

This Number Contains: "Notes in my Library," by Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., "Nile Vignettes": I. Sakkarah, by Miss Alice Jones; and "Nippon Transplanted," by "Alchemist."

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, July 19th, 1895.

No. 34.

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Current Topics.

Mr. McCarthy's
Amendment.

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's amendment about which there has been considerable interest shown during the past few days came to a rather inglorious end early yesterday morning. It was an amendment calculated to embarrass not only the Government but the Opposition, and Mr. Laurier announced he would vote against it because he did not desire to see political parties divided into two religious camps. We think the sentiment eminently sound.

Swift Political
Changes.

It is no wonder that the attention of newspapers and politicians in the United States is being attracted by the evidences just now given of the flexibility of the political system of Great Britain, and the swiftness with which great political changes are wrought, when once the will of the people, through the votes of their representatives in Parliament, has demanded them. The Rosebery Ministry was defeated on the evening of Friday, June 23rd. Next day the resignations of its members were in the hands of the Queen. Within four days a new Ministry, with the Conservative Leader, Lord Salisbury, at its head, was announced, and within a week this new Administration was in charge of affairs. Having spent a few days in passing necessary legislation, Parliament was prorogued July 9th. Since that date writs for the new elections have been issued and, as we go to press, the elections are going on, nearly three hundred of the total number of six hundred and seventy members having been elected up to midnight of the 16th inst. In less than a month from the fall of the Liberal Ministry, the Conservatives will be at the head of a new House of Commons, whose members are representatives fresh from the polls, and empowered to do the will of the people in their latest mood. Comparing this remarkable demonstration of the swiftness with which the electors of England make their will felt and operative at the seat of legislation and Government, with their own slow method, under which years may elapse before the changed will of the nation can make itself felt in legislation or administration, American politicians may well ask themselves whether their boasted system is, after all, so perfect a machine for the government of a democratic country as they have been accustomed to believe.

The British
Elections.

If there had been any room for serious doubt as to the result of the elections now going on in Great Britain, the returns of unopposed elections and of the contested elections of the first day or two have settled the question beyond peradventure. As a matter of fact the only uncertainty for many months back has been regarding the size of the Unionist majority. It is now almost certain that it will be large. The task of analyzing the causes which have been at work during the last few years gradually bringing about the change of opinion and sentiment which has led to the present reaction will be an interesting one for the historian of the future. The events are still too near the eye to be seen with anything like distinctness, or in their true proportions. One thing which has, no doubt, contributed not a little to the fulfilment of the confident prophecies which have been so long current has been the prophecies themselves. It is a fact which reflects severely but truly upon the strength and character of the convictions of many ardent politicians that multitudes are so ready to give up the struggle, and even to change sides and espouse the cause of the winning party, as soon as it becomes tolerably certain that their opponents are going to win. Hence it is pretty clear that the frank admissions which prominent Liberals have been making for some time past, that they expected to fight a losing battle, has had a disastrous effect upon the fortunes of the party. It is evident, of course, that these despondent admissions were not the prime factor in the coming defeat, since there must have been antecedent cause or causes for the despondency itself. Nor are we disposed to blame the Liberal leaders for their frank admissions of their forebodings. On the contrary we admire the moral courage of the great party leaders in England in admitting so freely that they anticipated defeat, albeit the very admission may have had much to do with bringing it about. We firmly believe the old motto: "Nothing needs a lie," even in politics. But we cannot conceive of party leaders, either in the United States or in Canada, making such an admission, or taking any other tone than that of "We are sure to win," on the eve of an election.

The Causes
of Defeat

One is unwilling to leave the contemplation of this great change without offering at least a guess touching the causes and significance of it. The causes popularly assigned are many. Among those which have gained special currency are: The resignation of Gladstone and his subsequent alleged coolness towards the Government; the Irish Home Rule policy; the choice of a member of the Upper House as leader of the Government; the bad tactics of that leader and especially his lack of enthusiasm; the popular distrust of Home Rule; the disgust of its ardent advocates at its slow progress, on the one hand, and their distrust of the result on the other; the failure to pass any one of the great reforms to which the Gladstonian party was and is committed; above all, as appears from the defeat and abuse of Sir William Harcourt, the personal dislike of an influential portion of the party to the Local Veto Bill, or to any measure which aims to restrict the freedom of the liquor dealers and users. But as the

Home Rule Question was the primary cause of the revolt of the Unionists, so it is undoubtedly the most potent force in holding them to their continued alliance with the Conservatives. Whether this question, in its peculiarly Irish shape, will now disappear for a length of time below the horizon of British politics or will still continue to play the part of chief disturber in all efforts at Parliamentary progress, will be determined mainly by the character of the leader of the Irish forces who may be brought to the front in the next Parliament. The power of obstruction will still exist, though it will depend upon the skill and determination of the chosen Home Rule leader, to what extent it shall be made available as a Parliamentary force. As to the other great reforms for which the defeated party have been fighting, such as Welsh Disestablishment, one man one vote, local veto, etc., though it is possible that they may remain in abeyance for a time, it would be idle to count on their disappearance from British politics, even in the coming Parliament, especially seeing that it is by no means to be supposed that the Liberal instincts and tendencies of the dissentients who form so influential a part of the Unionist or coalition majority, have been or can be either rooted out or suppressed.

The Glorious
Twelfth.

The glorious twelfth has come and gone, and our prognostications of its peaceful and amiable character have been amply fulfilled. Some of the processionists were not precisely in the condition which has been described as a "state of bigoted tee-totalism"; but there was not much to complain of in this respect; and there were many slight evidences that the old animosities have passed away. An enthusiastic adherent of the opposite side waved a green flag over the procession, and was not assaulted (he was at a safe elevation), but was greeted with laughter and cheers. One of the brightest of the airs played by some of the bands was the Jacobite tune, "Will Ye no Come Back Again?" Shades of Dutch William and German George, what do you think of your loyal Orangemen calling back the Young Pretender, Bonnie Prince Charlie?

The Pan-American
Congress

When these lines come into the hands of our readers, the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education will be well on its way. Numbers of visitors from all parts of the United States will avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting our beautiful city, as well as "assisting" in the proceedings of the Congress. Many of our leading citizens are, unfortunately, away for their holidays; but there are some hundreds or thousands of rational beings left, so that there will be no lack of material sufficient to make the Congress a success. We would remind our readers that no concession of individual opinion is implied in being present as a speaker or hearer. No restraint is imposed upon any one save that which his own good sense, self-respect, and respect for others may dictate. We promise ourselves much instruction and illumination and stimulus from the discussions. One thing they can hardly fail to foster—peace and good will and mutual understanding; and it is by such means that the good time must be hastened when man to man the world throughout shall brothers be.

"Better Times" in
the United
States.

The evidences of returning prosperity in the United States are many and multiplying. One of the best, and, at the same time, most remarkable proofs of the reality of the improvement is the announcement from various quar-

ters of increase in wages of employees, not as the result of strikes, but by the voluntary action of employers. The *New York World*, contrasting the present condition and prospects of business and trade with the gloom and hopelessness of a year ago, says: "Now the national finances are upon a secure basis. The railroads are earning more and spending more. The factories, too, have sprung into new activity. Those which were closed for lack of business, a year ago, are now running on full time. Cotton, wheat, wool, and the other staples of agricultural production have come into increased demand at greatly increased prices. The iron, steel, and coal industries have become active and profitable, where a year ago they were nearly dead. . . . The depleted Treasury has been replenished, so that the gold reserve now stands above \$107,000,000 and, although the Government expenditures have exceeded receipts by about \$45,000,000, for the year, there is plenty of money in the Treasury, and the prospect of ample revenues for the next fiscal year is excellent." This is, of course, the voice of a friend of the Administration, interested in making the picture as bright as possible, but some of the leading Republican papers are scarcely less sanguine in their descriptions and anticipations. As on a former occasion, the full force of the depression did not fall upon Canada until a later date than that at which it was most felt in the United States, and the return of prosperity was correspondingly tardy, so it will probably be now. Nevertheless, even here the reaction is distinctly apparent, and there seems good reason to hope for the best, though the injury to the crop from the unusual drought will, it is to be feared, considerably retard the process.

McKinleyism vs.
Wilsonism.

As was to be expected, the advocates of high and low tariffs, respectively, are using all their ingenuity to explain the rapid return of prosperity in such a manner as to give the greatest possible credit to their rival parties and economic theories. The nut is manifestly a pretty hard one for the McKinleyites to crack. The *New York Evening Post*, an Independent journal, says:

"It is worth noting that almost all the concerns paying these increased wages belong to the class most highly protected under the old tariff, and that in many cases their proprietors were loud in their protestations that the Wilson bill meant ruin to their industries and starvation to their workmen. Some of the more moderate were willing to admit, in confidential conversation, that they might struggle along, but only by reducing wages to the 'European level.' But wages seem to be fast getting back to the McKinley level, and, if the present pace continues, they will soon attain a greater height. Such a phenomenon would be entirely inexplicable from the protectionist's point of view, but it is exactly what the free-traders predicted. The same thing happened in England, and for many reasons our manufacturers will be much easier to convert than the English landed interest."

On the other hand the high protectionist journals are striving to make the best of a difficult case by trying to persuade themselves and their readers that the wonderful change for the better is due to anticipations of a restored tariff under a Republican regime. But the fact probably is that even should the Republicans return to power, as they are very likely to do, at the next opportunity, they will be very slow to make radical changes in a policy under which the nation is prospering. While it is pretty certain that the return of "good times" is not primarily due to either of the causes assigned, but to others lying much deeper, the facts are, nevertheless, demonstrating, to the satisfaction, one would suppose, of everyone willing to know the truth, that the previous prosperity of the nation could not have been the result of the McKinley tariff, seeing that equal or greater

prosperity is now being experienced without it. While it is undoubtedly in the power of restrictive legislation to seriously embarrass trade, and inflict great losses upon the mass of the people in any nation, we have reason to be thankful that it is out of the power of any legislation that will be tolerated in a free country, to prevent the people of energy and enterprise, in a land of immense capabilities, to so effectually dam the currents of trade, or paralyze the hands of industry as to utterly mar the fortunes of the many.

Railway Fatalities.

From the report of the United States Interstate Commerce Commission, for the year ending June 30th, 1894, it appears that during that year 1,823 railway employees were killed, and 23,422 injured. Out of a total of 619,688,199 passengers carried, 334 were killed, or at the rate of one fatality for every 1,855,353 persons carried. So far as the passengers are concerned, it is doubtful whether the number of fatal accidents is greater in proportion to the number of travellers than by any other mode of locomotion, or, indeed, whether the liability to accident is greater when one is in a railway car than when he is on the street or engaged in any ordinary occupation. We have at hand no means of ascertaining the whole number of employees, but it seems almost certain that the proportion of the slain and injured is deplorably large. This is only what is to be expected, unless the strictest provisions for safety are made and rigidly enforced by law, when the management of these great corporations is in the hands of individuals and companies interested in gaining the largest possible returns from the smallest possible outlay. Twenty-five thousand would be a startlingly large number to be killed and wounded in a series of great battles. It seems hardly possible that the killing and maiming of so many is unavoidable in the management of the railways of the Republic, vast as the system is. It can hardly be doubted that the unwillingness of managing boards to make the outlay necessary to the adoption of the best life-saving contrivances is responsible for the loss of many lives.

Petroleum as a Power Producer.

The way in which locomotion has been facilitated by the substitution of electricity for horse and steam power, and the further substitution of the bicycle for both the electric car and the ordinary carriage, is not only wonderful but almost revolutionary in its effect upon modes of local travel. But it by no means follows that either the one or the other is likely to remain the favourite substitute for the horse and carriage. Full particulars of the recent race of thirty light vehicles from Paris to Bordeaux and back, most or all of them driven by petroleum in some mode of application, together with other tests of the same generator of force have been, it is said, the sensation of the season in Paris. It has been found that such vehicles can be driven at the rate of eight miles an hour, for three hours, without re-charging, at a cost of 1s. 8d. Those who have wished to introduce the petroleum-driven carriages into England have hitherto been hindered by the Locomotives Act. The use of petroleum brings them under the operation of this Act, which was passed with the intention that its provisions should apply mainly to engines used for traction purposes. A bill has been introduced in Parliament to exempt these lighter carriages from the prohibitory requirement that one person must walk ahead of them, carrying a red flag, and another behind, in addition to the driver, while a higher speed—if that word is permissible in the case—than four miles an hour is forbidden. It is anticipated that farmers will effect considerable saving by substituting petroleum for horse-flesh.

Spelling Reform.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company, of New York, publishers of the *Literary Digest* and several other periodicals, are just now attempting what we predict will prove to be a futile campaign in favour of spelling reform. Acting under the advice of Dr. March and other advocates of a simplified English Spelling, they have prepared a list of "reform" spellings, selected from a larger list prepared by some of the spelling reform Associations, and have addressed a circular letter to a number of editors, publishers, writers, and heads of business concerns, asking them to agree to the changes, and promising, on condition that a reasonable number of those thus addressed will join them in the innovation, to adopt them in their various publications above referred to. The movement will not be any more successful than various other foolish attempts which have been made to accomplish the same end. It is said that strict logic may be on the side of the would-be innovators, though we fail to understand how this can be the case seeing the great loss in philological suggestion and historical associations which would be involved. It may be that the feeling of revulsion, of which the great majority of educated men and women are conscious, at sight of such combinations as "dredful," "thruout," "skul," etc., is the offspring of prejudice, or mere sentiment. But prejudice and sentiment are among the most powerful forces in the world. Nor are they always, or necessarily, on the wrong side. Change is not always reform. Simplification of methods may be always desirable if the same results can be attained, but in this case it is clear that the results to be reached by the new method are not precisely the same as those of the old, and it might be hard to prove that they would be equally as good. It is at least probable that the time spent by children in acquiring the knowledge of the present word-forms is not wholly wasted, educationally, while, on, the other hand, the price which has to be paid for a knowledge of the present orthography would be largely offset by the time and toil that would be required on the part of children educated under the "reform" method, to learn, as they must needs do, if they would not be shut off from competent knowledge of the literature of the past and present, the old forms, after acquiring the new. It would perhaps be difficult for the advocates of the radical "reform" to cite an instance in which an immediate change in the form or syntax of any language has ever been brought about as the result of deliberate design on the part of the learned. The probabilities of such change being successfully wrought by English *savants*, when they are to this day unable to supply the much felt want of a third personal pronoun in the singular number and of common gender, are, it may be hoped or feared, very small. We may, in short, conclude with a good deal of confidence that the inevitable modifications of our speech will, in the future, be effected only by the slow and imperceptible processes of growth and transition which have wrought so effectively in the past.

* * *

The Situation.

THE crisis at Ottawa that fixed the attention of all Canada for a time last week is over, but, in our opinion, it has left behind it a more complicated and dangerous condition than has existed at any previous moment since this unfortunate school question came up for settlement. The London *Times* foresees danger to Confederation in the quarrel. We cannot go so far as that, because it is evident that the Province of Quebec, from whose rash action alone any such danger could arise, has nothing to gain and much to

lose by a disruption which would leave her isolated and surrounded on every side by a people much more numerous, more energetic and progressive, and in all respects more powerful than herself. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the situation has in it many elements of danger of another and very serious kind—danger lest the prejudices and jealousies arising from differences of race and creed and civil and religious institutions should become accentuated to a degree that may seriously disturb the good relations which have hitherto been maintained and make Canada more than ever a prey to the weakness and infelicity that come from internal dissensions—a house divided against itself.

