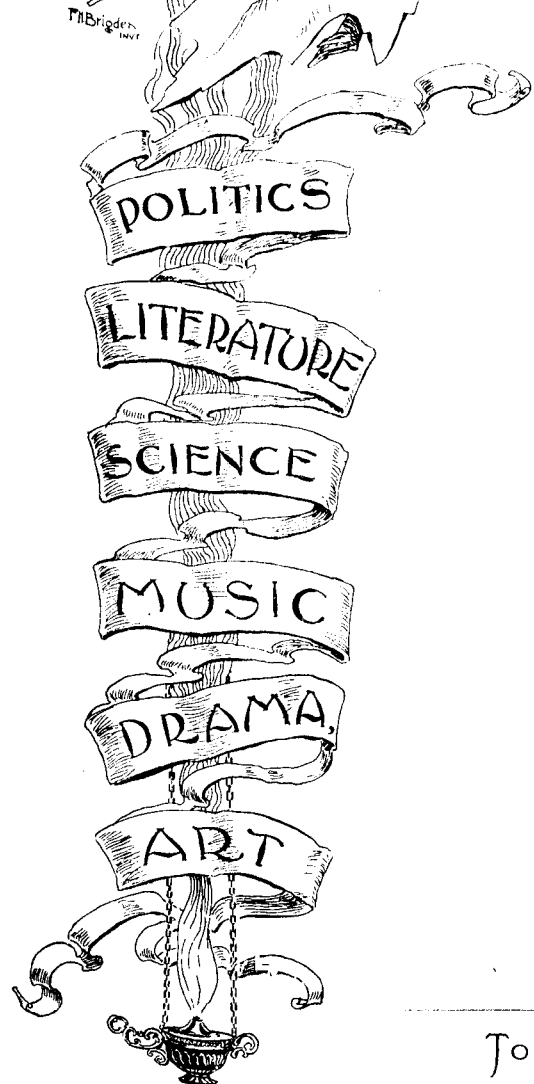


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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, December 28th, 1894.

No. 5.

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Current Topics.

The New Year. Ovid tells us that among the Romans it was the custom for every man to do on New Year's Day a little work in the line of the occupation which he expected to follow during the year. Everyone thus took "a slight taste of his calling." The carpenter did some trifling job, the tailor and shoemaker took a few stitches, the farmer did a little work in the fields, even the pleader exercised his lungs for a few moments in the forum. This was done, the poet tells us, "lest the whole year might be spent in idleness from a bad precedent" at the beginning. Though there was a flavour of superstition about the usage, whose omission would have been regarded as an ill omen, it is not difficult to trace in it the same natural impulse which prompts so many of us to regard the first day of the New Year as the proper time for reviewing the past and making good resolutions for the future. The last days of the closing year very naturally bring more or less of retrospection, and every scrutiny of the past brings to memory so many mistakes and failures of various kinds, that the tendency to reproach ourselves for weakness and to resolve to do better next time is irresistible. Such a process, if honesty and conscientiously carried on, can hardly fail to be salutary. There are, of course, great variations in the degrees of steadiness and persistency with which men do their work and carry out their designs, but an honest retrospection will make it clear that the most purposeful and persistent do not pursue the even tenor of their way, but that the progress of the most successful along their chosen paths is rather a succession of spurts or sprints, alternating with intervals of relaxed energy, and weakened purpose. It is true that we learn the lesson of life to very little effect if we do not year by year approximate more nearly to a steady and sustained movement. Yet the strongest will always find it greatly wise to talk with their past hours, note the causes of weakness or failure, and deliberately resolve to make more of each succeeding year for the worthy fulfilment of their life-purposes. There are probably few who will not also find it well to seize the favourable time for asking themselves whether those purposes are those worthiest to be made respectively life's goal.

The Crisis in Newfoundland. If the choice of Newfoundland lies between insolvency and the surrender of their constitution, as The London *Times* puts it, her case is deplorable indeed. This alternative is based on the assumption that the loan of one million dollars besought from the British Government cannot be granted. The *Times* thinks the granting of it would be a cruel kindness, meaning, probably, that the loan would but prolong the agony, and and that there would be no hope of the Colony being able to recover its feet or make its way with that small amount of assistance. The fact, no doubt, is that the British Ministry would not dare, even if they had the right, to make such an advance without the approval of Parliament—an approval which it would no doubt be hard to obtain. The Colony is doubly discredited in the Mother Country, first by reason of its exceeding obstinacy and impracticability in the matter of the French Treaty Rights, and second by reason of the appalling political corruption which has been brought to light in connection with the late general election. If the Colonists meet with no sympathy or help from England, and are coldly left by her to choose between the alternatives mentioned by the *Times*, it would not be surprising were a strong party to turn their eyes towards Washington, but it is in the last degree likely that the Americans would see anything sufficiently tempting in the proposal to repay them for possible trouble with Great Britain, on the one hand, and with France on the other. It is possible that the British Government may seize the opportunity to urge the colonists to apply for admission into the Canadian Confederation, but even that application could hardly be warmly received, save on the condition that the French shore question should first be definitively and satisfactorily settled.

"We cannot do everything at once; but as regards the principle upon which these appropriations (for canals, improved mail service, etc.,) are made, I would answer that the Government follows the same rule that determines the action of individuals. If any of you had a legacy left you to divide among the people you would most naturally begin with your friends."

An Indefensible Principle.

