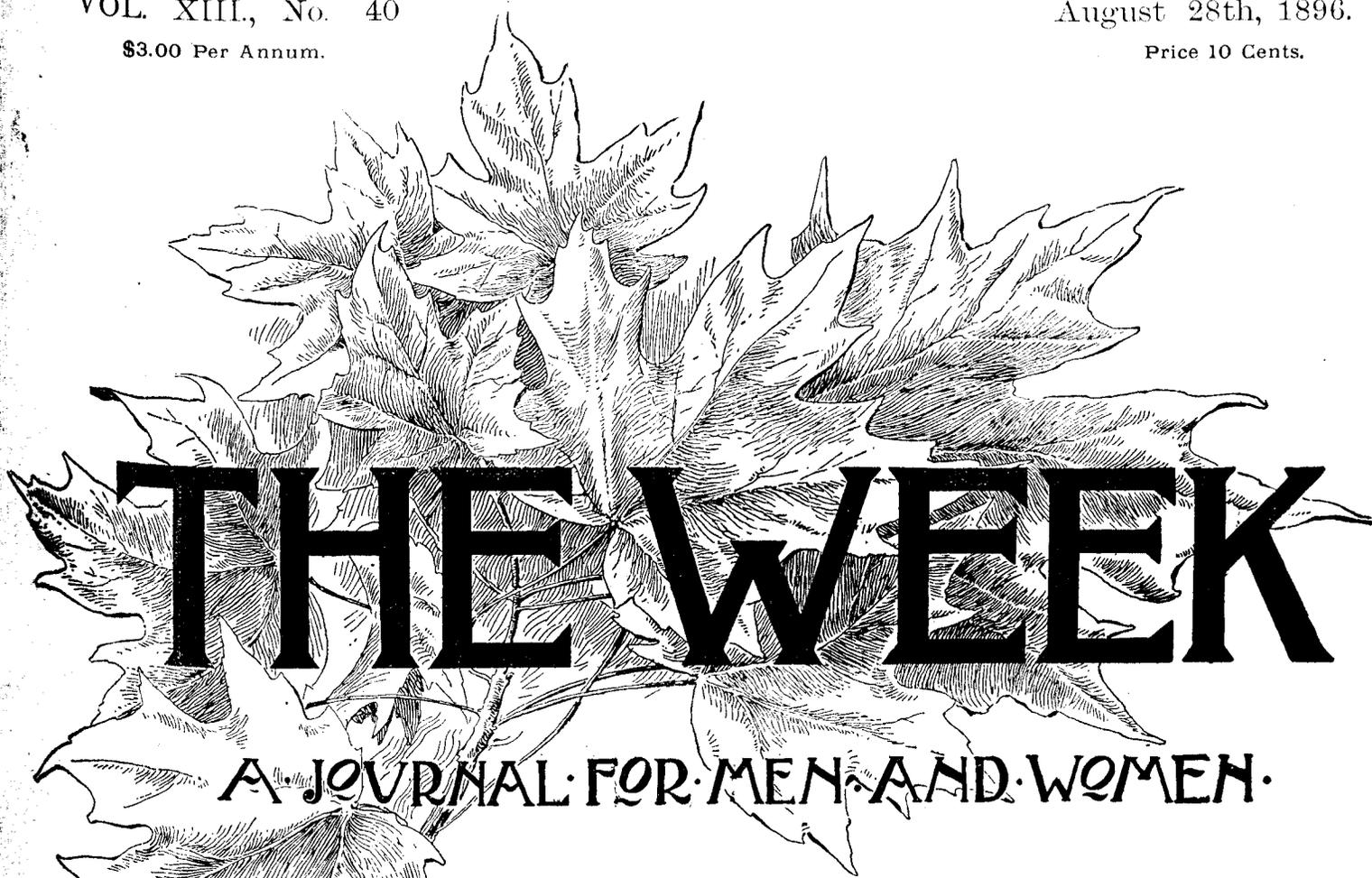


This Number contains: Rise of the United States Constitution, by Viscount de Fronsac; Huxley's Evolution and Ethics, by Arnold Haultain, M.A.; Rudyard Kipling, by J. Montgomery, B.A.; Book Reviews. Leader: Is England Afraid?

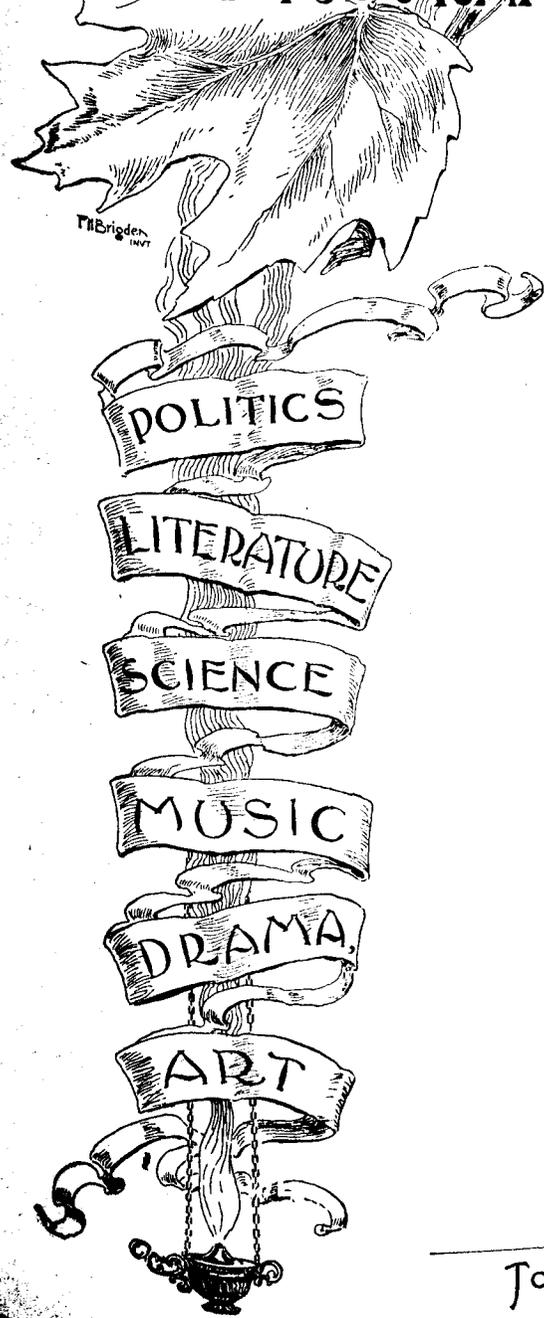
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, August 28th, 1896.

No. 40

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## Current Topics.

### International Arbitration.

England has just had a practical illustration of the manner in which arbitration operates whenever she is concerned. The Trinidad dispute has just been decided in favour of Brazil and against Great Britain. This little island—which is not to be confused with the prosperous British colony at the southern extremity of the Lesser Antilles—is a barren and uninhabited rock in the South Atlantic, in latitude 20° South, about 300 miles from the coast of Brazil. The late Sir John Pender had the idea that it would be a good place for a telegraph station, a resting-place for the cable from Argentina and Uruguay, which at present passes through Brazil. It was pointed out to Lord Kimberley, then Foreign Secretary, that the island was a no-man's-land, a derelict; that it would be to the advantage of the world that it should cease to be so; and that England ought to take possession. The British flag was hoisted in consequence. The Foreign Office, however, had miscalculated the effect of this step, for immediately a great outcry arose in Rio, and Brazil loudly protested against what she called an invasion of her rights. When Lord Salisbury came into office he proposed arbitration, but Brazil refused. She refused again when he proposed mediation, and the matter approached a deadlock. It was then arranged that Portugal, which, as the traditional ally of England and as kin in blood to Brazil, is naturally anxious to see good relations preserved between those two countries, should tender her good offices. Thanks to the care and zeal of the King of Portugal and his Foreign Minister, Senhor Soveral, the decision has been reached that Trinidad is really a Brazilian possession, and Great Britain therefore withdraws her claim to occupy it. The decision as just stated has been promptly given against England, and the English newspapers are now engaged in eating the leek as humbly and patiently as they can.

### A Point Worth Considering.

A treaty for arbitration made between Great Britain and the United States would bind Canada. It would probably happen that the principal questions for arbitration between the two

Powers would be questions in which Canada was directly involved. Lord Salisbury proposes the following points for arbitration:—

"Complaints made by the nationals of one Power against the officers of the other; all pecuniary claims or groups of claims, amounting to not more than £100,000 made on either Power by the nationals of the other, whether based on an alleged right by treaty, or agreement, or otherwise; all claims for damages or indemnity under the said amount; all questions affecting diplomatic or consular privileges; *all alleged right of fishery*, access, navigation, or commercial privilege, and all questions referred by special agreement between the two parties"

The most important words which affect Canada are: "all alleged right of fishery." Should the treaty ever be assented to, it should be so worded that the sovereign rights of Canada on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts should not be prejudiced. The United States would be only too likely to trump up some bogus claim under which they would demand that the whole Canadian fisheries would be submitted to arbitration. We all know quite well how indifferent the average English diplomatist is on all such matters. In the last Nineteenth Century, Mr. Morley, for instance, speaks of the Alaska boundary dispute as a not very important matter. He would be quite willing to throw away 80,000 square miles of territory to keep the peace with "our transatlantic cousins." That is the sort of negotiator Great Britain always has had to make her treaties with the United States.

### Anglo-American Arbitration.

The National Review for the current month contains an excellent summary of the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney relative to an arbitration treaty between England and the United States. For this summary we refer our readers to its pages, but we cannot resist reprinting in full the following remarks which are astonishingly outspoken for an English magazine:—

Arbitration means litigation with national pride involved, and whether this would engender more Christian feelings between nations than private litigation does among individuals we confess ourselves unable to determine without a very much fuller knowledge of public opinion in America than we have. If the great majority of American citizens are, owing to an inherent love of law and orderliness, and a hatred of war, anxious to have disputes that may arise between us submitted to a permanently constituted court capable of pronouncing binding decisions, Great Britain should and would go far to meet them. If there is a genuine sentiment for arbitration in America, it is entitled to the profoundest respect, but is there such a sentiment beyond the professorial, editorial, and literary America of the East? Do even the same classes in the Western States care a red cent about arbitration, or, at any rate, care sufficiently about its principle to submit in practice to a deprivation of a cherished claim? And what about the great bulk of the people in both East and West? Have they any enthusiasm on the subject, and would their enthusiasm be robust enough to submit time after time to an adverse award without storing up soreness against the successful party, supposing the fortunes of arbitration should be against them? Is arbitration in their eyes something more than the polish which every politician puts on his peroration? We know that with a few of the most admirable men of the Eastern fringe arbi-

tration is an intellectual passion, and that it is also advocated by a certain number of windbags of the Chauncey Depew type, to whom it is useful in their careers as interviewees. But every sensible American one meets warns one against treating Mr. Chauncey Depew as a man of weight—his function is to supply "copy" to newspapers—while "the best people," whom Mr. Bryce reports as being devoted to the cause, are probably not unfriendly to Great Britain as it is, and it is probably for this reason that they are utterly effaced when the great anti-British lion of the States is roused by the enterprising politician. Would the adoption of any or even all of Mr. Olney's proposals—impossible as some of them appear to us—be accepted as an earnest of good-will, or simply as a sign of British weakness leading to further demands by the next President in difficulties, such as that we should withdraw from the West Indies or clear out of Canada? Supposing a friendly interpretation were placed by the States upon our concession, is it certain that the perpetual liability to litigation would make us better friends? We confess to being unable to answer these salient questions.

Mr. Laurier's  
Proposals.

Now that the alleged interview between Mr. Laurier and a Chicago correspondent has been acknowledged as substantially correct, it can be discussed. To begin with, it is a most unusual and improper cause to take to commit the Dominion to such serious propositions as the Premier has laid down. For years most of the propositions he makes have been on record as a standing offer to the United States. Several times they have been contemptuously rejected. Even the Hon. George Brown was told, "you can get what you want if you are annexed, not otherwise." The United States politicians then laid down the ultimatum "annexation peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." From that position they have never varied one inch. It is humiliating and even degrading to approach them again. We are getting on well enough. Let the overture come from them. Further most of the items mentioned by the Premier are studied slights to Canada or measures taken with the express intention of driving her to the wall. Canadians are only too well aware of this truth, and it is a most bitter mortification to them to see any of their statesmen, and more than all their Premier, once more exposing their country to insolent refusal. As for the surrender of a right of way through the canals it may answer with Egypt, but will never answer with Canada. We cannot believe that Sir Oliver Mowat was consulted before this interview was granted.

An Opinion  
From Boston.

A friend has sent to us a copy of the Boston Evening Transcript of the 19th instant which contains the following telegram which purports to be sent to them from Quebec. We print it with its head note verbatim as it appears:

LIBERALS NOT JINGOES.

Laurier Refuses to Insult America by Subsidizing Ships Which May Be Used as Armed Cruisers Against His Next-Door Neighbour.

QUEBEC, Aug. 19 (Special)—Indications are not lacking of friction between the Government of Mr. Laurier and the Imperial Authorities over the question of the proposed fast transatlantic steamship line. Some time before the defeat of the late Tory Government Sir Charles Tupper, as its head, had about completed an arrangement with the British Government by which Great Britain would supply one-third of the subsidy necessary to the creation of the service on condition that Canada, besides supplying the other two-thirds of the subsidy, should build ships to have an average speed of at least twenty knots an hour and to be available for use by the British Government in time of emergency as armed cruisers.

Mr. Laurier and his friends are in favour of a different kind of steamship service. They have given out that they do not think it necessary to make so tremendous an outlay

for a twenty-knot service destined to compete with steamships running to and from New York in the carrying of passengers, when one of seventeen-knots average would be so very much cheaper, and would equally well accommodate the requirements of Canadian trade, particularly the shipments of grain and produce requiring cold storage. The Canadian Liberals are not favourable, either, to such displays of jingoism and insult to their nearest neighbours as to contribute from the Dominion exchequer toward the establishment of boats that would be used by England as armed cruisers in case of war.

Our friend who resides at Boston, and is an esteemed contributor, pertinently remarks that it is a singular thing if Canada in providing for the defence of an empire of which it is a part is deemed to insult the United States. A possible defence against invasion is an insult to the Yankees. Mr. Laurier and his friends are no more responsible for these telegrams than we are, but they should understand the kind of people they have to deal with, and it ought to be a warning to them to be cautious in handling questions which affect the interests of Canada and the Empire.

The Two  
Elections.

The Conservatives must not cheat themselves by imputing to the Manitoba School question alone their two last defeats following so closely their general rout. The fact is that the country was tired of the selfish struggles for leadership between half-a-dozen men all of about the same standard of ability, and each thinking he was "the man for Galway." Then the *régime* of the party since Sir John Macdonald's death was productive of no result. The country was standing still. The people therefore got rid of the whole Ministry and their followers. This lesson is the true one for the Conservatives to learn. Their fall was not occasioned by the Manitoba School question in which they were in the right, but by the personal rivalries and antipathies of ambitious leaders. These rivalries are not yet settled, and concord cannot yet be expected. There is a disposition among those members of the party who opposed Sir Charles Tupper to take the ground of committing the Conservative party to oppose, under any circumstances, remedial legislation. These men are logically correct. They wrecked their party by their fanatical opposition to the Roman Catholics and now they propose to continue the same line of action against their political opponents. We think it would be unwise for the Conservatives as a party to allow these men to influence their policy. The legislation Sir Charles Tupper proposed was just and generous. It did not please the Orange and ultra-Protestant constituencies and the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada deserted him for a French-Canadian leader. But the Conservative party as a party has nothing to be ashamed of in meeting defeat through a policy of generous treatment of a minority. It remains to be seen what Mr. Laurier can effect. Until he proposes his plan, the Conservatives will be very foolish if they allow the same extreme Protestant element to commit them to any declaration that under no circumstances will Separate Schools in Manitoba be allowed. It would be worse than a crime, it would be a blunder.

