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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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**BOTH** parties were no doubt genuinely surprised at the result of the Toronto election. A month ago the man who should have predicted that in a contest between Liberals and Conservatives in Toronto for the choice of a representative, even in the local Assembly, the former would be successful, would have been scouted by the political wisecracks of both parties. But the causes of the unexpected issue in this case are pretty well understood. The revolt of a large number of the more independent members of the party which is numerically the stronger in the city, against the operation of the "machine," was unmistakable and emphatic, and was probably the chief factor in the problem. That revolt was hopeful and should prove salutary. Yet it would perhaps be easy to attach more importance to it as an evidence of growing independence of spirit than it deserves, since it is altogether probable that had there been more at stake, in a party sense, the recalcitrants, or many of them, would scarcely have held out. Had the contest, for instance, been waged for the Dominion Commons by the same men and under the same circumstances, it is altogether likely that party loyalty would have triumphed over personal dissatisfaction. Another influential cause of the unlooked-for outcome was the disenfranchisement of numerous citizens through the failure of the proper officers to have entered their names upon the voters' lists. This is a matter which should be and no doubt will be closely enquired into. A third circumstance, which had evidently considerable effect in reducing the number of votes polled to unusually small dimensions, was the restriction of the right to vote to the district in which the voter resides. Thus the operation of the "one-man, one-vote" principle, excellent as that principle is in itself, was not without serious disadvantages. This local inconvenience will be less observed as electors become more used to the arrangement, yet there will always be a considerable number of voters who will be unable or unwilling to leave their places of business and return to their places of residence, often in a distant part of the city, for the purpose of voting. The question arises whether the difficulty might not be met by allowing each elector to choose whether he shall

be enrolled in the district in which he resides, or in that in which he does business. In pointing out these various influences which had to do with the result, we have no intention to disparage the merits of the successful candidate, nor have we any doubt that his personal popularity and the general conviction that he would, if returned, prove an able and useful representative, had also much to do in securing his election. Nor can we resist the hope that the result affords some faint indication of a growing tendency, however slight as yet, to pay more attention to the qualifications of candidates and less to the mandates of the party "bosses."

**A** GOOD deal of discussion has very naturally arisen from the fact that the Ontario Government and Legislature at the late session adopted the expedient, novel to Canadians, of a succession tax. Some of the other Provinces have, we believe, followed the example. To those who object on principle to every form of direct taxation, the exaction of a percentage from large estates as they pass by inheritance or bequest from the dead to the living will appear objectionable because it is direct in its nature. To most other persons such a mode of raising money for the public service will, we think, commend itself as one of the least objectionable that could be devised. The dead man has done with his possessions and cannot suffer loss. His having been able to accumulate a large amount of property may be accepted as evidence that he enjoyed in a large degree the protection of the laws and the advantages of good government. By some it may be held to prove that he was less mindful than he should have been of the claims of his fellow-citizens and of humanity. This need not, however, be pressed. The inheritor or inheritors have never been in possession of the property. In the majority of cases probably they have done nothing to earn it. In any case they cannot feel the loss of that which they have never had. The provision that the tribute shall be exacted only from the larger estates affords sufficient guarantee that no hardship or privation can ensue from the payment of the tax. In so far as the operation of the statute tends to discourage the accumulation of immense hoards in the hands of individuals and to encourage the distribution and circulation of the capital of the country it can be only beneficial to all concerned, the prospective heirs themselves not often excepted. It is pretty clear that, under the present Canadian constitution, the provinces will be compelled to resort more and more to direct taxation for revenue purposes, and they will be wise to make this taxation of a kind that will fall as lightly as possible upon the people and their industries. Without entering just now further into a question which affords much scope for controversy, it may, we think, be assumed that there is a growing conviction that the weight of dead men's hands has often in the past pressed too heavily upon the rights and interests of the living.

**THE** *Canada Lancet* published, as a supplement to its April number, a letter from Dr. Geikie, Dean of the Faculty of Trinity Medical College, in reply to the Report of Sir Daniel Wilson, which was laid before the Legislature at its recent session. That Report, it will be remembered, was written at the request of Premier Mowat, as an answer to a previous remonstrance made by Dr. Geikie against the alleged expenditure of a considerable sum from the resources of the Provincial University for the advantage of the Medical Department of that institution. In so far as the matters treated of in these papers relate to the general principle involved in the question touching the use of Provincial funds for purposes of medical education proper, it is one which ought to be discussed, in the interests of the University and the public, as well as in justice to the self-supporting medical colleges. As we have before intimated, we have no hesitation in endorsing the general principle laid down by Dr. Geikie, viz., "That it is not the duty of the State to use public funds of any kind in educating students for a special profession, such as medicine or law, any more than for any other calling by which people earn their living," as demonstrably sound. This principle has long been acted on by the Government and people of the Province, and few, we think, will now attempt to controvert it. The real question at

issue, so far as the great majority of the disinterested public are concerned, is the question of fact. Is it true, or is it not, that under the present arrangement between the University of Toronto and its newly-created Medical Department, a larger or smaller portion of the funds of the University, which are of course the funds of the Province, have been diverted from their proper channels, and used for the behoof of that department? The question becomes somewhat complicated by reason of the difficulty in distinguishing accurately between the scientific instruction which is essential to a liberal education and that which pertains specifically to the study of medicine. On this point the evidence adduced by Dr. Geikie appears certainly to be conclusive, especially as he is able to quote from official publications of the University Medical Faculty announcements which seem susceptible of no other interpretation than that which he gives them. Dr. Geikie also points out the impropriety, obvious on other grounds, of permitting rooms in the Biological building of the University to be used for anatomical purposes. Even the non-professional mind can well understand how undesirable it must be to have the class-rooms, which should be devoted to general scientific uses, pervaded by the unpleasant associations, to say nothing of the smells of the dissecting room. We cannot, however, take space in these columns to summarize the evidence brought forward to show that, as a matter of fact, large expense has been incurred by the authorities of the Provincial University, in building and otherwise, which could have had no other object than to increase its facilities for medical education proper. We have on former occasions expressed our sympathy with the self-supporting medical colleges, under the injustice done them when they are brought into competition with a college aided from the funds of the Province which has chartered them. Their very existence, in a high state of efficiency, proves that the aid of the public treasury is wholly unnecessary in the interests of medical science, while the abundant supply of medical practitioners makes it equally clear that the profession is sufficiently attractive to leave no cause for fear that the supply will not always be quite equal to the demand. The subject demands and the Legislature should insist on fuller investigation.

**IS** it a fair and honest redistribution, or is it a "gerrymander"? That is the question which now is, or presently will be, in hot dispute between the Government and the Opposition at Ottawa. It is a question which should receive the dispassionate consideration of every intelligent elector in the Dominion. The framing of a Bill to effect the rearrangement of constituencies made necessary by the results of the census was a matter in which the good faith of the Government was involved in an especial manner. If, in a transaction between two gentlemen in private life, or between the heads of two business firms of high standing, it should so happen that, by some concurrence of events, the one was placed in a position in which he held to a certain extent the interests of the other in his hands; if, for instance, the one was called on to act as arbiter in a case in which the rival interests of the two were involved, we can readily conceive how sensitive the individual thus placed would be on the point of honour. How careful he would be to pronounce a decision, or adopt a course of action, which would give him no unfair advantage over his neighbour. And how unworthy it would be deemed on the part of the other to suspect his neighbour to be capable of taking an unfair advantage of his position. Is it not a sad comment upon the condition of affairs in Canadian politics, that when the leaders of one party, by reason of their position, are placed in circumstances in which they have, in a large measure, the fate of the other in their hands, such is the mutual lack of confidence in each other's honour, that the "honourable" gentlemen at the head of the Opposition are ready to believe those at the head of the Administration so destitute of any high sense of honour, as to be not above taking advantage of their position of trust in order to perpetrate a disgraceful and dishonest trick for their own advantage and for the disadvantage of their political rivals? But, bad as is such a state of affairs, it becomes vastly worse if the event shows that these suspicions, at variance as they are with all traditions of manly honour, are to a greater or less extent

justified by the facts. We regret to say that it seems difficult, if not impossible, to resist the conclusion that the Redistribution Act brought down the other day by Sir John Thompson bears too clear evidence in its construction of such a disregard of the promptings of a nice sense of honour, and such a betrayal of trust, in order to secure a partisan advantage.

WHEN we referred to the forthcoming Redistribution Bill, in a recent paragraph, we expressed the opinion that the Opposition would be sure to suspect and accuse the Government of "gerrymandering," no matter how impartial their arrangement might be. We at that time sincerely hoped to see a Bill brought down so manifestly honest and impartial in its provisions that we could confidently defend and praise it. We are sorry to find ourselves disappointed. It would hardly be within the province of this journal, even had we the space, to go through the provisions of the Bill in order, and point out the particulars which have a partisan cast. On the other hand, we wish no reader to accept our bare expressions of opinion upon such a question. What we chiefly desire is to induce each elector to study the facts in a judicial spirit and form his own conclusions advisedly. It is due to ourselves and our readers, however, that we should give some reasons for the opinion we have expressed. We shall, therefore, refer to two or three particular cases which seem to us but too conclusive in regard to the character of the Bill. First, there is the fact—we think it will not be disputed—that, taking the figures of the last election as a basis of calculation, the net result of the redistribution will be to add not less than six or seven to the number of constituencies which can be relied on, under ordinary circumstances, to return supporters of the Government, and of course to diminish the ranks of the Opposition by the same number. If this is not a correct arithmetical calculation from the *data* given, we shall be glad to stand corrected. This fact, assuming it to be such, however strong the presumption it creates, does not absolutely prove that the Act is a "gerrymander." But it does certainly throw upon the Government and its defenders the burden of proving that the necessary changes in representation could not have been effected without producing such a result. Seeing that, in Ontario at least, the number of supporters of the Government now returned is far in excess of the number that would be given by a calculation based upon the totals of Conservative and of Liberal voters in the Province, it must be exceedingly difficult to make out any such necessity for this apparent unfairness. Again, it is obvious that in selecting a group of constituencies from which to take one or both of the representatives needed to meet the just demands of the city of Toronto and the district of Northern Algoma for increased representation, the Government was in honour bound to be guided as far as practicable by the unit of representation. Is it, then, or is it not, the fact that the new Bill passes by a group of constituencies in Eastern Ontario, which has now the largest number of representatives in proportion to population, but which are mainly represented by supporters of the Government, and takes two members from the Niagara district, which is, it is true, somewhat over-represented, though in a less degree, but in which the representatives are mainly supporters of the Opposition? Once more, the new Bill makes a number of readjustments of single constituencies, though the main proposition of its defenders is that the design was to make as little disturbance of existing arrangements as possible. The case of the city of London will serve as a sample of the way in which several, at least, of these changes are made. London and East Middlesex have at present the following populations: London, 22,281; East Middlesex, 25,569. Now, let anyone look over the lists of constituencies, with their respective populations throughout the Province, and note in how many cases the disproportion is very much greater than in this case; then let him try to conceive of any good reason why those two particular constituencies should have been specially meddled with, while so many worse cases were left untouched. It will surely puzzle him to assign any other reason than that by detaching West London from East Middlesex and adding it to London, the Government is assured of a safe majority in the latter, without affecting the political complexion of the former. The three cases we have named, represent three different species of changes effected by the Bill. They seem to us, in the absence of the fuller light which the debate may possibly supply, to afford three fair sample tests of the character of the Bill.

THE question of the need of more freedom in commercial and other negotiations with foreign countries came up again in Parliament on Monday, in connection with Mr. Dalton McCarthy's motion that a representative appointed by the Government of Canada should be attached to the staff of her Majesty's Minister at Washington, specially charged to watch, guard and represent the interests of Canada. The motion gave rise to an interesting debate, which is to be resumed at some future day. It was easy enough for Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Laurier and others who supported the motion, to make out a pretty strong case for the usefulness of such an agent, provided he could be so accredited as to be able to act with freedom in the interests of Canada, and secure proper recognition and influence at Washington. Opinions were divided as to whether the interests of the Dominion could be better served by a diplomatic agent, acting as an attaché of the British Embassy, or by an unattached commercial agent acting under the immediate direction of the Canadian Government. It was, however, forcibly urged that, in view of our relations to the United States, questions will constantly arise needing full information and frank discussion, which would be quite outside of the sphere of a commercial agency. Assuming the impossibility of obtaining direct communication with the American Government through an independent Canadian representative, so long as we are connected as a colony with Great Britain, the only alternative is that of an attaché of the British Minister. The crucial difficulty with any such arrangement was in part touched by Sir John Thompson, who pointed out that an officer occupying that position would be unable to report either to the Canadian or to the British Government, since his position would necessarily be that of a confidential servant of the British Minister, without whose permission he could do nothing and communicate nothing. When to this consideration is added that to which we referred on a former occasion, viz., that neither as a representative of Canada, nor as a subordinate of the British Ambassador, could he expect other than a very informal recognition from the American Government, it is pretty clear, we think, that Mr. McCarthy's proposal is impracticable, however beneficial such an arrangement might otherwise prove. The fact is, and we may as well recognize it, that there is a limit to the exercise of the functions of self-government by a dependent colony, and that limit Canada must have pretty nearly reached. So long as we are content with the colonial status, so long must we accept its necessary limitations with the best grace possible.

NOTWITHSTANDING its large majority, the new Government of Quebec has some hard tasks before it, if it is either to fulfil its promises or to meet the demands of the situation. Most difficult of all, in some respects, will be the task of equalizing revenue and expenditure. The finances of the Province are certainly in a very bad position, the most discouraging feature being that of the comparative smallness of the margin between fixed expenditure and fixed income. It seems almost doubtful whether any possible economy can now avail to restore the proper balance. It is, however, a promising omen that both parties seem fully alive to the gravity of the situation in this respect, and that the Opposition seems disposed to co-operate with the Government in any reasonable measures which may be deemed necessary. If we may judge from the promptness with which the Government brought down a number of Bills of great importance, it means to set at work in earnest. The four measures introduced by Mr. G. W. Stephens, the first day of the session, are in themselves, if honestly and thoroughly drawn, almost enough to occupy a session of moderate length. These were: a Bill to prohibit lotteries; a Bill to provide for compulsory voting; a Bill to prevent bribery of members of Parliament; a Bill to prevent bribery and corruption of aldermen and members of civic corporations. The radical character of these Bills, emanating as they do from a professedly Conservative administration, will cause their passage and the future course of the Government to be watched with more than ordinary interest. The anti-lottery Bill, we are glad to learn, is a most stringent measure, covering the whole ground and making no exceptions whatever. If it be carried in this completeness it will be a boon, not only to Quebec, but to the whole Dominion. It would be not a little remarkable should Quebec, the least radical of all the Provinces, be the first to try the experiment of compulsory voting. Stringent laws to prevent all forms of bribery and corruption are desirable and necessary, and the sister Province will do well to

make hers as strict as possible, but it is evident that something more is needed to raise the tone of Canadian political morality to the level of even ordinary respectability. The parliamentary as well as the popular conscience stands sadly in need of education and development. We need a great educational campaign. We need, all over the Dominion, higher ideals and better examples set before the people by those who are at the head of affairs. But where, alas! shall we begin? Who shall educate the educators?

THE decisive majority of sixty-five, by which the British House of Commons, a few weeks ago, rejected Mr. Fenwick's motion in favour of payment of members, shows that the time has not yet come for the recognition in Great Britain of the wisdom and fairness of a practice which has long since been conceded in the colonies to be both just and necessary. Though perhaps a little late, it is still interesting to read some of the arguments which were made to do duty even in the leading journals, against the dangerous innovation proposed. On the face of the matter, apart from all considerations of custom and precedent, it is hard to conceive of any sufficient reason why those who are chosen by the people to transact the business of State legislation should be expected to do so at their own expense, any more than those appointed to do duty as magistrates, or judges, or military officers. Lord Elcho's satirical speech, which seems to have given a vast amount of satisfaction to the opponents of the measure, was certainly a somewhat brilliant specimen of humour and wit in the discussion of a serious question. It is generally admitted, we believe, that it had not a little effect in determining the result. And yet, we make bold to say, anyone who will take pains to analyze the subject-matter of that speech, and extract the essence of sound argument it contains, will be amazed at the quantity of logically worthless residuum. The "points" made, so far as we can discover, are two. First, the Bill should be carried to its logical result and provide for the payment of all those who, like the speaker, had been giving long years of "totally unremunerated political service." It should also do something for those who were left stranded at the bottom of the poll, should make the payments bear some proportion to the abilities of the members, and to their sacrifices of time, health, political principles, etc. And yet the witty lord could foresee grave difficulties in finding a basis of computation. For obvious reasons, it would hardly do to pay the representatives according to the number of speeches made, or the number of votes recorded, and so forth. The second point was evolved from the fact that the recipients of the salaries and the paymasters were necessarily the same persons. We need not, we think, stay to point out how easily the *reductio ad absurdum*, which constitutes the gist of whatever argument such irony contains, may be applied with equal force against all kinds of payment for public services. Scarcely more cogent are the sober reasonings of such journals as the *Spectator*, which bases a long argument on the unspoken assumption that the men whose lack of means will not permit them to give up their time and energies to the service of the State are necessarily the ill-informed and the narrow-minded, and that the men who have really the education and the breadth of view essential to fitness for Parliamentary service are all to be found within the very narrow limits of those whose independent fortunes make the matter of indemnity one of indifference to them. The evident sincerity with which the writer who reasons in this fashion believes that the many who cannot afford to give their lives to the service of the State without some remuneration have a monopoly of British ignorance and prejudice, would make an interesting study for a philosophic cynic.