The above words appear in the *Globe's* report of a speech made by the Hon. Mr. Ouimet, Minister of Public Works, at Guysboro, N.S., a few weeks since. The selfsame words have been several times since attributed to the Minister by the *Globe*, and we have looked in vain for an indignant denial from the Minister or some of his friends. We read them at the first with incredulity, because, in the first place, we were loth to believe that any minister of the Crown in Canada would admit for a moment, even to himself, that he could act upon such a principle in the administration of the public funds of which he was trustee, and because, in the second place, we could not believe that if there were, unhappily, a Minister who could be so forgetful of administrative honour, he would be so ill-advised as to publicly declare the fact. We are well aware that it would be folly for a Minister or his friends to attempt to correct every misrepresentation which may appear in Opposition journals. But when words containing the enunciation of an utterly indefensible principle are repeatedly attributed to the responsible head of

a very important department of the Administration, it is surely not too much to expect that the Minister thus accused will take some means to defend himself from the calumny. It cannot be necessary to point out to any intelligent and upright man, on either side of politics, that the words in question do affirm such a principle. We need only observe that if the legacy belongs to the individual, there is no analogy between his case and that of the administrators of a trust fund, such as the public moneys of which the Government of the day is trustee for the people. On the other hand, if the legacy is merely left to the individual, in trust, to be divided among the people, that individual, by "beginning with his friends," betrays his trust and proves himself unworthy of his position. There must be a strange looseness in the political thinking of the day, or we should not so often hear the appropriations of the Government spoken of as if they were distributions of favours by those who were handling their own and had a right to do with it as they pleased. What do the Conservative papers think of Mr. Ouimet's principle?

Whether the negotiations said to be going on between the Chinese and Japanese authorities lead to an immediate agreement or not, it is evident that the Eastern war is about over, if war that may be called which has been rather a triumphant progress on the one part and an ignominious surrendering or running away, on the other. Whatever may be the effect upon the future history and relations of the two nations, the contest has been a revelation to the outside world, in regard to both. The Japanese have displayed courage, military skill, and facility in the use of the best modern appliances for destructive warfare, which have astonished even those who had been for years past watching with wonder and admiration the rapid progress of this people in assimilating Western ideas and inventions. On the other hand, the event, so far as the Chinese are concerned, has been a striking illustration of the tendency to take the unknown for the magnificent. By some process or other most of us had come to credit the myriads of the Celestial Empire with a far-seeing cunning, a dogged persistence, and a reckless disregard of life, which would have made them formidable antagonists on their own soil, even of a European Power. In a few short weeks the illusion has been dispelled, and they stand revealed as not so much a great nation as a loosely connected conglomeration of peoples, nearly destitute of national cohesion or patriotism, and sadly wanting in tactical ability, organizing power, and personal courage. The result can hardly fail to be the beginning of the end of Chinese exclusiveness, and consequently of Chinese civilization. A great influx of European immigrants, ideas, and institutions is an almost certain event of the near future. With regard to the pretty well authenticated account of Japanese outrages and cruelties at Port Arthur, the fact is, we suppose, scarcely to be wondered at, however it may be deplored. It is but in the natural order of things that a semi-civilized people, once ambitious of progress, should master civilized methods of war, much more rapidly than civilized notions of humanity and generosity to the vanquished. There seems much reason to fear that the same fact may be illustrated by the utter absence of magnanimity in her present negotiations with her fallen foe.

An English paper predicts that the recent School Board election will kill the cumulative vote. In discussing this method of voting on a previous occasion we ventured to say that if this system should prove effective in the accomplishment of its avowed purpose, the representation of small minorities of

all kinds, it would be a doubtful boon to the community. It is not easy to conceive of a more unreliable working machine than would be a legislative body made up of representatives of every political or sociological fad which might succeed in drawing together the votes of a certain number of promoters. It would be dangerous as well as ineffective, for there could scarcely any longer be a division on the line of any great principle or policy. Every majority would be the result of a compromise, or a conglomeration of a certain number of factions, each of which would have its price in some promised return legislation. But it now seems that the system has failed in a time of great public excitement to effect the very end for which it exists. "Of the five Roman Catholic candidates not one succeeded in getting a seat; the five who stood as Independent Labour candidates all failed; of the nine Secularist candidates not one was returned, and the solitary Jewish candidate, who, in the city, was at great pains to make it clear that he was not running in union with Miss Davenport-Hill, was left out in the cold with 6,206, while Miss Hill was at the top of the poll with 18,932." Hence the journal from which we quote wisely concludes that "the cumulative vote is not a proper instrument for conducting an election on Democratic principles. Without securing representation for any of the smaller minorities, it gave a majority of seats to the one larger minority which was wise enough to place its votes where they would do the most good."

The New York
Police.

We do not suppose that the depth of the guilt of a dishonest servant can be accurately measured by either the boldness of his depredations or the amount of his spoils. But so far as these two factors enter into the question, the police of New York must be admitted to a bad pre-eminence in knavery. Some of the revelations made before the Lexow Committee are simply astounding. Just think, for instance, of a police captain buying his captaincy for the sum of \$15,000 in hard cash, borrowed from friends, and repaying the whole in two years out of a salary of \$2,750 a year! What volumes of nefariousness are implied in that single fact, which was clearly proved on his own confession before the Committee! A point seems now to have been reached at which the police officers no longer deny that the whole department is utterly corrupt, however loudly each individual captain or commissioner may protest his personal innocence, until his own turn comes. Some of them, by the way, have very peculiar ways of backing up their protestations. One refuses, on the advice of counsel, to even testify that he is a member of the police force; another defies the law rather than show his check-books; a third declines an opportunity to defend himself against specific charges of bribery. The vital question, whether any adequate punishment will be inflicted upon those proved guilty of these atrocious crimes, especially when the culprits are "higher up," remains to be answered. The first legal conviction has been obtained, that of a police-officer for accepting a bribe for not interfering with a fruit merchant's use of the side walk, but there must be a long list of similar convictions, followed by exemplary punishment, if the investigation is to avail for the effectual purification of the department. There's the rub which will try the judiciary of the city and State.