Our Canadian  
Cattiline.

*Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?* Professor Smith, how much more mischief are you going to try to do Canada? Here is your latest effort from the Saturday Review. Writing for English readers you say:

"In forming your opinion on the Canadian question you in England do not consider what Canada *might do for you* if she had a vote in the councils of her own hemisphere. You will persevere in your heroic attempt permanently to sever

the northern fringe of this continent from the rest and attach it forever to Europe, shutting your ears against the unwelcome, and as you fancy disloyal, voices which would tell you the honest truth. The Canadian jingo stimulated by your Imperialism and thinking himself safe under your shield, does all that he can by offensive demonstrations to provoke the enmity of our mighty neighbour."

A more cunning and malicious attack you never penned. If you cannot persuade Englishmen by one method to adopt your opinions you try another. You now appeal to their pocket and say: "See how if Canada were annexed she would make the Americans retain the gold standard and thereby your investments would not be endangered." You know it is not true. You know that if Canada were annexed her influence is not sufficient to turn the scale, and yet you try to mislead your countrymen by saying that it would. Your sordid appeal to cupidity will be as futile as have been your previous attempts to arouse fear by dwelling on the dangers from United States ambition. But what shall be said of the man who, like you, abases the rights of a sojourner? Speak out plainly. What demonstrations do you allude to? Who are the jingoes you refer to? Name them and let Canadians know who it is you are attacking. Catinline sought to plunge his country into the horrors of civil war for his own selfish advancement. You are doing the same thing to gratify an idea of your own. Read your Cicero again and refresh your memory as to the history of the man whom the orator denounced.

Reminiscence  
of 1870.

M. Emile Ollivier was, it will be remembered, the French Prime Minister at the time when France declared war against Germany in 1870. It was to him that Bismarck wrote the famous letter in which this passage occurred:

"If I had been unfortunate enough to draw down upon my country one half of the ills which you have drawn upon yours, I would pass the rest of my life in asking pardon of God and men."

M. Ollivier was lately interviewed in Paris on the occasion of the twenty-sixth anniversary of his fall, and he made the following statement which students of the campaign will say is not without truth. The explanation of the scattered disposition of the French army corps at the outbreak of hostilities is new and interesting. If true, it explains what most students of tactics have always considered to have been a grievous blunder.

"France," M. Ollivier said, "was assured of the alliance of Austria and Italy, and this alliance we should have had except for the disaster and the unpardonable mistake of Sedan. Yes, we had their support even after Reichshofen.

So certain were these alliances that the plan of campaign for which the Emperor has been so much blamed, the parcelling out that is of the army corps along the frontier, was imposed upon us by the Austrian military staff. Our troops were even disposed according to the plans of the Archduke Albert that we might the more easily support him when he should arrive at the head of the army. But there was something better than this, for even if the alliances failed us, even if we were abandoned by all, we were to be victorious, for the first victory would have sufficed to decide the final hesitations of Austria and Italy, then intimidated by the support that Russia gave to Germany. We had every chance of beating Prussia. The German mobilization could not be completed until August 9. But we were ready on July 30. We had 280,000 soldiers at Metz ready to march. The first mistake was not marching, and this was the Emperor's fault. Leboeuf desired it—he who has been calumniated. Our infantry was superior to that of Germany at this moment; we had only to cross the Sarre and we should have found opposing us only the Eighth Corps still in formation. We might have come down upon it like a torrent and crushed the first Prussian corps issuing from the defiles of Kaiserstein. The Emperor did not wish it. At Saarbrücken

he had not been able to stay on his horse and had fallen fainting into the arms of his aide-de-camp. He suffered from an internal disease. He was unable to command and would not allow another to command in his stead." According to M. Ollivier, the second blunder, an heroic one, was committed by MacMahon on August 6 in accepting battle at Worth without assenting himself of the movements of Faily and Douay. Although MacMahon killed or wounded as many Germans as composed his own army corps, France began the campaign by a defeat. Still it was not too late to repair the evil. But a third blunder was committed, and the person guilty of this, according to M. Ollivier, was Froissard, who became frightened at Forbach and retired, while Bazaine said to himself as he hesitated whether to go to his rescue: "The *maitre d'école* is in the thick of it; leave him to extricate himself alone." The fourth blunder which M. Ollivier describes as a crime, was the action of Bazaine at Metz on the 14th, 16th, and 18th, at Borny, Gravelotte, and Saint Privat. Finally, the fifth blunder was the Cabinet Council presided over by the Empress, and the responsibility for this M. Ollivier ascribes to the Comte de Palikao and his colleagues. He accuses the Empress of having inflexibly refused, even against the wish of the Emperor, MacMahon, and the young Prince, to give her consent to an act which was the most obvious of all duties at the moment—namely, to recall the army of Chalons to Paris, and to organize under its protection the arming of the nation. By this mistaken notion of dynastic interest the *débauche* of Sedan became possible, and M. Ollivier quotes the Emperor as saying to MacMahon: "Puis qu'il en est ainsi, allons nous faire casser la tête!"

The Landing  
of Cabot.

We have been favoured by Father Dawson with a copy of his monograph on the discovery of America by John Cabot in 1497.

This monograph is extracted from the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada relative to a Cabot celebration in 1897. The point brought out by this paper is that it seems to prove that John Cabot was the true discoverer of the continent of America. Columbus reached the mainland at Venezuela in 1498. He had, of course, discovered the West India Islands in 1492. Cabot leading as he did in 1497 an English expedition, laid the foundation for the English claims to the American continent, not specially of Newfoundland, but of Nova Scotia and of the American colonies as far south as Florida, as well. The landfall that Cabot made is doubtful. Three localities have been suggested: (1) Some point on the Labrador Coast, and specially Cape Chidley; (2) Bona Vista on the coast of Newfoundland; (3) Cape North, or Cape Breton on Cape Breton Island. Father Dawson strongly, and it seems to us conclusively, argues in favour of the last. In our criticism of Gresham's History of Canada we noticed the fact that the author of that work had gone totally astray on the point of Cabot's landing. We recommend to the authorities of Toronto University the study of Father Dawson's monograph; as they have been relying on false guides it is time they were set right. Our readers may not all be aware that next year at Halifax the Royal Society of Canada will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Cabot's discovery. They will proceed to Sydney to unveil a monument there commemorating John Cabot's memory.

Professional  
Cricket.

The other day we had occasion to notice a tempest in a teapot over the conduct of the Cambridge captain in the Oxford and Cambridge match. Now it is the professionals who are at it. The Spectator of the 15th instant thus describes the matter:

But now it is the conduct of certain professionals which has given rise to excitement of the keenest kind, and to lamentations upon the supposed evidences of decadence in the national game. What did those professionals do? Five

of them, of whom four—Lohmann, Richardson, Abel, and Hayward—are Surrey players, and of whom the fifth, Gunn, hails from Notts, having been selected by the Surrey County Committee, who were in charge of the arrangements, to play in the final match of the season between England and Australia, asked, in a joint-note, for a fee of £20 each for so playing. In the two previous inter-Imperial matches of the year, which were played on the grounds of the Marylebone and the Lancashire Cricket Clubs respectively, a fee of £10 with expenses, had been paid to and accepted by the professional players engaged. The Surrey Committee, after receiving the application for enhanced pay, appear to have repeated, in the case of their own four players at any rate, their invitation to play in the great match, but to have specified the lower scale of pay. The four men refused to play on those terms, whereupon the Committee filled up all the men's places, and issued on Saturday morning last a fresh list of the England eleven against the Australians. Their "firm attitude" was rewarded by a large measure of success, for on Saturday evening all their own four recalcitrant players, except Lohmann, who has since apologized, "placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the Surrey Committee," whereupon that august body, its honour saved, restored the penitents to their places.

In other words, this was a little "strike," and the strikers were beaten. The difference in climate accounts for cricket not being so universal in this part of Canada as in England, but in all games professionalism is an element not to be ignored. It has its rights and they must be fully recognized. But here we think the Committee was right. The professionals thought they had the game in their own hands and could make their own terms. Next time it will be their innings, because their demand was reasonable enough, and they will make it again at a reasonable time and in a fairer way.

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### Is England Afraid?

THE inhabitants of the United States of America are at present indulging in a very loud, self-appreciative chuckle. They consider that they have got the better of England in the Arbitration discussion between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney, or, as they put it, "between Olney and Salisbury." We must say we think they are justified. Lord Salisbury, according to the latest despatches, has consented to submit the claim between England and Venezuela to arbitration on Mr. Olney's terms. British subjects are to be compensated for the mistake they have made in improving property under a "mistake in title" and England gracefully withdraws. That the award will be against England is a foregone conclusion. The English Liberals will, we presume, wrap themselves up in their virtue and join in the chorus of satisfaction which England's rivals will raise. What is the reason why England thus so constantly gives way to the United States? Is she afraid? If not, why does she give way? The answer depends on several considerations. England is an enormous creditor of the United States. If a British fleet bombarded New York to-morrow it would be pounding British capital. The American railways were built and are run by English capital. Any loss to them means loss to English bondholders. The trade between England and the States is \$750,000,000 a year. Any interruption of this trade would mean a very serious loss to English merchants. Thus England has a material interest in peace—a very material interest. Next, England's aspirations lie in Asia and Africa, not in America. Canada is useful as an alternative quick route to reach India, and that is about all. It takes very little to rouse an Englishman to defend India, or to send a fleet to the China seas, but it takes a good deal to make him think about his American possessions. Sentimentally

also, England objects to war with the United States. So many millions of British subjects have colonized the States that England looks upon America as her creation. The ordinary Englishman talks of his "kin beyond sea" and his "American cousin" as if the relationship was really one, like that which exists between himself and his own blood relations. Then the Americans who visit England, as a rule, are impressed by what they see there. In spite of themselves they are touched by the associations of the localities they visit. The *genius loci* awes them. The consequence is that their tone is not as aggressive as it is in their own country, and those of them who are more civilized often settle in England as being more suited to their taste. From these specimens Englishmen judge the remainder.

Then the national characteristic of Englishmen is, that they are "slow to anger." It takes a great deal to rouse them, but once roused they are like their own bull-dogs—they never let go. Fortunately for peace, they do not see one thousandth or one ten-thousandth part of the insults daily hurled at them by the American press. They know as a sort of general thing that to "twist the lion's tail" has become a recognized part of the stock-in-trade of an American politician. At that they good-naturedly laugh on the "it amuses she and does not hurt me" principle. Then there is in the average English heart an innate horror of war. It is not cowardice. It is founded on a desire to give every man his due, and to do as a man would be done by. But an impatient, excitable race are apt to mistake this sentiment for cowardice. The French have sometimes made that mistake when England was concerned. For all these reasons we would say England was not *afraid*. Why, then, should it be thought she is afraid? In the first place, there is the memory of the Revolution. The English were thrashed then, and have been shy of the Americans ever since. Next, the English people have accepted the American "bounce" about the war of 1812 as gospel truth. They know all about their defeats at New Orleans and Plattsburgh. They are ashamed they burned Washington (*vide* Green's History of the English People), and they never heard of Lundy's Lane or Queenston Heights. So they themselves almost believe that in the two wars they have had with the United States they have had the worst of it. Then they know they are vulnerable in Canada. A certain school of English army officers—forgetting, or being ignorant, of the lessons of history—say "Canada cannot be defended." Lord Wolseley does not say so, but many officers do. Thus, for these reasons, England may be said to be afraid. But would all the considerations we have mentioned, and we have stated them as dispassionately as possible, be sufficient if it came to the alternative, "Surrender your American possessions or war!" to lead to surrender? The answer to this question affects Canada very vitally. So far, the answer of England has always been—No Surrender. If a certain school of politicians in England had had their way, the surrender would have been made long ago. The demand was made last December in almost those words by Cleveland's message. It will not be long before we hear it again. We think that on the whole we are justified in saying that when the Americans allege that England is afraid of them, they are partially right and partially wrong. England is afraid of war, because she knows what it means, and when she goes into it she does so because she cannot help it, and fights then to win. But if the Americans think that England is afraid of them, that is another matter; and for the sake of peace we hope they will not presume on the notion. The consequences would be deplorable all round, and things had better remain as they are.

## The Breath of Roses.

Yet, in ev'ry breeze that blows,  
There's the joy of June-time's rose.

Winds, o'er ocean blowing free,  
Wake a treasured ecstasy.

Blow! ye tempests! on the sea;  
Strain the shrouds and shout to me;

Dash the foam from curling wave;  
Belly sails of fishers brave;

Sweep my bark to each green cove;  
Drag her masts where storm clouds rave;

Yet, I laugh, O! salt sea-gale!  
"Last red rose-time, down the vale,

"Shook, beneath th' umbrageous pine,  
"Perfumes from the trellised vine;

"Left me leaning on a rail,  
"Where there swung a milk-maid's pail."

That was June-time months ago;  
Now I wait where Charles' tides flow,

And the river's briny breath  
Coldly whispers: "Love! . . . is death."

Did not thought of rose and rail  
Linger, I'd believe the tale.

O'er the lilacs' purple foam  
Zephyrs of the spring-tide roam,

Fanning blooms on ev'ry tree,  
Wooping skies and kissing me;

Almost won? Ah! one month hence  
Brings wild roses by the fence!

'Mong the new-leafed aspen trees  
Moves a meadow-travelled breeze,

Musical with pipe of birds,  
Wholesome with the breath of herds;

Still, in ev'ry wind that blows,  
There's a little of the rose;

Promise of a June to be,  
Like that June of memory.

Montreal, Canada.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

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## Forming of the United States Constitution (1778).

ON Dec. 23rd, 1783, after Congress had been assembled at Annapolis, Washington appeared before it and resigned his official position as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United Colonies. He was urged by Gen. Mifflin, of South Carolina, and the officers of this army, to retain this command indefinitely as an offset to the parliamentary arrogance of Congress. But he saw, in the event of this procedure on his part, a long and doubtful struggle with the impending democracy, and the love of peace caused him to persevere in his designs of retiring.

He submitted his account of expenses, however, to the comptroller of the treasury. This account amounted to £11,311 sterling, which he had expended from his private estate.

It was now the time for Congressional revenue, and with a great majority the revolutionary war debt, including the last three months' pay of the officers of the army, was repudiated. By this stroke, Washington and his brother officers were robbed, and Robert Morris, whose entire fortune had been pledged to maintain the public credit, was left to die in a debtor's prison. It is only significant to remark that King William the Conqueror rewarded those who aided him to power in 1066, while the American democracy pursued the opposite course of robbery.