A BILL was passed a few weeks since in the British Commons, which, though of comparatively slight importance if judged by its actual contents, may yet prove to have been the beginning of a change in the principles on which the great Indian Empire is governed, the end of which will not be seen for generations. The Bill, as described by Mr. Curzon, who introduced it on behalf of the Government, is intended to give members of the Indian Councils an opportunity of indulging in full, fair and free criticism of the policy of the Government, and of asking questions of the Government. It also increases the number of non-official members of the Councils, and empowers the Viceroy to invite the municipal bodies to select representatives for nomination. The last named provision, which is probably the most important, while

not going the length of making the members of the Councils, or some proportion of them, actually elective, does really, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, embody the elective principle. The Bill, having been supported by Mr. Gladstone in a speech which won the unstinted praise of even his political opponents as a model of statesmanlike wisdom and moderation, was passed without division. This first concession to the demands of the native Indian Congress, for such it is in effect, is, as we have intimated, more important for what it implies than for what it contains, though its concessions are not without value. All parties are of course agreed in regard to the present unfitness of the people, or rather of the peoples, of India for representative institutions. The difficulties are stupendous and insuperable. They arise not more from the fact that not one in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, of the whole population possesses sufficient intelligence to make the use of the franchise possible, than from the almost innumerable subdivisions of the inhabitants by barriers of race, of religion and of caste. It would, perhaps, be hard to say which of these three barriers would prove the most formidable obstacle to anything having in the remotest degree the nature of concerted political action. It would probably be but the simple truth that each is, in its place, absolutely insurmountable. Admit the fact and what follows? That there is nothing for the so-called Christian nation which rules the heterogeneous myriads of this vast Empire to do but to go on and make the absolute sway, which she has hitherto exercised, perpetual? This is evidently the opinion of many intelligent Englishmen, though, as the passage of the Bill in question shows, not of the majority. The other and, as most of our readers will say, the better view is that which holds to the possibility of educating even these vast hordes, socially, politically and morally, with varying degrees of rapidity proportioned to the varying degrees of receptivity of the different races, religions and castes. The existence of the Congress is sufficient proof that this work has already made some progress. There can be no better way of helping it forward than by granting home-rule and representative institutions just as fast and as far as sections and grades of the population become fitted to make an intelligent use of them. In the education of nations as of children the great modern educational principle of "learning to do by doing" is invaluable.

MAY-DAY has come and gone without witnessing any of the scenes of violence and bloodshed, the dread of which has for weeks past cast a cloud of apprehension over many continental cities. The people in those countries in which anarchism is rife will now breathe more freely. And yet it is doubtful whether any hopeful augury can safely be drawn from the fact that the miscreants abstained from preconcerted deeds of violence on this particular day. One might indeed reason that the very fact of their having kept quiet, at a time when the authorities were everywhere on the alert and the most complete preparations had been made for crushing the first indications of riot or disorder, may but prove that they are too desperately in earnest to risk failure in any so foolish fashion. It would be but in accordance with the cowardliness and fien-dishness which characterize their methods, that they should wait until they may hope to take their victims off their guard, and wreak their vengeance against organized society the more effectively. On the other hand there is, so far as we can perceive, no good reason for believing that the real anarchists, capable of committing such ruthless and senseless outrages as those of which Paris has had a few specimens, are at all numerous, and it is not unlikely that, with the capture of some of their most desperate leaders, the rank and file have now become pretty well scattered. A most hopeful indication is the evidence that there is no bond of union or sympathy between them and the Socialists, even of the most extreme type. So long as the workingmen hold aloof from them, the apostles of violence and assassination can do comparatively little harm. The spectacle of John Burns and other leaders of the labourers denouncing, as they did at the great Hyde Park demonstration, the Anarchists and their methods, is a better guarantee of public safety than the most complete police and military organization that could be formed. The public are reassured by seeing that Socialism and Anarchism are two very different things and that there is no fear that the workingmen, following such intelligent leaders, can be drawn into sympathy or entangling alliance with those whose aims are purely negative and destructive. The more intelligent they become, the more clearly will the workingmen and the respectable Socialists perceive that the Anarchists are their worst enemies.

## OTTAWA LETTER.

OBSTRUCTION prevails. The Opposition call it zeal for the public service, but it is obstruction pure and simple and the reason is plain. Zeal for the public service demands fair and outspoken criticism; but there comes a time when criticism is carried so far that he who runs may read that what is termed zeal for the public is really zeal for the party; and the more one sees of party the more convinced does one become that the party and the public have few interests in common. The week past has been one of war to the knife between the Government and the Opposition, and those who looked forward to an early prorogation have buried their hopes and say they will expect the end of the session when they see it.

While the Opposition is obstructive and need not attempt to gull the people by saying they are not, there is good reason for their policy of obstruction from a party standpoint.

Since the beginning of last week the gentlemen to the left of Mr. Speaker have discharged their three heavy guns and followed up with a grand charge on the Government ranks. First came the impeachment of Judge Elliott and the attack on Mr. Carling, whom Mr. Lister, the general in command upon this occasion, said was no more entitled to sit for London than was a messenger at the door. This took place on Wednesday afternoon and lasted till six o'clock, to be resumed with renewed bitterness later on.

In the evening of the same day Sir Richard Cartwright continued the debate upon Mr. Edgar's motion for a committee to enquire into the alleged wrong-doing of Sir Adolph Caron. Sir Richard was even more than usually fierce, and to use a Scriptural quotation, "Smote his enemies hip and thigh." If envy was not denoted in his remarks they were characterized by "hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness." One really wonders if Sir Richard Cartwright means all that he says, for if one is to judge by his utterances every Conservative member in the House of Commons is a deep-dyed villain and owes his seat in the House to the indiscriminate scattering of filthy lucre among his constituents. The old animus which he used to display towards Sir John Macdonald seems to have been turned upon his successor, "Sir John the Less." "Sir," said Sir Richard, "I am not in the slightest degree disposed to extenuate the offence alleged to have been committed by the Post Master General, if he be found guilty of what my honourable friend has charged against him; but I will say that the Post Master General is in my opinion the honestest man of the two." This of Sir John Thompson. Again: "I likened him some time ago to a grey sheep among a lot of black ones but I am sorry to say that his fleece is of quite as inky a blackness as theirs is."

An admirable speech in reply to the member for South Oxford was made by Mr. Dickey, successor to Sir Charles Tupper, in the representation of Cumberland, Nova Scotia. He said that Sir Richard must feel gratified that this "motion had been made, if for no other reason than because it had afforded him an opportunity of scattering some of that store of parliamentary vitriol with which he is so largely supplied."

It was thought an all-night session would result with a division about sunrise or later on Thursday, but, in spite of the bitterness between parties, an arrangement was arrived at between the leaders whereby the debate will be resumed on Wednesday of this week; so the House was able to rise about one o'clock. It seems to be taken for granted that the Government will not make an enquiry into the charges made by Mr. Edgar.

The iniquity of the Government from an Opposition standpoint in its connection with Judge Elliott pales into insignificance compared with its unrighteousness with respect to the Redistribution Bill. In the early days of the session, Mr. Abbott promised that it would be a very simple measure. Sir John Thompson also threw out hints that the Opposition would find nothing very heinous in it, but, alas! results have not justified these prophecies. The Bill is down, and the Liberals are down on it. Angry and disgusted, they have put on their war paint, and will fight the "gerrymander" to the bitter end. So far as it deals with Quebec, Mr. Laurier said the apportionment was the most arbitrary that could be designed, and that where the strength of the Liberal party lay in that Province, the counties had been so gerrymandered that it would be impossible to recognize those now in existence. Mr. Mills pronounced it a mischievous and unjust measure, and waxed wrathful over the policy of the Government in undertaking to secure themselves in possession by altering the boundaries of constituencies in such a way as to enable a minority of the electors of this country to elect a majority to Parliament.

The reconstruction as explained by Sir John is confined to the neighbourhood of Toronto and the group of districts about Lake Ontario. It will be noticed that an additional representative is given to Toronto and one to the district of Nipissing, which also includes a part of the large county of Renfrew. But, as the total number of Ontario's representatives will not be increased, Lincoln and North Wentworth as now constituted will no longer have each a representative. While Mr. Mills claims that the Bill is unjust, and, in an interview published in the evening *Journal*, pronounces it "the most dishonest measure that has ever been submitted to Parliament, violating every principle of popular representation," there

are several Liberals in the House who frankly acknowledge that they are strengthened in their constituencies by the readjustment.

We will hear a great deal of the Redistribution Bill before it becomes law. It is a healthy sign that the independent press throughout the country demands with a unanimous voice that the English method of redistribution, viz., by a non-political commission, be adopted in this country. Until this happens, redistribution and gerrymandering will be synonymous terms.

A most interesting debate took place on Monday over the following resolution proposed by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy: "That in the opinion of this House, in view of the vast commercial interests existing between the United States of America and Canada, and of the political questions from time to time requiring adjustment between the Dominion and the neighbouring Republic, it would tend to the advancement of those interests and the promotion of a better understanding between the two countries were a representative appointed by the Government of the Dominion, subject to the approval of Her Majesty's Imperial advisers, and attached to the staff of Her Majesty's Minister at Washington, specially charged to watch, guard and represent the interests of Canada."

It is a matter for regret that the member for North Simcoe does not take a more prominent part than he does in the debates of the House. These days we are frightfully overburdened with mediocrity, to put it mildly, in Parliament. A few years ago it was computed that one member occupied seven days during the session in speaking. Not that he spoke continuously at that length, but when the time taken up by his remarks was aggregated, it was found that one week of that session was devoted to listening to one garrulous man. The Government do not appear to know just what to do with respect to Mr. McCarthy's motion, and so the debate has been adjourned that they may have time to consider. Mr. Laurier came out fairly and squarely in favour of the resolution. Here comes the curse of our party system. Whatever they may think in their hearts, it would never do for the Government to follow the example of the Leader of the Opposition, especially after Mr. Foster has declared that there are "great difficulties in the way."

Other events in Parliament during the week past were a protest by Mr. Laurier against the action of Mr. Foster in stating, during his Budget Speech, the result of the recent conference between the Canadian Commissioners and Mr. Blaine, respecting the question of reciprocity, and a debate arising out of a question put by Mr. Borden, of Nova Scotia, who desired to know if the Government had taken any steps to bring about a new trade arrangement with the Spanish West Indies, to come into operation when the present treaty expires with Spain, the last of next June. The reply was that Sir Charles Tupper had been instructed to act with Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in negotiations with the Spanish Government on the subject. T. C. L. K.

## WHY SHOULD WE READ GERMAN LITERATURE?

"WHEN Candide came to Eldorado," says Heine, "he saw in the streets a number of boys playing with gold nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king's children, and he was not a little astonished when he found that in Eldorado gold nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the schoolboys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner, when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astonished at the wealth of ideas which he found in them; but he soon remarked that ideas are as plentiful in Germany as gold nuggets in Eldorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes were in reality only common schoolboys."

"The born lover of ideas," says Matthew Arnold, "the born hater of commonplaces, must feel in this country (England) that the sky over his head is of brass and iron."

Now, by placing in juxtaposition these utterances of two eminent men, German and English, we have an excellent reason for studying German literature, namely, a plentitude of ideas in Germany and a scarcity of them, if not in our own glorious literature, at least as the welcome companions of our lives. For, as a people, we long ago came to hate and fear ideas as such, and we everlastingly entrench ourselves in the great dismal swamp of commonplace. It was not always so. The England of Shakespeare was eminently accessible to them. But the England of Shakespeare was still full of the poetry of the old religion. She was still the England of the ancient monarchy, her throne still bright with the rays of departing chivalry. She had not yet, to quote Matthew Arnold again, "entered the dark prison of puritanism, and had the key turned on her spirit." Neither was she the England of to-day, the prey of luxury and self-indulgence, of votes and party tricks. During the centuries following those days, we have grown ever more and more political, until now we are nearly altogether political—and frivolous; and ideas and a free play of the mind being untoward things in a system of politics in which practice and precedent are everything, and being also troublesome to the peace of idle and frivolous people, we have learned to hate and fear them as dangerous things all round.

Yes, while working out our political salvation (*sic*),

we have imposed upon ourselves a bondage of the mind which Germany, enslaved and contemptible as she was politically, shook off long ago; the bondage denounced by John Stuart Mill in his noble little book on liberty. And now this bondage is dreadfully in the way, even in our politics, as we show by our helplessness in dealing with the Irish question. In the least of our concerns and in the greatest, in society, in matters political, military, religious, we are paying the penalty of that dread of a free play of the mind which has grown upon us with our political development, and which led Matthew Arnold to call the British constitution, "with its compromises, its love of facts, its horror of theory, its studied avoidance of clear thoughts . . . a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines!"

But, thanks largely to the Germans, we have, during the thirty years or so which have passed over us since Matthew Arnold wrote those words, made strides in the direction of intellectual freedom. Science is pretty free in England now, but, so late as the year 1869, Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin, stated publicly that an English scientist could not always publish the results of his researches without danger both to his usefulness and his social comfort. And within the past twelve months or so, Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley have made themselves pre-eminently funny in the eyes of continental Europe by belabouring each other, in the *Nineteenth Century*, about what the latter of these two eminent men called "the bedevilment of the Gadarene pigs."

But in theology we are by no means free, and the result is deplorable. Some years ago an Anglican clergyman said to me: "Three-fourths of the current theology is bosh," and, being a muscular as well as an honest little Christian, he emphasized his words by punching the palm of his left hand with his right fist, and repeating—"is bosh, is bosh." Not so long ago another Anglican clergyman said to me: "We have to read the German theologians, but we're afraid of them." Now, that parson is a slave, afraid of the truth which alone can make him free; for, were he sure he had it, he would not fear the German theologians. Successor to the Apostles as he calls himself, he fears to obey the Apostolic injunction to "prove all things," which the Apostle held to be a necessary preliminary to "holding fast that which is good." What he cares about is, not truth, but the perpetuation of his own system, be it true or otherwise. He cannot grasp the German faith that no one truth can possibly be dangerous to any other truth. He is like the parson who said of the "Essays and Reviews" that they might be true, but that it was not expedient for clergymen to tell truths of such kinds. Hear what Dean Stanley said to this parson: "Is truth, then, for the laity and falsehood for the clergy? Is truth tolerable everywhere save in the mouth of a minister of the God of truth? Shall falsehood, banished everywhere else in the cultured world, find an honoured refuge within the walls of the sanctuary?" But Dean Stanley was learned in all the wisdom of Germany, and knew how Lessing had written on scriptural subjects nearly a hundred years before Colenso and the essayists and reviewers. He knew how the Germans love to seek after truth for its own sake, without regard to ulterior things. He knew the spirit pervading Lessing's writings, which drew forth Madame de Staël's apt remark that that great man "*poursuivait partout la vérité, comme un chasseur qui trouve encore plus de plaisir dans la course que dans le but.*" He probably knew Lessing's own saying, which would seem to have escaped the gifted Frenchwoman, that were the Almighty to offer him in one hand truth, and in the other hand the free search after truth, he would choose the latter. And this spirit of Lessing has made itself felt even in our theology since the writing of the "Essays and Reviews," so much so that theology and common sense seem as though they might one day come together. They can never be said to have married in haste, so they are all the less likely to repent at leisure.

Coming down from science and theology (I separate the two advisedly, I think) to the things of every day life, we are still governed much too absolutely by the mass of custom, precedent and habit of thought, or rather of no thought, which has come down to us from the past. Mephistopheles told the student that law is in no age suited to the needs of that age, but comes down, like an inherited disease, from some age to which it may have been suited. This is unfortunately true of other things than law. Of course it does not do to disregard custom and prescription, but, like the Sabbath, they were made for man, not man for them. Pig-headed adherence to them constitutes what the Germans called "Philistinism"—an expression everywhere current for many years past. Now, contrast the spirit of Philistinism with the spirit of Goethe, of whom Matthew Arnold said: "When he is told such a thing must be so; that there is immense authority and custom in favour of its being so; that it has been held to be so for a thousand years, he answers, with Olympian politeness, 'But is it so? Is it so to me?'"

A very funny illustration of the Philistine principle is afforded by the history of the "beard movement" in England. Nearly forty years ago Englishmen began to think it would be nice to have beards and moustaches. Up to that time only one Englishman not of the sons of Israel had dared to discard the razor. This brave man was a Mr. Munz, M.P. for Birmingham, and the solitary bearded Englishman was as great a curiosity as a full-grown male gorilla. But now Englishmen began, with one consent,

to want to have beards. Foreigners, who knew no better, thought they only needed to stop shaving. Not at all. Brown would rather have used his razor on his jugular vein than not have used it on his chin, until he was quite sure that Jones and Robinson thought it right to have beards too. So for about two years the newspapers teemed with articles headed "The Beard Movement"; and at last, when the time was ripe, the chins all grew stubbly at the same time and the beards reached maturity on or about the same day.

