

THE WEEK

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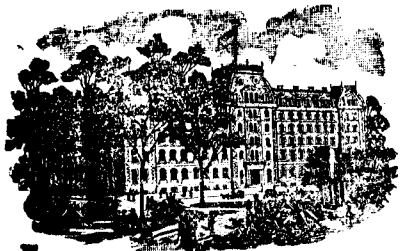
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

"Christmas comes but once a year." Who is not glad and grateful that it comes once a year? Apart from the unique event, the event of events in all the world's history, which it is designed to commemorate, and apart from all the sacred associations which cluster around it, there is always something peculiarly mellowing and elevating in the influences of the day as a time of universal well-wishing and gift-giving. In addition to its higher religious uses, which are for the behoof of the individual, the day comes to people of all classes and climes, as an annual invitation to forget self for a little, and take thought for the happiness of others. It gives everyone who is not in absolute destitution an opportunity to make a practical test of the truthfulness

of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is a day specially consecrated to the children of the household and, though we fear in a very much diminished degree, to the poor and afflicted of the community. The man or woman who suffers the day to pass without having done something to make someone without the home happier and better, misses the higher meaning and usefulness of the glad holiday. At its approach every generous mind must feel that nice questions of chronology, or of "the Higher Criticism," are out of place. To introduce them would be little less than sacrilege. The man who cannot enter into the spirit of the day, opening his heart to the sunshine of its gladness, and doing what he can to reflect some glints of that sunshine into the hearts of others, is to be pitied. Let the spectres of dull care and business worry be for once banished from over-wrought brains! Let the windows of the soul be thrown wide open that the invigorating breezes from the heights of Christmas thoughts and joys and aspirations may sweep away the year's accumulations of dust and cobweb. Why not? Who will not be the better for it for days and weeks to come? This is the best advice which THE WEEK has to offer to all its friends and patrons, as it wishes each and everyone A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A curious statement is that made by the London *Chronicle's* Moscow correspondent, to the effect that Russia has declined France's offer of a naval station in the Mediterranean because Admiral Avelan has told the Czar that he could not guarantee the loyalty of the officers and men if they were to be permitted to visit French ports regularly. The statement seems too uncomplimentary to the Russian navy to be true, or to be likely to be made public if true. One can but wonder what is the nature of the peculiar temptation to which frequent association with the citizens of a friendly and allied nation would subject the loyalty of the officers and men of the Russian navy. That must be a strangely superficial loyalty that has to be so carefully guarded from contact with the outside world. Can it be that it is the spirit of Republican freedom of which the Admiral stands so much in dread? Is the taint of Nihilism, which is, we suppose, but a popular reaction against an iron despotism, so widespread, even in the Russian navy, that, the chief officer himself being judge, safety is to be found only in the complete isola-

tion of officers and men, lest the very atmosphere of freedom should intoxicate them. The danger must be regarded as very serious indeed, when it compels the renunciation of so great an advantage as the possession of a coaling station in the Mediterranean would be to Russia.

If one might judge from certain facts touching the family connections of employees in the public service in Ontario, which have lately been made the theme of party controversy, the Province has not even yet, after so many years of Liberal administration, completely escaped from the regime of family compacts. The *Globe's* defence of the Premier from the charge of nepotism, while relieving Sir Oliver himself from the suspicion of being personally the prime mover in the appointments in question, causes astonishment at the peculiar aptitude for the public service which seems to run through a wide circle of his family connections. The law of heredity cannot explain the facts, seeing that many of the names on the list are not related by blood, but merely by family connection. Surely those whose prerogative it is to make or suggest these appointments would spare the feelings of their honoured chief if they clearly understood that anything savoring of nepotism was highly repugnant to his feelings and wishes. The matter is, in some respects, a small one for newspaper comment. Yet it is a fact but too obvious that on the civil-service lists both at Toronto and at Ottawa, the families and connections of Cabinet Ministers are represented on a scale quite inexplicable by any theory of chance, and quite out of taste, to say the least, in a democratic country, where all such appointments should be made with the strictest impartiality, on grounds of merit alone.

On the principle that the weaker goes to the wall, there is reason to fear that Italy will be the first to give way under the crushing burden imposed by the Triple Alliance. Indications are already apparent that the Crispi Cabinet, formed with so much difficulty, cannot long survive the strain of unpopularity resulting from the necessity for increased taxation. A writer in the *Review of Reviews* interprets the situation to mean that the Italians are becoming tired of the monarchy, and that in particular discontent is rapidly spreading among the moderate Liberals, who have hitherto been its staunchest supporters. On the other hand, there are evident tendencies toward an understanding, if not a fusion, of the

moderates of the two parties, Liberal and Catholic, which may eventually lead to concessions to the church, and possibly renewed influence and hope in the Vatican. Ultimately, it is thought, Italy might find in a federated republic a solution of some of the problems which are now creating a perplexity which threatens to culminate in political despair. But it is not easy to see how a change in the form of government could relieve the financial strain which is really the chief source of weakness and danger, unless, indeed, it could bring exemption from the burdens now imposed by the Triple Alliance. That radical change of some kind must shortly come in Italy seems almost inevitable. Whether the change shall be disintegration and ruin, or reconstruction and rejuvenation, time only can reveal.

Where will the ever-widening domain of the mysterious force which we call electricity end? Experiments have been made with the trolley as a mode of propulsion on the Erie canal, with such success that it is now highly probable that the occupations of the horse and the mule on the towing paths will soon be gone forever. Indeed there seems to be no good reason why this new application of electricity should not be at once made to canal boats. In most cases, no doubt, the canal itself could be made to supply the electricity, as it now supplies power for various manufacturing purposes. Among other results that may readily be anticipated from this new application of the trolley principle will be no doubt a great increase in the rate of locomotion on the water highways. Indeed it is not easy to see why canal boats constructed for the purpose may not one day almost rival the railway engine in speed. Such a change would probably make travelling by canal popular, for the motion would be no doubt delightful. From the economic point of view, the doubling of the rate of transit of freight vessels on the canals could hardly fail to have a most powerful effect in popularizing, and probably in cheapening, this mode of conveyance. It is also said that in one section of New York the storage battery for the street cars has been made a success at a cost but slightly greater than that of the trolley system. But imagination almost fails to picture the possible ultimate results of the successful application of the storage battery. The whirling of electrical carriages all over the country, without reference to rails or wires, would be but one of many wonderful adaptations for which we might confidently look.

Ontario seems to be in a fair way to earn a most undesirable fame as the land of brutal and mysterious murders, especially of the aged and defenceless. The past week, which witnessed the judicial "taking off" of one convicted parricide, brought also the news of a fresh horror at Cooksville. The past few years have in fact witnessed a

succession of this class of crimes in this Province. The number of such tragedies seems to be out of proportion to the population, and is in deplorable contrast with the generally peaceful and law-abiding character of our people. How are the facts to be explained? Is it that the unhealthy excitement caused by dwelling upon the horrible details of one story of crime acts upon weak and depraved imaginations until an irresistible impulse is begotten to do something of the same kind? But this law would hold good in one place as well as another, and we are not aware that the same effects have been visible elsewhere to the same extent. Is it the result of indiscriminate immigration, by which a larger or smaller percentage of criminals from other countries is being from time to time landed on our shores? Or is it simply that a certain classes of the employers of labour in the rural districts are too lax in examining the credentials of those whom they employ and admit to their homes and family circles? While Government detectives are diligently trying to solve the mystery of this last dark deed, it is no less desirable that our sociologists should set themselves to study the problem in its broader relations, and endeavor to ascertain what it is in our climate, location, institutions or circumstances, which causes our country to become from time to time the theatre of such deplorable tragedies.

It is gratifying to observe that, with few exceptions, men of both political parties and of all Protestant denominations unite in repudiating what are believed to be the principles and practices of the Protestant Protective Association. Should the members of that Association find themselves credited with aims and motives which are not really theirs, they cannot justly complain. That is often the fate, we dare say, of those who band themselves together in secret societies for the purpose of influencing the legislation and government of the country. Most people are ready to infer the worst. It is natural to assume that those whose principles and methods will stand the light, will have the courage to declare and advocate them publicly. As to this particular body, enough is surely known to make it certain that the organization is based upon creed proscription, and is, therefore, opposed to the spirit of civil and religious equality, which is the corner stone of the Canadian constitution, as it should be of that of every free state. It is beyond dispute that its members pledge themselves not to vote for the election to any office in the state or municipality of any one who is known to be a Roman Catholic. That alone is sufficient condemnation. The success of such a movement would be a long step backward towards the dark ages—the days of religious proscription and intolerance. If, in addition to this, the members

of the P. P. A. also pledge themselves not to engage a Roman Catholic themselves or recommend one to others for employment in any capacity whatever, save in case of necessity, the society becomes not only unjust and intolerant but positively cruel. It descends to the meanness of making war upon women and children by depriving their bread-winners of the means of earning a livelihood for them. It is to be devoutly hoped that the organization does not go so far as this, though some persons of the highest credibility, who claim to have access to the most reliable sources of information, assure us that such is the fact. It is quite probable, however, that just as, during the inception of the society, the public leaders and press failed to realize the strength of the movement, at a time when a little cold water in the shape of plain discussion might have had a good effect, so now that it has shown unexpected strength in one legislative contest, its numbers and influence are being greatly overrated. Yet it is high time, no doubt, for every lover of civil and religious liberty to be on the alert.

It will be remembered that last summer there was a good deal of agitation consequent upon a projected Government sale of the far-famed Thousand Islands, that cluster of emeralds in the St. Lawrence whose beauty is a household tradition among millions who have never set foot in Canada. Under the pressure of the strong and patriotic protests of Conservatives as well as Liberals, the Government was constrained at the last moment to cancel the announcement of the proposed sale. It seems, however, that the project was merely delayed, not abandoned, and now that the public may be supposed to have forgotten the affair, or to have its attention fully occupied with other matters, the announcement again appears in a modified form, intimating that arrangements are in progress for the sale of at least a portion of the islands at an early day. The islands which it is now proposed to sacrifice to the utilitarian and mercenary spirit of the time, or more probably, perhaps, to the persistent selfishness of local wire-pullers, are those known as the Admiralty Group, near the town of Gananoque. A number of these islands have formerly at various times been leased to private individuals, with the result that they are already built upon and monopolized, and thus made forbidden ground to the many who, though unable to afford a house and an island to themselves, are, nevertheless, as well able as the more wealthy to enjoy a few weeks' recreation on an island where they can pitch a tent without danger of being ejected as trespassers. To alienate, and alienate forever, many of these islands from the use of the Canadian people, to whom for generations they have virtually belonged and for whose use and pleasure

and æsthetic culture they ought to be forever set apart, is a breach of trust and a short-sighted policy of which any government ought to be ashamed. Of course, once they are made the property of private individuals the islands become subject to any barbaric defacement to which the owner may choose to subject them under the name of "improvements." Under such treatment the chief attractions of this delightful bit of Canadian fairyland will soon disappear, and there will be little of our Thousand Islands left for poets to sing and lovers of nature to enjoy. In short, one of the most picturesque features and most elevating influences which are left in our somewhat flat and prosaic Province will be lost to us and to future generations.

We wish to be always slow to attribute even to practical politicians a worse motive when a better one will account equally or nearly as well for the policy pursued. But in view of the insignificant sum which the Government, as trustees of the Indians, can hope to realize from the sale of these islets, many of them mere barren rocks raising their heads in picturesque beauty above the surface of the smoothly gliding waters, it is well-nigh impossible to assign even a plausible pretext for the sale, other than that alleged by indignant residents in the locality. This is, that the Government is acting in the matter under the influence of certain residents in the vicinity who, it is pretty well known, have been persistently urging the sale, from interested and mercenary motives. In support of this view, it is pointed out that the plan under which, as now announced, the sale is to be conducted, falls directly in with this theory. The sale is not to be by public auction—perhaps even the politicians shrink from the ill fame of putting up bits of Ontario's most picturesque landscape to be knocked down to the highest bidder—but will be conducted by local Government agents. No doubt it is expected that the prices will be made moderate enough "to suit intending purchasers." Moreover, the islands are to be sold by number, and presumably in the depth of winter. Both the time and the method are suggestive, but the one thing which they do not suggest is an impartial purpose to attract purchasers from a distance and to obtain the highest possible prices. This becomes clear when we learn that not a few of those offered for sale are simply barren rocks, or small shoals covered with bushes, so that to any person unacquainted with the locality, and with the numbers of the eligible islands, a purchase would be a mere lottery venture, in which he would be liable to discover when too late that he had invested his money in a few square yards of granite, on which there was neither room nor soil for a tree to grow. It is provided, it is true, that no one will be allowed to hold more than two islands. But why, in view of the thousands who would no doubt

be glad to possess any one of those worth having, should any individual be permitted to monopolize even two? And then we all know how easily evaded, and consequently nugatory, are all such restrictions. We quite agree with some of our correspondents in the vicinity of the islands that the sale of any of them will be a disreputable business, and we earnestly hope that the protests will again be so many and so emphatic that the Government will once more be obliged to give way before popular indignation.

CHRISTMAS.

Whether regarded as a religious or as a social festival, Christmas occupies a unique place among holidays. There is probably no other which is so widely, almost universally observed throughout Christendom. There is certainly no other which is encircled in most minds with so many pleasing memories and embedded in many amongst such hallowed associations.

The origin of the festival is buried in the obscurity of a very remote past. It can be traced with certainty to a period before the beginning of the third century, about the time of the Emperor Commodus. A sadly memorable landmark of its early observance was set up in the reign of Diocletian, about the end of the third century. We are informed that this monarch, whose cruel and unaccountable persecution of the Christians constitutes so foul a blot upon the history of a career which was in some respects brilliant, having learned while holding his royal court at Nicomedia, that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, ordered the doors of the church in which they were gathered to be closed and set fire to the building, causing the whole body of worshippers to perish in the flames. We can well understand how so tragic an event would help to perpetuate the sacredness of the day, which was thus made a memorial of the martyrs as well as an anniversary of the birth of the Master.

From that early period the custom of celebrating the day has survived, with various forms of observance, in many lands. Other so-called Christian festivals were soon clustered around it, such as those of the Virgin, but Christmas always remained the centre and chief, surpassing all others in the richness of its festal celebrations. As we follow it down the stream of history, we find it gradually taking up and absorbing into itself many heathen notions and customs. Thus many of the superstitious observances of the old Germans, especially those connected with their great Yule-feast, commemorating the return of the fiery sun-wheel, passed over into the Christian festival. Traces of these heathen customs survived until the present century. Possibly some of them may still be found. One writer says: "In the greenery with which we still deck our houses and temples of wor-

ship, and in the Christmas trees laden with gifts, we perhaps see a relic of the symbols with which our heathen forefathers signified their faith in the power of the returning sun to clothe the earth again with green, and hang new fruit on the trees." It is also said that the *furmety* which was until recently, and perhaps still is, eaten on Christmas eve or morning in many parts of England, and the *sowans* similarly used in Scotland, may be lingering memories of the offerings made by heathen ancestors to Hulda or Berchta, the northern Ceres or divine mother, the personification of fruitfulness, to whom they looked for a blessing upon the grain crops. So, too, the burning of the Yule-log, a custom which survived within the memory of many of us, and is probably not yet wholly extinct, is thought to be a reminiscence of the use of fire in the ancient sun-worship.

The Church early set itself, and with much success, either to banish these relics of heathenism in the observance of the Christmas festival, or to transform and absorb them to suit the Christian ideas and purposes. The memory of their origin is now so completely lost that to object to them on account of that origin would be almost a narrower superstition than that which gave them birth. The liturgy, the manger-songs, the Christmas carols, even the Christ-trees or Christmas trees, hung with gifts and illuminated with candles or tapers, the reciprocal presents and the special Christmas meats, cakes, etc., all had their origin in the effort to root out and supplant the deep-seated heathen feeling of the early time.

With regard to the date at which Christmas is now celebrated, perhaps about the only thing that is certain is that the 25th of December cannot be the true anniversary of the Nativity, seeing that it is the height of the rainy season in Judea, and consequently a time at which shepherds could hardly have been watching their flocks in the plain by night. There does not appear to have been any uniformity among the early Christians in regard to the time of the observance of Christmas. Some held the festival in January, others in April or May. But whether we observe the day as one for solemn and joyful worship, or merely as the great social holiday, the question of date is one of minor importance.

In the Roman Catholic Church the day is celebrated with three masses—one at midnight, one at daybreak, and one in the morning. The day is also usually celebrated religiously by the Lutheran and by at least a section of the English Church, while the Nonconformists generally reject it, in its religious aspect, as a "human invention," devoid of New Testament sanction. Yet all generally observe it, as we have before intimated, not only as a holiday, but as the great social holiday. Even in the United States, where Thanksgiving has to some extent superseded it, there is, if we

mistake not, a growing tendency to make more rather than less of Christmas. Probably the trend in English-speaking countries is in the direction of a falling-off in the special usages and festivities, without any diminution of the real enjoyment of the day as one sacred to family and social reunion and to the strengthening of the ties of friendship and affection which bind families and communities together. As we have intimated elsewhere, it would be a pity and a folly to allow any critical questions, such as those relating to date and Scripture authorization, to interfere with the full enjoyment of all the blessings which the day so often brings.

LITERATURE AND ART IN CANADA.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. BOURINOT'S NEW WORK
ON "OUR INTELLECTUAL STRENGTH
AND WEAKNESS."

I.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CANADIAN POETS.