We have full sympathy with the Dominion Government in its perplexity. We realize clearly that the original school difficulty was not one of its own making, or one that the wisest Government could have either avoided or settled without great difficulty. We do not fail to perceive the force of the retort which has so often been made by its leaders and friends to the accusations and taunts of the Opposition leaders, "What is your policy?" In fact, apart from its extreme seriousness, the position of the Government and the Opposition leaders, reminds us of an incident of our younger days, when, listening with some companions to the extempore pulpit efforts of a young minister who had unfortunately got beyond his depth and was floundering hopelessly in a bog of stammering and unmeaning repetitions, which, we suppose, evoked some unconscious smiles, we were all rather startlingly brought to a sense of our shortcomings by the preacher, who, suddenly ceasing his efforts to recover the lost thread of his discourse, or find a new one, turned directly towards our pew and exclaimed to this effect:—"If the young people in that pew think they can do better than I am doing I should like them to come up here and try it." True, Mr. Foster and his colleagues have not yet been brought into that mood toward the Opposition critics, and we know no reason to doubt that the leaders of said Opposition would rashly accept such a challenge. But whether they would do better than their opponents in disposing of the school difficulty, is "another story."

Nevertheless, it seems to us, enabled as we are to be wise after the event, that the Government have made a series of grave mistakes in the management of this extremely difficult Manitoba business, and that the last mistake is the worst of all. It was surely a mistake to understand—we are not sure whether it would be more or less uncomplimentary to say affect to understand—the decision of the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council as a mandate, which it was binding on them to obey, seeing that, in the first place, it is not clear that even the British Privy Council itself has any right to give a mandate to the Canadian Government in such a matter, while the Judicial Committee had clearly no right to give such a mandate, when their business was merely to answer, in their judicial capacity, certain constitutional questions which were put to them, and seeing that, in the next place, it seems so clear, both from the terms of their decision, and from remarks made by their lordships while the matter was under consideration, that they had no such intention. Had the Government taken that view of their responsibilities, and, setting out from the decision that they had a constitutional power of giving redress, first instituted a thorough inquiry into the facts and then entered into a friendly communication with the Manitoba Government with a view to finding out whether any "reasonably satisfactory" settlement could be reached, who can say that the whole question might not have been amicably disposed of; or, failing that, the Manitoba Government and people would

have been so clearly shown to be obstinate and impracticable that public sympathy would have been with the Ottawa Administration in enacting and enforcing "reasonably satisfactory"—the Premier's expression—measures of redress?

Another error was surely made by Sir Mackenzie in promising, as he so distinctly did in his speech at the opening of the session, that, in the event of an unfavourable reply to the Order-in-Council being returned from Winnipeg, remedial legislation would be introduced, without first having satisfied himself of his ability to carry such legislation. This rash pledge involved him and the Government in all the complications of last week. Of course he had a right, as Premier, to make such a promise on his own official responsibility, but having done so, he should have been prepared to stand or fall by that promise.

But the last and worst mistake of all is, it appears to us, that which has just been committed. As represented by the Leader of the Commons, the Government stands now solemnly and distinctly pledged, unless they should succeed in the almost utterly hopeless task of obtaining satisfactory concessions from Manitoba in the meantime—concessions which, even could the Greenway Government be brought to terms, could be made and ratified only by the Legislature of that Province, which there is no reason to suppose will be again in session until after the date named, to call Parliament together not later than the fourth of January, and to press to a conclusion remedial legislation "on the lines of the decision of the Judicial Committee and of the Order-in-Council. It is but proper to call attention here to a somewhat remarkable difference in the terms in which this announcement was made by the Premier in the Senate and by Mr. Foster in the Commons. The latter declared unequivocally that the promised legislation would be on the lines above mentioned, while the former emphasized the idea of "reasonably satisfactory" legislation. The two things are clearly quite different, a fact which but adds to the complication.

Can either Mr. Foster or the Premier have any doubt, in view of the known and declared views and intentions of a large number of their followers, including, at least, one member of the Government, that the House of Commons, as now constituted, will not pass such legislation? If they do not they must place small reliance upon the declarations of their supporters. If they do, even assuming that they are resolved to suffer defeat in the attempt, can they be politically or morally justified in so misleading their French Roman Catholic supporters?

Many other features of this remarkable, we might say unique, situation invite comment, but want of space forbids. It would be, for instance, hard to say which was the most insulting to the Government leaders, the persistence of Mr. Ouimet, who remains in the Cabinet, in refusing to accept the distinct verbal promises of those leaders on behalf of the Government, and insisting on written pledges; or the openly declared distrust of those promises which Mr. Angers gave as his reason for withdrawing. We meant also to call attention to the contradictory utterances of Mr. Laurier, who appears indisposed to leave to his opponents a monopoly of ambiguities, when he declares, as his policy, that the question is one of fact, the crucial fact turning on the question whether the public schools of Manitoba are or are not Protestant schools, and immediately goes on to talk of Liberal toleration and generous regard for minorities, as if legislation on the two distinctly divergent principles were the easiest thing in the world.

Notes in My Library.

A COOL BREEZE FROM THE GULF—THE ISLAND SENTINELS OF CANADA'S GRAND PORTAL—HISTORIC NAMES ON EASTERN SHORES—CABOT'S LANDFALL—WAS CAPE NORTH OR CAPE BONAVISTA, "PRIMA TIERRA VISTA"?—EPOCHS OF NEWFOUNDLAND'S HISTORY—INFLUENCE OF THE FISHERIES ON ENGLAND'S MARITIME GREATNESS—THE FRENCH SHORE QUESTION—A BIT OF OLD FRANCE IN THE GULF—PROSPECTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

IN these hot summer days, whilst political parties are earnestly striving for the mastery and endeavouring to convince the people who are the true guardians of the public interests, it is a positive relief for one like myself, tied down by official duties to the green cloth table of the House, to allow his thoughts to wander to the delightful bays and harbours of the great gulf—that grand northern portal of the continent—to which, from the earliest times of which we have any authentic record, men, famous in the annals of the world, have often found their way. Here the soft, cool sea breezes have often found their way. Here the soft, cool sea breezes create a delicious temperature of which the dwellers in Ontario can hardly have any conception except they happen to be on the banks of the wild Muskoka lakes or in some bay of mighty Superior. Nowhere in America can the tourist find more thorough repose—nowhere can the student find more interesting associations of the past history of Canada than on the shores of those two noble islands, Cape Breton and Newfoundland, which stand like sentinels to guard the Atlantic approaches to Canada. Of Cape Breton I have frequently written in these pages. Almost every bay, every port, every river bears a name which connects us with the history of America for four centuries. As we pass by its shores we recall the times when John Cabot and his English crew in the Bristol ship, the *Matthew*, first saw its headlands; when Basque, Breton and Norman fishermen dragged up the riches of the sea in its prolific waters; when the hardy New Englanders of the expedition, led by Pepperrell in 1745, captured the strongest fortified town in America; when the noble fleet, directed by Boscawen, whitened the ocean that washes its shores; when Wolfe forever associated his name with the grassy mounds that now alone remain to tell of once famous Louisbourg. In the fishing hamlet of Lorambec—probably a memorial of ancient Norumbega—in the Bras d'or, that beautiful lake, in the spacious Bay of Gabarous, on the lofty headlands of Cape North and St. Lawrence, in the fertile Boularderie, in the prosperous island of Madame with its contented Acadian villages, in the beautiful harbour once known as Spanish and now as Sydney River, in the cloud covered cape called "Smoky" (*Enfumé*), in the picturesque bay of Niganiche, in the historic cape which has given the island its name since the beginning of the sixteenth century, we have indelible monuments of the past four centuries.

But I must not linger longer among the scenes of my boyhood, interesting as are the associations which cling to its shores. I must ask my reader to cross the Strait, named after the intrepid navigator John Cabot, and land on the great island of Newfoundland to which so much attention has been directed of late. At a very opportune time we find offered for our reading a handsome volume* of about 750 pages, full of historic facts which have never before appeared in print, and illustrated by many valuable maps and sketches relating to the ancient and modern history of this island which, like Cape Breton, is full of the memories of the four hundred years which have passed since its discovery. All around its shores still cling the names which can be traced to Basque, Portuguese, French and English mariners, who, since the days of the Cabots, have ventured on its rich banks and carried back to Europe stores of its never failing wealth. The author of this valuable work is Judge Prowse whose name will be familiar to historical students as that of one who has devoted many years of his life to the study of original documents and records bearing on the his-

* "A History of Newfoundland from the English, Colonial and Foreign Records." By D. W. Prowse, Q.C., Judge of the Central District Court of Newfoundland. With a prefatory note by Edmund Gosse. With 34 collotypes, over 300 text illustrations and numerous maps. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Imp. 8vo., pp. xxiii + 716.

tory of the island of which he has become so enthusiastic as to claim for it a most intimate connection with the maritime and colonial greatness of England. The book, in the opinion of an ordinary reader, may be less interesting on account of it assuming the form of chronicles rather than that of a strictly consecutive historical narrative, but this very feature gives it greater value for the student since it affords him an insight into valuable materials which have been long hidden from the historian. The maps and illustrations, so numerous and so well executed, also give to the work a positive value and entitles it to be placed in every well-equipped library alongside of Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," which is so generally recognized as a perfect compendium of ancient maps and books relating to the past history of America.

On reading the preface one will naturally ask the question, What connection can the eminent English critic, Mr. Edmund Gosse, have with this great island of the Gulf? Mr. Gosse gives us on this point information which is new and interesting. His father, it will be remembered by scientific men, was an eminent naturalist and fellow of the Royal Society of London, whose family had been long identified with the history of Poole in Dorsetshire. This town had been long the English port and emporium of the colony, "and each owed to the other a great part of its prosperity." Nearly sixty years ago, "as the bells were ringing people to church at Poole," the father was carried away "with a sinking heart," to a counting-house in Carbonear, where he began those zoological and entomological studies with which his name is now honourably associated in the world of letters. It was then a graceful tribute to the memory of an eminent scientific man, for many years a resident of the colony, that Judge Prowse should ask his son to associate his name with a history of the island of which he has so many interesting memories.

For the purposes of his history, Judge Prowse divides the subject-matter into four great epochs of nearly equal duration. First, there was the early or chaotic era, from 1497 to 1610, "when the island was a kind of no man's land, without law, religion or government, frequented alike by English and foreign fishermen, only ruled in a way by the reckless valour of Devonshire men, half pirates, half traders." Next comes the fishing Admiral period, from 1610 to 1711, "a dismal time of struggle between the colonists and the western adventurers or ship fishermen from England." "This," says Judge Prowse, "may also be designated the colonization period." Then we come to the colonial era under naval governors, from 1711 to 1825, the advent of the first resident governor, Sir Thomas Cochrane, "who is now universally admitted to have been the best governor ever sent to Newfoundland; everywhere are monuments erected to his memory" in the shape of important improvements. Finally, we enter on the modern era, "the struggle for autonomy," the introduction of legislative institutions and responsible government from 1825 to 1895—a struggle which may be said to have come down to the present year, since we have just seen how near the colony has been to a loss of complete self-government, and to a lowering of its political status among the free, self-governing dependencies of the Crown. Happily, however, it has apparently passed successfully through the crisis, and is not likely now to be reduced to a mere Crown colony.

In his enthusiasm for the land he loves so well, Judge Prowse probably claims more for it as a factor in the history of the world than the majority of students who have devoted much attention to the subject will be prepared to admit without further and more substantial evidence than he has adduced. He claims positively for Bonavista "the honour of being the first land seen in America." No doubt the Cabots sighted some part of Newfoundland in the famous voyage of 1497, but no author of high reputation now-a-days supports the theory of Cape Bonavista as the landfall which John Cabot made in that voyage which places his name among the great navigators of the world, and gave England her first claim to the present Dominion, and to the country washed by the Atlantic from Nova Scotia to Florida. The modern name of Bonavista is obviously a memorial of Portuguese or Spanish voyagers of the early part of the six-

teenth century. The investigations of scholars for many years past have led to the conclusion that a point on the coast of Labrador, or on that of Cape Breton is the *prima terra vista* of John Cabot. Both Humboldt and Biddle favoured the Labrador theory, but since their time the discovery of a copy of the Cabot map of 1544, and other important maps and records have thrown a new light on the subject and given the weight of authority in favour of Cape Breton. Dr. Charles Deane of the Massachusetts Historical Society, who had made the most thorough study of the problem, decided for Cape North in Cape Breton. Mr. Clements R. Markham, president of the Geographical Society of England, Signor Francesco Tarducci, the latest biographer of the Cabots, Mr. R. G. Thwaites, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Dr. S. E. Dawson, author of a very learned and elaborate paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, may be cited as among the authorities who agree on a point in Cape Breton as the memorable landfall of the Venetian (or Genoese) sailor. Dr. Justin Winsor, whose opinion on such questions is of great value, says in his life of Columbus that "it is quite possible that more satisfactory proofs can be adduced of another region for the landfall, but none such have yet been presented to scholars." Dr. Kohl inclines to Labrador, but he does not think it worth while discussing the claim of Bonavista. H. HARRISSE, in his life of the Cabots, advocated Cape Percé on the eastern coast of Cape Breton, as the landfall; but in a later work he has changed his opinion for a point on Labrador between Cape Chidley and the headlands of Sandwich Bay, simply because he wished to destroy Sebastian Cabot's character as an honourable man, but without bringing forward any substantial evidence to break down the theory he had, with so much force first set up. Judge Prowse does not attempt to discuss the question with any authority or adduce any new evidence in support of his opinion, which is simply based on a tradition in the colony, "confirmed by an English map of Newfoundland made by John Mason, a distinguished captain in the Royal Navy of England, about 1616; opposite to Cape Bonavista, he writes these words, probably copied from an older map: '*A Caboto primum reperta*,' first discovered by Cabot." It is solely on this doubtful evidence, "with other reasons"—which he does not give us in detail—that he makes his claim for Bonavista. This is simply begging the question, and no one will be prepared to give this enthusiastic writer the priority as an authority over the many learned scholars who have deeply investigated the subject and based their conclusions on substantial evidence, and not on mere local tradition or hypotheses. In none of the early maps of the sixteenth century is there a Cape Bonavista, but as a rule there are a group of islands in the present position of Newfoundland. In fact, in Ruysch's map—and he is generally believed to have accompanied Cabot—the term "Newfoundlands" is applied, not to an island, but to the whole region of the Gulf. In Michael Lok's map of 1582—a much higher authority than Mason's, published many years later—we find that the words, "J. Gabot, 1497," are written over a continental region ending in the north point of Cape Breton, a more conclusive evidence in favour of one of its Capes than that adduced by any writer in support of Cape Bonavista. It is for such reasons as I have briefly indicated here that the Royal Society of Canada propose, in 1897, to raise a memorial to John Cabot in the Island of Cape Breton.