When Cromwell succeeded Charles I. he demanded that the Royalists should not be persecuted. When Charles II. succeeded to Cromwell, his clemency was so great towards the former supporters of Cromwell as to be the marvel of

historians. But when the American democracy in the war of 1776-83 triumphed over the colonial system and British royalty, through the aid of France, Spain, and Holland, and the difficulties that beset British affairs in other parts of the world, the most vigorous persecutions were carried out to annihilate the ancient colonial aristocracy and every sentiment of royalism that existed in the human breast. The loyalists were pursued into exile. The colonial families of distinction that remained, especially in the northern colonies where democracy was strong, were objects of silent political persecution and an unceasing ostracism. Even members of those distinguished families who had assisted the revolutionary party were not exempt. So in the cases of Gov. Langdon and Robert Morris, their loans to the Government were virtually confiscated, and in that of the officers of the continental army their bills for arrearages of pay were repudiated. The holders of governmental bonds on the same principle were subjected to a total loss. Everything was done by the new government to break down the ranks of the ancient colonial society that yet remained in position, that was distinguished by ability, integrity, culture, and wealth. It seemed as though the lower instincts of the people crept to the surface in this matter after 1783 in the United States, as they hurried to a more violent and bloodthirsty expression of the same feeling in France in 1792.

The American colonies, which had been recognized as sovereign states by the Treaty of Peace of 1783, sent delegates to Philadelphia in May, 1787, to draft a constitution for the confederated government. These delegates were not empowered to adopt the constitution they were to make. The adoption or rejection of that constitution was to be left to the government of each colony or state.

From May to September of 1787 the delegates disputed and discussed various schemes of government. The violent opposition of the democracy was here manifested towards any recognition of personal merit in the States, towards hereditary honours, and anything that indicates that inequality which liberty of action always creates.

Alexander Hamilton, one of the ablest of them, advocated the adoption of a constitution similar to that of Great Britain. The President was to have established prerogatives, with the power of appointing the governors of the various States. The Senate was to be similar to the House of Lords, in that it was to represent the meritorious of the various colonies, and the House of Representatives was to be similar to the House of Commons, to represent the commercial and trading classes of the colonies. John Adams, of Massachusetts, repudiated democracy so far as to speak in favour of aristocratic representation. But Jefferson and the Republicans raised such a riot, and enkindled the fire of popular envy and hatred so skilfully, that this plan was rejected.

Then the present Constitution of the United States, with two exceptions of the amendments, which were engrafted afterwards, was adopted—a majority having been secured in favour thereof.

So great was the fear of the various States that a general government, thus formed, might be able, by the aid of a majority in one section, to oppress a minority in another, that the opposition to the Constitution did not end with its adoption.

It was the purpose of those who favoured the establishment of a democracy to compel a democratic form of government in each of the separate States. For this purpose, those who favoured it said: "Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty in order to preserve the rest."

In the Virginia Convention of 1788, when the Constitution was laid before that body for its ratification, Mr. Madison said: "On a candid examination of history, we shall find that turbulence, violence and abuse of power, by the majority trampling on the rights of the minority, have produced factions and commotions which, in republics, have more frequently than any other cause, produced despotism. If we go over the whole history of ancient and modern republics we shall find their destruction generally to have resulted from these causes."

Hamilton in the Federalist wrote: "When a majority is included in a faction, the form of popular government enables it to sacrifice to its ruling passion, or interest, both the public good and the rights of other citizens."

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, had said: "I go on a principle often advocated that a *majority*, when interested, will oppress a *minority*." Mr. Greyson, also of Virginia, in the same Convention, declared: "We ought to be wise enough to guard against the abuse of such a government. Republics, in fact, oppress more than monarchies."

Jefferson, the democrat, took alarm at the doctrine, so anti-democratic, advanced by the great and illustrious of the land. He, too, feared that if a general government received too much power, it would enable a king or dictator to crush out democratic factions in some of the colonies by the aid of a majority of the colonies, whose leaders were thus opposed. He therefore turned his attention to promulgate the doctrine of States rights. In other words, to have it distinctly understood that no power could be derived by the general government, from the reading of the Constitution as it was framed, to interfere with the internal affairs and government of any state in the American Confederacy. This understanding was agreeable to all parties, for it enabled the feudal aristocracy of the South to have control in their States as formerly. While it gave assurance to the Northern Democracy that no external power could compel them to recede from their position.

Even after this was settled the fatal article was allowed to remain, "that the general government would maintain a republican form in each of the States." In these days, the meaning of this was permitted to be that the representation of every State in the general government should be chosen after the Republican model, namely: The senators of a State should be appointed by the Governor, and the representatives elected by the people. It was not supposed to extend into the State and decide who might be a citizen, who might be a governor, and who a senator or representative. Had it meant any such internal interference the alteration of State constitutions would have followed the adoption of the national Constitution; for few states had the same method of forming citizenship, and a feudal government existed in every one of the Southern States, the negro serfs not being permitted to vote, and estates, with local magistracy passing hereditarily in those families having entailments. This local magistracy was in the power the planter had in judgment over the actions of his serfs. He also, according to the law, if his property was beyond a certain amount, was eligible to certain offices. His property being entailed, his eligibility was hereditary. Had any one of the States chosen, in those days, to make the governorship hereditary in a certain family, the general government would have been lacking in delegated power to prevent it, according to the meaning of the Constitution as it was then understood. That primary understanding was the true one. It was on that principle of *internal sovereignty* that the very war against the Home Government was waged in '76. Now that that principle had been established it became the corner-stone of the adopted Constitution. Each State was to be absolute sovereign in matters of its own internal government. If a State desired to make its own governorship hereditary it had a right so to do. It was on this understanding only that the conflicting elements in the various colonies could be brought together in one confederacy. All that the Constitution could impose on each State was that each one should form its constituent element in the national legislature after the same pattern, and the Republican, or elective principle was chosen as the manner after which the national Government should be formed.

The Constitution was adopted by the various states at different times. The last one to come into a union with the others was Rhode Island, in 1798.

It will be remembered that while the War for Independence was in progress the Continental Congress, composed mostly of democrats, was opposed to the officers of the Continental Army who had among them titled men and members of the colonial aristocracy. These officers had been formed into an hereditary order termed Order of Cincinnati in 1783, while Congress had been declaiming against hereditary principles generally. Now, after the Constitution was adopted, the first of the acts of Congress was to *repudiate* the revolutionary war debt. This included those loans advanced to the provisional government by the wealthy and prominent families on the colonial side. The case of Robert Morris was particularly sad. At the request of Washington, who had pledged his own property to raise funds to pay the troops and for their provisionment, Morris signed for a loan

to the Government, and in addition gave security for the Government to other wealthy people who also loaned. When the Government repudiated this debt, Morris was seized by the Government creditors, as its endorser, and flung into jail for the debt. His property was taken and he died in prison-bounds.

In later years the ungrateful democracy, to celebrate its own centennial of rule in America in 1876, had the body of Robert Morris placed under an elegant monument with the highest honours, while at the same time his descendants in Virginia, plunged in the waves of adversity, were suffering for the public generosity of their ancestor. The United States still allows them to suffer. It never has and never will pay that debt, either to the descendants of Morris or to the descendants of the officers of the Continental Army, because such an act would be "fostering the aristocracy."

Virginia, however, pursued an honourable course. Her own troops under Gen. George Rogers Clarke, sent by the Colonial Government of Virginia, during the War of '76, had conquered what was then known as the North-West Territories, now formed into the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. This territory Virginia ceded to the general Government to pay for her share of the revolutionary war debt. The Government accepted the trust, but failed to fulfil it. No appropriation of money from the sale of the land was set apart for that purpose.

General Clarke, who had contributed much to further the success of this enterprise of Virginia, by private means and personal ability, was presented with a sword by the Virginia Government. His action illustrates the sentiment of the military class of that time and section. Breaking the sword in pieces he cast it at the feet of the Commissioners as he uttered the words: "Let Virginia pay her debts before she makes presents." Virginia afterwards did pay them and granted General Clarke 40,000 acres of land in the Province of Kentucky to reimburse him for what personal outlay he had been put to in the North-West expedition.

April 11, 1789, Washington was informed that he had been elected President of the United States, which had adopted the Constitution presented to them separately, in their sovereign capacities. Some of the States only accepted the Constitution temporarily. Such was the manner of New York. April 30th, Washington was inaugurated with John Adams, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

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### A Few Strictures on Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics."

BY the "cosmic process" Huxley means nothing more than the internecine struggle for existence, which, so it is said, is the method of evolution.

By the "ethical process" he means only that doctrine which teaches us to "love our neighbour."

Then he says these are antagonistic; that up to a certain point evolution proceeded by ruthlessness; now it is supposed to proceed by mercy. Of course the processes are antagonistic: they need not be *proved* so; he makes them so.

But surely both the so-called "cosmic process" and the "ethical process" are each but parts of a true cosmic process, the beginnings and the ends of which we cannot see. The internecine strife was one step in the process; perhaps the step that led to the evolution of reason; but even during the action of this step we see the germs of the second—of the "ethical process": all gregarious species show it; all animals that form colonies or communities show it; its germ is in the maternal instinct; bees could not hive, ants could not build, wolves could not hunt, cattle could not protect themselves, and the young of animals could not have thriven if, in the midst of this so-called "cosmic process," the "ethical process" had not had some play also. And now that the internecine process has played its part and evolved reason, the ethical process comes to the front and plays its part—and not so antagonistic a part after all. The community still puts to death its enemies—its foreign foes and its murderers—even imprisonment, in short all *law*, is but a form of that internecine strife by which communities protect themselves, is a form of the "cosmic process" so-called. And communities protect themselves from other communi-

ties by tariffs, by standing armies, by navies—so that the “ethical” process has not quite taken the place of the “cosmic” one, so called.

Again—evolution having risen one step has also taken a different direction—different, not antagonistic. All that we mean by “civilization” is possible only, or chiefly, by the ethical process. Civilization is possible only by

- I. Acquisition of capital ;
- II. Division of labour ;

and for both co-operation—the very nucleus of the ethical process—is necessary. Yet capital still protects itself, and legitimately, against labour (here again crops up the “cosmic process” so-called—and *not* in antagonism), and so labour against capital—to which the same remark applies.

Surely then the two processes are two steps in evolution. There may be many steps both below and above each of these.

There may be an “æsthetic process,” in which mankind will develop the ideal and the beautiful where now he merely develops the temporal and the material ; where he will value knowledge above pecuniary gain and a graceful and cultured taste above worldly prosperity. There may be a “moral process,” where each man will speak truth with his neighbour, and barter and trade become things, not of commercial competition, but of mutual good will ; where individual quarrels will be adjusted by friends and international wars by arbitration ; where to be just will be accounted better than to be rich, and to be generous better than to be powerful.

Might not these also be called steps in a cosmic process, and steps not antagonistic to any that may have gone before ?

What *the* Cosmic Process is—who can possibly know or debate about ? Is it not in all likelihood a climactic series of processes ? But even that we cannot tell.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

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### Rudyard Kipling.

A NEW light has arisen in our literature in a hitherto dim, uncertain spot, and with lambent lustre is shedding a weird light on the mysterious darkness of the Far East. Kipling is the first masterhand to depict really reliable pictures of Eastern life in all its phases. Previous works bear painful evidence of superficiality. They appear as if the authors had hurried from place to place with rapid, and perhaps contemptuous, glance at manners and customs ; and then had sat down to write with graphic pen a description of people whom they did not understand, and with whom they could not sympathize.

Kipling has entered within the veil. His writings are the outcome of an inner experience and thorough appreciation of the lives he depicts. His whole life has been spent in actual contact with every class of resident in India, native and foreign. Born at Bombay in 1865, he is still a young man, only 31, an age at which most men have scarcely begun their life-work. He commenced when quite young to contribute all sorts of articles, stories and verses to the Indian magazines, and with such success that soon collections of his tales were made and published in pamphlet form. Then followed an experience as war-correspondent in the wake of the army, where he collected material and imbibed inspiration for some of the finest pen portraits in our language—his representations of the British private soldier in India. It is probably in this field that Englishmen owe most to Kipling. Nowhere else do we find a proper appreciative sympathy for the voluntary exile who, in the midst of untold privations and danger, fights for his country in a strange land. We send men out to India to fight and die for our interests, and then forget that they are anything more than animated machines in the Queen's uniform. We glorify their heroic efforts during some terrible struggle and then sink back into our usual carelessness and even contempt. This sentiment is expressed exactly in the poem entitled “Tommy :”

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep  
Is cheaper than them uniforms an' they're starvation cheap ;  
An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they go large a bit,  
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

While it's “Tommy this,” an' “Tommy that,” an' “Tommy, 'ow's yer soul ?”

But it's “thin red line of 'eroes” when the drums begin to roll.

And again :

It's “Tommy this,” an' “Tommy that,” an' “Chuck him out, the brute,”

But it's “saviour of his country” when the guns begin to shoot.

In accomplishing this, Kipling has done something to broaden the spirit of the universal brotherhood of man. His whole soul goes out to men who are squarely face to face with the awful problems of life and death ; and whose life-work is all too serious to waste time on the trivial formalities of ordinary civilized life.

Kipling won his first and greatest distinction as a writer of “tales,” and it would seem that his work in literature is to lie almost exclusively in this line. As far as I am acquainted with his works, there is only one that can aspire to the name of novel, and that is “The Light That Failed,” with its two endings—a fact which in itself shows Kipling is not yet a master of the complete novel. Lang says : “Very few men have excelled in both forms of the art fictitious, and he certainly excels in one. At a passage, a picture, an incident, a character he is, at present, all but unrivalled among his contemporaries. Can he weave many of these into a consistent fable ? This remains to be tried.”

His tales are comparatively short, requiring, on the average, about an hour to read them ; but every one represents the object it aims at completely. His ghost stories are unexcelled. They are told with such seriousness and simplicity and withal with such exactness of detail that you at once grant him the full benefit of your credulity, and read the story as if you believed that ghosts and phantoms were the undeniable, though unexplainable, occurrences of every-day life. If you wish to feel something like nightmare while you are awake read “The Strange Ride of Marrobie Jukes,” in which a fever-crazed officer starts off across the plains on a frantic, aimless gallop, until horse and man tumble into an immense crater-shaped depression about thirty feet deep, up whose steep sides of sand there is no hope of escape, from which there is no opening save one towards the river and that is guarded by a sentry boat. The crater is inhabited by a filthy lot of natives, more like beasts than men, who have been condemned to this spot because they had suddenly recovered after the last death rites had been performed over them. The agonizing despair of the man who has been trapped and has no other prospect than to spend his life among those loathsome wretches with that ever tantalizing road of escape through which it is impossible to go, oppresses one with a feeling from which it requires an effort to shake free.

Then there are tales of barrack-room life, both married and single—wonderful revelations of human nature, all of them. The pictures of married life are not as hopeful as we would wish, though they are no doubt sadly true. It is somewhat disappointing that nowhere in Kipling's works do we find a woman who approaches our highest ideals of womanhood, though there are many inspiring females. We should not offer this as a criticism, perhaps, for Kipling is giving an exposition of the life with which he is brought in contact and cannot be expected to present all the characters we are accustomed to meet in our own society ; yet it is hard to believe that *much* noble devoted womanhood cannot be found even among soldiers' wives in India. One pathetic picture of wifely devotion and motherly self-sacrifice is given in “Without Benefit of Clergy,” but the heroine is a native girl who, therefore, is unable to take a really intelligent sympathy in her husband's vicissitudes as the complement of his life instead of the mere slave of his existence. The female characters are mostly somewhat fast, a trifle loose, and moreover, incorrigible flirts—if with other women's husbands so much the better.

The cool, careless cheek with which he treats women may be very tantalizing to representatives of that sex, but is immensely enjoyable to those very rare specimens of bachelors who happen to possess the spirit of teasing. In the poem “Betrothed,” the writer has been given his choice between his sweetheart and his cigar.