It would be interesting as well as instructive if some competent critic, with the analytical faculty and the poetic instinct of Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve, were to study the English and French Canadian poets and show whether they are mere imitators of the best models of French and English literature, or whether their work contains within itself those germs which give promise of original fruition in the future. It will be remembered that the French critic, though a poet of merit himself, has spoken of what he calls "the radical inadequacy of French poetry." In his opinion, whatever talent the French poets have for strophe and line, their work, as a rule is "too slight, too soon read, too poor in ideas, to influence a serious mind for any length of time." No doubt many others think that, in comparison with the best conceptions of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Emerson, Browning and Tennyson, French poetry is, generally speaking, inadequate for the expression of the most sublime thoughts, of the strongest passion, or of the most powerful imagination, and though it must always please us by its easy rhythm and lucidity of style, it fails to make that vivid impression on the mind and senses which is the best test of that true poetic genius which influences generations and ever lives in the hearts of the people. It represents in some respects the lightness and vivacity of the French intellectual temperament under ordinary conditions, and not the strength of the national character, whose depths are only revealed at some crisis which evokes a deep sentiment of patriotism. "Partant pour la Syrie," so often heard in the days of the last Bonaparte regime, probably illustrated this lighter tendency of the French mind just as the "Marseillaise," the noblest and most impressive of popular and poetic outbursts, illustrated national passion evoked by abnormal conditions. French Canadian poetry has been often purely imitative of French models, like Musset and Gauthier, both in style and sentiment, and consequently lacked strength and originality. It might be thought that in this new country poets would be inspired by original conceptions—that the intellectual fruition would be

fresh and vigorous like some natural products that grow so luxuriantly on the virgin soil of the new Dominion, and not like those which grow on land which is renewed and enriched by artificial means after centuries of growth. Perhaps the literature of a colonial dependency, or a relatively new country, must necessarily in its first stages be imitative, and it is only now and then an original mind bursts the fetters of intellectual subordination. In the United States Emerson and Hawthorne probably best represent the original thought and imagination of that comparatively new country, just as Aldrich and Howells represent in the first case English culture in poetry, and in the other the sublimated essence of reportorial realism. The two former are original thinkers, the two others pure imitators. Walt Whitman's poems certainly show at times much power and originality of conception, but after all they are simply the creations of an eccentric genius and illustrate a phase of that Realism towards which fiction even in America has been tending of late, and which has been already degraded in France to a Naturalism which is positively offensive. He has not influenced to any perceptible extent the intellect of his generation or elevated the thoughts of his countrymen like the two great minds I have just named. Yet even Whitman's success, relatively small as it was in his own country, arose chiefly from the fact that he attempted to be an *American* poet, representing the pristine vigour and natural freedom of a new land. It is when French Canadian poets become thoroughly Canadian by the very force of the inspiration of some Canadian subjects they have chosen, that we can see them at their best. Fr chette has all the finish of the French poets, and while it cannot be said that he has yet originated great thoughts which are likely to live among even the people whom he has so often instructed and delighted, yet he has given us poems like that on the discovery of the Mississippi which prove that he is capable of even better things if he would always seek inspiration from the sources of the deeply interesting history of his own country, or enter into the inner mysteries and social relations of his own people, rather than dwell on the lighter shades and incidents of their lives. Perhaps in some respects Cremazie had greater capabilities for the poems of deep passion or vivid imagination than any of his successors in literature; the few national poems he left behind are a promise of what he could have produced had the circumstances of his later life been happier. After all, the poetry that lives is the poetry of human life and human sympathy, of joy and sorrow, rather than verses on mountains, rivers and lakes, or sweetly worded sonnets to Madame B. or Mademoiselle C. When we compare the English with the French Canadian poets we can see what an influence the more picturesque and interesting history of French Canada exercises on the imagination of its writers. The poets that claim Ontario for their home give us rhythmical and pleasing descriptions of the lake and river scenery of which the varied aspects and moods might well captivate the eye of the poet as well as of the painter. It is very much painting in both cases; the poet should be an artist by temperament equally with the painter who puts his thoughts on canvas and not in words. Descriptions of our meadows, prairies and forests, with their wealth of herbage and foliage, or artistic

sketches of pretty bits of lake scenery have their limitations as respects their influence on a people. Great thoughts or deeds are not bred by scenery. The American poem that has captured the world is not any one of Bryant's delightful sketches of the varied landscape of his native land, but Longfellow's *Evangeline*, which is a story of the "affection that hopes, and endures and is patient." Dollard, and the *Lady of Fort La Tour* are themes which we do not find in prosaic Ontario, whose history is only a century old—a history of stern materialism as a rule, rarely picturesque or romantic, and hardly ever heroic except in some episodes of the war of 1812-15, in which Canadians, women as well as men, did their duty faithfully to king and country, though their deeds have never yet been adequately told in poem or prose. The story of Laura Secord's toilsome journey on a June day eighty years ago seems as susceptible of strong poetic treatment as Paul Revere's Ride, told in matchless verse by Longfellow.

I think if we compare the best Canadian poems with the same class of literature in Australia the former do not all lose by the comparison. In one respect indeed Canadians can claim a superiority over their fellow-citizens of the British Empire in that far off Australian land, and that is, in the fact that we have poets, and historians, and essayists, who write the languages of France and England with purity and even elegance; that the grace and precision of the French tongue have their place in this country alongside the vigorous and copious expression of the English language. More than that, the Canadians have behind them a history which is well calculated to stimulate writers to give utterance to national sentiment. I mean national in the sense of being thoroughly imbued with a love for the country, its scenery, its history and its aspirations. The people of that great island continent possess great natural beauties and riches—flowers and fruits of every kind flourish there in rare profusion, and gold and gems are among the treasures of the soil, but its scenery is far less varied and picturesque than ours and its history is but of yesterday compared with that of Canada. Australians cannot point to such historic ground as is found from Louisburg to Quebec, or from Montreal to Champlain, the battle ground of nations whose descendants now live under one flag, animated by feelings of a common interest and a common aspiration for the future!

II.

RESULT OF OUR LITERARY PROGRESS.

Nowhere in this review have I claimed for this country any very striking results in the course of the half century since which we have shown so much political and material activity. I cannot boast that we have produced a great poem or a great history which has attracted the attention of the world beyond us, and assuredly we find no noteworthy attempt in the direction of a novel or our modern life; but what I do claim is, looking at the results generally, the work we have done has been sometimes above the average in those fields of literature—and here I include, necessarily, science—in which Canadians have worked. They have shown in many productions a conscientious spirit of research, patient industry, and not a little literary skill in the management of their material. I think, on the whole, there have been enough good poems, histories and essays written and

published in Canada for the last four or five decades to prove that there has been a steady intellectual growth on the part of our people, and that it has kept pace at all events with the mental growth in the pulpit, or in the legislative halls, where, of late years, a keen practical debating style has taken the place of the more rhetorical and studied oratory of old times. I believe the intellectual faculties of Canadians only require larger opportunities for their exercise to bring forth a rich fruition. I believe the progress in the years to come will be far greater than we have yet shown, and that necessarily so, with the wider distribution of wealth, the dissemination of the higher culture, and a greater confidence in our own mental strength, and in the resources that this country offers to pen and pencil. The time will come when that great river, associated with memories of Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Frontenac, Wolfe and Montcalm,—that river already immortalized in history by the pen of Parkman—will be as noted in song and story as the Rhine, and will have its Irving to make it as famous as the lovely Hudson.

Of course there are many obstacles in the way of successful literary pursuits in Canada. Our population is still small, and separated into two distinct nationalities, who for the most part necessarily read books printed in their own tongue. A book published in Canada then has a relatively limited *clientele* in the country itself, and cannot meet much encouragement from publishers in England or in the United States who have advantages for placing their own publications which no Canadian can have under existing conditions. Consequently an author of ambition and merit should perforce look for publishers outside his own country if he is to expect anything like just appreciation, or to have a fair chance of reaching that literary world which alone gives fame in the true sense. It must be admitted too that so much inferior work has at times found its way from Canada to other countries that publishers are apt to look askance at a book when it is offered to them from the colonies. Still, while this may at times operate against making what is a fairly good bargain with the publisher—and many authors, of course, believe with reason that a publisher, as a rule, never makes a good bargain with an author, and certainly not with a new one—a good book will sooner or later assert itself whenever Canadians write such a book. Let Canadians then preserve conscientiously and confidently in their efforts to break through the indifference which at present tends to cramp their efforts and dampen their energy. It is a fashion with some colonial writers to believe that there is a settled determination on the part of English critics to ignore their best work, when, perhaps, in the majority of cases it is the lack of good work that is at fault. Such able and impartial critical journals as the *Athenaeum* are more ready to welcome than ignore a good book in these days of second-rate literature in England itself. If we produce such a good book as Mrs Campbell Praed's "Australian Life," or Tasma's "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," we may be sure the English papers will do us justice. Let me frankly insist that we have far too much hasty and slovenly literary work done in Canada. The literary canon which every ambitious writer should have ever in his mind has been stated by no less an authority than Sainte-Beuve: "Devoted to my profession as a critic, I have tried to be more and more a good and if

possible an able workman." A good style means artistic workmanship. It is too soon for us in this country to look for a Matthew Arnold or a Sainte-Beuve—such great critics are generally the results, and not the forerunners, of a great literature; but at least if we could have in the present state of our intellectual development, a criticism in the press which would be truthful and just, the essential characteristics of the two authors I have named, the effect would be probably in the direction of encouraging promising writers, and weeding out some literary dabblers. "What I have wished," said the French critic, "is to say not a word more than I thought, to stop even a little short of what I believed in certain cases, in order that my words might acquire more weight as historical testimony." Truth tempered by consideration for literary genius is the essence of sound criticism.

We all know that the literary temperament is naturally sensitive to anything like indifference and is too apt, perhaps, to exaggerate the importance of its calling in the prosaic world in which it is exercised. The pecuniary rewards are so few, relatively, in this country, that the man of imaginative mind—the purely literary worker—naturally thinks that he can, at least, ask for generous appreciation. No doubt he thinks, to quote a passage from a clever Australian novel—"The Australian Girl"—"Genius has never been truly acclimatized by the world. The Philistines always long to put out the eyes of poets and make them grind corn in Gaza." But it is well always to remember that a great deal of rough work has to be done in a country like Canada before its Augustan age can come. No doubt literary stimulus must be more or less wanting in a colony where there is latent at times in some quarters a want of self-confidence in ourselves and in our institutions, arising from that sense of dependency and habit of imitation and borrowing from others that is a necessity of a colonial condition. The tendency of the absence of sufficient self-assertion is to cramp intellectual exertion, and make us believe that success in literature can only be achieved in the old countries of Europe. That spirit of all-surrounding materialism to which Lowell has referred must also always exercise a certain sinister influence in this way—an influence largely exerted in Ontario—but despite all this we see that even among our neighbors it has not prevented the growth of a literary class famous for its intellectual successes in varied fields of literature. It is for Canadian writers to have always before them a high ideal, and remember that literature does best its duty—to quote the eloquent words of Ruskin—"in raising our fancy to the height of what may be noble, honest and felicitous in actual life; in giving us, though we may be ourselves poor and unknown, the companionship of the wisest spirits of every age and country, and in aiding the communications of clear thoughts and faithful purposes among distant nations, which will at least breathe calm upon the sea of lawless passion and change into such halcyon days the winter of the world, that the birds of the air may have their nests in peace and the Son of Man where to lay His head."

III.

ART IN CANADA.

It is said sometimes—and there is some truth in the remark—that Canadian art hitherto has been imitative rather than

creative; but while we have pictures like those of L. R. O'Brien, W. Brynner, F. A. Verner, O. R. Jacobi, George Reid, F. M. Bell-Smith, Homer Watson, W. Raphael, Robert Harris, C. M. Manly, J. W. L. Forster, A. D. Patterson, Miss Bell, Miss Muntz, J. Pinhey, J. C. Forbes, Paul Peil—a young man of great promise too soon cut off—and of other excellent painters, native born or adopted Canadians, illustrating in many cases, as do those of Mr. O'Brien notably, the charm and picture-queeness of Canadian scenery, it would seem that only sufficient encouragement is needed to develop a higher order of artistic performance among us. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, during their too short residence in the Dominion, did something to stimulate a larger and better taste for art by the establishment of a Canadian Academy and the holding of several exhibitions; but such things can be of little practical utility if Canadians do not encourage the artists who are to contribute. It is to be hoped that the same spirit of generosity which is yearly building commodious science halls, and otherwise giving our universities additional opportunities for usefulness, will also ere long establish at least one fine art gallery in each of the older provinces, to illustrate not simply English and foreign art, but the most original and highly executed work of Canadians themselves. Such galleries are so many object lessons—like that wondrous "White City" which has arisen by a western lake as suddenly as the palaces of eastern story—to educate the eye, form the taste and develop the higher faculties of our nature amid the material surroundings of our daily life. No doubt the creative and imaginative faculties of our people have not yet been developed to any noteworthy extent; the poems and paintings of native Canadians too frequently lack, and the little fiction so far written is entirely destitute of the essential elements of successful and permanent work in art and literature. But the deficiency in this respect has arisen not from the poverty of Canadian intellect, but rather from the absence of that general distribution of wealth on which art can alone thrive, the consequent want of galleries to cultivate a taste among the people for the best artistic productions, and above all from the existence of that spirit of intellectual self-depreciation which is essentially colonial, and leads not a few to believe that no good work of this kind can be done in mere dependencies.

The exhibition of American art at the World's Fair is remarkable on the whole for individual expression, excellent colour and effective composition. It proves to be a demonstration that the tendency is progressive, and that it is not too much to expect that a few decades hence this continent will produce a Corot, a Daubigny, a Bonnat, a Bouguereau or a Millais. Not the least gratifying feature of the exhibition has been the revelation to the foreign world—and probably to many Canadians as well—that there is already some artistic performance of a much higher order than was believed to exist in Canada, and that it has been adjudged worthy of special mention among the masterpieces that surround the paintings of our artists. This success, very moderate as it is, must stimulate Canadian painters to still greater efforts in the future, and should help to create a wider interest in their work among our own people, heretofore too indifferent to the labours of men and women, whose rewards have been small

in comparison with the conscientiousness and earnestness they have given to the prosecution of their art.

The opportunities which Canadian artists have had of comparing their own work with that of the most artistic examples at the exhibition should be beneficial if they have made of them the best possible use. American and French art was particularly well represented at the exhibition, and was probably most interesting from a Canadian point of view, since our artists would naturally make comparisons with their fellow-workers on this continent, and at the same time closely study the illustrations of those French schools which now attract the greater number of students from this country, and have largely influenced—perhaps too much so at times—the later efforts of some well-known painters among us. A writer in the *New York Nation* has made some comparisons between the best works of the artists of France and the United States, which are supported by the testimony of critics who are able to speak with authority on the subject. The French notably excel "in seriousness of purpose and general excellence of work from a technical point of view, especially in the thorough knowledge of construction in both the figure and landscape pictures." On the other hand, the artists of the United States "show more diversity of aim and individuality of expression, as well as colour feeling." Some two or three Canadian artists give examples of those very qualities—especially in their landscapes—which, according to the *New York critic*, distinguish the illustrations of the art of the United States. As a rule, however, there is a want of individuality of expression and of perfection of finish, in the work of Canadian artists, as even their relatively imperfect representation at Chicago has shown. The tendency to be imitative rather than creative is too obvious. Canadian painters show even a readiness to leave their own beautiful and varied scenery that they may portray that of other countries, and in doing so they have ceased in many cases to be original. But despite these defects, there is much hope in the general performance of Canadians even without that encouragement and sympathy which the artists of the United States have in a larger measure been able to receive in a country of greater wealth, population and intellectual culture.

IV.

THE TRUE RIVALRY BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH CANADIANS.

All the evidence before us now goes to prove that the French language will continue into an indefinite future to be the language of a large and influential section of the population of Canada, and that it must consequently exercise a decided influence on the culture and intellect of the Dominion. It has been within the last four decades that the best intellectual work—both in literature and statesmanship—has been produced in France and English Canada, and the signs of intellectual activity in the same direction do not lessen with the expansion of the Dominion. The history of England from the day the Norman came into the island until he was absorbed in the original Saxon element, is not likely to be soon repeated in Canada, but in all probability the two nationalities will remain side by side for an unknown period to illustrate on the northern half of the continent of America the culture and genius of the two strongest and

brightest powers of civilization. As both of these nationalities have vied with each other in the past to build up this confederation on a large and generous basis of national strength and greatness, and have risen time and again superior to those racial antagonisms created by differences of opinion at great crises of our history—antagonisms happily dispelled by the common sense, reason and patriotism of men of both races—so we should in the future hope for that friendly rivalry on the part of the best minds among French and English Canadians which will best stimulate the genius of their people in art, history, poetry and romance. In the meantime, while this confederation is fighting its way out of its political difficulties, and resolving wealth and refinement from the original and rugged elements of a new country, it is for the respective nationalities not to stand aloof from one another, but to unite in every way possible for common intellectual improvement, and give sympathetic encouragement to the study of the two languages and to the mental efforts of each other. It was on this enlightened principle of sympathetic interest that the Royal Society was founded and on which alone it can expect to obtain any permanent measure of success. If the English and French always endeavour to meet each other on this friendly basis in all the communities where they live side by side as well as on all occasions that demand common thought and action and cultivate that social and intellectual intercourse which may at all events weld them both as one in spirit and aspiration, however different they may continue in language and temperament, many prejudices must be removed, social life must gain in charm, and intellect must be developed by finding strength where it is weak, and grace where it is needed in the mental efforts of the two races. If in addition to this widening of the sympathies of our two national elements, we can see in the Dominion generally less of that provincialism which means a narrowness of mental vision on the part of our literary aspirants, and prevents Canadian authors reaching a larger audience in other countries, then we shall rise superior to those weaknesses of our intellectual character which now impede our mental development, and shall be able to give larger scope to what original and imaginative genius may exist among our people. So with the expansion of our mental horizon, with the growth of experience and knowledge, with the creation of a wider sympathy for native talent, with the disappearance of that tendency to self-depreciation which is so essentially colonial, and with the encouragement of more self-reliance and confidence in our own intellectual resources, we may look forward with some degree of hopefulness to conditions of higher development.

Given a God as the beginning of life and eternity, or immortality as the end of life and eternity, and we can easily construct for ourselves a working hypothesis of religion. Either premise will yield its fruit of spiritual aspiration. Either is sufficient justification for faith. He who grants one can with difficulty deny the other.—American Hebrew.

A South Australian Christian Endeavour Society has inaugurated a new kind of social. To this social the members bring things to eat but they do not eat them. They cover a large table with loaves of bread, bags of flour, rice, oatmeal, together with gifts of money, and these things are handed over to the lady missionary of the church to distribute among the poor. Several of the Adelaide societies have thus found that "it is better to give than to receive."—*Young Men's Era*.

PARIS LETTER.

When Cabinet break-ups are raging over the Continent, it would be too much to expect that the French were going to let themselves be out-done in that kind of parliamentary high jinks. Happy Russia, that has no anxiety about Cabinet crises, no more than the Emperor of China. The Dupuy Ministry was suicided, or devoured by its own tail—the three radical notches who agreed to remain utilities before the footlights, and so humbug the Deputies into believing that the Cabinet was a happy family. Then the Minister, having obtained a vote of confidence, the three utilities would make their best bow and retire. But the vaudeville plot was revealed, just after the curtain rose; the Premier could not deny the soft impeachment, so the curtain had to be rung down, and the Ministers decamped. No inducement can make any of the company reappear on the boards.