In his earnest desire to show the importance of Newfoundland in the development of England's colonial and maritime enterprise, Judge Prowse claims that English fishermen had a much larger share in the early fisheries of Newfoundland than has been generally ascribed to them. It was in this new island of the west that "England first laid the foundations of her maritime greatness." The cod-fishery was the training school for the conquest of the supposed invincible Armada, "a much earlier training ground than the buccaneering and channel roving to which Mr. Froude, in a recent article, attributes our maritime supremacy." The Judge ventures on the opinion that this fishery commenced as soon as 1498, and stimulated year by year the accumulation of wealth and the constant building of large ships. It was not a great trade carried on in the broad light of day. It was carried on "almost by stealth from the

west country seaports, and it is only by brief references in the chronicles and acts of parliament that we can trace the development of a great industry which must necessarily have had immense influence on the maritime prosperity of the lesser England of the Tudor age, when the burthen of the whole royal navy was less than the tonnage of a modern first-class cruiser." With commendable industry and patriotism Judge Prowse has endeavoured to reconstruct the early history of Newfoundland from various documents, long since forgotten and difficult to find, "to bring to life again the dead and buried memories of the men who made the country; to recount the doughty deeds of the old Devon sailors who, against thousands of odds, retained this island for England without the slightest help from the crown." Judge Prowse has certainly done good work for the island, though all students will hardly be satisfied with his conclusions as to the direct influence of the fisheries on the maritime greatness of England, since his evidence is somewhat meagre and hardly substantiates his theory that the west of England fishermen frequented the shores of the island continuously from the discovery of the islands of the Gulf of Cabot. The weight of evidence goes to show that Basque, Portuguese, and French fishermen were earlier, and came in greater numbers than English fishermen during the first half of the sixteenth century, and that the latter only became conspicuous by their presence towards its closing years.

It would be interesting, if it were possible within the limited space at my disposal, to review at greater length this important contribution to American history. The author's account of the modern era of constitutional government shows the usual amount of squabbling between governors, officials and people, which the history of the dependencies of the Crown have exhibited more or less, in the early stages of their constitutional development. He gives us a valuable account of the origin and operation of the French Shore question, which is an inheritance of English indifference and ignorance in matters of colonial interest. At no time in their history have English statesmen been remarkable for their consciousness of the influence of colonies on England's greatness. The treaty of Utrecht must always remain a monument of English readiness, in days now happily past—though only within a very recent time—to surrender colonial interests for some supposed imperial advantage. Canada, however, may be congratulated that, by a piece of good luck, Cape Breton was not also sacrificed in 1762-3, when the treaty of Paris was framed, and the Dominion has not also a French Shore question on its present eastern limits. On this subject Judge Prowse says with truth, that it says little for English diplomacy that the Newfoundland question was not disposed of long ago. The real interest of France is now ridiculously small on the coast in question. They have not a dozen vessels, and less than two hundred fishermen, whilst "we have at least twelve thousand people, permanent and transient, in the same localities." England, apparently, has never made any tangible offer of exchange of territory as a basis of settlement, which is the only way in which the question can be approached. France will not take money, but, says Judge Prowse, "she might accept territory and money combined." The Judge shows his judicial spirit when he admits it would be wrong to declare that the French have no rights; they have well defined rights "within the strict limits set out in the treaty." Of course it is quite clear that "if the French were able to occupy the whole of the extensive coast with their fishing operations, English subjects would have no right to interfere with them, or actually to interrupt them. As a matter of fact, however, French interests on these coasts have simply dwindled away and it seems probable that were English statesmen to approach the question with a determination to bring it to an issue, the result would be satisfactory for the colony, a long standing grievance among the people would be removed, and troublesome complications prevented in the near future. However, as Judge Prowse says, "time and the inexorable logic of events, and the failure of the French fishery, are all working on the side of Newfoundland."

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is devoted to an account of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, which are the headquarters for the French fishing fleet in

North America, and the sole possessions that France retains of her former great dominion on the northern half of this continent. St. Pierre is the only town with a governor, officials and a few *gens d'armes*, and a considerable population, among whom are some Americans and English engaged in trade. The fisheries are the ostensible source of gain; smuggling the real source of profit with a large number of the traders. The administration, as in all French colonies, is more or less autocratic, even under the present republican regime. According to Judge Prowse, the island went through the throes of a mimic rebellion a few years ago, called "the Clapboard Revolution," because it originated in the public indignation that was aroused by an edict ordering the disuse of clapboards, and the use of brick or iron in the covering of houses. No blood was shed, but there was a riot, in which the sturdy Breton and Norman women performed their part with much heroism. St. Pierre is a busy port, described by our author as "a little bit of old France transported to the new world, with creaky ox-carts, the click of the sabots on the ill-constructed trottoir, the Breton, Basque and apple-cheeked Norman women, the patois, the French windows, the gay colours, and best of all the fanfare of the bugle as the town crier proclaims at each corner of the streets and squares that M. Solomon will sell some 'bonnes vaches à lait' at the quai de la Ronciere punctually to-morrow at 10 o'clock." Though the trade of the islands is far from showing an increase at present, their historian writes encouragingly with respect to their condition: "After many misfortunes this little group of islands, the last parcel afloat out of the great wreck of the French dominion in North America, can with legitimate pride sum up its position thus: Six thousand inhabitants, trade amounting to thirty million of francs a year, and a public revenue of half a million of francs."

Our author is sanguine of the future of the great island when he reflects that it has vast stores of undeveloped wealth. The fisheries still remain prolific, and its resources of minerals and timber are very large. For one, however, I believe that Newfoundland can never attain that prosperity which should be its due while it remains in its present isolated condition. Its fortunes are bound up with those of the Dominion that stretches beyond the Cabot Strait as far as the Pacific Ocean, and it is to be hoped that negotiations will be soon renewed successfully to bring the island into the Canadian confederation. In the meantime all Canadians wish their fellow colonists a speedy relief from their present difficulties. We repeat the hopes of Mr. Gosse: "The sorrows of Newfoundland have at last awakened the sympathy of the mother country, and Englishmen [and, I may add, Canadians] were never so ready as they now are to learn more about its inhabitants. To read the pages of Judge Prowse's book is to study a record of extraordinary struggle and vicissitude. Not now for the first or the dozenth time is the island in a forlorn condition. Frost and fire, the caprices of cod and whale and seal have reduced her in past years, no doubt, to a far lower ebb than we find her in her present embarrassments. She has suffered much, and her geographical position requires that she should always stand prepared for suffering. But her spirit, we love to think is indomitable, and if her natural resources are liable to collapse, they are not less liable to sudden and brilliant revival." Already, indeed, we can see her fortunes seem once more "in the rapid ascendant" which the English critic hopes for in his concluding words.

JNO. GEO. BOURINOT.

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Nile Vignettes: I.—Sakkarah.

THERE is no doubt that one's first landing from a Cook's Nile boat appears beforehand to be a rather formidable affair, especially as when with me it had to be done alone among strangers.

The clamorous blue-clad crowd on the bank wildly shouting and pushing donkeys in every direction, the frantic gesticulations of the two dragomen, and the shout of the manager all form a very unattractive whole as one stands contemplative on deck. Nor are matters much improved when, at the ringing of the landing bell, the impatient crowd streams across the gangway with the selfish absorption of those who have not yet established social relations.

How cheered my heart would have been, as I rather shakily took my courage in both hands for the shoreward move, if I could have foreseen how a week later one would casually stroll ashore with one's own friendly little party of four, and with a knowing eye pick out the best available donkey, with the cleanest boy, and the least delapidated saddle. Well, the ordeal, if sharp, was short. A wild hubbub around one, and the manager had jerked one on to the first donkey at hand, and I found myself tearing along the high-dyked road that led inland over the plain of young wheat, with a steady chorus of hoarse "Ha, ha" behind me, which inspired my steed to charge recklessly into groups of nervous American matrons who greeted my approach with irritable and shrill protests.

I cannot say that I enjoyed that first day's donkey-riding. I had not yet learnt the magic words "Ala mahlak,"—Go slowly—that restrain the donkey boy's ardour, or the "Hoosh, hoosh," that stops the donkey's wild rush. I had not learnt to save myself by keeping well out of the crowd—apart from the sporting element (mostly English) who wildly led the van, and well ahead of the nervous and elderly contingent (mostly American) that formed the rear guard. There is no doubt that that five hours' excursion is a trying one with which to begin one's Nile experience, and there is more friction on that day than any that I saw afterwards, when friendships were established and groups formed.

The interest of that one day at Sakkarah are so varied that it would take a month instead of a day to appreciate them. They range over thousands of centuries, from the step pyramid, built by Uenephes, more than four thousand years before Christ, down to the tombs of the sacred bulls of the later Ptolemaic period, fifty years or so before Christ. As, in a long straggling procession, we follow the road that leads across the green plain to the palm groves of Mitrahureh, we are traversing the site of ancient Memphis, the city whose temples and palaces, and sacred lakes and groves were for long centuries the marvels of the ancient world.

It is January, and although the young wheat is high, the hollows in the plain still keep the waters of the inundation. There is one over there larger than all, that holds the double of every white cloud on its still surface, and that pond is supposed to be the remains of the sacred lake of the great temple of Ptah, the glory of Memphis. Not far from its edge, under the shade of the palm groves, is a little mound, crowned by a slight white fence. And here we pause and dismount, and scrambling up a frail wooden staircase gaze down upon the gigantic form and calmly scornful face of Rameses the Great, the Sesostus of the Greeks. There is something pathetically helpless in the grandeur of this overthrown statue of majesty, with the tourist horde buzzing about it. For centuries it has lain engulfed in river mud, until recently some engineer officers of the English army of occupation raised it and built the protecting wall around it. But we have far to go, and must be off with one last look back at perhaps the noblest statue in Egypt. Leaving the green plain, we go up over the mounds of old Memphis, winding through the narrow lanes of the squalid mud village of Mitrahinch, and then henceforth all is desert—desert whose sands are impregnated with fragments of dead empires. The rough, broken ground around our path is covered with bits of potsherds, with white brittle bones, and scraps of brown linen from riddled tombs—even with ghastly white skull or black tuft of hair. Every now and then there shines from the sand a bit of iridescent glass or of bright blue porcelain, and the directing of the donkey boy to the gathering of such treasures helps to beguile the weariness of that long hour's ride under the mid-day glare, with no possibility of shortening the time by a canter, but slowly picking one's way up and down those desert mounds.

The path winds round a height crowned by the broken outline of the step pyramid, and I am well nigh too weary to care that it is the oldest pyramid in Egypt—older than the sphinx itself. At last, between the hillocks, a low house is seen. It is the spot where Mariette lived, absorbed in his discoveries.

What rest to reach its broad shady verandah, and what joy to find various small boys with baskets of oranges for sale. Did ever oranges taste so good before, or a coat pocket hold such a store of them?

Courage comes back with a brief rest, and one's interest is astir again for the fresh wonders ahead.

The tomb of Thi, with its walls covered with bright,

cheerful pictures of the life of that magnate of five thousand years ago. He and his wife gaze complacently on their agricultural wealth, on their herds of fat oxen and gazel and geese. He shoots wild fowl and crocodile, and hippopotamus, and offers sacrifices to the gods. From these delicate and minute paintings comes most of our knowledge of the daily life of old Egypt. Later on we are to mark the contrast of their cheerful secularism with the weird supernaturalism of the later Theban tombs, with their endless symbols of the grim under-world and Osiris' dread judgment. Poor defrauded Egyptians, who took such life-long pains to ensure a pleasant tarrying place and a final re-union with the body, for their poor spirit!

The three thousand years are ended for Thi—his mummy is on some museum shelf or scattered to the desert sands, and what has become of his hopes of immortality? Are they answered in some broader, larger way, beyond Thi's mortal comprehension, or our's?

Out in the sun's glare again, blinking from the candle-light, and gasping from the airlessness of the tomb chambers. The next time we go down into the darkness it is into the Serapeum, or, more properly speaking, the Apis Moleum, for the temple above has vanished and only the long, winding corridors, where the sacred bulls were buried, remain.

Groping along by the light of the candle one carries, we go—looking down into the great gloomy vaults, that each contain one of the giant sarcophagi that held the mummy of the sacred bull. The heavy lids of these sarcophagi had been pushed back and no traces of the mummy were found by Mariette.

I have heard many idiotic questions asked in temples and tombs, but seldom any equaling one asked here. "Please, dragoman," asked a portly female, "did Mr. Mariette build or discover this place?" Old Achmed's eyes rolled in fury in the dim candle-light. "Build!" he shrieked. "What would he want to build it for?" And before this question the inquirer was silent.

After the Serapeum, comes our hour and a half's ride home, a memory of aching limbs and head.

But the sun's rays grow milder, a cool breeze comes up from the river towards us, and a richer glow comes over sky and desert.

By the time we reach the villages and the palm groves the smoke of the evening fires is curling blue under the trees. It is a new magic world that we are adrift in. In these groves I see what I never saw afterwards in Upper Egypt—Arabs living in tents as in Algiers, and I do not like their looks. In the narrow village streets the women are noisy, and call out after us, and one seizes my foot and pulls it sharply further into the stirrup. But a trot soon scatters them, and we are out crossing the plain, magical in the evening lights.

Joyful sight! There is the river, and the red funnel of Rameses the III., and never were rest and tea more welcome than on the deck, and those who had befriended me through the long day already seemed like old acquaintances, and Rameses III. like home. And so ended our first Nile day.

* * *

Nippon Transplanted.

Ashikaga.—Yes, we are sitting on a Jacobean verandah, looking down the slopes of a Canadian hill side, but do you know, my Saxon friend, that we are neither in Europe or America but back in Japan for the moment?

Sanderson.—How is that?

Yamato.—He means that by the red light of that full moon, rising and reflecting its sheen to us from the far-off St. Lawrence, and by the face of Nature in the water, in the sky, and in the outlines of trees, he sees repeated the common charm of night in our own land.

Sanderson.—Perhaps it is the fragrance of this mass of locust-trees in blossom along the avenue?

Ashikaga.—No, it is the night chorus of Nature to which I was listening; the myriads of singing creatures who creep out and make such music when the world is quiet.

Sanderson.—It has often given me pleasure. The crickets in the grass, and the tree-toads, have decidedly cheering notes.

Eshikaga.—In Japan our whole people love them, the crickets, the tree-toads, the mocking birds, the cicadas, and

so much so that we frequently sit up the whole night to listen. I really believe it true, as some have said, that we are the nature-loving nation.

Sanderson.—It strikes me that your relatives, our Indians, have that also in their natures. Their very names are full of it as well as their legends.

Yamato.—Their names and names of places sound very like Japanese words. This accords with the theory to which you refer, and which is now established beyond reasonable question, that they came across from Siberia into America by the Aleutian Islands.

Ashikaga.—You are a professor, Yamato, and I only a poet. I see our brotherhood with them in their thoughts and faces.

Sanderson.—But about this love of nature of yours: I think from what you say of the crickets that I begin to understand your national enthusiasm about cherry blossoms. It has always been a mystery to me how greatly you seem to love these?

Ashikaga.—In the blossom season they are a great delight to us.

Sanderson.—What sort of cherries do your trees bear?

Yamato.—We do not grow them for the cherries but solely for the flowers.

Sanderson.—I suppose, then, you also love the apple-blossom, but I see nothing of it in books on Japan?

Ashikaga.—No! the apple-blossom, though handsomely coloured, is too coarse. Its streaks of colour do not approach the delicate flush of the cherry. Those who can afford it have their orchards round their country-houses, where, in the season, they open the sides and sit and enjoy the beauty of these trees.

Yamato.—To return to the night-singing chorus, Mr. Sanderson, have you ever read any Buddhist works? You would then hear in this the voices of myriads of fellow-souls, over and in whom broods the Buddha.