This ultra-conservative habit of mind, this determination not to move at all unless altogether, has done good service in politics. It has ensured a kind of unscientific adherence to the principle of evolution and the survival of the fittest. But this habit of thought, or rather of not thinking, can be carried too far, even in politics, and becomes disastrous when carried elsewhere. We may see its results to-day in London, where Germans are very fast displacing their native competitors in many walks of life, and are expressing a determination to go on doing so. "There are still a deuce of a lot of Englishmen in London," said a German there, as a good joke, showing the intentions of his countrymen to us-ward. One would think the last straw was laid on the English camel's back when a German opened a boxing school in London. This was a bearding of the now bearded British lion in his den which might well have put him on his mettle. No doubt the German boxing master taps his man's claret, darkens his daylight, walks into his bread-basket, rattles his ivories and counters him on the kissing trap, just as Molière's fencing-master killed his man—*par raison démonstrative*.

The Germans, in fact, are men who have, to a greater extent than any others, thrown off the tyranny of that intellectual mortmain which so doggedly stands in the way of better things, and who prefer to be governed, in matters of the mind at least, by their own living wits rather than by the dead hand of their fathers. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is a saying which should work both ways. To load to-day with the evil of yesterday is no wiser than to load it with the evil of to-morrow. To get rid of the evils bequeathed from all the yesterdays is perhaps our greatest and toughest problem, and one calling for the best and freest use of our intellects. It will be remembered that, when Dante had passed through the dread portal, beneath the inscription:

All hope abandon,  
Ye who enter in,

his guide said to him:—

"Thou shalt behold the people dolorous, who have foregone the good of intellect"; not who have "not held the Catholic faith" nor "thus thought of the Trinity." I don't pretend to know anything about the consequences hereafter of foregoing the good of intellect, but history is one long and dismal record of them here below, and quite justifies the great Florentine in regarding the belittlement of the intellect given for our guidance as the blackest ingratitude and grossest insult to its divine giver, and as including all other sin. And in belittling, insulting and persecuting the human intellect, the Christian churches have much to answer for.

One leading object of German literature and German education is the development of the critical faculty, the faculty which enables us to deal with questions on their merits alone. Since the days when Lessing set it a-going, the development of this faculty has progressed increasingly, and now all departments of literature show its presence. It is apparent everywhere, from its stupendous exhibition in *Faust*, where the colossal intellect of Goethe brings it to bear upon some of the deepest problems that can engage the mind of man, to the novels of Freitag, Heyse and Ebers. Everywhere we find the same freedom from prescription and prejudice.

Another distinguishing feature of German literature is the vast scope of the attainments of individual authors. A great German seldom limits himself to one line. Kant is best known as a metaphysician, yet he was mathematician enough to predicate the existence of the planet Uranus, afterwards discovered by Herschel. Goethe is best known as one of the five greatest poets of all lands and all ages, yet he was also an evolutionist before Darwin, a geologist and mineralogist, an anatomist discovering the intermaxillary bone in man, a great critic in literature and a great connoisseur in art and, with all these things, a Minister of State planning and directing beneficent public works. Such a vast scope on the part of authors makes their books endlessly suggestive, and stimulates the reader to enquiry in a hundred directions. Best of all, we find in German books so many ways of looking at things that our minds arrive at length at the grand tolerance of universality.

"The Germans," said Madame de Staël, "are as it were the scouts of the army of the human mind; they venture upon new ways, they essay unknown methods. How can we help being curious to know what they have to say on their return from their excursions into the infinite?"

Ottawa.

THE commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a coarse one. Even a dog feels a difference in her presence.—*George Eliot*.

## CRAIGELLACHIE.

At Craigellachie, in the Eagle Pass, a little station where now only occasional stops are made, were united the two ends of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the last spike driven November 7, 1885.

In the quiet mountain Pass where Lake Victor sleeps,  
Where no rush of storm is heard, where no torrent leaps,  
Lonely still Craigellachie pensive vigil keeps.

Bound in walls of adamant, clasped in giant woods,  
Soothed by silent solitude, lulled by peaceful floods,  
Tranquil dim Craigellachie knows no change of moods.

Thus Craigellachie to-day: but, one wondrous morn,  
Rapturous echoes woke and rose from the silence torn,  
When, of Patience and of Toil, great Success was born.

Then with skill's triumphant hymn all the passes rang—  
Then, to music nobler far than the trumpet's clang,  
Victory over time and space conquering legions sang.

Then were faith and labour crowned, for the work was done,  
Leapt the pulse thro' which the life of the land should run,  
Forged the link that evermore binds two seas in one.

Withered now Craigellachie sees her laurels lie;  
Scarce a thought is given her as the world whirls by;  
Dead the glory of that hour—as all glories die.

But to lone Craigellachie safe within the past  
Lives her one exultant hour; and while time shall last  
As her one great memory she shall hold it fast.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

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## TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

SENTIMENT had received a rude shock. It met with a second when Coristine remarked "I'm hungry." Still, he kept on for another mile or so, when the travellers sighted a little brook of clear water rippling over stones. A short distance to the left of the road it was shaded by trees and tall bushes, not too close together, but presenting, here and there, little patches of grass and the leaves of woodland flowers. Selecting one of these patches, they unstrapped their knapsacks, and extracted from them a sufficiency of biscuits and cheese for luncheon. Then one of the packs, as they had irreverently been called, was turned over to make a table. The biscuits and cheese were moistened with small portions from the contents of the flasks, diluted with the cool water of the brook. The meal ended, Wilkinson took to nibbling ginger snaps and reading Wordsworth. The day was hot, so that a passing cloud which came over the face of the sun was grateful, but it was grateful to beast as well as to man, for immediately a swarm of mosquitoes and other flies came forth to do battle with the reposing pedestrians. Coristine's pipe kept them from attacking him in force, but Wilkinson got all the more in consequence. He struck savagely at them with Wordsworth, anathematized them in choice but not profane language, and, at last, rose to his feet, switching his pocket handkerchief fiercely about his head. Coristine picked up the deserted Wordsworth, and laughed till the smoke of his pipe choked him and the tears came into his eyes.

"I see no cause for levity in the sufferings of a fellow creature," said the schoolmaster, curtly.

"Wilks, my darling boy, it's not you I'm laughing at; it's that old omadhaun of a Wordsworth. Hark to this, now:—

He said, 'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.  
At this still season of repose and peace,  
This hour, when all things which are not at rest  
Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies  
Is filling all the air with melody;  
Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?"

O Wilks, but this beats cock-fighting; 'Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?' Sorra a bit do I know, barring it's the multitude of flies. O Wordy, Wordy, bard of Rydal Mount, it's sick with laughing you'll be making me. All things not at rest are cheerful. Dad, if he means the flies, they're cheerful enough, but if it's my dear friend, Farquhar Wilkinson, it's a mistake the old gentleman is making. See, this is more like it, at the very beginning of 'The Excursion':—

Nor could my weak arm disperse  
The host of insects gathering round my face,  
And ever with me as I paced along.

That's you, Wilks, you to a dot. What a grand thing poetic instinct is, that looks away seventy years into the future and across the Atlantic Ocean, to find a humble admirer in the wilds of Canada, and tell how he looked among the flies. 'Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?' O, holy Moses, that's the finest line I've sighted in a dog's age. Cheer up, old man, and wipe that tear away, for I see the clouds have rolled by, Jenny."

"Man, clod, profaner of the shrine of poesy, cease your ignorant cackle," cried the irate dominie. Silently they bathed faces and hands in the brook, donned their knapsacks, and took to the road once more.

The clouds had not all passed by as the pedestrians found to their cost, for, where there are clouds over the bush in July, there also are mosquitoes. Physically as well as psychically, Wilkinson was thin-skinned, and afforded a ready and appetizing feast to the blood-suckers. His companion still smoked his pipe in defence, but for a long time in silence. "The multitude of flies" made him gurgle occasionally, as he gazed upon the schoolmaster, whose blue and yellow silk handkerchief was spread over the back of his head and tied under his chin. To quote Wordsworth then would have been like putting a match to a powder magazine. The flies were worst on the margin of a pond formed by the extension of a sluggish black stream. "Go on, Wilks, my boy, out of the pests, while I add some water plants to my collection;" but this, Wilkinson's chivalrous notions of friendship would not allow him to do. He broke off a leafy branch from a young maple, and slashed it about him, while the botanist ran along the edge of the pond looking for flowers within reach. As usual, they were just out of reach and no more. So he had to take off shoes and socks, turn up the legs of his trousers, and wade in after them. "Look at that now!" he said with pride as he returned with his booty, "Nymphaea odorata, Nuphar advena, and Brasenia peltata; aren't they beauties?"

"What is that black object on your leg?" the dominie managed to gasp.

"I'm thankful to you for saying that, my kind friend, for it's a murdering leech."

"Salt is the only thing to take them off with," remarked Wilkinson really interested; "and that is just what we are deficient in."

"I say, Wilks, try a drop of the crater on him; don't waste the blessings of Providence, but just let the least particle fall on his nose, while I scrape him off."

The surgical operation succeeded, and the schoolmaster half forgot his own troubles in doing good to his friend. While the latter was reclothing his feet, and pressing his specimens, the maple branch ceased working, and its owner finely apostrophized the field of white and yellow blossoms.

There sits the water lily like a sovereign,  
Her little empire is a fairy world,  
The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,  
As when her fragile ivory uncurled,  
A thousand years ago.

"Bravo, Wilks, if you are poaching on my preserves; but I wish that same purple dragon-fly would hover round here in thousands for a minute. It's a pleasure to see them sail along and gobble up the mosquitoes."

The dominie continued:—

To-day I saw the dragon-fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk; from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;  
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew.

"Hurroo!" cried Coristine, as with knapsack readjusted, he took his companion by the arm and resumed the journey; "Hurroo again, I say, it's into the very heart of nature we're getting now. Bless the mosquito and the leech for opening the well of English undefiled."

Wilkinson was wound up to go, and repeated with fine conversational effect:—

But now, perplexed by what th' old man had said,  
My question eagerly did I renew  
How is it that you live, and what is it you do?

He, with a smile, did then his words repeat;  
And said, that, gathering leeches far and wide,  
He travell'd; stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the ponds where they abide.  
"Once I could meet with them on every side;  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

"Dad, if the old man had been here, he might have made his fortune by this time. 'Stirring thus about his feet the waters of the ponds where they abide' may be fine employment, but the law's good enough for me, seeing they're bound to dwindle long by slow decay. You don't happen to have a scrap on a botanist, do you?"

"Yes," replied the schoolmaster, "and on a blind one, too:—

And he knows all shapes of flowers: the heath, the fox-glove with its bells,  
The palmy fern's green elegance, fanned in soft woodland smells;  
The milkwort on the mossy turf his nice touch fingers trace,  
And the eye-bright, though he sees it not, he finds it in its place."

"A blind botanist, and in the Old Country, too; well that's strange! True, a blind man could know the lovely wallflowers and hyacinths and violets and all these sweet-scented things by their smell. But to know the little blue milkwort and the Euphrasia by touch, bangs me. If it was our fine, big pitcher plant, or the ladies' slipper, or the giant-fringed orchis, or the May apple, I could understand it; but perhaps he knew the flowers before he got to be blind. I think I could find my way blindfolded to some spots about Toronto where special plants grow. I believe, Wilks, that a man couldn't name a subject you wouldn't have a quotation for; you're wonderful!"

Wilkinson was delighted. This flattery was meat and drink to him. Holding the arm of his admiring friend, he poured out his soul in verse, allowing his companion, from time to time, the opportunity of contributing a little to the poetic feast. The two virtually forgot to notice the level, sandy road and tawny scenery, the clouded sun, the troublesome flies. For the time being, they were every-

thing, the one to the other. By their own spirits were they defied, or thought they were, at the moment.

Though the schoolmaster was revelling in the appreciation of his friend, he could not fail to perceive that he limped a little. "You have hurt your foot, Corry, my dear fellow, and never told me."

"Oh, it's nothing," replied the light-hearted lawyer; "I trod on a stick in that pond where I got the Brasenia and things, and my big toe's a bit sore, that's all."

"Corry, we have forgotten the blackthorns. Now, in this calm hour, sacred to friendship, let us present each other with nature's staff, a walking-stick cut from the bush, humble tokens of our mutual esteem."

Coristine agreed, and the result was a separation and careful scrutiny of the underbrush on both sides of the road, which ended in the finding of a dogwood by the lawyer, and of a striped maple by the dominie—both straight above and curled at the root. These, having removed from the bush, they brought into shape with their pocket-knives. Then Coristine carved "E. W." on the handle of his, while Wilkinson engraved "E. C." on the one he carried. This being done, each presented his fellow with "this utterly inadequate expression of sincere friendship," which was accepted "not for its intrinsic worth, but because of the generous spirit which prompted the gift." "Whenever my eye rests on these letters by friendship traced," said the dominie, "my pleasant companion of this happy day will be held in remembrance."

"And when my fingers feel 'E. C.' on the handle," retorted the lawyer, "I'll be wishing that my dear friend's lot, that gave it me, may be easy too. Faith but that's a hard pun on an Irishman."

"Seriously, now, Corry, does it give you any satisfaction to be guilty of these—ah—rhetorical figures?"

"All the delight in the world, Wilks, my boy."

"But it lowers the tone of your conversation; it puts you on a level with common men; it grieves me."

"If that last is the case, Farquhar, I'll do my best to fight against my besetting sin. You'll admit I've been very tender of your feelings with them."

"How's your foot now?"

"Oh, splendid! This stick of yours is a powerful help to it."

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Shakespeare's songs remind me of young Witherspoon. There was a party at old Tylor's, and a lady was singing 'Tell me where is fancy bred?' when young Witherspoon comes up to the piano in a hurry, and says: 'Why, don't you know?—at Nasmith's and Webb's.'

"Lord! how savage old Tylor was! I thought he would have kicked the young ass out."

"That is just what we lovers of literature have to endure from the Philistines. But, Corry, my dear fellow, here is the rain!"

The rain fell, at first drop by drop, but afterwards more smartly, forcing the pedestrians to take refuge under some leafy pines. There they sat quietly for a time, till their interest was excited by a deep growl, which seemed to come round a jog in the road just ahead.

"Is that a bear or a wolf, Corry?" the dominie asked in a whisper.

"More like a wild cat or a lynx," cheerfully responded his friend.

The growl was repeated, and then a human-like voice was heard which quieted the ferocious animal.

"Whatever it is, it's got a keeper," whispered Coristine, "so we needn't be afraid."

Then the sun shone forth brightly and a rainbow spanned the sky.

"The rainbow comes and goes," said the lawyer, which gave the schoolmaster occasion to recite:—

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky.  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old  
Or let me die!  
The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

"Bravo, well done, ancore!" cried a cheery and cheeky voice coming round the jog; "oo'd a thought of meetin' a play hactor 'ere in the bush! Down, Muggins, down," the latter to a largish and wiry-looking terrier, the author of the ominous growls.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Wilkinson with dignity, "I have nothing to do with the stage, beyond admiring the ancient ornaments of the English drama."

"Hall right, no offence meant and none taken, I'ope. But you did it well, sir, devilish well, I tell you. My name is Rawdon, and I'm a workin' geologist and minerologist hon the tramp."

The stranger, who had thus introduced himself, was short, about five feet five, fairly stout, with a large head covered with curly reddish hair, his whiskers and goatee of the same hue, his eyes pale grayish, his nose retroussé, and his mouth like a half-moon lying on its back. He was dressed in a tweed suit of a very broad check; his head was crowned with a pith hat, almost too large even for it; and he wore gaiters. But, what endeared him to the pedestrians was his knapsack made of some kind of ribbed brown waterproof cloth.

"Either of you gents take any hinterest in science?" he asked affably, whereupon the schoolmaster took it upon himself to reply.

"I, as an educationist, dabble a little in geology, mineralogy, and palæontology. My friend is a botanist. You are Mr. Rawdon. Allow me, Mr. Rawdon, to introduce my friend Mr. Eugene Coristine, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister, and my humble self, Farquhar Wilkinson, of the Toronto Schools."

Mr. Rawdon bowed and shook hands, then threw himself into a stage attitude, and said: "His it possible that I am face to face with Farquhar Wilkinson, the describer of a hentirely new species of Favosites? Sir, this is a perroud day for a workin' geologist. Your servant, Dr. Coristine!"

"I'm no doctor, Mr. Rawdon," replied the lawyer, a bit angrily; "I passed all my examinations in the regular way."

"Hif it's a fair question, gents, ware are you a goin'?" asked the working geologist.

"We intend, if nothing intervenes, to spend the night at the village of Peskiwanchow," answered Wilkinson, whose heart warmed to the knapsack man that knew his great discovery.

"Beastly 'ole!" remarked Mr. Rawdon; "but, as I'm a long way hoff Barrie, I'll go there with you, if Mr. Currystone is hagreable. I don't want to miss the hoppportunity of making your better haacquaintance, Dr. Wilkinson."

"I am sure that my friend and I will be charmed with your excellent society, as a man, a fellow pedestrian and a lover of science," the dominie effusively replied.

"Well, Muggins, we're a-goin' back, hold dog, along o' two gents as haint above keepin' company wi' you and me," whereat Muggins barked and sought to make friends with his new companions. Coristine liked Muggins, but he did not love Muggins' master. Sotto voce, he said: "A cheeky little cad!"

Mr. Rawdon and Wilkinson forged on ahead. Coristine and Muggins brought up the rear.

"What are you working at now, Mr. Rawdon?" asked the schoolmaster.