No one seems inclined to become Premier; that's the gravity of the situation. Of course some one will be found to carry on the government, but men of promise and of relatively good political standing decline to damage their future by acting the role of stop-gap. Since the Third Republic was established in 1870, there has been no less than 33 prime ministers; a new Premier nearly every nine months. France has greater fecundity in Ministers than in population. The shortest premierships were that of de Faillieres; I think it lasted three days. The first day of his bonheur, de Faillieres, after reeling off his programme speech, fell ill; the second day he was given over; the third he expired ministerially; but on the fourth resuscitated into private and civic life. M. Dupuy had proclaimed a kind of St. Bartholomew massacre—*Dieu le veut!*—of the socialists and radicals, and the latter, by their *non possumus*, flopped the Premier into his own mud.

In every dead-lock, the first duty of chosen vessels is always to discover a scape-goat. That was ever a trump-card with the Jews. To-day they have two, for their sorrows—the Emperor of Russia and Editor Drumont. A section of the Third Republicans accuse President Carnot of concocting the entire mischief, so as to use up all public men likely to run him closely for the presidential elections next year. This is rather a parochial view of M. Carnot's character; it is no secret that he does not seek re-election: that his lady has had enough of Elysée Palace, and longs for rest. He has not saved any money by his high office—a trade-mark difference between himself and his predecessor, M. Grevy. Officially, or constitutionally, he is expected, in the matter of politics, to be as mute as a carp, and as placid as a Buddhist: still he is mortal, and may have a scheme of his own for making France great, glorious and free. Even as a figure-head, at two millions francs a year, he must be allowed to have an opinion whether socialism or conservatism is to direct the destinies of France. His own plan is to have the best representative man from the several groups of politicians to form a ministry of all the constellations, of all the talents. No, say others; that kaleidoscope is no longer workable; select a Cabinet composed exclusively of conservatives or radicals—who now call themselves progressists, but a rose by any other name will smell as sweet—or socialists. None of them would live any time; no matter, each would have had its try at the helm.

of state, and the repeated changes would be novelties—and the latter are liked by the French, who can find a pleasure in *girouettes* and Ixion wheels. As for the public, they appear to be as indifferent to these political ups and downs—as the Exchange itself.

Ex-Premier Dupuy made a mince-meat speech against the socialists; his subordinates, the *Préfets*, rushed from their departments to felicitate the orator, and disposer of berths; next day, he was no more Premier, and the *Préfets* decamped, without exchanging *au revoir* with him.

The French are more occupied with the war-like spirit that has set in in England, than about the Russian Alliance. They note the new and special squadron told off to keep an eye upon the Muscovite fleet in the Levant. The treaty of London, between Germany and England, indicates coming events that cast their shadows before. It is the purest folly for England, if she imagines she can observe an Olympian neutrality, when Europe will be ablaze. It is on Morocco that eyes are fixed. If Spain intends to help herself largely to the Sultan's territory, the other powers, be assured, will claim their pickings also. Beyond doubt, the most amusing writer in France is M. Flourens, the ex-Foreign Minister; his weekly horoscope of the political situation is ever funny; one time it is England, the next France and Russia, then Germany, that will either gobble up the world, or put strait-jackets on recalcitrant powers. These alarmist articles do no more harm than the terrible episcopal curse passed upon the jackdaw of Rheims. M. Flourens asserts that by the new German camp on the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg, the Teutons can, in two hours, seize the keys of Belgium. If so, they lock out both the English and the French.

A singular case has been ruled, by the Court of Appeal, which will make it difficult for foreign newspapers to have agents in France, either to sell their sheets, or to collect cash for any French advertisements they may handle. The New York Tribune attacked the Comte de Lesmaisons for his conduct, as French consul, at Hayti. The journal, in presence of an explanation, apologized. But the Comte wanted damages, and sued its agent here who sold the paper. He won, obtained from the bookseller Bretono 5,000 fr. and costs. On appeal, the principle of responsibility was upheld, but the damages were reduced to 1,500 fr. This is the first time such an action was taken. Be certain it will not be the last. It will compel readers to "subscribe" for their favorite journal.

Paris has one religion more: the cult of "Intellectualism." Perhaps it could be traced to the Greeks, or their inspirers, the Egyptians. M. Camille Adam—a good beginning family name—has opened in the Rue St. Jacques, the "Intellectual Institute." As to himself, a word: he claims to be a descendant of a noble family, that once had broad acres; his share was only a few roods. His profession is, the ornamentation of book covers; his best client is the Comte de Paris. To oblige the public, he keeps a little shop, where he sells journals, letter paper, etc., and sweets. He is a practicing socialist, as all the money he makes over and above his living wants, he hands over to relieve those willing to work, but who cannot obtain it. He was communist, was transported, and it was while in the galleys that he thought out his plan—a kind of royal road for solving social problems. To make a good appearance

before his students, he secured two leading intellectualists—well-known personages, who have become his god-father and god-mother. Then he rented a large, plain hall, furnished it with chairs, tables, lamps, and sheet-iron black "boards." The latter rise up or lower down, as a fire-place *tablier*, by means of strings. "*Cordon, s'il vous plait*" is the open sesame, addressed to the janitor, when you desire the hall door to be opened. Now the student of Intellectualism has only to "pull the bobbin," and the board descends. He writes thereupon a question—another student pulls down a black-board alongside, and writes the solution, others may write on other boards objections, till all the walls be covered. Here are some of the "chalks": "The social question is sufficiently solved for those who have sufficient money?" "True," says another board, "but how can one have the sufficient money?" This black-board still "pauses for a reply."

The League of Woman's Rights has called upon M. de Goncourt to explain his phrase, "there are men and there is the woman." His sneer at the inferiority of the sex will not be pardoned. But he explains that he is not at all the author of the phrase, has only just heard it for the first time, and, on the whole, does not find it bad. He avows he is a misogynist—like many other authors, but are they to be lapidated for their opinions? He has examined several human skeletons in his day, and has found much diversity in the case of that of man, but only uniformity in the case of woman. He is a believer in the old *regime*, and does not accept intellectual equality for the fair sex. He has never said, or thought absolutely, that woman was devoid of individuality, or of soul. He admits that the heroines in his novels are not at all sympathetic. Madlle. Hubertine du Clerc is a leading pleader for the rights of her sex; she petitioned the Senate to reform the inequalities sanctioned by the law, between the sexes; the reporter on the petition, recommended the rejection of its prayer, alleging that no sex in France could be privileged; that if women were wronged, they had recourse to the Tribunals, to the Press, to public meetings, to obtain redress. This is not exact; no one desires to train women to be political viragos, but one has only to open the Code, and note many injustices the fair sex labor under.

After all, the staunchest chevaliers of the ladies are the medical students; they had the habitude of smuggling in young female friends—as lady students of medicine—to witness dissections and peep into the books in the Library. The inspector, to end the abuse, called upon three of the girls to show their lecture cards; not having them, he turned them out. The Bob Sawyers at once sent out the fiery cross, and demanded, almost, the head of the inspector, for his want of gallantry.

Soon Paris will have all the institutions of Japan in her midst; recently a Buddhist first-class ceremony was celebrated in the Guimet Museum—that "Mansion of Idols." A few days ago, a Jap performed the "happy despatch," but only with one sword, so he could not have been a Mikado—they wear two swords, to be fifty per cent. quicker in the operation. Japanese curiosities can be now so cheaply purchased in Paris, that it does not pay to make them "genuine" in France.

General A. Dumaget draws attention to the legends published about Napoleon dur-

ing the siege of Toulon; his role was, it seems, extremely insignificant, he did not plan the attack, the generals in command did—indeed, almost everybody agreed to what was self-evident. But he proved to be an excellent artilleryman, and, hence, he was made a general after the victory. But he there displayed—and what is not noticed—those brilliant qualities for cracking up the soldiers, by apropos phrases. Thus he called one of the batteries that of the "Fearless Men." Bonaparte was unequalled in these glory phrases. Nothing has ever surpassed that about the battle of the Pyramid: "Forty centuries are looking down upon you." Of course they took the same down-glance on Abercrombie.

The Vicar of Belleville is sued for payment, by an artist, for 15,000 fr., balance of account for mural decorations of the church building. The total length of the wall would represent the painting of the religious subjects at about 80,000 fr. per mile.

To amateurs: at the present moment two active volcanoes are to be sold by auction in Iceland, at 3,000 fr. each, plus 3 per cent. auction fees. The "going! going!" will be kept going for eight months, to allow purchasers to visit and examine.

Z.

EVENSONG.

I knelt in house of God to-night,
And bowed my head in prayer—
The sinking sun's declining light
Lit all who worshipped there—
And as with reverent heart I bowed
And folded hands I prayed,
A peaceful stillness crept around
Where dying sunlight strayed.

The choristers' young voices rose,
So clear and sweet and pure,
They seemed to speak of sin forgiven
And free salvation sure.

The tender inner sense which lies
Beneath the source of tears,
Which trembles to the lightest word
Fraught with life's hopes and fears,
Was touched, and when the grand old form
Of words confessing all our sin
Was raised in unison, I felt
The worthlessness of all within;
I knew that years had come and gone,
Each filled with wrong in thought and deed,
But still the Godhead's majesty
And mercy satisfied my need.
The things that we have left undone—
Great God! we all have failed—but oh!
These we have done, and done amiss,
Seem like to work us deeper woe,
But thanks to mercy's boundless sway,
Our sins can all be washed away.

Once more the boys' clear voices swelled
And on those strains of music sweet,
My soul would fain have winged its way
To seek the Godhead's mercy seat.
Ah! "thirsting for the Lord," this cry
For ages past and gone has risen,
The Hebrew singer knew the need
Of human hearts in fleshly prison!
And still that cry our hearts must raise,
And still unsatisfied we go,
Until at length for fairer realms
We leave these scenes of want and woe.

The last Amen has now been sung,
The music swelled and died away,
The sunset's yellow glory passed
Into another country's day.
When o'er the bended heads the priest
Had breathed the benediction sweet,
Forth from the sacred house I moved
With lingering, slow, reluctant feet.
So calm an hour so seldom comes—
I would it had been days and days—
But now it only is to me
A memory sweet of prayer and praise.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

The Grove, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

CHRISTMAS '61

"So to-morrow will be Christmas day," said a voice from the folds of a military cloak, the owner of which made one of a group of Federal soldiers lying round a bivouac fire on the banks of the Potomac awaiting the return of a scouting party on the first Christmas eve the war had yet seen.

The speaker seemed hardly out of his teens to judge by the voice and the fair boyish face revealed by occasional flashes of fire-light. He had but lately joined, and perhaps partly on account of his youth was already a great favorite with his comrades; though no doubt his own taking personality had not a little to do with the preference. His name was Weldon, but he was almost universally known as Harry among his fellows.

"Christmas!" echoed a much older man lying close to the first speaker, "a fine Christmas for us! I wonder how many of us will see another, or even the close of this one to go no further."

"What's that you are saying, Harry? to-morrow will be Christmas?" asked another who had hitherto been silent, apparently wrapped in his own thoughts, but now rousing himself to hear what was going on.

"Christmas indeed! What have we to do with such things? It is a fine piece of sarcasm to be talking of the season of Peace and Good-will, with nothing but malice and hatred in our hearts." It was the officer in command of the party who spoke, a moderately tall and rather slightly built man of eight and twenty or thereabouts, with strongly marked features, more dark than fair in coloring, and on the whole decidedly good-looking. Inclined to be self-contained and silent concerning himself and his own affairs and feelings, he was nevertheless regarded as the best and most sympathetic of friends when you got to know him, as his comrades expressed it. Doubtless this very reticence had much to do in commanding their respect; they felt instinctively that Hugh Lyall had his own views on most subjects, and as he imparted them by practice rather than precept, his influence was great and of the best kind.

"Good-will towards men," he continued with some bitterness; "We are truly making a lasting impression of the manner in which we have learned to practice the virtue."

"I believe the old chap has got his talking stop out for once," said Harry Weldon aside to his neighbor; "perhaps if we take him the right way we might get him to spin us a yarn, just for the sake of old times, and because Christmas only does come once a year; I know he has plenty to say when he likes"—and then aloud—"You seem to have your own views, Lyall, as usual, on the subject of the family feud in which we are engaged, eh?"

"Yes, Harry, I have my own views; isn't it a fine spectacle for the world at large, to say nothing of the name we are making for ourselves in history—that those who should live together as brethren have nothing better to do than to shed each other's blood and ruin the happiness and prosperity of thousands of innocent people, no matter how good the grounds may be for so doing."

"Oh, that is very fine talking, Lyall," replied Weldon, "but now we are in for it, we are in for it, and, after all, there is no more blood shed than in any war between two nations.

"I dare say not," returned Lyall slowly, "but you must remember that I feel more keenly on the subject than many, for you know—or rather of course you do not know—that I have the misfortune to be in arms against my only brother." His voice dropped as he said these words, and there was a dead silence for several minutes; a certain feeling of awe checking any immediate comments.

At last Weldon, who was usually the spokesman, and who by reason doubtless of their general dissimilarity had become a great friend of Lyall though considerably his junior, said, "I knew you had a brother somewhere in the South, Hugh, but I did not know that he was actually under arms on the other side." "Nor did I," returned Lyall, "until this morning when the mail was brought; I had a letter from my mother, an almost broken-hearted one, as you may fancy. Think of her! we are all she has left on earth, and now, as she says herself, whichever side wins, there will still be a losing one for her."

"But how did it happen, Hugh?"

"What? that Frank has taken an active part in the strife? Why, because he could not help himself of course."

"No, I did not quite mean that," replied Weldon, "but would you object to telling us, old fellow, how he came to be in that part of the country in such a way as to be caught, for that is how, I suppose, the case stands, in plain language."

"Well, there is not very much to tell, and no mystery in the matter after all. But if you care to hear—just one moment, my pipe is out; give me a light, thanks. There, now, you shall have the history of the unhappy business from the beginning."

And having got his pipe fairly alight, Lyall settled himself so that his face should be well out of range of the firelight, and proceeded:—

"You see my mother, though not a born Southerner, spent most of her young days before her marriage in Virginia, particularly in Richmond, and, of course, has still many friends there. My father died when Frank was little more than a baby, and as our mother had few relations, even distant ones, her two boys were her constant and almost only companions, and at that time at least her greatest happiness, whatever they may have become since. When we began to grow up she was most anxious that we should pay a visit to her old home, as she in a measure considered Richmond, for she always preserved the warmest recollection of the happy days spent there. Somehow, I never could be persuaded to go, but at last, about two years ago, Frank consented to accept one of the many invitations our mother's friends were always sending us, and set off just after Christmas to pay the visit—a trifle unwillingly, I must admit. However, after his arrival in Richmond, he wrote very glowing accounts of the kindness he met with and the charm of the place in general, and by-and-bye he began to tell us in particular of the charm he found in a certain Edith Chesley, a niece, in fact an adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, the people with whom he was staying. Miss Chesley appeared to be possessed of all the known virtues and a good many unknown ones, or at least unknown to everyone but Frank, for she seemed a capricious beauty and pretty hard on the general run of her admirers. Frank seemed from the first to fare better than the rest, and small wonder though 'I say it who shouldn't,' for besides being more

than commonly good-looking he has a particularly attractive—I had almost said sweet manner, and is always a favorite where he chooses, and sometimes even where he does not choose, as he has occasionally found to his inconvenience.

Don't let it make you fancy yourself too much, Harry, but there is something about you that reminds me very forcibly of Frank at times—strange, isn't it, eh, boy?"

"Oh! come now, don't chaff," laughed Weldon, "by this time I'm pretty well used to your back-handed compliments, Hugh, so they don't affect me as they otherwise might."

"But not to spin it out too long," continued Lyall, "in three months Frank came home engaged, and about as idiotically in love as ever I saw any one. When I say 'idiotically,' I don't, of course, mean that he in any way made himself ridiculous; but he is a whole-souled fellow, who goes in with all his might for whatever he undertakes, so that in an affair of this kind he would not be likely to be luke-warm.

My mother was on the whole well pleased, though she thought Frank rather young (he is a good deal younger than I am), and up to this time had done little else than amuse himself, though he had been left an equal share with me in our father's business. But now he seemed entirely unable to settle to anything, and after a bit it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Lewis positively refused consent to their niece's marriage, unless Frank promised to settle permanently in Virginia.

As you may suppose, this was a sad blow to my mother. She never seemed to realize that we were either of us grown up and liable at any time to make homes of our own, particularly Frank, whom she still regarded as a perfect child; and, consequently, she could not bear the idea of his settling down in another part of the country. However, being an absolutely unselfish woman, by degrees she gave way, and it was arranged that Frank should take his share of the capital from our business, and transfer it to something on Mr. Lewis' recommendation in Richmond.

After this, all went smoothly; the business arrangements were satisfactorily concluded, and in October (a year ago, that is), Frank returned to Richmond and married his beautiful Edith; for beautiful she is, indeed, and as sweet and charming as she is beautiful. Frank brought her to see us after their marriage, and she soon found her way to the little corner of the mother's heart, that could only be filled by a daughter. They were not with us very long, but of course we heard constantly from them both, after their return to Richmond, and they seemed in every way to prosper and be happy. Frank stuck well to his business, and gave great promise, so Mr. Lewis assured us, of being a successful man.

You all know how the war broke out, but I think no one can know the grief it was to us that Frank should be where he was, but there was no help for it; there he must stay, as he saw himself, poor boy, from the first. We did trust he might be kept from taking an active part, that he would not be able to do so was our great anxiety; so you may fancy how I enjoyed the news in my mother's letter to-day, and you can hardly wonder that to-night I feel more than ever the misery of this wretched business."

No one spoke for several moments after Lyall ceased. The most thoughtless among the group could not but respect his feelings,

and his story seemed to put the evil of civil war in a light in which they had never regarded it before. Weldon was the first to break the silence.

"Have you any idea, Hugh, as to whereabouts your brother is, or under whose command?"

"Not the very slightest," answered Lyall, in somewhat unsteady tones. "He had received no definite orders when he wrote to my mother, but from this moment the list of killed on the other side will have a fascination for me that our own losses never had; and the thought of our poor mother's dread of what she may see in every paper she takes up, is more than I can bear." He paused a moment, as if to control his voice, and then concluded abruptly, "But I am not myself to-night, Harry," saying which, he drew his cloak closer about him, and relapsed into his former silent contemplation of the fire.

They all smoked or seemed to doze quietly for some little time, when at last one of them suggested that the scouting party should be returning before long and wondered if they "had seen anything of the rebels across the lines." At the mention of the word "rebels," Weldon, who in his desire to express his sympathy unobtrusively had moved closer to Lyall, noticed that he stirred restlessly, so he tried to change the drift of the conversation by remarking that the fire began to get low, and was about to propose an expedition in search of more logs to replenish it, when the sound of voices on the frosty air, every moment becoming more distinct, the crunching of snow underfoot and the clank of arms, gave notice of the approach of the expected party. The group about the fire were immediately on the alert and eagerly awaited the arrival of their comrades.

