trample, if they could, makes itself heard in the councils of ministers, and wherever two or three intelligent men are gathered together. The heathen of re-action may rage and imagine any number of vain things, but their power for mischief will never equal their disposition. They lay about them with a stupid arm of flesh; but the spirit has been beforehand with its pervasive work, and what the spirit has done the flesh cannot undo. So, although there is no agnosticism—that I can discern—in the new High School Reader, there is a fair sprinkling of the names of those who have cast off the "winter weeds outworn" of ancient dogma, and whose free and untrammelled ways of looking at things furnish both guidance and inspiration to intelligent youth. For this let us be thankful, and let the children of light take courage.

W. D. LESUEUR.

Ottawa, Sept. 19, '90.

PARIS LETTER.

BEYOND doubt, Paris may fairly claim to have possessed the first "casual ward" on record. This was in the thirteenth century. An hospice-hospital was established by royal charter in the Rue St. Denis, not far from the present tower—an affectionate ruin of Jacques sans Peur. The establishment had for its primary object, to shelter during three days and three nights all women, widows, and girls who arrived in Paris to seek a situation to pursue some business, or to prosecute some law-suit. The females generally came to the city on foot, having exhausted all their resources to meet the expenses of their journey.

The sheltered, while inmates of the institution, were prohibited from begging. They were known as "Catherinites," because the establishment was placed under St. Catherine, the patroness of girls. The hospice-hospital was conducted by nuns; they enjoyed certain privileges, thus they had a separate quarter in the Cemetery of The Innocents for interment. But they were bound in return to take charge of all the corpses picked up on the streets of Paris, or found in the river Seine, and see that they had Christian burial in the common grave. They declined to receive the bodies of suicides, and were not bound to do so. They were allowed ten sous for each corpse buried by them. As perquisites, they had the right to all the clothing and property belonging to a deceased. This could not have been much, as the city guards searched and stripped each "find" before bringing it to St. Catherine's, and depositing it wrapped in an old mantle, or rolled up in rushes. A free-thinking captain, on one occasion, lost his situation for bringing to the hospice a suicide, with the rope by which the unfortunate hanged himself round the neck, and ordering the nuns to inter the remains.

The "shelter" was exclusively for females. However, a prisoner who had escaped from his guards, was brought to the convent and placed in a bed in the infirmary, among the sick women. The guards forced their way in and carried off their prisoner, a clerk, charged with theft. The nuns protested: the judges ordered the two guards to pay an indemnity of forty francs, then a heavy penalty, and to bring back the prisoner. The latter had died *en route*, so the nuns had to bury him. The matter came again before the judges, who decided that the guards were to have an effigy made in wax of the prisoner, to present that to the nuns, to express in presence of the inmates, an apology for their misconduct, and to announce that they had been dismissed from the service.

Philip VI. granted the nuns the privilege to not only brew beer, but to open a shop and retail it. Charles V. allowed them to grant licenses to persons to sell the beer in the city, and they were permitted to purchase their salt at the royal granary, free of duty. Being "house-holders," they were liable to serve as national guards; the king, however, exempted them. To-day, only theological students have to serve in the army. When Henri IV. decreed that all hospices must have their books examined by the treasury inspectors, the nuns petitioned for exemption on the plea that mass was celebrated in their establishment, and so it was a "monastery." They beat off the civil power. In 1703, a law was voted to tax all establishments, save hospitals. The nuns petitioned Louis XIV. that they were neither an hospice, a monastery, nor a convent, but an hospital. They won as usual.

Less halcyon days were at hand. On one occasion the nuns objected to receive a chaplain, nominated by the Archbishop of Paris; the ladies were only calmed down, when threatened to be sent to the Bastille. In 1793, the establishment was converted into a theatre; in 1797, the Theophilanthropists, the forerunners of the English Buddhists, held their *réunions* there. In 1852-3, the building was swept away, to make room for the Boulevard de Sebastopol. The Charity Commissioners were paid 10,000,000 frs. indemnity. Before the church property was confiscated, to help to back up the assignats, St. Catherine's hospice had an income of 89,000 frs. yearly, from donations. Some of the latter were not bloated; thus two rich merchants left it "60 sous" annually, and Isabella of Bavaria bequeathed the nuns, by her will, 5 frs.

The nuns of St. Catherine were ejected in a curious manner. A law had been voted, closing all the intramural cemeteries of the city, from Nov. 1, 1780. No provision had been made to meet the peculiar duties of the nuns; the corpses were deposited in their establishment as usual, and accumulated so much that nuns and patients alike fled. The city authorities then stepped in. The nuns' cemetery at St. Innocents does not appear to have been definitely closed till 1814, as Bichat was interred there; so was Pichegru after he "suicided"; so also were the remains of Mirabeau, after they were ejected by the republicans from the Pantheon, when they discovered he had been allied with Marie Antoinette and the court. Something like Boulanger's republicanism just unearthed—resting on the Comte de Paris and Prince Napoleon. Where the remains of Mirabeau were ultimately deposited is as unknown as where are those of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, when their turn came to be thrown out of the Pantheon. It is the apprehension that history might repeat itself, which makes Gambetta *père* refuse his consent for the transfer of his son's remains from Nice to the French Walhalla.

The French have followed, with exceptional interest, the autumn manoeuvres of their corps d'Armée in the north, representing the beating back of an invasion from Belgium. The smokeless powder was here experimented with on realistic lines. The puffs of blue gaseous vapour, quickly passed off, just the same as demonstrated by the smokeless explosives of Germany, England, and Italy, equally abreast in the novelty. The old conclusion was corroborated, that the men must individually rely on shelter in every form, and that national temperament will count for a good deal. Velocipedists established themselves as a necessity for despatch carrying; no depth of mud proved an obstacle to the wheelers. As to pigeons and ballooning, they are not to be praised. Near Bapaume, the contending armies were in presence, but could not get at each other on account of the terrible fog. One commander-in-chief ordered the sentinels to be doubled, and the men to go asleep on the wet grass. The ground was a puddle, and the men were mudlarks, so not bright marks for an enemy.

Now that Royalists and Bonapartists have burned their *dernière cartouche* by working in with Boulanger to effect a coup d'Etat for the demolition of the republic, the well-wishers of the Constitution would like to see the Government yield on the matter of the expulsion of the religious orders, that expulsion being the only grievance the reactionists can urge against the republic. The latter is strong enough to be as tolerant as England. Alter the law so that new orders, if they violate it, can be punished like ordinary mortals. Like Actæon, Boulanger promises to be devoured by his republican followers for his disloyalty in accepting 3,000,000 frs. from the Orleanist Duchess d'Uzès, which were applied to elect the thirty Boulangist deputies. The latter, claiming to be republicans, having had their election bills paid by royalist funds, are called upon, in common decency, to resign, which would be more correct than fighting duels before the gallery. The Duchesse is not likely to be a loser for her millions; she is the owner of the Widow Clicquot Champagne factory, and that is the brand henceforth to swear by. It turns out to be a good "aerial" advertisement. That is a more tangible form of repayment than the assurance of the "triple alliance"—Orleans, Bonaparte, Boulanger—to indemnify her, whatever would first succeed to be "King" of the May. Home Minister Constans, in planning the revelations of Boulangism, gives another proof of his masterly ability.

The number of persons employed in France in the silk industry is 600,000 and the value of their output is estimated at 700,000,000 frs. annually. But in the growth of silk, called *sericulture*, only 150,000 individuals are engaged, extending over eight departments of France. It is a delicate work, and lucrative or ruinous,

following temperature; it really does not last more than forty days. Silk-worm culture is not field work; it only requires a separate room; it demands no exercise of strength, but much patience, activity, and care, and is hence suited to women and girls, and can supplement the family income.

The total annual out-put of raw silk in France is 800 tons. In 1850 it was five times greater. Switzerland and Germany are not only serious silk rivals with France, but Austria, Russia, and the United States tend to supply their own silk. Since 1870, America has turned out silk valued at 250,000,000 frs. Asia is also a terrible competitor by her corahs, pongees, and other light taffetas. Silk merchants here predict that the future of the silk trade will be concentrated in Milan and London, and will have in consequence to throw not less than 350,000 persons in France out of employment.

Senator Simon's appeal to Frenchmen to wed and raise up more children than the mystic number of "two," and so save their country from being ranked as a by-gone people has been heard. A bridegroom, "aged 106," has wed his housekeeper, of seventy-five, who for thirty years has looked after his flannels and warm drinks. Well done, Nantes! The bridegroom, as the law exacts, declared that he could not produce the consent of his parents to his union, as they died in 1815; instead, he produced his certificate of baptism, that he was of legal age in "1805." That is better patriotism than the centenarian who, disgusted with life, and consequently with matrimony, threw himself a few days ago under the wheels of a train, near Lyons.

There are 3,974,180 persons of both sexes, between twenty-four and fifty-nine years of age, unmarried in France. A Frenchman cannot marry till he has put in his service in the army; that compels him to postpone wedlock till he is twenty-four. There are 127,143 individuals of both sexes leading a life of celibacy in the various religious orders. M. Bourdeau says that the number of females who have entered convents has doubled in a century. This may be largely attributed to the absence of the institution of courtship in France. Lovers are only left alone after the knot is tied. A French marriage, however, is not an alliance of two persons, but of two social positions—a notarial act followed by a nuptial march.

M. Rochefort, in connection with his recent duell-odyssey, was so pestered with interviewers, that the torture was Danteau. He ought to remember what Voltaire said: "Nothing is more disagreeable than to be hanged obscurely."

"SUCH IS LIFE."

I WOKE this morn at early dawn and mused;
And suddenly I seemed a leaf afloat,
Dropped from autumnal tree which frosts had smote,
Gliding adown calm current unconfused.
Sere, worthless, with no more a place to fill
In the green garniture of mead or hill,
Methought how fit an end for all that nature used.

Content thee that the meditative eye
Of Eve's calm wanderer by the river's brink
Should idly note thee pass, and never think
What freight of mirth or sorrow floats him by.
Let me not think indifference is scorn
For the slight thing that down the stream is borne
To some calm nook, unnoticed there to lie.

J. C.

"SHEARITH ISRAEL."

HOW far are we a new country after all? Our buildings are new, our lines of trade and development are new, the history of our stay here is new, distinctive thought and writing in the country are new affairs, and such things mean a good deal no doubt on the surface. But, after all, let us remember now and then how old we are, in this wrinkled Laurentide land itself, in its dark aboriginal past, and above all in the mighty and varied past of the civilization which we, old races also as we are, have brought here with us. Was it yesterday that we traded on the wild Cornish coast with the men of Tyre and Sidon; who sailed away and sold our goods to Homer and to Nebuchadnezzar?

This was a fit thought for those who stood a week ago in the Sephardic Synagogue of Montreal at the ceremony of its inauguration. Here was a congregation founded one hundred and twenty-two years ago and met together in a temple reproducing the impressive architecture of Egypt. The faces in the seats and galleries were of types which toil as captives under the lash of the taskmaster on the mural paintings of Memphis and Thebes. The red lips, the wide-nostrilled nose-curve, the drooping eye-lids and full eye were there. And the Assyrian Semite was there too with his short powerful stature, and characteristic beard, a man whose native energy could be pictured in the pitiless dawn of history, directing the destruction of some rebel city, so that every soul be cut off and "not one stone be left upon another."

But the Jews of Canada are no Assyrians. They are sober, hard-working, liberal-thinking citizens, frankly acknowledging an average of black sheep among their new immigrants, and producing as a counter-balance some of the most progressive and generous types of manhood. Many of them are building up moderate fortunes out of nothing; our best society contains no more respected members than

some of them; and they have contributed a full share to the development of our industries, as well as several names to the ranks of literature among us.

"Spanish and Portuguese congregation, Shearith Israel, of Montreal, Order of Service for the consecration of the new Stanley Street Synagogue on Elul 15th, August 31st, 5650," reads the Hebrew-and-English programme. The words "Spanish and Portuguese" bear witness to a difference of ritual. The people who made their way from Palestine to Europe, during the ages after the final Dispersion, entered it by two routes—the one by what is now Turkey and Poland, the other by North Africa, entering Spain long before the Mahometans.

Hence two somewhat differing forms of service and pronunciations of Hebrew—the rite of the German and oppressed Polish and Russian Jews, and that, nearer the true Palestinian form, of the free Sephardim of Spain, the stock of which D'Israeli was proud to count his blood. Tradition assigns the former to a mainly Benjaminic descent, the latter to the tribe of Judah. But, however that may be, the "Portuguese Rite" is preferred, and has attracted to the congregation now in question almost its entire membership from people of no Sephardic origin, away from their native rite. Nevertheless, that there is no antagonistic feeling between the two. The rabbi of the leading German Synagogue, "Shaar Hashonayim" ("Gates of Paradise"), took a prominent part in this inauguration.

The congregation of Shearith Israel ("The Remnant of Israel") is the original nucleus of Judaism in Canada. It was established in 1768. In the first days it consisted of Israelites, mostly from England, and met in Notre Dame Street. The services were then conducted by Rev. J. Cohen. In 1835, they built a small, but substantial and dignified stone synagogue, with heavy Doric pillars, on Chenneville Street. In 1858, they separated into a Portuguese and a German congregation. Within the past twenty-five years the influx of Jews into Montreal has so greatly increased their numbers that several other synagogues have been established and are flourishing, while it became absolutely necessary that the old body should seek a new home.

The design of the present building, a real architectural credit to Canada, for it is, perhaps, the only piece of original Jewish architecture (Judæo-Egyptian) on this continent, is due to the intelligence and determination of Mr. Clarence Isaac De Sola, third son of the late celebrated Rabbi Abraham De Sola, and descendant of the noted Jewish family of that name. The Hebrews seem to have drawn the style of their buildings, first from the Egyptians, and in their later days from the Ionic and Corinthian orders of Greece. To both they added in default of statuary, which was forbidden, the unusual feature of floral decorations, of which, by the way, the celebrated Golden Vine of the Temple was one variety. The earlier style has been followed in this example. As one approaches the entrance, four huge Egyptian pillars tower along the front, and produce a strong effect of power and solemnity. Entering large and handsome doors, the stranger passes across a vestibule and through the entrance to the synagogue proper. The design of all synagogues is intended to represent, after a limited fashion, the divisions of the Temple of Jerusalem. At the further end is the Ark, where the Scrolls of the Law are kept, and which stands for the Holy Place. In the centre is a raised platform for the rabbis and singers, which represents the Court of the Priests. Along both sides under the galleries sit the male congregation—as formerly they stood in the Court of the Men. The Court of the Women is represented by the galleries themselves, and is set apart for them alone.