Sanderson.—And what is there against this doctrine in its general principle? The poet or the philosopher cannot say everything at once; he says only a part at a time; and, moreover, he is but a part, no matter how great. Each maker of a religion, and by consequence every religion, says something true—but imperfect—of which we can cheerfully admit and consider the portion we see to be true. Now, respecting the fellow-soulship of all creatures, Buddhism and Modern Evolution are one.

Yamato.—Yes, Japanese Buddhism at least, easily incorporates with evolution. Having been a recluse of the sect, I can affirm that it allows the widest freedom of thought.

Ashikaga.—Our friend might wish to know of your system, Yamato. Tell him about the 2,800 problems!

Sanderson.—The 2,800 problems!

Yamato.—When a Buddhist wishes to take up the ascetic life for a period, he goes to a priest who gives him a question or aphorism to ponder. There are said to be 2,800 of these, and when the man has finished with one he returns and obtains another from the priest. He is to meditate with a single mind upon the given problem, think it out to its farthest limit in his power, and not leave it until he has come to a final conclusion upon it, when his mind is at rest. In the end, he will have attained the state of Nirvana, seeing clearly the changeability and uselessness of earthly things, having become indifferent to and fearless of all misfortunes or temptations. "Learn to make thyself an island" says the Dhammaada.

Sanderson.—That is the state of the Stoic of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. Your remark about thinking out the problem to your farthest limit reminds me of a German professor, deeply read in philosophy, who was explaining in a company, where I was present, his theory that it was the souls of things which gave them their material forms—"Vor instanz," he said, passing his hand over his immense bald forehead, "I haf not an hair-producing soul." I, a young man, demurred to his theory, though since then I see that it is not so ridiculous as I believed. "My dear sir," he answered, with very great kindness—and I have never forgotten his answer—"when you have read the circle of all that the great philosophers have written on these subjects you may, perhaps, look at this matter differently." Struck by the moderation of his words, I bore them in mind and did my best to read through the circle from Descartes to Hartmann and Lotze. Long before the end, I recognized the depth of views of the Pro.

fessor. I am ready in like manner to believe there is much to be learnt from the real Buddhism.

Yamato.—As the Buddhist may learn from Christ.

Ashikaga.—The old system is beautiful, but it is the fineness of a knife of the stone age compared with the steel blade of this. The arms of the stone age are hopelessly antiquated for the uses of to-day. There is poetry in their passing away. Buddha and Christ have perhaps long ago met, communed about their work, and loved each other.

Yamato.—What is the difference between the past and the future? If they have not yet, they will. What is Time?

Sanderson.—I am curious to know what some of those 2,800 problems are.

Ashikaga.—Tell him, Yamato.

Yamato.—One is, "Has a dog the Buddha soul?"

Ashikaga.—Which means, "Has it the capability of becoming a Buddha, an awakened, and of attaining to Nirvana?"

Yamato.—When he has thought out that problem to the fullest limit of the pro and con, and become forever satisfied upon it, the priest might give him any other, such as: "Listen to the voice of your right hand."

Sanderson.—What is the meaning of that one?

Yamato.—It means that he is to hold up his right hand from his elbow and become so absorbed in attempting to hear its imaginary sound that he attains the state of complete self-absorption and passes through the world without disturbance by externals. Then his mind becomes free.

Sanderson.—There is a value in that, I can see.

Ashikaga.—Yes, though but a simple habit, you do not know what its value has been to millions who have suffered.

Yamato.—The fragrance of the locust-blossoms is very sweet in these night dews.

ALCHEMIST.

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Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles.

PART II.—A CRITICISM OF MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S ARTICLE IN THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

"THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL."

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH deservedly ranks so high as an authority that his statements have great weight. It is consequently necessary when he errs on vital points that his mistakes should be explained. The great Earl of Chatham styled Hume's History of England "an apology for the House of Stuart." Mr. Goldwin Smith's article is practically an apology for the errors and shortcomings of the leaders of the Manchester School; who for more than twenty years greatly influenced public opinion in England. During that time the Radicals in the House of Commons numbered about 80—not one-fourth of the total Liberal party. About one-half of the 80 belonged to the Manchester School, the other half often voted against Cobden and Bright. All thinking men admit that they did great good in their time, but they also did much which was far otherwise. Where I differ from Mr. Goldwin Smith is in this: he praises them for many of their erroneous and wrongful actions, but I venture "to hold the mirror up to nature."

WHY RADICALS PARTED FROM THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

Like him, I was originally an adherent of that school—although an extremely obscure one, and with numbers of other Radicals regretfully parted from Cobden and Bright when they deviated from accuracy of speech and patriotism. As a consequence of some of their reckless assertions and actions I was forced to the conclusion (1854) that although a man might be a Liberal yet he was bound to speak the truth like all other men, and that because he was a Liberal, he was not thereby exempted from doing so. Liberals will laugh at this as a truism, but thinking men of wide experience will understand. Many so-called advanced men apparently think that statements made by their leaders must necessarily be true, but often the presumption is the other way.

PALMERSTON-PHOBIA.

Both Cobden and Bright suffered from Palmerston-phobia and wrongly blamed him for nearly all the wars, and a majority of the shortcomings of that period. There is a good story told of an old-time Shah of Persia. His delusion was that all human mishaps were directly or indirectly

caused by women. No matter what accident happened to a man his obsequious slaves were for safety-sake bound to state that some female had caused it. One day a workman about the palace fell off a scaffold and was killed. On hearing of it the Shah pithily and grimly asked "Who?" meaning what woman was in fault. His attendant maladroitly explained that there was no woman in the case; whereupon the Asylum of the Universe angrily stamped his foot, repeating "Who?" The terror-stricken slave, realizing that his neck was in danger, forthwith drew upon his imagination and stated that the unfortunate man had sacrilegiously looked at one of the Shah's female slave of surpassing beauty, that while gazing at her he had made a misstep; hence the calamity. This satisfied the Shah. His frame of mind represents that of Cobden and Bright when war and Palmerston were spoken of.

PALMERSTON A PREVENTER OF WAR.

Had Palmerston been premier or even Foreign Secretary in 1853-4 there would have been no Crimean War, for with all his shortcomings he was a masculine statesman; whereas Lord Aberdeen, the then Premier—although able and well meaning—was a grand-motherly one. Grand-motherly men are ill-adapted to awe masterful lawbreakers. The Emperor Nicholas subsequently complained that he had been deceived, that if he had been told the truth (which would certainly have been the case if Palmerston had been Premier or Foreign Secretary), namely, that England would, if necessary, go to war to hinder his aggressions, there would have been no war. Nicholas blamed those who cried peace when there was no peace. Cobden and Bright, like all other Englishmen, earnestly desired peace, but by unintentionally helping to mislead the Czar, they assisted to bring about war. Yet lacking self-consciousness they persistently laid their errors upon the shoulders of others.

If men ostentatiously proclaim beforehand to an intending housebreaker, "We have great influence and will do all in our power to prevent the officers of justice from interfering;" surely such persons encourage crime instead of preventing it. On the other hand if a leading man plainly says, "If you attempt to do so, I and others will promptly rally to the outraged, and will bring you to justice," then he probably prevents crime—at any rate he does his duty. Palmerston was just such a man. The Manchester School gave him no credit for the wars he prevented. He saved us from a great European war in 1831. He then resolutely forbade French aggression in Belgium. With a weak minister Belgium would have lost its independence, and a great European war would have been the result. All French statesmen notoriously hankered for the Rhine frontier, but Palmerston resolutely prevented the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge. He also, in 1841, averted a European conflict upon the Eastern question. His action in that case was a fine illustration of the poet's grand figure of speech, for "out of the nettle danger he plucked the flower safety."

THE DAILY ORGAN OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

Through the persistent wrong-headedness of Cobden and Bright they lost much of their old-time influence. The London Morning Star, their daily organ, subsidised by Cobden, Bright and others, died a natural death; for the Radicals as a mass refused to patronize it. Cobden publicly stated as a reason for discontinuing help, that a journal ought to be self-supporting. At one general election both he and Bright were rejected by their constituents for unpatriotic conduct. John Bull is patriotic and straightforward, and dislikes the reverse, but some politicians are slow to learn this. If the franchise was the same now as in 1883, the chief misleaders would discover like Othello that "their occupation was gone." The lower the franchise the easier for political shysters.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on the Manchester School is cleverly written, but it is far below his usual high average. As a great admirer, I regret its publication. There are various inaccuracies in it, some of which are caused by his relative lack of cautiousness—previously referred to—shown by his accepting the evidence of unreliable witnesses. He has also adopted and repeated a very gross and unfounded charge, brought by the leaders of that school against a meritorious public servant.

He claims for the Manchester School that it was "in opposition to the sympathy and alliance with the slave power." This wrongly insinuates that those who differed

from Cobden and Bright did sympathize with, and were for helping the Southerners. As to the latter point, although Cobden publicly alleged such to be the case, yet privately he wrote the real truth to Sumner, the representative American fire-eater: "Honestly speaking . . . I don't think the nation here behaved badly under the terrible loss of trade and danger of starving under your blockades." Thus in public he charged that to be true, which in private he admitted to be false. He also indignantly denounced blockades when carried out by his fellow-countrymen, but was silent when they were the work of the Americans. This shows his one-sidedness. He was the very reverse of a judicial minded man. With him it was "that's but a choleric word in the" Northerner "which in the" Britisher "is flat heresy."

Although a great newspaper reader I never read or even heard of any one proposing "alliance with the slave power;" or anything resembling it. Opinions differed anent the Civil War, but from various causes an overwhelming majority deprecated it. Mr. Goldwin Smith honestly admits (p. 382) that "the culture of the country" (in other words, the best informed men) "were almost all" opposed to it.

THE PEACE SOCIETY FOR WAR.

One of the most curious facts (I speak from personal knowledge) was that, with few exceptions, the members of the famous Peace Society were for the war. Macaulay shows in his history that although a leading dogma of the time of James II. was passive obedience to lawbreaking monarchs; yet when the ill-bird came home to roost they repudiated it. In the case of the Peace Society its members solemnly vowed that they were for peace, almost at any price; they also alleged that Palmerston always hankered after war. When war actually came, they, with rare exceptions, welcomed it with open arms. On the other hand Palmerston successfully exerted himself to prevent England being dragged into it. To adapt from Hudibras, the members of the Peace Society

"Compounded for wars that they were inclined to
By damning those they had no mind to"

This also applied to the majority of the Manchester School.

Sydney Smith's humorous definition was "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is your doxy." So it was with the Manchester School.

"Our war is a righteous war, but your war is necessarily a wicked war."

Well-informed people know that it was originally a war—and published as such in England—to bring back the seceding States with slavery intact. After a time the aim was to force them back without slavery. The passions of men brought about that, which justice should have accomplished, but failed to do. Truly

"There s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

Since the two sides have been happily reconciled this must have been brought home to the minds of all thinking men.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE WAR.

The vast majority in Great Britain believed that the British method of freeing slaves by a money payment and without bloodshed, was far better than by waging Civil War. England paid \$100,000,000 to free 800,000 men, women and children—\$125 per head. The Union including both sides and excluding the value of the slaves—outlaid by the lowest estimate \$1,000 per head—eight times as much for its 4,000,000 slaves. Some state the amount to have been twice as great. Reckoning the losses of both the Northerners and Southerners, it cost 125 lives to free every 1,000 slaves. Other calculations show that the loss of life was greater. The ark of freedom could have been floated in blood. No one could then foresee what the end would be. Cobden wrote to Sumner (July, 1862): "There is all but unanimous belief that you cannot subject the South to the Union." During the first two of the four years' struggle, if the South had said: "We will return if slavery is preserved" those conditions would have been gladly accepted. Fortunately for the cause of freedom, the South hardened its heart. Thus in America, the passions of men brought about that which in England was the result of "peace on earth and good will towards man."

In January, 1863, Cobden wrote: "Before the first shot was fired I wrote to Sumner that if I were a New Englander I would vote with both hands for a peaceful separation." Yet when he changed his opinions (Bright brought him over to war) he dishonestly blamed those who would not change with him.

Both the political parties in Great Britain agreed in refusing to interfere—they would not even acknowledge the independence of the Confederates although strongly urged to do so by Napoleon.

GLADSTONE FOR THE SOUTHERNERS.

Mr. Gladstone was the only British statesman who favoured the South, but even he went no further than to acknowledge the independence of the Confederates. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was justifying slavery. When he (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) publicly stated his views, which alarmed and angered the Northerners, their British sympathisers, and also the premier (Lord Palmerston), the latter indignantly put up two cabinet ministers to publicly repudiate Gladstone. Yet Lord Palmerston has always been maligned by the Manchester School as a wanton creator of wars. In the introduction to "Ireland under Coercion" the American author explains these facts, and shows how well Lord Palmerston behaved, yet both Cobden and Bright persistently charged that he was always eager for war. They also misrepresented the ruling classes generally.

Only well-informed people are aware how persistently the leaders of the Manchester School distorted current historical facts.

THE BRITISH OPPOSED TO SLAVERY.

I repeat that no one in England advocated slavery, or that we should interfere; but that from various causes the majority of all classes were opposed to civil war. Numbers were well informed of its horrors in Spain and elsewhere. A friend who was a commercial traveller, and as such travelled through the three kingdoms, was a fiery partisan of the North. His habit was to mix with all classes, and by persistent questioning to get all the information possible upon any question that he was interested in. He voluntarily informed me after the end of the war that the country newspapers, as a mass, were opposed to the war and doubtless they represented the opinions of the great majority. Yet although a vehement partisan he never even insinuated that anyone sympathized with slavery or wished to side with the South. As a matter of fact the only person I ever heard who justified slavery was a coloured man at Montreal, and in his case it was merely from a spirit of contradiction.

Mr. Goldwin Smith states that the Manchester School steadfastly opposed Palmerston with his wars, as if he had engineered all that had occurred during his time. There is reason to believe that Cobden—who chronically suffered from Palmerston-on-the-brain—succeeded in imposing this as a dogma upon the Manchester School.

COBDEN'S CHARACTER.

Richard Cobden was clever, hard-working, energetic, honest, unselfish, and of great force of character. He was fully up to the best middle-class level of conscientiousness, and was generally wishful to do good. He was a vigorous politician, but utterly lacked statesmanship. There is a vast difference between being a mere politician—however well-meaning—and being a statesman. In private life he was truthful, but in politics, when heated, was sometimes otherwise. He lacked cautiousness, and consequently when heated was apt to be inaccurate. Had he been well gifted with that, he would have been more uniformly reliable as a speaker, wiser in his actions, and would not have lost his money in wild-cat investments. He was destructive, but not constructive.

One noticeable shortcoming of the leaders of the Manchester School was that they lacked constructive minds. They could vituperate, attack and destroy, but could not build. What workable constructive bills did they ever bring before the House of Commons? A really great statesman requires to have both a destructive and constructive mind. Cobden, by his anti-Corn Law labours did yeoman's service for "the good old cause." He brought about the repeal of the Corn Laws several years earlier than would otherwise have been the case. But we must bear in mind that he

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did not initiate the movement, or cause the potato famine which brought the food-supply question to a climax. Neither did he invent Sir Robert Peel, who with heroic moral courage broke with life-long friends by repealing the Corn Laws. What a contrast between the self-denying sense of duty and silent heroism of Peel, and the stage-playing of another prominent statesman on the hunt to trade his country for a few votes! The latter brings to mind the poets scornful words: "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman."

THEIR LACK OF SYMPATHY FOR SUFFERERS.