The new-comers consisted of a squad of six or eight men in charge of a sergeant, and Lyall, as officer in command, came forward at once to receive the sergeant's report. His first words were, "All well, sergeant?"

"All well, sir," came the answer.

"What have you to report? Anything of importance?"

"Nothing of much importance, sir," replied the sergeant. "We saw nothing of the rebels, with the exception of a small party which crossed the river and was of course promptly fired upon."

"Of course," answered Lyall, in his usual calm manner; "quite right; they were within the lines. Any loss?"

"So far as I know, sir, they lost but one man," returned the sergeant, "and, cowards that they are, they took to their boat and left him without knowing whether he was dead or alive. I don't like this sort of warfare, sir; it goes against me to knock over a man in cold blood with no reason, so to say. Rebel and all as he might be, I could not turn my back and leave him lying there as you would a dog, so when we found he was really gone—shot through the heart, sir—we covered him as well as we could, though we could not give him the burial of a Christian. He looked so beautiful too, lying there in the moonlight, with a smile on his face as if to say, 'It's all right, boys; I know you only did your duty,' that I seemed to hate this cursed war as I never did before. I found this beside him—Good God, sir! What is the matter," he exclaimed, startled by the expression of Lyall's face, which suddenly blanched as a thought seemed to strike him, and he grasped the sergeant's arm in a deadly grip. Fairly shaking him in an agony of suspense, Lyall

seemed hardly able to frame the question: "You saw his face—quick—tell me what—who—was it like?"

"I—I—cannot tell, sir—I hardly know," gasped the sergeant almost as excitedly as Lyall, and staring wildly at him, "but here—I picked this up from his side, where it must have fallen when he did." Saying this, he held out a small miniature in a case, which Lyall snatched from his hand, and turning to the fire, madly stirred it so that the light might fall on the portrait. One glance was enough. With the cry, "My God! it is Edith!" he fell to the ground, for the moment as senseless as if he, too, had been "shot through the heart."

* * *

That grief does not always kill, no matter how great the shock, is an old truism. In after years, when peace once more reigned over the land, there might be found in a lovely home on the New England coast a family party consisting of four persons. A beautiful young widow with a handsome, manly boy who, if asked, would tell you his name was "Frank," and who was fully convinced that next to his mother, the most wonderful beings on the face of the earth were "Grandmother" and "Uncle Hugh."

F.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

The old-year chimes are heard again,
Fair Christmas peals of praise and peace,
From leafless grove and rifled plain,
Where underneath the winter's fleece
Repose the guarded germs of spring
That other suns and showers shall bring.

The drifted snows lie white and deep
Above the graves of last year's bloom,
Where wither'd leaves inconstant, heap
December's ways of wintry gloom;
All, all are dead that once were bright,
And morning's thegns are thralls of night.

Are thralls of night that once were thegns,
In Saxon courts of liveried green;
For now the Lord of Winter reigns,
Where erst the Summer's heir was queen:
In ermined robes of ghostly gray
The Summer's subjects steal away.

The fun'ral knell of sun-strewn days
Comes muffled with the Christmas chime,
Where sobs are heard in place of lays
Thro' leafless bough and woodland rime;
The idyll of the year is done
When woods are bare and birds are gone.

Yet tho' o'er plain and frosted knoll
Is heard the requiem of the wind,
Comes to the sanctum of the soul
A winsome guest, the quiet mind;
Without resounds the last year's knell,
Within is heard the next year's bell.

The next-year chimes are heard again,
Fair promised peals of days to come,
Of hopes and joys that surge amain
In waves of sound o'er hearth and home;
Wild swell the billowy notes that ring
"The king is dead, long live the king!"

The king is dead, the last year rule
Is vanish'd with the last year chime,
Another mounts the throne of Yule,
Despotic o'er the realm of time,
Till he, deposed, shall steal away,
To abdicate in robes of gray.

A. H. MORRISON.

To say that we have a clear conscience is to utter a solecism; had we never sinned, we should have had no conscience. Were defeat unknown, neither would victory be celebrated by songs of triumph.—Carlyle.

FROM MAINE TO ACADIE.—I.

That an intention, supposedly good, may not fail as so many do, by delay, I must now relate some incidents of a recent trip to that tight little province the French knew as Acadie, that we know as Nova Scotia, and that others, elevated on stilts of Latinity, may know as *Nouvelle Ecosse*. Had I but started at an earlier date in this country's history, I had not required to leave Maine in order to reach Acadia; for the state that claims the pine as its symbol was once a part of that delectable region, and the martial Frenchman was strutting all around. But matters now-a-days are reconstructed. It is, indeed, a debatable question whether New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have any exclusive claim upon that poetic appellation; unless Longfellow (and he a Maine man, forsooth!) has fired all beyond our question, by writing that sweet pearl-pure story of "Acadie, home of the happy."

It was the close of the Sabbath; and, having duly observed the earlier hours, I ventured upon some liberty with the closing ones, by taking more than was in Judea reckoned a "Sabbath day's journey." But as at least one-fifth of my journey lay over hill and dale, behind my accommodating Dinah, and must be accomplished in brief time, it seemed necessary to do what ordinary circumstances, I might be scrupulous about. There was a cry and call within me which said, "Go, you must and shall, for they await you, and you cannot deny them." The doors of the old home stand open in this rare September, and before you arrive there are the others gathered. Peace and quiet and gently brooding thoughts lie all along this dusky evening road. Then go, in the name of Him who made the Sabbath for man, and His care be with all you leave behind, and His blessing go with you. So, with Mrs. Felix beside me, and Felix, jr., between us as driver, we passed over the hill that overlooks Cherryfield most picturesquely, and saw it disappear behind us while yet the Narraguagus was responding to the beautiful coquetry of sunset.

Do you know what a soothing and comforting thing is an evening ride, when your brain is moderately weary, and your mood is pensive? If it be summer, or early autumn, and your way runs through long dim woods, winding down sandy slopes where the pines are stout and thickly clustered, making the slumberous air aromatic, you can escape neither Hygiea nor Mææus, though you try. The imagination will constantly be playing some gracefully beautiful trick; dreams will come like an exhalation, and vanish silently, bubble-like, yet leaving gleams and odors behind them; Memory will lead through the shadowy woodland halls her enchanted train, in which no spectre unbeloved walks, till weariness is departed and life is all poetry, and care and vexation forgotten. You suddenly awake, draw your breath with a heigho! and half scare your better half by the suddenness of the exclamation. If you have felt the like, so have I; and so it chanced to me on that evening when I rode, humming some snatches of old melody between our words, on the way to the Acadian land, on the shore of the Basin of "Minas."

I come, I come! O land of love and song!
Beloved land, to which I still belong,
I come, I come!

I come! O open wide to me your arms,
Ye woods where once I sported! Yours the
charms
Of youth and home!

I come! ye noble hills, of soft ascent,
O'er smiling that tumultuous element—
I come, I come!

Ye home of all my earliest loves and dreams;
Ye crystal brooks, ye fairest of all streams—
I come, I come!

Ye venerable ones, who fondly bore
And nourished me, back to your arms once
more
I come, I come!

I come! O, waiting brothers, sisters dear;
Though absent from you many a weary year—
Now, now I come!

I come! Dear scenes and faces, round me
throng!
O, let the days be cheery and be long!
I come, I come!

The road seemed never so to fly behind us, so that before the clock had struck nine our twenty-eight miles were accomplished, and we rattled over the bridge that spans the Machias at its rocky gorge and were in our sister town of lumber, where our old friends of the Allan House so warmly entreated us that the wood-woven spell was not rudely broken by this descent to actuality, but in brief time merged itself into the dreams of the "wee sma' hours," and the succeeding dawn.

We took the road in season to have completed that stage of our journey which we were to accomplish by private conveyance; but a storm intercepted us, and we drew up at another friendly door. The Belle homestead at Whiting, that has been more to us than the hostelry at which Shenstone boasted his "warmest welcome," again became to us a place of shelter from the tempest of rain and wind that had arisen. If geniality of manner and generosity of heart, with an abundance of wholesome fare, can encourage the traveller and cheer the lonely pilgrim resting from his way, we had no reason to regret the cause of our detention, as we would undoubtedly arrive on the morrow at Eastport before the Cumberland could. There by the fire-side in the little back parlor, to which we were no strangers, while the wind-driven rain in white sheets drenched the roofs, tore the willows and apple trees, and fell in rivulets from the streaming panes, I perused my book, or my dreams, when the folks were absent or conversation flagged. It chanced to be a biography of Bishop Asbury, in which I found diversion, pleased with the more social and friendly phases of that sincere and single-minded man who, without any home of his own or a foot of land anywhere in this world was nevertheless one of the most home-loving spirits that ever lived.

How constant was he in his friendships; how mindful of all with whom he had any relation; how unforgetful of them even in death, seeking their graves to weep and pray! How devoted to duty when most onerous; how wise and judicious in action; how pithy often in his speech; how he touched the edge of his dry humor with a nimbus of poetry! What love for and delight in the outward creation; what feasting of the eyes on all beautiful scenery in his far extended peregrinations from the North to the South! A man of most precious memory, he has in the church of which he was a most energetic and exemplary bishop a noble monument; and who shall presume to measure his influence for good in the broad land of his adoption.

Morning came, fresh, cool, and with a world all washed spick and clean. We seemed to inhale new vigor from the deep wells of air made pungent by woodland odors; while an eager sense, like that of expectation, was born, perhaps of the speed that Dinah, driven by her youthful and proper driver, made over the road. Down the long incline, which, with the islands and the sea before us in plain sight, reaches from the western portion of Lubec to where the thriving and picturesque village sits smiling—maybe at the alleged British airs of Campobello (though now Republican cottagers bate their pretensions not a whit); or, more likely, at her own prosperity, which grows apace—we came rapidly, and soon drew up in the parsonage yard—that parsonage of which, in former years, we were known as occupants.

What changes since we flourished here! It was a good place for musing then, and all went softly at its leisure; but now it has rushed into business. It is as if Rip Van Winkle had suddenly got up to make his fortune, and marts and manufactories have sprung like mushrooms in a mouldering pasture. What whistling of ferry-steamers and of sardine factories! What rushing—not of the belated tide down through the Narrows, for that goes as of old—but of people who have something to do and must be up with the times! Hotels are pitched aloft; hotels have shot up from below; hotels flank every street and about every corner. And, just look! underneath that very cliff from which we used to watch the setting sun glorifying the Cobscook, lo! a long pier reaches out its friendly arm toward Eastport, wooing to its embrace the international steamers; while a wide driveway of plank is built along its base, inviting when the hours of traffic are over, the lovers of the town to a blessed monopoly of moonlight, and that everlasting swish and smack and "hubbly-bubbly" of the waves around the wooden piles.

Looking a good-bye into the face of our young Felix, and the black countenance of Dinah, who must return to her Narragagus crib with all possible speed, for the folks at home will be expectant—we were soon *en route* for Eastport on one of the well appointed ferry boats now plying about the Passamaquoddy. The former sail boat days may be dear and romantic, and the days of steam odious to the late Wordsworthian; but we do not object to modern improvements when we travel. Like others, we are intent on getting there. Truly, we shudder to read in the daily press of the immolation of helpless victims by the joint Molochs of steam, electricity and iron, and we doubt not more extensive sacrifices of the same kind are in contemplation by the corporations; but, personally, having been safely delivered at the end of our journeyings hitherto, however threatened *in transitu*, we have no special reason for complaint, and merely hope that the worthy companies who manage steamships and railways strictly in the public interest, will be just a trifle more careful of our risky brothers and sisters while on their travels. How smugly oblivious are we of all fault or ill-fortune affecting others when luck—or whatever you name it—has always turned on our side!

Now, Eastport, we pace thy streets, for our steamer is not due before four o'clock, lingering about thy marts of trade and haunts best known to us. But thou art not the Eastport we knew first; for since thy fiery carnival thou hast come forth a

very phoenix from thine ashes, and hast for thy bravery been dubbed a city. Yet thy men are still here, and many of them are known to us; and it is because of the stout heart and the active will thou didst not fail in the hour of thy calamity, but standest in thy new beauty; while now a friendly eye that knew thee in thy former estate and attire, looks again complacently upon thee, and wishes thee all manner of good fortune.

At sunset we were on the deck of the Cumberland, waiting for a start, but with a sense of impatience at seeming unconscionable delay. This is an important freighting port, and the autumnal season is apt to be one of full warehouses. We heard the incessant jar and rattle of freight hurried on board, or as swiftly unladen; and we were assured there was enough of it to detain us a couple of hours. Rumor after rumor came that we should immediately be off, yet still we tarried. But as we sat where we had the scope of that spacious Passamaquoddy, what compensating loveliness awaited our eyes whenever we turned them thither! A tranquil mirror of rare reflective quality gathered to its bosom the woods and clouds, while over all the balmyest of eves hung angel-like. An Eden of the watery waste it was—to vary Byron's phrase—hemmed in by the living green, the woods and villas of sunny island shores. The flush of the low sun rested there.

"Not obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Here and there flitted over all the expanse of tinted water the white-winged yacht or more sluggish and substantial schooner, each with its burnished image below. The numerous fishing boats, smacks and dingies lay, like as

"The swan upon St. Mary's Lake
Floats double swan and shadow."

We followed the track of the little ferry-boat as it crept by Friar's Head into the little cove of Welchpool—a place worthy of note, with a history of its own, by the way—and anon steamed out again, and across to Eastport. As we looked on the blended loveliness of wave and sky the exquisite lines, picturing such a scene, and written by Samuel Longfellow, occurred to me. They are worthy of his illustrious brother, the product of a delicately poetic mind, whose lyrics to Henry's are as a small star-lit pool to all the splendor of this sunlit bay. Just at that hour we might all see it, as did he, where

"Midway of the radiant heaven
Hangs silently the boat."

Atar, on the hilltop at Lubec, the bulk of the church and its tall spire stood dark against the sky where out of quivering wells its weather-cock drew golden burnishment. So absorbed we had become over this visional luxury, as sumptuous and resplendent a scene as ever our eyes rested on, that the signal of departure was given and we were under way before we had become sated with gazing.

We were at last afloat, and the slopes of the purpling hills we were leaving faded and lessened, till we could only see the wave, half in sheen, half in shadow, and beyond it the twinkling lights of Maine's easternmost city, with its projecting spires and the dark round of its reservoir tower against the dimming sky. Wrapt about by shadows we heard the throbbing of the boat, and the gush of the waters that beneath sang lullaby, gurgling like mirthful infants

when a mother's playful finger is laid on their lips. Within, the saloon lamps were lit, without were the lamp-like stars.

"The moonlight stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve."

Surely this main of Fundy in its favourite hours is enchanted, as certainly as the Ægean, or that Hellespontine wave, or even the silver surf that lifts its fringes on the Hesperides. Let us croon, then, low—very low—

"A-floating, a-floating,
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmast tree.

Oh, sing and wake the dawning!
Oh, whistle for the wind!
The night is long, the current strong;
My boat it lags behind."

And so, while we sat astern, in the embalmed night, with just enough of quiet and solitude, the steamer skirted the darkling coast till the beacon rose beside us, and the dusky shape of Partridge Island, with its light and bell, and distant not far we saw the Loyalist City glimmering with star-like invitation; or saw in our white wake a path that De Monts and La Tour might have traversed before us.

PASTOR FELIX.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

Among other signs that the cult of the occult is actually spreading in this last decade of the nineteenth century are such respectably edited periodicals as "Lucifer" and "Borderland." And I have just received a prospectus of the Occult Book Co. (Halifax, England). The uncanny volumes in which it deals are arranged under no less than 78 heads, from "Alchemy" and "Amulets" to "Visions" and "Witchcraft." Its mystic stock-in-trade includes treatises on the awesome subjects of "Geomancy," "Metopomancy" and "Psychometry."

The readiness of the English to borrow the grotesque slang of America is in strange contrast to their slowness in following the good example of Americans in more important matters, such as the decimal system of coinage and the check system for passengers' luggage. There is a self-sufficiency or a conservatism in Englishmen which often prevents them from promptly adopting trouble-saving methods or appliances which are generally utilized on this continent the moment they are understood, quite regardless of the place where they originated. The London Times for generations has been the British journal in which births, marriages and deaths are most generally advertised and looked for. And yet until the fall of this year, The Times declined to adopt the convenient practice of prefixing to each announcement the name of the person whose birth, marriage or death is advertised, and of inserting the notices in alphabetical order.

In the race of life the time grows faster and faster towards the finish. Old age may hobble through space, but it flies through time. The magnifying of our brighter years and minifying of our duller ones is one of the minor arguments for a beneficent Providence. Another of these minor arguments may be found in the arrangement of the seasons so that the gloom of the shortening days is cheered by generally settled and bracing weather; while few of the rigours

of winter come upon us before the lengthening of the days has begun to remind us of the spring. Christians may also trace design in the incidence of the nativity at a point in the year when a gloom-dispelling anniversary seems most to be desired.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Come, sing a song of cheer, my boys,
The jolly board is spread!
And on a white and gleaming dish
The gallant bird lies dead!
Though shorn his crest, yet broad his breast
All savoury expands;
And each stout leg doth seem to beg
Each gallant to shake hands!

The wind storm against the pane
May loudly beat and roar;
The more they fret, the higher yet
Our leaping spirits soar!
Our leaping spirits ride, my boys,
Above the loudest blast,
Upon the wings our turkey brings
To bless this gay repast!

And then the pudding's gracious form,
So smiling, large and round,
Our board doth grace with beaming face,
Whose equal ne'er was found!
Then let the old room ring, my boys,
With a song of mirth and cheer!
And toast to-day, though short its stay,
The noblest of the year!

REFRAIN.

So let each glass ring merrily,
And let each voice sing cheerily;
No heart, I trow, beats wearily
On such a Christmas day!
At each gay song we sing, boys,
December turns to May!
At every jest we fling, boys,
Each heart must grow more gay!
At every glass we drink, boys,
A sordid care must shrink, boys!
There is no hour to think, boys,
Of aught but joy to-day!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE GOD OF THE WHITE STAR.

Through the heart of a great land flows a river, most beautiful, yet treacherous. Golden reeds and lotus blossoms shadow its sallow sands and to and fro over its bosom by day and night darts a solitary white star. In mid-stream lies a whirlpool, foaming and swirling, and frothing, and out of its wild vortex rises a shining column supporting beyond the froth and the foam and the whirl of the turbulent waters a carved white throne, wheron an old god sits forever guiding his shining star. Upon the shore, restless beings, old and young, and ugly and beautiful, follow with outstretched hands to touch, to clasp the god's messenger, as it wheels from soul unto soul with ever an alluring, soft singing sound.