In the present instance the Ark is a quaint chamber of old, dark, polished mahogany and stood in the former synagogue. It is approached by a circular flight of white marble steps, and above it the Ten Commandments appear in Hebrew on two large marble tablets, let into mahogany panelling. All this is enclosed between two lofty Egyptian pillars with capitals of the well-known deep red colour and the lotus-leaves, which, supporting an entablature of handsome reed-work in crimson and gold, into which five small windows of richly jewelled glass are let, makes altogether a most imposing altar-end. The jewelled windows are imitative of the breastplate stones of the High Priest. But, perhaps, even a more beautiful part of the building is the gallery on each side adorned above and below with colonnades of smaller red-and-lotus-headed pillars, and hung all along with carved wreaths of pomegranates and olives with the gilt interlaced triangles or "shield of David" as centre of each, the whole decorated with tasteful tints. The details of the building to the handsome pew-benches are in keeping with this Egyptian spirit.

A crowded audience, including Gentile, packed the synagogue, the men all wearing black hats. The ceremony of inauguration began by the choir taking their places at the central platform, or Court of the Priests. Voices were then heard chanting in Hebrew at the doors: "Open unto me the gates of righteousness; I will enter through them to praise the Lord." The choir responded: "This is the gate of the Lord through which the righteous shall enter." The doors were thrown wide open and the minister and six colleagues entered in procession, wearing the shawl of worship (talith) white with blue stripes and fringes as commanded in the Pentateuch.

Some wear square caps, some silk hats. They carry in their arms what in other surroundings might have been taken for magnificently decorated bagpipes, but turn out to be nine sets of Scrolls of the Law, covered with fabrics of brilliant colours, gilded and embroidered, and, in three

cases, topped with elaborate silver and golden clusters of small bells. With these they make seven slow circuits of the synagogue, during which they perform several ceremonies and stand each time before the Ark. At their first entry the minister chants: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! thy tabernacles, O Israel! In the greatness of Thy mercy will I enter Thy house. . . ." The choir answers: "Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord; we bless you from the house of the Lord. God is Lord, and He giveth us light; bring hither the sacrifice bound with myrtles, even to the horns of the altar. Thou art my God, etc." At this point the procession gather before the Ark, and the oldest member of the congregation advances from among them and mounting the marble steps applies a light to the Perpetual Lamp, which hangs before the sanctuary. During other circuits the doors of the Ark are opened, and all the Scrolls of the Law deposited. Afterwards the Reverend Meldola De Sola preaches the dedicatory sermon; the Queen, Royal Family, and Governor General are prayed for, and there follows a prayer for the congregation: "May He who blessed our ancestors, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, bless this congregation. . . bless and purify you. . . break the yoke of the nations from off your neck, and fulfil in you the sentence which is written: 'The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times as many as ye are, and bless you as He hath promised you.'"

The entire inauguration was a scene filling one's imagination with the hoariest visions of history. It was easy to forget the modern element of the surroundings, and one was led insensibly back on the wings of the ancient music to Tyre and Carthage, to Baalbec and to the tabernacle of the desert of Sinai. Of this, too, I am sure, that Montreal has in the Shearith Synagogue, though not altogether perfect, for the plans of Mr. De Sola were not entirely adopted, more particularly as to the exterior side walls and roof, and also as regards the upper portion of the front elevation which he had designed to be in terraced Egyptian form, but for which a pediment was substituted by the committee, a sight well worth seeing, as a work of architectural interest to the intelligent.

ALCHEMIST.

TREASURE HUNTING.

THESE two words generally conjure up visions of gaunt Australian or Californian miners, of secret expeditions along the desolate Atlantic coast, in search of Captain Kidd's hidden stores, of divers' perilous descents through that weird watery under-world to some old Spanish treasure ship, but can any of these expeditions equal in eagerness and perseverance that of a woman traveller in her search for *bric-à-brac*?

I have just unpacked my box of Algerian odds and ends, and what reminiscences each object awakes! How the combat raged all one morning at the hotel in Algiers, with the Moorish pedlar, over that brass incense-burner, necessitating many retreats, on my part, from the verandah where he displayed his wares, and an hour's waiting while I was at luncheon, before his spirit was subdued to taking the twelve francs that I had offered. What anguish of spirit I suffered all one Sunday because I had come away from the old Jew's shop in the Rue de la Lyre, without coming to an agreement as to the price of that square of dull blue Persian embroidery, with the wonderful border of trees and tents. And how many times during the service I found myself thinking with dread of the rich-looking American whom I had left in the shop, and wondering how I could go back on Monday without letting the wily old Jew guess that I had come resolved to have that one coveted bit. But Algiers' shops and pedlars were common-place and dull, compared with the happy hunting grounds of Biskra-Biskra; beloved little oasis of dark palms, and soft brown walls, with the great desert plains stretching away to the south until they met the sky line against which sometimes a faint mirage of water or trees throbbed, with its ashy grey mountains to the northward, flushing pink and crimson, morning and evening, with its striped Arab tents, and its long caravans crawling in along that straight road that led away southwards into the realms of fancy.

What joy it was to awake there into the friendly sunshine, and the dry desert wind, and to sally forth like Haron al Raschid in search of adventures and treasures. There is a great charm in the unexpected, and perhaps our choicest pleasures during our fortnight in that enchanted oasis were found, not in prearranged expeditions, but in those strolls in search of the unknown. We soon found that the unknown was likely to prove both cheaper and more amusing without a guide than with one.

All we had to do was to wend our way to the market-place and there await what offers should be made. And that market-place—what endless amusement was to be found in strolls from stall to stall. Day after day it was always thronged with the same white-robed crowd; day by day the rival bread merchants hoarsely shouted their wares. First came the fruit stalls, brilliant enough, though their ware was little more than strings of red pepper pods, heaps of a poor kind of oranges, and masses of brown dates in any quantity, for dates are the one stand-by both for food and for commerce, of all these islands of the desert. Next to the fruit come the butchers' stalls, where we never linger, and then the water vendors, with their great skins of water propped on a kind of tripod, like a gypsy kettle.

Beyond them is a very tempting corner, a favourite haunt of ours; for there are the stalls of the leather

workers, stalls gay with red morocco, and gold and silver embroidery. From here, after many bargainings carried on by finger counting and head shaking, we carried off these little round mirrors, framed in embroidered morocco, that every Arab woman wears hanging at her waist. These quaint two-necked little bottles, with the looking glass set in them, and the bone pencil at the side, are used by the women for the henna that darkens their eyes. And these red sheathed knives hang from every man's girdle. Here, too, are rows of the pretty lizard of the desert, from every shade of grey to creamy white, stuffed, and either ornamented with gay tufts of silk sewn all over them, or else with gilt embroidered leather collar, and shining gilt eyes. We are well known in that corner of the market and there are fierce shouts competing for our notice when we appear, and perhaps one energetic tradesman slips out in the swift silent Arab fashion and taking one of us by the arm tries to draw us towards his own booth. Whether we buy here or not, we pass on afterwards towards the third side of the market square, where men's rough white haiks, and boys' striped black and white tunics, and rugs of the crudest colours are heaped around merchants of a more stately and impassive cast. Here it was that I bought a brown and white camel's hair fodder bag, from whose rough texture I have never been able to get the loose seeds of grain, nor the close camel smell. Taking it home we found in its depths a mixed deposit of rubbish, among which was a Mahomedan rosary which was received with great joy by its owner, when we returned it the next day. By this time we are sure to have a following, besides the usual beggars, of two or three red-fezzed, half-grown boys, who carry our purchases, and take upon themselves uninvited the office of interpreter at our bargainings. Then there slips out from the crowd some grave, bearded individual who, from the more or less dirty folds of his haik, produces, wrapped in a rag, some article of jewellery, heavy silver bracelets, perhaps, studded with coral knobs with which the women give each other cruel wounds in their combats, or a necklace of brown, sweet-smelling seeds, mixed with lumps of coral, and with the mystic symbol of the prophet's hand, roughly worked in silver, hanging pendant from it.

If the thing is what we happen to want, there ensues an animated argument over the price, all the bystanders forming an interested group around us, and one of our boy followers fighting our battles for us. If it is not what we want, and we ask instead for the silver pins that fasten the women's dresses, some boy volunteers to take us where we can get what we want, and we leave the market in his wake.

Often they have taken us on a false scent, perhaps only to the curiosity shop that we have already thoroughly explored, or, what we dislike most of all, they lead us to the street where the Oulad Nayal, the dancing women live. In this street there are gay patches of colour formed by the silks and gauze of the women, sitting at their doors with bare faces, in all their eastern finery. We explore all the rest of Biskra in feminine independence, but I think that even our strong-minded artist is glad to hurry through this street where the women call out harshly and laugh jeeringly as we pass. They have faces that are almost beautiful, some of these women, with clear yellow skins, great heavy-lidded eyes, and a pure oval outline. Their movements are slow, graceful, and assured, as of those who are used to have all eyes fixed on them. The barbaric style of their beauty is enhanced by the masses of gold and silver with which they are decked.

The heaviest and handsomest of silver pins fasten their dresses at the shoulders; their arms are masses of bracelets, and strings of gold coins are hung on their heads and necks. These are the dowries with which they return to their native oasis, and having retired from their profession, marry, and enter upon a respectable old age.

But in spite of their tempting array, we have never made any purchases from them. They will take off their ornaments and show them to us in a careless contemptuous fashion, but when we make an offer for them they laugh and jeer, and even though we see some rare old pin which we are longing to add to our collection we must go away unsatisfied. No, it is to the old and poor women who are done with the varieties of life, that we must go. These, if their husbands are out of the way, are only too glad to replace their shoulder-pins with bits of twine and grasp our five franc pieces instead; gold they are rather suspicious of. The negro village on the suburbs of the town is one of our especial happy hunting grounds. A dusty, shadeless road leads out towards the ford over the dry, rocky riverbed, and just before it is reached are the brown mud walls of the negro village, while over beyond it one sees the long stretch of the desert, towards the northern mountains. What a soft harmony of colour it all is, not a touch of green to be seen anywhere, only the browns and greys of houses and desert, the vivid red and the deep dark blue of the dresses of the children that sally out in swarms at our approach, and the intense blue of the sky over all. There are few white dresses worn here; the women's are nearly all of the dark blue, the half-grown girls of the vivid red, while all have their faces unveiled, as the negro women even in Algiers nearly always do.

The children are screaming around us, and stealing up close to stroke our gloves, which are always a great charm to them. The women who have mostly been crouching by the outspread street where they sift piles of grain through big sieves, gather around, and when our boy escort announces our wants, there is great calling to women within doors, and great running to distant houses. Sometimes we begin matters ourselves by going up to some portly matron and

pointing to the heavy pins that hold the loose drapery together on her shoulders. These pins are made in the pattern universal with the primitive people, like the Etruscan fibule or the Celtic brooches, and they are perhaps the thing that arouses our deepest cupidity. They are a critical point though in these ladies' toilettes, for that day that we bought that swarthy old lady's set, two small boys had to be secured to hold the folds together, while the bargain was concluded, until string could be procured to take their place. Even with the pins in their place, her brown sides showed bare from her arms down, but with the pins gone there would have been no drapery down to her waist. Prices fluctuated among these dames; one day they would demand a fancy price, another would take what we offered, while if a husband unexpectedly appeared upon the scene the bargain was invariably off, their stores of jewellery were huddled off into the dirty old rags from which they had been drawn, and the group around us swiftly dispersed to their tasks.

One disastrous day the whole village triumphed over me. Every woman that I had attempted to bargain with had held out for a higher price than I cared to give. We were turning away disconsolate when I spied some quaint copper bangles that shone very brightly on the little brown sticks of arms of a six-year-old mite. I would take them for my little niece, I thought, but of the value of these copper things I knew nothing, and the question was what to offer for them. We pondered, and hesitated, then I made the offer of three francs. With radiant grins the whole circle rushed at the child and tore off her ornaments with such promptness that she raised a frightened shout, and when the money was paid, our treacherous escort informed me that these same bangles had cost only two francs and a half in the bazaar. Sold as I felt, it was impossible to help laughing. But, if the treasures that I turn over now bring back reminiscences, what wistful ones are given to those that were not secured. How utterly desirable do they seem to my memory now. I still see a little silver box that tempted me in the bazaar at Constantine, and that I was hurried away from when a sudden downpour drove us under shelter. And that old rug of such soft deep reds and blues, that lay heaped up before the owner's booth, in the dirty, dusty market place of the oasis of Sidi Okbah, and the battered Thoran at a neighbouring stall. How sure I felt that they were greater treasures than anything that I then did possess.

ALICE JONES.

A MODERN MYSTIC.—XI.

THE next day we went and picnicked at "the old crossing"—the point on the Wascana where the voyageurs, the red Indian, the half-breed, the hunter, the trader used to cross. On a height to the west there used to be a vast pile of Buffalo bones raised during centuries by Indian superstition. Hence the little spring-fed stream was called Pile-o-Bones. If that name has disappeared from the map, and, save the derisive, from the lips of English-speaking men, I am, in part, responsible. Sir John Macdonald believes there is something in a name. Soon after I had established myself at Regina I had an interview with him in his study and I called his attention to the fact that the Indian word for pile of bones, like most Indian words, was euphonious, and expressed my regret that the Indian name was not given the creek on the maps. He said he would have it done in future, and asked me how it was spelled; and I (up to that time my Cree education had been neglected) said "Wascana." But the word is properly Uskinok. The pile of bones has disappeared; they have gone to New York, and, for aught I know, now make part of the "limbs" of the younger members of the Broadway aristocracy.

In the early days of Regina, "Pile-o-Bones" was a name of contempt hurled at her infant head, and a friend of mine one day, when a freight train with some ten cars laden with bones crossed ours, got off the joke: "Look! they are carrying your town east." But though the blanched osseous pile be gone nature is still here; still the stream is clear and sweet; still the maples and poplars flourish in this beautiful valley, and form a grateful shade against the heat and brightness of our western sun.

We had nearly all our Ottawa friends, with a few from Regina; and a North-West appetite having done full justice to the lunch—in our own classic Canadian phrase, having had "a square meal"—we seated ourselves in the shade. The gentlemen lit their cigars; some of the ladies pulled out fancy work of one kind or another; and Helpsam said: "We have had a few meetings at Ottawa just before coming up, but it seems to me Plato has been shoved aside by modern topics. Here, in this uncontaminated spot of the New World, let us hear something from Mr. McKnom of the teaching of the greatest thinker of ancient times," whereat there was a clapping of hands as though a hundred wood-peckers were working hard in the trees around.

McKnom (who was sitting near Gwendolen, on whose left was seated George Rectus, M.P.) began: "This morning, after breakfast, I was reading in the *Toronto Globe* the views of certain gentlemen respecting criminals, and one laid down that the day would come when only thoroughly healthy men and women would be allowed to marry; and, in fact, the whole matter would be taken in hand by the State, which would look to the production of the finest, ablest, cleverest, most moral offspring."