“For Maggie has written a letter, that I must choose between  
The wee little whimpering ‘Love,’ and the great God ‘Nick o’ Teen.’”

“Open the old cigar box, let me consider anew  
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you ?”

"A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke ;  
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

"Light me another Cuba, I hold to my first sworn vows ;  
If Maggie will have no rival I'll have no Maggie for spouse."

But he would not be true to the spirit of the British soldier if he could not respond to the sentiment of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and so in another place he sighs—

"Ah shade of little Kitty Smith,  
Sweet saint of Kensington,  
Say, was it ever thus at home  
The moon of August shone ?

"When arm in arm we wandered long  
Through Putney's evening haze,  
And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath  
The moon of other days."

We cannot pause to notice his treatment of the pompous, pedantic English official, against whom he pours out his righteous disdain in most scathing sarcasm ; nor his beautiful stories of children which he handles with inconceivable delicacy ; and we have only a few words for the last great class of characters—the native Indian.

Kipling is one of the first who has had the courage to recognize with true soldier honesty, the real manhood that lies beneath the dark skins of the natives with whom he has to fight. In proof of this read the closing lines of the poem "Gunga Din," a poor, abused water-carrier of the army who nevertheless was faithful in care of the wounded, and was shot on duty :—

"Though I've belted you and flayed you,  
By the livin' God that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

Amid such scenes as these Kipling is in his own peculiar element. In the artificial air of civilized society he could not thrive. His place is in distant India, with its dense jungles and burning plains, its sacred rivers and temples of strange gods, its glaring sun and brown, naked humanity, where the frippery of sham and formality is unknown and he can see men as they are.

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,  
And there aren't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst."

Kipling's prose style, in our estimation, scarcely admits of either praise or blame, though on the one hand it is often crude and abrupt, and on the other it is as certainly masterly and unsurpassed in descriptive power ; yet in reading him we feel the great heart sympathy of the man so enveloping us that it seems like sacrilege to put him off at a distance from us to be sized up according to time-worn formulas. We rather rush to his side to beg for just one more story, just another song. Verily, this Kipling makes children of us all.

His poetry is of that free-and-easy natural style, of which you never tire, and which unfolds new beauties at every reading. In it can be discovered all manner of original poetic devices—for, mark you, Kipling is an essentially original genius. One only of these I will notice, viz., that of opening and closing a poem with the same stanza. When read at the beginning it appears mysterious and enigmatical, but it rouses curiosity which keeps alive through the whole poem, and then when the stanza is quoted at the close, its former hidden force and beauty appear with double clearness. Thus he commences in one place :

"East is East, and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet,  
Till both shall gather presently  
At God's great judgment seat.  
But there is neither East nor West,  
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men together stand,  
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

Then follows a story of a young Arab chieftain who vows to recover a splendid mare of his father's that had been stolen by a notorious bandit. He was repulsed in his reckless attempt, but showed such bravery that the bandit, himself a hero, not only spared his life, but gave him his son for a life servant. Then when the poem closes with the opening stanza, after you have seen these two men face to face, you feel the force of—

"There is neither East nor West,  
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men together stand  
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

Allow me to add one characteristic sample of Kipling's verse, without comment. It represents monkeys philosophizing on the evolution of species, and the degeneration of some former members of their tribe to the state of man :

"This is the sorrowful story told  
As the twilight fails,  
And the monkeys walk together  
Holding each other's tails.

Our fathers lived in the forest,  
Foolish people were they ;  
They went down to the cornland  
To teach the farmers to play

Our fathers frisked in the millet,  
Our fathers skipped in the wheat,  
Our fathers hung from the branches  
Our fathers danced in the street.

Then came the terrible farmers,  
Nothing of play they knew ;  
Only they caught our fathers  
And set them to labor too.

Set them to work on the cornland  
With plows, and sickles and flails,  
Put them in mud-walled prisons,  
And cut off their beautiful tails.

Now we may watch our fathers  
Sullen and bowed and old,  
Bending over the millet  
Sharing the silly mould.

Driving a foolish furrow,  
Mending a muddy yoke,  
Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,  
Steeping their food in smoke.

We may not speak to our fathers  
For if the farmers knew  
They would come up to the forest  
And make us labor too.

This is the horrible story  
Told as the twilight fails  
And the monkeys walk together  
Holding each other's tails."

There is in Kipling's poetry a mystic charm of language that entrances the reader into a feeling of sympathy, overcomes every attitude of criticism with subtle magician's power, and throws him into that passively receptive frame, in which the author plays with any chord of feeling at his own sweet will. In his Eastern poems a few lines generally serve to put us into that dreamy reverie in which we love to think of the East. Thus a returned soldier yearns to go back to India :—

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' eastward on the sea  
There's a Burmah girl a settin' an' I know she thinks o' me.  
For the temple bells are callin' an' it's there that I would be,  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' lazy on the sea."

Poetry whose whole merit can be explained by formulas of rhyme and metre, by tricks of language, and by clever turns of thought, is not poetry, but "dead level" prose. It must have that mysterious indefinable something, which is nothing more or less than the invisible spirit of its author, and which cannot be defined because it is not material.

Much of the interest of Kipling's works may be due to circumstances of time and place and will therefore pass away. But even that is assured for a considerable time, for the East as far as we can see, has changed little, and probably will change but little, for, as Kipling says, "The East is not going to be civilized after the manner of the West ; there is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers." But beyond all this there is in Kipling's works that immortal feeling of humanity, that undying spirit of sympathy, a touch of which can make the whole world kin, that makes Kipling one of those "names that are not born to die."

In dedicating his ballads to Tommy Atkins he says :

"I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine ;  
The deaths ye have died I have watched beside,  
And the lives ye have led were mine."

Ah ! there is seen the great humanity of the man.

Kipling may never be a genius of colossal comprehension, may never be a great modelling force on our language, may never be a mighty determining power in the current of the world's thought, but so long as there are on this earth minds that are curious, hearts that can sympathize, souls that yearn to be understood, so long will there be in our literature a wide place for Rudyard Kipling.

J. MONTGOMERY.

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### Boydell's Illustrations of Shakespeare.

ART treasures are rare among us. The making of a country, the rough work of laying the foundation of future well-being and prosperous trade, and the mad desire to reap what we sow a hundred fold during the short space of our own individual lives has left us little time to acquire a taste for things pertaining to ease and leisure or a wide knowledge of the value of the works of art over which men in the older, richer, and more deliberately living world of the past spent their lives and fortunes in producing. Yet when such art treasures as a copy of the original edition of Boydell's exquisite work falls in our way we do know enough to recognize its value. Even those of us who have never had opportunities of educating our eyes and understanding are guided by some undeveloped, self-unconscious instinct to feel and appreciate the beauty of such work.

Many, however, will ask who was Boydell, and why should such tribute be paid to his work.

A yellow slip of paper, which to judge by its appearance and type used, has once been part of the columns of the *Montreal Gazette*—1848—lies before me. From it I learn that Alderman Boydell was a wealthy patron of the arts during the latter part of the last century, a wealthy man, an engraver and artist, and one who made his fortune largely through dealing in prints and engravings in England and upon the continent. An ardent admirer of the great dramatist, he "conceived the project of establishing a Shakespeare Gallery upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence which should be in accordance with the fame of the poet, and at the same time reflect honour upon the state of the arts in Great Britain and throughout the world." From the preface to the work afterwards published we read that "the idea arose at a dinner party at Mr. Josiah Boydell's house at West End, Hampstead, in November, 1787, at which the company consisted of Mr. West, Mr. Romney, Mr. P. Sandby, Mr. Hayley, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Braithwaite, Alderman Boydell and their host."

Can we not realize something of the interest that would be expressed by such a company, such a galaxy of talent at such a proposal? Can we not imagine the impression it would make? How each would launch out in quotations from their favourite passages, and how below the surface of the brilliant talk the busy artist brain of many would set to work conceiving designs most fitting to illustrate them. Ay, and talk of them, too, because in those days there was a great camaraderie of fellowship. Men could discuss ideas without fear of their being realized by those who listened. There was no wish to be rich or famous at the expense of others' brains in those days—no fierce competition as in the present and less dignified age.

How, too, some would doubt the feasibility of the plan and throw cold water upon it on the score of expense, for human nature was the same then as now, and what great undertaking was ever carried to a successful issue without having to encounter opposition? But the artist-alderman of the city of London was an enthusiast; he loved his Shakespeare and was ready to expend his fortune, if need be—and did, as the sequel proved—to realize his ambition.

Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of Eminent British Artists," tells us that the great Sir Joshua Reynolds opposed the scheme as impracticable, and that Boydell won his approval by a private donation of a £1,000 Bank of England note, coupled with the request to paint two pictures at his own price.

Designs were advertised for, a guinea given for every one submitted, whether accepted or not, and a prize of one hundred guineas for those which were accepted. A magnificent collection of pictures, painted by the first artists in Great Britain, was the result, and a fine building was erected in Pall Mall in which to exhibit them. This Shakespeare Gallery was for a long time the pride of London. My own

early recollections contain the delight with which I listened to my grandmother's, Mrs. Moodie, descriptions of some of these pictures which, as a girl in London, she had seen. I can see her now, her face glowing with the memory of her admiration for their work—especially of Fuseli's *Prospero* in his illustration of the lines:

"For this be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinched  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made them."

The price eventually paid for the pictures was never known. The first engravers in England were employed to transfer them to copper, and such artists as Sharp, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Thew, Simon, Middiman, Watson, Fyttler, Wilson and many others exerted their talents for years in the work. In some instances the labour of more than five years was expended upon a single plate. The expense was enormous, some of the plates costing upwards of 1500 guineas. It took twenty years to complete it, and the price fixed for the first three hundred impressions was two guineas each.

There are one hundred plates. Later impressions were sold to subscribers at one guinea each, and during the life of the Boydells this price was never reduced. Many donations were made by noble patrons of art in order to encourage the undertaking and help Boydell to meet the outlay. The cost of this collection of engravings reached the large sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

In 1824, Boydell, his business ruined by Napoleon's wars on the continent, and impoverished by the loss of both his market and source of supply, petitioned the Government to be allowed to dispose of the collection in the gallery by lottery. The letter he addressed to Sir John Anderson, an alderman of London, on the subject, is pathetic in its dignified humility.

The petition was granted, and the pictures scattered. One of the finest, that of *King Lear*, by Sir Benjamin West, going to the Athenaeum in Boston.

"One fact in relation to these pictures gives great value to them. All the principal historical characters are genuine portraits of the persons represented in the play; every picture gallery and old castle in England was ransacked to furnish these portraits. A few copies of the work have been brought to this country at different times, and are now to be found in the hands of amateurs and in public libraries, many of the single prints having been sold in this city at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars each. But it is now almost impossible to procure them at any price and nothing but the occasional breaking up of a public or extensive private library, gives any opportunity of procuring one." So writes the *Montreal Gazette* in 1848.

In 1849, a Dr. S. Spooner, of New York, bought the original copper plates used, some of which were much worn, others less used. They were recut and restored and prints from them issued in numbers at one dollar each to subscribers. They were advertised as equal to the originals (?).

The copy which prompts this article, and is now in the possession of Mr. G. T. Taylor, of Messrs. Taylor & Scott, 120 Bay Street, is undoubtedly one of the original English edition, and from the perfection of the print is probably one of the first 300 impressions taken. The title page bears the date 1803, the binding being not later than 1825. This is very handsome, and both it and the plates are in excellent condition. Its owners have known its value and kept it carefully in a locked case.

It would make this article much too long were I to attempt—if indeed I were capable of doing it justice—to describe the exquisite beauty of engravings, to dwell as I should like to do upon the work of the various artists: the beauty and power in West's, the depths and richness of Angelica Kauffman's, the tenderness of Hamilton's, or the grandeur of Fuseli's conceptions; the feeling in Wheatley's "Welcome to the Shearing" in the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" the power in the figure of Lady Macbeth as she utters the bitter words:

"Come to my woman's breasts and take my milk for gall!"

The portrait is, I feel convinced, that of Sarah Siddons and is one of Westall's finest. But I must stay my hand.

I esteemed it a privilege to be allowed to spend some

hours over the book, and, anxious that others should also enjoy it, obtained permission from Mr. Taylor to draw attention to it through the columns of THE WEEK.

What an addition it would be to one of our libraries, what a valuable asset for the city to possess, if its owner could be induced to part with it. I confess I covet it for Toronto, for the benefit of our artists, and would willingly do my utmost to start a subscription towards acquiring it if it were in the market. MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.

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### To the Sun.

Oh great and glorious orb! Oh king of kings!  
Thou sittest on thy throne without dispute;  
Whilst here below thee, every nation rings  
With discord's strife, and thou alone art mute.  
Long hast thou soared through countless years on high,  
And viewed this humble earth; thou monarch of the sky!

Art thou the propagator of that power,  
Which Thales' genius in electron found?  
Hast thou deposited thy heat, for our  
Convenience, in that anthracitic ground?  
And those black spots, say, what do they portend?  
If thy extinction, then, our lives must end.

We break into this crust of earth, and wonder,  
At fossils, ages old, by which 'tis proved,  
Eruptions great have rent our globe asunder;  
Thou wert the cause, and yet thou art unmoved.  
These scientific juggles solve, I pray,  
Though thou art ninety million miles away.

Thou wert as now, while history of yore  
Was generated in the womb of time;  
When Cyrus, Xerxes, and Darius wore  
Their crowns, or Menes was in all his prime;  
Before Demosthenes or Cicero talked;  
Ere Euclid in his cradle had been rocked.

Religions, creeds, and schisms disappear;  
Though Zoroaster's Zend is now no more,  
Mohammed and Confucius still are here,  
And Buddhism's cabalistic lore;  
But Christ revealed himself to us, and then,  
His message: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

IRWIN J. T. MUSGROVE.

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### Parisian Affairs.

THE French are very joyful at the prospect of the Czar's visit. They seem to view it as if a special compliment to them, and ignore that their Majesties will also pay a *bon jour* to Austria, Germany and Britain. Naturally the Czar must mark some preference for his allies, and this may take the form of a day or two longer in France. No one ought to begrudge the pleasure the French experience, for they have many troubles and difficulties now to contend against. French ingenuity may be expected to devise some things original, so as to surpass the other nations in their forms of welcome. At present nothing is clear except that the press is agreed to present the Czar with a sword of honour. That smacks of an equivocal compliment. It is good, however, not to look a gift-horse in the mouth. The difficulty and delicacy of the reception will be to keep it thoroughly clear of all political significance. Nicholas II., however, ought to note that the French still expect some tangible proof of the benefit of the alliance to them—Alsace and the evacuation of Egypt are their two objectives. For the realization of these expectations the Czar can do nothing. The triple alliance, as the Duc de Broglie, a good authority, affirms, has only for aim to prevent Russia and France from acquiring any more territory in Europe. So long as the latter refrain from that game of beggar-my-neighbour, they have no reason to expect any attack from the triplice. Russia herself could not be allowed by France even to have a free hand in Eastern Europe. Alliances do not last forever, but acquired territory is difficult to surrender and dangerous to

call in question. All big powers are tarred with the same brush in this respect.