Had Cobden and Bright devoted one-tenth of the energy shown in vilifying Palmerston, the Conservatives, and the Whigs to constructive statesmanship, they would have ranked far higher in future history. "The fields were white unto the harvest." When the Conservative, Earl Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—introduced the Factory Bills into the House of Commons, the Radicals of the Manchester School were practically adverse, and would not help. Lord Shaftesbury always complained that Cobden and Bright would not assist to redress such wrongs and that they were passively hostile. Those who wish to learn the true inwardness of recent history, should bear in mind the tale told about a brief handed to Lord Brougham when practising at the bar. The solicitor's client was hopelessly in the wrong, so the brief simply contained the following sentence: "No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney." This illustrates one of the phases of sham-liberalism. Their refusal to assist a Conservative to protect helpless work-people was not caused by hardness of heart, but by (1) indifference to suffering, and (2) by an erroneous belief in the limited duties of the State. They carried to an extreme the idea that the State should interfere as little as possible in daily life. This indifference applies to all such lackings on both sides; it was passive—not active. The great movement to improve the well-being of the humbler classes is not fifty years old.

A TYPICAL INSTANCE.

The following is an instance showing that beyond resonant phrases they had but little practical sympathy with sufferers. The railways were, of course, managed on commercial principles. A mistaken and unjust one was, to make third-class carriages very uncomfortable so as to compel people to travel second-class. By Act of Parliament every Railway was compelled to run one third-class train per day each way, at a fare of a penny per mile. Cobden and Bright must have seen these third-class carriages many thousands of times, and must have noticed how very uncomfortable they were for travellers. There was an old torture-cage in the Tower of London called "The Little Ease." It was so constructed that the unfortunate victim could neither sit, lie down, or stand up. Forty-five years ago the third-class carriages were built somewhat on the principles of "The Little Ease." As I then travelled daily by them I speak from painful experience. Many of them were at one time exactly five feet six inches in height. In all of them the bare wooden seats were too narrow and too close to each other, and one-half of them had no backs. There were no lights, and altogether it was irksome travelling. To use a vulgar idiom, if Cobden and Bright had been what they were "cracked up to be" and really cared for the well-being of the humbler classes, and had made the slightest effort in the House of Commons, Lord Ashley and his Conservative friends would have rallied to them, and this oppression would immediately have been remedied. One-tenth of the energy shown in decrying Lord Palmerston, the Whigs and Conservatives, would have sufficed. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Which was the greater grievance—the not having a vote capable of being exercised once in every five or six years, or a daily penance for vast multitudes, and an occasional one for millions? This wrong lasted for years and was only gradually remedied. For many years past the third-class carriages are all that could be desired.

THE WORK OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

The Manchester School effected great good in some respects, but did great harm in others. Taken altogether it did vastly more good than harm. The fact of its having died out shows that there was something lacking. There was no root, and the tree has perished.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL

THE languishing condition of trade and the absence of even glimpses of revival, when other countries commence to feel a "boom" somewhat in commerce and industry, occupy more the attention of the country than the affairs of Kiel, the relations with China, or the Franco-Russian alliance. Minister of Commerce Lebon has been visiting Nantes ostensibly to make a confidence speech. He has produced exactly the contrary. He admits the deplorable situation of French business and the stagnation of the nation's trade; he urges the common-place word remedies, but never touches the cause of all the evil—the ultra-protectionist tariffs that destroy confidence and muzzle enterprise. In repudiating commercial treaties on a liberal reciprocal basis and for a relative long duration, France has economically isolated herself from the trading world, and so has lost not only customers but friends. By this self-exclusion, she has shut herself out from foreign markets, and her place has been occupied by up-to-date competitors. Nay more, she has not only accustomed the foreigner to do without her goods, but taught him to rely upon himself, thus arming him with her own weapons of industrial and commercial warfare. The protectionists have so beguiled the peasantry into the belief that the cause of their hardships lay in the unchecked introduction of foreign products into France, and that only in a high tariff could they seek the remedy and enjoy the salvation, that the rurals will vote only for protectionists, and thus maintain that party its sweeping majority in the Chamber. But a terrible day of reckoning is at hand: France is now relatively poor; she cannot make the two ends of the revenue meet; new taxation may prove very deceptive, as people will consume less and practise more rigid economy. The expenditure of France is greater than she can bear.

Events—and notably the Kiel fête—have compelled both France and Russia formally to avow that an alliance between the two governments has been executed since 1893, and by the late Czar and the late President of the Republic. Public opinion naturally did not, nor does not expect the clauses of that treaty to be made public, but opinion asks, What was the motive for keeping its existence secret? It is that fact which causes head-shakings. It may be taken as true that the inner ring of diplomacy were fully aware of the formal treaty of alliance. Now that it is the secret of everybody, those powers likely to be affected by it, will take their measures of precaution and steer new courses, and that their peoples will ratify as being as prudent as it will be absolutely necessary. At the first blush, it gives England a kind of free hand; her alliance will henceforth be highly bid for. The balance into which she may throw her sword like Brennus of Gaul, there will incline the victory. It is that momentous fact that may explain why the French after all view the alliance with Russia as only a mixed blessing.

The making known of the dual alliance does not arrive at a propitious moment. England and Germany have inflicted a severe check on the allies by causing China to refuse signing the proposed offer of a part loan by Russia—who, along with France, would take charge of the Chinese custom's receipts—put John Chinaman into permanent go-cart-ism. The proposed loan was an extremely shady affair; the finances were never mentioned. After all, China is no fool; she has a plethora of Western lovers, and being somewhat polyandrian in her manners and customs, is prepared to accept all her lovers, *ex equo*. Russia loves her Manchurian railway, and Japan says: I have the first mortgage of fifty millions sterling on the Chinese customs, and demand also a share in the collection of the taxes, along, if necessary, with Germany and England.

On the continent foreigners have a wholesome respect for Lord Salisbury as a Minister. He is not viewed as splitting blocks with razors, nor with breaking butterflies on wheels. But is credited with resolutely carrying out his decision when once taken. That is the kind of Foreign Minister ever to possess, no matter to what political party he may belong. Then he will always be viewed as having the triple alliance to fall back upon, and, in the Far East, Japan, while the latter, following the trend of events, is likely to become the tutor of China. In five years, when Japan has augmented her fleet, and organized her protectorate of five millions of people in the Korea, and civilized Formosa—that

has also a population of five millions—the Japs will have fifty millions of people, upon and around her own heath, and will tell those who intend to check her legitimate expansion, that her name is MacGregor. Lord Salisbury, the French believe, will at the psychologic moment, settle all Gallic anxiety about the welfare of Egypt, by taking over its national debt, and in exchange, declare the Nile Valley to be a British protectorate; will protect also Siam; call upon France to evacuate Chateaubouin, and obtain from the Son of Heaven the right to run what railways she pleases over the four cardinal points of China—a mode of development of the celestial realm that Japan will work up also.

All these are thorny and burning questions, and here are uppermost in French minds. Checkmated by England and Germany in her design to getting a foothold into Southern China, Russia may make a spring at what she covets, when France would have to follow, or denounce her alliance. The world has an interest in these matters greater than ever, as the general smash up is accepted as nearer than ever, and people's only view as organized hypocrisy the official windbagism about "peace," concurrently with the augmentation of armaments and the exhaustion of taxpayers pursers. Note well, there is a danger closer at hand still, aye, closer than the Armenian imbroglio rapidly degenerating into intrigue; closer than the playing at insurrection in Macedonia, the true immediate danger lies in the extraordinary *éclat* with which the Emperor William intends to celebrate the silver wedding of the unity of the present Empire. During six months the wedding rejoicings will be kept up, as every regiment that took part in the 1870-71 invasion of France will have its own fête. And all these hosannas to Mars and the mythical gods of Germania, will be so many stabs to the quick for France. It will be a miracle if the French stand it, with all their philosophy. Even cooler headed and less sensitive peoples would hardly bear it. Professor Lavissee, one of the most reflective minds and respected authorities in France, draws Emperor William's attention to that prospective wounding, after France accepted his invitation to Kiel. The French require no special reminding of their defeat in 1870-71; they bow to the fortune of war, but they can place against that their long history of glories, and that greatest glory of all, their self-resurrection in the last quarter of a century. There ought to be an international statue of limitations against holding irritable silver, etc., weddings, save those of the marriage of the Grand Turk with the Republic of Venice.

Something has gone wrong with the French in Madagascar; the troops do not advance into the bowels of the land; it is said that till a corps of 400 sappers be despatched the expedition is brought to a standstill. Perhaps by then the deadly season shall have set in. This, and the recent exposures of the colonial office, and the lamentable neglect of the brave Colonel Monteil's expedition into the Soudan, have produced a deplorable and painful effect on public opinion. The latter commences wickedly to ask what does it get for all the millions of francs sunk in these speculations that the French refuse to emigrate to? It is a common belief in France that when an unfortunate patriot does pluck heart of grace—and for which he ought to be decorated with the Legion of Honour—to emigrate the local officials treat him with scant courtesy, concluding he must have special reasons for quitting France—leaving his country for his country's good. The British Colony of Lagos, alone, transacts more commercial affairs than all French Senegal, with Timbuctoo and the Sahara thrown in.

Some weeks ago, certain groups of the clergy, associated to resist the financial law of last April, subjecting the property of the religious orders to taxation as other mortals, for like Death, the tax-collector is no respecter of persons. The attention of the Archbishops, to whom the recalcitrant clergy are subject, took no notice of such conspiracies against the codes when the Minister drew their attention to the violation of the law and that the law admitted of no exceptions. The Minister has now prosecuted the offending clergy—why so long delayed is inexplicable, since the Pope declined to interfere—and they will be condemned to a heavy fine, that will be deducted out of their state stipend. All this resisting of the law is very dangerous, as the republicans might stop the endowment to the Church (fifty-four million frs. a year) and abolish the concordat;—many Catholic countries manage to work heavenwards without any concordat. The

French, while on religious matters, are very merry at the idea of His Holiness urging the English Protestant Church to annex itself to his.

* * *

At Street Corners.

I am converted to the idea of women-bicyclists wearing the knickerbocker dress when on the wheel. I was standing at the corner of a quiet street, waiting for a car, when I saw coming towards me a bright little woman accompanied by an attendant swain, both riding wheels. The first thing that struck me was the easy elegance with which the fair one rode. The next was the fact that she wore the bifurcated costume of which we have heard so much. It consisted of a neat tunic, very wide knickers coming down to the middle of the shins, and gathered in there, black stockings, and neat lace-up boots. The girl showed, perhaps, six inches of ankle above her boots. She did not look bold or unwomanly, she was a simple, direct, pleasant sort of girl, who was bent on having the most convenient dress to ride in at all hazards. I could not but respect and admire her as she rode gently by with a child's look of enjoyment on her face.

"This is an Irish society translated to Canada," said a man to me as the Orange procession was going by on the Twelfth. "What I want to know is," he continued, "what good it is to Canada I could respect the Order if it stood for anything, but to me it seems all wind. Its leaders are shilly-shally mountebanks who are all the time posturing on the fence. They will do or say anything that will secure them a vote; they will"—. But I gently requested him to cease such blasphemy and asked how he expected to succeed in Toronto if he were so freespoken.

The dreadful burning of the Cibola brings to mind some moments of fear that have sometimes occurred to me when crossing the lake on one of the numerous boats. Suppose that fire had started in mid-passage where would the thousand or fifteen hundred passengers have been? The boats on these lake steamers look as though they were never used. There is never any boat or fire drill as there is on board the ocean liners, and as undoubtedly there ought to be on these excursion steamers. It may be said that when the boat is *en voyage* the steam is up and the fire-pumps can be used with such effect as to neutralize danger. If this be so it was a regrettable piece of negligence to have it unavailable Monday morning, and the third engineer's death may be regarded as one of those sacrifices whereby the general safety of the public at large is from time to time secured.

The fire drill and boat drill on board of the ocean liners are, of course, rigidly attended to. Naval reserve men who happen to be passengers make a rule of handing in their papers on going aboard, and there are some saloon passengers who are naval reserve men. They are forthwith assigned to stations, and when the bell sounds for fire or boat drill, all hands are at their places in a jiffy. It seems as though an effort were made to have it at odd and inconvenient times. I have known the signal given while Divine service was going on, and have seen four or five officers quietly reach for their hats and bolt hurriedly. In this, as in a good many other things, eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

It is a pity that this good old saying was not in use on the Scarborough railway, as that fearful accident of last Saturday proves. The Craig's Road accident in Quebec is another case in point. It would seem, unfortunately, that dreadful things of this sort do not make the managers of railways careful. What could be more horrible than that accident near Weston last winter in which Mr. Joseph met his death? One would have thought that the effect of such a catastrophe as that would be to induce an extra amount of care on every railway in Canada. The truth is, I suppose, that the responsibility is distributed among so many officials that the sense of it is weakened. What is everybody's business is nobody's. With regard to the accident on the Scarborough railway it certainly appears that the line ought never to have been allowed to start operating with such a possibility of accident attached to it. Whoever passed on its completeness made a sad mistake.

Glimpses at Things.

After a period of delightful coolness we are again assailed by a hot wave of more than usual ardour, and sensible people have to fall back on thin clothing, light food, and a sufficiency of mental occupation. I find that the best way to bear the hot weather is to be very busy, to have every moment occupied and to be as deeply interested as possible in what I am about. I remember an Anglo-Indian telling me that the men who could not stand India were those who lolled on sofas and drank pale ale. Though at first these comforts were only taken at intervals, there came a time to these men when life became all sofa, pale ale and punkah and then all was over. Canada, no doubt, possesses a trying climate; we are frozen in the winter and half melted in the summer. I don't much believe in the influence of climate on character; if I did I should begin to imagine that the effect of our summer heat negated the formative power of the winter's cold—consequence neutrality.

The newspapers recently have given us very gruesome reading in the way of stories of murder, accident, and sudden death, and the Pietzel case out-Herods Herod. In fact, adopting for a moment the theosophic theory of re-incarnation, I can think of nobody more likely to have come again in the flesh, in the person of the cool murderer Holmes, than the Judean King. It is evident that we are a long way from the abolition of capital punishment. I sincerely hope they will hang Holmes in Philadelphia. If he comes here there would be scarcely any objection on the part of many people to his being buried alive in the miserable pit in which he interred his innocent victims. Mr. Geyer, the smart Philadelphia detective, has earned the thanks of the community. In face of the dangers to which society is exposed from criminals of the sort which this continent seems to breed, it is urgently necessary that the administration of our criminal law shall be sharp, unerring, and decisive. It is expensive for a young country, but we have got to do it.

Mr. Peter McArthur, who has been appointed editor of *New York Truth*, formerly studied at Toronto University and was subsequently a member of the reporting staff of the *Toronto Mail*. He was very studious in his early years, which were spent on his father's farm in Western Ontario. The poets were his constant companions, and Mr. McArthur himself is a poet of no mean order. He has that grip of nature which seems to be only attainable by being born on a farm, and born, too, with poetic instincts. And he is not only a poet but a humorist of the first water. Kindly and benevolent himself, he has written some of the bitterest and most caustic comments in the language, on modern society. A good shot, a brilliant conversationalist and withal possessed of that canny shrewdness which comes, perhaps, with his Scotch descent, Peter McArthur, who is not yet thirty, should make his mark in the wilderness-city of his adoption.

Why does not some of the money which we hear spoken of as being offered at 3½ per cent. per annum in Toronto go out to British Columbia and be made to yield 25 or 30 per cent in legitimate mining enterprise? Just now there is great activity in the Pacific Province, probably mainly brought about by American capital. Why are Canadians so slow to take advantage of good things their own country affords?