"On ranching principles?" enquired someone.

McKnom (without noticing the interruption): "For nothing has Plato been more condemned than because he

set aside the family, or rather merged it in the State. But here we have men to-day saying the State should decide who might marry. But only realize the social condition of Athens in Plato's time—the enslavement of women—and take the scope of his plan, and you will see he made for purity. We were talking the other day of party government. How deep Plato saw into the science of government is shown by this that he never fell into the classifications of later writers: Monarchy, Oligarchy, Democracy. As to a democracy or an oligarchy, he knew that they must act through a majority, and that the majority will depend on one. Call him what you please—conceal his power under forms and supposed checks—let him be President, or Prime Minister, or First Secretary of State—he is King. The notion so common in the modern democracy that a Government must justify itself—is always on its trial—never entered his head, for he knew that government rule is a divine function, by which due relation and subordination is secured, or ought to be secured. 'Order is heaven's first law.' He had no idea that an inch, a foot, and three feet are all equal. He assumed that there must be an ultimate supreme power in every society, and the only check he relied on was the moral law. He distributes his governors indeed into two bodies—the *Presbuteroi*. These the first and highest—the intellectual portion of the community—knowing *ta outa* (all truths); religious, physical, moral, metaphysical."

Glaucus: "What a fool he would be thought in modern times, when we have learned that ignorance is a great qualification."

McKnom: "The other *neoterai*—the executive—guided by the wise and sacred Presbuters."

Helpsam: "Plato believed in the union between Church and State?"

McKnom: "Undoubtedly; and I will show you that he anticipated the Church—prophesied, as it were. He saw in the nature of man the divine idea—the true plan, power, energy, commanding talents guided by reason, the *nous*. He thus had an ecclesiastical body. He calls the *Presbuteroi* priests in the Timæus, and allied with them another body inferior in spiritual things, superior in temporal. How was the relation between the governor and the governed to be enforced? This was done by the *phylakes*—the shepherds of the flock, the watch-dogs, the teachers, the kings (not tyrants)—who should devote themselves to the education of the subjects in goodness, virtue—aye, in holiness! This higher class was to be chosen from those who were most distinguished by a life of noble interest in all things; who had borne pain, endured affliction, resisted pleasure, tried more than gold in the fire (Lib. iii.), adhered to the instruction instilled into them in youth; men well ordered in all things."

"Why," said Irene, "that is very like Paul's epistle to Timothy."

McKnom: "And so it is. And it is clear to me that though Paul may not have been classically educated like the Greeks of his day, he had read Plato. He was brought up in a university city (Tarsus), but doubtless studied at a college or university under Judaic control. This is the period, at least, when elections are near, of picnics, and the politician and the statesman hasten to the platform, and all their lives they are in what Plato called the *polupragmosunē*, the whirl and hurry and bustle of political life. He, on the other hand, thought they should live lives of contemplations, that they should be fond of retirement. For the men of his society, especially the rulers, he would invent 'a fable.' It was this: That their life previously to entering it was a dream; that a hand was secretly fashioning them in the earth for whom, as mother and nurse, they must be prepared to fight, as also for their fellow-citizens. The object of the ruler was to be the common good, not to benefit eye, ear, hand, but the body as a whole. He relies on his governors, on their self-devotion for the welfare of the governed. 'We begot you,' says the law-giver to the governors, 'to be both rulers of kings, educated better and more perfectly than others, more able both to govern and to obey; and therefore in turn you must descend into the dwelling place of the others, and accustom yourself to that spectacle of darkness.'"

Hale: "Episcopacy was clearly borrowed from Plato."

McKnom: "Pardon me. The education was to be directed to the whole man—body, mind, moral character—by the operation of mind on mind, and what does Plato rely on? Coercion? Fascination? Authority? Knowledge? No. Love! In fact Plato held that without love we cannot teach or learn. He infers a God from the external world, and he also infers ministering spirits, and he believes that the mediation between God and man is carried on by these."

Irene: "Why, this is praying to saints and angels."

Marquette: "I was somewhat offended by a phrase used in Ottawa by Hale. We do not pray to saints and angels; we only ask them to pray for us."

McKnom: "Plato did no more. An idea which Cardinal Newman spoke of long before he left the Church of England, as though he had got it by inspiration, that there were secondary angels, neither wholly bad nor wholly good—*daimonia*—an angel for the English race—an angel for this or that movement—he may easily have derived from Plato."

Gwendolen: "Did he reason all this out?"

McKnom: "Undoubtedly, but why should he not have been inspired? Bear in mind, however, that he was familiar with Orientalism and the teachings of Pythagoras. He clearly believed there had been a revelation, and to

this belief we must attribute his reverence for hereditary forms of worship, and his belief that laws first emanated from God, and the opinion he held that society, far from progressing, had retrograded, had fallen; and he holds that things will get worse as the years go farther from the light, and pictures the last days much as Paul does in the third chapter of II. Timothy. The early days are days of light, of brightness, of glad heroic deeds, when the sons of God still walked the earth proclaiming the truth regarding Him. But tradition was now corrupt, and he had no revelation, so he found the truths relating to God in the immutable principles of the soul of man—Forethought, Wisdom, Goodness, Truth, Providence, Unchangeableness.

He could not, nor do I see how any man can, conceive power without supreme power, or a supreme power not perfectly good, nor power in matters except as an emanation of mind, as the greater must create the less. But he goes farther than logic, farther than a visible universe, to the divine in his own mind. 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God,' says Christ. I think the word is *katharoi*, and pure in heart means much more here than freedom from concupiscence. It means a heart free from every taint. The divine can only see the divine, just as a man must be an artist to adequately appreciate a great work of art. No man can fully enjoy a great poem unless he is a poet. 'Tell us,' says Glaucus, 'the road to the highest knowledge of all, the knowledge of that one true God, of whom the Sun is but the type, and the material world with all its host of ministering spirits, the creature and the shadow, to reach which is the end of all things.' 'Oh, beloved Glaucus,' cries Socrates, 'as yet you cannot follow me; were you able you should see the truth.' Compare this language with the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel."

Mrs. Ronan (a Regina lady): "I protest, sir, we might call this Plato of yours the evangelical philosopher."

McKnom: "That occurred to the early Christian fathers. Justin Martyn, Clement, Origen, Eusebius, Cyril of Alexandria thought they found the Trinity taught in his writings. They found, indeed, a Trinity, but not the Christian Trinity, and the same may be said of the *logos*—though the whole Gospel of John, especially the thirteenth and seventeenth chapters inclusive, have over them an atmosphere of a Divine Plato. But that Plato himself knew that his Republic in the then state of society was impracticable is clear. Now, ponder these words and remember the character of the apostles and early Christians: 'Whenever [you will find the words in the seventh book of the Republic] those men who are truly philosophers, whether in a body or even one of them, having become masters of a State, shall despise all its honours and interests, such as men now covet, shall deem them low and worthless, shall value deeply obedience to law, and the honour accruing from obedience, but above and beyond all shall value justice, and in order to this shall construct the frame work of their city, then this polity will become an accomplished fact.' He declares, however, that 'this is possible on no other condition than the union of absolute power with perfect wisdom in the same hands.' He describes in the sixth book the fearful corruption awaiting all men without such a city to receive them. That it is hard for any to be saved we all confess, but that in the whole period of the world's duration not one single man of all should ever be saved—saved, that is, from all sin—one would hesitate to say: 'Let such a man appear whether as the result of some 'strange coincidence,' or 'divine will,' or because of some mysterious cycle by which God dispenses to His creatures the richer gifts of a better spirit; give me this, says Plato, and the ideal polity of which I dream will become a reality. 'Whether such an event'—I am reading from the sixth book—'has ever taken place yet in the boundless course of past ages, or is now taking place in some barbarian region far from our sight, or will take place in the future I will not say, but that it is impossible who will dare aver?' What have we here?"

Irene: "A prophecy of Christ and the Christian Church."

McKnom: "And Plato adds with a sublime pathos: 'And if we may not see it upon earth, in heaven there is probably a model of this our city, where he, who would fain behold it, may see it, and where he may hope to dwell.'"

Hale: "It is clear that Plato's influence has been from the first a living power in Christianity."

McKnom: "He was a divine soul. And how would this great and good being, he imagined, begin to found his city? Gathering round him the few, in whom the hand of God had implanted the highest gifts of wisdom, understanding, virtue, power, and with these he would proceed to form a society entirely new."

Glaucus: "As if God intended man for such luxuries;" and the Professor laughed.

McKnom: "No joking just now, Professor. He would then proceed to divide the heads of the State into two parts, ecclesiastical and civil, and the details have suggested to the wisest of the Fathers of the Church that Plato was inspired." He paused. The day was growing towards evening. Watches were looked at.

"We can," said one of the party, "easily get in by supper time." As we drove home, the virgin prairie with kine and horses grazing, the wide fields of yellow grain looked very beautiful in the deep-gilding rays of the declining sun.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE OLD CHATEAU ST. LOUIS.

HAIL! beautiful shrine of nature, gay festooned
With woodland grandeur, where the fervid soul
May drink a draught from summers rippling bloom
Like sweet ambrosial odour mortalized!
Beyond the glaci's slopes as vantage ground
The picture groups—horizoned by the hills
Of dark Laval and Levis' frowning forts.
The river broadening into laughing lake,
Whose face the virgin blue of heaven reflects,
Breaks cadence with a kiss on Orleans Isle;
And laves the cheek of Eden grace and bloom
That blushes 'mid a thousand rural tints
In view of Montmorency's bridal wreath.
From Cap Rouge glades a fringe of forest runs
Now here, now there, along the fertile plain,
Where drowsy nature hums the sower's song
Or cheers the reaper in his harvest toils.
Bright emblems of Arcadian peace and joy,
That blink at commerce rushing through the streets.
The cowering hamlets, dotted o'er the glebe—
Sweet clustering gems that glimmer in the light—
Bespeak themselves the havens of a peace
That hovers, like an angel, in the air.
Near banks of velvet moss and waving fern
The river's silvery links steal through the groves
Where brooklets find their strength of woodland song,
Where laughing poplars quiz the solemn pines;
Then leap the waters in their hissing haste
The rocks of old Lorette, like headlong steed,
Till, weary grown with frolic's escapade,
Befoamed with many a flake, they lave the holms,—
Now creeping through a silent salmon pool,
Now bubbling o'er the minnows in their play,
Now singing requiem near the old graveyard.
And still to charm the scene with varying light,
The contrast lies four hundred feet below,
Where dance in myriads sun-born sparkling gems
Around the summer's fleet at anchor near.
Nor far is heard the hum of noonday life
That seeks not hither from its toilsome gains,
Till sunset sends it climbing up the hill
To rest on threshold of the moon's fair realm,
On kiosked terrace or on esplanade.
The Chateau's faded splendour still remains
In Castle Haldimand; and when the tints
Of golden twilight bathe its weathered walls,
'Tis then a thousand voices fill the air
With gleeful sounds—gay citizens astrir
To breathe the soothing balm of eventide.
Whence comes the music near its open courts
As flit the shadows round its gables gaunt?
Whose ghosts are these that dismal flit around,
The lingering aspect of the olden time
When brilliant groups of knights and courtly dames
Rang gallery and garden with their cheer.
Within a flood of festive light—that glares,
A dazzling nucleus, 'mid encircling gloom,
Where earth below seems heaven for brilliant stars
That twinkle in the landscape and the glass
Of waters gleaming like a nether sky—
Two streams of gayety go tripping past.
Now here, now there, they time their gladsome pace
To music's strains that sweeten friendship's hour;
That mingle with the whispered tale of love,
Soft-breathed and coy in ear of blushing maid,
Or yet renewed to joy the matron's cares.
And is it here, on ground where living mirth
Its incense burns to scent the evening shades,
Where caste and kindred join the wreathing throng
To wile away the irksomeness of life?
Is't here we seek the spirits that sentry keep
To watch how human joys repeat themselves?
Yes, here it is where Haldimand still throws
Its silken shadows on the terrace lawn;
Here where is seen the river's rippling smile,
As Phoebus weaves his evening web of gold
Around the woodland setting of the scene!
The breeze makes grotto of the terrace-nooks
That sentinel the frowning rock; and here
Of choice, escaped awhile from commerce-cares,
The memory, cradled on the velvet charms
Of nature, hums its olden song, and plays
With history's fingers to assure its time.
'Tis vantage-ground; for here the Chateau stood,
To pioneer the prowess of New France,
Ere proclival pride had razed its walls.
Even here, the sepulchre of war's behest,
Seen through the telescope of time reversed,
Reads curious epitaph, as near converge
The weird perspective shadows of events
Which old St. Lawrence saw within his realms
When ancient things were at a second birth.
In eagle's eyry that defiance bade,
To cunning lurking in the glades around,
The hero of St. Croix, intrepid-borne,
Sought destiny beyond the seas, where realm
Was wilderness, a kingdom unsubdued.
In name of king, 'twas his to organize
The restlessness of man, and even seek
From craft alliance in the cause of peace;
'Twas his with threads of woe to weave a wreath
Of glory for the brow of France: alas!
To see disaster crown his many toils
When foreign foe beset his forest home.
And still his fame sounds sweet in Nature's song
On hill and dale around the river-lake;
For was it not the anthem his first
To hear, as solace of vice-regal cares,
Even his first to bless, as round him pressed
The dismal dawning of a fate severe
That since has been a halo round his name?
And as the years saw realised their hopes,
When regal pomp sought peace beyond the seas,
And palmier days grew sweet in courtesy,
The Chateau's walls arose to crown the cape,
Where stood the fort of Champlain's first defence.
For here it was there thronged the old noblesse,
To seek the fame the gay Versailles refused,
And shed the lustre of its court abroad.
Here courtiers proud and belted knights have paced
These battlements in dust beneath our feet;
Here held they in the halls high festival
Or council state, were pageantry anew
Reflection shone from Bourbon majesty.
And dare we not, within the corridors,
Catch lingering glimpse between of luxury's couch
Adorned with trappings of vice-regal sway;
Perchance behold the poet-painter's touch
Reveal a history our own in those
Whose prouder deeds shine golden in the past.
Beyond, within the chamber most remote,
Where, drooped with ample folds of red and gold,
The throne commands the seats of councillors,
Is seen uplift on Parian pedestal
The statue of the king who boldly sought
Renown through deeds his own; and as we scan
The rigid lines where lip meets nether lip,
We read the record of a spirit that rose
Above the flatteries of minionry,—
Ne'er trusting sceptre in another's hands
To guide the destiny of sovereign power
In France the New or Old. And yonder near

This side the throne, as if to guard it still,
 Are seen to glance the haughty Cardinal's eyes,
 As, through the art that dares to tell the truth,
 There comes from them the light that men had feared,
 Made milder by the rays that women loved,
 And strange, so far away from scenes of yore,
 We here may read the tale of princely craft,
 With aims admired that sought a country's good,
 With aims abhorred that sought its own advance,
 And yet make great the less in what was done
 For France beyond, where vain was seen for long
 The budding feudal strength bestowed on it
 A seeming ground for greatness yet to be.
 On other side, in purple robes adorned,
 Is seen the dignity of Buade's grace
 Portrayal fitting of a feudal lord,
 Who thought to rule a king. Yet stooped to find
 His strength in court intrigue and homage paid
 To beauty's power in her who called him spouse.
 'Twas his the hand that shaped a destiny
 Anew, where Champlain dared impending doom;
 As else 'twas his to show, in rule renewed,
 How far the great in littleness is seen,
 Behind the gildings of the chair of state,
 A colour contrast to its crimson glare,
 There hangs the portrait of Laval: his robes,
 The simple vestments of a priest, betray
 No churchly pomp: 'tis only when the light
 Plays round his face is seen the prelate-king,
 Who swayed a realm beyond the will of king,
 And gave it firm abode in western wilds,
 And Colbert's craft that ruined Fouquet's fame,
 Looks out from eyes on spacious canvas near
 To turn its glance on Richelieu the great!
 The smile that wreaths his lips still seems to speak
 Of proud success—of guile that honest wove
 A garland-wreath in honour of New France.
 And there, beneath the country's lily crest,
 In niche retired, is Talon's modest bust,
 The wisest of intendants, who, with aims
 His own well-curbed, sought prouder fame
 In working for a people's weal, to whom
 The smiling fields may well sing lusty praise
 And commerce raise a lasting, loud acclaim;
 For was't not he who found a wilderness
 To make it radiant with a harvest-bloom?