The Cretan rising is becoming more grave; the Sultan is clearly unable to cope with the outbreak, and opinion will not allow him to massacre the Christians as the most definite answer to their reform demands. The "Shadow" has deceived them too often; his government has been atrocious, so the sword will not be allowed to redress crying injustices. Greece has not the slightest intention of permitting the present occasion to slip, in order to aid her co-religionists. The Ottoman empire is rapidly drifting into a full blaze. The six powers that represent the peace of Europe are powerless, save to meet, suggest and retire. Happily this time England is wide awake to Russian designs; she will allow the Franco-Russian allies, who have the Sultan under their wing, to guide him. The blockade of Crete, if necessary, must be commenced by them. That would make irreconcilable enemies of the Greek race, and could not better the silent Turk one iota. Lord Salisbury has Russia in a corner; the latter wants to hold with the hare and run with the hounds. At any moment the Balkan peninsula may break out into fire and sword; Russia will then have to act and not scheme, for she will not be allowed to do as she likes. She cannot aid at once Greeks and Turks. Further, the Greeks require no aid; they have the sea, and England and Italy will take care that they obtain fair play. What France may or can do is unknown. The situation might snap her union with the Muscovite; England has also to keep a sharp look upon Germany, who is "morally" on the side of the Central Powers, but not inclined to commit herself to physical force; she will not be afforded the opportunity to hold aloof and look upon the others tearing each other asunder.

The Central Powers have clearly shown that they cannot guarantee the peace of Europe, and yet it was on their presumed union that public confidence built its hopes. The powers are first occupied looking after their own interests, and then peace on earth, etc., can follow. The Russians will not be allowed what they are scheming at—time to convert the Balkan States into a federation under the Czar, and then adieu to Constantinople as a free city.

The French follow very closely the movements of Li Hung Chang in England. They wish to see how he will play Lord Salisbury, and checkmate the Japs in British favour. So long as the Premier is not guaranteed a *quid pro quo* by Li, in the name of his master, it is useless, excepting that England will consent to have the tax on her imports raised from five to ten per cent. Then the matter must be made as clear as crystal to English people that no treaty of alliance exists between the Chinese and Russian Governments. If so, England cannot lose a moment to show she has an *entente cordiale* with the Japs, as real as she has the same with the Italians. Why England, since she has decided to fight when necessary, and has thrown away her stock of peace-at-any-price plasters, occupies a proud and feared position in the eyes of Continentals. She is making the same impression on Far-Easterns. Li Hung Chang is said to have hit the nail on the head about bloated "armies;" "I can understand their use on 'dry land,' but how to ship and transport them in case of hostilities with England, that is impossible." It is also said that the spectacle of the British Navy has terrified Li, and has lowered his opinion as to the value to his empire of a Russian alliance.

President Faure is receiving an excellent welcome in Bretagne, that stronghold of effete royalty and of clerical influence. But no serious person thinks of any monarchical restoration, and the clergy cannot win by opposing the Republic. One of the oldest inhabitants—a "granny"—stated to an interviewer her pride in being able to boast "she has seen twelve different rulers of France, heads of States, pass through her village, and hopes to behold a few more still." At the present, France is tormented by the state of Madagascar; the lawless nature of the tribes, their reluctance to submit, their crimes and destructive proceedings attest the small grip the French have upon the natives, who have clearly studied the tactics of guerilla warfare. The prospects of pacifying the island are remote, and the cost to succeed will be a terrible drain on the resources of Motherland, who has to study her home strength and that of the triple alliance. The French Government has had to renounce the idea of not recognizing the commercial treaties of England and the United States. Since she retains the tariff these

nations have been guaranteed by the Hovas, that is to say, ten per cent. of the value of goods. The latter if French will be admitted free. Now this is the cause of nearly all the colonial expansion disputes between England and France. The latter, on seizing territory, aims to exclude all outsiders just as do the Chinese, while Britain throws open her grabs to the commercial world. Ten per cent. will never keep British or German goods out of Madagascar, no more than that tariff, and even higher, excludes them from other possessions of France. Hence, the same result will be seen; the trade of France with her colonies will lapse into the hands of the more intelligent foreigner. No wonder the French observe that all their colonial conquests in the end is to make markets for the rivals of France, and to act as police for all parties.

The politicians are dabbling at proposals to secure permanency of existence for Cabinets. The average longevity of the latter is only six months. The cure now advocated is to accord the same length of life to a Ministry as to the Parliament, namely, four years, as in England. That system is rather American; in Britain a Parliament can endure for seven years, but its life is dependent upon a majority of supporters. If the French legislature accepted this condition no French Ministry could live longer than the life of the rose. Besides, the French members of Parliament are strangers to all party discipline, and it would be impossible to expect any sudden change in legislative manners. There is another difficulty; every Frenchman aims to become a Minister and to expect his voting himself to the possibility of remaining four years out in the cold would be viewed as unnatural. Despite all the fluctuations and instability of their Parliamentary institutions, the country keeps well on its legs. The revenue is what tries France; she must soon take a plunge into a deep sea scheme of taxation. It is her financial system that is out of joint: the people have too industrious habits and the love of frugality to disappear. Respecting the latter, there must be more attention given to the wealth babies represent. France is becoming averse to raising little strangers, and if this unpatriotic sterility be not speedily corrected nothing can save the country from joining, in the long run, the Lost Tribes and the dodo. France has no curates, as in England, to keep up the population with families of a row of children like a flight of stairs. Clericalism in this sense would not be the "enemy" for France.

The question of bull fights in France flourishes as lively as ever, due to the vacillation of the Government that will not "take the bull by the horns" and decide, that the fights being illegal, the law must be respected. So long as the authorities break the law and connive at its infraction, the barbarous exhibition will continue. At Nimes, the most Calvinist city in France, the bull fight last Sunday resulted in sixteen horses being gored to death and one picador was all but tossed to join them. The blue ribbon bull was killed by three sword thrusts. And all this before the eyes of the Municipal Council that were officially present. The defence was that the gate money was for the poor. At Marseilles the bull fight on Sunday ended differently. The prefect refused to allow the bull to be killed—which is the great attraction. The spectators broke into the arena, attacked the police, and getting the commissary into the centre, baited him. The row had to cease owing to fire having been applied to one hundred separate parts of the circus; the building was thus reduced to ashes, so no more fights can come off—at least for some time. The Government is to blame; it declines to permit the fights and will not resolutely punish the law breakers. Parisians, a few years ago, were tempted to try the attraction of a bull fight, under the mild form of cow races. On one occasion a real bull was killed according to the laws of the game. The Prefect of Police closed the arena and no one solicited its reopening. Truth on one side of the Pyrenees, error on the other.

Opinion is not satisfied at the justices' justice extended by Belgium to her "un"-distinguished son, Lothaire, for murdering a British subject, Stokes. There was a time—as late too as the days of Palmerston—when England would first exact reprisals and let diplomacy do the rest. It will be an obstacle to Belgians on the Congo, and will render the lives of all white men insecure. The Kaiser would show more pluck.

Z.

Paris, August 12, 1896.

## St. Peter and the Philanthropist.

St. Peter was as busy as a bee,  
Rejecting applications for promotion,  
The doctrines of the New Theology  
Which teach that Hell is an exploded notion,  
Sent shoals of souls aloft, who naturally  
Had sought a realm that is no land of Goshen.  
St. Peter had as much as he could do  
To keep the gate and keep his temper too.

They came in crowds as saucy as you please,  
Each glib tongue reeling off a trumped-up story,  
Like tramps who peddle their infirmities.  
Some from the guillotine or block all gory,  
And some with halters reaching to their knees,  
All swearing good behaviour when in glory.  
St. Peter for a force of specials sent,  
To clear the highway of the firmament.

But one there was in this ill-favoured crowd,  
Who seemed a most superior shade indeed,  
A soul with so much saintliness endowed,  
None could gainsay his license to proceed;  
Even Bowery roughs, by such a presence cowed,  
Made way as to a prince of royal breed.  
Before him went the praises of a nation,  
He seemed of the elect by acclamation.

This worthy passed unhailed the outer guard,  
And boldly asked the saint to let him in  
To Heaven at once, as fit and due reward  
Of earthly course unsmirched by grievous sin,  
Bright with good deeds, a follower of the Lord,  
And pillar of His temple he had been.  
"These riff-raff," said he to the saint, "may well  
Be sent adrift, they're only fit for hell."

"But 'tis absurd to make me wait and prate,  
My claims are such as cannot be ignored;  
I, who on earth, was known in every state,  
And as a great philanthropist adored,  
One who to feed and clothe and educate  
The poor has ever from his coffers poured  
Unstinted coin. Come, Peter, open free,  
Your lockout surely can't apply to me."

"My friend," said Peter, "well I know your fame  
As a philanthropist on earth was great,  
But popularity was then your game,  
It was yourself you wished to elevate,  
And not the masses. So that you became  
A magnate, and a leader in the state,  
Little you recked what good or evil deed  
Would gain your point, and help you to succeed.

"Stripped by your 'corners' and 'combines' even this  
Completed not your pillage of the poor,  
His body bound, you strove with Judas kiss,  
His independent spirit to secure.  
The booty got by force you grudged to miss  
The Good Samaritan's reward for your  
Advancement, robber, rescuer in one,  
You stole even thanks from him you had undone.

"And still to grind your workmen was your plan,  
To cut their wages down a shilling, then  
To fling a penny back, so that from Dan  
Unto Beersheba, coin-blinded men  
Might sound your praises, an obsequious clan  
Nay, friend, those deeds were well rewarded when  
They brought you earthly fame and popularity,  
But here you cannot palm off theft for charity.

"Old Nick owns benefactors such as you,  
And to his regions you must straight repair,  
Unless (which is the utmost I can do)  
You take this passport back to earth, and there  
Live as a workman in the noisy stew  
Of your own workshops; labour, want, and care  
Your life-long lot.' The pilgrim's visage fell,  
"If that's the case, ta-ta, I'm off to hell."

WILLIAM MCGILL.

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Toronto's Great Exhibition commences on Monday next, and lasts until Saturday, September 12th. Among its attractions will be found many beautiful pictures, including F. M. Bell-Smith's portrayal of events attending the death and funeral of Sir John Thompson, for which the Queen herself honoured him with a sitting. This picture is a most remarkable one, and one worth going a long way to see.

## Letters to the Editor.

## THE MARRIAGE ACT.

SIR,—An Act of the Legislature, passed last session—The Marriage Act, 1896—which is of the greatest importance to all, has attracted but little notice, and although there have been a few paragraphs (often inaccurate) in the public press, there appears to be a necessity for calling attention to it.

One cause of this seeming indifference is that people do not recognize the absolute need for a law regulating the solemnization of marriage. The object of the law is not to discourage marriage, nor to place obstacles in its way, but to provide that all marriage ceremonies may be actual and valid marriages, and that a proper record of them be kept. As a matter of course, the law provides—or endeavours to do so—that no such ceremonies be celebrated between persons who are not legally capable of contracting marriage.

The Act made several amendments to the then law and consolidated several Acts, and is now the law regulating marriage in this Province. In one important respect there is no change, and no one can lawfully solemnize marriage in Ontario unless he be a resident in Canada. Certain amendments were made as to publication of banns and respecting licenses, principally to check clandestine marriages, but some corrections appear still to be needed. It is to be regretted that publication of banns has become so infrequent, and it is much to be desired that the governing bodies of the non-conformist churches would unite in providing a recognized form for such publication, and that the clergy would urge on all who are contemplating matrimony to return to the old-fashioned practice and “publish the banns.” G. M.

## RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

SIR,—Your able correspondent, the Rev. John Burton, says in your issue of the 7th inst, on “Our Common Christianity,” dealing with religion in the schools, “Those same jealousies and strifes are the great obstacles in the way of making manifest our common Christianity;” and he further proceeds to remark on the answer of a little girl that to be a Christian is “to be like Christ.”—“Will any of our ologies or isms find a more simple, true, yet comprehensive reply. And when we go to that Great Teacher for instruction, what are the elements in character on which He sets approval? Meekness, striving after righteousness, mercy, purity of heart, peaceableness, endurance for righteousness’ sake, in no case applying what we are accustomed to call religious tests.”

To the first statement of an accusation of the churches, I would reply that undoubtedly the jealousies of the various Christian sects have done, and will always do, harm, like any other jealousies; but I would also remind Mr. Burton that strife is inseparable from any true work. No dozen men will ever think alike on any subject, man’s understanding will always be finite, and therefore differing views will always prevail; but I beg to call the attention of Mr. Burton to the fact that a great propaganda of infidelity is now going on. Buddhism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, are all quietly at work, and are all “naming the name of Christ” as their shibboleth of entrance into the great field of religious warfare. Each of these say exactly the same thing as the little girl: “Be Christ-like,” but what they mean by Christ is another thing. I have heard Him called a “clairvoyant,” I have heard it gravely stated by individuals of these schools that others have done as great works as He, even to the raising of the dead. It seems to me that our clergy and our laymen, and women also, need to gird on their armour more closely than ever, and fight for the “faith once delivered unto the saints.”

The Buddhist and the Theosophist will say, I too teach Christ and to be Christ-like; so what is to hinder them from being reckoned in “Our Common Christianity.” Yet, God forbid! A stronger, deeper basis than a non-divine Christ must be the foundation of our teaching in our schools, or we are doing our children a satanic wrong. Rather, far rather, let us have wholly secular schools than an emasculated teaching of Christianity, which is a disease in itself and of an epidemic nature.

The whole system of divine teaching is strife—within

and without, evil is present with us—ourselves and our fellow-men; “I came not to bring peace but a sword,” is the rallying cry of the Christian world. I know Mr. Burton will reprove me as having left the schools out of my contention, but I have not, in that I am anxious to have it remembered that to be like Christ is to be forever at war with wrong, both in the church and out, and that our children must be taught that there is an authority behind all the teaching they receive, and that that authority is the Holy Scriptures—the Word of God in its entirety, and not sifted of all its elements of truth and command so as to make it fit in with falsehood and an easy-going individualism.

Mr. Burton is not as honest as I should have expected him to be in quoting, from the Athanasian Creed as an answer to the enquiry, “What must I do to be saved?” That it is an answer even he, I think, will acknowledge, and a perfectly true and full answer, but it was not intended to deal with the sin-sick heart immediately, where a tender sympathy is certainly needed; it is, instead, a theological statement of facts that have been already taught and received. As such it will ever deserve the place it holds, and will be the better received the more it is studied.