On Wednesday evening last an unfortunate newsboy slipped in getting off a street car and was nearly cut in two by the wheels. The poor little chap died shortly afterwards. *The Toronto World* pertinently remarks that the Railway Company should issue strict orders to keep the newsboys off the cars. "The traffic at the principal corners in the city is confused and dangerous enough without adding to it by allowing the boys to board the cars." It is true.

DIOGENES.

THAT the motives of the Society of Colonial Wars in erecting monuments are mainly historical and aesthetic, and not vainglorious, is proved by an offer made by the chairman of the Louisbourg Memorial Committee, Mr. Howland Pell, which he has permitted me to publish. He promises to present a free site at Ticonderoga to anybody, French or Anglo-Saxon, who desires to commemorate Montcalm's victory there by a suitable monument. He also declares that the idea of erecting a memorial of Braddock's defeat by the French and Indians has been considered by his Society and is not unlikely to be carried out.

At the same time it is possible that such projects might be strongly resented by some of Mr. Pell's countrymen, less liberal than himself. The very human trait of preferring to advertise one's triumphs rather than one's failures is as marked in most Americans as in most Frenchmen; and the one nation is almost as touchy as the other upon points of supposed national honour or etiquette. Would the citizens of any large American city suffer the British flag to fly unmolested over a store, as the American flag flies over a store in London, merely to attract the custom of visiting Britons? And does the French Government permit English marines to drill in uniform anywhere upon French soil, as the British Government permits French marines to do at Sydney, Nova Scotia? I ask this latter question for information, sincerely hoping for an affirmative answer.

I have lately visited the Channel Islands, where the French population are not only intensely loyal but intensely proud of the British connection. The Isles Normandes, as they are called in French, belonged to Normandy at the time of William's invasion, and so were never conquered by England; on the contrary they were rescued by her from the yoke of the French on one or two subsequent occasions. These considerations have created among them a greater warmth of feeling to the Empire than that effected among French Canadians by all the freedom and immunities granted them by their conquerors.

Guernsey is of special interest to Canadians as the birth-place of Brock, a good-sized model of whose Canadian monument stands in the hall of the fine Guille-Allès Library, a thoroughly equipped institution with which two progressive carpenters have dowered their native island. Although marred by its ubiquitous glass houses, Guernsey, from its windmills and its high and solid stone walls, from the quaint names of its streets and the great antiquity of its structures forms a striking contrast to most parts of the new world. There are tomb-stones there of the fourteenth century, and there are two churches built early in the twelfth. Justice is administered by the "Royal Courts," the chief judge is termed "the Carliif." Laws are made by "the States of Guernsey." If one attempts to evict a Guernsey man, the latter has only to rush into the street and shout, "Haro! Haro! A mon aide, mon prince! On me fait tort!" when the evictor is bound to vacate the premises under pain of some mediæval penalty which I forget.

As my first destination was London, I chose a route which, besides being convenient and economical, is to be commended from a sight-seer's point of view. On the steamers of the Furness line, from Halifax to London direct, one sees the Scilly Islands, Land's End, the Lizard, the beautiful south coast of the Isle of Wight, Dover with its famous white cliffs, Ramsgate, Margate, and other seaside resorts with equally familiar names. Inside the mouth of the Thames, from Gravesend to the Albert and Victoria docks, the objects of interest are multitudinous. Not least among them are the great docks themselves lined with vessels from all parts of the earth, including the splendid mail-boats of the P and O, the Orient, and other important lines. The steamers by which I went and returned, the *Halifax City* and *St. John City*, I found to be new and comfortable and well-officered boats.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Montreal Affairs.

THE situation at Ottawa was overshadowed all other questions during the past week; and has been almost the sole topic of conversation where men of affairs congregate. Montreal is strongly favourable to the Government, but its conservatism is different from that of Toronto. In your city it appears to be a matter of inheritance or conviction; here it is a matter chiefly of business. Rightly or wrongly it is unquestionably true that a substantial majority of the bankers, brokers, investors, and business men generally do not regard the idea of a change of Government favourably. To many it is not connected with political feeling at all, it is merely the conservatism of the business men, who finding the problem of making a profit already difficult, dreads the changing of conditions. Others believe in the Government's policy, even, while in many cases, they consider themselves Liberals and speak with scant courtesy of the administration's record. During the Mackenzie régime there was a very decided secession from the Liberals; and these men, though they repudiate the title of Conservative, are among the most vehement supporters of the Government's policy. Naturally the sudden appearance of a ministerial crisis, threatening to terminate at once the life of the Government and precipitate a general election, caused a profound sensation in the commercial quarters of the city, and was reflected on the Stock Exchange. Probably if the whole truth were known it would be found that the influences which saved the Government from instant overthrow, were brought into play from this city. There is still excitement; and will continue to be until the elections are over. One thing is very noticeable on "the street" and that is that there, as elsewhere, the advent of the Liberals to power within the next twelve months is regarded as a likely contingency. The confidence of victory so noticeable before the elections of 1887 and 1891 is wanting.

The effect of the Cabinet fight and the secession of the Ultramontanes on the political future of the Conservatives in this Province is, of course, being everywhere canvassed. The members from Quebec, on the motion to adjourn, made by Mr. Laurier, gave a majority of sixteen adverse to the Government; but any permanent fusion between Ultramontanes and Liberals is hardly likely. Such a union was once accomplished by Mercier and maintained for five years; but there is a wide difference between Mercier and Laurier. The former, for political purposes, became nominally the ally and the advocate of Clericalism; but Mr. Laurier is a genuine Liberal, and as such an object of horror to Mr. Angers and his associates. The bolters will therefore probably remain, at least until after the election, an independent political party, under the leadership of Mr. Angers, and actively supported by the Quebec Conservative Government which is dominated by Mr. Pelletier, a pronounced Castor, and by Mr. Casgrain, who is Mr. Angers' brother-in-law. They are not likely to carry many constituencies for their own candidates for their strength is principally in what is known as the Quebec district, embracing seventeen counties on both sides of the lower St. Lawrence, which is almost solidly Liberal. Indirectly, of course, their secession is likely to have far-reaching effects in the election of Liberals in constituencies where, with the Conservatives a united party, they would be defeated.

I was talking on this point the other evening with a Liberal, a member of Parliament, who for the past thirty years has been closely identified with the campaigns of his party. He predicted that an election would be disastrous to the Government. He said:—"Quebec is different from the English provinces. There the people generally read the newspapers, cantharize themselves with arguments, and ally themselves definitely with one or the other political party from which they are not easily detached. In this province it is different. People are swayed by their sympathies; and if the feeling is running strongly against a party nothing can save it, not money, not political strategy, not even the voice of the Church. The provincial elections of 1886 strikingly illustrated this. Mr. Mercier in the previous legislature had but thirteen members out of sixty-five; he went into the fight with no resources but a cry that appealed strongly to the electors; and he won. It will be much the same now. One does not realize, until he gets out in the country parishes, the strength of the feeling on this school

question. My family is spending the summer at a country point; and I never go there from my parliamentary duties but I am surrounded by eager questioners who want to know whether there is to be legislation for the Manitoba Catholics. You must remember that this case has been before the people for five years. The parish priests have made frequent references to it, urging their parishioners to sign the petitions to the Government praying for relief; the Bishops have issued letters; the press have been discussing it continuously, and the parliamentary representatives of the province in their tours through their constituencies have added to the feeling. I believe that nearly every French Conservative member has made positive pledges to his constituencies that this session would see legislation passed. This accounts for the vigorous opposition to a postponement. It is usually a fatal thing to break a promise made to a constituency. If the Government should really pass Remedial Legislation next January the situation will change; but we all, Conservative and Liberal alike, recognize that the forces that will be arrayed against the proposed course in the interval will make it impossible for the Government to redeem its promises." This, I think, is not an exaggerated statement of the case. The position of the Government is pretty generally condemned in this province for not going far enough while it is apparently in disgrace elsewhere for going too far. The whole situation is one which should be regarded with the gravest concern by every thoughtful man. It includes possibilities of immense evil.

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Letters to the Editor.

THE MAPLE LEAF: ITS FORM AND COMBINATIONS.

SIR,—The flag discussion seems to have arrived at a pretty general acceptance of the maple leaf, and to have settled down to a discussion of what form, or with what, if any, combinations, that badge is to be proposed to the Admiralty.

Those who have suggested combining the maple leaf with other things, lose sight of the only reason which warrants any discussion of the subject, namely, the securing of simplicity; and therefore all combinations should be ruled out so far as the flag is concerned, leaving such designs to be utilized for decorative or other purposes for which they may be suitable, and for which any one may desire to adopt them.

This would leave only the simple maple leaf to be considered; with regard to which there are two alternatives, either the single leaf or the triple form. For my own part I would unhesitatingly decide in favour of the latter as being more graceful in form, more conspicuous and more pronounced as a badge, and distinguishable more readily and at a greater distance, than the single leaf.

For the maple leaf as a national badge it is quite unnecessary to specify colour, as it may be represented in any colour, either natural or conventional, as an artist may find suitable for his purpose. For use in a flag, however, it may be necessary, or at least convenient, to prescribe the colour to be used in each flag, with the object of having, in each instance, whatever is most conspicuous and easiest to distinguish.

A suggestion as to colour which has been put forward with a strong endorsement is a green leaf with red veinings. This, however, is rather a question of embroidery than of flag-making. If green simply is prescribed as the colour to be used in a flag, it would be within the limits of heraldic propriety for an artist to represent it with veinings of red or any other colour if he choose to do so, as such ornamentation would come under the heraldic term "Diaper."

The question as to whether the badge should be charged upon a white disc or directly upon the field, is a detail which had better be left to the officers of the Admiralty to determine. Most Colonial badges are shown upon a white disc, but not all. A shield would be quite inadmissible, as being heraldically improper. On this point Mr. Howell, in a recent letter to the *Mail and Empire*, in urging that the badge should not be charged directly on the field because in such case it must be yellow, makes a curious mistake, which I would not have expected from him, in forgetting that yellow is heraldically identical with gold.

Mr. Holmes' suggestion in your issue of 13th inst.,

presents the maple leaf badge in one of the prettiest and most artistic forms in which I have seen it, and which, though unsuited for a flag, is well worth preserving for use in decoration. But I would like to take this opportunity of expressing the opinion that all suggestions which contemplate a mark for each province, changing from time to time as occasion may arise, are objectionable. Our provinces are not separate states, but parts of one state, and the sooner we get down to recognizing ourselves as all one, an indivisible unit from Atlantic to Pacific, the better it will be for us.

In conclusion, allow me to deprecate the manner in which two or three writers on this subject have trespassed beyond the bounds of propriety in making satirical references to the Arms of the Dominion. That the Arms are too complicated for convenient use as a badge in the flag is no warrant for any objection to be made to them as arms, and they are indeed so unassailable from that point of view that any person who undertakes to criticize them only shows his want of information on the subject, and not only that, but also he commits the very same solecism as the man does who sits down and puts on his hat when the band plays "God Save the Queen."

E. M. CHADWICK.

Toronto, July 15th, 1895.

"FAIRPLAY RADICAL'S" OFFENCES.

Sir,—I much regret that you did not apply to "Fairplay Radical's" contribution, printed in your last issue, the rules which he himself laid down—only to break them: "When a contributor makes sun-clear deviations from the truth the editor should reject his article."

I do not know who "Fairplay Radical" is: nor do I care. I have known him for years as an untiring letter-writer, with a fairly good style, bitter partisan prejudices, and a "guid conceit o' himself." But why THE WEEK should give him semi-editorial prominence in its columns, and allow him there to give utterance to wild mistatements (as many of us regard them) regarding public men and public matters as to which THE WEEK should be impartial, since we all have our opinions—and our sensibilities—passes my comprehension.

"Fairplay Radical's" partisanship is offensive, and his self-complacency is extremely irritating. Take, for example, a trifling instance—his repeated reference to the "Celtic" lack of "the judicial mind" in last week's issue. Can anything be more childish? Is "Fairplay Radical" aware that, to go no farther afield than our own Province, many of the ablest judges who have adorned our bench have been proud to own their "Celtic" lineage?

More serious, however, is "Fairplay Radical's" maligning of Mr. Gladstone and of the United States. Of these many of us have admiration for the one; friendship and respect for the other. Why should "Fairplay Radical" be allowed to use the columns of THE WEEK to offend many of its readers by the calm assertion of calumnies which are believed in only by the bitterest of Tory Unionists in England and the most virulent of Jingoese here?

JOHN VANLEY MACDONALD.

Toronto, July 9th, 1895.

[THE WEEK seeks to be virile and thoroughly independent; to be the reverse of a mutual admiration journal; not "to prophesy smooth things," but fearlessly to speak the truth. Mr. Macdonald objects to our inserting the contributions of "Fairplay Radical." On the other hand a correspondent at Ottawa, signing "British Canadian," writing in THE WEEK of March 16th, 1894, "expressed the appreciation of himself and others" of the letters of "Fairplay Radical," and "thanked him for the pains he had taken to furnish reliable facts." This was in reference to his habit of quoting authorities for his statements. One of our rules is, that our contributors should be fair; and in controversial matters they should also endeavor to substantiate assertions by facts. Opinions will widely differ. Of course THE WEEK—the same as all other journals—does not hold itself responsible for the opinions of its contributors and correspondents.—ED. THE WEEK.]

"FAIRPLAY RADICAL" REPLIES TO MR. MACDONALD.

Sir,—The editor having courteously favoured me with a proof of Mr. Macdonald's wrathful epistle attacking me personally I briefly reply. His letter illustrates what I have said anent the lack of the judicial mind, there is an outpouring of heated words unsustained by a solitary fact.

I only claim to be truth-seeking and painstaking, and have often taken half an hour to get a single fact correctly.

I have never maligned the United States—on the contrary have repeatedly stated, in print, that I think highly of the real and genuine native Americans: but, like all intelligent Canadians, firmly believe that our Government and Administration of justice are greatly superior to theirs. The New York *Nation* is an independant journal, and is their leading political-literary weekly. Mr. Macdonald should read its patriotic exposures of the numerous rascalities perpetrated with impunity by both sides in politics. One cause of the eminence of Great Britain has been that national shortcomings have been fearlessly published; another is the absence of thinskinness. Neither apply to the Celts, but they excel the Anglo-Saxons in other respects. O'Connell boasted that the Irish were "the finest peasantry in Europe." J. S. Mill—a Scotch Englishman and ultra-Radical—actually alleged that the British working classes are mostly habitual liars. [See "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," 2nd ed., p. 38. His exact words were: "The higher classes do not lie, and the lower, though mostly habitual liars," etc., etc.] Had he also untruthfully said that of the Irish there would have been another Irish grievance always to the fore and good to raise dollars upon.

Both statements were absurdly wrong. Pat believed and has stuck to O'Connell's flattery; but John Bull and Sandy laughed at Mills' silly calumny. Mills' untruthfulness corroborates my statements in THE WEEK (July 5) "that as a mass Radicals are not quite such reliable historical witnesses as are moderate Conservatives and Whigs."

When at the time of the Cronin murder the long-suffering native Americans in Chicago rebelled against the yoke, they would not suffer any but men of their own race to sit on either of the three juries—they would not have a solitary Celt.