The light is fading, yet we still may see
 On western wall, where twilight magnifies,
 Grouped round the gravings of the brave Champlain
 And Malo's mariner, the forms of those
 Whose life's devotion solved a country's fate.
 The heroes of the past! Their spirits near
 Are with us still, as float within the courts
 And corridors the silver accents sweet
 Of motherland, the sounds they loved so well:
 A living music echoes through the nooks
 They knew: the sounds of louder joy approach:
 The dream takes sudden wing, and ere we know,
 The spirits near have laughter in their song
 That wakes us to the life this side of death.

J. M. HARPER.

PROVERBIAL BLINDNESS—II.

THEY may well say they are off the track! They are off the track not only from a material point of view (the only one their dulness of vision has so far permitted them to recognize) as the result of their priestly Government, but, unfortunately, they are off the track as a nation. This latter they aspire to be—it was the dream of Richelieu and the hope of Colbert, how far it has been unfulfilled history fully shows us; nevertheless they proclaim that they are a nation and have been since England indemnified them for being rebels in 1837, and as such we must now judge them.

It is strange that they should be so sensitive upon being regarded as Englishmen, a title which their ancestors were anxious to acquire, and actually petitioned the King in 1773 to grant. But then the rebellion has occurred since, and as England, after putting them down by force, condescended to treat with them, and grant them terms of pardon, this, in their opinion and arrogance, does away with the memorable day, the 8th of September, 1760, when perforce of arms, at the cannon's mouth, they stacked their arms at the Place d'Armes in the city of Montreal, and accepted such terms of capitulation as they could get, generous and noble as they were, from the magnanimous Amherst, and became *de facto* British subjects.

They are outwardly loyal to the British throne, but their acts belie it. Their press and pulpit teem with their abhorrence of everything English, and whenever occasion offers they do not shrink from outwardly showing it. When in power, what Englishman can get a place at their hands if an ordinary Frenchman is to be obtained? Their loyalty consists in their oratory, their hand-grasping of royalty and loud proclamation of the deeds of valour they performed in 1775, and 1812-14, which are everywhere brought forward as proofs of their undying attachment to the British throne. More of this anon! But to be termed Englishmen, or even English colonists or Canadians, oh, no! We are French-Canadians, the original possessors of this soil, owing allegiance in our heart of hearts to the Pope first, to France second, to Canada as governed by ourselves next (for as a matter of fact we govern at Ottawa just as much as we do at Quebec, except not quite so openly), and then to England as saving us from our greater enemy the United States.

In 1773 matters were different; we were Englishmen then, though we are Frenchmen to-day. We petitioned His Majesty George III., who extended his sheltering wing to us when we were so ruthlessly cast aside by our own mother country and the Pope in 1755-1763, in the following terms: "Nous finissons en suppliant votre majesté de nous accorder, en commun avec ses autres sujets, les droits et privilèges de Citoyens Anglais. Alors nos craintes seront dissipées; nous filerons des jours sereins et tranquilles; et nous serons toujours prêts à les sacrifier pour la gloire de notre prince et le bien de notre patrie." The signatures of sixty-five representative

Frenchmen follow, many of whom are the progenitors both in name and paternity of their writers and priests, who now openly repudiate the nationality they were then anxious to claim. The translation reads: "We conclude by entreating your majesty to grant us, in common with your other subjects, the rights and privileges of citizens of England. Then our fears will be removed, and we shall pass our lives in tranquillity and happiness, and shall be always ready to sacrifice them for the glory of our prince and the good of our country."

But since they are a separate nationality, and by the mistaken grace of England have been accorded full sway as such, we must judge them as the nation they are so proud to proclaim, and what have they to show!

Let us see: population first. In 1760 they were about 100,000. To-day they are 2,000,000. This is a sufficient increase unquestionably and speaks volumes for their fecundity. About 1,500,000 abound in the Province of Quebec. In 1800 the relative proportions of French to English were two-thirds to one-third, to-day they are seven-eighths to one-eighth. Government second: As a sequence to this preponderance in numbers, and by the blessings of the franchise, they have the government of the Province in their own hands, and a nice mess they have made of it. What is the outcome in brief? National bankruptcy—for this is the true state of the Province of Quebec to-day. Quebec, which should be the richest from its natural gifts, is the poorest Province of the Dominion. Civic Government third: Notwithstanding this large population the Province of Quebec has only seven cities—five of which are mere towns. Quebec founded in 1608, Three Rivers, 1634, Montreal, 1642, Sorel, 1665, and what have they accomplished during this long era of French dominancy. Are any one of these cities capable of comparison with similarly aged cities in the United States or elsewhere in America, in any form or shape, while are they not all surpassed in material prosperity—terrestrial happiness, by cities on our own soil, founded and officered by Englishmen within the past fifty years? In other words, one-fifth of the period, or, as a matter of fact, one-tenth of the term is only necessary for an English city to surpass them in wealth, enterprise, sanitary appliances, and good government, proving how accurate Dr. Samuel Johnson was in his estimate that it took forty Frenchmen to accomplish the work of one Englishman.

We have only to look at cities of a like age, such as Boston, New York, Charleston, and Philadelphia to find how far we have been left behind in the race, allowing even for all the advantages of climate which may be claimed in their favour, though even this may be somewhat questioned. Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, London (Ont.), Rochester, Winnipeg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Albany may be compared as Anglo-Saxon cities of an approximate population to ours, and yet how far each and all of them surpass us in commercial operations, wealth, enterprise and good civic government! In fact it was this very visible advantage and superlative material prosperity of places no larger than our own, which gave rise to the lamentation in Mercier's organ, *L'Electeur*, and which calls for this plain-spoken reply.

Were we to separate that part of our cities where the English element prevails, so marked as it is in Montreal, what could the appearance of the rest be like! We have only to look at Three Rivers for our answer, where the English population has forsaken it of recent years. It would not be long before the grass would grow in St. James.

What sustains Montreal? Its commercial enterprise. In whose hands is it? Englishmen and Englishmen only. Name me the enterprise owned by a Frenchman in Montreal that is successful. Where are their banks, their shipping, their manufactories, their wholesale warehouses, the equal of any of those in English hands of a like kind, and yet they number three-fifths of the population of the city.

Politically and commercially they are a failure. In the professions likewise they are no better. Compare the Bar of the Province of Quebec with that of Ontario to-day. The judiciary is filled with politicians of no calibre as such, and much less legal lore; the medical profession has no shining lights to compare with those of English names; in literature—God save the mark—it is French, and that is the best we can say of it—light, ephemeral, poetic, effusive—it is untruthful, undignified and teems with insult to the English race to which they owe everything they possess as a distinct people to-day. They take special pleasure in proclaiming in their writings that they are an unconquered people: they were ceded, not conquered, sing their poets Fréchette (laureated by France, not by merit, but as an anti-Englishman bearding the lion in his own den), Sulte and others, while Casgrain, St. Maurice, and a hosts of lesser lights harp upon the theme in all their writings, and reiterate it in the official House of Parliament itself, in the very presence of the Queen! As evidently these writers know nothing of their past history, or, if they do, wilfully pervert it, I will give them a chance to be more correct in their assertions in future. I will quote a further paragraph bearing on this subject, from the self-same edition before alluded to, of their ancestors in 1773: "Notre reconnaissance nous force d'avouer que le spectacle effrayant d'avoir été conquis par les armes victorieuses de votre Majesté n'a pas longtemps excité nos regrets et nos larmes. . . . En effet, loin de ressentir au moment de la conquête les tristes effets" etc., etc. (An account of the proceedings of the British inhabitants of Quebec to obtain a House of Assembly. London 1775, p. 112.) Translated reads: "Our gratitude obliges us to

acknowledge that the frightful appearances of conquest by your Majesty's victorious arms did not long continue to excite our lamentations and tears. . . . And even in the very moment of conquest," etc. etc. To sum up: As a nation—politically, commercially, and in the high professions of the Bar, Medicine and Literature they are a failure, and in one thing only do they excel, and that is in providing labour for our factories and everyday life. The remedy to be applied for this "nationality aspiration" I will endeavour to discuss in my next.

COGNOSCENTE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN IGNORANCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Perhaps if an analogous adjective to "Canadian" could be coined from the word "Ontario," it would be placed more fittingly before the word ignorance in the title, because it is with reference to Ontario that this paper is written. But Ontario is the Province which presents all the attributes or nearly all which can be denominated Canadian at all. It is the most advanced Province, the most typically Canadian, and what is true of it will be true of nearly all Canada. Certainly where it is ignorant we shall not look for knowledge from its sister provinces.

That we are ignorant of anything may be a surprise to many Canadians who have heard so much about our unrivalled educational system, that they find it hard to believe that anything like knowledge exists which is not embraced by that system. As a matter of fact, the Ontario school system, with many strong points, has many weak ones. One fault, common to all public school systems, is the tendency to turn out every girl and boy of exactly the same stamp. There is no regard for the individual disposition or the individual talent—all are part of a system, and the system must prevail at all hazards. No less distinguished a man than Mr. Gladstone referred to this as an invariable and inevitable system of English schools, although in England system is less blindly worshipped than with us, and the desire to develop originality or talent has a better chance of working itself out practically.

The great ignorance of Canadians touched on just now is with reference to the people of the United States and its institutions of which they are taught very little and in regard to which they seldom seek information unless sheer necessity compels them. It is useless to say that Americans know still less of us; Americans would have a good answer ready that they do not need to know very much about us. They form a great nation of sixty-five millions of people with an enormous trade and an enormous surplus in the treasury, and Canada and Canadian interests are a matter of indifference to them. Far otherwise is it with Canadians. Until the Western States are settled the great tide of trade and of emigration (that is desirable emigration) will be towards the States. When these States are settled Canada will have her share, but so long as the Americans are immensely more numerous and vastly more wealthy, so long should Canadians study the American nation—its history, institutions, people and progress, not (in many instances) for imitation which would indicate an admiration which we do not always feel, but in some cases, at least, with a view to adaptation.

Such study will remove many prejudices that lurk in the minds of many of our countrymen, bequeathed to us, no doubt, from the quarrels of years ago. "Americans talk horrible English with a horrible accent." Visit the United States and you will find at least as large a proportion of correctly speaking people as Canada can claim. "Law is not enforced so well or so speedily as in Canada." There is some truth in this, but the conditions of living are such in certain parts of the States that it would be a miracle if the law were as well or as speedily enforced. It is true that in some of the Southern States there exists a lawlessness of which we, happily, know little, but even there respectable citizens run no danger, and the quarrels, which are so many, result in the extirpation of undesirable citizens. As a matter of fact in criminal matters the law acts if anything too speedily in Canada. The stern rules of law which prohibit an appeal in criminal matters must strike one as extraordinary when one remembers that in trifling civil matters an appeal will be almost as a matter of course. Certainly the system prevalent in the United States goes to the other extreme since appeals extend there over years, but when the life of a fellow being is at stake is it not the extreme to choose if extreme there must be? "Americans hate England and therefore Canada." Every Canadian who has visited the United States in an amicable spirit will have found a most friendly feeling in Americans toward him. Canadians have no reason to complain of the treatment they have met with in the United States. If there were just cause of complaint so many of our countrymen would not cross the border. "Americans are behind us in the professions." This is an absurd statement that is often made upon inadequate grounds. Some of the greatest lawyers, judges and doctors that ever lived have come from the great Republic; and, so far as law is concerned, nearly every State has, in connection with its university, a well-equipped law school; whereas in Ontario we have only had one for a few months, and it would hardly be correct to say that the one we have is well equipped. "Americans are wanting in taste." Alas! one has only to travel for a little while in the much-abused United States to see how far prejudice has been the cause

of such a statement. In architecture Americans are far beyond us, and although their literature is not nearly equal to that of England it is by no means insignificant, whereas of our own, the less said the better.

We are told again with a triumph which is very proper, if the facts sustain it, that our public life is more wholesome than that of the States. Leaving prejudice aside, is this true? It is difficult to settle the question because sufficient data are not at hand. However this much may be asked: What is the average member of Parliament in Canada, statesman or politician? If politician, what are the principles which guide his actions. If he be a leader, are his motives patriotism or expediency? In the United States corruption is more open, more flagrant, but in that great nation patriotic feeling exists. Mr. Cleveland in his celebrated tariff message signed his political death warrant, and there is little doubt that he was not oblivious of the results of it, but the message was delivered. What Canadian statesman would thus sacrifice party and power to principle?

But our system of civil and judicial appointments, we are told, is better than the American system. It may be better in this respect that those who obtain the appointments in our country keep them for life, and perhaps that is best, but on the other hand the abominable fee system is not in force in the United States, whereas in Ontario, as pointed out by one of the Toronto daily papers, it flourishes exceedingly. Surely the *reductio ad absurdum* of the system is reached in the case of Toronto officials, those who hold the office of sheriff and registrar. While no one has a word to say against the *personnel* of the occupants of the office, very much might be said against the enormous fees which the city affords them. In the United States such officials receive no fees but salaries, and they do the work, whereas it is safe to say that in Canada, certainly in Ontario, the work is performed by poorly paid deputies.