Some have touched it. Upon their brows faint lights have shone—many of these have burned out, a few are still shining. Others have clasped it for a moment, and lo! bright halos crown them and the incense of bay leaves is on their locks. Others again, by the mere motion of the hand towards it, drive it hopelessly beyond reach, while desperate souls chase blindly after it into the stream where they quickly perish.

Each halo possesses a history. This man, middle aged and somewhat priestly, finding his wife uncongenial, has forsaken home, and at the altar of the white god seeks consolation in reading men and writing of their chequered lives. Another, when a mere boy, searching the windy seas

for health, saw from afar the gleam of the brilliant star, and came suddenly one day upon this enchanted shore! In a stately temple, on pearl keys, a dark musician plays away men's souls to dreams elysian. He has told his pearls for princes.

Artists all and great souls dwell by the river, gods and goddesses under a greater god. Day by day new chasers of the strange star come to shore, some simply to touch it, a few to become gods, others to perish. Whoever will may hear the story of Haidée.

In an arbor by the river-shore she dreams of true happiness. On her canvas she has portrayed a red Canadian sunset, and black Canadian pines in shadow. As the day fades, she sits with folded hands, apart from her easel, dreaming, her eyes resting on the old god. A night bird sings in the thicket, the roses lining the arbor are languorous: great crimson roses, droning the amber air with the incense of their yellow hearts. The winds sing too, in whispers faint with the odor of firs from the hills, and upon the grass and the mosses a fair youth has thrown himself down, striking the golden strings of his lyre, to touch Haidée's heart. Others have come and gone before him, despondent. He sings, and the words of his song tell her of his wonderful love. He loves her as man has never loved woman. While he sings, the sun is going down. The last red light of the real day falls on the canvas, lending to its small sunset a charmed reality, falls on the vines and the roses, on Haidée, her dead gold hair, her face, and her white hands, lighting too the dark eyes of her lover with a red gleam, an almost desperate red gleam.

Haidée has resolved. She loves one who some day must surely love her. She will clasp the white star and he cannot choose but love her. Her dreams are of him, she heeds not any other. The sun has set, the crimson glory, too, is creeping away, and the passionate words of the lover die on his lips as suddenly a white light trembles a moment on the sleeping roses, then passes shoreward, leaving the arbor in shadow. Haidée has followed swift like a phantom of the evening, her beautiful face uplifted to the full splendor of the alluring star, blue fire in her grey eyes, her eager arms out-reaching. An *ignis fatuus*, the star leads on, hovering almost within reach of Haidée's hot hands. The shore lies at her feet, the river voices are tumultuous, and the lotus flowers gleam like soft moons hidden among the reeds and the dark grasses. Her eyes ever uplifted, she heeds not whither she goes, the white star is within reach, she has almost clasped it, as instantly a splashing of silver spray breaks about her, and the merciless waters enfold her with a death-like embrace. Then suddenly a dark form, fair as a dark god, comes with a leap to the shore and Haidée is torn from the foam, and the swirl and the froth of the waves, rescued by him she has ever loved.

The red glow of evening is gone, and the shadows of night fold their grey arms alike about the happy lovers, and the god of the white star.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Dec., 1893.

The aged oak upon the steep stands more firm and secure if assailed by angry winds; for if the winter bares its head, the more strongly it strikes its roots into the ground, acquiring strength as it loses beauty.—Metastasio.

RECENT POETRY.*

It has been asserted with the greatest emphasis that the age of poetry has gone by, and the prophecy has been uttered with much confidence that very soon we shall have no more even professing to be poets. But assuredly the fulfilment of such prophecies seems to be postponed, and, in the meantime, such "coming events," if coming they are, do not "cast their shadows before." Granting that the greatest singer of the age, or of many ages, has fallen asleep, and that no living hand may sweep the strings of his mighty harp, yet we thankfully recognize, on both sides of the Atlantic, true and melodious utterances which will not seem harsh or feeble even to ears which have been accustomed to his glorious strains.

Reflections like these are justified by the contents of three little volumes now before us, two of them the work of Canadian poets, the other of a Scottish American. There is not one of these poems which does not justify its existence.

We begin with Mr. Carman, probably because the very title of his charming collection sounded a minor key which is always attractive to lovers of poetry. The author tells us that the poems here given have been selected with reference to their similarity in tone. Probably he is right in adopting this principle. Some poems of his we have met with which we should be glad to possess in more permanent form. But these will doubtless follow; and in a volume of this size it was perhaps as well to preserve the same key. At any rate, this has been done, and with great success.

Throughout this volume there are certain characteristics which everywhere meet us, and which may be briefly noted. First, there is the true eye which sees. Every poem gives us a picture, and not the mere picture which would strike the superficial observer, but the vision of the one who sees the forms but also penetrates into the meanings of things. Then we next remark a felicitous power and use of language, very far removed from the mere repetition of images and phrases sanctioned by earlier poetic use, rather representing the freshness of thought of the writer. One other note of the volume we will mention, the remarkable power of association whereby the present object brings back the memories and scenes of the past.

We think that the reader who abandons himself to the "Low Tide on Grand Pré" will hardly demur to the justice of these remarks; and the same general characters pervade the volume. We select a sweet little poem, not because it is the best, but because it is well adapted for our purpose.

IN APPLE TIME.

The apple harvest days are here,
The boding apple harvest days,
And down the flaming valley ways,
The foresters of time draw near.

Through leagues of bloom I went with Spring,
To call you on the slopes of morn,
Where in imperious song is borne
The wild heart of the goldenwing.

* Low Tide on Grand Pré: a Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. New York; Chas. L. Webster & Co. 1893.

The Magic House, and other Poems. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son. 1893.

Dreams o' Hame, and other Scotch Poems. By James D. Law. London and Paisley: A. Gardner. 1893.

I roamed through alien summer lands,
I sought your beauty near and far;
To-day, where russet shadows are,
I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark, by slopes of fern,
The hazy undern sleeps in sun.
Remembrance and desire, undone,
From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,
The tender apple harvest time;
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,
Settles upon the brooding year.

But there are many others, even in this booklet of only twenty-two poems, which we would gladly quote, among them, the last of all, "Whither."

With Mr. Scott we enter, without preface, upon a volume of greater variety and of different interest. The poem which gives its name to the volume does not stand first, but appears when we have got on about a third of our whole way. "The Magic House" is a very remarkable poem, and we mean high praise for it when we say that Coleridge would have delighted in it, as illustrating in a very high degree the poetic imagination. Here are three stanzas, which will show what we mean:

From her casement she shall see
Down a valley wild and dim,
Swart with woods of pine and fir;
Shall the sunsets swim
Red with untold gold to her.

From her terrace she shall see
Lines of birds, like dusky notes,
Falling in the heated glare;
How an eagle floats
In the wan unconscious air.

* * * * *
From her garden she shall hear
Fall the cones between the pines;
She shall seem to hear the sea,
Or behind the vines
Some small noise, a voice may be.

Weird and beautiful too is "The Reed-Player." For example:

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
One went under the hill;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed
That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre
Laden with myrrh and musk.

* * * * *
And as I followed far the magic player
He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed, the stars had risen there,
And there was solitude.

Mr. Law's volume appeals to a different class of feelings. We do not mean that it is not poetical. Many of the poems show poetical power of a very high order; yet perhaps its principal charm will be its power of recalling Scottish associations in history, in manners, in song. Mr. Law is an Aberdonian—coming from a county better known for its logicians and philosophers perhaps than for its poets. Yet the land that produced John Skinner and William Thom can hardly be called unpoetic. There is great variety in this volume. It is humorous, it is pathetic, it is national, it is earnest. We quite agree with the high praise given to the excellent paraphrase of the first Psalm; although we are most attracted by the first two "dreams o' hame," the one geographical and the other historical. These poems are exceedingly spirited. The one will rejoice the heart which has beat among the mountains which the poet celebrates, whilst the other will appeal to every Scotchman who remembers with

pride the history of his country. From the days of mist and darkness, onward through the invasion of the Romans to the time of the contests of Picts and Scots and the inroads of the Danes, and onward to Macbeth and Wallace and Bruce, and Queen Mary and the frays of the clans, the panorama of Scottish history passes before us. Here is a specimen:

On many a blood-stained battle-plain
Thy stalwart sons have held their ain,
When, from the mountains of the North,
The fiery cross has called them forth;
Bear witness, ill-starred Flodden Field,
Where Huntly was the last to yield;
Bear witness, Tillieangus heath,
Wi' mony a hero stretched beneath;
Glenlivet, where the base Argyll,
Got first his taste o' Bogie's style;
And mony a Covenantin' raid,
Whaur waved the dark-green tartan plaid,
And whaur the "Byd-and—" slogan cry
Proclaimed the dauntless Gordons nigh.

THE MINSTREL.

She was a Princess high above me,
And I, who loved her all the while,
Who madly strove to make her love me,
Was scarcely worthy of her smile.

But sang I wildly in her garden,
At dawn and dusk, noonday and night;
I hardly hoped to gain her pardon,
But song and loving was my right.

Till from my passion's strong persistence
She could no longer hold aloof;
She came without a thought's resistance
And blessed me with her deep love's proof.

But now my Princess is beside me,
I strive to strike my harp anew;
But with her love no more denied me,
My songs are strangely faint and few.

And for the youthful, wild endeavour
I would forsake this songless peace;
My youth's old songs are gone forever,
Yet youth's old yearnings never cease.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

ART NOTES.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster's latest portrait, now on exhibition at Messrs. J. & E. Ellis's (the jewellers) studio, King street, near Yonge, is to our mind a distinct advance on this artist's previous work.

Mr. Will Low's letter to the New York Evening Post, printed recently, says of the lectures that Mr. La Farge is delivering at the Metropolitan Museum: "Since Fromentin wrote with a message supported by practice, no one of equal force of intellect or practice has been willing to speak of his art with the same authority and clearness as Mr. La Farge."

The Sketch Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists opened Saturday, Dec 16th, at the Art Gallery, King street west, and will continue for some weeks. No one interested in art should miss this, for in many respects a sketch is more interesting than a finished picture, especially perhaps to artists. Further notice will have to be postponed to next week.

The art gallery of Roberts & Son, King street west, is being greatly improved and is to be lighted by electricity, a great advantage at all times, but especially so at this season of the year, when we have so many dark days. Here the Palette Club expect to hold their next exhibition about the middle of January. We have reason to expect something better than anything they have shown yet.

Encouraged by the success of their enterprise of last year, the Toronto Art Students' League have deepened the obligation under which they then placed the public by the issue of a second publication on a more extended

scale than before. The Calendar for 1894, which we have now before us, is a brochure of some thirty pages, in a daintily designed cover printed in gold and colours; the contents being modestly described as "A Calendar for the year of our Lord MDCCLXXXIV., with verses by some of the Canadian writers of verse, and drawings by members of the Toronto Art Students' League." The verses are in some instances by writers who already stand high among Canadian poets, while others are signed by names as yet comparatively unknown. Though varying greatly in style and subject, they reach throughout a high standard, and in some cases show an originality in thought and manner to which students of Canadian literature will attach a just importance. Of the original drawings and the decoration of the poems we can hardly speak too highly. That there should be in our midst a body of men capable of such work is, in itself, a fact of immense significance, for the calendar contains several sketches which seem to us to attain the level of the work of those artists in black-and-white, who have made so brilliant a reputation for American illustrations. "*Non Clamor sed Amor*," is the League motto, displayed on the last page; and the unpretentiousness of their methods, together with the evident affection for their art with which they labour, while justifying the motto, increases the enthusiasm with which one feels forced to speak of this most delightful of Christmas gifts.

We could scarcely expect in the work of one artist, in one medium—water-color of one class of subject—landscape, a very great variety, and yet Mr. O'Brien's exhibition at Matthews Brothers', Yonge street, is as little monotonous as the circumstances will allow. The hanging of the pictures and the arrangements of the room form a pleasing setting for what cannot fail to give very great pleasure. Mr. O'Brien has not only shown us landscapes and seascapes, but in doing this has given us many moods of nature. In "A Passing Gleam" we see a lowering sky, white-capped water, and, in sharp contrast, a high bank covered to the water's edge with the soft, brightly colored autumn foliage. In "A Breeze" there is something of the same effect—a sudden storm, coming swiftly and soon spent, the trees are bending before it and the dark clouds hang low, and are moving rapidly. "Lake Memphremagog" is a dull day with low mist-crowned hills, and quiet reflections. "A Pass on the Canadian Highway" has the place of honor and is the largest picture, but, possibly from the subject, is not as likely to give the pleasure many of the smaller ones do. In "The Road to Rosseau" the foreground is shadowed by a passing cloud, while the middle distance is in bright sunshine, and the road is lost in a dark group of trees. Beautifully clear is the color in the sunset effects of "Sunset on Lake Joseph." "An Evening on the Ottawa," where the path the canoe has made through the water catches the passing brightness, and "The After Glow," "At the Harbour's Mouth" is very different in its wide seaward view. To our thinking, the most beautiful of all in soft yet brilliant coloring and free handling, are "A Reminiscence," "A Flash of Autumn," and especially "Shadow River," in which the dark autumn foliage in the distance, and its darker reflection, are in sharp contrast to the brightness of the nearer bank. The two other views on Shadow River would well repay careful study. Besides there are two unframed flower sketches, chrysanthemums, in which the character of the loose, lovely flowers is well rendered.

"Up one pair of stairs, up two pair of stairs," as the nursery rhyme gives it, one must climb to reach the room of the Art Students' League, 16 Imperial Bank Building, but then there is something worth seeing when you get there, in the exhibition of sketches which has been open all week to the public. Faintly redolent of tobacco is the atmosphere, well covered is the wall-space, vigorous and able to stand comparison with similar work anywhere are the sketches shown. The illustrations have already been spoken of in the reference to the calendar but without much comment. Mr. W. D. Blatchley has some fine water-colors; in one view under the orchard trees he has given ex-

cellent perspective in color and drawing; the calendar speaks for his illustration. It might be well to mention that, as is almost always the case, the illustrations have all lost a good deal in reduction and printing; for which reason it behooves one to go and see the originals. Mr. C. W. Jeffries stands in the front rank in quality and quantity of work; his brilliant autumn sketches in the Catskills, his pen-and-ink sketches and illustrations show a vigor of draughtsmanship as well as feeling for color that are remarkable. The same may be said of the work of Mr. F. H. Bridgman, although his style is quite different, with less force perhaps there is a greater delicacy both in color and the touch in black and white. His water-colors without being laboured are more than sketches; in illustration the effect is gained with the least possible work. Mr. R. Holmes' sketches of thistles, of roses, as well as much else, principally for illustrations, are delightful—delicacy with precision and strength characterize them all. Mr. F. Willson has several water-colors, good in drawing and color but a trifle stiff, and some excellent line work in pen and pencil. Mr. D. F. Thompson has several striking effects of autumn in water-color and illustrations second to none in ease and force. Mr. A. H. Howard shows both in color and line work, in both of which is fine work, every stroke tells. In addition to work in water-color, and pen and ink for illustration, his works are some of the best in the collection. Mr. C. M. Manley has a black and white in oil for illustration also. Mr. Owen Staples shows a series of summer sketches in the country, fresh and full of light. H. M. Machlin's work in line and water-color is good, also D. A. McKellar's. J. D. Kelly has a good wash drawing. Mr. J. Jopacott has several pencil sketches and water-colors. Miss E. Spurr has a good deal of work from life sketch class, flowers and landscape. Miss J. Adams shows a strong feeling of color in all her work, which, if accompanied by equal draughtsmanship will accomplish much. Miss Ethel Palm and Miss Mabel Hoodley, both show creditable work. In designs for book covers and initial letters R. W. Crouch has shown original and good taste. Altogether we leave this display of work with a feeling of greater pleasure received than many a more ambitious exhibition has been able to give; there is not only something very vigorous in most of the work, but there is a reserve of ability and a promise of growth one does not usually meet.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

We hope to refer to the Toronto Vocal Society's Concert in our next issue.

An excellent and varied performance is announced for the "Street Car Men's Concert" this evening.

Eddie Reburn, the boy soprano, leaves Toronto for New York on Tuesday, December 26th, where he is engaged to sing in the Church of the Holy Apostles.

Hans Von Bulow has for a long time been ill, and his illness has reached such an acute stage that his life is despaired of, and the end may come at any moment.

The St. Alphonsus Catholic Association held a grand concert on Wednesday evening last, in the hall of the society, McCaul street, on Monday evening last.

The following are candidates for the chair of Charles Gounod at the Institute: Messrs. Victorien Joneières, Théodore Dubois, Emil Pessard, Gabriel Fauré, Louis Lefèvre and Salvayre.

The Toronto Lacrosse Minstrels are rehearsing with their accustomed energy, and the public may expect a lively and characteristic entertainment from the lithe wielders of the stick.

Miss Jessie Alexander is engaged on an eastern tour. Some days ago she had a cold, fifteen-mile drive through rain, sleet, and wind and was indisposed for a day or two, but soon recovered.

At the second Academy concert at Mannheim Eugen d'Albert played the E flat major concerto of Beethoven, but was most applauded for his performance of Liszt's tarantelle, "Napoli."

On Saturday afternoon the last recital before closing for the Christmas holidays was given in the college hall of the College of Music when a number of pupils acquitted themselves creditably.

According to "Il Trovatore," Cowen was called out fifteen times on the first production of his opera at Del Verme of Milan—four times at the end of the first act, five at the end of the second, and six times at the end of the third act.

Arma Senka, a singer with a remarkable contralto voice, appeared in Philadelphia recently. She possesses a voice of great power and purity, and is also instrumentally an artist. She sings in Canada in December, which will be her first formal introduction in America.

A stereopticon entertainment of the World's Fair, under the management of O. B. Sheppard of the Grand Opera House, is being given. The views are highly spoken of. Mr. W. E. Ramsay delivers the accompanying lecture and enlivens the proceedings with humorous songs.

Ovide Musin has made a prominent number in his repertoire a new novelette by Mr. Ad. M. Foerster, of Pittsburg. A new orchestral work by this composer will be given its first hearing at the meeting of the Pennsylvania M. T. A. at Scranton, to be held shortly.

It is reported that the directors of the Carl Rosa Company have acquired the sole right for England of performing Berlioz' "Faust" on the lyric stage in English. Special scenery, costumes, etc., are in course of preparation, and the work will probably be produced early in the new year.