Sir Henry Loch, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, has the greatest record as a British office-holder. He has served in the Civil Service in London, has been a midshipman in the navy, and a major in the army, has had a diplomatic mission, and has been Governor of sundry colonies.

The Purification of Politics.

THE results of the recent election trial at Kingston are typical, suggestive and unsatisfactory. A petition is filed against the return of the candidate declared elected, and asking that he be unseated on the ground of corrupt practices. Said candidate, or his friends, in their turn, file a cross petition, alleging bribery or fraud in the conduct of the contest by the unsuccessful candidate or his agents. Each party, it will be observed, charges unlawful or fraudulent acts against the other party, or some individual representing it, which acts if proven should be, and, as a matter of law, really are, criminal, and whose perpetrators, if convicted, should be punished accordingly. As the trial proceeds, the counsel for the first petitioners succeeds in establishing a case of violation of the law which suffices to void the election. Immediately the counsel for the defendant admits that the election cannot be sustained and puts in a plea that the costs be made as light as possible. Then the counsel for the two parties, by permission of the Court, step aside for a private conference, which results in a stay of proceedings, and the Court rises, leaving many of the charges of corrupt action made by the one party, and all those made by the other, untried. In other words, the felonies, if such were committed, are allowed to go untried, and the culprits go free, to repeat their corrupt tactics at the next election, hoping for better luck in covering up their tracks. The end sought for has been attained, that end evidently being not the exposure and punishment of electoral corruption, but the vacating of the seat in order that the unsuccessful candidate may have a chance to try again.

Now what is there in all this to impress upon the minds of all concerned, and of the public generally, that bribery of voters and other fraudulent practices at elections are really regarded as very serious crimes against the best interests of society and the State? Is not the tendency rather to strengthen the impression, already too prevalent, that the whole business is merely one of personal or party success or failure. No thoughtful Canadian can doubt that the prevalence of unlawful and corrupt practices in the conduct of elections and electoral campaigns is one of the most serious evils which threaten the future well-being of our commonwealth. The practice is contagious. It lowers the standard of both personal and national morality. It tends to spread and does actually spread into civic affairs. It is, in a word, inimical to honesty in private or public life, inconsistent with high national character. It tends, in proportion to its prevalence, to undermine the whole political fabric. Why then should it not be dealt with as other recognized crimes are dealt with by the State? When one man steals the property of another it is not left for the party injured to follow up the prosecution at his own expense, recover his goods if he can prove his case, and, in case of failure, be mulcted in the costs of procedure. Is thieving a worse crime than buying or selling one's political franchise?

The point we wish to make is the inefficacy and the illogicalness of our present methods of dealing with cases of alleged fraud or bribery, under both Dominion and Provincial procedure in controverted elections. The man who is cognizant of an ordinary felony and conceals his knowledge, or who compromises such a matter for a consideration, is, and ought to be, liable to punishment. Should not the same principle hold good in regard to the concealment or the compromising of a case of bribery or false swearing in connection with an election?

Much was hoped for from the secret ballot as a preventive of bribery. By making it impossible for the briber to know whether the person bribed kept faith with him or not,

it was thought that the inducement to this species of corruption would be minimized. It would be but reasonable to argue that the man who would sell or promise to sell his vote would not scruple to secretly disregard his promise, if inclination or self-interest prompted him to do so. Experience has shown, however, that this logic cannot be relied on. The shrewd corrupter is fertile in expedients to detect false dealing. At a recent election in New Bedford, Mass., in which money is said to have been the ruling factor, the difficulty was overcome by making the greater portion of the price payable only in case of victory. No votes were directly bought, but a number of "workers," counting well up in the thousands, were "hired." Certain duties were assigned them, but the donning of a badge was all the work required from most. "The prices," says *The Outlook*, "varied from \$2 down, and \$3 more, in the event of victory, up to \$50 and \$100, similarly conditioned."

To most persons who give thought to the matter it must, it seems to us, be clear that if Government and Parliament are really in earnest in wishing to put a stop to all corrupt practices at elections, two things at least must be done:

First. The amount of money which it is permissible for a candidate or his friends to expend must be strictly limited and rigidly accounted for. We need not stay to show that this has never been effectively done in Canada. Much might be said in favor of going still further and making either the public or the local treasury responsible for the whole legitimate expenditure, but the practical difficulties in effecting this would of course be very great.

Second. Every prosecution for alleged corrupt practices should be carried on, as now in the case of other felonies, in the name of the State and by its own officers, the main object being the detection and punishment of the crime, not the return of some defeated candidate. It should be, of course, the duty of the same officers to punish those detected in frauds or attempted frauds, such as impersonations, repeated voting, &c., during the progress of the election.

"But," some one will say, "you cannot make men honest by legal processes. Purity of elections cannot be brought about until the public sentiment shall have been raised to a higher level. The only sure method of reform is to educate the intelligence and conscience of the people."