We might proceed further. We might show English customs, well enough for an aristocratic country, no doubt, that have been introduced into our democratic Dominion. How the professions are constituted close corporations by Act of Parliament, how narrow and hampering restrictions are imposed upon the beginner in the learned callings, such as law and medicine, whereas in the United States access to the professions is made as easy as possible. Many other grievances might be pointed out, but perhaps enough has been said to show that Canada is not all that is lovely or the United States all that is unlovely. B.

"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I will feel obliged to you if in your next issue you will inform me who added the 4th verse to Cardinal Newman's hymn "Lead Kindly Light," found so frequently in the hymn books in use in our churches. Bickersteth's "Hymnal and Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer" have the 4th verse which leads one who is not able to criticize it to believe that it possesses merit, otherwise it would not be found in books of such good repute. To an ordinary observer, the spurious verse, as I have heard it termed, would not be found jarring, but in complete sympathy with the other three verses. I will quote it:—

Meanwhile along the narrow, rugged path,
Thyself hath trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home, in childlike faith,
Home to my God—
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

There appears to be so much harmony here that one who had not been told would think it emanated from the author of the famous hymn. If the opposite view is held by critics then I despair of ever being able to judge poetry and must be content to depend on the decisions of others where a question of the kind arises. READER.

Oshawa, Sept. 25, '90.

[The verse alluded to in our correspondent's letter was added by Bickersteth when compiling his collection. We cannot agree with our correspondent's estimate of its merit.—ED.]

THE RAMBLER.

YOU remember the young Oxonian in one of Charles Reade's novels, who was so very fond of intellect, mere Brains, that had he received an invitation to dinner for the same day from the Emperor of Russia, Voltaire, and St. John would unhesitatingly have ordered his coachman to set him down *chez* the illustrious Frenchman. Well, I am not sure but whether if asked to dine with any of the three on the same day as with Prof. William Clark, of our own Toronto Trinity College, I should, with all the young Oxonian's enthusiasm, embrace the latter opportunity. For in common with many other highly privileged persons I have enjoyed during the past month listening to the remarkable series of extemporaneous sermons from our brilliant Professor, and have come to the conclusion that here are great gifts, rare earnestness, marked sympathy, and broad culture all united in one personality. I have frequently heard Professor Clark at meetings, at conventions, synods, banquets; around the dinner-table, in the pulpit—never, alas, have I yet heard him in the lecture-room; but I do not believe he has ever equalled, in the multitude of his sermons and addresses, the series I have referred to in terms not to be judged as hyperbolic or—gushing, flattery-gilded. We much want here in

Canada one thing—national enthusiasm. We should appreciate our public men and our private scholars, our geniuses, and our shrinking students, writers, preachers, poets, just as much as we possibly can, though not of course more than they deserve. And it should be such an easy, such a delightful, such a gracious and glowing task to appreciate the utterances of so gifted and cultured a preacher as Prof. Clark.

The special sermons alluded to are not yet concluded, and I cannot, therefore, it is plain, analyze either plan or procedure. However as the theme has been known among his hearers as the "Four Temperaments," I may draw attention, I suppose, to the subtle and incisive way in which the varying morals to be drawn from the study of the Choleric, the Sanguine, the Phlegmatic, and the Melancholic bases of character have been presented to us. Two distinctive features are prominently apparent in these discourses—one being the extraordinary flow of language, the other, the degree of sensibility in the speaker. The fluent, happy diction is never arrested; the illustration is ever effective and devoid of descent into anecdote, the familiarity with all Biblical facts and figures truly remarkable. If the manner be a trifle secular the matter at least is more than usually spiritual. Here we have no

Snowy-handed dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest,

straining "celestial themes through the press'd nostril, spectacle bestrid." With fervid, though careful eloquence, born of a sensibility allied to sound logical gifts and personal tact, these sermons have carried a spiritual conviction to many who (alas! not their fault) too often sleep through the morning homily. I have already made one quotation from Cowper, a poet no one reads in these days, but suffer me to give you these splendid lines, for they seem to express far better than I can do the strength and charm of the Professor's personality:—

Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture, much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

The poet must have suffered tortures at the hands of some perfunctory clergyman, for he continues:—

Behold the picture! Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
Cry hem! And reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

When Cowper wrote, England was in much spiritual danger. The squirearchy, which another English classic depicts as selfish, illiterate, often brutal, and always intolerant in the pages of "Yeast," affected the morbid poet very strongly. He spoke of what he saw, and his type of the *petit maitre* parson was sketched in hard, cold, but clear colours not ever destined to fade. Stiff as his lines sometimes are and unadorned by rhetorical graces, they speak the truth out boldly and well, and serve an honest purpose.

Sunday, October 5th, will witness Professor Clark's concluding sermon of the present series on "Temperament," at the Church of St. Simon the Apostle.

Miss Duncan (Garth Grafton) has again left Canada for a protracted residence in India. I am sure that all her old friends and admirers in her native country will join with me in wishing her every success and happiness in the future. These expressions of interest are due to one who had worked faithfully and well in Canadian journalism sometime before making a mark elsewhere; but I hope that before long it will be unnecessary that all aspirants for literary fame in London shall proclaim themselves *American*. Surely with our growing reputations artistic, political, scientific and social, it will soon be, if not a help in the Mother Country to boldly avow our nationality, at least, not a hindrance! I should be very sorry, for instance, to hear that Mr. Lampman, or Professor Roberts, or any other of our writers, or Sir William Dawson, or any other scientist in our midst, had thrown off his Canadian allegiance and proclaimed himself even if only in an evanescent and passing sense, as *American*. We must not be afraid of ourselves. We must not be ashamed of ourselves. We are Canadians—let us hope we shall never be anything else.

Yet I am perfectly aware that it is a hard fight, this matter of putting Canada and things Canadian properly and intelligently and vividly before a distant public. There is indifference; there is prejudice; there is ignorance. But the time will come,—a threat which I hope will not too fatally imperil the present peace of the countless editors and reviewers and publishers of the United Kingdom.

In the meantime there is the hard work of patient perseverance before our nation, a lesson she is not the first, by any means, to learn.

THE Inman Line S.S. *City of New York*, which left New York on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, arrived in Queens-town the following Tuesday morning, after making the fastest eastward passage on record, except that previously made by her sister ship, the *City of Paris*.

FALSE HYDROPHOBIA.

THERE are very few persons who are not more or less under the influence of "suggestion." They seem to be endowed with comparatively low powers of original action, and to be moved to an extent scarcely normal by the facts and circumstances that surround them. A woman, for instance, overwhelmed with misfortune and weary of life, commits suicide by swallowing paris green, and straightway we read in the daily press of other women, to whom the idea of suicide would never otherwise have been suggested, who have had no sufficient motive for the act, and who have had no previous knowledge of the poisonous effects of paris green, taking their lives in like manner.

The more unusual the method of self-destruction, the more probability there is that some persons will adopt it. Several years ago a man confined in the Tombs Prison in the city of New York, killed himself by cutting his femoral artery—the main artery of the thigh. There was no previous case on record of such a mode of suicide, and yet within a few days several persons destroyed themselves by cutting the femoral artery.

We have all heard of the man who, thinking he was being bled to death while his eyes were bandaged and a stream of warm water was allowed to flow over his arm, actually died within the proper period, with all the symptoms that would have ensued had he really died from hemorrhage.

A professor of anatomy, while making a post-mortem examination of a man who had cut his throat and who had died after several days of great suffering, said to his servant, who was assisting him: "Hans, whenever you have a mind to cut your throat, don't do it in so blundering a way as did this fellow—here is the place to cut," pointing to the region of the carotid artery. Up to this time Hans had been a happy and well-disposed man, with apparently no thought of suicide. Yet that night he went home and cut his throat.

There seems to be, in fact, no limit to the power of the principle of suggestion with some persons. Pains are readily excited in various parts of the body, and others are rapidly removed, through its agency. Objects can be made to assume any form that the suggester pleases. Thus a lady who is a wonderfully sensitive subject to this influence came under my professional charge for some slight derangement of her nervous system. If I told her that a book was a watch, it became, so far as she was concerned, an actual watch. If I put a piece of ice in her hand and told her it was boiling water, she shrieked with pain and declared that it scalded her. If, while the sun was shining, I told her that the rain was coming down in torrents, she at once began to lament her sad plight in being so far from home without an umbrella, and would beg me to call a carriage for her. Every one of her senses could be imposed upon in like manner; and I have frequently controlled the action of her heart, making its pulsations slower or more rapid in accordance with the spoken suggestion. There is no doubt that, if I had put a little flour in her mouth, at the same time telling her that it was strychnia and describing the symptoms of death by strychnia, she would have died with all the phenomena of poisoning with that powerful substance; or that, if I had pointed an unloaded pistol at her head, and had cried "Bang!" she would have fallen dead to the floor. All this sounds very much like hypnotism, but this lady was not in that state, unless there is a form of that condition—and perhaps there is—that cannot be distinguished from the ordinary normal life of the individual. Neither was she the subject of double consciousness, for she was perfectly aware of every circumstance that occurred, and there was not the slightest indication of a dual existence.

That such a disease as hydrophobia, with such strongly-marked characteristics, should, under the action of the principle of suggestion, be simulated by hysterical or other nervous persons, is not a matter for surprise. Every year, as the summer approaches, the newspapers contain accounts of cases of so-called hydrophobia which, to the practised judgment of the physician, seems to be entirely due to the imagination of the sufferer. It is clearly important that such a disorder should be prevented, for not only does great distress ensue, but even death itself has not unfrequently been the consequence. As several instances of the kind have come under my personal observation, I may perhaps be allowed to speak with some authority on the subject.

It may be laid down in the very beginning of our consideration of the subject that the victim of false hydrophobia can only have those symptoms of which he has knowledge. Unfortunately, the real disease has received so much notice from newspapers and other popular publications that a tolerably correct knowledge of its phenomena has been acquired by the laity. Hence, we find that the picture ordinarily presented by the unconscious simulator is, at least to cursory observation, not unlike the real affection. There are, however, great differences, which the educated physician will not fail to detect, and which will enable him to do what has never been yet done with real hydrophobia, cure the patient.

Hydrophobia never originates, in the human subject at least, except by inoculation from a rabid animal, and death always occurs in four or five days after the development of the disease. A case of so-called hydrophobia came under my notice in which it was stated that the patient had been bitten some three months previously by a dog undoubtedly hydrophobic. I enquired as to what had become of the dog, and was informed that he was still

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living, having recovered. It was not necessary to examine any further into the particulars of this case, for if the dog had really been the subject of hydrophobia, he would have been dead very shortly after biting my patient.

Again, it often happens that a person easily affected by suggestion has what he conceives to be the symptoms of hydrophobia developed very soon after having been bitten by a supposed rabid animal, whereas the real disease rarely supervenes until after a month has elapsed from the time of inoculation. It is true, there are cases on record in which the period of incubation was less than that, but they are exceedingly rare. In my own cases the time has varied from twenty-five days to four months and a-half. Cases in which the disease is said to have supervened many years after an alleged inoculation ought to be received with doubt. The interval probably never exceeds two years or is less than ten days.

There are a want of consistency and a degree of exaggeration about the symptoms of false hydrophobia which of themselves are sufficient to excite suspicion as to the real character of the phenomena. Thus one of the most noticeable occurrences in hydrophobia is the spasm of the muscles concerned in respiration and swallowing; and this not only when the patient attempts to swallow, but it is also developed by any circumstance capable of exciting the idea of swallowing. The subject of the false disease, not having a full knowledge of the matter, imagines that the inability to swallow water is all that is sufficient, and hence, although the attempt to drink a glass of water will generally produce intense spasms, these do not always occur under similar circumstances, as, for instance, when coffee or whiskey or other liquid is presented to him. He knows the name "hydrophobia" means fear of water, and the exhibition of terror and convulsive movements about his throat when this liquid is placed before him, and especially when he is told to swallow it, fulfil, to his mind, all the requirements of the occasion, and he knows nothing whatever of those secondary and more refined influences, such as the sound of falling water, bright light in the face, excitations applied to the skin, seeing others drink, etc., which so generally cause the most intense distress and violent spasms in the real disease.

There are not the same anxiety and depression in the simulated disease as in the real, although the apparent emotional disturbance is much greater. The false-hydrophobic patient is loud in the expression of apprehensions, while the victim of actual hydrophobia, though intensely anxious and terrified, endeavours to prevent others from perceiving the state of his mind. To reason, or to argue with, or to command such a patient is a waste of words, for the disease from which he suffers is in no way under his control; but with the imaginary disorder the case is very different, and suggestions or orders given to him by one in whom he has confidence, or of whom he stands somewhat in awe, will very generally break up the whole course of the morbid phenomena.

Thus, several years ago, I saw, in consultation, a policeman who had, two or three days before, been bitten by a dog, and whose comrades had frightened him by their enquiries and suggestions. He was then in the Park Hospital in the city of New York, held down on a bed by four strong men and snapping like a dog at every one who came near him. At the sight of water he became intensely excited and went through a series of fearful contortions of his limbs. He had visions of mad dogs running after him trying to bite him, and was constantly hiding his face in terror under the bedclothes. Every attempt to make him drink a glass of water produced a series of spasms and howls of anguish that alarmed the neighbourhood and threw all the women in the house into fits of hysterical laughing and sobbing. The short period of incubation, the extreme violence of his symptoms, and the fact that he had drunk a glass or two of brandy without any difficulty, gave me at once a clear idea of the case. I filled a tumbler with ice-cold water and, holding it to his lips, told him in a commanding tone to drink it immediately. He took the tumbler in his hand and swallowed the water as readily as he had ever done in his life. The spell was broken, and a few minutes afterwards he got out of bed, declaring that he was perfectly well, and he went to duty the next morning. It is quite within the limits of probability that if this man had been allowed to go on for two or three days in the way he had begun, death from exhaustion would have been the consequence.

That death may result from false hydrophobia is as well established as any other fact in medical science. There is a case on record of a man who died in fifteen hours with all the symptoms of hydrophobia, which had ensued on a violent paroxysm of anger.

There is also the case of a woman who was bitten by a dog in the face, and who was admitted to the Hôtel-Dieu, in Paris. After a few days she was cured of her wounds and discharged.

There was no suspicion that the dog was hydrophobic. But, going about her usual vocations, she one day heard a man exclaim: "She has not gone mad then!" From that moment she could not swallow liquids, and the same day she was readmitted to the Hôtel-Dieu—this time to die with all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

And here is another instance. A woman had been bitten by a dog which was supposed not to be rabid, and the injury had healed. Two months after the accident she was met by two students, who had seen her at the hospital, and who in a joke asked her if she was not yet mad. She was immediately seized with nervous symptoms, became intensely anxious and uneasy, and went into the

hospital firmly convinced that she was affected with hydrophobia. She was at once placed under treatment, but the symptoms in which an irrepressible degree of fear was prominent were rapidly developed, and in forty-eight hours she was dead.