"I'm workin' hup the Trenton and Utica, the Udson River and Medina formations. They hall crop hup between 'ere and Collin'wood. It's the limestone I'm hafter, you know," he said, sinking his voice to a whisper; "the limestone grits, dolomites, and all that sort of thing. Wen I can get a good grinstun quarry, I'll be a made man."

"Grinstun?" queried Wilkinson, helplessly.

"Yes, you know, g, r, i, n, d, s, t, o, n, e, grinstun, for sharpenin' tools on; turn 'em with a handle and pour water on top. Now, sir, hevery farm 'ouse 'as got to 'ave a grinstun, and there's 'ow many farm 'ouses in Canidy 'wy, 'undreds of thousands. You see, there's money in it. Let me find a grinstun quarry and I'm a made man. And wot's more, I've found the grinstun quarry."

"You have? Where?" asked the dominie.

The working geologist drew off, and playfully planted the forefinger of his right hand on the side of his upturned nose, saying "Walker!" Then he relented, and, reapproaching his companion, said: "Honour bright, now, you're no workin' geologist, lookin' out for the blunt? You're a collector of Favosites Wilkinsonia, Stenopora fibrosa, Asaphus Canadensis, Ambonychia radiata, Helio-pora fragilis, and all that rot, ain't you now?"

"I certainly seek to make no money out of science, and am a lover of the fossil records of ancient life in our planet, but, above all, I assure you that I would no more think of betraying your confidence than of picking your pocket. If you have any doubts, do not make me your confidant."

"Hall right, hold cock, I mean, my dear sir. You're safe has a church. There's a 'undred haere lot hup in the township of Flanders, has full of grinstuns as a hegg's full of meat. It belongs to a Miss Do-Please-us, but who the dooce she is, I dunno. That's just wot I'm a-goin' to find hout. If she hain't paid her taxes, bein' hon the non-resident roll, I may be hable to pick hup the land for less than ten dollars, and it'll bring me hin tens of thousands. Then I'll skip back to hold Hingland and cut it fat."

Coristine was not so taken up with Muggins that he failed to overhear the conversation. He did not catch it all, but he learned that a lady, a maiden lady, whose name mediated between Jewplessy and Do Please, owned valuable mineral lands, of which the working geologist intended to deprive her by unfair means. Miss Do-Please-us was nothing to him, but justice was something, and the man Rawdon was an unutterable cad. How Wilkinson could take any pleasure in his society he could not understand. He had a good mind to chuck the dominie's stick into the next creek and let it float to Jericho. He did throw it away along the road, but Muggins brought it back. Deserted by his bosom friend for a common, low down cad like that; Oh, by Jove! He strode along in silence, while Muggins, his only friend, came and rubbed himself against his leg. No, he would not give in to fate in the shape of a Rawdon. He had important secrets regarding the welfare of two women, that Providence seemed to have thrown in his way, in his possession. If Wilks turned traitor, he could break the pact, and make one of these women happy. Pity he wasn't a Turk to take care of the pair of them. Night had fallen, but the moon shone out and the stars, and it was very pleasant walking, if only Wilkinson would give the least hint that he was conscious of his friend's existence. But the schoolmaster was happy with the mining adventurer, who knew his man well enough to mix a few fossils with the grinstuns.

## CHAPTER III.

Peskiwanchow Tavern—Bad Water—A Scrimmage and Timotheus—The Wiggles—Pure Water and Philosophy—Archæology and Muggins—Mrs. Thomas and Marjorie—Dromore—Rawdon's Insolence and Checks—On the Road and Tramp's Song—Maguffin and the Pole-cart.

"ERE'S this beastly 'ole of a Peskiwanchow," said Mr. Rawdon as the pedestrians came to a rather larger clearing than usual, prominent in which was the traditional country tavern.

"Is it clean?" asked Wilkinson.

"Well, there hain't hany pestilence that walketh hin darkness there, not to my knowledge; though they say hif you keep your lamp lit hall night, they won't come near you; but then, the blessed lamp brings the mosquitoes, don't you see?"

Mr. Wilkinson did see, but was glad of the information, as the look of the hotel was not reassuring.

"Ullo, Matt!" cried his new friend to the coatless landlord. "I'm back, you see, hand 'ave brought you a couple of guests. Look sharp with supper, for we're hall 'ungry as 'awks."

The ham which they partook of, with accompanying eggs and lukewarm potatoes, was very salt, so that in spite of his three cups of tea Wilkinson was thirsty. He went to the bar, situated in the only common room, except the dining-room, in the house, and asked for a glass of water. A thick, greenish fluid was handed to him, at which, as he held it to the light, he looked aghast. Adjusting his eye-glass, he looked again, and saw not only vegetable and minute animal organisms, but also unmistakable hairs.

"Where do you get this water?" he asked in a very serious tone.

"Out of the well," was the answer.

"Are you aware that it is one mass of animal and vegetable impurities, and that you are liable to typhoid and every other kind of disease as the natural effect of drinking such filth?"

The landlord stared, and then stammered that he would have the well cleaned out in the morning, not knowing what sort of a health officer was before him. But the crowd at the bar said it was good enough for them, as long as the critters were well killed off with a good drop of rye or malt. Wilkinson asked for a glass of beer, which came out sour and flat. "See me put a head on that," said the landlord, dropping a pinch of soda into the glass and stirring it in with a spoon. The schoolmaster tried to drink the mixture, but in vain; it did not quench the thirst, but produced a sickening effect. He felt like a man in a strange land, like a wanderer in the desert, a shipwrecked mariner. Oh, to be on the *Susan Thomas*, with miles of pure water all round! Or even at home, where the turning of a tap brought all Lake Ontario to one's necessities.

"Is there no other water than this about?" he asked in despair.

"Wy, yees," answered Matt; "thay's the crick a ways down the track, but it's that black and masshy I guess you wouldn't like it no better."

"Well, get us some from there, like a good man, to wash with if we cannot drink it, and have it taken up to our room," for it had appeared that the two pedestrians were to inhabit a double-bedded apartment.

"'Ere, you Timotheus, look spry and go down to the crick and fetch a pail of water for No. 6."

A shambling man, almost a hobbledehoy, of about twenty-five, ran out to obey the command, and, when he returned from No. 6, informed Wilkinson civilly that the water was in his room. Something in his homely but pleasant face, in his shock head and in his voice, seemed familiar to the dominie, yet he could not place his man; when Coristine came along and said, "You've got a brother on the *Susan Thomas*, haven't you, and his name is Sylvanus?" The young man shuffled with his feet, opened a mouth the very counterpart of "The Crew's," and answered: "Yes, mister, he's my oldest brother, is Sylvanus; do you happen to know Sylvanus?"

"Know him?" said the unblushing lawyer, "like a brother; sailed all over Lake Simcoe with him."

The lad was proud, and went to his menial tasks with a new sense of the dignity of his family. He was called for on all sides, and appeared to be the only member of the household in perpetual request; but, though many liberties were taken with him personally, none were taken with his name, which was always given in full, "Timothéus!" Wilkinson was too tired, thirsty and generally disgusted to do anything but sit, as he never would have sat elsewhere, on a chair tilted against the wall. Coristine would fain have had a talk with "The Crew's" brother, but that worthy was ever flitting about from bar-room to kitchen, and from well to stable; always busy and always cheerful.

The Grinstun man came swaggering up after treating all hands at the bar to whisky, in which treat the pedestrians were included by invitation, declined with thanks, and suggested a game of cards—any game they liked—stakes to be drinks; or, if the gents preferred it, cigars. Coristine somewhat haughtily refused, and Wilkinson, true to his principles, but in a more conciliatory tone, said that he did not play them. He was obliged, therefore, to get the landlord, Matt, and a couple of bar-room loafers to take hands with him.

"Wilks, my dear boy, get out your draft-board and I'll play you a game," said Coristine.

The board was produced, the flat, cardboard chessmen turned upside down, and the corner of a table, on which a

few well-thumbed newspapers lay, utilized for the game. The players were so interested in making moves and getting kings that, at first, they did not notice the talk of the card players which was directed against them; for Matt, being called away to his bar, was replaced by a third loafer. Gradually there came to their ears the words, "conceited, offish, up-settin', pedlars, tramps, pious scum," with condemnatory and other adjectives prefixed, and then they knew that their characters and occupations were undergoing unfavourable review. Mr. Rawdon was too "hail fellow well met" with the loafers to offer any protest. He joined in the laugh that greeted each new sally of vulgar abuse, and occasionally helped his neighbours on by such remarks as, "We musn't be too 'ard on 'em, they hain't used to such company as hus," which was followed by a loud guffaw. Wilkinson was playing badly, for he felt uncomfortable. Coristine chewed his moustache and became red in the face. The landlord looked calmly on. At last the card players, having had their third drink since the game began, came over to the little table. One of the roughest and worst-tongued of the three picked up a pile of dirty newspapers, looked at one of them for a moment, pshawed as if there was nothing in them, and threw the pile down with a twist of his hand fair on to the draft-board, sweeping it half off the table and all the cardboard men to the floor. In a moment Coristine was up, and laid hold of the fellow by the shoulder. Pale but resolute, the schoolmaster, who had done physical duty by unruly boys, stood beside him. The working geologist and the landlord, Matt, looked on to see the fun of a fight between two city men and three country bullies.

"Get down there," said Coristine to his man, trembling with indignation, "get down there, and pick up all these chessmen, or I'll wring your neck for you." The fellow made a blow at him with his free hand, a blow that Coristine parried, and then the Irishman, letting go of his antagonist's arm, gave him a sounding whack with all the might of his right fist, that sent him sprawling to the ground.

"Pile in on 'im, boys!" cried the prostrate ruffian, who had lost a tooth and bled freely at the nose. The other two prepared to pile, when the schoolmaster faced one of them, and kept him off. It is hard to say how matters would have gone, had not a tornado entered the bar-room in the shape of Timotheus. How he did it, no one could tell, but, in less than two minutes, the two standing bullies and the prostrate one were all outside the tavern door, which was locked behind them. Peace once more reigned in the hotel, and it was in order for Matt and the Grinstun man to congratulate Coristine on his knock down blow. He showed no desire for their commendation, but, with his friend, whom Timotheus helped to pick up the chessmen, retired to his room. The Crew's brother had disappeared before he had had a chance to thank him.

Before retiring for the night, the lawyer was determined to be upsides with Mr. Rawdon. He asked his roomfellow if he had any writing materials, and was at once provided with paper, envelopes, and a fountain pen.

"I hope I'm not depriving you of these, Wilks, my dear," he said, when the party thus addressed almost threw himself upon his neck, saying, "Corry, my splendid, brave fellow, everything I have is at your absolute disposal, 'supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best!'" for he could not forget his Wordsworth. Coristine wrote to the clerk of the municipality of Flanders, to know where Miss Jewplessy or Do Pleas-us had a lot, and whether the taxes on it had been paid. He directed him to answer to his office in Toronto, and also wrote to his junior, instructing him how to act upon this reply. These letters being written and prepared for the post, he and the dominie read together out of the little prayer book, left the window open and the lamp burning, and went to bed. Before they fell asleep, they heard the barking of a dog. "It's that poor brute, Muggins," said Coristine; "I'll go, and let him in, if that brute of a master of his won't." So, in spite of Wilkinson's remonstrances, he arose and descended the stairs to the bar-room. Nobody was there but Timotheus sleeping in a back-tilted chair. He slipped quietly along in his bare feet, but Timotheus, though sleeping, was on guard. The Crew's brother awoke, soon as he tried the door, and in a moment, was on his back. "It's I, my good Timotheus," said the lawyer, and at once the grip relaxed. "I want to let that poor dog, Muggins, in." Then Timotheus unlocked the door, and Coristine whistled, and called "Hi Muggins, Muggins, Muggy, Mug, Mug, Mug, Mug!" when the mongrel came bounding in, with every expression of delight. Coristine warmly thanked The Crew's brother, pressed a dollar on his acceptance, and then retired to No. 6. Muggins followed him, and lay down upon the rag carpet outside that apartment, to keep watch and ward for the rest of the night, entirely ignoring his owner, the Grinstun man.

There was a pail of swamp water in the middle of the room, at the bottom of which lay some little black things. As this water became warm, these little fellows began to rise and become frolicksome. Like minute porpoises or dolphins, they joined in the mazy dance, and rose higher and higher. All night long, by the light of the kerosene lamp, they indulged in silent but unceasing hilarity. The snores of the sleepers, the watchful dream-yaps of Muggins, did not affect them. They were bound to have a good time, and they were having it. Morning came, and the sun stole in through the window. Then, the wiggler grew

tired, and came, like many tired beings, to the top. For a time he was quiescent, but soon the sun's rays gave force to the inner impulse which "rent the veil of his old husk," and transformed it into a canoe or raft, containing a draggle-tailed-looking creature with a big head and six staggy legs. Poising itself upon the raft, the outcome of the wiggler sunned its crumplety wings, till "like gauze they grew," and then all of it, a whole pailful of it, made for the sleepers, to help its more mature relations, which had come in through the open window to the light, to practice amateur phlebotomy upon them. The pedestrians awoke to feel uncomfortable, and rub and scratch their faces, heads, necks, and hands. "It's clean devoured I am, Wilks," cried Coristine. "The plagues of Egypt have visited us," replied the dominie. So, they arose and dressed themselves, and descended to the noisome bar-room. There they found Timotheus, awake and busy, while, at their heels, frisking about and looking for recognition, was their night guard Muggins. Timotheus informed them that he had already been out probing the well with a pike pole, and had brought up the long defunct bodies of a cat and a hen, with an old shoe and part of a cabbage, to say nothing of other things as savoury. They decided to take no more meals cooked with such water in that house, paid their bill to Timotheus, buckled on their knapsacks, and, with staff in hand, sallied forth into the pure outside air of the morning. Coristine ran over to the store in which the post office was kept, and posted his two letters. There was no sign of Matt, the landlord, of Mr. Rawdon, or of their assailants of the night before. Muggins, however, followed them, and no entreaties, threats, or stones availed to drive the faithful creature back to his master and the hotel where he slept.

The pedestrians passed the black, sluggish creek, out of which the wigglers had come, and struck into a country, flat but more interesting than that they had left behind them. After they had gone a couple of miles they came to a clear running stream, in which they had a splendid wash, that tended to allay the irritation of the mosquito bites. Then they brought forth the remains of their biscuits and cheese, and partook of a clean meal, which Coristine called a good foundation for a smoke, Muggins sitting upon his hind legs and catching fragments of captain's biscuits and whole gingersnaps in his mouth, as if he had never done anything else. It was very pleasant to sit by the brook on that bright July morning, after the horrors of the Peskiwanchow tavern, to have clean food and abundance of pure water. As the dominie revelled in it, he expressed the opinion that Pindar was right when he said "ariston men hudor," which, said the lawyer, means that water is the best of all the elements, but how would Mr. Pindar have got along without earth to walk on, air to breathe, and fire to cook his dinner?

"I'm no philosopher, Wilks, like you, but it seems to me that perfection is found in no one thing. If it was, the interdependence of the universe would be destroyed; harmony would be gone, and love, which is just the highest harmony, be lost. That's just why I couldn't be a unitarian of any kind. As Tennyson says, 'one good custom would corrupt the world.'"

"Pardon me, Corry, he does not say that, but makes Arthur say:—

God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

"Better and better! but that's what the churches don't see, nor the politicians, nor the socialists, nor the prohibitionists, nor the scientists, nor anybody else hardly, it seems to me. When a man's got two eyes to see with, why should he shut one and keep out half the view? This 'ariston men hudor' idea—I'm not arguing against temperance, for it's temperate enough we are both—but this one thing is best notion would bring the beautiful harmonious world into dull, dead uniformity. There's a friend of mine that studies his Bible without any reference to the old systems of theology, and finds these old systems have made some big mistakes in interpreting its sayings, when a newspaper blockhead comes along and says if he won't conform let him go out of the church. There's a one-eyed man for you, an ecclesiastical Polyphemus! Our politicians are just the same, without a broad, liberal idea to clothe their naked, thieving policies with. And the scientists! some of them stargazing, like Thales, so that they fall into the ditch of disrepute by failing to observe what's nearer home, and others, like Bunyan's man in Interpreter's house, so busy with the muckrake that they are ignorant of the crown held over their heads. Now, you and I are liberal and broad, we can love nature and love God too, we can admire poetry and put our hands to any kind of honest work; you can teach boys with your wonderful patience, and, with your pluck, knock a door in, and stand up, like a man, to fight for your friend. But, Wilks, my boy, I'm afraid it's narrow we are, too, about the women."

"Come, come, Corry, that subject, you know—"

"All right, not another word," interposed the lawyer, laughing and springing to his feet; "let us jog along.

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering grey;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the streaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills."

"When did you take to Wordsworth, Corry?"

"Oh, many a time, but I refreshed my memory with

that yesterday, when I came across the tear in the old man's eye."

"It is most appropriate, for there, on the right, are actual hills."

(To be continued.)

### SUN-GOLD.

ALL day the sun drops gold, the grassy mead  
Like miser olden hoarding underground  
Till soft-shod June will track it, like a hound  
Scents the lone covert where the wild-deer feed.

When from an ample mint, with lavish hand,  
In every field, by every fountain-side,  
She'll scatter gold-bits round her far and wide  
In flower-cups o'er all the fragrant land—

Wherever butter-flowers and daisies blow,  
You'll mark her presence in the green, lush grasses;  
You'll hear her blithely singing as she passes,  
On sunny uplands where gold violets grow.