By the death of Mr. George Alexander Osborne the London musical world has lost one of its oldest musicians of prominence. Mr. Osborne was quite a link with the past, for he had met Cherubini and was we believe the only English musician who could boast of having heard Chopin play.

The "Art Musical" regrets that this great school is compelled to reject numerous aspirants who are in every way fitted for admission if there were vacancies in the classes. The number of candidates for admission this year was 843—that is, 421 men and 422 women—while only 163 could be accepted, namely 100 men and 63 women.

"Le Guide Musical," in an interesting article on Joseph Joachim, quotes the earliest press notice of a performance of the great violinist. It appeared in the "Mirror" of Pesth, and ran as follows: "We wish to call attention to the remarkable talent of a little violinist of seven years, who has just appeared. His name is Joseph Joachim, and he is a pupil of Szervaczinski. This gifted child seems destined to make a name, and we shall be glad to have been the first to spread his fame. It will not be long before we hear the young virtuoso again."

AFTER WATTEAU.

"Embarquons-nous pour la belle Cythere."—T. DE BANVILLE.
 "Embarquons-nous!" I seem to go
 Against my will. 'Neath alleys low
 I bend and hear across the air,
 Across the stream, faint music rare—
 Whose cornemuse? whose chalumeau?
 Hark! Is not that a laugh I know?
 Who was it, hurrying, turned to show
 The galley swaying by the stair?
 "Embarquons-nous!"
 The silk sail flaps, fresh breezes blow,
 Frail laces flutter, satins flow—
 You, with the love-knot in your hair,
 Allons, embarquons pour Cythere!
 You will not? . . . Press her, then, Pierrot!—
 "Embarquons-nous!"
 —Austin Dobson, in December "Harper's."

LIBRARY TABLE.

MELODY: THE STORY OF A VOICE.

By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

A well told tale ever meets a hearty welcome, and we at once accord it to the story of Melody. A little orphan maid, blind from infancy, is adopted in babyhood by two kind-hearted and good sisters, Vesta and Rejoice Dale. In their quiet New England village they bring up the little one as their niece, who becomes the joy of her home, and soothes, by the soft music of her marvellous voice, the sufferings of ailing friends and neighbors. When playing with little children in New England meads, or singing in solitude with wild woodland birds, or again wandering to and fro from one green grave to another in the quiet God's acre, talking quaintly the while of the sleeping souls, Melody is always an endearing little figure. By the advent of an unprincipled man named Andrews the bright story becomes clouded. Of the defeat of his mercenary aims, and Melody's safe restoration to home and friends through the zeal of her faithful friend, Rosin, the fiddler, we leave our juvenile friends to read. The volume is well, neatly and strongly bound in gold cloth, and is excellently printed.

A BITTER DEBT: A TALE OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

By Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith). Toronto, Canada: William Briggs.

In England the scenes of this book are laid and in the little town of Kingsowen, situated in "the Black Country, a wide and dismal plain stretching from Wolverhampton to Birmingham," dwelt Pris, the heroine of the story. The daughter of a humble family, she is yet one of nature's gentlewomen, as the results of this tale testify. She labours daily in the works, till in spite of her shown aversion to him, the wealthy ironmaster, Justice Allkins, a self-made man risen from her own class, wishes to wed her and finds a rival for her affections in the person of his manager, Hardress. A serious mischance befalls Allkins which leads to suspicions of foul play and the arrest of Hardress. Through the advocacy of Pris he is honourably discharged. The troubles of Pris and her husband are brought to a happy conclusion through the instrumentality of Mary Hardress after her brother has well-nigh forever wrecked their happiness through his intrusiveness. The plot is essentially dramatic; the hopes, fears and ambitions of those who love, hate, lose and win are very cleverly portrayed, and the characters are well drawn.

THE REVELATION AND THE RECORD.

By Rev. James Macgregor, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1893. 7s. 6d.

This book has for its subtitle: "Essays on matters of previous question in the proof of Christianity," and it forms the second of an apologetic series of three, the first of which we have already favourably mentioned. The volume before us falls into two parts, announced in the title; the first dealing with Revelation in the supernatural sense of that word. Dr. Macgregor bases his treatment of this portion of his subject on the supernatural in man, as free will, etc. We think he quite properly distinguishes between the Revelation and the Record which, of course, is found in the sacred canon. The writer says he lays no claim to originality beyond what is involved in a man's looking at things with his own eyes and speaking of them in his own words; and we think this is the best kind of originality. The point of view, especially in the first part, is rigidly orthodox and conservative, more particularly from the Presbyterian point of view; but it is not the conservatism which shuts its eyes to facts. The last three essays on the New Testament canon are specially good; nor do we dislike the earlier papers on the Supernatural, the Internal Evidence, and Inspiration, although the author's theory on the last subject

is rather stiff. We shall look forward with interest to the concluding part on the History of Christian Apologetics.

MY DARK COMPANIONS AND THEIR STRANGE STORIES.

By Henry M. Stanley, D.C.L. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1893. \$2.00.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, in this volume of 319 pages, repeats after his own fashion some nineteen stories told from time to time round the campfires of his African journeyings. They are legendary stories of the natives and convey to the reader vivid impressions of the traditional conceptions of the savage tribes, whom Stanley visited, of the creation of man; of the intercourse of animals with man, and with each other, and notable tribal legends and events. The untutored mind is prone to supernatural belief and finds ready material in the accessories of forest habitude, the mysteries of the natural world, and the wonders of animal life. Such tales are nearly always entertaining to the young. To the student of folk-lore they are of more than passing interest. In them he can trace the peculiar features of the tribal traditions of the people among whom they are cherished, and they lend themselves to comparative study with kindred stories of other races of men. Though we may not accept Mr. Stanley as in all respects a model story teller, yet he is an undoubted master of clear and graphic statement and his experiences of life and nature may well be called marvellous. The volume is admirably printed and fully illustrated, and should find a place in every juvenile library.

EVENING TALES.

Done into English from the French of Frédéric Ortol. By Joel Chaudler Harris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1893. \$1.00.

Mr. Harris, in his introduction to "Evening Tales," relates the manner in which he became acquainted with *Les Contes de la Veille* by M. Ortol. There is indeed a strong family likeness between the timid yet resourceful brothers Rabbit of France and of the Southern States; this the first translation, "The French Tar Baby" makes clear. It is indeed curious to note the points of resemblance in legendary stories of different nations. In the French story it is at once observed that brother Goat fills the place of brother Fox in Mr. Harris's tales. It must have been lightsome labor indeed for the genial American humorist to introduce to English readers in their own vernacular these fifteen delightful French stories. M. Ortol is a most enjoyable story teller, his humor is refreshing, and he is equally at home in narrating the wonderful doings of the fairy folk for the gentle and beautiful Princess Mirza—of whom it is stated that "at every step she took, hundreds of precious stones were scattered under her feet, and at each smile, a rose fell"; the persevering prowess of the redoubtable Teeny Duck who, aided by her staunch friends, compelled the miserly Prince of the seven golden cows to restore the stolen purse of gold; or the wiles by which brother Donkey became elected King of the Lions. All these and many other mysterious and exciting tales in this charming volume will find numberless enthusiastic readers and listeners this merry Christmas-tide.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.

Edited by John Knowles Paine, Theodore Thomas and Karl Klauser. Boston: J. B. Millet Company. Toronto: A. G. Virtue. Parts 5, 6, 7, and 8. Price, 60c. a part.

In noticing the preceding issues of this admirable, musicianly and artistic work we referred at some length to its aim and character. The high commendation bestowed on the former numbers is equally merited by the sustained excellence of those now before us. This work is indeed a treasure-house to the true musician. Its biographies show careful and

often original research—and its critical papers on the composer's works and their related influence; the well chosen selections of representative compositions; and the artistic, and in some cases unique and elaborate, illustrations—all evidence its thoroughness and comprehensiveness; the marked ability of both editors and contributors; and the large outlay entailed in its preparation. This is no subscription book got up simply for sale. It is a publication of unusual merit, and will rank high among the best musical compilations of the century. In the present numbers Philip Hale completes his estimate of Mozart and supplies the sketch of Beethoven, on whose deafness Clarence J. Blake contributes a paper, while John Knowles Paine provides an admirable critical estimate of the great composer's work. Schubert's life is ably sketched and the character of his work considered by Professor John Fiske. Spohr is similarly treated by W. J. Henderson and Weber and Marschner respectively are represented by Henry E. Krehbiel. This brings the letterpress to page 414, and the admirable accompanying selections from the various composers' works raise the number of pages of examples to 208. The reader cannot fail to be impressed in these pages by the mysterious and overmastering power of that wondrous art which has so often sustained its great interpreters—amid poverty, contumely, despair—and has not seldom won for them, after death, the imperishable renown that was denied alas! in life.

STELLIGERI AND OTHER ESSAYS CONCERNING AMERICA.

By Barnett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1893. \$1.25.

We confess a liking for Mr. Wendell. In an age which nurtures decadent poetry, impressionist painting and pretentious prose it is refreshing to meet a writer who with unerring judgment leads us back to refresh ourselves at the "Wells of Old English," which we noticed in these columns not long ago. In Mr. Wendell we greet a frank, modest and manly spirit, proud of his country, her achievements her manhood, and personifying her refinement and intellectual growth. He is singularly free from that boastful and uncanonid spirit which is no less a trait of ill balanced immaturity in a nation than in an individual. The spirit, style and tone which prevail in "Stelligeri," with which this volume begins, and the six following essays at once commend them to all fair-minded readers. *Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor* is not Mr. Wendell's motto, and the calm and conscientious discussion of phases in his country's history, characteristics of her earlier settlers, her literature, and such of its exemplars as Whittier and Lowell, cannot fail in begetting sympathy, respect and goodwill towards him in judicious readers. There is a note of distinction in all such work. It evidences a deeper, truer insight, a purer aim, a more matured and comprehensive standard than has been the rule with Americans writing on American subjects. Our readers will have a clearer idea of Mr. Wendell's critical acumen and manly frankness from the following example than from anything we ourselves might say of him: "While Americans have added something to the lasting expressions of the meaning of life that are phrased in English words, they are still far from having added enough to justify a valid claim to an independent place among those peoples whose national literatures are inevitably lasting possessions of humanity." But we must leave our author to more fully convey his own message in his own way to our readers from whom we may anticipate for him the heartiest of welcomes. We may add that the advent of a volume of which our present author would be a type should prove a bright augury for American letters. We have not failed to see evidences of such a hopeful development here and there across the border.

PROCEEDINGS AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

Vol. X. 1892. Ottawa, 1893.

There are 500 quarto pages in this well-printed volume of Transactions, and these are divided

among the four sections of the Society. The first section, that of French Literature and History, contains M. Pamphile La May's poem on Hagar and Ishmael, M. Paul de Cazes' Episode of Sable Island, Mr. J. M. Le Moine's Ethnographic Study of the Elements constituting the population of the Province of Quebec. Mr. J. Edmond Roy has a sketch of Francois Bissot, Seigneur of La Riviere, and M. Joseph Tassé, one on Voltaire, Madame de Pompadour and some acres of snow. The last is a reference to the court lady's description of Canada in a letter to Voltaire. The most valuable contribution under the heading of French Literature is the venerable Abbe Cuoq's Grammar of the Algonquin tongue, which alone occupies 80 pages. In English Literature and History appear three papers already reviewed in THE WEEK, the late Sir Daniel Wilson's Canadian Copyright, and the Rev. Dr. George Patterson's Beothik Vocabularies, and Sir William Alexander and the Scottish Attempt to Colonize Acadia. To these must be added Mr. R. W. MacLachlan's Annals of the Nova Scotian Currency, Dr. George Bryce's The Assiniboine River and its Forts, and the Rev. A. G. Morice's valuable treatise entitled, are the Carrier Sociology and Mythology indigenous or exotic? The third section is that of Mathematical, Physical and Chemical Sciences, represented by six papers. Two of these are by Professor MacLeod of McGill College, and are on Sunspots, and Transatlantic Longitude Determination. Professor Chapman, the Nestor of University College, Toronto, contributes a paper on The Mexican Type in the Crystallization of the Topaz. Professor Bovey of McGill College, Montreal, writes on The Flexure of Columns, and Professor MacGregor of Dalhousie College, Halifax, on The Fundamental Hypotheses of Abstract Dynamics. Finally, Dr. Ruttan contributes a chemical paper on The Synthesis of a New Diquinolin. The fourth section is that of Geological and Biological Sciences, and is represented by eight papers. Its president, Mr. G. F. Matthew of St. John, N.B., writes on the Diffusion and Sequence of the Cambrian Faunas, and furnishes illustrations of the Fauna of the St. John group. Dr. Chapman is again to the front with The Corals and Coralliform Types of Palaeozoic Strata. Sir William Dawson contributes a paper on The Correlation of Early Cretaceous Floras in Canada and the United States. The Rev. Dr. Moses Harvey's Artificial Propagation of Marine Food Fishes has already received notice in these pages. Then come Dr. Wesley Mills' Hibernation and Allied States in Animals. Mr. Lawrence Lambe on Some Sponges from the Pacific Coast of Canada and Behring Sea, and Mr. F. W. Whiteaves' Notes on the Ammonites of the Cretaceous Rocks of the District of Athabasca. Some forty illustrations, large and small, add to the value of this thoroughly Canadian representative volume, which will not disgrace the Dominion in whatever company it may find itself.

WOMEN OF VERSAILLES. THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV. AND THE COURT OF LOUIS XV. By Hubert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893. Two vols., \$1.25 each.

M. Saint-Amand brings to his present task the same sympathetic interest, careful research and graceful and imaginative treatment which marked his former volumes, already noticed by us. Historical subjects in his hands are made as attractive and as interesting as though they were the creations of an accomplished novelist. In the introduction to the first of the above volumes the author indulges in an imaginative retrospect of persons and events suggested by a visit to the apartments of Louis XIV. at Versailles. After dwelling for a while on the king's chateau and his court in 1682, those famous and infamous women, whose names respectively adorn or blot the page of history, are introduced. The main incidents of their lives are discussed and in his graphic pages they reappear, live again and vanish from the scene. The good, long-suffering queen, Marie Therese, first arouses respect for her virtues and wisely devotion and then the various mis-

tresses of *le grand monarque* receive their merited contempt and pity. Madame de Maintenon (the widow of the satirist Scarron) fulfils her not ignoble, though much debated, part. Then the sweet, gentle, winsome, much-beloved Duchess of Burgundy, endeared to us yet more by her fine strain of regal English blood, captivates the king, the court, the reader, and alas! too soon vanishes, bemoaned and regretted by all.

In Louis XV., as was the case with Nero, virtue and honor gave early promise of a pure life and beneficent example. An estimable and gentle queen was Marie Leszinska. But who can foretell the future? With temptation came the fall, and his degradation only deepened with time. The dominance of pleasure ever marks the decay of moral power. The society, whose head led a life of open and notorious immorality, was gradually ripening for revolution. It is profitless to dwell upon the lives and characters of the debased women who wrecked the happiness of the queen, sapped the capable character of the king and played so large a part in moulding or marring the destinies of France. Why should the depravity of a king be less reprehensible, because more illustrious, than that of a peasant? M. Saint-Amand lays poetry, belles lettres, the drama, philosophy, history and even theology under tribute to enliven, adorn and dignify his chequered narrative. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Fontaine, Sainte-Beuve, Fontenelle, Rousseau, Madame de Sevigne, Voltaire, Racine, Moliere and others lend their wit and genius to his vivacious pages. To Canadians this reign is memorable: towards its close, in the year of our Lord 1759, an English general bearing the imperishable name of "Wolfe" lay adying on the heights above Quebec.

PERIODICALS.

Christmas Number, College Times, December, 1893, is the inscription in elaborate lettering of blue and red on the fair cover of that meritorious little journal. A capital toned portrait of the U.C.C. Fifteen, '93, forms the centre piece. The contents and mechanical features of the number are exceptionally good.

Little reviewers will find a lot of pretty pictures and good Christmas stories and rhymes in Wee Willie Winkie for December. The coloured plate, "Building the Lifeboat," well deserves framing. "Onward and Upward" is also a charming Christmas number and has a supplementary portrait (not for framing) which tells you all about your bumps.

Littell's Living Age for 16th inst. begins with an appreciative sketch of Elizabeth Inchbald, a most interesting authoress of the early part of the century: this from Temple Bar. Then follows a short story, from Chambers's; a fine poetic out-of-door sketch, "The Garden That I Love," by Alfred Austin, from the National Review; and other very readable papers and poems from good sources. Professor Mahaffy's scholarly paper from the New Review, "Further Gleanings from the Papyrus," is included in this number.

A serious seeming portrait looks out from the beginning of the December "Idler" and one can hardly reconcile that grave, handsome, thoughtful face with the ebullient humour of Jerome K. Jerome. His it is, however, and just over the way he tells you, good reader, the story of his first book *with becoming gravity*. Raymond Blathwayt writes up the well known London Criminal lawyer, Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., as a Lion in a Den, and a number of favorite authors aid in making this a capital number for the Idler.

"The Cry of the Curlew" is the taking title of a Christmas story with which the Woman at Home begins. Katherine Lee has something interesting to say of our good friend "The Princess Louise." The editor continues her capital story, Elizabeth Glen, M.B. There is another instalment of Brides and Grooms. Raymond Blathwayt talks of Lady Cook. A short, old, Christmas sermon by Mr. Gladstone is re-published. Lady Charles Beresford confesses. Sir Edwin Arnold is described—at home, and Katharine Tynon contributes a sweet Christmas carol.

How *Blackwood's* contrives to have maintained its uniform high standard excellence for so many years is astonishing. The editing must be most carefully and conscientiously done. The number before us is the nine hundredth and thirty-eighth, and yet *Maga* is as far from having worn out its welcome as when it was in its teens. The current number is chiefly noteworthy for the extreme care with which a judicious selection of a variety of topics has been made: politics, fiction, history, literature, biography, philosophy, current social and economic thoughts and events—all these are represented.

To those studying drawing, painting or illustrating with few helps, the Art Amateur for December will be of very great use. By various authors information is given on flower painting, sunset studies, magazine illustrating, the kind and preparation of materials, while china painting, and church and home decoration have a good share of attention. For general readers the second criticism on British painters may be of most interest, with two engravings of J. D. Linton's works, also a paper on "The Holy Family in Art." A pen-and-ink study of pansies, by E. M. Hollowell, is exceptionally good in its boldness and breadth. Of the three coloured plates, "Jaquemintot Roses," by Patty Thurm, will probably be best appreciated. "My Note Book" has some startling information on so-called antique rugs.