Precisely so. And for that very reason we hold it to be the bounden duty of the Government, the Opposition, and all parties and individuals who desire such reform, to promote the adoption, amongst other methods, of the two above named, as among the most effective means of educating the people. Just laws, strictly and impartially enforced, for the punishment of crime, are one of the most powerful means of creating a public sentiment in regard to such crime.

* * *

Max O'Rell's Latest Book. *

"John Bull & Co." is the companion and supplement of "John Bull and his Island," the clever book which everybody talked about and thousands of people read when it appeared ten years ago and more. Since then Max O'Rell has written several volumes but none is better than this vivacious yet thoughtful book of travels now in our hands. It is full of good things, grave and gay. If the witty Frenchman leads us merrily along with him in his journeyings hither and thither, ready to laugh at all that is ridiculous and pretentious in the people he visits and describes, he yet is quick to appreciate and admire all that is good and fair, and gives abundant evidence that his observations are not confined to the surface of things. We find him tripping occasionally, but to trip occasionally is human.

* John Bull & Co. By Max O'Rell. London: Frederick Warne & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. 1894.

Max O'Rell divides his three hundred and odd pages into thirty-eight chapters, twenty-two of which are taken up with Australia, and nine with South Africa. Two chapters are devoted to Canada. As our distinguished visitors generally sum up their impressions of the Dominion in a paragraph—probably about Indians or snow or ice—we ought to be very grateful to Max O'Rell for extending the customary paragraph to a couple of chapters. It is true that these chapters are not quite what we should have liked; but we must not be too exacting. He did not visit the Maritime Provinces nor go further west than to the Capital of Manitoba; he contented himself with a peep at Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg, journeying to the latter city via an American route. He speaks of the Province of Quebec as a bit of France buried in snow; of Montreal as the home of the ice-palace, and of Toronto as swarming with churches and pretty women. He speaks of the Dominion Houses of Parliament as a "group of superb buildings" and thinks the Members "are in clover." He approves of the "wise laxity of rule" which has characterized the English in governing Quebec, but regrets that the Roman Catholicism of the Canadians is not the genial and cheerful religion of these days, but the Roman Catholicism "which in France, two hundred years ago, had to compete with Calvinism, and was austere, sombre, harsh, tyrannical, and almost puritanical, and which to-day, in Canada, forbids round dances, and frowns on many innocent pleasures." Max O'Rell hits a little bit wide of the mark here as he does when dealing with our political questions. From its geographical position he considers that Canada is possibly destined one day to become part of the United States and declares that Canadians will lose by the change—in which declaration all Canadians of discernment will heartily agree. But Max O'Rell then proceeds to say that "only about one-fourth of the population of Canada desires the annexation of their country to the United States." We wondered when reading the book where these million and a quarter of Canadians kept themselves. We never saw or heard of them. So when the famous author was in Toronto the other day we called upon him, and, after exchanging the customary compliments, we begged him to come and show us where these disloyal citizens were to be found. But Max O'Rell hastily explained that all he meant by "one-fourth" was that Annexationists formed one of four parties who differed in their ideas and aspirations touching the future of the Dominion. Max O'Rell considers that Professor Goldwin Smith and the Honourable Wilfred Laurier are the chief of the Annexationists. We ventured to express some doubt about the leader of the Opposition being an Annexationist—and the Frenchman shook his head saying it was difficult to know what Mr. Laurier thought.

The fact that Max O'Rell spent only five or six days in Canada, but more than a year at the Antipodes explains the scant notice that our country and people receive in his book. An interesting question on which he has too little to say is the differences in character between the peoples of the three great colonial divisions, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. In Canada, he says, "you see John Bull quite at home—busy, fat, and flourishing, a pink tip to his nose, and his head snug in a fur cap; it is John Bull in a ball. It is the seal. In Australia you see him long and lean, *nonchalant*, happy-go-lucky, his face sunburned, his head crowned with a wide-brimmed, light felt hat, walking with slow tread, his arms pendant, his legs out of all proportion; it is John Bull drawn out. It is the kangaroo." But Max O'Rell does not say what John Bull has become in South Africa. The characteristics of the Afrikaner are not remarked upon, except that he is conspicuous for his independence, and often fails to appreciate the difference between servility and politeness, a fault unhappily not confined to South Africa. Canadians, Australians and Afrikaners swear by their own country and the spirit of nationality grows stronger day by day. They are all enterprising people, "who, in half a century, have founded cities, I may say nations, capable of competing in commercial importance with cities and nations that it has taken ten centuries to develop."

The English and the Dutch at the Cape, says Max O'Rell, would do very well without each other, but they live in peace and co-operate honourably in the development of the colony. The Dutch form the Conservative element in politics, though they support the Afrikaner Bond, the members of which desire that "John Bull be turned out and the independence of the South African colonies proclaimed." Mr.

Hofmeyr is the leader of the Dutch element, the Parnell of the Cape. They are very religious as well as patriotic. The Dutchmen and the Boers of the interior have started a dis-senting church whose members have received the name of "Doppers." They think that music is sinful and dancing a mortal sin. Mr. Rhodes stands well with them. He serves John Bull and the Doppers and their Bond. He takes care that both John Bull and the Dutch serve him. Mr. Rhodes is the indispensable man in South Africa. We will certainly hear much more of him. He is the god in the car.