Pictou, April, 1892.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### ANE WHA KENNED WALTER SCOTT.

AN item has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that only the Queen is left who was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and I was telling this the other day to my old friend, Mr. Thomas Clark, knowing it would interest him—as his father was gardener to the novelist when he lived at Ashiestiel before he became so famous, or had a "handle to his name."

Our old neighbour is eighty-eight years of age, and had walked a mile to see us. He has a memory truly wonderful, and although but a small child when they left Scotland, can remember many things older children would forget. "It was before he went to Abbotsford that our folk had a little cottage, and father tended the garden and did some thatching for him," he said. "He was a quiet-like man, was Scott, and used to gang about the grounds, helping the workmen and giving orders, and often at nights he would take lang walks and frighten the folk, as he gaed about like his ain ghaist. Mistress Scott was kind to mither—she way aye ready in sickness to help. When I was a wee shaver I fell into a tub o' scalding water, and Mistress Scott brought a poultice o' wheaten bread—it was a rare thing in thae days, the white loaf—and she was verra kind to us in illness, and when her ain bairn was puny-like and sma' the docter advised her to be sent to the cottage to play wi' my sister, who was rosy and plump. So every fine day she came and sat on a rug and rolled about with us weans. He wasna sich a great man as afterwards, and the folk were a bit feared o' him, for he gaed about the grounds at night reciting his ain poetry. He wad delve a bit, and talk to faither about the crops an' the country, and be at hame wi' us all, for he was aye a guid master, faither said. Mistress Scott wanted mither to name a baby after her, but she wadna as lang as we stayed there, but called one for her after we came to America."

Our old neighbour lives not far from Montreal, engaged in his father's occupation, at his fine old age as much interested in fruit and flowers as if he was forty years younger; and the fund of anecdote he can tell with that wonderful Scotch intellect and memory is well worthy of reproduction.

ANNIE L. JACK.

Hillside, Chateaugay Basin, Quebec.

### THE CRITIC.

THAT was a happy thought on the part of the editors of the *Century Magazine* to give a larger audience to Mr. Stedman's lectures on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" than Levering Hall or the Berkeley Lyceum could reach. And in this happy thought we may recognize one of the best functions of a magazine; namely, that it preserves in more attractive and permanent form than can be done by a review or by a newspaper, and in less expensive form than by a book, the best utterances of the best men on topics of permanent and popular interest.

And poetry and the poet are of permanent and popular interest. This was in Mr. Stedman's favour. Nor has he disappointed us—at least not altogether. He has said some very nice things, and said them very nicely. At one point, it must be confessed, he gave us pause. When in the second instalment, entitled "What is Poetry?" he deliberately set out on "a search for the very stuff whereof the Muse fashions her transubstantial garments," to ask "What is poetry, after all? what are the elements beneath its emotion and intellectual delight?" it must be confessed that a fear arose lest Mr. Stedman was about to throw a sop to a scientific age, which would not hesitate to put the Absolute in a crucible and the Infinite under an objective if it could, and to venture even so far as to put poetry under his lens. He does indeed venture upon a definition, but happily he seems to lay not over-much stress upon it. He limits it, too, to "uttered poetry"—not so fine a distinction after all, if we remember and assent to that assertion of the "poets' poet" and the poet of poets, that "the most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is probably a feeble sha-

dow of the original conceptions of the poet." Let us thank Mr. Stedman also for once more reiterating the truth that "the essential *spirit* of poetry is indefinable."

It is very necessary to keep in mind the limits imposed upon himself by the lecturer, otherwise his definition is one easily quarrelled with; for when he says "poetry is rhythmical imaginative *language*," we see at once that he is not defining the emotion or the conception aroused by the contemplation of beauty and truth, but merely that small portion of (in his own words) "the poetic spirit [which] becomes concrete through utterance, in that poetry which enters literature."

So far so good. But there are those who will perhaps wish that Mr. Stedman, in place of taking this plane of exegesis, had at all events made an attempt to rise to a higher and hortatory one, and had discoursed rather than defined, had told us some of his thoughts on "the poetic spirit." A very high plane can be taken in the discussion of this loftiest faculty of the human mind, and before this great minds have breathed that rarified atmosphere and have related something of their visions. It would have been a treat, for example, if Mr. Stedman, in this the initiatory series of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lecture-ship, had explained and expanded some of those large utterances of the early writers such as to-day we do not often get. What might he not have said, for instance, concerning that remarkable assertion of Strabo that all poetry consists in the praise of the gods; with which may be linked, as a sort of reversed truth, the saying of Novalis that "with the ancients religion certainly was what it ought to be with us—poetry." Akin to these is Shelley's emphatic dictum: "poetry is indeed something divine." Mr. Ruskin too, it will be remembered, avers that "the great arts . . . have had, and can have, but three principal directions of purpose: first, that of enforcing the religion of men; secondly, that of perfecting their ethical state; thirdly, that of doing them material service." With the second function, going back again to Shelley, we may compare "poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man."—There is an infinite field for a lecturer here.

Then again in another of the aspects of poetry, there is that curious but significant prophecy of Matthew Arnold, "in poetry our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay." This perhaps should be read in the light of another and still more curious sentence by the same writer to the effect that "philosophy is the illusion, poetry the reality." So Amiel says "true poetry is truer than science." And Novalis again, "the poet understands Nature better than the man of science," and "the more poetic, the more truthful."

Generalizations at this altitude cover a wide area. But perhaps after all Mr. Stedman did right in beginning as it were at the bottom; in analysing the contents and reviewing the history of poetic utterance, and in pointing out the characteristics by which poetry is differentiated from its sister arts.

There is surely something significant in the institution of this chair of poetry at the renowned University of Johns Hopkins. It is not at all to be regarded as the outcome of individual taste. The very cordial reception accorded to the initial course of lectures, to say nothing of the choice of the lecturer, is sufficient to disprove such assumption. We may take it as a sign of the times. And as a sign of the times in many ways. When science is rampant and cold facts seem all in all; when material prosperity is the one thing needful, and social science, not to say socialistic science, is absorbing thought and feeling, it is more than agreeable to witness at one of America's chief seats of learning the foundation of a chair to be devoted to something other than objects of sense or factors of pecuniary progress.

### IN MEMORIAM.

James William Williams, Lord Bishop of Quebec, died April 20th, 1892, aged 66 years.

To those found faithful, oft the call to rest  
Comes in the glory of the later noon,  
Ere evening falls and with declining day  
The mind has darkened and work lost its zest.  
So now, though first our sad hearts cried "too soon,"  
We see God's angel did in heavenly way  
His finished work and Master's love attest.  
And now he wins, withdrawn from human eye,  
A good man's two-fold immortality,  
To live for ever near the Master's throne,  
And here in lives made better by his own.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

### CANADIAN LITTERATEURS AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

PRINCIPAL ADAMS, of Lennoxville, in a recent number takes me amiably to task for my strictures upon our universities for neglecting Canadian men of thought. He appears to think my argument to have been based upon the hope of building up a distinct local literature. I think this possible only to a limited extent. What I do wish to see is the class of thinkers, and particularly of those who tend to make us think the higher class of thoughts, increased in the country, whether their work be local or universal in its character. The particular chain of points which I was attempting to make clear

was: (1) that in Canada we see about us the results of a low material standard of thinking in the incontestably frightful corruption and immorality of many of our principal political leaders; (2) that in order to remove this gangrene we must encourage (substantially) among us whatever and whoever will set going currents of intellectuality and spirituality here; (3) that the disease (as well as other diseases which can be seen by those who will go down among and study the people) is a disease of the nation, and the physicians whom we must look to to understand it should be largely men brought up on the spot—in other words, that a Canadian, who has grown up in contact with the needs of the country, will be apt to more fully apply his thought to our needs than a man from abroad (I retract the word "foreigners," which was a slip); (4) that the universities are not alive to these needs of ours, and in their choice of professors appoint too many men from abroad who teach "pure science" or "pure literature" or "pure philosophy," but shut themselves up almost entirely in their subjects, while the real evils of the actual world around them proceed. For example, what is the use of our analyzing the constitution of the Saxon *tun* and *hundred* if we cannot do something to improve the great deficiencies of our own villages and wards? And why could we not have adaptations of University work like the University extension movement until we took it as mere copyists? What I ask is that we study our needs at first hand,—that is all. It is what other countries are doing.

I do not wish to see an improper and narrow localism in Canada; nor am I an enemy, but on the contrary an humble supporter, of Imperial patriotism. The two things have separate places, and duties, just as have the relations of son and brother in a family; so that he who best loves and serves his brother-Canadians will likely make the best Imperial citizen too, and in that capacity support with all his power the noble cause of the "pax Britannica" throughout the world. But on the other hand we have our more constant every-day duty to those whom God has placed nearest us and bound up in the same nation, whose good or bad government, whose happiness or sorrow (and these latter words are words of most real import), are in our hands, and ours in theirs. Our nearest duty lies here; our call to act is here; the demand to remedy the wrongs, the grossnesses, the vice and misgovernment of this country is a demand upon us, and to which we, both as individuals and as a people, both as citizens and as universities, must all do what we can to respond. How can the response come from the universities, which ought to be the very springs of thought and movement in such matters, unless they gather in the most patriotic and original Canadians they can find to their Chairs? And finally, how can such men find bread outside the universities and similar positions? And how can they do a sufficient quantity of the high-class work which Dr. Adams states is to be required of them in general literature, under the hampered conditions of the struggle for a living?

In the very issue of THE WEEK in which his reply is contained, he may by this time have read a passage by a writer unknown to me who deals with a similar topic and whose closing words make mine seem quite moderate. I quote them merely to show the difference: "Our so-called patrons of learning are a disgrace to any land, slaves of selfish expediency, purblind judges of outward appearance, too deficient in culture themselves often to estimate it aright in others, and too jealous of their own factitious reputations to suffer even an inoffensive rival near the throne. Let this state of things go on, and our fate will be:—

Perpetual emptiness! increasing change.  
No single volume paramount, no code,  
No master spirit, no determined road;  
But equally a want of books and men."

Something in the same line could be quoted from the *Globe* of a few weeks ago. It seems to me there must be something wrong where this complaint is heard so often and here so bitterly. I have not meant to be unnecessarily a grumbler, but let us have a good row and clear the atmosphere. While agreeing on the great services of the universities, is it true or not that they are in proper line with the national needs; and if not, is the reason a lack of patriotic and original Canadians in the professorships? Let us hear some opinions from others in the courteous temper of Dr. Adams' reply. Likewise, what about the Civil Service?

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

### PARIS LETTER.

IT is not in "calling" spirits from the vasty deep, but their appearing when called, that demonstrates power. The 535 deputies, be their number more or less, are divided by a mechanical arrangement into eleven committees or groups. When a special question, like the fresh punitive expedition to Dahomey for example, is among the orders of the day, it is referred to a special commission of eleven members, composed of a member from each of the eleven house committees, and selected for his reputed familiarity with the subject. Indeed he is the delegate of his committee and bound to represent the feeling of its majority. That commission represents the whole Chamber, and is supposed to have omnipotent powers in calling for papers and persons. Now the Dahomey commission called for all the documents connected with the high jinks of King Behanzin, in raiding the French protectorate for slaves;



the Government point blank refused to produce the whole of the documents when requested. The commission refused to work in the dark, or to plunge France into a little war, until the truth was disclosed as to how the three millions of francs demanded were to be expended, and to discover if the play was worth the candle. After holding a council the Cabinet caved in.

The incident illustrates how infantile and backward a French Government is, in the play of parliamentary institutions, and how little in touch with the nation that has to pay in men and money for even little wars. It was by the same tactics of holding back the truth that M. Jules Ferry ruined himself as a public man, and chained France to that blood and money sucker, Tonkin. It was political Jeremy Diddling of a like character on the part of the Duc de Gramont that plunged France into the 1870-71 war with Germany, despite the passionate appeals of Thiers for light, more light, from the Foreign Minister. It is not increase of territory the French sigh for, but increase of trade; however, a small band of land-grabbing patriots coerce and dominate public opinion by, that the star of France will set, the day she would administer an Ashantee whipping to the King of Dahomey, and then leave him to his sobs and his stripes. In time, King Behanzin might send his love to M. Carnot, request to be invited to visit him, and to be made a *grand croix* of the Legion of Honour.

There appears to be no doubt now as to the French Bishops having taken to the war-path against the present constitution. This is very unfortunate for the peace of France, as both republicans and clericals are not afraid to fight the quarrel hilt to hilt. One result is certain, the brusque separation of Church from State. And after? There's the rub.

The Duc d'Aumale is about introducing important changes on his Zucco estate in Italy, and which he received in 1853 from his wife, daughter of the Princess of Salerno. Its area is 7,000 acres, 500 of which are under vines, producing two million gallons of wine annually. It is by planting certain portions of the vineyards with cuttings from the vines of Sauterne, Spain, and the Rhine, and judiciously blending the yields that the Duke has secured his brand. He employs 500 persons on his estate. He now intends to plant 300 acres with vines for the production of Vermouth, and 700 more with American vines, employing gypsum and nitrate of soda as fertilizers. In five years he expects to treble his rent roll. The Duke is on the shady side of seventy.

The French admit that the English are the greatest consumers of music, but deny them all claim to a national school of music. A Frenchman criticizes Lord Tennyson's poetic comedy of the "Foresters" as represented at Daly's Theatre; he states that the poet is a born librettiste, but that he has been betrayed by the composer. The admirable scenes, especially the ballet in the third act, required a Wagner or a Berlioz—both dead alas, to infuse into the poem something of *Siegfried* and of the *Damnation de Faust*. Instead, the music is common place, devoid of accent, deficient in character, and wanting in poetic expression.

Paris is not deficient in clubs, but still has one lacune at least in this respect to fill up. No foreigner, unless with blue blood in his veins, need expect admission either into the jockey, the Rue Royale, or even the "Potato" clubs. There are other clubs exclusively French, and several that it is best to give a wide berth to; there are a few to be commended, though lacking the comforts of a home from home. The Americans have their club, but a member must have a good cheque at his banker's to belong to it, and nothing "shoddy" is admitted to the Washington. For the middle-class English there is no club in Paris. That want is likely soon to be met; some members of the English Chamber of Commerce here have taken the matter in hand, and are in communication with several English Provincial clubs to connect with the Paris project. Support is promised from London. Eligible and central premises are forthcoming; the administration will be largely commercial in its character, and so business-like; sect, clique, and coterie will be tabooed; gambling will not be permitted, so the club will thus have not to depend for its existence on the *cognatte*. It will be a real corner of England in Paris.

It is twenty years since Paris has witnessed so beautiful a spring; it is so extraordinary that people seem afraid to allude to it, lest it might vanish. When Fontenelle was complimented on his hale old age: "Hush! Death may overhear us!" was his reply. Unhappily the terrible depression in trade, and the absence of a break in the dark horizon, tell on the situation. No Frenchman but complains; all lose money, all reduce hands, and, where possible, boys at low wages replace men at fixed salaries. There is gradually being organized over the country a grouping of all the interests that have been injured by the new tariff, with a view of compelling the deputies to undo their unhandywork.

While Madame de Valsayre is crusading to secure sobriety and virtue among the waitresses of the beer saloons, by inducing them to wear white cotton caps, ex-Communist Lisbonne urges them to join the Socialists; he gave a ball in their honour a few nights ago, and had executed the "Dynamite Polka," of his own composition, and he danced it himself, despite his wooden leg that the State supplied him with after its soldiers had shot away the natural member in May, 1871.

In the thirteenth century the cities of France were

quoted as proverbs, following their dominant industries; thus, the best usurers came from Metz and Cahors; robbers, from Macon; proud beggars, from Lours; singers, from Seus; doctors, from Salernes; asses, from Navarre; dogs, from Lille; conger eels, from Rochelle; herrings, from Lecamp; pâtés, from Paris; beer, from Cambrai; mustard, from Dijon; tripe, from St. Denis; knives, from Perigneux. Foreign products were thus classed: hatchets, from Denmark; swords, from Cologne; and leather, from Ireland. The most beautiful women came from Flanders; the tallest men from Denmark; the deepest drinkers, from England; the lightest men, from Wales; the best jugglers, from Gascony; and the handsomest men, from Germany.

Prince Henri d'Orleans, son of the Duc de Chartres, and heir apparent to the Duc d'Aumale, and now travelling in Tonkin and the Chinese frontier in connection with a vast railway scheme, inherits the hobby of de Châteaubriand, that of bringing with him as a souvenir a sample of the water of every important river he encounters.

The favourite saddle-horse of the late Queen Mercedes, of Spain, is treated with all the attentions that a pensioned off pet can be paid. Not a week passes but the Regent and the baby King bring sugar to the animal.

The Cardinal de Grèves had a mania for pâtés made of robin red-breasts, and when travelling had the boot of his carriage filled with them. Cartouche having robbed his eminence, invited the latter and his secretary to join his band in the consumption of the pies. Z.

## TWO TRIOLETS.

I.

A YEAR ago the world was fair,  
My path by Love was left uncrossed,  
I sipped of pleasure everywhere,  
A year ago. *The world was fair.*  
My life was then unknown to care,  
But now my days are tempest-tossed;  
A year ago the world was fair,  
My path by Love was left uncrossed.

II.

Though Love be dowered with many a sigh,  
I would not have him flee away;  
I would not that he came to die,  
Though he be dowered with many a sigh;  
My throbbing heart may not deny  
His lowliest joys all griefs outweigh.  
Though love be dowered with many a sigh,  
I would not have him flee away.