S. A. C.

## “ENGLISH IN SCHOOLS (PUBLIC).”

SIR,—I read in THE WEEK for Aug. 14th a very able plea for the better teaching of English in schools. The writer refers chiefly to Collegiate Institutes, I believe, and finds the methods employed there rather ridiculous; but, if these are ludicrous, those of the Public Schools are pathetic. I attended one of the large schools in the centre of the city for a time, and as this institution is always classed as one of the best, if not *the* best, in Toronto, it may be taken as a fair example. There, teaching one of the senior classes, was a woman whose vagaries were well known to her scholars. It was a daily occurrence for her to turn from the blackboard, where she was demonstrating a problem, and remark, “That makes it clear, now don’t it?” and one day I remember being sharply reprovved because I ventured to pronounce “psalm” and “calm” as if the “l” was there and not as if they were spelt “sam” and “cam.” Grocery problems were favourites with this teacher and she frequently propounded questions about “barls” and “curns.” But these were mild slips and were quite eclipsed on the occasions when she forgot herself. Strange to say, though so lax in regard to the Queen’s English herself, she was at times quick to note mistakes among her scholars. During one grammar lesson she grew very wroth with a scholar who persistently said “aint,” and, with a fine logic and consistency, turned to us, holding the text-book aloft, and exclaimed, “See, girls, this here grammar aint goin to do you no good if you don’t learn to speak proper.” I don’t remember that she made any attempts to instil in us any love for English Literature. It was left for the teacher of the senior class of all to impress upon us the glories of our written tongue. Her methods of teaching were beautiful in their simplicity. Choosing a selection we were requested to read it over, which we did in a sort of sing-song chant, which might have easily been mistaken for a dirge at a short distance off. This interesting part of the performance being over, our instructress proceeded to “explain” all passages which appeared obscure (she never undertook one of Browning’s poems—a fact which I have always regretted, as I am convinced she would have shed a unique light upon a hitherto dusky subject). She had a faculty for never confessing herself beaten—a trait estimable in itself, but apt to lead to strange results at times. In one of our subjects for study mention was made of the famous painting, “The Angelus,” and when a scholar asked who painted the original, the reply given, in a manner delightfully vague and offhand, was “Oh, one of the old Italian masters; I am not just sure which.” Another day, while engaged on Emerson’s “Robin,” we came across the sentence, “He is a feathered Pecksniff, to be sure.” Our teacher looked puzzled for a moment, but soon regained her wonted ease of manner and informed us that a “Pecksniff” was a kind of bird, so-called because he pecked at the bark, and then sniffed. “Ah! what a gift is self-possession; and when allied with a never-failing imagination it is truly sublime.”

I have always felt a sort of admiration for these teachers, whose scorn of all things conventional was so universal as to

extend even to grammar. Both knew the text-books by heart, yet it seemed as if they would say, "You may send us to the Normal School with the imposing name, and bind us down to rules hard and fast, but, in spite of all, we will rise superior and cast off all restraint." It is a grand idea but a little dangerous to their disciples who may be fired with a desire to do likewise, and as these cannot all become Public School teachers I sigh to think what will become of them. It seems almost inconceivable that a person could be "educated" to teach, live to middle age, mix with the world (as a teacher must to a certain extent), and yet be densely ignorant in regard to the commonest general knowledge. Truly, there must be "something rotten in the state of—exam. marks."

VALANCE BERRYMAN.

\* \* \*

### The Boatman's Song.

Rowing, rowing on the river,  
I'm a boatman hale and gay—  
Rowing, rowing on the river  
Year by year, and day by day.

'Round my boat the wavelets, sporting,  
Kiss her black and glossy sides—  
I'm a witness to their courting,  
Rowing 'gainst, or with the tides.

Merry sunbeams play about me  
Laughing on the joyful river;  
On its banks tall trees salute me,  
All around their shadows quiver.

Rowing over Life's broad river  
Some row weakly, some row strong;  
At the oars some ever toiling,  
Some drift listlessly along.

With the powerful tide of sin  
Many willingly go;  
But all bend their oars against  
The austere tide of woe.

Rowing over Life's great river  
'Gainst the tide of Time we row—  
Fruitless all is our endeavour  
With the tide of Time we go!

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

WALLACE MACLEAN.

\* \* \*

### Art Notes.

"THERE is a requisite in portrait-painting which," says a writer in Scribner's Magazine, "it is to be feared, many of our modern painters consider of small consequence. That requisite is devotion and attention to the model. In landscape or figure painting the freedom of the painter is almost boundless. He may twist colour, air, light, people, as he pleases, and may warp the whole scene in nature to express his own sentiment or individuality. In fact, the best of modern landscape-painting is largely the expression of a subjective feeling in the painter in which the literal truth of nature is often sacrificed to the poetic truth of art. But the liberty of the portrait-painter is not the license of the landscape-painter. His subject is more exacting and requires the full measure of its truth of likeness. It is because the likeness is distorted and the character of the sitter is romanced that we have to-day so many indifferent, not to say bad, portraits. The personality of the sitter is sacrificed to the personality of the painter. Mrs. Brown's portrait is a marvel of colour, brush-work, plain air, changeable silks—almost anything or everything pictorial, except a likeness of Mrs. Brown. 'Well, she has a picture, and what more does she want?' says the painter. The lady might answer that she wanted a likeness of herself, and not an 'effect' in grey, gold, or green. That would certainly mark her as a Philistine. Anyone who grumbles at paying several thousand dollars for one thing, receiving in its stead another thing, must be a Philistine. Besides, if she wished a likeness she should have gone to a photographer; artists produce only works of art. All of which may be true; but why should not the painter try to make a work of art out of a likeness? Bellini, Mantegna, Antonello de Messina and Francia did it.

They were not thinking of colour symphonies, millinery effects, and a variety of illuminations. Their sole aim was to tell the truth about the model before them, and in telling that truth they produced such works of art as the world has not seen since their day. Titian, Velasquez, and Rembrandt followed their initiative, but Van Dyck made possible the decadence. His nobility of pose and elegance of surroundings produced the picture-portrait. It was an undoubted success in his hands, but what did it become in the hands of his imitators? They caught at the silks, tapestries, and fine colours, and allowed the sitter to take care of herself. That is precisely what many of the present-day painters are doing. They are aiming at an ornate form of picture-portrait and missing the characteristic likeness. Whereat the Philistine grumbles, and the painters wonder why. If one can give the portrait and make a picture at the same time, so much the better; but if the portrait be given with frankness and sincerity, if the model be rendered with knowledge and truth, the result will be a picture—a work of art—whether the painter so designs it or not. Holbein and Velasquez told the exact truth about their sitters, and their simpler portraits are to-day their better pictures; Lawrence and his followers in devoting themselves to "stunning" effects not only compromised the likeness, but made the picture bizarre by emphasis in the wrong place. The tale has been more than twice told in the history of art. A simple truth is always better than an ornate falsehood."

Upon the death of Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy, who died in London on Aug. 13, from the effects of an operation performed for the relief of cancer of the throat, The Critic affords the following notes: He was born at Southampton, 8th June, 1829, and began his artistic education in the winter of 1838-39, at a drawing academy, passing two years later into the schools of the Royal Academy. In 1856 he was elected an A.R.A., being, with the exception of Lawrence, the youngest artist who has attained that distinction; he became an R.A. in 1863, was made an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1878, a member of the Institute of France in 1883, a baronet in 1885, and President of the Royal Academy in the early part of this year, on the death of Lord Leighton. He was of an active and athletic temperament and was devoted to outdoor sports, especially to salmon-fishing, at which he was a noted expert. Socially he was a great favourite, and his death will be regretted deeply and widely. Among his surviving relatives is his sister, widow of Lester Wallack.

Owing in great part to his easy-going disposition—for he would not take the pains to defend himself,—Millais has been made the butt of a good deal of rather shallow criticism. He had, in uncommon perfection, gifts which are essential for a painter, and his success was, in consequence, easy and rapid. His parents were people of means who encouraged his vocation, and he had not to struggle, as some of his noted friends had, with poverty. As a student he took the Academy gold medal for historical painting, and while yet a mere boy obtained paying work as an illustrator. But there are people who believe, or affect to believe, that great skill does not imply any considerable mental endowment, and these are ready to ascribe all the best qualities of his work to the influence on him of his brother pre-Raphaelites, William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The minute realism of some of his early pictures, such as "The Huguenot" and "Ophelia," is said to be due to the example of Hunt, who was painting at about the same time that miracle of patience, "The Light of the World." But Millais leaned naturally to the painting of broad relations—which is surely a more intellectual kind of painting than Hunt's—and even in the pictures just named and others like them did not fail to secure truth of aspect.

Though he undoubtedly cared more for the persons than the principles of his companions of the P.R.B., Millais's pictures of the time are the most satisfactory outcome of the latter, for they are imaginative as well as realistic, and broadly conceived as well as carefully finished. With them must be classed his book illustrations of the same period, especially those of Tennyson's poems and Trollope's novels, in all of which there is a very uncommon feeling for character and emotional expression, with an always ready invention of appropriate treatment. The simplicity of the means with which the desired effect is gained is, in some cases, extraordinary; take the snow scene in the illustration to

"St. Agnes' Eve" and the figures in the cut of "Edward Gray" for examples. His later work does not often come up to them in depth of feeling, but in power of handling he has sometimes surpassed them. His big unpopular landscapes, such as "Scotch Firs" and "Flowing to the Sea," are perhaps his best works in this respect. Several of Millais's paintings are very well known through engravings, among them being the two named above and "The Proscribed Royalist," a man hiding in the hollow of a tree, "St. Agnes' Eve," illustrating Keats' poem of the name, and a quite different composition from the drawing referred to above, "The Black Brunswicker" and "Yes and No."

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### Music.

THE house in which Ludwig von Beethoven was born, December 17th, 1770, is composed of a house facing the street and an annex looking on the court. The two buildings frequently changed owners, and were offered for sale before being definitely consecrated to the memory of the great man.

Although the house, in the first half of this century, preserved the characteristics of the habits of its former owners, comfortable burghers, the rooms in the annex were occupied by the families of workmen in a very miserable condition. An inn of evil fame occupied the lower portion, and it was not rare to hear coarse songs sung in the place where one of the greatest musical geniuses was born.

The poverty of the lodgers, it is true, had strongly contributed towards preserving the front of the building from any change. Although sordid in appearance, the house had undergone no important deterioration. The annex—comprising the old retreat of Johann Von Beethoven, tenor to the Elector's chapel, and the little room under the roof where his son was born—even remained in its primitive condition.

It was then not too soon when, toward the beginning of the year 1889, twelve notables of the city of Bonn joined together to purchase the house. Joachim, the violinist, eagerly accepted the presidency of the Verein Beethoven Haus, and in the month of May of the same year the committee decided that after a restoration, to be as carefully made as possible, a museum should be organized wherein should be gathered the manuscripts, letters and portraits of the master, the different editions of his works and the writings published on his life and work.

Two concerts and an exhibition were organized in the course of the years 1890 and 1893. With the receipts from these the committee was enabled to immediately realize its project. The house was bought.

If, as has already been said, the annex remained as it was in the time of Beethoven, the carelessness of the last inmates necessitated certain repairs, and the old walls were retouched more than the lovers of the master would have wished.

The garden was restored to look as it did in the olden time, and all the restorations were made with the most religious care. The museum collection was then taken under consideration. The Emperor gave some ear trumpets that formerly belonged to the master, and the government also gave the celebrated portrait painted by Schimon and the quartet instruments that had belonged to Beethoven. These examples were widely emulated, and to-day the house on the Bonngasse is too small to contain all the curiosities that popular enthusiasm has poured into it.

The series of portraits arranged in chronological order offers material for more than one study. There is the young Beethoven, chief organist of the Elector, represented in wig and frilled shirt; he is afterward represented as he appeared at about the age of thirty; then he is shown us in the strength of his manhood; then comes a portrait made a short time before his death, truthfully reproducing his features pinched and deeply lined by suffering. The plaster cast of the face and the study made by Donnhauser of the corpse of the great man complete the series.

Beethoven has short, straight hair in all the portraits that date before the year 1810. In no engraving and in no painting is there to be detected a trace of that shaggy mane represented in the design of Klobner, in 1818, and all the

portraits that follow this. In fact, from this date the Beethoven curls became, one knows not why, a particular characteristic of his physiognomy, and a species of sacred sign for all his admirers.

Three large portraits, life size, placed side by side, occupy the left wall. Beethoven is in the centre between his mother and the Countess of Brunswick, "The eternal friend." This picture was painted in the autumn of 1819 by Ferdinand Schimon. Schindler, the friend and biographer of the composer, relates a good anecdote concerning it. The master being at this time very much occupied with the composition of his mass in D, continually put off the time for sitting for his portrait. Finally he allowed Schimon to install himself in his study and finish the portrait as he could. Nothing was wanted but the expression when the musician decided to have a glance at the canvas. He had remarked the easy and natural manners of the painter; his manner of entering without saying good-day, and of going away without saying farewell. He became so interested in the painter that he invited the young man to take coffee in his company. Schimon studied at his leisure the expression which had escaped him till then. Invited a second time to take a cup of coffee of "60 beans," the painter completely finished his work. And Schindler adds that Beethoven was thoroughly satisfied with the portrait.

The portrait is of great value, whatever may be said of the truth of the anecdote. Schimon has scrupulously reproduced the features of the face. The portrait of the Countess of Brunswick to the right is the work of Lampi, considered in his time one of the best painters of Austria. A dedication from the hand of the countess is inscribed on the back of the painting:

*Dem seltenen Genie,  
Dem grossen Kunstler,  
Dem guten Menschen.*

To the rare genius, great artist and good man. Beethoven carefully guarded this present to the day of his death, as well as the famous letters of "the eternal friend."

The third portrait, that of the mother of Beethoven, belonged to a particular Bonn collection. It was preserved all the time in the one family, and seems to be authentic. Point by point it follows the tradition: "Statue of Frau Beethoven, tall, elongated face, nose lightly curved, thin, eyes serious."

The expression of the face, as well as the costume indicate that the beloved mother of the master was ill at the time this portrait was taken. She died of consumption on July 17, 1789, and one can still read under one of the glasses in the museum the sad letter that Beethoven wrote to a friend some time later. Here is a paragraph: "She died about seven weeks after my return, having suffered for a long time. She was an adored mother—my best friend. No one was happier than I when I could utter her sweet name, and when she could hear it. Alas! to whom can I speak it now?"—*M. Gevaert, in La Revue Hebdomadaire.*

The Vienna Orchestra, under Eduard Strauss, has begun its annual tour through Germany, and has given concerts in Silesia, Saxony and the Rheinland.

Rubinstein left a voluminous work, containing not only his opinions on musical subjects, but also reminiscences of the more important events in his life. It consists of aphorisms and brief accounts of his experiences.

The composer Raffaele Paravicini, lately deceased at Milan, left an annual income of 10,000 francs, to be employed annually in producing at La Scala, or some other leading theatre in Italy, a new opera by a pupil of an Italian conservatory.

Next year Portugal will celebrate the fourth centenary of Vasco de Gama's discovery of the road to the Indies. The musical programme of the celebration is being made up with a praiseworthy regard for national composers, and prizes will be offered for the best commemorative hymn, the best grand opera upon a Portuguese subject, etc., etc. It is said that one of the chief features of the occasion will be a most elaborately-mounted production of Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*.

The home for aged musicians which Verdi is building in Milan is located at Porta Magenta, at the Piazza Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. A few weeks ago he was on the spot inspecting its progress. He left thence for the summer resort, Montecatini, where he usually spends the hot season.

Ricordi obtained last February a search warrant for the houses of two musicians, Giuseppe Pomé and Cesare Malotti, with a view of seizing any copies of Puccini's *Manon* that might be found in their possession. As nothing but a few notes intended for study were discovered, the court a few days ago ordered the restoration of the music.

According to reports from Pesaro, Romano Sciava has written a libretto from Hauptmann's *Die Weber*, which has been offered to Mascagni, who inclines to accepting it. Meanwhile he is thinking of writing a *Bohème*, like Leoncavallo and Puccini, in which he will use the music he intended for *Cigarette*, the operatta which was discontinued as Jules Clarette would not allow his text to be used.

The score of R. Strauss' last symphonic poem, *So Spake Zarathustra*, is completed, and the work will be produced for the first time at the Frankfort Museum November 27. The second performance will take place at the Gurzenich hall, Cologne, December 1. A volume of new songs by him has just been published at Munich. He will in December give concerts at Liege and Brussels devoted exclusively to his own compositions.