As to what Mr. Macdonald says about Mr. Gladstone I ask your readers to suspend their judgment until they have read my forthcoming criticism of his misstating article in the *North American Review*, in which he represented a deceased statesman as having said the exact contrary of what he did say. Unhappily it is but one of scores of instances of misrepresentations. To quote and adapt from *Blackwood* of December (previously referred to) in which the spirit of Horace satirically reviews Gladstone's Horace, I say to Mr. Macdonald "admire" (and believe in) "Mr. Gladstone as much as you like," but when he says that black is white and white is black don't ask others to believe him; and don't be angry with them for calling things by their right names.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

NOT A NEW WOMAN.

Sir,—In a recent issue of your valuable paper I saw only yesterday some remarks on the Woman's Council of Canada which surprised me very much. Does it not astonish all thinking women to see cold water thrown upon their efforts to make their lives better, more useful, and more worthy of Him whose they are?

Any effort in this direction should, I think, be commended, and the more so when they are so singularly free from the masculineness (from the over-stepping of the boundaries between womanhood and manhood which we sometimes see) as this effort is.

Of course "Diogenes" is joking when he says the papers dealt with things in heaven, in the earth, and under the sea. If they did, why shouldn't they? "Consider the works of God" is a command to women as well as men. For my part, who am by no means one of the "new women," the papers were all within women's sphere and I should much have liked a few more, one dealing with the sex in its relations to the other sex and with a view to stemming this fearful sin of illegitimacy which is sapping the roots of this magnificent tree, the Dominion of Canada. All honour to those who are seeking to lead their younger sisters to think and realize that life is real and earnest and not to be frittered away in making dresses and giving At Homes and visiting one another when they know they are quite well to talk platitudes at least, if not gossip and slander. All honour to them, and would that each would take an example by the President in her efforts to help her own sex "onward and upward." What we need is a National Council of Men to teach our boys what to read and how to live pure and honourable lives worthy to be looked up to as superior by those who have been justly called the weaker sex. If

the men were not forgetting that they are the stronger sex, and therefore an example is expected from them worthy to be followed, the other sex would not be in so much danger of overrating her powers in comparison with theirs as she is at present.

Since writing the foregoing I read "Osservatore's" letter and agree with it most heartily only I venture to differ from "Osservatore" in her idea that the Women's National Council tends to take women from home life. Surely a few hours now and again and a few days in the year may be spared by good, earnest mothers and housewives to give others the benefit of their experience as mothers and housewives.

I see many ways of spending spare time, but none spent to such advantage as in these efforts for the raising of our sex.

A. C. M.

Kingston, July 16th, 1895.

THE KORAN OR THE SWORD.

Sir,—I was glad to read the letter of "Mussulman" in your last issue. There is too great a tendency at the present day to think ungenerously of all religions but our own. I have lived a good deal among Mussulmans and I am pretty well versed in the Koran, but neither in the book nor among its believers have I found that horrible alternative "The Koran or the Sword" about which we hear so much. The idea arose from the early wars (all defensive) of the Mahommetans, when, to inspire the soldiers with ardour and fervour, they were told that it was meretorious to kill an infidel. The policy may not be justifiable, but it is explicable, and, considering the times, cannot be regarded as surprising. There are quite as horrible dictates in the Bible, as your correspondent points out, and to his instances I will add one from Psalm 149, viz: "Let the saints . . . let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two edged sword in their hand; to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people," etc.

WM. TRANT.

Regina, N.W.T., 9th July, 1895.

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Etchings From a Parsonage Verandah*

SECOND NOTICE.

THIS neat and attractive volume of sketches of Canadian parish life, recently issued by Wm. Briggs, possesses qualities that give promise of admirable work in the future, and of such a character as to recommend it to the perusal of all interested in our rising Canadian literature. These qualities, however, are not on the surface; are, indeed, often concealed by a mass of commonplace narrative, so that a casual examination of the book might not reveal them to the average reader; hence we think no apology necessary for devoting a little more space to an attempt at indicating them.

While nothing could be more unpretentious than the length of these sketches, or the author's mode of handling the characters, the picture of parsonage life produced is a most satisfactory one and promises well for the future labours of Mrs. Graham in this field. Everything has the colour and tone of everyday life. There is no desire for, or effort after, idealization. The characters—many of whom, after filling the eye throughout an entire sketch, reappear again and again—are neither heroes nor villains, spotless saints nor corrupted sinners, but average human beings with hopes and fears, aspirations after virtue and tendencies toward vice. Even the Rev. Solomon Wiseacre, who figures as the husband of the narrator, is very far from sainthood, and is credited with "traces of the carnal mind." The following is a description of one of his encounters with Mrs. Wiseacre:—

"He is my husband. He is just now coming from the post office, bringing home his mail; and, as greedily as a schoolgirl devours chocolates, so eagerly does Solomon devour the news.

"I should as soon think of taking Carlo by the ears when he is gnawing a succulent bone as to ask Solomon for a dollar when he is in the depths of his paper.

* "Etchings from a Parsonage Verandah." By Mrs. E. J. Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. 1895. Price \$1.

"He comes and sits by me, opens his paper, and reads so intently that his mouth falls open and the tip of his tongue appears. His eyes are large and comprehensive—he is getting intoxicated with news.

"Then an imp, a very small one takes possession of me. I say, in a dry voice, 'Solomon, I think you will have to whip Arthur, he told a lie to-day.'

"He moves uneasily in his chair, and jerks his shoulders.

"I ask again, 'Solomon, do you not hear me?'

"Why, in the name of wonder, Catharine, did you not whip him yourself?'

"He always calls me 'Catharine' when he is sad or cross, but 'Katie' when he is in his honeymoon state.

"I thought it was a father's work to whip the boys,' I answer. 'That was the way papa used to do.'

"Now I know—a suspicious twinkle in his eye—'why you are such a wattery, unstable character. Your mother should have handed you over to your father. Desperate diseases need heroic treatment.'

"I snatch his paper from him and throw it on the lawn; his *Guardian* I twist into a knot; his letters I whirl up on the house, where they each stick lovingly to the old, rough shingles, and I return to my chair.

"Solomon goes away with a sad, preoccupied air, which means, 'thorns in the flesh,' 'patience,' 'despair,' and many other Christian states and graces."

The power of justly estimating people, of seeing the weakness as well as the strength of a character—the power, in short, of close observation—is one of the secrets of the author's success in realistic portraiture, and is usually made more effective by her instinct for the selection of characteristic details. It is, moreover, to be found not only in the individual sketches, but permeating the entire work. So one comes to feel at its close that while the volume contains little in the way of profound insight into life, and no great breadth of vision or power of thought, a just and adequate picture of the life represented has been accomplished.

Then, too, the volume contains some really good bits of humorous character work, such, for instance, as the old coloured woman who in the chapter "Under a Cloud" is known as "Auntie Linkum;" or the following description of a drunken man's ideas of deference to the gentler sex:

"Up the street came that strangest of all maniacs—a drunkard! When he drew near he took off his hat, made a low bow, then fell against a tree-box.

"Mornin', ladish."

"We did not speak.

"I all'us s'lute—ladish—when I see 'm,' he said with a thick utterance. 'The Sun's havin' a—ball—to-day, ladish. I'm to take the moon out to supper—hic. Good-bye, ladish—hic. All'us s'lute ladish when I see 'm. Very sorry, 'm sure—hic.' And he staggered on."

But we have yet to speak of the style, which after all is the most satisfactory and promising feature of the Etchings. It is never elaborate or exhaustive. The author has eschewed any attempt at telling all that is to be told about a character or incident, but has, as we elsewhere mentioned, contented herself with choosing characteristic details, thus leaving scope for the imagination of the reader. Sometimes the merest detail or the turn of a sentence serves to add suggestiveness and colour to an entire passage. Equally important is the style of the sentences and paragraphs chosen by Mrs. Graham. There are no long, involved and wearisome periods such as are frequently thrust into the service of fiction. The author is keenly alive to the value and appropriateness of the short sentences in light prose sketches, as will be seen from the following passage which opens the sketch entitled "Only a Child."

"Winter has passed. Another spring is here. I am so glad to put my chair in its old place on the verandah. Nature has finished her house-cleaning. The snows of winter have melted and washed away all her impurities. She has put a fresh carpet of green on the earth; she has planted her flowers and fruits; her choir of birds are chanting and carolling in the trees; the scent of lilacs and apple blossoms is in the the air.

"Why am I not happy? Why? There is a little grave in the cemetery; on the head-stone is carved 'Freddie.'

"He died when the snow was deep on the earth. What is there to say of him? Only that we loved him—that he was

ours. He was often naughty, often wilful. He inherited the faults of his parents; but he was so sturdy, so loving—such a darling.”

Here, it seems to us, a simplicity, dignity, beauty and nervous force has been reached that would do credit to a much more pretentious volume than that of Mrs. Graham's. C.

* * *

Recollections of Ohio.*

THE author of this volume was the father of Mr. W. D. Howells, the well-known novelist, who prefixes a very interesting introduction, giving an account of the origin of the work. We can hardly have too many books of this kind if only they are nearly as well written as the one before us. The memories of the past, the stories of the early settlement of this continent, must soon be lost unless they are placed on record; and books like this will form valuable material for future history.

Mr. Howells, Jr., tells us that it was his father's intention to bring his memories down to the time of writing, but he was unable to finish them and the work of revision fell to his son, who had, on reading over the sheets before his father's death, found them so full of experiences and observations of general interest that he urged him to continue his work with a view to publication, yet wisely counselled him to keep it as simple and informal as he had originally intended. Mr. Howells's testimony to this dear father of his somewhat reminds us of what the Seer of Ecclefechan said of his own father. He was not a great genius—"not a very good draughtsman, not a very good poet, not a very good farmer, not a very good printer, not a very good editor . . . but he was the very best man I have ever known. . . . I do not believe a more genuinely modest and gentle person ever lived." The old gentleman was of Quaker stock and may have owed something of this to his pedigree. We ought to add that there is not a page of the book, probably not a line, which belies this testimony of his son.

We think that the writer has done well in producing the reminiscences of his own life rather than writing a history of his times and circumstances. In telling us the story of his own family, which settled in Ohio at what might be called the close of the pioneer epoch, he also gives an account of the development of the country from its early beginning to its comparatively mature civilization. In the whole process he had himself taken part, deeply in sympathy with the people and their efforts, and so able to make the dead past live again.

A brief outline of the contents will give the reader some notion of what he may expect. Born in England, or to be exact, in Wales he had difficulty in emigrating to America in consequence of the law forbidding the emigration of manufacturers. At that time England did not want to part with her skilled workmen: at the present America does not want to have them. The first settlement of the family was in New York in the year 1808 when the author was a year old. Here, in 1812, he had his first sight of a steamboat on the Hudson—one of the first ever built, and probably the first on that river. Soon afterwards they removed to Virginia, and from thence to Eastern Ohio, to which the greatest part of this volume refers.

Here we enter upon the real life of the man and the locality, his employments, his neighbours, his studies, his opinions, his adventures. After a time—in 1819—they bought and took possession of a farm. In the description of this incident we have an amusing Americanism. "It had always been a doctrine in the family that we ought to move onto a farm." We dare say an Englishman might say "on to a farm;" but the junction of the two monosyllables into one word has not yet been effected in the English language, although it is quite likely to take place.

If anyone should think of taking up farming amid similar conditions he would be wise if he followed Mr. Howells's narrative of the doings on this farm in Ohio, whereby he might learn to avoid mistakes and to adopt successful methods of cropping, cultivating, and the like. But it did

not succeed. The family turned out to be unfit for farm life. And so they moved to another farm, and then, after getting some money left by the writer's grandfather, to still another, on entering upon which there are some very interesting details of the opening up of a new country.

We should like to give some specimens of the revivals and other forms of pioneer religious work; but they are too numerous for quotation and a single sample would be of little use. In 1825 the author, then only 18 years of age, got up a class in grammar, to supplement the deficiencies of the common school course. The payment, however, was uncertain and one winter's work was enough.

Again there are fresh failures in farming. Further on there is the editing of a weekly paper. Then comes the author's marriage, and the study of medicine, and finally the slavery question. Students of the early days of the more recently formed States will find much instruction and entertainment in this volume.

* * *

Æsthetic Principles.*

HERE is a book on a very interesting subject, and one on which there still remains much to be said. The author has already published a longer treatise on a similar subject, "Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics," and he puts forth the present volume as a more popular and simpler contribution on the same theme. The book is interesting and thoughtful, but we doubt whether, by any fortune, it can become popular.

Mr. Marshall tells us, with great candour, that a reviewer of his previous book compared the task of reading it with the effort required in walking over a ploughed field after a heavy rain; although in the end he found the labour healthful and looked back upon the effort with pleasure. The new volume is intended to help the traveller over the ground with greater ease, and this may be the case, but it is very far from easy reading still. Whether it is the author's form of thought or his mode of expression, or, as is not unlikely, the two combined, and they are generally inseparable—the reading of the book is distinctly laborious.

The whole is divided into six chapters, and the arrangement is intelligible and logical. The first two deal with the observer's standpoint, discussing the beautiful as it presents itself to ordinary perception. The author, while here pronouncing rather more strongly against objective beauty than he justifies, hardly enables us to see distinctly his own point of view. The artist's standpoint deals with the impulse for creative æsthetic work. The critic's standpoint considers æsthetic standards; and the last two chapters, bearing the somewhat alarming title of Algedonic Æsthetics, work out the idea of pleasure and pain as being the sources of our feeling of the beautiful, and this, from two points of view, the negative and the positive.

As a means of bringing his principles to a practical exemplification, the author chooses the "much discussed question as to the values of structural form in architecture;" and we will put here his introductory remarks as an example of his style, leaving the reader to seek for the exposition, if he desires it, in the volume. He remarks:

"The study of the development of æsthetics teaches us that architecture, as a fine art, has arisen in the past by the studied attempt to attach æsthetic qualities to certain settled and well-understood constructional forms; but for the discovery of, and the perfecting of, the constructional methods involved there could be no architecture. But the mere consideration of these methods has not made architecture a fine art until the race has learned to use these constructional tools in ways that produce within us a sense of beauty."

Mr. Marshall seems under the impression that his style is untechnical and popular. In this respect we think it susceptible of improvement.

* * *

A large number of representative English scholars and authors have signed a congratulatory address to be presented to Mr. George Haven Putnam, in recognition of the efforts made by him and his father, the late G. P. Putnam, to obtain from the United States Government a law for the protection of the literary property of foreigners.

* "Recollections of Life in Ohio, from 1813 to 1840." By W. Cooper Howells. Price \$2. Cincinnati: R. Clarke Co. Toronto: Williamson, 1895.

* "Æsthetic Principles." By Henry Rutger Marshall, M.A. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895. Price \$1.25.

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Art Notes.

Cazin, when I saw him at the universal exhibition of 1889, struck me as being, in person, very much what one might expect from his pictures. He looked like a poet. His hair was gray, long, and abundant. The general conformation of his head reminded me of both Longfellow and Walt Whitman. He appeared to be about sixty-five years of age. He inclined to stoutness, and it was not a surprise to me to find him genial.