As we have remarked before, it is of Australia that Max O'Rell has the most to say in his book. He says so much and says it so well that it is difficult to pick out parts either for comment or quotation. His picture of Australian life has many shadows, but it is on the whole a fairly accurate picture. He has offended the Australians by his free remarks on the widespread love for strong waters. "Australia is suffering from two scourges—drink and teetotalism. The first brutalises, the second effeminates. It is curious that the Anglo-Saxon only goes in for extremes, and has no moderation. It is not wine that makes drunk but vice. Suppress vice but not wine—weak wine and water, that healthful and refreshing drink of the French is unknown." Max O'Rell advises the Australians to drink their excellent native wines and to let whiskey alone. He views with alarm their over-devotion to the race-course and their passion for amusement. "There is no country in the world whose people flock in such numbers to theatres, concerts, exhibitions, all places of recreation; there are no people who take so many holidays or enter with such keenness into all national sports; there is no society that dines and dances quite so much as Australasian society. But of all the amusements to which Australians give themselves up, there is nothing that touches horseracing for popularity. It is a dominant passion. I think nothing must astonish the visitor to Australia more than to see the tremendous hold horse-racing has taken upon the whole population. During Cup Week, in Melbourne, scarcely anything but racing is thought of or talked of." But Max O'Rell has much to say of the generous and noble hospitality of the Australians, of their cheeriness and pluck and enterprise. They take life much less seriously than we Canadians do. But like the Americans and the Colonists generally they abound in "childishness and irreverence, self-sufficiency and 'cheek.'"

The conditions under which the peoples of the great Colonial Branches of the firm of John Bull & Co. live, move, and have their being, are so essentially different that distinct national types must be developed ere long. According to Max O'Rell the Afrikaner is stronger in national aspiration than either the Australian or Canadian. Of the three the Canadian is the most loyal to British connection, and has the least developed national type.

* * *

Evolution.*

IT is frequently assumed by a large number of scientific men that the principle of evolution is now completely established and received by all men everywhere who have any right to have an opinion on the subject. It is a case in which the Vincentian canon may be said to apply: "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*;" or, at any rate, if the "*semper*" cannot count backwards, it will forwards.

To some extent this contention must be admitted; yet we must be careful to make clear the sense in which we allow these statements to be true. That a certain development or evolution may be discerned through all nature is undeniable; but the explanation of this evolution is not as yet fully established. Are we to assume a merely material origin of things, and explain all that takes place by mechanical and chemical causes? Or are we to start from the creation of a single germ, or of some primitive types, by a creative power, which gives a beginning, and then lets things take their course? Or, thirdly, are we to say that the living, creative principle is that in which we live and move and have our being, which is revealing itself in all the successive forms of existence, which could have no being or continuance, unless they had this for their origin, basis, maintenance?

We might say that the second of these theories is the

* Darwinianism: Workmen and Work. By Dr. Hntchison Sterling. Price, 9s. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

nearest to the view of Mr. Darwin. Perhaps the third is nearer to the view of his fellow worker, Dr. A. R. Wallace. But Darwin wavered considerably, sometimes approaching to an old-fashioned Deism, sometimes almost reaching a more modern theism, and again swaying away almost to agnosticism.

We have no wish here to disparage the services of Mr. Darwin to the cause of science. These services were great. But he is the true follower of science, who refuses, like Horace, to "swear to the words of a master," and who, like Aristotle, regards Truth as a greater friend even than Plato. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction that we have perused the very thoughtful work recently published by Dr. Hutchison Stirling, criticising Darwinism in its history and in its results. Dr. Stirling has a sincere admiration for the whole Darwin family, from the grandfather, Erasmus and his "Botanic Garden," down to Charles and his "Origin of Species," etc. But he points out that Darwin himself was not quite sure of all his methods or of his conclusions; and he indicates the places at which the ice is dangerous. "Natural Selection" with Mr. Darwin is a kind of god; and Dr. Stirling will worship no such God, nor will we. We, therefore, strongly recommend our readers not, indeed, to neglect Darwin, but to have Dr. Stirling at hand as a safeguard in prosecuting the study of Darwinian themes.

Recent Fiction.

AT a time when most people on this side of the Atlantic are thinking about politics, municipal or national, this book * puts in an opportune appearance. It is the history of a man of absolute integrity, who works up from the position of a lawyer without practice to that of Senator of the United States. The hero is not one of your superior persons who has hitherto held aloof from politics and who is graciously pleased to step down from his pedestal of superiority to put things straight when they are in a mess, and who expects to be accepted without any trouble to himself, and to be applauded for his condescension, but a citizen who first performs his public duty in the matters which he finds ready to his hand, and, upon faithful performance of these duties, builds up for himself a position of commanding influence. We found the book most interesting. If anything it is a little too long, and the hero a little too perfect, but by no means impossibly so. Though the political career of Peter Sterling furnishes the chief interest, there is a capital love story interwoven with it. The book throws a vivid light upon New York politics, and is evidently a true picture. Politics in New York are not represented as utterly corrupt, and if more people would do their duty as Peter Sterling did, reformation would come soon. The question is will they take the trouble to do so in New York or elsewhere, or will they after a spasmodic effort leave things alone to sink again into that condition of corruption into which they must fall if citizens as a body fail to take their proper share in the active government of their city and their country.