The Royal Choral Society will commence their next season on October 29, ending on May 6. The *Golden Legend* will be performed on November 19; *St. Paul*, with Mr. P. Greene, on December 1; *Messiah*, on January 1; *Händel's Israel in Egypt* and *Schubert's Song of Miriam*, February 11; *March, 3, Redemption*; *March 25, Parry's Job and Spohr's Last Judgment*, and April 16, *Messiah*. Dr. Bridge will enter this season on his duties as conductor of the society.

The decision was given August 5 by the French court, in the action raised by the heirs of the late Victor Wilder to oblige Mme. Cosima Wagner to make use of his translation of the libretti of Richard Wagner operas. The court has non-suited M. Wilder's heirs on the ground that Mme. Wagner has a legal right to use any translator she may choose for the rendering into French of her late husband's operas. There was nothing in M. Wilder's agreement to give him a monopoly of these translations.

In a lately published letter to Manager Prjanischnikow, Tschaiakowsky speaks of his unfitness for opera conducting. "The fact is that a composer who conducts his own works, and especially such a nervous and inexperienced conductor as I, can wreck an opera. This almost happened to me at Moscow. But apart from this I find that the composer who also conducts impresses on the executive artist a certain little-desirable nervousness. The singers, the choruses, the orchestra perform their tasks much more accurately and quietly when they are under the firm, well-known hand of their usual conductor. It is somewhat different in the case of symphony concerts."

The tenor Franz Broulik, who for the last twelve years has been a member of the Budapest Opera Company, lately refused to sing in the Wagner cyclus to be given at that theatre, and sent to the management the certificate of two doctors to the effect that he was not in a state to sing the part of *Loge* in the *Rheingold*. The management obtained a certificate from two other doctors stating that he was in a condition to sing. The result is that the tenor was dismissed. Perhaps national jealousy had something to do with it. The Hungarians, in this their millennium celebration, do not look favorably on a performance at their national theatre of the works of such a thoroughly German master as Richard Wagner, and this abrupt dismissal of Broulik has intensified the hostile feeling.

So far the "record" price for a Stradivarius is the high figure, £2,000. That fabulous sum was obtained for an in-

strument which is even now almost as fresh as when it left the hands of its maker, exactly 180 years ago. It has a wonderful, even a romantic history, this priceless treasure. Stradivarius thought so much of it himself that not only did he refuse to sell it, but he would allow no stranger to touch it, and when he died in 1737, at the ripe old age of ninety-three, he made a special bequest of it to his sons. In 1760 the latter parted with it to the Count de Salabue, who never played it, but kept it spotless, like some rare jewel, till his death, about 1827. The count's heirs sold it to a certain Luigi Tarisio, an eccentric collector, who, beginning life as a carpenter, was found to have left a fortune of £12,000 when his body was one day discovered among a confused heap of some 250 Cremonas which he had gathered together in the course of a thirty years' search.—*Chambers's Journal*.

\* \* \*  
Twilight.

Faint shadows gloom athwart the Bay,  
All garish lights grow dimmer,  
As 'mid the sunset's crimson ray  
Steals twilight's gentle shimmer.

Hush'd is the din in the village street,  
Softer the voices of lads at play,  
On the winding hills no hurrying feet,  
All tell the knell of dying day.

Then falls that hour, so sad, so sweet,  
Yet laden oft with anguish keen;  
When phantoms of the past we meet  
And with them mourn "The might have been."

Picton-on-Quinté.

ALEX. GOURLAY.

\* \* \*  
Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe.\*

THIS is a continuation, we can scarcely call it a sequel to the author's "Forest, Lake and Prairie," issued from the same press last Christmas and which delighted many a lad who loves stories of adventure and travel. If it be their good fortune to obtain it, "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe" will not disappoint their most sanguine expectations. It abounds with lively descriptions of long rides over the snow-covered prairies, of the ways and wanderings behind a train of willing, swiftly travelling dogs, of camping in the snow, of buffalo hunts and adventures in the saddle, tales of the Indians, life in the lodges which the writer visits, and is at one time adopted or taken friendly possession of by a renowned chief during a stay in camp.

While hard work, hardship, and plucky endurance characterise and give vim and go to the story, the incidents in which the love of fun, inherent in every boy's nature, finds opportunity of play, add much to the brightness and realistic value of the book. Stories of the red man, his simplicity, his trust and his courage, are not wanting, and every boy will read with delight that of how the old Chief Maskepetoon and his grandson, a lad of fifteen or sixteen, braved alone the furious onslaught of a band of Blackfeet. How the old man stood without a tremor, calm, majestic and courageous, a target for a hundred guns or swift death-dealing arrows, waited and conquered—winning terms of peace for his tribe and unbounded admiration from his enemies. What the chief's weapon was we will leave the readers of the book to learn for themselves—we would be loth to spoil the tale by quoting it here.

The account given of the pound making and pound keeping,—the corral into which the buffalo are driven by Mr. "Who-brings-them-in," and all the attendant rites and ceremonies, is a well written bit of history; for, alas, the buffalo are no more and the men who scoured the prairie, knowing that the food for his whole tribe depended upon their success, have had to turn their abilities to less exciting pursuits.

The book is well illustrated, the drawings being faithful to the reality and the scenes well chosen, thus making it a very attractive volume to the eyes of those who are looking for good books for the boys of their household.

\* "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe." Pioneering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties. By John McDougall. Toronto: William Briggs.

## Recent Fiction.\*

"A FIRST FLEET FAMILY" has its main adventures laid in Australia. It purports to be founded on the journals of a Sergeant Dew. The Sergeant was sent out from England with the first consignment of convicts to Botany Bay. The adventures of Dew before he enlisted are the common ones in his time: namely, about a century ago of a youth's connection with smugglers. In Dew's case the connection was enforced, but through it he found himself obliged to take the shilling and next to volunteer for service as one of the marines drafted to the "Sirius," which took charge of the convoy. The adventure of Will Bryant and Mary Broad are intertwined with those of Sergeant Dew. A Lieutenant Fairfax of the marines also plays a conspicuous part in the narrative. The convoy arrived safely after much hardship, and, as soon as landed, the male and female convicts were married. Captain Phillip, who was in command of the expedition, proposed this method of settling the convicts in a comfortable manner, so that they might begin a new life respectably. Great privation was endured by all hands, but these people were the founders of Australia. Other fleets of convicts were afterwards sent out by the British Government, but those who came with the first-shipment were always known as the First Fleet Families. The most interesting part of the book is the account of the attempted escape in an open boat by Will Bryant's gang. How much of the book is really fiction and how much is veritable history is hard to say. The editor's preface claims that the memoirs are authentic. New South Welshmen will find much to interest them in this book. We cannot say that it has awakened in us more than languid curiosity.

"The Story of a Marriage" is a description of the attempt made by a young enthusiast, Laurence Temple, to prove the equality of all men by marrying a woman of lower rank of life than himself. He picks up the handsome daughter of a market gardener and appeals to her thus: "Will you be my wife, Bessie, and let me guide you and help you to develop into the noble woman nature intends you to be?" Bessie's idea in marrying a gentleman was to be a lady, which she understood to mean dressing handsomely and being as lazy as heart could desire. Both parties mistook their ideal and the result was unsatisfactory. Temple was a vegetarian; Bessie liked good living. Temple desired simplicity; Bessie wanted display. Temple had a refined mind; Bessie a vulgar one. In spite of all that, our sympathies rather go to Bessie. Temple rather made a fool of himself and had not sufficient  *nous*  to make the best of the woman he got. A vulgar rival called Job Tolley understood the woman much better, and our readers will understand the rest. We cannot honestly say that we have enjoyed this book.

"Embarrassments," by Henry James, is a collection of four stories: "The Figure in the Carpet," "Glasses," "The Next Time," "The Way it Came." What they were written for, or why they are printed, we cannot understand. There is nothing in them—no plot—no point. What is infinitely worse they are pretentious, and they are written in a style which makes you think that the author is always saying to himself as he writes, "What a clever fellow I am." Somebody may be able to extract sunbeams from this cucumber. We honestly confess our inability to do so.

Mrs. Clifford's story, "A Flash of Summer," is exceedingly pretty. The heroine of the book, Katherine Kerr, is a very amiable, lovable girl. She marries a man named

\* "A First Fleet Family": A hitherto unpublished narrative of certain remarkable adventures, compiled from the papers of Sergeant William Dew, of the Marines, by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffrey. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

"The Story of a Marriage," by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Embarrassments," by Henry James. New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"A Flash of Summer": The Story of a Simple Woman's Life by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Sense and Sensibility," by Jane Austen. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson, with an introduction by Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Melincourt, or Sir Oran Haut-ton," by Thomas Love Peacock. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend, with an introduction by George Saintsbury. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Popular Tales," by Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Miss Chris Hammond, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Belcher, a London solicitor and an unmitigated cad. How she came to marry him our readers must learn from the book itself. Like most women who marry the wrong man, she meets, when too late, the right man. Poor Katherine. Her fate was very hard. Our readers must find out for themselves what the termination of this book is. It is very carefully, sympathetically written, and we most cordially recommend it to those of our readers whose lives are not too sad to prevent them from hearing of the sadness of others.

Macmillan & Co.'s reprint of standard novels include the last three books on our list. No praise is too great for the manner in which these reprints are being published. Type, paper, binding—all are excellent. The illustrations are profuse and beautifully executed. They portray exactly what the reader imagines the respective characters would be in real life. If there is any occasion for caricature it is not exaggerated. Whenever a pretty face might be expected it is forthcoming. Each volume is also provided with an introduction by some man who knows what he is writing about—thus this series, when complete, will be a most valuable collection. Macaulay, in his essay on Madame D'Arblay, says of Miss Austen: "Shakespeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who, in the point which we have noticed (namely, variety of character) have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud." This praise is very high. The essay on Madame D'Arblay was issued in 1843. "Sense and Sensibility" was published in 1811. The book itself is now 80 years old, and Macaulay's estimate of its writer is over 50 years old. To us in 1896 who have since Miss Austen had the felicity of reading George Eliot's books, Macaulay's praise seems too great, but to-day "Sense and Sensibility" retains its vitality. We are quite certain that the modern young woman, however, would go to sleep over it. As for the modern young man, novels are not in his line—dollars and cents are what he is after. To those persons who still enjoy a good book "Sense and Sensibility" will afford a very great deal of pleasure. Peacock's novel, "Melincourt," is really a satire. The introduction states "Melincourt" is usually considered the least interesting of Peacock's novels. The book was written in 1817, published in 1818, and was republished in 1856 with, what was then, an up-to-date preface by the author. The book is more curious than interesting. It contains covert attacks on Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. The appearance of constant foot-notes which are quotations from all kinds of classics in all kinds of languages gives the book a learned aspect. The abuses Peacock complained of have nearly all vanished, but the human nature he describes remains nearly very much the same. Miss Edgeworth's "Popular Tales" are too well known to require description. There are eleven in the volume under review. We know of no book we would sooner give to a young man or a young woman than this volume. Every story teaches some excellent lesson, and if it is possible to secure the attention of the rising generation to anything which will do them good we can safely refer them for both amusement and instruction to Miss Edgeworth's "Popular Tales."

## BRIEFER NOTICES.

*Without Sin.* A novel by Martin J. Pritchard. (Chicago: Thomas H. Stone & Co.)—The scene of this novel is laid in a fashionable circle of London society, which the author has whimsically composed of second-rate English gentry and nobility, with a liberal element of rich Jews. The book gives evidence that the writer is possessed of considerable talent, a fair imagination, lacking in judgment, and withal a good control of language. But he lets this appear in connection with the ordinary characters of the story, whilst the characters in "high life" are altogether artificial and apparently produced from book-knowledge of them rather than from actual study. The plot has no necessary connection with such surroundings, unless the author thought that by getting so far away, he could make everything appear acceptable. In fact, the effect of reading the whole book is to make one regret that so much of our author's potentiality should be wasted on sham and unreality without point or object, when so much real true human nature is waiting to be studied and understood.

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

Max Beerbohm now devotes himself to caricaturing his literary friends, and a fresh series of these drawings is to begin in the September Chap-Book. Among them are caricatures of Andrew Lang, William Archer, G. Bernard Shaw, Clyde Fitch and last Mr. Max Beerbohm himself.

Frederick William Nichols Crouch, who will long be remembered as the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died recently at the age of eighty-eight. He was a native of London, but had spent more than half of his checkered life in the U. S., chiefly in Baltimore. He had married four times and was the father of twenty-seven children. The number of his compositions was about 2,000.

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A Well Known Young Lady in Napanee Gives Her Experience—So Weak that She Could Not Go Up Stairs Without Resting—Her Friends Thought She Was in Consumption—Now the Picture of Health and Strength.

From the Beaver, Napanee, Ont.

Among the young ladies of Napanee there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Indeed her acquaintance and popularity covered a more extended field, as she is a travelling saleslady for the Robinson Corset Co., and has many customers on her route which extends from Ottawa to Ottawa. How this young lady happens to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she has recently undergone a most remarkable change through the use of those wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When the reporter of the Beaver called to make enquiry into her cure, he was met at the door by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks

and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a prolonged illness. The reporter mentioned his mission and found Miss Byrnes quite willing to tell the particulars of what she termed "an escape from death." In reply to the query "what have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills done for you?" she replied, "why, they have done wonders. I feel like a new woman now. For eight years I was weak and miserable, and at times I could not walk. I was greatly troubled with indigestion, and frequently could not keep anything on my stomach, not even a glass of milk. I had dizzy spells, severe headaches, and my complexion was of a yellowish hue. My kidneys also troubled me, and in fact I was all aches and pains. In going up a flight of stairs I had either to be assisted up, or would have to rest several times before I got to the top. At times my hands and feet would have no more warmth in them than lumps of ice. On one occasion while stopping at an hotel in Kingston, after waiting on a number of my customers, I fell down in a faint. The landlady found me in this condi-



tion and sent for a doctor, who, after bringing me back to consciousness, gave me medicine to take. He told me that my system was so badly run down that it was imperative that I should have absolute rest. His medicine had no beneficial effect that I could see, and I tried a number of other doctors, with no better results. I became so low that I cared for neither work nor pleasure, and my friends thought I had gone into consumption. It was at this juncture that I determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and my appearance to-day will show you what a wonderful change they have wrought in me. I continued taking the Pink Pills for three months, and before discontinuing them every ache and pain had disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine, and I am eager to let the fact be known for the benefit of other sufferers."

Mrs. Byrnes was present during the interview and strongly endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she believed they had saved her life.

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An article entitled "The Goldfields of British Guiana," is contributed to the New York Engineering and Mining Journal by Mr. C. E. Clarke, an American mining engineer, and describes the result of his observations made in the gold-bearing district of British Guiana. Much of the territory explored is amongst that claimed by Venezuela, and it is interesting to note Mr. Clarke's statement is that during the whole of his travels up to the Schomburgk line he never found a Venezuelan settlement, canoe, trader or miner. The country, he states, was opened up by young colonists fond of adventure, whose attention was first directed to cutting rare woods, medicinal herbs, etc. They had made a few permanent settlements there, carrying with them law, order, and protection to property, when placer gold was discovered, and the population rapidly increased.

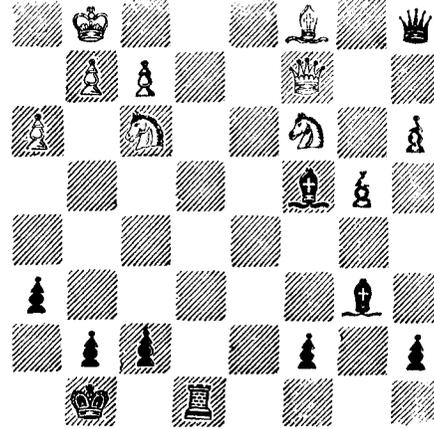
## Chess.