A recent occurrence in the way of false hydrophobia is very instructive. A dog supposed to be rabid bit three men, who, having faith in what is popularly known as the "mad-stone," had it applied to their wounds and imagined that all danger had been avoided. But one of them, in order to make assurance doubly sure, had himself heavily ironed in order that, should hydrophobia supervene, he might not inflict any injury to his family. It is by no means established that the dog that bit him was affected with hydrophobia; but even if perfectly healthy, it is certain that the extraordinary precautions taken by this man to avoid what he imagined would be some of the symptoms of rabies would of themselves have been sufficient to develop the false disease. At any rate, in a few days many of the phenomena of hydrophobia, and a good many others due to the intense fear under which the patient laboured, were developed, and shortly afterwards he died. The other two men who were bitten at the same time are said to be in an agony of fear lest they may also die of hydrophobia. The medical journal, the *Times and Register*, from which I quote the account of this case, says:—

"We can imagine James Beard chained hand and foot, seated helplessly in a chair and passing wearily the time, feeling as if every minute were an hour, every hour a day, and every day almost a lifetime; with nothing to do but brood over his misfortune and the awful consequences likely to ensue. Any little sensation that at other times would pass unnoticed would now be magnified in his fancy a thousand-fold. A twinge of pain in the wound would be the dreadful poison at work; a change of colour would be mortification; the slight jerk of a muscle would be the beginning of convulsions. Add to these the apparently trivial, but to him fateful, fears, the questions, looks, and behaviour of friends, acquaintances and visitors. All would look curiously and inquisitively at him; some would scoff and ridicule at his chains; others would shake their heads knowingly and whisper in the corner; some would anxiously enquire whether he thought himself just as well as he had been, whether he was sure he could swallow as easily; did the bite hurt him, or change colour? Did he feel any particular nervous sensation? Others again would suggest that he looked careworn and haggard, but that he ought not to give way so; he was just to grit his teeth and determine not to have it, and they felt quite sure he would come through. Days spent in such fearful imaginings and amidst these Job's comforters would be almost enough to unseat the soundest mind, not to speak of one that was, at best, probably far from strong."

To bark like a dog, to snap at those near by, and even to run about on all fours, are among the most prominent symptoms of false hydrophobia; the patient being imbued with the idea that the hydrophobic virus which he imagines has been absorbed into his system is calculated to assimilate him to the animal by which he has been poisoned. Now, such symptoms are never witnessed in true hydrophobia, and their presence is amply sufficient for a discrimination between the two affections. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; and this is especially true of the sciolism which prevails relative to hydrophobia.—*William A. Hammond, in North American Review.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MARGARET MATHER IN "THE HONEYMOON."

JOHN TOBIN'S Comedy "The Honeymoon," now seldom seen on the stage, has again been brought before the public by Margaret Mather. A brief diagnosis of the plot will serve to enlighten those who may never have seen or may have forgotten the play. "Signor Balthazar" has three daughters, all of whom are desirous of marrying, and marrying well. Consequently when a Spanish Duke and Count appear upon the scene they are accepted as suitors for the hands of two of the daughters. "Juliana," the most beautiful, is captivated by the Duke, and they are married; however, the lady being of a very imperious temper, the young husband resolves to "Tame the Shrew," and concocts a plan, by which, instead of taking his bride to his lordly home, he brings her to a hovel, and then informs her that he is no lord, and has played the trick upon her only to gain her hand. The bride thereupon raves and storms, insults the rustics introduced to her as her husband's friends, and writes to her father to resent her. At last her wayward spirit is tamed, and she confesses that she cannot but love her husband for himself, albeit he has deceived her cruelly; thereupon she is undeceived, and all ends happily. There is a kind of side plot between the remaining two daughters and their lovers, the one being as before mentioned a Count, and the other a woman-hating captain in the Spanish Army; this serves to give rise to a series of comical and interesting situations which lend more interest to the play. The play is altogether a good one, and affords ample scope for good acting, character and otherwise, and the scene where the Duke's serving man, in order to deceive the bride, takes his place for a short time, is especially amusing. Margaret Mather of course is the central figure of the play, and takes the part of "Juliana," one of the daughters of "Signor Balthazar."

It is especially difficult in a play of this kind to decide as to the ability of an actress who is already supposed to

have made her mark upon the stage, but criticizing her from her acting in this play, and taking into consideration the many things which have been said in her favour, Margaret Mather is decidedly a disappointment of an exceedingly good figure and pleasant appearance. When one first sees her one expects much, but her voice is harsh and incapable of delineating extreme paths or tender sentimentality, and her action and gesture are decidedly awkward. During the first two scenes, in which she appears in this play, one wonders what there is about her to entitle her to the name of even a good actress, but latterly she appears to better advantage, and her good looks rescue her in many a predicament when a less favoured actress would appear almost absurd. What this lady may be like in other parts we cannot say, but judging from her portrayal of the principal character in "The Honeymoon," a character full of splendid opportunities for the display of emotion of every kind, we must come to the conclusion that Margaret Mather, while no doubt a painstaking and pretty actress, is not a great one, nor likely to be so.

Otis Skinner takes the part of the "Duke Arunza," and plays the part well. This young man should make a first-class actor, and we prophesy for him a successful career on the stage, should he painstakingly follow up his profession. The other characters were fairly well portrayed, and altogether the Company is a good average one, though we should say not up to the mark required for a Shakespearian play.

THE CONRIED COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

Those who saw this opera company last year and witnessed their performances again this season cannot but come to the conclusion that the whole organization is much improved, both as regards acting, singing and stage scenery. The "Gipsy Baron" is one of those operas which serves to show the general style of Johann Strauss' music. Light and airy with a preponderance of the valse tempo, it pleases the ear though there is nothing which is catching enough to be remembered afterwards. The principal part, that of "Saffi," a gipsy girl, is taken by Rita Selby, whose pretty figure and well-trained voice go a long way in securing the success of the piece. Her rendering of solos in the first and second acts was really far above the average of comic opera *prima donnas*. The comic character is that taken by Ferris Hartman, who appears as "Kalinan Zsupan," a pig dealer. This part is taken well, but, unfortunately, the principal fault in connection with this opera is that there is not enough comedy about it, and this gentleman has consequently but little scope for showing his talent in that line. The other principal parts are taken by J. J. Raffael, who sings well as "Barinkay," an exile, and J. P. Swickratt as Count Carrero. The "King's Fool," played alternately with the "Gipsy Baron," was also very successful, and Ferris Hartman has in this much more opportunity for displaying his powers and versatility, his song, "These Words no Shakespeare Wrote," being especially well rendered.

PAT ROONEY AT THE ACADEMY.

A VISIT to the Academy this week will well repay lovers of the comic art. The company got together to support the only "Pat" is a good all round one, and well suited for the work it has to get through. The performance, one cannot call it play, runs smoothly and lightly from beginning to end. The plot is extremely slender, and the principal attractions consist of clever and original songs, comical situations and good dancing by the Star. The two characters far ahead of any of the others are Pat and little Mattie Rooney. The former in his Irish songs and quiet dances was recalled again and again, while the latter though but a young girl, by her vivacity and her general acting throughout, at once gained the hearts of all present. Miss Alida Perrault, a very "chic" soubrette, sang well, especially a song in the first act, entitled "Warbling Birds," and appeared to advantage later on in several other selections. The acting of Mr. Harley as "Cruellers," a negro footman, and of Mr. Vincent as "Lionel Eustach," an impoverished actor, was very commendable, while the remainder of the company gave some very clever selections on various musical instruments, the playing of the ocarina being especially well done. The Academy with such an attraction should do good business this week.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

ON Thursday evening last week, the round of musical entertainment, given each season at the Toronto College of Music, was commenced for this season by a lecture on the Pianoforte, and a short concert given by Mr. T. C. Jeffers, of the College staff. The lecture was an extremely lucid and interesting one, occupying in its delivery about forty minutes of time. It touched upon such points as position, touch, legato touch, staccato touch, octaves, portamento touch, technical studies, etudes, rhythm, method in practice, solos, accidentals, melodious playing, playing from memory, public performance, reading at sight, *ensemble* playing, the study of music generally. The concert programme which followed it was a particularly enjoyable one, as the large audience who were present frequently testified. Miss Smart was heard with pleasure in songs by Strelszki and Becker, and Mr. Kirby's numbers proved him to have a voice of great power, which at present only lacks further study. Mrs. Adamson as usual played her violin solos with artistic refinement. Mr. Jeffers gave organ and piano solos equally well, his artistic qualities and fine technique being brought into full play.

ONE of the important novelties of the present dramatic season is the new and intensely funny comedy, entitled "The Shatchen," which begins a week's engagement at the Academy of Music next Monday evening, the 6th instant. The comedy will introduce the well-known dialect comedian, M. B. Curtis, and a fine comedy company, which has been specially engaged to support him. The play has been written to present the Hebrew as he really is, and not as he is caricatured in many of the comedies and dramas of the present day. The production here marks the return to the stage after an absence of three years, of M. B. Curtis, the original "Sam'l of Posen." His portrayal of the jolly, light-hearted drummer is well known throughout the country. The Shatchen, literally translated, means match-making, a character who makes it a business to bring about marriages for a commission. Mr. Curtis in this play enacts the role of "Meyer Petowsky," the Shatchen, and the possibilities for a humorous creation are said to be as good as in "Sam'l of Posen."

At a choral festival at Vienna there was on Aug. 17 an audience of 20,000 persons who joined in singing "Das Deutsche Lied," and "Die Wacht am Rhein."

THE production of Sullivan's grand opera, "Ivanhoe," has raised the hopes of various artists, who wish to take part in it. The latest report is that Nordica will be the "Rebecca," although this distinction was claimed by Miss Palliser.

MANAGER D'OYLEY CARTE has engaged Oudin and his wife for the Savoy Theatre. American singers keep up their popularity abroad, especially in England. Zelic de Lussan, for instance, is a prime favourite there, as she deserves to be.

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON has arrived, has been interviewed, and has told a marvellous story how Joachim applauded her so vigorously at a concert that he strained his hands so that he could not play his violin solo! Lovely are the uses of advertisement!

CAMPANINI has been passing the summer at Lake Hopatcong. The other night he sang at a concert at Breslin's Hotel, winning the usual applause and encores. His friends claim that his voice is entirely restored. A number of amateurs took part in the entertainment.

A CARL ROSA MEMORIAL FUND is in formation in England, with the object of affording weekly allowance during sickness, a pension after the age of sixty, and a sum of money at time of death, to the members of the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company, the staff of the Royal Court, Liverpool, the members of the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company, in London, and the members of the Provincial Company.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SONGS OF ALL SEASONS, Clines and Times. By Mrs. John Crawford. Rose Publishing Company, Toronto.

An ambitious title for a book of poetry of not more than ordinary merit. There is disclosed in the poems a love for nature and their moral and religious tone is pure, but they are often deficient in literary execution.

THE FEAST OF ST. ANNE, and other poems. By Pierce Stevens, Hamilton. Montreal: John Lovell and Son, 1890.

This volume of poems shows a wealth of imagination combined with a poverty of rhyme. We gladly give the author credit for a warm patriotic spirit which takes its best literary form, perhaps, in the song "Hurra! Hurra! for Norland." But even our patriotism cannot pass by in silence such rhymes as the following which appear in the poem "Canada,"

No burden impedes thy triumphant career,
All, all of thy Mother's that thou mayest share.

and again,

Is thy Crown not already irradiated
By the beams from the sun of futurity shed?

We may say that such rhythmic attempts are not exceptional but appear too frequently throughout the volume. "The Shanty in the Wood" is a pleasant little Idyll, and some very interesting information relating to primitive aboriginal scenes and customs is imparted in a romantic form in the poem "The Feast of Saint Anne," and in prose in the historical notes appended to it.

ON THE HILLS. A Series of Geological Talks. By Professor Frederick Starr. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Fully illustrated and described in a chatty pleasant style, the tramps taken by the author and his companions in search of fossil remains in various parts of the country will be interesting to the most unscientific of readers, even among the young. The physical formation of the earth is a subject attractive enough to each and all, and as it is said "when the scope of this branch of natural science is enlarged by studying the extinct forms of life whose traces are found in the later geological strata, it becomes still more fascinating." The opening chapter treats of the formation of glaciers, and of the moraines that mark their path, and after a talk called "A Queer Bundle of Sticks," which treats of some fossil discoveries near New York, follow chapters on extinct fish and reptilian forms, earthquakes, mountain-making, erosion, etc., etc.

CASSELL'S *Art Magazine* for October is full of good matter, illustrations and letter-press. The photogravure which forms the frontispiece is "The Stone Age," the painting by Fernand Cormon. George du Maurier has an article on the illustrating of books, and C. N. Williamson continues his series on "Illustrated Journalism" in New England, dealing this time with its development. The usual departments close the number.

The Overland Monthly for September opens with an article on "The Boom in Western Washington," by John S. Hittell, which is accompanied by a capital map. This number has a large collection of articles bearing on early Western history, such as "Who Was the Pathfinder," by Harry L. Wells, which deals with the earliest attempts at the overland journey and pays a tribute to the late General Fremont. "Fort Bridger," by Emily S. Loud, is the graphic story of a wild Western fort, and of the mountain trapper, "Old Jim Bridger," from whom it took its name. "A Woman's Log of 1849," is from the diary of a passenger on the return trip of the *California*, the first steamship that entered the Bay of San Francisco. "The Beginnings of California," by F. T. Vassault, and "The Bears and The Historians," by M. W. Shinn. There is other interesting matter and the great Cardinal Newman is remembered in a poem by William H. McDougall.

Lippincott's for October engages the attention at once with a long and interesting sea story by that Prince of Modern story-tellers of the sea, W. Clark Russell, called "A Marriage at Sea." Then follow "Tartuffe in Ebony," a negro character sketch by Jeanie Drake. A sonnet "Envy of Grief," by Bessie Chandler. "A Eulogy of Florida as a Health Resort," by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. A popular presentation of "Electric Lighting," by David Salomons. "Roses of Love," a poem by Julian Hawthorne. The clever and entertaining "Round Robin Talks" are continued by J. M. Stoddart. Sydney T. Skidmore has a thoughtful article on "University Extension." M. G. McClelland's sonnet introduces to the world a new derivative of self, "Selflessness." In "Le Prix de Rome," L. R. McCabe urges the benefits derived from the great French Prix as a reason for the creation of a similar foundation in the United States. In "Book Talk," Julian Hawthorne gives a brilliant critical estimate of Rudyard Kipling's literary work and promise.