This † is a tale of a summer family party in the Canadian forests. It is not a tale of exciting adventure or even of enthralling interest, but the reader will get out of it a great deal of quiet pleasure. There are excellent word pictures of the scenery, and descriptions of sport with rod and gun. There is also a pretty and natural love story which runs smoothly; but the charm of the book, and it distinctly has charm, lies chiefly in the clever dialogue and in the presentation of the characters through their conversation. It is a happy family which for a time lives its home life amidst the wild surroundings of the Canadian woods, and when we lay down the book it is with regret at parting from its members and the friends they have made. Two or three of the characters specially attracted us—the very boyish boy Jack, the sharp-tongued, tender-hearted invalid aunt, Anne Lindsey, and the kindly, common-sense Dorothy Maybrook, one of the people of the district.

This is another Canadian Story ‡ and in it the

*The Honourable Peter Sterling, and what people thought of him." By Paul Leicester Ford. New York, Henry Holt & Co., price \$1.50.

†When all the Woods are Green." By S. Weir Mitchell. Published by The Century Company, New York; price \$1.50.

‡"The Devil's Playground; a Story of the Wild Northwest." By John Mackee. London T. Fisher Unwin (Colonial edition).

reader can complain of no lack of excitement. There are a Bear Hunt, a Round-up of cattle, a fight between mounted police and desperados, a Prairie fire and a Blizzard. What more could any one want.

"The greatest mistake a man can make," philosophised the sage, "is to fall in love with a married woman." These are the opening words, and the whole book deals with the history of hero Dick Travers. The sage's companion to some extent perpetrates this mistake. True, he does not fall in love for the first time with Mrs. Tredellis for he had loved her before and as he though been jilted by her, but when he meets her married on a farm in the Northwest, to which he and his companion have come on their wanderings, his old feelings revive, as also do hers. The story is a history of temptation, struggle, and conquest, and ends, as it should, in an eminently proper manner, though there are times when we fear that the outcome will be different. As a picture of life in the Northwest the book is interesting but perhaps a little overdrawn. We fancy that life there is more prosaic and less full of incident than it is here depicted.

Our next book || takes us to very different scenes. We are introduced into the midst of life in a travelling circus, with the clown as the hero. We see the different characters with the paint off, we learn something of the interests and hardships of their lives, we follow their loves and jealousies, friendships and enmities, and we see that they are very much like other people. There seems to be an unwritten law that all such stories should be sad; at any rate we do not remember any story about a clown in which sorrow fails to enter into his life. We suppose that this is for the sake of contrast, and certainly this book is no exception to the rule. Joey Morris, the clown, is a simple, good-hearted fellow, whose first wife having deserted him, has married again. In his second marriage the love is all on his side, his wife having married him to gain a protector. At the opening of the story she is attracted by a handsome young member of the company, a German named Fritz. Just at this time there appears a new member of the company who turns out to be Joe's first wife, but the fact is kept for some time from the others. Add to these characters, an elephant, very uncertain in its temper, who is the obedient servant of Joe, but who hates Fritz, and a particularly naughty, though not altogether unattractive little girl named Jane, who is ready to meddle with things she ought not, and we have the elements of some dramatic situations. We are not going to tell what happens, but we recommend our readers to obtain the book and see for themselves.

Mr. Weyman produces rapidly, but shows as yet no signs of falling off in power. We have enjoyed this book § as much as his earlier ones, and that is saying a great deal. This time the scene of the story is not laid in France, but in Germany during the period of the Thirty Year's War. In such a period there is every possibility of exciting incident and adventure, and Mr. Weyman uses the opportunity to the full. We follow his chief characters with breathless interest through hair-breadth escapes and adventures of every kind. It is wonderful what a capacity the author has of inventing situations from which the reader thinks there can be no way of escape, and then of extricating his characters in a perfectly natural way. We have never been able to care much about his characters for themselves, but we have always been eager followers of their adventures. The story is told by Martin Swartz, Lady Rotha's steward, and is the history of the troubles which came upon her owing to her protection of a Roman Catholic girl from the hostility of the Protestant population of the little town over which Lady Rotha bears rule.

Dr. Arthur Stradling has a curious hobby. His house is simply crowded with all sorts and conditions of snakes, both harmless and venomous. He probably knows more of their habits than any other man in England, and utilizes this knowledge in writing articles on the subject for the magazines.

||"The Vagabonds," by Margaret S. Woods. Macmillan & Co. (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.) Price, \$1.50.

§"My Lady Rotha," by Stanley J. Weyman. Longman's Colonial Library. Price, 75 cents.

The Angels' Visit.

Two angels, of the heavenly choir
That sang the Lord Christ's birth
Came back from wandering wide and far
To look once more on earth.

Since, in their circuit of the spheres,
Long centuries had fled,
They fain would see how, with the years,
The great Evangel sped.

* * * *

They saw proud cities thronged with spires
That tapered to the sky ;—
They heard the music of their choirs
In praise to God on high.

But, 'neath their walls, stalked spectres grim,
Want, Vice, and dull Despair,
Disease crouched in the shadows dim,
And hovered in the air.

Man wrestled with his fellow-man
For gold, in crowded mart,
And they, whose glance the soul could scan,
Saw many a murderer's heart.

They saw the alleys foul and dark,
Where men like cattle grew,
They saw the corpses, cold and stark,
Of those whom famine slew !

They heard the groans of men, the sighs
Of women tasked like slaves,
They saw the pestilence arise
To fill ten thousand graves !

Then saw the palaces of pride
Reared on such toil and pain,
And chariots—bearing Tullias—glide
Remorseless, o'er the slain !