The Champion of Canada plays Ruy Lopez as follows:—

Notes by the Winner.

Davison	Golstein	Game	749
1 P K4	P K4	BD	GE
2 Kt KB3	Kt QB3	SM	rx
3 B K5	B B4	Jo	Rw
4 P B3	Q B3	tu	8P
5P Q4 best, (P KR3, 6 KKt K2) PxP, 6 PK5, QKt3 7 P xP, Kt xQP, 8 Kt xKt, Q Kt3, 9 B K3, B xKt, 10 QxB Q xB, 11 Kt B3, Q B3, 12 Kt Q5 with better position, says Pillsbury.			
5 P Q3?	P KR3	23	7766
6 Castle	KKt K2	AS	ZG
7 this loses time.			
7 P KR3	P Q3	2233	76
8 P Q4	P xP	54	E4
9 P xP	B Kt5	u4	wn
10 P QR3	B R4	bc	ne
11 P QKt4	B Kt3	kn	ep
12 P K5	P xP	DE	6E
13 P Q5	P K5	45	ED
14 P xKt	P xP	5x	qx
15 B xP ch	Kt xB	ox†	Gx
16 Q K2	Castle	1B	HZ
17 Q xP	Q xR	BD	Pa
18 Q xKt	B KB4	Dx	zO
19 Kt B3	B Q2	ju	O7
20 Q B4	B K3	xv	7F
21 Q Q3	QR Q1	v3	h8
22 Q B2	B B5	3t	Fv
23 R K1	KRK1	JA	RH
24 R xR ch	R xR	A††	8H

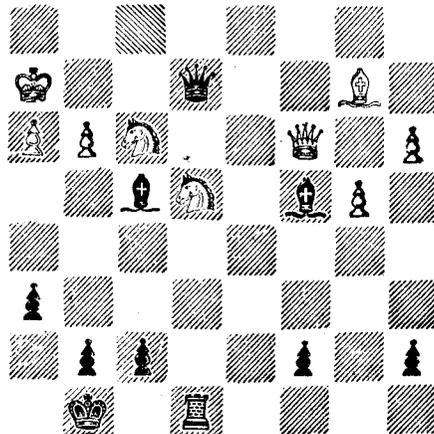
(1K3B1q, 1PP2Q2, 1PN2N1P, 5bP1.



8. p5b1, lpp2p1p, lkir4)

25 K R2	B xP?	S22	pK?
25... losing a piece.			
26 Kt Q1 wins Bishop.			
26 B Kt2?	Q KB8	sk?	aS
27 Kt K4	B K6	uD	KC
28 Q B3	B B5 ch	tu	CN†
29 P Kt3	Q K7 ch	TU	JB†

8, K2q2B1, PPN2Q1P, 2bN1, bp1.



8, p7, lpp2p1p, lkir4)

30K Kt1, B K6 ch, 31 K R1, Q xKt ch, 32 KR2, Q K7 ch, 33 K R1, Q B8 ch, 34 QKt3 mating	2211	NE
30 K R1	B K4	ME
31 KtxB	Q xKt ch	BD†
32 K Kt1	B Q4	118 v5

Black wins the game  
33 Kt B3, K K6 ch, 34 Q xQ, Rx Q, 35 Kt Q4, R xP ch, 36 K B1, P Q3, 37 P KR4, R R6, etc.

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## Periodicals.

The Chap Book for the current month begins the publication of a series of papers by Alice Morse Earle, authoress of "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," etc., under the head of "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days": The first paper of this series is called "The Bilboes." Other clever papers in the August issue of this bright little magazine are: "The Husband Intervenes"; "Oreste's Patron," and the customary "Notes," besides poetry, of which "Beside the Bridge," by John Stuart Thomson, we think charming.

The second number of Ottawa's new magazine, The Lounger, is to hand and appears to be quite a creditable issue. It opens with an interesting article on "The New Cabinet," containing a sketch and portrait of each Member. There are, of course, several articles in lighter vein, among them "The Nail in the Skull"—an exciting story of the gruesome kind; "A Man Like McGregor," by the editor; and a neatly illustrated article on "Banff the Beautiful." As an additional attraction the number contains copies of several fine paintings, such as "The Fates," "A Secret," "Maternity," etc.

A further instalment of "The Secret of Saint Florel" commences the August issue of Macmillan's. The number also contains the following interesting articles: "A Prince of Wales"; "Rahel Levin and Her Times"; "The Long Vacation"; "Shall We Return to the Land"; "An Execution in India"; "On the Antiquity of Tobacco-Smoking"; "The Story of His Life"; "The Red Deer of New Zealand," and "In Lord's Pavilion," in which latter the writer, in commenting upon a recent match between Oxford and Cambridge, shares the views expressed in THE WEEK of the 24th July, on the policy adopted by the Cambridge captain of ordering no-balls and wide balls to be bowled to prevent his opponents from following their innings—a policy, we thought, and still think, was not in accord with ideal cricket, although the Cambridge captain acted strictly within his legal rights.

"The Decline of Cobdenism," by Sidney Low, is the first paper in The Nineteenth Century for August. The writer admits that "it is possible that if Cobden were alive today, and face to face with the conditions of latter-day industrialism and international competition, he might be a Cobdenite no longer." The article by Mr. John Scott Montagu, on "Nature versus the Chartered Company," sets forth the great difficulties which are presented to Rhodesia by transport shortcomings, more especially in view of the "rinderpest" plague. Of "Li Hung Chang" Mr. A. Michie writes, "He has always had a leaning towards England on solid grounds, and might still have if she would only be steady and have a policy which would remain in focus for a few seconds. This preference for England is simply dictated by the consideration that on the whole there is less to be apprehended from her than from some other great Powers." In "The Battle of the Standards," Mr. W. L. Alden expresses an opinion that "the defeat of the silver candidate in 1896 will be followed by his triumphant election in 1900, and that the East will lie prostrate at the mercy of the West." We are in accord with this view and therefore point out that all holders of United States bonds and stocks would be wise in selling out while there is still a market. With Mr. Morley's suggestions on the subject of "Arbitration with America" we cannot agree. Mr. Morley, we think, shows a want of knowledge of the United States, its government, and its people. Some facts concerning "The Training of a Jesuit," are pointed out by the Rev. Father Clarke; Mr. Wilfrid Ward affords some interesting data concerning that great scientist "Thomas Henry Huxley," and Professor Max Müller writes a paper showing what "A Real Mahatma" is. The other papers in the number are: "The God who Promised Victory to the Matabele"; "Recent Science"; "Life in Poetry: Poetical Conception"; "The Quality of Mercy," and a letter from the Chief Justice of the Orange Free State, to the Editor.

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Periodicals.

In the Westminster Review for August, the following articles appear: "Barber-Surgeons," which exhibits an immense amount of research into the habits of those ancient priests; "Ivan Turgenev," a critique of the first novelist of the day who, as a pure literary artist, is considered as "ranking far higher than Tolstoi"; "Mrs. Browning's Poetry"; an exposition of the ethical impulse behind the writings of that really great English poetess, who claimed that "ethical poetry is the highest of all poetry as the highest of all objects is moral truth"; "A Claim for the Art of Fiction," considered as the highest impulse of the human mind, comprising all our idealism and consequent hope for the future; "Our Young Soldiers in India" dealing with the extent of disease and mortality in that climate; "Girl Life in Ilford Village Homes;" and shorter articles on "Prevention of Crime;" "Marriage and Divorce in Scotland," and "The Influence of Stomach upon Mind;" the latter containing many suggestions worth following.

The Fortnightly Review for August opens with an intensely interesting article on "The Future of China." The conclusions at which the writer arrives are based in common sense fashion on the peculiar character of the great mass of the people taking into consideration their conservatism, their gross ignorance and their lack of patriotism and public spirit combined with the venality of officials, the bureaucratic system of government, and the education that prepares for it; and with all this he seems to be impressed with Kipling's idea: "Asia will not be reformed after the manner of the West; she is too old and there is too much Asia." He considers China as possessed of immense potentiality whenever necessity and the "magic of Western science leads her to take her destiny in her own hands," but until then he recommends England to checkmate Russian movements, and secondly, to use more force and less diplomacy in having her own way in Chinese matters. In "Bi-metallism and the Nature of Money" the author endeavours to explain the money problem by reducing it to its pristine simplicity. Other articles are: "Sir John Seeley;" "Stray Thoughts on South Africa," by Olive Schreiner (continued); "Zola's Philosophy of Life," being a fair and impartial treatment of that now notorious writer's "Philosophy of Life" as based on the doctrines of heredity and circumstance.

The complete novel in the September issue of Lippincott's is "A Marital Liability," by Elizabeth Phipps Train, well-known as the author of "A Social Highwayman." Its hero chivalrously bears the punishment of another's crime, but ultimately gets his deserts, which are high. "A Hard Answer, and How It Turned Away Wrath," is a Texan tale by Alice MacGowan. Henry A. Parker tells "How Hawkins was Regulated," which was in a manner wholly unexpected by the Regulators. "A Painting of Apelles," of which Wolf von Schierbrand writes, is supposed to be secretly preserved in a monastery on Mount Athos, and to be copied by a Greek artist, who had to become a monk to obtain access to it. Jean Theodore van Gestel, the Dutch explorer in the East Indies, describes "A Tiger-Hunt in Borneo," which had no tiger in it, but which was not the less dangerous for that. "The Natural History of Fiatism" is acutely studied by Fred. Perry Powers, in a way more complimentary to the advocates of free silver than to their opinions. They and their ancestors—all native Americans—he explains, have accomplished such marvels in rebuilding a new country that they think they can do any thing. "What have we to do with abroad? What are the laws of Trade and the lessons of the Past to us? Let us have our own finance, our own political economy, our own ideas and arrangements about everything, irrespective of the Old World and its effete monarchies. Dr. A. L. Benedict gives a paper on "The Life of a Medical Student." Theon Stanton details the "Advantages of International Exhibitions," and the late Col John A. Cockerill, tells "How to Conduct a Heroines, Past and Present," are lightly handled by Nina R. Allen.

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Literary Notes.

The Council of University College, London, have appointed Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., Quain Professor of Law in succession to Mr. Thomas Raleigh.

The Queen has approved of Sir Hercules Robinson, Bart., G.C.M.G., taking the title, on his elevation to the Peerage, of Baron Rosmead, in the County of Westmeath, and of Tafelberg, in South Africa.

Chapman & Hall will commence in October the issue of their Centenary Edition of the works of Carlyle, which will be complete in thirty large octavo volumes, and will be based upon the text of the last edition revised by the author.

We beg to apologize to Miss Constance Fairbanks for having inadvertently printed "Boston Athenæum" instead of "St. Johnsbury Athenæum," in her interesting article, "Notes by the Way," which appeared in THE WEEK of the 14th August.

Octave Uzanne has published "Physiologie des Quais de Paris," a collection of curious lore about the old bookstalls and the people who hunt them along the Paris banks of the Seine—a delightful place to wander, as every book-loving visitor to the French capital knows.

The leading article in The Critic of August 22nd is as striking as one might expect it to be from its unusual heading—"Hullabaloo." It is a story of the convention as "the billboard of modern thought," on which are advertised our noble desires or posted our national sins. The recent episode at Chicago is taken as a text. The article is full of pungent truths, forcibly and effectively expressed. There is a letter from Andrew Lang, a string of bantering verses on the water-cure fad ("The Barefoot Brigade") and a number of little pictures illustrating Burns's birthplace and favourite resorts.

Tolstoi recently told a French interviewer that "Alphonse Daudet has a certain talent; Paul Bourget is a brilliant essayist, but a poor novelist, his head being too crammed with facts; Marcel Prévost is worth more than his books, which are 'inqualifiables.' Guy de Maupassant knew how to see and tell what he had seen. His style was as pure as a precious metal. He was miles ahead of Flaubert, Zola and everybody. Zola is a diligent and plodding writer. I liked his 'Germinal,' and 'La Terre' is a novel of pleasant humanity. As for 'Lourdes,' I stopped at the hundredth page, and 'Rome' I never opened."

It is announced that the publishers of the old standard eclectic weekly, "Littell's Living Age," founded by E. Littell in 1844, are about to introduce several new and valuable features in their magazine. The most important of these is a Monthly Supplement, given without additional cost to the subscribers, which will contain readings from American Magazines, Readings from New Books, and also a list of Books of the Month. It is also proposed to extend their field by giving occasional translations of noteworthy articles from the French, German, Spanish and Italian reviews and magazines.

Mr. Dykes Campbell's well-known "Life of Coleridge" is about to be re-issued by the Macmillan Co., with a memoir of the author by his friend Mr. Leslie Stephen, who tries, in his own words, "to show why Campbell's premature death has not only been regretted by lovers of literature, but brought sorrow to a very wide circle of personal friends." Of the "Life" itself, Mr. Stephen takes occasion to say that it was "a remarkable contribution to the history of English literature," and "for the first time fixed many dates and facts, cleared up misunderstandings and unravelled tangled passages for the benefit of all future students." In his early life Mr. Campbell was for a year or two, a resident of Toronto, and carried on business in a store on Wellington Street East. By several old Torontonians he is lovingly remembered, and his decease sincerely regretted.

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New Orleans Times-Democrat.  
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Appreciations of Poets and Authors

- THE LITERARY DEMOCRACY OF WILLIAM Wordsworth, by J. W. Bray.
- SHELLEY AND WHITMAN, by Dr. Leo Platt.
- WHY FAUSTAFF DIES IN "HENRY V.," by Prof. R. H. Troy.
- SORDELLO: THE HERO AS MAN, by Dr. C. Everett.
- TENNYSON AS POET OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, by G. W. Alger.
- SHAKESPEARE STUDY PROGRAMME: "The Tempest."
- SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK AT STRATFORD, by Charlotte C. Stopes.
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- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.  
D. Blackley, 34 Yonge St., Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.  
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, McKinnon Building, Cor. Jordan and Melinda Streets.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.  
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.  
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.  
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.  
Slocum's EMULSION is for sale by all reliable Chemists.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.  
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- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.  
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.  
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager: 59 and 103 Bay St.  
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.  
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 192 King St. W. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.  
A. & S. Nordheimer Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.  
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.  
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.  
Octavius Newcombe & Co. Wareroom, 107-9 Church St. Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.  
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuers, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
- Stocks & Bonds** { Emilius Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.  
H. O'Hara & Co. Member Toronto Stock Exchange. Stock & Debenture Brokers, 24 Toronto St.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.
- Undertakers** { T. W. Kay & A. M. Craig. Embalming a specialty 1265 and 529 Queen Street West.

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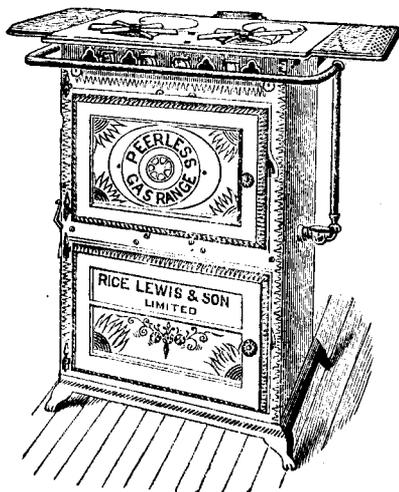
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