"Fabian Fustian," Mr. Davitt's title for his paper in the December number of the Nineteenth Century, is self-explaining. Yves Guyot gives his (a critical) view of "Socialism in France." The poet Swinburne jauntily writes his "Recollections of Professor Jowett," from the standpoint of warm friendship and discriminating admiration. H. D. Traill temperately argues for the existence of the anonymous critic. "The Queen and Her First Prime Minister," is a finely drawn historic sketch, not without feeling. Professor St. George Mivart explains what a bad boy he was before his Articles on Hell were placed on the "Index," and what a submissive good boy he has since become. Toulon and the French Navy may well be read side by side with Mr. J. A. Copland's thoughtful paper in our last issue.

Mr. H. W. Massingham begins the December number of the Contemporary with a thoughtful paper on "The Government and Labour." He argues that "the State as an employer, can, at least offer the working man a standard of life compatible with modern citizenship, and as a government, his full place in Parliament." Emily Crawford writes an appreciation of the late Marshal MacMahon. Lord Coleridge contributes a graceful and interesting paper on "Education and Instruction." Professor Max Muller has a short, but of course, learned critique of Mr. James Darmesteter's views as to the date of the "Zend-Avesta." Andrew Lang discusses with his accustomed élan "Superstition and Fact," and Herbert Spencer proceeds to make seasonable scientific mince-meat of Professor Weismann's theoretic novelties.

The December *Bookman* is called the Christmas Number; in addition to the usual matter, an illustrated supplement, presumably critical, is inserted. One of the most interesting "features" of *The Bookman* is the list of "Sales of Books during the Month" to be found on almost the last page. From this list we find that the favorite authors of the past month in "the City" districts of London are Creasy, Lang, and Besant; in the West End, Huxley, Nansen, and Rider Haggard; in Scotland, as usual, theological writers are chiefly in demand, though Edinburgh has also been reading fiction in the form of "Gabriel Setoun's," "Barneraig," and poetry in the form of Christina Rossetti's "Verses." Ireland, perhaps, also "as usual," is reading "Love Songs" and "Fairy Tales," though, curiously enough, next to these comes Cardinal Newman's "Meditations"—but this is probably read by the clergy.

"X" makes fine fun of "The Rhetoricians of Ireland" in the spirited paper with which *The Fortnightly* for December begins. He says, "The Rhetoricians of Ireland eat one an-

other up at such a pace that a decade suffices for a generation." A. F. Sieveking provides the choice literary morceau of the number in the most interesting paper, "Some Unedited Letters of Keats," to which we must especially refer our literary readers. "The Unemployed" is an ever pressing social problem which Canon Barnett here discusses. Geologists will enjoy Professor Wallace's second paper on "The Ice Age." Other excellent articles are contributed to this number—a timely one is that on "Clothing as a protection against Cold," from the pen of Dr. Robson Boose. W. S. Lilly's comments on Self Government are well considered. There is a good sketch of Gounod by Mlle. de Bovet and M. Widor, and what "Nauticus" has to say about "History and Sea Power," should not be passed by.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Bretano's have a number of interesting announcements for the holiday season.

Professor Clark's essay on the great English poet Cowper may be looked for in our next issue.

We regret to learn that the Princess of Wales has been suffering from influenza. We express the universal hope of a rapid recovery.

The Open Court Publishing Company, announce "The Redemption of the Brahmin," a novel by Richard Garles, Professor of Sanskrit, Konigsberg, Prussia.

Prof. Jowett, the late Master of Palliol, Oxford, bequeathed the copyright of all his papers and other writings to the College, with full control to three literary executors, Prof. Lewis Campbell, Dr. Evelyn Abbott and P. Lyttleton Gell.

G. P. Putman's sons have issued a sumptuous catalogue for '93-94 which in letterpress and illustration must rival some of the many delightful and instructive volumes mentioned in it adapted to a great variety of taste, and to readers old and young.

Mr. Russell H. Conwell's lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," in the Kleiser Star course, was stimulating, pleasing and instructive. James Whitcomb Riley and Douglas Shirley, a Southern author, are to appear in this course on 30th January. The Hoosier poet needs no commendation.

The Williamson Book Company have just moved to commodious and very convenient quarters at 15 King st. w., a few doors west of their old stand. The senior partner, Mr. Williamson, has recently returned from a business trip to England. This obliging and popular house may look for a full share, not only of the Christmas but of general trade as well, from buyers of books and kindred attractions.

The British Weekly records the fact that "another of our young literary men has entered the bonds of matrimony—Mr. Arthur Waugh." Mr. Waugh, the writer goes on to say, is a cousin of Mr. Edmund Gosse and is making his way as a well-informed and able literary critic. He has written the best biography of Tennyson which has yet appeared; is the London correspondent of the New York Critic, and contributes a pleasant column of literary gossip to the Sun (London.) Mr. Waugh is also a contributor to The Academy and other publications.

The death of W. H. Howland has called forth expressions of sincere regret from all parts of Canada. But seldom are so many noble and estimable qualities combined in the same person. A patriot of sterling independence; an influential promoter of art, commerce and industry; intellectual, energetic, well informed, he unsparingly devoted his life to the cause of the poor, the suffering, the outcast. In thousands of humble Canadian homes the kindly smile, the cheery voice, the genial presence and the helping hand will be sorely missed for many a coming day. A gentle, pure, unselfish life—is it not its own imperishable monument?

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bliss Carman. Low Tide on Grand Pre'. New York: C. L. Webster & Co.
- L. Dougall. What Necessity Knows. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Martha Everts Holden. A String of Amber Beads. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 50 cts.
- H. Rider Haggard. Montezuma's Daughter. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- St. Nicholas, Vol. XX. New York: The Century Co.
- The Century Magazine, Vol. XXIV. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Essays on Questions of the Day. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.25.
- Sir J. Wm. Dawson, C.M.G. The Ice Age in Canada. Montreal: Wm. V. Dawson.
- Mrs. F. A. Steel. Miss Stuart's Legacy. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- "Q". The Delectable Duchy. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Goldwin Smith. Bay Leaves. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. \$1.25.
- Sidney Lee. Dictionary of National Biography. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. London: Smith, Eder & Co.
- Jacob A. Riis. Nisby's Christmas. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 50c.
- Pasquier. A History of My Time, Vol. I., 1789-1810. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.50.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

HORA CHRISTI.

Sweet is the time for joyous folk
Of gifts and minstrelsy,
Yet I, O lowly hearted One,
Crave but Thy company,
On lonesome road beset with dread,
My questing lies afar.
I have no light, save in the east,
The gleaming of Thy star.

In cloistered aisles they keep to-day
Thy feast, O living Lord!
With pomp of banner, pride of song,
And stately sounding word.
Mute stand the kings of power and place,
While priests of holy mind
Dispense Thy blessed heritage
Of peace to all mankind.

I know a spot where budless twigs
Are bare above the snow,
And where sweet winter-loving birds
Flit softly to and fro:
There with the sun for altar fire,
The earth for kneeling-place,
The gentle air for chorister,
Will I adore Thy face.

Loud, underneath the great blue sky,
My heart shall pean sing,
The gold and myrrh of meekest love
Mine only offering.
Bliss of Thy birth shall quicken me;
And for Thy pain and dole
Tears are but vain, so I will keep
The silence of the soul.

—ALICE BROWN, in Harper's Magazine.

A 19TH CENTURY SANTA CLAUS.

The gaping file of small boys which had formed itself on each side of the doorway was of the opinion that if the gentleman in the fur coat was not Santa Claus, he was one of his blood relations, for, as Tom climbed carefully to his post beside Perkins so as not to hazard the safety of the bicycle and the box of port, for which there was no room inside, they broke out into a shrill hurrah. Perhaps they, too,

or at least some of them, knew what they had to expect, for before Santa Claus seated himself on the box he plunged his hands into the side pockets of his fur overcoat, and then reproducing them, seemed to toss them high to the winds, as he cried with gay good-will:

"Scramble now, you little devils, scramble, and wish you merry Christmas!"

What Tom flung to the winds was neither his fingers nor his thumbs, but a plethora of bright nickels which he had drawn from the bank for the express purpose. As the glittering shower of brand new five-cent pieces fell to the icy sidewalk, the band of urchins threw themselves upon it with a shout of transport which drew tears from the eyes of the tender-hearted Bridget, who had remained to witness this established ceremony, and ought to have warmed the cockles of the donor's heart, if indeed they needed warming. Twice again he replunged his hands into his pockets and twice again the yell was repeated. Then seating himself beside Perkins Tom gave the signal for departure, and as the cab rounded the corner a score of little lungs gave him back his merry Christmas with all their might.—From "A Bachelor's Christmas," by Robert Grant, in the Christmas number (December) of Scribner's Magazine.

THE BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

The Christmas number of The Century contains a sermon by Phillips Brooks, preached for the last time in the Church of the Incarnation, New York, on Christmas Day, 1892. Speaking of the birth of Christ, Dr. Brooks said this:

One of the very wonderful things about our human life is the perpetual freshness, the indestructible joy that clings forever about the idea of birth. You cannot find the hovel so miserable, the circumstances and the prospects of life so wretched that it is not a bright and glorious thing for a child to be born there. Hope flickers up for an instant from its embers, at the first breathing of the baby's breath. No squalidness of the life into which it comes can make the new life seem squalid at its coming. By and by it will grow dull and gray, perhaps, in sad harmony with the sad surroundings, but at the first there is some glory in it, and for a moment it burns bright upon the bosom of the dulness where it has fallen, and seems even as if it might set it afire.

And so there was nothing that could with such vividness, represent the newness of Christianity in the world as to have it forever associated with the birth of a child. And there is nothing that could so set forth the fresh and novel start in all a man's experience, the new advent of power, the re-illumination of all life for him when his vague religious aspirations become the hearty acceptance of a personal Lord as to associate it all forever with the birth of a child. That birth suggests a past, a vague and unsubstantial being somewhere before it came to the clear presence which we see, and yet it is as new as if it had no past. The

Soul that draws from out the vast
And strikes his being into bounds
brings the eternity from which he comes, and shapes it to the newness of his life. And the personal faith of the man who has long searched amid the waste for God has all the rich remembrance of that search condensed into the freshness of this new experience wherein God has come to him.

A SUBMARINE CHRISTMAS.

"Now I will show you a forest of fire," called Van Reed through the telephone. He telephoned to the Squid and in a moment the search light was extinguished. I expected to see darkness most intense, as we were in an abysmal region where sunlight had never penetrated, but instead of darkness the water appeared filled with lights, and the forest was literally a forest of fire. The tops of each umbellaria shone with a vivid phosphorescence, and stretching away into the vast unknown were myriads of lights. A more marvellous spectacle could hardly be realized, and I was lost in wonder. We plunged on, every movement creating new splendors; the slightest wave of the hand was followed by a streak of fire—

flashes of luminosity followed the pipes, while the Squid was outlined in radiance—a veritable fiery dragon ablaze with living lights.

The umbellaria forest occupied a belt about 1,000 feet across, and as we stumbled along, plunging deeper and deeper into the ooze, we came upon an object which proved to be a wreck.

Like a castle it loomed up, bedecked with lights and as we drew near we saw that it was the hull of a large iron ship. The bow was buried in the globiregina ooze, the stern high, showing that the ship had dived headlong to its doom. We climbed aboard and sat upon the rail of the spectral craft.—Theodore R. Caldwell, in December Californian.

WINTER SONG.

Sing me a song of the dead world,
Of the great frost deep and still,
Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
On the iron hill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow,
Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift,
Where the sheeted wraiths like ghosts go
Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade,
Of the snarl and shatter the light ice
makes,
Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-shoe
raid
Through the cedar brakes.

Sing me a song of the apple loft,
Of the corn and the nuts and the mounds
of meal,
Of the sweeping whirl of the spindle soft,
And the spinning-wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page,
Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight
dance,
Where bends my love Armitage,
Reading an old romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights,
Of the large stars steady and high,
The aurora darting its phosphor lights
In the purple sky.

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, in the Christmas number (December) of *Scribner's Magazine*.

MONKEY AND TERRIER.

Toward horses and cows, and to other animals "big and unpleasant" to him, he held a great dislike. When Billy, the saddle horse, came near him, Eob would crouch like an angry cat, erecting his hair, humping his back, and scolding vehemently. When, in his judgment, he was safely out of Billy's reach, he would advance boldly and scold loudly. When he thought Billy too near, he became as small and inconspicuous as possible, to avoid the horse's notice. At one time he was placed on Billy's back, where he went into spasms of fear. When taken into the house, he grew bolder, and, climbing on the back of a chair, he described his adventures volubly and with many gestures to his friend Otaki, who understood it all.

To the big dog, Rover, he also had strong objections. Rover looked down on Bob with tolerant contempt, as a disagreeable being, not to be shaken like a rat because possibly human. But when Bob would strike him in the face with the flat of his hand, Rover would snap at him, barking indignantly; but he never caught him, and Bob was careful to keep out of his reach. His discretion could be counted on to get the better of his courage. With the little terrier, Dandy, Bob's relations were often friendly, although there was very little mutual trust. At one time Dandy was deep in the ivy in search of a rat, while Bob had also entered the ivy by another opening for other reasons. They met in the dark in a rat-hole through the ivy leaves, and a sharp conflict ensued, marked by much scolding on the one part, and pulling of hair and barking on the other. When Dandy had dragged Bob to the light, both were very much surprised, and they parted with mutual apologies and much shamedness.—From the story of Bob, by DAVID STARR JORDAN, in *The Popular Science Monthly*.

A GREAT INVENTION.

"I have here," began the energetic man as he bundled into the young lawyer's office, "the greatest invention of the age."

It was cases that the lawyer wanted, not inventions, and he said something rather rude; but the energetic man proved to be a philosopher, and merely smiled.

"I call it," pursued the visitor, "The Eternal Kisser, because there is simply no end to the kisses it bestows. It is this." He hauled out a spray of mistletoe covered with white berries. This interested the young lawyer, who raised his eyebrows enquiringly.

"Mistletoe," proclaimed the agent, "is very scarce this year, and a bunch containing a score of berries would bankrupt a poor man. Now this great invention brings happiness within reach of all. Tradition permits you a kiss for each and every berry, you know. You hold this spray above your beloved's head—so. You bend—so—and kiss her. Then you grab a berry—so—and pull it—presto, it flies back again in place. The leaves and berries are india-rubber, sir, and—Two, did you say? Fifty cents. Thank you, sir. Good day."—From the "Editor's Drawer," in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

THE TRIBULATION OF AN ELGIN COUNTY MAN.

Suffered from Paralysis, Chronic Dyspepsia and Constipation—How He Regained Health and Strength.

From the Aylmer Express.

Familiarity with the wonderful things in nature, art or science, is sure to bring with it a feeling of thoughtlessness and carelessness. While a stranger will gaze with awe and wonder at the stupendous size and magnitude of the World's Fair, the employee who has passed the last few months within the gates of that marvellous white city will go about his daily business utterly regardless of the wonderful sights with which he is surrounded. The same is true with regard to what we read. We become familiar with reading, for instance, of the marvellous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and it is, to a certain extent, no astonishment to us when we learn that one of our friends or acquaintances has been cured by this wonderful medicine. One day, a week or so ago, we learned that Mr. Edward N. Robinson, of Port Bruce, who had been unable to do a tap of work for about a year, and who during a large part of that time had been confined to his bed, and as everybody thought would never be out again, was getting better, and had even got so far on the way towards recovery that he was able to be out and do a fair day's work. Desiring to verify the statement, we drove over to see him, and we found him just after finishing a day's work. On entering the house, we said: "They tell us that you think Pink Pills have been doing you good." "Think it," said he, "I don't think anything about it, I know it," and he gave us the following history of his troubles:—

"About the middle of last December I was seized with a sudden pain in my stomach which at times drove me almost crazy, and which was pronounced by my physician chronic dyspepsia; added to this, in April I was taken with spinal trouble and for weeks suffered untold agony. My legs became almost useless and the sense of feeling was gone entirely. I could place them in ice cold or scalding hot water, and so far as any sense of feeling was concerned it was all the same to me. A pin put into the flesh of my legs caused no feeling of pain. I tried several doctors, but with the

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Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known vegetable kingdom.

Hood's Sarsaparilla itself is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for

Peculiar the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad

no other **Peculiar** preparation ever attained so rapidly nor held so steadfastly the confidence of all classes of people. Peculiar in the brain-work which it represents, Hood's Sarsaparilla combines all the knowledge which modern research **To Itself** developed, with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

same result—very little, if any good. I gradually wasted away until I was a mere skeleton, my bowels were not regular and at times I became so constipated that I thought I never would get relief. My friends urged me to take Pink Pills but for a long time I refused to do so, for I thought they would not help me, and I did not want to spend money on what I did not think would do me any good. At last, however, I sent to G. H. Hinch, druggist at Aylmer, and got a half dozen boxes. This was about two months ago and I have been using them ever since and my present condition shows the result. I have not been troubled with my bowels since commencing to take them. The sense of feeling has come back to my lower limbs, and I can now walk, although not with my former vigor. I have gained in flesh wonderfully and in every respect am an improved man. I have nothing but good words to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I intend to continue their use for some time yet. Mrs. Robinson corroborated the statements made by her husband and was very pronounced in her opinion regarding the good qualities of Pink Pills.

Mr. G. H. Hinch, druggist, also corroborated the statements and further said that the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section is something remarkable, and discounts the sale of any other medicine he handles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness building anew the blood and restoring the glow health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and any dealer who offers substitutes in any other form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

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

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE PROF. JOWETT.