They heard the distant battle-cry
From field, with carnage red ;—
Each angel breathed a bitter sigh,
And veiled his radiant head !

"Peace and Good-will we sang," they said—
"Long centuries ago ;—
Still strife and hatred reign instead,
And Love to heaven has flown !"

A strain came wafted from the blue,
On wind that breathed of spring,—
Again the Christmas choir breaks through,
And still the angels sing !

"Peace and Good-will—" their endless song,
Though strong the power of ill ;—
But, though its triumph tarry long,
God's Love is stronger still !

It's silent power outreacheth far
And, though the darkness stay,
Still glimmers in the East the star
That heralds in the day.

Still breathes, through strife, the note of peace
Still Christ anew is born,
The Angels' Song shall never cease
That wakes the Christmas morn !

FIDELIS.

[We regret that this poem was received too late for our last number.—Ed. WEEK.]

Sociology in Education.

MR. GEO. E. VINCENT, a well-known educationist, has contributed to the *New York Educational Review* a suggestive article giving an outline of a scheme of sociological study. It includes the following divisions: (1) a preliminary and superficial survey of society as a whole, and the discrimination of certain general classes of phenomena; (2) special study of various social phenomena, present and past; (3) the correlation and synthesis of the knowledge gained by special study of social details into a coherent and consistent conception of the structure and activities of contemporary society of the highest type; (4) the embodiment of the materials that deal with the past, or with the evolution of other contemporary societies, in a rational and consistent view of the process by which the present order has been attained; (5) the induction of a system of social ethics from the observation of social phenomena; (6) the application of a knowledge of social dynamic forces to the improvement of society.

There may well be differences of opinion as to the merits

of this scheme in points of detail, but it would obviously be a great improvement on most of the sociological courses as these are to be found at present in colleges and universities. It possesses at least these two excellences: it recognizes that the student of sociology should begin by observing for himself such social phenomena as belong to his own immediate environment, wherever that may be; and it so defines the "historical method" as to make it a matter of the present throwing light on the past as well as the past throwing light on the present. On each of these a few words may be useful.

The chief writers on sociology may be arranged in three classes: (1) those who start with a theory of existing society and try to establish it by showing that it must have been the outcome of assumed previous states of civilization; (2) those who laboriously collect all ascertainable facts respecting former states of society with a view to explaining its present condition; (3) those who carefully observe the phenomena that come within their reach for the purpose of explaining the phenomena of the past, while they stand ready at all times to correct their views of the present in the light thrown on its phenomena by a study of the facts of historical and contemporary conditions. The first is the deductive, the second the historical, and the third the inductive method. The writers who adopt the first are apt to be merely dogmatic; those who resort to the second are apt to be merely erudite; those who employ the third seem to be in a fair way to discover what useful general truths sociology offers for consideration. To this third class Mr. Vincent evidently belongs.

What practical bearing has this on the study of sociology in Canadian universities? This obviously, that the very first step in each sub-department of the subject should be observation by the student of the actual phenomena of Canadian society. The history first taken up should be the history of Canada, and this should be taken up in an order the reverse of that in which the events occurred, so that the more recent conditions might be used to throw light on those more remote. Then should follow the closely related histories of Great Britain, the United States, and France, all of which must be introduced with greater or less minuteness in the study of Canadian history. The histories of other modern nations and of the ancient civilizations should come later, partly because they are less intimately connected with our own, and partly because, being more difficult of comprehension, the student needs all the training he can get in order to profit by his study of what is more remote from his actual experience.

Needless to say that if this is true of general history it is emphatically so of that side of it which deals with the evolution of sociological institutions, such as the family, the municipality, the constitution of the country, the judicature, the armed forces. Laws are made and enforced by means of institutions. Public revenues are raised and expended by the same kind of machinery. Institutions make not merely the frame-work, but the very tissue of society. They are not peculiar to modern society, for at every stage of evolution, from savagery to civilization, we meet with them. The South Sea Islanders, the Australian natives, the African pigmies, all have social institutions of some sort, and most of them have some conception of individual as well as of tribal property. It seems obvious that if the student of sociology is ever to have any clear idea of what an "institution" is, any useful working conception corresponding to that term, he must form it by accurate observation of the nature and working of such institutions as form his own sociological environment.

Much is said nowadays of the value of the historical method in economic science. The idea is still very prevalent that if we can only get the student filled sufficiently full of historical facts about the economic conditions of other civilizations, most of them distant in place as well as in time, he will in some way be greatly helped to a clearer comprehension of the difficult problems which as a citizen of his own country he must help to solve. No wonder that so-called "economic science" is often sneered at by the practical man of business as "unpractical." The way to meet such contemptuous, but too often well-founded criticism, is to make economic science practical by sending the student to the man of business amongst others for his facts. It will do both of them good to bring them into contact with each other. It will tend to correct the dogmatism of mere erudition on the one hand and the dogmatism of mere empiricism on the other.

No society in the world offers such admirable facilities for observation of sociological phenomena as Canadian society does. We have a federal constitution similar to that of the United States, but complicated by colonial dependence and coupled with a system of "responsible government." We have a group of provinces each with its own constitutional peculiarities. We have no two municipal systems exactly alike. In Quebec we have a modern development of civil law, while each of the other provinces has its own development of the common law. We have the most perfect law of marriage and the most admirable family life. We have a system of banking and currency that is unique in its adaptability to the needs of the business part of the community. Turn in what direction he may, the Canadian student of sociology will find all around him the material for observation, analysis, comparison, generalization, such as no student of sociology elsewhere can have. To ask him to learn by rote the facts of other sociological environments before he has been asked to utilize those of his own is to invert the true educational order and to make real scientific culture in this department of knowledge impossible for him.