Brandon, Man.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

WAGNER AND "THE CRITIC."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In the article headed "The Critic" in issue of April 22 occurs the remark that in the lyrical drama of to-day, represented in serious aspects by Richard Wagner, and in lighter ones by Gilbert and Sullivan, the modern spirit of introspective psychological analysis is either deliberately avoided or treated in jest.

This observation, more particularly as it deals with the theories, life and works of Wagner, is so likely to cause misconception and confusion, and gives evidence of so hasty and unformed a judgment upon matters universal that I venture to draw attention to it. Anyone who knows anything whatever about the trend or tendency of modern music, especially as represented by the great master, Wagner, knows that the compositions of that school tend directly towards the modern ideal in all arts—including literature—the representations of many complex passions, thoughts, emotions and sensations.

The Wagner drama is intensely psychological and analytical, as any student of the great mass of Wagner literature and any intelligent hearer of "Tristan and Isolde," "Lohengrin," or "Parsifal" must know. To attain this knowledge, it is not necessary to be a musician nor to be capable of reading the complicated scores of such works; one has only to thoroughly assimilate the "music of the future," as the premises and conclusions are found both in Wagner's own writings and those of Hueffer and others. It would be incomprehensible how any writer of average culture could so mistake the attitude of Wagner and his influence upon art were it not that writers at all times appear to consider gross ignorance in musical questions their simple prerogative. In this respect, "Critic" was in good company, since William Black, Thomas Hardy, Frances Ridley Havergal and Adelaide Proctor have all made blunders concerning music and musicians which they would have been careful to avoid had they been treating of painting, or aesthetics or sculpture or the novel.

It is no mere one-sided partisanship which leads every thinking musician to say that the influence of Richard Wagner did more than that of any other composer to elevate the drama and convert it from a merely lyrical and spectacular production into a complete and intellectual whole, ranking, in its delineation of thought, motive and sentiment, with the analytical novels of Eliot and Meredith.

J. W. F. HARRISON.

Toronto.

## ART NOTES.

MEXICO'S exhibit at the Chicago Fair will include a number of fine works of art. Casts are being made of the sacrificial stone, the God of War, the Goddess of Water, the Calendar Stone and other Aztec relics now in the Mexican National Museum. From the National Art Gallery, which has a very large collection of paintings, a number of the best works will be sent to Chicago. Among them will be the representation of Hidalgo, the "George Washington of Mexico," which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition.

SIR GEORGE REID'S home at St. Luke's, near Aberdeen, is in the country, and is surrounded with a blooming flower-garden. Here grow roses, white, pink, crimson and damask, and a mass of these gathered dewy fresh in the early morning and flung down—no, carefully arranged with a view to artistic effect—on a marble slab, has afforded the painter the opportunity for some of his most delightful work. Nature is here less intricate than in the form of a laird or a civic magnate. She meets the artist far more than half way, and bids him only read her aright, and fix her fleeting loveliness on his imperishable canvas. The treatment of flowers by Diaz has already awakened in the Scottish artist the sense of the capabilities of this branch of painting when he took it up some years ago. His own treatment is characteristic. The masses of bloom are not, as by Diaz, gradually evolved out of a background into which their own tints are carried with the most dexterous blending. The elements of Sir George Reid's composition, generally long and low in shape, are all distinctly defined—a marble slab, two or three well-modelled and composed groups of blossoms, perhaps a vase or a basket, each solidly painted against a simple background, are brought into harmony by fine light and shade, out of which the gray-whites, reds and saffrons gleam or glow with a rich but subdued effect. The painter has "let himself go" in the colour, and has deftly manipulated his pigments into a finished expression of its sumptuous beauty. As the characteristic reds—on the whole the dominant tints—have to be gained by transparent lakes, the solid modelling is secured by a first painting in creamy whites kneaded with a quick-drying medium. Over this, just at the right stage of desiccation, are drawn or floated the liquid pinks and crimsons which gather in the flower's heart like those *gocciolo di sangue* in Titian's after-painting, or, thinly spread, transmit, like a fragment of old ruby glass, the light from the ground underneath. The execution is enthusiastic, rapid, *d'un seul jet*, for the evanescent charm must be seized at once or it will fade before the second evening. Roses are Sir George Reid's favourites, but he has painted other blossoms, and the most important of all the flower-pieces is a noble study of rhododendrons, white, crimson and lilac, in the collection of Mr. Irvine Smith, of Edinburgh.—*Magazine of Art for May.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"HERRMANN" the horrible, in his Mephistophelian acts, has passed on, after delighting thousands with his weird, wizzard ways, ably seconded by Madame Herrmann in his chief efforts to mystify.

"BOOTLE'S BABY," as presented by a local company, drew large audiences in a worthy charitable cause on Friday, Saturday and matinee. Only in one instance was the "open sesame" dollar demanded back, the individual believing he had paid to hear the original professional company; but, on being reminded that he could see them anywhere on the road, whereas the amateur setting of this entertaining play was a *rara opus*, a bright smile suffused the intelligent face of the hitherto dissatisfied party, and he rejoiced once more and was glad.

THE ACADEMY.

DR. FLINT, the strong-minded man of hypnotic nerve fame, has been drawing crowded houses to the Academy of Music to witness his powerful display of mesmeric influence. All who place themselves within reach of this truly wonderful man's mental influence have been obliged to succumb to his will. Next week Florence Bindley will appear in her play entitled "The Pay Train."

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE Toronto Vocal Society gave an enjoyable concert at the Pavilion on Thursday, April 28th. When we say that this was the best concert ever held by this Society, we are saying much, but we cannot be contradicted. Mr. W. Edgar Buck was, as usual, *en évidence* in the rôle of conductor, and we cannot speak too highly of the masterly manner in which he wielded the baton. The programme opened with a part song by the Toronto Vocal Society, entitled "A Soldier's Rest," which was duly appreciated by a large and critical audience. Mr. Harold Jarvis was unfortunately absent, but his place was ably filled, in the second part of the programme at least, by Mr. George Taylor, who gave a most excellent rendering of the solo in "The Evening Hymn," by Reinecke. Mr. Frederic Boscovitz gave an interesting variety to the proceedings by his tuneful manipulation of the Spinnett, and met with a well-merited encore; his execution of several piano solos on a Steinway grand was greatly admired. Then came a lady who has fascinated so many audiences on this continent that her appearance was greeted with bursts of applause from all quarters. Miss

Attalie Claire's first song was "The Waltz Song," from "Romeo and Juliet," which was followed by "Home Sweet Home" as an encore. The Toronto Vocal Society received an encore for a pretty, quaint old madrigal, entitled "Matona Lovely Maiden," by Lassus. Miss Florence Mabel Glover, a pupil of Mr. Buck, the musical director, made her *début* at this concert, and, in the opinion of her audience, achieved a most remarkable success. Her first song was the "Staccato Polka," which was met with continuous encores, to which she responded with "*Robert toi que j'aime*," for which the fair young cantatrice was repeatedly recalled to receive many beautiful bouquets. Miss Glover has a brilliant future in store for her, with careful training. Other fine choruses followed.

The concert, we repeat, was in every way a success, which is in itself a better tribute to the energy and perseverance of Mr. Edgar Buck than anything we can say on the subject. The chorus was evenly balanced, and the attacks and *nuances* remarkable for their precision and finish. This closes the most successful season this Society has ever witnessed.

## ASSOCIATION HALL.

THE Ladies' Choral Club, under the able direction of Miss Hillary, gave their annual musical reception on Tuesday evening, when, as is usual in musical Toronto on *free* nights, Association Hall was packed; a large contingent, never visible on *pay* nights, being promptly to the fore. The ladies, numbering about forty, acquitted themselves well—the selections being quite within their musical reach, as to difficulty. Mrs. Adamson, always artistic, played a Romanza by Jassen, for violin, for the first time here. Its popularity in London can be easily understood after hearing this lady's interpretation. The too oft repeated silver collection, which means of course, enter free but pay to get out, was satisfactorily taken up.

## EDWARD LLOYD'S CONCERT.

THE concert on Thursday night in the Pavilion by Mr. Edward Lloyd and company came off too late for this issue of THE WEEK, but will be duly noticed next week.

THE same reason prevents any notice this week of an entertainment in which "The Corsican Brothers," "My Turn Next," and an exhibition of fencing, sabre exercises, etc., were included.

"THE REDEMPTION" and "Carilhoe" are to be sung by the Philharmonic Society on May 18 and 19 respectively, assisted by a specially selected local orchestra. This Society is making a special effort in the presentation of these works.

ONE of the most attractive musical events of this season will no doubt be centred in the coming of the New York Symphony Orchestra to the Grand Opera House on May 19. The orchestra consists of sixty-five picked musicians, who have been associated together for several seasons, and whose *ensemble* playing is without reproach. Mr. Adolph Brodsky, the teacher in Germany of Miss Nora Clench, our clever Canadian violinist, will be the violin soloist; Miss Irene Pevny, also from the land of the Teutons, will sing several soprano arias. This talented artiste has won fame at the Court Opera House, Munich, Bavaria.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WILLIAM MORRIS, POET, ARTIST, SOCIALIST. (Social Science Library No. 5. Price, 25c. in paper, 75c. in cloth. New York: Humboldt Publishing Company. 1892.

Mr. William Morris is the high priest of Socialism, and is not one of the "dangerous" classes, so perhaps he may help to regulate a movement which contains within itself distinct elements of danger. Here we have a collection of extracts from Mr. Morris' writings, well printed, well arranged, with an introduction by Mr. Francis Lee and a memoir by Mr. William Clarke. The book consists of history, theory and prophecy in unequal proportions. John Ball is brought back to preach his socialistic Evangel of the fourteenth century; Mr. Morris, diagnosing the present, says that labourers are worse off under the commercial system than under the feudal. Surely this might abate their fury against the landowners. But at any rate we must change all this. In his present-day position Mr. Morris sees "signs of change," and in his predictive he foretells "how the change came." It is quite proper that we should reckon with these influences.

THE RATIONALE OF MESMERISM. By A. P. Sinnet. Price, \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton and Mifflin; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

Mr. Sinnet is an expert on the subject of mesmerism and other cognate matters; and we are not disposed to deny their importance. We are therefore quite ready to give attention to the facts urged by Mr. Sinnet, to the history which he tells very well, and to all the considerations which he brings forward. It is possible that he is wholly or partially in the right; but it is not certain. Undoubtedly mesmerism is a fact, and we are inclined to resolve a great deal of the so-called spiritualism into mesmerism. We are also inclined to believe that there is something in clairvoyance; but there are difficulties in the way. The wonderful story which Mr. Sinnet tells, of the predictions of the executions during the reign of terror, may be a true story; but we have no means of

verifying it. And then there are facts which make one a little doubtful. For example, a member of Parliament in England placed a Bank of England note of considerable value in a casket, and offered to give it to any one who would tell the number; and the note remained unclaimed. Of course this does not prove a negative altogether, but it raises a doubt. Still, Mr. Sinnet states his case well, and he deserves to be heard.

PECULIAR: A Hero of the Great Rebellion. By Epes Sargent. New Edition. Boston: Lee and Shephard. 1892.

The author of this story died some ten or twelve years ago. If he were still alive and had control of the copyright, it would, perhaps, not be re-published now. Possibly Mr. Goldwin Smith's admirable biography of J. Lloyd Garrison, "A Moral Crusader," has revived an interest in Pre-Emancipation literature. If so, the book before us is a fair sample of the controversial model that proved so potent a factor in arousing and stimulating the Anti-Slavery feeling throughout the North. When it first appeared, a couple of years before the American Civil War, its second title was "A Hero of the Great Transition." Its re-publication will not help to heal the sores yet unclosed in the South. Its pictures of Southern society are painted in the most lurid colours; and alleged outrages of planters and overseers on slaves are described, not only in foot-notes but in the text, with a degree of plainness that one would expect to find only in official reports or blue-books. But apart from party animosities and exaggerations, and a good deal of rubbish about spiritualism, at that time much in vogue, the story will prove attractive to many because of its incidents, and to others because it illustrates a phase of public opinion that prevailed in the Northern States before and during the great Civil War.

MISS WILTON. By Cornelia Warren. Price, \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

We think this story is a good deal too long, and there is a little difficulty at first in disentangling the various characters which are represented. Some of them are, of course, disagreeable, as is the case in real life; and some of them are a little improbable, as is also the case in real life. Miss Wilson is a very handsome girl, who has been brought up, after her mother's death, in a foreign school, and after that has lived with a friend for a year after her father's death, but at the age of twenty-five returns to New York. She is very worldly and very extravagant, and falls into the hands of blood-sucking money-lenders, by which means she gets into great trouble. She becomes sincerely attached to a man who falls ill, and seems to have forgotten her, but who had written her a letter which had been stolen. In her misery she gets engaged to another man, without pretending to love him; but the first one turns up again, and everything goes wrong. Perhaps the *motif* is made a little too plain, but the end of the story is not badly managed. There are some smaller episodes introduced, which are very good. That of Mr. Wilcox and Bessie Folsom would make a very good little story of itself, although Bessie was a little hard upon the heroine; but then she was very sorry for this afterwards.

THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME AND THE TWO RESTORATIONS. By Imbert de Saint Arnaud. Price, \$1.25. New York: Scribners; Toronto: Hart and Company. 1892.

Some time ago we noticed with approval a volume on Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries; and the book now before us belongs to the same series on "Famous Women of the French Court." We imagine that none of the intermediate volumes has reached us; but we may mention that after the three on Marie Antoinette came three on the first wife of the great Napoleon, the Empress Josephine, and four volumes on the Empress Marie Louise. After these came two on the Duchess of Angoulême; the first on her youth, and a second, the one now before us. This lady was the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and the brother of the poor little Dauphin who fell a victim to the brutality of his keeper after the death of his parents. The great Napoleon declared that this lady, Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Duchesse d'Angoulême, was "the only man of her family," and we are inclined to think that he was right. She was born in 1778, and was therefore eleven years of age at the outbreak of the revolution, and fourteen at the death of the King. In 1799 she married, at Mittau, the Duc d'Angoulême. In 1814 she was with her uncle at the first restoration, and she was one of the most important persons of the French Court after the second restoration. We may mention that the Duchess lived until 1851, so that she saw two more revolutions and died on the very eve of the *coup d'état*. One of the most interesting chapters in the present volume is that which is devoted to the death of Marshall Ney. Our readers are probably aware that Wellington was blamed for this, and Lord Byron most unworthily embodied the calumny in his "Don Juan." We are glad that no such reproach is even referred to in this volume. The Bourbons were, in their later members, a very stupid family, forgetting nothing and learning nothing. Ney had not behaved honourably, but it was a mistake to execute *le plus brave des braves*, as they found out.

"SOME INTERESTING SWEDISH INSTITUTIONS," by the Countess of Meath, opens the *Quiver* for May. The serial, "Through Devious Ways," is continued. A sermon by Canon Wynne follows. Then there is a paper on "Housing the Houseless." "The White Hyacinth" is a story for children. "Alone With Jesus" is by the Rev. Wm. Burnet. "A Chinese Seeker After Truth" is quite interesting. The story, "Out of the Shadows," is concluded. "Mrs. Page's Apostle Spoons" is a good little story, which is followed by a paper on "The Lesson of Spring," by the Rev. Professor Alexander Roberts, D.D., of St. Andrews. The serial, "The Heiress of Aberstone," also ends in this number.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* for May continues Mrs. L. T. Meade's charming story, "Out of the Fashion." "Colonists in Embryo" is a paper on young Englishmen roughing it in Her Majesty's colonies. "Hungarian Embroidery" is well explained. "How to Look Nice" will not be passed by by the fair sex, and "How Fortunes are Made" will interest the other sex. "Formed for Conquest" is the title of a new and promising serial. There are other stories, long and short, and poetry and music. The family doctor has a timely chapter on "Influenza— and After." The Fashion letters from London and Paris are daintily filled, and "The Gatherer" has an abundance of practical information.

THE *Methodist Magazine* for May has its usual complement of interesting matter. One sees the names of "The Editor" in the bright, descriptive article, "Over the Sierras—Among the Mormons"; "J. J. Maclaren, LL.D., Q.C.," in the first instalment of his able historical lecture, delivered at Chataqua, on "The Story of the Dominion"; of "Frances E. Willard" in the second part of "The W.C.T.U. and Its Work"; of the "Rev. Dr. Williams" in his eloquent Sons of England sermon, "God in the Victorian Age"; of "Bishop Warren" in the able, scientific article on the sun from "Recreations in Astronomy," not to mention other names, articles, stories and poems.

A CURIOUS illustrated article of the *Overland Monthly* for May is the first in the number entitled "Street Characters of San Francisco." Eastern readers who love flowers will delight in Edward J. Wickson's contribution on "California Flower Shows," a most suggestive picture is that of the "Chrysanthemum Beds of Mr. Timothy Hopkins." Another characteristic article is that by Joseph I. Goodman on "The Raisin Industry in California." The writer says in comparing the raisin product of Spain with that of his own State: "Our grapes are more meaty, and have a richer flavour; our raisins are better cured, and will keep twice as long without deteriorating; our grading is fairer and our packing honest, on the average." The usual supply of stories, poems and general articles, make up the number.