As I have before said, the quality which distinguishes his work from that of his contemporaries is rather difficult to define. And yet a "Cazin" is immediately recognizable to anyone who is at all familiar with his pictures; and to the lovers of his genius his slightest effort is peculiarly dear. It happened that at the Slade School, about the year 1879, Legros gave us the subject of Tobit and the Angel for a composition. A few weeks after the competition I chanced into the Grosvenor Gallery and saw how a man of genius paints this subject. The Grosvenor was then flourishing under the guidance of Sir Coutts Lindsay, and foremost amongst its painters was Burne Jones. In violent contrast to the spiritual idealizations of the austere Burne Jones were a large number of common-place pictures distinctly of the British school, and differing from all of these—standing, as it were alone, isolated by the barrier which guards from vulgar contact the work of genius—was a "Cazin." It mattered not a great deal what the little canvas was called. It was a picture whose poetic intensity was deeply moving, and that without the aid of the catalogue. The modest area of the picture had not dwarfed the scene it portrayed. A valley between two vast rolling hills—a partially verdant valley in an arid desert; the greener resting-place after a toilsome journey through a trackless waste; the spot, no doubt, where was performed the miracle of the fish. In the middle distance is a little trudging

figure, evidently Tobit, and, beside him, the winged figure of the angel. This is, briefly, the material from which has been painted not only a lovely picture, but one in which the emotion displayed is so deep and sincere that one finds in it the strongest protest against the rejection of the Tobit story as apocryphal. In the hands of Cazin the story of Tobit is as worthy of credence as the story of Hagar, and both are more ably treated than they generally are in the pulpit. But Cazin's is the peculiarly religious temperament of the artist, whose religion is large and human, and wide and healthy in its influence, perhaps because it is not spotted all over with dogmas. It is the gift of the man with the god-like creative faculty to see in the universe the manifestations of an all pervading Deity, but he is somewhat impatient of those readings of our destiny in which a Greek root or a doubtful verb play so prominent a part.

Technically considered the workmanship of Cazin shows breadth, facility and subtlety. He is fond of strange harmonies of grey, amber and mauve; all combinations of his own discovering. These pale gradations of colour—and occasionally the gamut is extended to depth and richness—are no less original than his strange, often weird, compositions. He is a lover of sandy tracts, sterile regions by the sea, where only the hardy gorse or coarse blue-green grass can find the means of sustenance. These featureless dunes of his and barren hills showing chalky escarpments under a lowering sky, are fragments of Earth as she appeared to Cain, to Jacob, and to Noah. His Hagar and Ishmael are the human dramatic climax in a landscape which frowns a dismal portent of their fate; and their surroundings are very much the same as are seen in his picture of a modern tragedy. He lives in these sandy wastes himself, and is jealous, too, they say, of the footstep of the intruder. His house is within sound of the sea and its melancholy tinges the creations of the painter.

E. WYLY GRIFF.

Periodicals.

The American edition of the *Review of Reviews*, edited by Mr. Albert Shaw, seems to have won immense popularity in the United States. The July number is full of good things, but the abundance and variety is calculated to give one mental dyspepsia. The "special features" of this issue are "Wall Street and the Credit of the Government," "The Political Leaders of New South Wales" and "Mexico as the Cradle of Man's Primitive Traditions."

"O, will he paint me the way I want,
As bonny as a girlie,
Or will he paint me an ugly tyke,
And be d—d to Mr. Nerli,
But still and on and which ever it is,
He is a canty Kerlie
The Lord protect the back and neck
Of honest Mr. Nerli."

This, one of the last verses ever written by Robert Louis Stevenson, is in reference to the portrait of himself, which is given to the public with his verse for the first time in the July *Cosmopolitan*. The lines might have come from the pen of Burns, and are inimitable in their way. The portrait was declared by Stevenson himself to be the best ever painted of him. In this same number of the *Cosmopolitan* Rudyard Kipling tells an Indian story, to which Remington adds charming illustrations; Mrs. Burton Harrison makes a serious study of New York society in "The Myth of the Four Hundred," and Kate Douglas Wiggin contributes a story of one of the most delightful of Welsh retreats.

Seven contributions in the July *Arena* are from the pens of women, and the publishers maintain that it is the most popular review amongst thinking women. Perhaps one element in its popularity with the gentle sex is the large space it has given of late to questions dealing with the relationship between the sexes and sexual morality generally. It is a little bit overdone. There is a symposium in this number on the "Age of Consent" laws. It is not a pretty subject and has already been too fully discussed in the *Arena*. Such delicate matters as "Prenatal Influence" with

which the editor favours his readers are hardly in place in a popular magazine. There are three papers which relate to psychical research and occult science, which, no doubt, will interest "psychical" students, and people who are tired of the "old" religious thought will find all the beauties of the "new" religious thought set forth by one A. Taylor. An article of real interest and value is Mr. R. J. Hinton's study of Wendell Phillips. It is the best thing by far in the number.

"Benmore Cooper's Literary Offences" is the opening article in the *North American Review* for this month. It is by Mark Twain, who finds the literary offences of this idol of our youth very many indeed. No doubt he is justified in saying much that he does, but Mark Twain cannot make us believe that Cooper was not a great storyteller. An article which has already received considerable attention in the Canadian press is "Thirty Years in the Grain Trade," by Mr. Egerton R. Williams, who was born and educated in Canada, but now dwells under the Stars and Stripes. The words of Mr. Williams are weighty and wise. "Contemporary Egypt," by the Hon. F. C. Penfield, United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt; "How Free Silver would affect us," by the Hon. E. O. Leech, late director of the Mint, and "The Disposal of a City's Waste," by Col. G. E. Waring, Jr., Commissioner of Street-cleaning of the city of New York, are articles of value and importance. Dr. Max Nordau answers the criticisms upon his "Degeneration" in the June number by Kenyon Cox and others; Hon. Theodore Roosevelt reviews Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Edmund Gosse writes of "The Decay of Literary Taste." Other good papers, together with the usual notes and comments, make of this number a very excellent one.

Literary Notes.

At the auction sale of Lord Oxford's books at Sotheby's, London, a second-folio Shakespeare has brought £540.

Yet another must be added to the long list of notable authoresses who are Australians in "George Egerton," *nee* Miss Dunne, was born in Melbourne.

Helen Mathers's new novel, "The Lovely Malincourt," will be issued immediately by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, uniform with the reissue of this popular author's previous works.

Marquis Clarke, the famous Australian novelist, who wrote "For the Term of His Natural Life," was a cousin of General Sir Andrew Clarke, R.E., late Agent-General of the colony of Victoria.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling told a well-known literary man who has lately visited America that his personal experience was that it took a great book of short stories to sell 5,000 copies. Nearly twice this number have been sold of "Keynotes."

D. Appleton & Co. announce "An Imaginative Man," by Robert S. Hichens, author of "The Green Carnation"; "In the Year of Jubilee," by George Gissing; "In Old New England," by Hezekiah Butterworth; and "Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband," by Richard Marsh.

William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, will issue early in August a story by the late J. Jackson Wray, widely known as the author of "Nestleton Magna," "Matthew Mellow-dew," "Simon Holmes, Carpenter," etc. This new story—new in not having previously been published—is entitled, "The Red, Red Wine," and is said to be a powerfully-written Temperance tale.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new novel, with its striking title of "Sentimental Tommy," will be begun in the January *Scribner's Magazine*, and in all probability will run through the year. No one can accuse Mr. Barrie of writing himself out. Since "The Little Minister," published years ago, he has written nothing but one play, "The Professor's Love-Story," and one poem, the one to the memory of R. L. Stevenson.

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POET-LORE
THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
LETTERS
DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER.
June-July, 1895.

ALLADINE AND PALOMIDES. A Prose Play. (Com-
plete). *Maurice Macturlock.*
THE DEVIL INSPIRES THE MONK: An Anglo-Saxon
War Story. *Lindsay Todd Damon.*
VIRGIL'S ART. *John Albee.*
THEOCRITUS: Father of Pastoral Poetry. *Joshua
Kendall.*
GREEK TRAITS IN WALT WHITMAN. *Emily Chris-
tina Monk.*
URIEL ACOSTA. (Translated). *Karl Gutzkow. Trans-
lated by Richard Hovey and Francois Stewart Jones.*
RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO CHESNEAU: A Record of
Literary Friendship. III. *William G Kingsland.*
CHOICE OF SUBJECT-MATTER in the Poets: Chaucer,
Spenser, Tennyson, Browning. Part II. of
Annals of a Quiet Browning Club. *I. N. Coy.*
RECENT BRITISH VERSE. P.
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Personal.

Captain Rennie, of Q.O.R., won the silver
spoon at the weekly shoot of the Toronto
Rifle Association, with a score of 93. Lieut.
A. D. Cartwright was second.

The corner-stone of the new wing of the
Collingwood General Marine Hospital was
laid by Mrs. Lett, the lady who is building
the wing as a memorial of her deceased hus-
band.

Mr. John McAllister, M.P., for Resti-
gouche, N.B., was in the city on Saturday and
paid a visit to the Supreme offices of the
I.O.F., of which Order he is a member. He
will attend the Supreme Court in London,
England, being one of the delegates.

The High School Board of Toronto Junc-
tion recently appointed Mr. M. A. Chrysler
science master of the school. Mr. Chrysler
is master of arts of Toronto University,
graduating in 1894, and standing at the head
of a strong class in the science department of
that year. He was also winner of Sir Daniel
Wilson's scholarship in science.

The production of the picture play, "Miss
Jerry," introduces an entirely new form of
entertainment, love story and pictures. As
presented by Mr. Black, the author and photo-
graphic expert, "Miss Jerry" is an author's
reading illustrated. The pictures thrown
upon the screen with the aid of the stereopti-
con dissolve one into another at the rate of
three or four to the minute, producing a re-
markably realistic effect in the figures which
are photographed from life, and appear life-
size on the screen. The writer of the play,
Mr. Alexander Black, is the literary editor of
the Brooklyn Times, author of "The Story of
Ohio," "Photography Indoors and Out," etc.
It will be given every evening next week in
the Massey Music Hall.

Mr. Frank Veigh, of Toronto, possesses an
interesting series of scrap books containing
portraits and cartoons of Gladstone and other
British statesmen, the result of years of gath-
ering from all sources. The volumes picture
the Grand Old Man in no less than three
hundred and fifty phases, including copies of
nearly all the portraits of him as well as
scores of cartoons by Tenniel, Gould, Halkett
and other cartoonists. In addition everything
pertaining to Gladstone's home, his library
and other rooms, his frequent visits abroad,
scenes from his early parliamentary days,
specimens of his handwriting at different
periods are thus pictured so that Mr. Veigh
possesses a history in illustrations of the ex-
premier. Almost equally interesting are the
hundreds of portraits and cartoons of Balfour,
Chamberlain, Salisbury, Harcourt, and other
English celebrities. The books possess a
peculiar value however, in their pictured re-
minders of Gladstone himself.

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fending matter from the stomach and
bowels, toning up and invigorating the
liver and quickening its tardy action,
and you thereby remove the cause of a
multitude of distressing diseases, such as
headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia,
biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions,
boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and
maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to
properly regulating the action of their
bowels, they would have less fre-
quent occasion to call for their doctor's
services to subdue attacks of dangerous
diseases.

That, of all known agents to accom-
plish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
Pellets are unequalled, is proven by the
fact that once used, they are always in
favor. Their secondary effect is to keep
the bowels open and regular, not to fur-
ther constipate, as is the case with other
pills. Hence, their great popularity,
with sufferers from habitual constipation,
piles and indigestion.

A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7
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post-paid, on receipt of name and address
on postal card.

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The Terrors of Dyspepsia.

A DISEASE THAT MAKES THE LIFE OF ITS VICTIMS ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

A Sufferer for years tells how She Obtained Relief—A Bright Ray of Hope for Those Similarly Affected.

From the Bowmanville News.

The editor of the News, in company with Mr. Jury, of the well-known firm of Scott & Jury, visited the home of Samuel Wood, in the Township of Darlington, for the purpose of ascertaining the particulars of another of those remarkable cures happily brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was Mrs. Wood who had thus been released from suffering, and when the newspaper man made known his mission she said, "Yes I can give you a bright testimony in favour of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I believe that if they did not save my life they at all events released me from untold misery. Some three years ago dyspepsia came upon me in a severe form. I doctored with one of the local doctors for more than a year, but all the time was growing steadily worse. The medicine I took cost me a dollar a bottle, and the expenditure was worse than useless for it did me no good. Then my husband thought as I was growing worse, it would be better to try something else, as they felt that unless a change soon came I was doomed to live through the terrors of a dyspeptic's life. Sometimes I would be fairly doubled up with the pain, and it seemed as if a knife was cutting into me. I then tried a number of medicines recommended for dyspepsia, but none of them brought the hoped for relief. We had so often read of the remarkable cures achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial. I got a supply and before the second box was gone I found myself getting better. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken eleven boxes when I was fully recovered. This was a couple of years ago, and I have not now the least sign of dyspepsia." Mrs. Wood further said that her husband had been a victim of kidney trouble for a long time and had taken a great deal of medicine for its cure but to no avail. When it was seen that Pink Pills were doing his wife so much good, Mr. Wood determined to try them, and they acted like a charm as he is now entirely free from his complaint, and he attributed all to the use of Pink Pills and would not be without them in the house.

Messrs. Scott & Jury informed the News that Pink Pills have an enormous sale. They have handled Pink Pills for years and say that they cannot recall a single instance in which a customer came back and said they were not perfectly satisfied with the results. This is certainly a remarkably record, but then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remarkable medicine, and cures when other medicines fail.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

* * *

Distinguished Family -- Judge: Have you any parents? Prisoner: Yes, sir. Surely you have met them.

When Ponce-de-Leon sought to find
The fountain giving back lost youth,
It may be that he had in mind

That draught which seems to make a truth
Out of the fable ages old,
For drinking it the old grow young;
It is indeed, a draught of gold,
Surpassing all by poets sung.

The draught meant is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of course. It is a most potent rejuvenator of the weakened and debilitated system. It drives out all poison, all impurity, enriches the blood, and makes the old and worn out feel young and vigorous. Ponce-de-Leon didn't discover it, but Dr. Pierce did, and he rightly named it when he called it a "Golden Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, indigestion and headaches. All dealers

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On this Continent, have received
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EXPOSITIONS
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Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, **Dorchester, Mass.** is printed on each package.

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**SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPESIA,
CONSTIPATION,**

—AND—

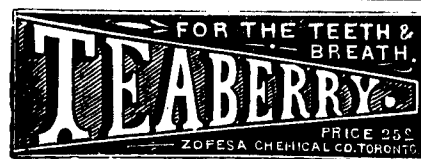
All Disorders of The Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25c. per Box. Sold by Druggists.

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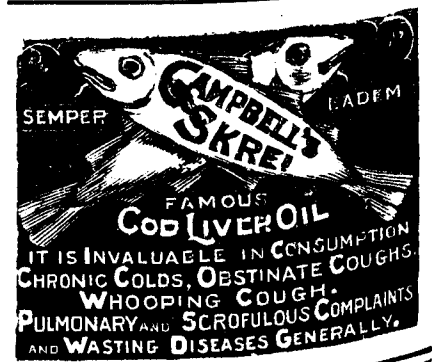
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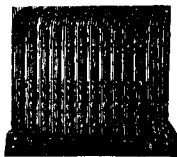
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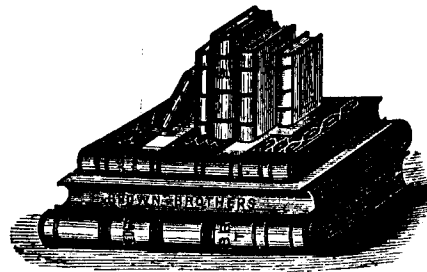
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