At the monthly meeting of the Toynbee Hall Literary Association, Mr. R. G. Tatton, a former fellow and tutor of Balliol College, and an active member of the Toynbee Hall Committee, gave some most interesting reminiscences of the late Master of Balliol. After remarking that the late Master had always been a warm supporter of Toynbee Hall, so much so that it might almost be said to have been founded under his inspiration, Mr. Tatton went on to say that Jowett had always been in the forefront of those who desired to enlarge the scope and influence of the University, and under his guidance Balliol had always supported such movements as University Extension. Even so far back as the time of the first University Commission in the fifties, though it had been generally received with hostility, he had warmly welcomed it, and his evidence covering nearly all the ground of those subsequent reforms is still well worth reading. Even down to to-day all new educational ideas and educational movements to increase the range of the University found in him a sympathetic friend; and at the late Oxford Conference letters were read from him suggesting developments almost revolutionary from the ordinary Oxford standpoint. In Balliol College itself, however, he found his real life work. He was practically for fifty years "The Great Balliol Tutor," and his succession to the Mastership hardly altered his position in this respect in the least. He always more than any other head made it a point to keep himself in close and personal contact with the undergraduates. They regularly read to him each term their essays, and profited by his criticism, always kindly, if often severe, if they did not always enjoy it. In like manner he was interested in all sides of undergraduate and college life—the concerts in Hall, the Sunday concerts, the cricket club to which he himself gave a cricket-field, and the college boat. And here was recounted a characteristic anecdote. The boat had one year been doing very badly, and one day during the races the following dialogue took place between the Master and the most athletic of the tutors:—"The boat is doing very badly, Mr. A." "Yes, Master." "Worse than last year?" "Yes." "Who coached it last year?" "I did." "Who is coaching it this year?" "I am." "Can't something be done?" "I don't know; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" To which the Master replied with a curious twinkle, "I am not so sure of that!" It was, said Mr. Tatton, an operation that he very often attempted. Another chief reason of his great influence was his unique personality or personal magnetism, that indefinable presence of a great man which emanated from him. Again, his insight into character, particularly its positive side—he didn't so much care what you were not as what you were—was most remarkable. As an administrator he was energetic, vigorous, full of initiative, so far so that during his Vice-Chancellorship his activity, it was said, had raised 30 per cent. the standard of public duty in the University. Of his religious opinions it was not so easy to speak. His edition of St. Paul's Epistles has been characterized by Dr. Thirlwall as the work of the greatest mind of the century, though the views there expressed, differing widely from the current orthodoxy of the time, particularly the Essay on the Atonement, roused the bitter hostility of the High Church party, then, as now, dominant in the ecclesiastical councils of the University. In the short discussion that took place afterwards the desire for a cheaper and popular edition of his works was expressed, particularly his translation of Plato and the introductions to the various dialogues, which apply in so valuable a fashion the ideas of the present outside world to the ideas of the great Greek philosopher.—*London Public Opinion.*

A true critic ought rather to dwell upon excellencies than imperfections; to discern the concealed beauties of a writer and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation.—Addison.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Citizen: Dr. Thorburn of this city has induced the County Council of Carleton to grant \$100 as a prize for the best history of the county. By the adoption of this method throughout the country an invaluable collection of historical memorials concerning municipal institutions, industrial and other establishments, churches, schools, newspapers, etc., might be made.

Halifax Chronicle: The Liberals propose that every dollar of customs taxation levied on the people shall go into the treasury to meet the legitimate expenses of economical administration. Sir John Thompson's plan is to continue levying taxation so that the principal portion of it shall go into the pockets of the protected combines as "encouragement" or "fostering" and a moiety into the treasury.

Montreal Witness: Canada's interests, like those of the United States, lie in the freest and friendliest possible relations, commercial, social and political with the United States. Canadians do not, however, want either annexation or union. Will the Tribune try to swallow that fact and digest it. The late James G. Blaine, the Tribune's patron saint, who preached, and, after a very mistaken fashion, worked for annexation of Canada, seems to have bequeathed his hateful method to his worshippers.

Vancouver World: The Patrons of Industry and the Protestant Protective Association are admittedly a Union on the side of the Conservative as well as the Liberal party. The former's platform to the extent of 90 per cent. agrees with the policy of the Mowat Administration, which is doing all it can to wean over the Patrons to its manner of thinking and acting. It is not likely that the chasm will be bridged as the Patrons have a large following in the country and are determined to hold the balance of power between the factions in Ontario.

Quebec Chronicle: At Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, our Commissioner met the influential business men and had a talk with them on trade matters. He comes back feeling that something may be done on the lines proposed by his Government, the Australians being quite willing and anxious to make a treaty. Of course, the main difficulty about coming to an early and a satisfactory arrangement, rests in the fact that a different tariff prevails in each Antipodean colony. The Australians are not federated yet, as we are in Canada, and each colony gets along as it pleases, and taxes the imports, even from sister colonies.

Hamilton Spectator: Canadians are coming back from the United States in shoals. Speaking of the arrival in New Brunswick of a large number of Canadians who had left that province for the United States, the St. John Telegraph, an honest Grit newspaper, says: "Many of them were frightened out of the country by the jeremiads of foolish newspaper writers whose limited brain power enabled them to discern no other way of obtaining a political advantage but by depicting Canada as a lost and ruined country." That's the bare truth. All Canadians remember how the Grit newspapers, chagrined at the inability of their party to secure the confidence of the people, cried down the country day by day.

THE VEGARA GRAND OPERA CONCERTS.

Among those who will take part at the forthcoming Opera Concerts are Miss Florence Mabel Glover, Signorina Theresina Balleri, Mrs. Bastow, Miss World and Miss Bothwell; Messrs. Shaw, Carnahan, Preston, Tilley, Macpherson, etc., and a chorus of thirty. The Signor wishes it to be known that none but his own pupils will take part in this elaborate production. The opera "Der Freischutz" Weber's chef d'œuvre, will be brilliantly costumed, staged and a full orchestra.



A Common Error.

Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one

is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong--

TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

A Residue. So with COCOA.

In comparison,

COCOA is Skimmed Milk,
CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

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33 MILLION POUNDS.

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sale, send his name
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FIGHTING ANTS AND A CATERPILLAR.

A traveller in South Africa tells of a singular combat he witnessed. He was musing one morning with his eyes on the ground when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace. Pursuing him was a host of small ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite and kill his tormentors. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass the caterpillar climbed up tail first followed by the ants. As one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to a strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundred of ants pounced upon the caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph leaving the foe's body upon the field.

DON'T BOX CHILDREN'S EARS.

Some of our scientific men are applying science to the protection of children against inconsiderate punishments. They unqualifiedly condemn the boxing of children's ears. The passage of the ear is closed on its inner side by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. Any forcible or sudden compression of the air in front of this membrane is likely to injure it. Such a shock is almost sure to distend the membrane unnaturally, and sometimes break it, especially when from previous disease the membrane has been weakened. Besides, such a shock always injures the nerve of hearing. Many a child, it seems, has been made deaf by having its ears boxed, and others, from the same cause, have been afflicted for years and sometimes for life with painful diseases of the auditory organs. So, the verdict of science is, "don't box children's ears."

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no household should be without.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

Cape Island.

That string on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE JUDGES Of the
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
Have made the
HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to
WALTER BAKER & CO.

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- BREAKFAST COCOA,
- Premium No. 1, Chocolate,
- Vanilla Chocolate,
- German Sweet Chocolate,
- Cocoa Butter,

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA, Frost-bites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the First and is the Only
PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps in the Bowels or Stomach, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally as directed.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by **RADWAY'S PILLS**, so quickly as **RADWAY'S RELIEF**.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY & CO.,

419 St. James Street, Montreal.

RADWAY'S
PILLS,

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have long been acknowledged as the Best Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Roller skates with pneumatic tires are a recent English invention. The combination is said to be adapted for service on roads.

Town refuse is being used for fuel in several English cities; and it is claimed that one horse power for every forty pounds of refuse has been obtained at Oldham.

It is believed that the explosions of dynamite in blasting for the great St. Gothard railway tunnel have increased the number of avalanches from the mountain, through which this passage was cut, and lawsuits for damages have been brought against the Swiss Government in consequence.

A useful automatic fire alarm, which has been introduced by the Stettin Electricity Works, is based upon the expansion by heat of air in a closed box, such expansion completing the electrical circuit and causing a bell to ring and a figure to indicate the number of the room in the building in which the fire has broken out.

Ashes from marine boiler-rooms may now be ejected in this manner, the idea having been put into practical operation by a Glasgow firm: The ashes are shovelled into hoppers, wherein a water jet strikes them with sufficient force to carry the solid matter up a slanting pipe and eject it into the sea, above the water-line, and at a sufficient distance to avoid smearing the ship's side.

A very simple pump which has attracted attention in engineering circles, has been devised by Dejean de Touroque, a graduate of the Paris School of Mines. A close chamber below the water level has a five-inch main extending up to the surface for discharge, and also an inlet pipe for air. The only movable part of the apparatus is a rotary sleeve at the top of the main, this being equipped with curved and hollow arms, which scoop up and convey off the water.

The Biological Institute at Heligoland is now ready with the workshops, offices and other rooms necessary for the preservation, examination and study of sea specimens. Two rooms have places for four travelling naturalists, and these posts will, it is said, be offered gratis. In the cellar is a small aquarium with all the newest arrangements. A boat with a petroleum motor enables the professors to examine all the sea within sight of the island. It has a cabin large enough to enable six or more students to sort the material caught. The director is Professor Hemkke.

Notable among the recent meteorological instruments is a contrivance for recording sunshine. It is constructed on the principle of a Leslie differential air thermometer, mercury, however, being used to separate the air in the two bulbs. The whole thermometer is designed in the form of a straight tube having a bulb at each end. The lower bulb is uniformly coated with lamp black. The instrument is capable of considerable delicacy of adjustment, and responds to sunshine and shadow promptly. An ingenious electrical register is provided, the contacts being automatically closed for a few seconds by a clock, during which time the pen makes a short lateral mark and then returns to its normal position.

The Austrian Society of Engineers and Architects has recently been making tests of concrete for arches. In every case the span was 13.3 feet, and the rise (with one exception) 15 3/4 inches. It was found that the breaking load for a brick arch 6 inches thick was equal to 321 1/2 pounds per square inch. A concrete arch 4 inches thick was ascertained to be of more than double that strength, as the load was 737 1/2 pounds per square inch. A concrete arch only 2 3/8 inches thick, with iron rods along the intrados was equal to 839 pounds to the inch. When steel joists 3 1/2 inches deep bent to the curve were embedded in a concrete arch of the same depth, and with a rise of 11 inches, a breaking weight of 3,360 pounds per square inch was required.

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**THE UNION LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY
58TH HALF YEARLY DIVIDEND.**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company for the half year ending 31st inst., and that the same will be paid at the company's offices, 28 and 30 Toronto St., on and after MONDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JANUARY PROX. The transfer books will be closed from the 22nd to the 31st inst., both inclusive.

By order,
**W. MACLEAN,
Managing Director.**
Toronto, December 6th, 1893.

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PACIFIC RY.**

Between all points Fort William, Detroit and East, for

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS

Will make the following Special Rates for

**PROFESSORS
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Round Trip Tickets will be sold at Single First-Class Fare and One-third, on presentation of standard form of Certificate, signed by Principal. Tickets are good going from December 9th to 30th, inclusive. Good to return until January 31st, 1894.

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SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

Good going December 22, 23, 24, 25 returning until December 26, 1893.

Good going December 29, 30, 31, 1893; January 1, 1894, returning until January 2, 1894.

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Round Trip Tickets will be sold, good going December 22, 23, 24, 25, 1893. Good for return until January 2, 1894.

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CATARRH

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MISCELLANEOUS.

In his annual report Secretary of Agriculture Morton states there are 6,000,000 farms in the United States, upon which dwell more than 30,000,000 persons, who furnish more than seventy-four per cent. of the value of the exports of this country.

The kangaroo readily covers in a leap from sixty to seventy feet. The longest recorded leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet; of a man, twenty-five feet six and a half inches. The latter was jumped by Mr. C. B. Fry, the well-known Oxford athlete.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge St., is an old established firm in Toronto, having made optics a speciality examines eyes correctly, charging only for spectacles.

United States Treasurer Morgan states in his annual report that the net revenues of the Government for the fiscal year of 1892-3 were \$385,819,628.78, an increase of over \$30,000,000 over those of the year before, and the expenditures \$383,477,554.49, an increase of over \$38,000,000.

A HIGH VALUATION.

"If there was only one bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

The Empress of China has no sympathy with gay and flighty fashions. She celebrated her sixtieth birthday by issuing a proclamation enjoining a general restraint of extravagance. Her Majesty has even prohibited the customary gifts of silks and jewels by ministers.

THE BEST COUGH CURE.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c

A number of Egyptian papyri, bought for the public library in Geneva, have been examined by Mr. Nicoli, who has, it is said, found fragments of the Iliad and Odyssey. There is also a fragment from the "Orestes" of Euripides, a thousand years older than all the other texts.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

DEAR SIRS,—I can truly say Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. It is worth its weight in gold.
HARRY PALMER, Lorneville, Ont.

The late Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, will be missed on occasions when the G.O.M. makes an important speech. At such times, as recently at Newcastle, Sir Andrew used to sit, watch in hand, to see that Mr. Gladstone did not speak longer than the limit prescribed by the physician.

Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

Love apple, the early name of the tomato, is a translation of a French misapprehension as to the name of the vegetable. The Italians received the tomato from Morocco, and called it pomo di Mori "apple of the Moors." The French, deceived by the sound, translated it "pomme d'amour," and the English translation from the French spread the original error.—New York Sun.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache, or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

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DIVIDEND NO. 29.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of **SEVEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM** has this day been declared on the paid-up capital stock of the Company for the half year ending 31st DECEMBER INST., and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, No. 76 Church street, Toronto, on and after 2nd January, prox. The transfer books will be closed from 16th to 31st December, inst., both days inclusive. By order of the Board,
**JAMES MASON,
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Toronto, Dec. 14, 1893.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

TEABERRY.

PRICE 25c
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The French vintage is estimated by European authorities at 49,800,000 hectoliters, 20,700,000 above last year, and 20,900,000 above the average for ten years. The average from 1856 to 1865 was 41,800,000 hectoliters, and from 1866 to 1875 it was 56,900,000. Then came the phylloxera, the ravages of which are now being gradually retrieved.—Bradstreet's.

B. B. B. CURES SICK HEADACHE.
GENTLEMEN.—Having suffered for a number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B.B.B., and by the time I had used two bottles I was cured, and have not had any symptoms of it since. I can safely recommend B.B.B. for sick headache.
MRS. A. A. GAMSBY, Orono, Ont.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Some nervous people waste almost half their time getting there too early.

First housewife—How many servants do you keep? Second ditto—None; but we have no end of them as casual visitors.

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker." "You're right there." "Why, I could listen to her all night." "I often do."

A Paisley gentleman, hearing that two of his female relations had quarreled, asked: "Ha'e they ca'ed each ither ugly?" "Na, na." "Ah, weel then, I can mak' it upatween them yet."

"Do you like to look at the hogs?" said Farmer Richland to his little niece from the city. "Yes, indeed, uncle," replied the intelligent child; "but I can't make out yet which pig it is that gives the boneless bacon."

"I wish, sir, to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage." "But are you in a position to support a family?" "Oh, I think so, sir!" "Yes, but you must consider the matter pretty carefully, for there are ten of us!"

Visiting Pastor—Poor man! So you are in gaol for stealing? Whatever induced you to think it easier to get money by questionable methods than by perfectly honest ones? Prisoner—Managing a church bazaar, sir.

An old lady, who claims "to know all about it," says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bile their water on shore." In her opinion, "all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board the boat."

Young housekeeper (to a villager who brings her eggs every week)—I cannot understand why your eggs have been so small lately. Villager—Nor I. But what can I do? Young housekeeper—Why don't you leave them a little longer in the nest?

"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner with you," said Mrs. Chugwater. "He couldn't come, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater, as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had a chance to attack for a long time.

Fitzpats, of the Stock Exchange (who has lost his field)—I say, you fellow, you told me five minutes ago that the hounds passed here, and I've been across three fields and can't see a trace of 'em. Rusticus—That be werry loikely, measter, seeing as how they was a-going t'other way.

The Vicar—Dear, dear, Mrs. Prickles, I regret to hear that Mrs. Brown has treated you so shamefully. I should counsel you to heap coals of fire on her head.—Mrs. P.—Ah, sir—that's wot I would do, as soon as look at'er; but I can't afford it at one-an-ninence a 'underweight!

Minister (to Rory)—Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday? Rory—I wis at Mr. Dunlop's kirk. Minister—I don't like you running about strange kirks that way. Not that I object tae yer hearin' Mr. Dunlop, but I ansure ye widna like yer ain sheep straying into strange pastures. Rory—I widna care a groat if it was better gress.

Oh, this ringing in the ears!
Oh, this humming in the head!
Hawking, blowing, snuffing, gasping,
Watering eyes and throat a-rasping,
Health impaired and comfort fled,
Till I would that I were dead!

What folly to suffer so with catarrhal troubles, when the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head are relieved and cured by the mild, cleansing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It purifies the foul breath, by removing the cause of offence, heals the sore and inflamed passages, and perfects a lasting cure.

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

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A movement has been started at Jackson, Miss., for the purchase of the former residence of Jefferson Davis on the coast, for use as a home for Confederate soldiers and their widows.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, the king of medicines, conquers scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism and all other blood diseases. Hood's and only Hood's.

The largest park in the United States is the Yellowstone. It is sixty-five miles north and south, fifty-five miles east and west, contains 3,575 square miles and is 6,000 feet above sea level.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N.W.T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B.B.B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

The famous German ornithologist, August Karl Edward Baldamus, died at Wolfenbuettel, Germany, a few days ago. He was eighty-two years old, and the founder of the German Ornithological Society. Baldamus had one of the largest collections of birds' nests and birds' eggs in Europe. He wrote a number of books on birds.

Miss Ethel Arnold, sister of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is an uncommonly brilliant talker, and it has long been supposed that she could, if she would, write remarkable books. She is about to prove what she can do in this line in a volume to be called "Platonics."

It has become popular to abuse the pen-shun agent. Perhaps he would not shun the pen if it was one of Esterbrook's delightfully pleasant writers.

The temperance people of this country, Canada and England, are already making arrangements for the observance of Neal Dow's ninetyeth birth-day, on March 20, 1894. Temperance societies in all parts of the world are asked to co-operate, each one conducting the celebration according to his own judgment and opportunity, but all to send congratulations to General Dow.—New York Tribune.

OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with eczema (salt rheum) for about two years, but I did not bother with it until it began to itch and spread over my hand. I then took four bottles of B. B. B., which completely drove it away. It was by my son's advice I took B. B. B., as B. B. B. is our family physician.

J. S. MILLS, Collingwood, Ont.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

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FAMOUS
COD LIVER OIL
IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
WHOOPING COUGH,
PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the



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Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston.
"How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 30c.

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Pure Concentrated Cocoa

Is highly nutritious and sustaining

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CONGRER COAL COMPANY, Ltd.
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Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Scrofula.

Scrofula is a tainted and impure condition of the blood, causing sores, swellings, ulcers, tumors, rashes, eruptions and skin diseases. To remove it, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed and the system regulated and strengthened. B.B.B. is the strongest,

PUREST AND BEST purifier and cures all scrofulous disorders rapidly and surely.

"I was entirely cured of a scrofulous ulcer on my ankle by the use of B.B.B. and Burdock Healing Ointment."

Mrs. Wm. V. Boyd, Brantford, Ont.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.