THE *May Wide Awake* opens with a frontispiece illustration by Burgess of "The Bamboo Fife," by Theron Brown. The leading article is Miss Fordham's description of "A Mediaeval Stronghold," the great French castle of Pierrefonds, which, dismantled by Richelieu, has been restored by the famous French architect, Viollet-le-Duc. Philip Hale's story, "A Grain of Sand," is good. Miss Helen Gray Cone tells about "A Picture Book of 1789"—William Blake's home-made and hand-made "Songs of Innocence." Lieut.-Col. Thorndike gives in his series of "One Man's Adventures," an account of his "Getting Away From Gibraltar." The editors devote a memorial page to "The Founder of *Wide Awake*"—a brief but appreciative notice of Mr. Daniel Lothrop, whose sudden death was so widely regretted.

*St. Nicholas* for May has an amusing story, entitled "The Conspirators," by Emma S. Chester; "Prehistoric Photography," by Tudor Jenks, is also very good. In "The Disputed Shinny Match" James L. Ford raises a question for boys. E. Vinton Blake tells "How Rangoon Carried Weight," an exciting race between a frontiersman's horse, double loaded, and a company of Mexican soldiers. Taber's spirited pictures accompany the text. The number is liberally besprinkled with bright bits of verse. There is besides, the frontispiece, with its accompanying French text for bright little scholars, the story about a rare stamp from Cabul, the hunting sketch by Clarence B. Moore, the folk-lore story by Charles F. Lummis, the pictures by Birch, Brennan, Wiles, M. H. Foote, and other favourite artists, the serials and the departments.

*Outing* for May is as seasonable and readable as one could wish a magazine brimful of lively and varied sporting matter to be. The exciting frontispiece tells E. W. Sandy's moving tale "A Bout with a Kingfish" with artist's pencil, almost as well as does that brilliant chronicler with ink and pen. The same clever and taking hand is seen in "A Day with Canoe and Gun," by "Nomad." There is the usual variety of matter: the bicyclist will turn to "By Wheel from Havre to Paris—I," by J. W. Fosdick, "From the German Ocean to the Black Sea" (continued), by Thomas Stevens; the horseman to "Horseback Sketches," "May Rides," by Jessie F. O'Donnell, "The American Turf, the Race Course of the East," by Francis Trevelyan, and other lovers of recreative sport will find in description, story, poem and illustration an ample fund of enjoyable reading in this capital number.

"THE Golden Fleece," by Julian Hawthorne, is the title of the complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for May. It is a good specimen of the work of this versatile

writer. W. J. C. Meighan, in the Journalistic Series, describes the mode of life of the travelling correspondent. In the Athletic Series, the famous bicyclist, Thomas Stevens, eulogizes bicycling. Walt Whitman is the subject of an essay by William S. Walsh and recollections by William H. Garrison. Louise Chandler Moulton has a paper on J. M. Barrie, the well-known author of "A Window in Thrums." Mr. J. Y. Taylor advocates the use of the violin by ladies. Mr. Philemon Hemsley discusses "After Dinner Botany." There are short stories by Emma B. Kaufman and Frederic M. Bird, and poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton, Anna Reeve Aldrich, William H. Hayne, C. W. Coleman and M. F. W.

THE *North American Review* for May opens with a discussion of "The Man, or the Party?" by Senators Quay and Vest, and Representatives Boutelle, Burrows, Wilson and Kilgore. In "The Poet of Democracy," John Borroughs writes competently of Walt Whitman. Charles Emory Smith, U. S. Minister to Russia, gives a great deal of information on "The Famine in Russia." Senator Stewart of Nevada touches finances in the article on "The Rule of the Gold Kings." Gen. B. F. Butler writes blatantly on "The Behring Sea Controversy." On the same question the Marquis of Lorne writes with good sense and feeling. Dr. Goldwin Smith's article, "Party Government on its Trial," is a trenchant attack on party spirit in popular government. Lady Jeune's article on "London Society" is written from within. Mr. Gladstone concludes his papers on "The Olympian Religion."

A FINE portrait of John Quincy Adams, from the painting by Healy, appears in the *Magazine of American History* for May. The opening paper of the number, by the editor, is a brief sketch of "The Ingham Portrait of De Witt Clinton," illustrated with an engraved copy of that painting. The second contribution, "Colonial Memories and Their Lesson," is illustrated with pictures of colonial relics in possession of its author, Mrs. John Erving. "The Rejection of Monroe's Treaty," by Henry Adams, is an excerpt from the recently published "History of the United States." "The Old and the New in History" embraces two sonnets from the pen of Mr. W. I. Crandall, of Tennessee. "Hull's Surrender of Detroit, 1812" is written by his grandson, Samuel C. Clarke, of Georgia. A pen portrait follows of the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. "Did the Norse Discover America?" by B. H. Du Bois, is a timely study. There is nothing better, however, in the whole number than "The Youth of George Washington," by Doctor Toner, of Washington, D.C.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S correspondence with Thoreau occupies the first place in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. The letters are edited by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, and they give an interesting view of the inner life of their distinguished writers. The Roman Journals of Severn, the friend of Keats, are also of unusual interest. They are edited by William Sharp. Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge contribute the first of a series of very readable articles on "Private Life in Ancient Rome." Mr. Crawford continues his Italian serial, "Don Orsino." The short story of the number, with the odd title, "A Cathedral Courtship," is by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Two unsigned articles, the first being "A Plea for Seriousness," the second, "The Slaying of the Gerrymander," are cleverly written. Professor J. J. Greenough's article, "The Present Requirements for Admission to Harvard College," and David Dodge's semi-historic view of "Home Scenes at the Fall of the Confederacy" are also good reading. Other papers, poetry and reviews, including a criticism of Mrs. Ward's "David Grieve" and Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" complete the number.

THE *Forum* for May has a general discussion on silver by Hon. Michael D. Harter, of Ohio, who writes on "The Blight of Our Commerce," by Senator Villas, of Wisconsin, and Mr. J. C. Hemphill, editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, has a paper on "The Loss of Southern Statesmanship." Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, solicitor of the Standard Oil Trust, has an article on "Ten Years of the Standard Oil Trust." President Timothy Dwight writes a thoughtful article on "The True Purpose of the Higher Education," and Mr. D. R. Wilkie, general manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, contributes a clear, concise and altogether admirable article on "The Advantages of the Canadian Bank System." Mr. E. L. Godkin has an essay on "Idleness and Immorality." Col. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the Bureau of Labour Statistics, discusses the question, "Does the Factory Increase Immorality?" Bishop Potter writes of the "Significance of the American Cathedral." Mr. Edward P. North, in an article on "Ocean Traffic by the Erie Canal," argues that it could be made to carry ocean steamships to the Great Lakes. "The Development of Music in America," by Mr. Anton Seidl, the great orchestra director, will be widely read.

*Scribner's Magazine* for May opens with the second article in the series on "The Poor in Great Cities," by Jacob A. Riis. This time his subject is "The Children of the Poor" in New York. Mr. Riis knows his subject at first hand, through his many years of newspaper work at police headquarters. Thomas Curtis Clarke writes on "Rapid Transit in Cities"; the article is accompanied with illustrations and maps. "The First News Message by Telegraph," sent on May 1, 1844, is by John W. Kirk, the only man present with Morse in the little room in the capitol when this message was received. Professor N. S. Shaler begins in this issue a group of four articles on the "Sea-shore and Depths of the Sea," which

will be fully illustrated. Paul Lindau, the well-known German author, contributes to the Great Streets Series a most picturesque account of "Unter den Linden," the famous Berlin street, with which he has been familiar all his life. A native artist, F. Stahl, thoroughly familiar with the street and the city, illustrates the paper. Mr. W. F. Aporhp has a concluding article on "Paris Theatres and Concerts." The fiction of the number includes the third instalment of Robert Grant's "Reflections of a Married Man"; a chapter of Stevenson's serial, "The Wrecker," which treats of life in and around Sydney; and a short story by a new writer entitled "France Adorée."

THE frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for May is a reproduction by the Berlin Photographic Company of Alma-Tadema's famous painting, "The Old Story." The opening article of the number is by Marion Hepworth Dixon, and deals with the newly-elected Royal Academician, Stanhope A. Forbes, whom she describes as "one of the most modern of modern painters." Reproductions of some of Mr. Forbes' pictures accompany the article. The first of a series with the general title, "Press-Day and Critics," is by M. H. Spielman. Lewis F. Day writes of "Wall Paper Decoration," giving examples of William Morris and other designers' work. An article on Sir George Reid, the new president of the Royal Scottish Academy, has portraits of George Macdonald, Dr. John Brown, of "Rab and His Friends," and Sir Daniel Wilson. There are papers on Hubert Herkomer's work, "Etching and Mezzotint Engraving," a continuation of Theodore Child's description of the "Art Treasures of the Comedie Française," and on "Irish Types and Traits," by Katherine Tynan.

THE *May Century* begins a new volume and three new serials, namely: "The Life of Columbus," by the Spanish orator and statesman, Emilio Castelar, who, in his first paper, considers the age in which Columbus lived; "The Chosen Valley," a novel of Western life in the irrigation-fields, by Mary Hallock Foote, illustrated by the author; and the architect Van Brunt's illustrated papers on "Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition." There are two very interesting short stories, one by Wolcott Balestier, posthumously printed, called "Captain, my Captain!" and the other, "A Gray Jacket," by Thomas Nelson Page. The pictures by Lunni in this number are excellent. "Coast and Inland Yachting," by Frederic W. Pangborn, discusses the merits of the different types of pleasure-craft. The artist, Healy, has a paper on Thomas Couture, a French artist. Mr. Stedman's third paper on poetry deals with "Creation and Self-Expression." Mr. Stedman deals with the Book of Job, and comments on Browning. James Lane Allen describes "Homesteads of the Blue-Grass." Hamlin Garland's Western story, "Ol' Pap's Flaxen," is concluded, and instalments are given of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics," and "The Naulahka," by Kipling and Balestier. A sonnet, "On a portrait of Columbus," by George E. Woodberry, author of "The North Shore Watch," is printed opposite the frontispiece—which is a portrait of the discoverer. A number of other poets are represented in this number.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. GOLDWIN SMITH has returned from the South, and looks remarkably well.

FRANCIS PARKMAN'S "A Half Century of Conflict," which ends his historical series, is about to be published.

A NEW volume of poems by W. E. Henley, entitled "The Song of the Sword, and Other Verses," is to be issued at an early date by the Scribners.

THE gifted author of "Tecumseh: A Drama," Mr. Charles Mair, has another historical dramatic poem nearly ready for publication. It will very possibly appear during the present year.

THE manufacturing department of the business of G. P. Putnam's Sons, now widely known as "The Knickerbocker Press," is just taking possession of its new building at New Rochelle.

A SECOND edition of the *New World*, the new religious quarterly, will soon be ready, the first having been soon exhausted. "It takes place at once," says the *Christian Union*, "in the front rank of periodical literature."

UNDER the name of "The Old South," Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has collected a number of essays on social, literary and political topics, giving entertaining pictures of a by-gone time. The volume will be published immediately by the Scribners.

MR. CHARLES MASON, of Hull, England, who lately presented the library of University College with a fine MS. translation of the *Roman de Rou*, is about to follow up the gift by a hand-written copy of the same valuable work in the original.

Two of the contributors to *Lex Mundi* have joined the majority, says the *London Literary World*. The Rev. Aubrey L. Moore died in 1890, and the Rev. W. J. H. Campion, tutor of Keble College, Oxford, has just died. Mr. Campion's contribution was entitled "Christianity and Politics."

"LOUIS LLOYD," or "Orthodocia," of Miss Duncan's clever novel, has been recently married in St. George's Church, London, England, in the person of Miss Lillie Lewis, to Roland, son of Professor Ogden Rood, of Colum-

bia College, New York. Mr. Roland Rood is, we understand, an artist.

OUR Canadian authors are steadily extending their province, and, not content with laying the American publishers under tribute, have crossed the ocean to London, where, among other publications, there will shortly appear in the well-known *Boys' Own Paper* a lengthy serial from the pen of Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, entitled "The Young Nor' Wester."

THE publishers of the *Arena* announce that its circulation already exceeds that of any high-priced review published in the U. S., with one exception, and that its subscription list since last November has increased a little over thirty-three and one-third per cent. This is the fruit of literary enterprise, and a determined effort to present the serious and pressing problems of modern life squarely before its readers.

THE second annual session of the School of Applied Ethics will open at Plymouth, Mass., Wednesday, July 6, and continue six weeks. Lectures will be given on the History of Religion, on Economics and on Ethics. It is needless to say that the lecturers will include some of the most learned specialists on the above subjects on the continent. Professor Whyte, of Oxford University, will lecture on Ethics. The Secretary, at 118 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, will give full information to applicants.

AT the request of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, the *Welland Telegraph* has been publishing for several weeks some most interesting reminiscences of the War of 1812, given in "A Journal of Events on the Detroit and Niagara Frontiers," by Capt. W. H. Merritt, of the Provincial Light Dragoons. These reminiscences are particularly valuable to the historian from the full details they contain, in which names of persons, places, roads and distances are freely given, thus enabling an amount of verification that is of particular importance to the historical writer and student.

THE *Sydney Illustrated Mail* for Saturday, March 12th, has an article with eight woodcuts on "The New Hebrideans," an ethnological study, by "J. H. L." The article in itself is deeply interesting, and contains many particulars regarding the Southern Islanders that have never before been published. But its chief item of information is the statement that Dr. John Fraser, of Randwick, New South Wales, is busy collecting the folk-lore of the people of the New Hebrides. Many Bible stories are found among them, and one of these is that of Jonah, in a form so complete as to point to a definite connection of the Hebrew and New Hebridean races in very ancient times. The confirmation of Scriptural statements from the Antipodes is as interesting as it is unlooked for. Dr. Fraser may be trusted to do his work well.

THE death of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, after a long and painful illness, at Weston-super-Mare, England, is a serious loss to many branches of learning. Miss Edwards was the daughter of Thomas Edwards, formerly an officer in the British army, in which capacity he was present throughout the Peninsular campaign. By her mother's side she was related to the Walpoles. She was born in 1831, and early showed a taste for art and literature. Miss Edwards, who combined the somewhat incongruous character of archaeologist and novelist, became not only an accomplished performer, but a composer of music. In 1882 she visited this continent, and delivered her initial lecture in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, New York. Her novel, "Lord Brackenbury," with its portrayal of scenes under Vesuvius, at Verona, and in England, has passed through twenty editions since its appearance in the *London Graphic* as an illustrated serial. It is published in German, French and Russian. "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," "Half a Million of Money," "My Brother's Wife," "Miss Carew," "In the Days of My Youth," "Monsieur Maurice," "Hand and Glove," and others might be mentioned. As a traveller, Miss Edwards was at her best. Her "Thousand Miles up the Nile," richly embellished with her own sketches, is said to be one of the classics of the literature of Egypt.

THE twentieth annual report of the Confederation Life Association is such a one as the public have a right to expect from this old, popular and very successful company. The superb new building of the Company is a credit to the architectural genius of Canada. What more could either policy or stock holder desire than such a showing as the following: A cash surplus above all liabilities of \$312,067.78, capital stock of \$100,000, capital stock subscribed not called in \$900,000, and a total surplus security for policyholders of \$1,312,067.78. It may be added that in the last twenty years the policyholders and annuitants have received for death claims \$1,226,311, for matured endowments \$82,016, for annuities \$32,283, cash dividends \$605,228, and for cash values (of policies surrendered) \$207,811, making the large total of \$2,153,649. The new issue for last year was 1,842 policies for \$2,897,000. The insurance in force at the close of the year aggregated \$20,587,130, under 13,379 policies on 11,724 lives. This is indeed a creditable showing and is a tribute to the ability and enterprise of Mr. Macdonald and his efficient staff.

It is no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.—*La Fontaine*.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION. MARY E. WILKINS'

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THE WEEK,  
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OPINIONS FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS:

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*The Globe*—

"An interesting and instructive work."

*Imperial Federation*—

"Mr. Howland has made a very valuable contribution to the right understanding of that great question that involves the future of the British Empire. . . . The whole history of the last hundred years has been in his view—and in this we are entirely at one with him—an evolutionary process, having its germ in the new principle of colonial government adopted after the Revolutionary War. . . ."

*Manchester Examiner (England)*—

"A notable book. . . . Mr. Howland's standpoint is that of a broad-minded and unprejudiced writer, who regards his subject from a truly national point of view, eliminating, as far as may be, all local prejudices and selfish interests."

*London Daily Telegraph*—

"He shows how the colonies are now, for all practical purposes, independent nations, and how the sovereignty of the Crown over the colonies is exactly similar to that of the crown over the people of England."

The twentieth annual meeting of the above Association was held at the head office of the company, Toronto street, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 26th inst., at 3 p.m., when the following report and financial statements, which give a full exhibit of the affairs of the company and indicate the rapid and substantial progress made during the past year, were submitted and most unanimously approved.

Your directors, in coming before the shareholders and policyholders in the twentieth annual meeting, have pleasure in submitting the statements of the affairs of the company for the past year. The business of the company has been conducted with care and in what was believed to be the best interests of all concerned in its welfare, and the very excellent results which the report and statements indicate will best attest the wisdom of the policy which has been pursued.

One thousand nine hundred and twenty-five applications for insurance, amounting to \$3,017,000, were received and considered. Of these, 106 for \$153,000, not being considered desirable risks, were declined or otherwise not completed. Policies were granted in the other cases, and, adding policies that had been revived, the new issue was 1,842 policies for \$2,897,000.