"YOUTH AND AGE" is the subject of the frontispiece in *The Quiver* for October, and it illustrates a poem by that title written by J. R. Eastwood. "Men Who Have Stuck to Their Post" is the opening article, and it has for its illustration a clergyman preaching to a congregation of one. "The Children's Hymn," by J. R. Eastwood, will no doubt be lisped by infant lips throughout the land. "With the Halt and the Maimed" is what its title indicates. "Luminous Bodies" is the not altogether descriptive title of a sermon preached by the Rev. J. R. Macduff. "Joyce Halliday's Mistake" is a story that young girls will enjoy, and "Little Sallie Lunn" will interest the children of the household. In the series of "Bright Examples," contributed by Professor Blaikie, "Mrs. Augustus Hare" is this month's subject. This lady was the mother, by adoption, of the well-known writer, Augustus Julius Charles Hare, who has taken so many thousand people on his "walks." Mrs. L. T. Meade's clever story, "In the Second Place," is continued. There are articles designed especially for Sunday reading and others in lighter vein, but there is never anything in the pages of *The Quiver* that might not be read with perfect propriety on any day in the week.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI left some unpublished MSS. which may sometime, perhaps, see the light; one of these is a ballad of a burlesque kind, which he wrote on the famous Buchanan affair.

MRS. DELAND'S serial story, "Sidney," will end in the October *Atlantic* and be published at an early day in this country by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and in London by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company.

THE remarkable career of Dorothea Lynde Dix, the world-famous philanthropist, has been written by Rev. Francis Tiffany, of Cambridge, and will be published immediately by Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

W. CLARK RUSSELL, the famous English writer of sea stories, and author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Marooned," etc., has contributed a novel entitled "A Marriage at Sea" to the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, Boston, have issued in their pretty Riverside Paper Series, the novel by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled, "Prudence Palfrey." It is one of this gifted and genial writer's most delightful stories.

HERBERT LAWS WEBB, who will contribute an article on "Life on Board a Cable Ship" to the October *Scribner's*, is a son of F. C. Webb, C.E., who, in company with Cyrus W. Field, selected the landing place at Valentia for the first Atlantic cable.

The Century during the coming year, among its other Art features, will aim to present in every number some striking example of the best contemporary work of American artists—engraved by the leading American wood-engravers after the originals. The first of this series will be Mr. Will Low's oil-painting, exhibited at the Society of American Artists, and entitled "The Portrait."

RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM, in the second of his "White Squadron" articles in the October *Scribner's*, will describe harbour life as seen from an American man-of-war in the ports of Lisbon, Gibraltar, Tangier and Port Mahon. The illustrations are all from the author's drawings.

RUDYARD KIPLING was in this country about two months last year accumulating material for a book to bear the title "From Shore to Shore." An American who met him describes him as "a short, broad-chested man, a brilliant talker, and an interesting person generally."

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS, Philadelphia, have published in cheap form a pleasing and interesting society novel by Cara Camara, entitled "Sifting Matrimony." The scene is laid by turns in New York, Washington and the South. It is a love story, with many effective dramatic scenes.

THE October *Atlantic* will have, among other noteworthy papers, a strong, indeed trenchant, article on Frémont, by Josiah Royce; a very interesting chapter on Benedict Arnold's treason, by John Fiske; and one of Sarah Orne Jewett's exquisite short stories, "By the Morning Boat."

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND has prepared an article upon Florida as a pleasure and a health resort for the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. A feature of the same number will be an article upon "Electric Lighting" by the well-known English scientist, Sir David Salomons.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY will publish early this month in their "Adventure" Series "The Buccaneers and Marooners of America," being an account of the famous adventures and daring deeds of certain notorious freebooters of the Spanish Main. Edited and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

MR. GLADSTONE'S new book, entitled "Landmarks of Homeric Study" will be issued immediately by Macmillan and Company. The author says in a recent letter: "Please to bear in mind that this little work was planned for America. The form of it seemed to me more suited for an American public."

THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia, have issued in their neat and cheap series of select novels, a new English novel by B. M. Crocker, author of several popular stories, entitled "Two Masters." It is a story of remarkable interest, with an ingenious plot which is powerfully worked out.

"It seems to be understood," says the Boston *Transcript*, "that the heirs of John Boyle O'Reilly will sell his interest in the Boston *Pilot*. His partner was Archbishop Williams, who owns three-fourths of the property and will probably retain his interest. James Jeffrey Roche, Mr. O'Reilly's assistant, is the new editor."

THE success of the small cameo edition of "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," issued by the Scribners last fall, has warranted them in bringing out Thomas Nelson Page's "In Ole Virginia," and George W. Cable's "Old Creole Days," in the same dainty and attractive form. The volumes will contain etchings, and are printed from new plates on a fine quality of paper.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT was Gustave Flaubert's favourite pupil, and for seven years studied writing at the feet of his master; each week Flaubert would give his young disciple a subject for an essay or a piece of descriptive writing, and when the work was done it was submitted to Flaubert, who would then criticize and tear the style to pieces, and frequently rewrite the whole thing.

SINCE completing their elaborate historical work on Abraham Lincoln, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay have undertaken to write for *The Century* several papers of a more intimate character on "Lincoln's Personal Traits." These papers will differ from the "Life" in being signed by their respective authors. They will be supplemented by a remarkable posthumous essay on Lincoln by Horace Greeley, written in the form of a lecture, which, as is believed, was not only never published, but was never even delivered.

ROBERT BREWSTER STANTON, chief engineer of the party which last winter made a perilous survey for a railway through the entire length of the cañons of the Colorado, will describe the adventures of that journey in an early number of *Scribner's Magazine*. No party has ever before traversed these cañons except that of Major J. W. Powell in 1869, and Mr. Stanton's expedition is the first that has ever made a continuous trip along the waters of this river from its head to its mouth.

THE latest of the volumes treating of the "Famous Women of the French Court," translated from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand by T. S. Perry, and issued by the Scribners, is entitled "Citizeness Bonaparte." It sketches the career of Josephine from the time of her marriage to the period of Napoleon's consulship, covering the most romantic and happy portion of her life; and includes the campaign in Italy, the expedition to Egypt and Napoleon's subsequent personal success and triumph at Paris.

MISS JULIET CORSON, the well-known professor of cooking and domestic science at Rutgers Female College, New York city, is so confirmed an invalid that her lectures are read at her dictation by her secretary, and she illustrates her ideas of cooking while seated in an invalid's chair. She has large and interested classes, and it is a belief of the college-girls, that Miss Corson could produce a first-class soup with a wish-bone, a quart of water, a water-cress, a pinch of salt, and a match.

OCTOBER 3rd 1890.]

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE "SMART" WAY OF SHAKING HANDS.

If there is a custom which is supposed by our neighbours on the Continent to be essentially British, it is that of shaking hands. They speak of the English "shake-hand" as if it were a practise only indulged in by that eccentric islander whose manners and customs they affect to despise, and yet not unfrequently imitate. It is certainly the case that we are more given to shaking hands than other nations are. Where the Frenchman or the German would content himself with a comprehensive bow that includes a whole company of people in one courteous sweep, the Englishman, especially if he is country-bred, will patiently and perseveringly shake hands with anyone who is present. Perhaps it is owing to a feeling that an unnecessary use of the practice is provincial, that we may trace a visible decline in it at the present day. But it is difficult to say to what cause is attributable the present extraordinary form which it takes among certain people when they do practice it—a form which is especially prevalent among those people whose ambition it is to be known as "smart"; a term, by the way, which is at once curiously inclusive and exclusive, and which can only be earned by a rigid performance of certain social rites, and a strict obedience to mysterious and unwritten rules, rules that are unknown even to the rest of the world. When two members of this class, or of the far more numerous class that imitates them, meet each other, they go through a ceremony which certainly bears a faint resemblance to that of shaking hands, but is in all real essentials absolutely different. The lady lifts her elbow as high as a tight sleeve will permit her, and dangles a little hand before her face, carefully keeping the wrist as stiff and as high as possible, while she allows the fingers to droop down. The man contrives to lift his elbow a little higher, and, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, touches her fingers—that is all. That is the whole ceremony; it sounds a little awkward, it looks very awkward, and it is difficult enough to require a good deal of practice before it can be performed at all. It is a very curious development of an ancient practice; but the reason that is assigned for this, its last development, is more curious still. It is said that ladies who are bidden to Court, and whose privilege it is to exchange greetings with royal personages, find it difficult to combine a curtsy with a shake of a gracious hand without raising their own hands to the level of their faces. Hence their too frequent communications with illustrious people have corrupted their good manners; they acquire a habit, and are so forgetful as to introduce it into their ordinary life and their relations with more ordinary people. It may be so; but it is strange, at least, that they should remember to forget the curtsy, while they forget to remember to lower their hands. But a defective memory is also very often a result of keeping good company. It is the same forgetfulness that causes a butler to address his new master as "My lord—I mean, sir;" the force of habit is too strong for him, and the poor fellow cannot remember that he is not always associating with peers. Another reason that has been suggested for this greeting, as it is practised by the best society, is that they have borrowed it from the coachman. With his reins in one hand and his whip in the other, the only approach to a salutation that a coachman can make is by a sharp upward movement of the elbow and whip hand. Indeed, this explanation is a very plausible one, for there is a kind of natural affinity between the manners of the stable and those of the very smart people. "Smart" is a detestable word, but it is the one by which they love best to describe themselves. Perhaps it would be fair to conclude that the form of their greeting has been subject to both of these influences, for it is difficult to think of any other source from which they can have derived it. It is hardly possible that the habit can have come to them from the bar-loafer of the United States, though it is certainly the custom among bar-loafers, as the Americans term them, to lift their elbows by way of greeting; but the gesture with them is merely indicative of a hospitable wish to "stand" each other drinks, and can hardly be dignified by the name of a salutation. Wherever the habit was derived from, it is not a pretty one, and by no means an improvement upon the original custom. How ancient a custom is the shaking of hands no one can say. Mankind always employed some kind of ceremony of greeting. The oldest forms, those of kissing and the rubbing of noses, date from even pre-historic times. Authorities declare that uncivilized men by these means either tasted or sniffed at each other, in order to distinguish their friend from their enemy. The custom of rubbing noses is still practised by the Polynesians, and some of the Malays and Mongols; but it does not appear to have ever made its way into Europe. The kiss, or salute by taste, was and is still much more extensively used; it is not unknown in England. The giving and clasping of right hands had its origin most probably in a wish to show that the right hand was unarmed, and that no danger need be apprehended from its owner. In the same way, among certain African tribes, it is the custom on meeting, not only to disarm themselves, but also to unclasp the upper portion of the body, in order to show that there is no weapon concealed. There is evidence to show that the clasping of hands was an ancient Hindoo usage in legal transactions, as it was also among the Romans in such matters as a marriage contract. As a mode of salutation, it certainly existed among the latter; for we have Horace's description of a bore:

Arreptaque manu, "Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?"

from which we may argue that the methods of the bore in those days, and his ingenuity in button-holing, did not differ greatly from those in use now. In yet further antiquity, it is said of the heroes in the "Odyssey," when they meet, that "they grow together with their palms"—an energetic, a Homeric description of the clasp of hands. But these are matters of ancient history. Nor do they explain how the action of shaking the hands came in; probably this too, in its time, was an innovation, but one that was adopted for the sake of displaying greater heartiness, which the latest innovation certainly does not.—*Spectator*.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

THE days of Protectionism in the United States, I begin to think, are now numbered. The McKinley Bill is the darkness which precedes the dawn. I would rather say that a streak of dawn is already in the sky. Economical truth has been preached in vain. It was preached in vain even by Mr. David Wells, much more by the Cobden Club, to whose tracts the ready answer has always been, that they were put forth in the British interest, though in point of fact Great Britain probably gains more by the handicapping through a suicidal system of her most dangerous rival in the markets of the world than she loses by partial exclusion from the market of the United States. But that which no preachings, however convincing, could effect is now likely to be brought about by the force of circumstances, and especially by the growth of surplus revenue. To those who looked on from a distance, the last Presidential election, in which Harrison and Protection triumphed over Cleveland and the Revenue Tariff, might seem a decisive verdict of the nation in favour of the Protective system. To observers on the spot it seemed nothing of the kind. In the first place the election was bought. There is no question about the fact that the manufacturers subscribed a great sum to carry the doubtful States—New York, Indiana, and Connecticut. In the second place, the farmers' vote which, contrary to expectation and to reason, went for the Republican and Protectionist candidate, was given not on the fiscal issue but on the party ground. Words can hardly paint the stolid allegiance of the farmer, both in the United States and Canada, to his party shibboleth, which in many cases is hereditary. More truly significant on the other side was the increased vote of mechanics in favour of Free Trade. The mechanic has been all along enthralled by the belief, sedulously drummed into him, that Protection keeps up wages. As soon as he sees through that fallacy the end must come, and the last election showed that his eyes were beginning to be opened. After all Mr. Cleveland would probably have won had he been content to stand on the general principle which he first put forth, that the Government had no right to take from the people more than it needed for its expenses. That proposition unquestionably commended itself to the good sense of the people. The mistake was the Mills Bill, which specifically threatened a number of protected interests and scared them into making desperate efforts and subscribing large sums to carry the elections. Republicans were also enabled to appeal to their party, perhaps with some show of reason, on the ground that the Bill was a Southern Bill. The farmer has paid the cost of the Protective system while he has himself been left to compete unprotected not only with the "pauper" labour of Europe, but with the more than "pauper" labour of the Hindoo. This even his dull eyes had begun to see; and it was evident that unless an interest, or an apparent interest, could be given him in the system, the mere party tie, tough as it was, would not hold him for ever. To give him an apparent interest, and thereby to secure his vote for the autumn elections to Congress, seems to have been the main object of the McKinley Bill. I was at Washington when the Bill came before the House of Representatives. To me it seemed evident that on the economical or fiscal merits of the question hardly a thought was bestowed. The only question was how the claims of different local interests could be satisfied and reconciled. The duty was put on hides and taken off again, again put on and again taken off, not because the minds of the legislators were undergoing changes about the fiscal merits of the tax, but because there was an evenly balanced struggle between the Eastern and the Western vote. The perplexity of the framers of the Bill, thus called upon to satisfy and reconcile jarring interests, was extreme. It boded the catastrophe of the whole system. Protectionist legislators who undertook to mete out a fair measure of Protection to every interest in a country so vast and embracing interests so diverse as the United States have a tangled web to weave. The wider the area becomes and the greater grows the diversity of the interests, the more tangled becomes the web. It has long appeared to me that the extension of the field and the multiplication of the objects would in the end prove fatal to the system. A New England Protectionist may talk about native industries and patriotism, but what he wants is the immunity from competition which will enable him to make twenty instead of ten per cent. It matters not really to him whether his competitor is an Englishman, a Canadian, or a man in Illinois or Georgia. It would not greatly surprise me to see New England some day step out of the ranks of Protection and declare for free importation of raw materials and Free Trade. Between the protected manufacturer and the protected producer of the raw materials of manufactures there is, happily for the ultimate deliverance of the consumer from both their monopolies, an antagonism which nothing can stifle. The Power

of Commercial Darkness cannot reconcile the interest of that part of his family which makes cloth or shoes with the interest of the part which breeds sheep for wool or cattle for hides. Nor can the Protectionist politician afford to let any interest drop. If he did, the ring would break, and the jilted interest would at once become the fiercest enemy of the system.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

GREATER CANADA.