The insurance in force at the close of the year aggregated \$20,587,130, under 13,379 policies on 11,724 lives.

The income for the year was highly satisfactory; the premium income showing an increase of \$78,971, and the interest receipts, an increase of \$21,454 over the preceding year, or, together, over one hundred thousand dollars. The total receipts from both sources for the year amounted to the very considerable sum of \$872,547.

The death claims for the year, though still well within the amount called for by the mortality tables, were larger than in the preceding years. There were 88 deaths, calling for \$171,178, under 99 policies. The largeness of the total is accounted for, in part, by the fact that the average amount on the lives that fell in was considerably above the general average of the company's policies.

The financial statements herewith submitted exhibit the position of the company at the close of the year.

The audit has been made in the usual thorough manner, and a certificate of complete audit has been furnished to the

Board by the auditors following the close of each three months. The final certificate will be found appended to the statements.

The Head Office building is rapidly nearing completion, and while it was not possible to have it ready for this meeting, as we ventured to hope a year ago, the next few months will find the company in occupation of what may fairly be claimed to be the handsomest commercial building in Canada, and one from which your directors have every reason to expect a good return as an investment. As an advertisement, exhibiting as it does the stability of the company, it is already benefiting the association in making it better and more widely known.

The increase of over \$355,000 in the assets will be gratifying, and the steady and solid progress of the company's business, as shown in the following statement, will also be noted with interest:

	Insurance in force.	Assets.
End of first five years	\$4,004,089	\$ 289,202
End of second five years	8,159,664	877,460
End of third five years	14,680,816	2,032,710
End of fourth five years	20,587,130	3,675,292

In the twenty years to the close of the 31st December last, the company has paid to its policyholders and annuitants the following sums:

For death claims	\$1,226,311 00
For matured endowments	82,016 00
For annuities	32,283 00
Cash dividends	605,228 00
For cash values (of policies surrendered)	207,811 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,153,649 00</b>

The directors have pleasure in making mention of the fact that the new business for the present year is very considerable in advance of that for the last year or any previous year at the same date.

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

W. P. HOWLAND,

President.

J. K. MACDONALD,

Managing Director.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Net ledger assets Dec. 31st, 1891	\$3,099,295 71
Real estate written down	\$472 96
Furniture 10 p. c. written off	313 16
	786 12
	\$3,098,509 59
<b>Receipts.</b>	
Premiums	\$667,369 97
Annuities	37,567 89
	\$704,937 86
Less reinsurance premiums	4,482 62
	700,455 24
Interest and rents	\$181,686 98
Less taxes and repairs	8,994 75
	172,692 23
	\$3,971,057 06

Disbursements.	
Expenses (salaries and commissions, agents, doctors, solicitors, etc.)	\$151,884 96
Commission on loans	1,757 00
Rent and taxes	4,364 42
Insurance superintendence	335 24
Annuities	3,464 95

To Policyholders.	
Death claims	\$167,110 52
Endowment claims	29,251 00
Surrendered policies	21,633 14
Dividends	58,412 14
Temporary reductions	34,016 69
	310,423 49
Dividends to stockholders and civic tax	15,209 61
Balance to new account	3,483,617 39
	\$3,971,057 06

BALANCE SHEET.

Assets.	
Mortgages	\$2,038,518 86
Debentures	202,828 80
Real Estate	749,371 85
Loans on stocks and debentures	88,916 81
Government stock and deposit	4,800 20
Loans on company's policies	266,061 03
Fire premiums due from mortgagors	2,392 56
Furniture	2,818 48
Advances to agents and employees on security of salaries or commissions	2,012 36
Advances to travelling agents	1,537 75
Sundry current accounts	386 15
Cash in banks	123,236 65
Cash at head office	1,358 90
Outstanding premiums	\$ 97,524 33
Deferred premiums	31,416 36
	\$128,940 69
Less 10 per cent. for collection	12,894 06
(Reserve thereon included in liabilities)	116,046 63
Interest due and accrued	72,568 20
Rents accrued	2,437 32
	\$3,675,292 55

Liabilities.	
Reserves on policies, etc., according to standard table of valuation for Canada	\$3,226,467 00
Losses by death accrued	18,745 77
Fees, doctors, directors and auditors	7,119 50
Rent	450 00
Capital stock paid up	100,000 00
Dividend due January 1st, 1892	7,500 00
To policyholders, for balance of declared profits	2,319 49
Sundry current accounts	623 01
Surplus	312,067 78
	\$3,675,292 55
Cash surplus above all liabilities	\$312,67 78
Capital stock paid as above	100,000 00
Capital stock subscribed not called in	930,000 00
<b>Total surplus security for policyholders.</b>	<b>\$1,312,667 78</b>

J. K. MACDONALD,  
Managing Director.

Auditors' Report.

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Association for the year ending December 31, 1891, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and certify that the financial statements agree with the books and are correct.

The securities represented in the assets (with the exception of those lodged with the Dominion Government, amounting to \$84,613.72) have been examined and compared with the books of the Association, and are correct, and correspond with the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

Toronto, March 1, 1892.

W. R. HARRIS, }  
W. E. WATSON, } Auditors.

Several of the gentlemen present expressed themselves as being very much pleased with the excellent showing made by the company for the past year, and with the continuous and substantial progress which had been made from year to year since the organization of the company.

The reports and statements submitted were most unanimously adopted.

The following gentlemen were re-elected as directors of the association for the current year: Sir W. P. Howland,

Wm. Elliot, Esq., Edward Hooper, Esq., W. H. Beatty, Esq., Hon. James Young, M. P. Ryan, Esq., S. Nordheimer, Esq., W. H. Gibbs, Esq., A. McLean Howard, Esq., J. D. Edgar, Esq., Walter S. Lee, Esq., A. L. Gooderham, Esq., W. D. Matthews, Esq., Geo. Mitchell, Esq., J. K. Macdonald, Esq.

At the meeting of the newly elected board held at the close of the annual meeting, Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., was re-elected president, and Messrs. William Elliot and E. Hooper, vice-presidents.

**CHANGE OF C.P.R. TRAIN SERVICE.**—The Canadian Pacific Railway's Eastern express, leaving Toronto Union 9.15 p.m. and North Toronto 10 p.m., will on and after May 1st, 1892, leave the Union Depot at 9 p.m. and North Toronto 9.45.

An extra local train will also be run to Streetsville, leaving Toronto Union Depot 6.50 a.m., arriving at Streetsville Junction 7.45 a.m.

THE last census shows 3,715 towns in the United States with a population of more than 1,000. There are seven cities with more than 400,000 inhabitants; twenty-one between 100,000 and 400,000; thirty between 50,000 and 100,000; sixty-six over 20,000 and under 50,000; ninety-two over 15,000 and under 25,000, and 138 over 10,000 and under 15,000.

MR. P. CORRIDI, having been appointed sole representative for Mr. Henry Goldman, of Chicago, for his system of locating errors in trial balances, short methods for computing interest, averaging accounts, etc., for the city of Toronto, is prepared to give instructions as to application. Full particulars as to charges for instruction, etc., can be had by applying at his office, York Chambers, Toronto Street. This system will commend itself to accountants, book-keepers and business men. He also makes a specialty of accountancy, etc. Having first-class city references, from firms whose books he has arranged, audited and adjusted, and having had a large experience as a mercantile book-keeper, he feels confident to give satisfaction. All business entrusted to him strictly confidential.

HEMORRHAGES from the lungs may be alleviated by placing the patient in bed in a sitting position, and giving teaspoonful doses of salt and vinegar every fifteen minutes. Night-sweats may be checked by sponging the body at night with very hot water. To tone up the skin, rub the body briskly in the morning with a bathing towel wrung out of salt water; the salt enters the pores and stimulates the skin to healthful action.—*New York Ledger.*

ONE of the most recent of Edison's inventions in the line of electricity consists of a magnet on the locomotive tender, which acts upon similar magnets situated in the middle of the railroad track. The ground magnets are included in an electric circuit, which operates a system of signals. As the train is moving the electric magnet on the engine causes a current to be generated in the magnet on the track, which causes a signal of danger to be set for the following trains. As the first train progresses, it passes another magnet in the track, which causes to be released the signal at the first station, while setting the second signal for danger. It is expected that this device will result in a considerable reduction in the number of men required at the different signal stations.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## "German Syrup"

**Asthma.** "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine,

**Gentle,** Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, *Pictou Ontario*"

### SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

AN infant with a transparent brain-pan was recently born in the Italian quarter of Philadelphia. The upper portion of the boy's skull is missing, and the brain is clearly visible, being covered only by a fine transparent membrane. The brain is apparently perfect and in its proper position. The child has no forehead, the bone covering being cut off like the top of an egg in a line around the upper parts of the ears to the eyebrows. As far as a cursory examination could determine, all the veins and tissues under and about the brain are normal. The action of the brain is quite visible, as is the membrane separating the lobes.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

GENERAL EDWARD W. SERRELL, who was chief engineer in the United States army in charge of the department of the South during the Civil War, is reported by the *Boston Herald* to have invented a wonderful electrical system of auxiliary harbour defences. This invention is said to have been recently completed, and it is claimed that by its use an enemy's ship can be kept outside a harbour at such a distance as to put the place defended beyond the reach of her guns. It is claimed that the device is so constructed that if a single ship or fleet of any number of vessels attempt to enter a harbour where it has been introduced each ship could be struck a blow (with what or in what way it is not stated) equal to 50,000 foot tons, and the blow would come from overhead, out of the air, as the ship crossed a certain line. The mysterious blow, it is stated, is to come vertically, and is to strike upon the part of the ship where it will do the most permanent harm. Twenty of these Thorhammer blows can be struck in 10 seconds of time. Several army officers and naval experts are said to have investigated the method, and are reported to have agreed that the blow could certainly be struck within a foot or two of point indicated. It is further said that the blow cannot be warded or conducted off as a stroke of lightning might be, but would shatter the object struck into fragments.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE City Council of St. Etienne, in France, have decided upon a departure which is expected to have an important effect upon the silk and ribbon industries both in Europe and this country. It has been resolved to apply electric motor power to all the hand looms in that city, and contracts have already been made for the necessary plant and wiring. The dynamos are to be driven by water from the city reservoirs, and as the supply is practically unlimited, the cost of producing the current will be reduced to the lowest possible point. The importance and far-reaching results of this innovation is seen in the extent of the ribbon industry at this place. The bulk of the enormous output of ribbons, valued at over \$20,000,000 a year, is the product of house industry, the weavers for the most part owning their own looms and operating them by hand in their own homes. There are 18,000 of these looms scattered over the city in the houses of the weavers. What the city proposes is to convert each one of these hand looms into a power loom, driven by electricity, and at the same time furnish electric light. The result of this change from the slow and laborious hand power to the swift and unfailing power furnished by electricity will largely increase the production and reduce the costs, with the result that they will be better able to compete with the products of other countries.—*Philadelphia Record.*

IN the progress of every science there are necessarily lulls or temporary cessations in the experimental results of investigators, and this is often owing to the difficulty of elucidating certain points which, even though they may not be absolutely necessary, are at any rate desirable to establish, in order that the science may be brought to a condition of practical utility. This has been more especially the case with what must still be called the "infant science"—bacteriology. The points most requiring elucidation belong to that section of the subject which relates to the investigation of micro parasites or disease germs. Among all the different varieties of bacteria we know of and can cultivate, the few, comparatively, which will grow in the tissues and blood of living animals afford the most gratifying research results. The changes

they bring about in growing constitute disease conditions frequently of definite kinds caused by one specific germ. The significant fact that these conditions are frequently noncurrent in the same individual has afforded to bacteriologists a key by which have been opened up certain vistas in the future of prophylaxy which, though still shadowy, are progressive in distinctness and certainty. Attempts toward ridding the human race of the scourge of infectious disease have been made so far in several different ways. The following are six of the methods which have been employed: 1. M. Pasteur's simple preventive inoculation which consists in administering a minute quantity of an "attenuated" or "mitigated" artificial culture of the microbe disease in question, this process having the effect of producing a mild attack of the disease, which protects against a future fatal attack. 2. The method used by M. Pasteur in rabies (hydrophobia), consisting in the injection of a mitigated virus into a patient already attacked by the disease, in order to overtake the natural virus, acting at full strength by the influence of the mitigated virus. This method has only been used, so far, in the case of rabies, but has apparently been eminently successful. 3. The employment of the virus of one comparatively mild disease to protect against a more severe one (such as vaccination), with cowpox virus for smallpox, inoculations with cultures of the micrococcus of erysipelas to eradicate cancerous formations, etc. 4. The destruction or poisoning of the bacteria which are acting as the *materies morbi* by the administration of antiseptics or bactericides in the form of drugs, internally or by injection. 5. The re-enforcement or natural means possessed by our systems for combating disease germs. This has been attempted in several ways: a. Acting on the theory of Metschnikoff, that the "leucocytes" or white blood corpuscles, engulf bacteria and destroy them by the injection of quantities of the blood of some animal insusceptible to the disease in question. b. Raising or lowering the temperature of the body of the animal attacked. c. Alteration of diet, climate or surroundings. d. Injection of what are known as phagocyte invigorators, i. e., substances which assist the leucocytes in their engulfing action. 6. By the injection of the "toxalbumens" formed by the bacteria growing in artificial pure cultures, as has been done by Koch in the case of tuberculosis. The expectations formed of Koch's injection treatment have not yet been fulfilled, and although many seeming cures, or at any rate many preventions of imminent death, have been brought about by its means, it will certainly never be universally adopted in its present form. The evidence, as far as it goes, seems to indicate that Pasteur's "over-taking treatment" in rabies has been almost ideally successful, but this cannot yet be definitely affirmed, for the reason that in the statistics of rabies an enormous number of undoubted cases must be collected before the arguments of Pasteur's numerous opponents can be overcome. Protective inoculation in the case of anthrax (which attacks nearly every warm blooded animal) may be employed with almost mathematical certainty in the laboratory, yet it is not so easily employed on the commercial or rather agricultural scale.—*London Saturday Review.*

A SYSTEM of heliograph signals which will cover a circle of over 100 miles in diameter is to be put in at Pierre, Dakota, by the weather bureau. The system will be available for transmitting any kind of news besides the weather reports.—*Manchester Union.*

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

*Gents.*—Having used MINARD'S LINIMENT for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing I know of for horse flesh. In the family, we have used it for every purpose that a liniment is adapted for, it being recommended to us by the late Dr. J. L. R. Webster. Personally I find it the best allayer of neuralgic pain I have ever used.

B. TITUS,  
Proprietor Yarmouth Livery Stable.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Weak Lungs—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

### WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The cash income derived by the North American Life Assurance Company for 1891 from its interest earning assets and investments was more than sufficient to pay all the death losses experienced by the Company during the year.

This single fact, which is but an incidental feature of the many substantial advantages possessed by the Company, goes to prove three things:—

First, the Company's strength, calculated on the basis of large assets; second, the high character of the securities in which its assets are invested; and third, the low mortality record, which results from the careful course pursued by the management of the Company in the admission of life risks.

These three points alone would ordinarily be sufficient to indicate the wisdom and prudence that have marked the successful career of the North American Life Assurance Company from the date of its inception up to the present time.

But there are many other points connected with the Company that are worthy of consideration.

It has some excellent plans of insurance to select from, among which the Compound Investment plan is receiving the most patronage by all classes of insurers.

This plan combines the advantages of insurance and investment, which doubtless accounts for its increasing popularity.

Most of the points mentioned are fully stated in the last annual report of the Company, and by making application to the Head Office, Toronto, or to any of the Company's agents, you will receive a copy of the same.

If you feel weak, tired, and all run down, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need to build up strength and purify your blood.

MIDNIGHT DOCTORS are the most unwelcome visitors—even the Doctor himself curses the luck that compelled him to leave his comfortable bed. Suppose you try our method, and keep a Big 25c. Bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER in the house, and let Doctor Squills stay in his bed and enjoy himself.

SATISFACTION is guaranteed to every one who takes Hood's Sarsaparilla fairly and according to directions. This is the only preparation of which "100 Doses One Dollar" can truly be said.

Have you seen Hood's Rainy Day and Balloon Puzzle? For particulars send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

THE third Congress of Criminal Anthropology will be held at Brussels from August 23 to September 3, 1892.

## Spring Medicine

Seems more than ever a necessity this season, after the mild unhealthful winter, and the unexpected prevalence of the Grip, pneumonia, typhoid fever, etc., leaving nearly everybody weak, exhausted and tired. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to overcome that tired feeling, to build up your whole system, purify your blood, impart a good appetite.

### Given Renewed Strength.

The following is from Mr. M. Nighswander, shipper for the Hess Furniture Manufacturing Company, Toronto Junction, Ont.:

"For weakness and poor appetite I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and have received benefit from its use. My appetite was improved and my strength renewed. I can recommend it to others as a blood purifier." M. NIGHSWANDER, 105 Quebec Avenue, Toronto Junction, Ont.

### Scrofula Swelling in the Neck.

"This is to certify that after having medical attendance for a long time for enlargement of the glands of the neck, without benefit, I took four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and was entirely cured. The swelling is all gone and my neck is as well as ever, for which I am truly thankful." NETTIE TERRILL, Allistonville, Ontario.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Where other preparations fail. Try it.

Hood's Pills Cure all Liver Ills.