THE comparative study of land areas has many underlying truths which are not seen at first. The striking contrasts in extent, location, climate, soil and physical features of land areas make impressions upon our minds which are not easily effaced, and reveal hidden facts of great value. Canada is the largest of all the British possessions, comprising nearly one-half of the British Empire. It covers more than one-fourteenth part of the earth's surface, and therefore holds no mean position in the affairs of men. The whole continent of Europe is only 146,000 square miles larger than Canada. The area of the Dominion is estimated to contain 3,610,257 square miles. It is nearly thirty times larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and about 18,000 square miles larger than the United States, including Alaska. Greater Canada lies west of Ontario. Toronto has been the centre of civilization for the Dominion, but that is already changing, and no more appropriate advice can be given to our college graduates, enterprising men of business, and farmers' sons, than "Go West, Young Man!" The centres of population must remain for some years east of the great lakes, but these too will follow the centres of land areas and civilization. The city of Winnipeg lies nearly midway between the oceans and may for all practical purposes be fitly called "the hub of the Dominion." The introductory sentence in Principal Grant's "Ocean to Ocean" brings this forcibly to our minds. He says: "Travel a thousand miles up the St. Lawrence; another thousand on great lakes and a wilderness of lakelets and streams; a thousand miles across prairies and up the valley of the Saskatchewan; and nearly a thousand through woods and over great ranges of mountains, and you have travelled from ocean to ocean through Canada." Great ignorance prevails in Great Britain and the United States, and even in eastern Canada, respecting the area of the Dominion, and especially of that part of it which I have designated Greater Canada. Let us see what the land areas contain. Manitoba has an area of 60,520 square miles; this is larger than England and Wales, which contain 58,764; it is larger than the State of New York which has 47,000; it is 4,000 square miles larger than Michigan with 56,243. Pennsylvania has an area of 46,000 square miles; it is much greater than Illinois, which contains 55,405 square miles. The District of Saskatchewan has an area of 114,000 square miles; this is nearly as large as Italy, which has an area of 114,410; it is 8,000 square miles less than Nebraska, which has 122,007; it is larger than Colorado, which has an area of 105,818; it has a larger area than the combined States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey and Delaware, which contain 113,307; it is nearly as large as New England, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina combined, with an area of 115,987. Alberta has an area of 100,000 square miles; this is larger than Illinois and Ohio, which together contain 95,369 square miles. It is nearly as large as Oregon with 102,606. Colorado has an area of 105,818. Assiniboia has an area of 95,000 square miles; this is larger than Great Britain with 88,584; it is nearly as large as Minnesota, which contains 95,274. The combined areas of Maine, New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire contain 95,846. Verily, "No pent up Utica contracts our Powers!" There lie within the land areas of Greater Canada, vast tracts of land capable of development whose extent is bewildering to the social and political economist, and the eye of the observant traveller fails to grasp the magnificent distances of even our prairie lands. The following comparison is especially significant to every loyal Canadian: The areas of land lying in Greater Canada embracing within the provisional districts of Keewatin, Alberta, Assiniboia, Athabasca, Saskatchewan, and the other Territories lying north of these districts, are greater in extent than the combined areas of the following countries: England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, German Empire, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Japan, China, exclusive of her dependencies, Norway and Sweden. The former areas contain 2,647,730 square miles, and the latter have a combined area of 2,639,187.—*Robin Rustler, in Moosejaw Times*.

MARTIAL MUSIC.

THERE is a popular idea that a military band accompanies its regiment wherever it goes, and plays in front of the line in the charge, or at the assault of the breach or entrenchments of the enemy. Although, however, our bandsmen have other duties, as stretcher bearers and sick attendants, to perform, and our fine regimental bands are not called upon to inspire our soldiers in this fashion, any soldier who has campaigned in the field, or performed arduous marches with his corps, will be able to testify to the good effect of martial music when men are called upon to perform something beyond their ordinary danger or fatigue. Mars and music are indeed old allies, and, if the effect of a drum, a fife, a trumpet, a bugle, or a bagpipe, upon the tired or overmatched soldier, has been at times a revival and renewal of vigour and increased courage, how

much greater, it may be asked, would be the inspiration afforded by the blended harmony of many instruments, pouring forth some air that appeals to the traditional glories of the regiment. "Music," we are told, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast," yet, there can be no doubt, this essentially peaceful art has power to excite, in an equal degree, man's fiercest passions, and while the effect of music upon the mass of a battalion, or even an entire army, is wholesome and beneficial, the result is arrived at through each individual soldier in all possible variations of degree and manner. One man has heard the air in his childhood, and it brings back the fondest memories of a happy home; some associate the tune with success in former days, others with a sad regret, but played by the band of the regiment, with every comrade as an audience, an instinct of clan and kinship, of self-sacrifice for the common weal, all are united in the resolve to do or die! A bagpipe to the uneducated or Saxon ear is not altogether "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Still, that instrument to the Keltish warrior, be he Scotch or Irish, is a banner and a war cry combined. Neither the drum nor fife, by itself, would commend itself to the sympathy or sensibility of the layman in his peaceful hours of study or meditation, yet the roll of the one and the shrill note of the other, heard at the right moment, have won many a rampart, and swept the deck of many an enemy's warship! Military music is certainly as old as civilization, which, in man, they say, began with fire. If, in the pre-historic ages, our forefathers were distinguished from the brute creation by their knowledge of fire and their instinct to cook something to eat, we may be tolerably well assured that one of their earliest pastimes was the imitation of song uttered forth by the birds as they worshipped the light of Heaven. Pan, deified by the Greeks, came originally from Egypt, his birthplace being Mendes, which signifies "goat." On the other hand, Polyænus makes him become a general of Bacchus, and attributes to him the invention of the order of battle and the distribution of an army into right and left wings, enabling him to strike terror into the minds of the enemy, hence the expression *panic*. The Greeks, who took much of their civilization, as well as their mythology, from the Egyptians, adopted also some considerable amount of their music. Any average Eton boy could tell us concerning the *Polemioi*, bluff and sonorous, the *Orthioi*, sharp and staccato, and other Spartan airs, played when the phalanx was about to charge, while the same young gentleman would perhaps be very dubious in regard to the traditional air or quickstep belonging to any particular regiment in Her Majesty's Service. And yet, in its traditional aspect, the British army is rich in music, while of military music and military composers there are no end.—*Naval and Military Argus*.

LIFE is very difficult. It seems right to us sometimes that we should follow our strongest feelings; but then such feelings continually come across the ties that our former life has made for us—the ties which have made others dependent on us—and would cut them in two.—*George Eliot*.

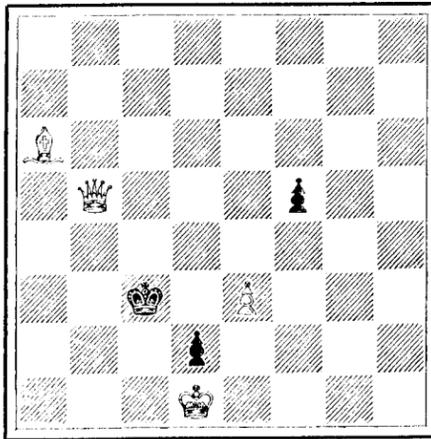
TEMPERANCE AND LONGEVITY.—An endeavour was recently made to show that total abstainers do not live so long as those who consume alcohol in moderation; also, strange to say, that those who often drink to excess outlive the teetotallers. Statements purporting to come from the medical profession in England were adduced in support. The whole story had a suspicious appearance. The facts were evidently cooked, but so skilfully as to deceive unwary people. All persons possessing common-sense are aware that an excessive consumption of alcohol leads to ill-health and a high rate of mortality. But many are not convinced that even what is called moderate indulgence tends to lessen the duration of life. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, London, England, has two classes of insurance, one for total abstainers, and another for temperate people who are not total abstainers. All insurance offices carefully avoid insuring the lives of drunkards, or of those whom they suspect to be inclined to over-indulgence. That of itself is sufficient to show that the universal experience of life offices is that alcoholic excess means a high rate of mortality. The directors of the before-mentioned institution at their last annual meeting reported that for the total abstinence section on the whole number of life policies for every 100 claims estimated to fall due by the actuary's tables there had been only 59 deaths, but that in the general section—that is, among those who drank in strict moderation—the deaths amounted to 86 out of the expected 100. Therefore out of equal numbers of two lots of insurers—total abstainers and temperate men—the abstainers showed 45 per cent. better than the temperate drinkers. What is a moderate consumption of alcohol? "Cassel's Family Physician" is a book written by physicians of the London Hospitals. In the article on alcohol, evidently not by a total abstainer, it is stated that the average London beer contains five per cent. of alcohol; also, as the result of scientific experiments, that two ounces of alcohol consumed in beer should be the daily maximum allowance for a strong man. This would represent two pints of London beer. But, it is added, for most people one-half, or at the outside three-fourths, of that allowance will be sufficient. However, the experience of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution goes to prove that total abstinence is the better plan.—*Toronto Daily Mail, September 11th, 1890.*

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 501.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



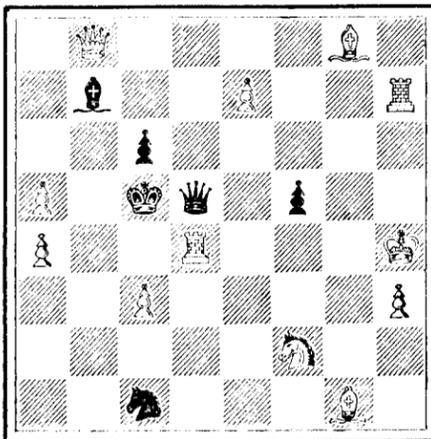
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 502.

By A. KEMPE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-------------|----------|---------|
| No. 495. | | No. 496. | |
| White. | Black. | | |
| 1. Kt-Q B 3 | 1. K-Q 3 | | |
| 2. Kt x P + | 2. K-B 3 | | Q-K R 1 |
| 3. R-B 6 mate | | | |
| | if 1. P x P | | |
| 2. R-Q 4 | 2. K x R | | |
| 3. B-B 6 mate | | | |
| With other variations. | | | |

GAME LATELY PLAYED BETWEEN THE CHESS CLUB OF BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. AND THE CHESS CLUB OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------------|---------------|-------------|
| ST. JOHN. | BOSTON. | ST. JOHN. | BOSTON. |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 14. Q-R Q 1 | Q-K Kt 3 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 15. R-Q 2 | B-R 4 |
| 3. P-Q 4 | P x P | 16. B x B + | Kt x B |
| 4. Kt x P | B-B 4 | 17. P-Q 5 | Kt x B |
| 5. B-K 3 | Q-B 3 | 18. Q x Kt | B-Kt 3 |
| 6. P-Q B 3 | K-Kt K 2 | 19. Q-K B 3 | B-Q B 2 |
| 7. B-K 2 (a) | P-Q 4 | 20. K R-Q 1 | K R-K 1 (d) |
| 8. B-B 3 | P x P | 21. P-K Kt 3 | R-Q 3 |
| 9. B x P | Kt x Kt (b) | 22. P x P | R x P |
| 10. P x Kt | B-Kt 3 | 23. Kt-Kt 5 | K-Kt 1 |
| 11. Castles | P-Q B 3 | 24. R-Q 7 (e) | B-Kt 3 (f) |
| 12. Kt-Q B 3 | B-K B 4 | 25. Kt-Q 6 | Resigns. |
| 13. Q-K B 3 | Castles Q R (c) | | |

NOTES.

- A move which should yield an inferior game.
- The regular move is 9-B x Kt giving time, and promising a splendid attack on Q P.
- For safety Black should have castled on K side. It appears they will not win Pawn.
- A useless threat, B Q 3 better.
- The winning move—Decisive we think in every variation.
- If P Q R 3 then White changes off both pieces and the check at K B 4 is final.

A LONDON paper tells the following incident in the career of the late Cardinal Newman: It was before the days of his elevation to the rank of his Church. He was travelling from Edgbaston to some station along the line. He was seated in a third-class carriage, when a poor Irish-woman took her seat in the train opposite to him. Newman was not one who ever gave much thought to his personal appearance, and his black clothes may have had a threadbare and neglected look. His face, worn and thoughtful, evidently suggested poverty and pinching to the warm heart of the daughter of the Sister Isle, for, as she was leaving the carriage, she slipped a small coin into his hands, saying: "Get yourself something to eat, my good man. You look tired and hungry." The future Cardinal prized that lowly gift quite as highly as many honours that were afterward lavished on him. The incident is worthy a place in a play; but there it would doubtless be described as gross exaggeration.

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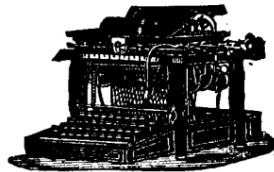


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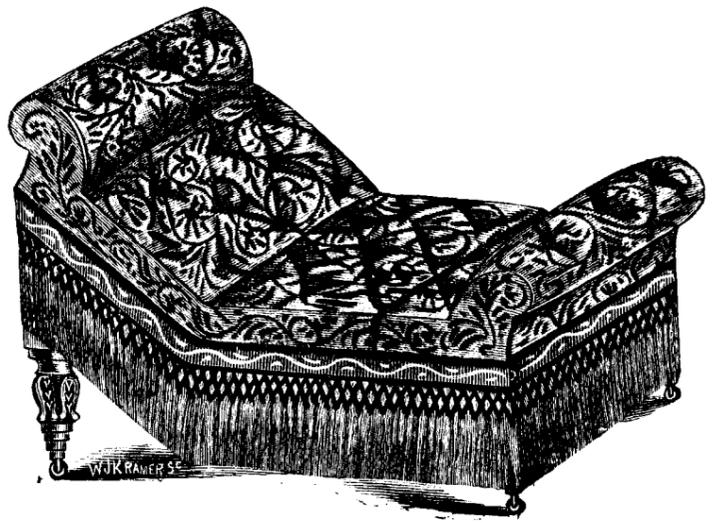
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