WM. HOUSTON

* * *

The Ethics of the Sidewalk.

I HAVE been taught the duty of politeness, by precept and example, as far back as I can remember. It was the atmosphere of my home. My early preceptors, English and foreign, were, with hardly any exceptions, well bred women and men; nor could there easily have been a more courtly staff of professors than that which presided over my college career in Canada. Revisiting seats of learning in the Old World, I came once more into contact with that quiet dignity, combined with thoughtful consideration for the rights of others, which constitutes the charm of the really educated Briton. Moreover, I profess to be a Christian man, however short I may fall of Christianity's requirements, and as such I read my Bible, wherein the once bluff and hot-headed St. Peter gives the wise counsel "Be courteous."

I am a college professor in a large city, as cities go in Canada. Though considerably past the meridian of life, I am hale and strong, and as youthful in mind and spirit as when a boy. In company I can give and take with anybody, for, though of studious habits, there is nothing morbid, no trace of over sensitiveness, or what people call "the touchy" in my composition. I do not look for slights, nor do I waste my time imagining injuries; when it becomes impossible to avoid the observation of such rare phenomena, I do my best to forget them and forgive the foolish perpetrator, who has thereby injured himself more than he can injure me. These things I write that you may estimate at their true value the trifling incidents I am about to set forth.

I live in a western suburb, two miles distant from the scene of my academic labours. This distance, in fair weather, or in foul, in wind, rain or snow, I invariably walk for the sake of necessary exercise; and the daily four-mile journey I generally enjoy. By far the greater part of the course is along one long street, the first half of which is almost uninhabited, while the second part is the most fashionable in the city. As I walk at the ordinary rate of a pedestrian with business in view, it takes about half an hour to cover my ground each way. In these two half hours I meet comparatively few people. The policemen on their beats know me well by this time, and we often exchange salutations, with an occasional remark about the weather. There was an old roadmaker, a genuine Irishman, who used regularly to touch his ancient hat and pass the word of the day, and, when I returned from the summer holidays to renew my daily promenade, he would shake hands with great effusion. But I have missed him these last three years, and am afraid he must be dead. Other humble acquaintances greet me on the way—our tradesmen's drivers; the coachman of a friend whom I once tipped (that is the coachman not the friend); a nursemaid, who was in my wife's employment when the children were young; cabmen who used to drive me in days when quarters were more plentiful. From these, and others like them, I get many a salute, a smile, and, occasionally, a pleasant word of greeting which helps to lighten the journey.

I meet acquaintances, also, in my own station in life, and, now and then, an actual friend. Professors belonging to other colleges take their walks abroad in my direction,

and we rarely pass without a word or two of conversation. City clergymen, visiting the outlying families of their congregations, find time for a handshake and domestic enquiry. A doctor reins up to the side walk and tenders condolences or congratulations. Young collegians touch their caps; and lady friends vouchsafe a gracious bow. These, as a rule, I know by name or more perfectly. But there are others whose names I do not know, street acquaintances and nothing more. There is an elderly gentleman, a retired merchant apparently, dressed in a costly sealskin overcoat, who is generally accompanied by a quiet young lady and a little dog that barks. We broke the ice by making way for one another on the narrow board sidewalk. Then we took to formal acknowledgment of each other's presence; afterwards, passing weather remarks and finally standing conversations. We have neither of us exchanged cards nor asked what the other's name is. A professor in a Roman Catholic Seminary salutes me gracefully. He may be one with whom I had the pleasure of a long conversation, many years ago, on board a St. Lawrence mail-boat; but of this I am by no means sure. A merry group of young school-girls, whom I cannot place in memory in the houses of any friends, favour me, one and all, with a frank and winning smile as I go by, just, I think, for mere street acquaintance sake. And there is a pleasant faced old lady, dressed in becoming black and white, who is very much bent and walks with a stick; she looks up at me, nods, and says, "God bless you!" but why I do not know. This is the cheerful side of my walk, and you will gather from it that I am not a bear.

Judging by the story of Job I should imagine that, on a certain occasion, the Evil One got a special license to tax my courtesy to the utmost. My health was good, I had nothing on my mind, nor was I puffed up with any kind of pride or self-conceit. True, the day was not of the pleasantest, for sufficient snow had fallen and half melted to make walking somewhat disagreeable, especially off the sidewalk and on the crossings. Enough, however, could be raked together to furnish the small boy with his favorite winter missile. The boy was at the corner, three in number, and I, a grave and learned professor in a silk hat, was the only victim visible. "Stand a shot, Mister?" called the leader in true American style of enquiry; to which I replied, as I hastily unfurled my umbrella, "Fire away!" The mushy snowballs fell innocuously about my feet, and the boys prepared ammunition for the next wayfarer. Two lads from school, sons, the one of a tradesman and the other of a mechanic, whom I simply knew from having seen them in their parents pews in the church I attend, favoured me with the curt sidelong nod by which the lower class of boys are wont to recognize one another. Their parents should have paid their teacher the extra fee of "tuppence for manners." Hardly had I escaped these young Goths than a shout behind me of "Clear the track!" made me turn on the narrow sidewalk just in time to let a lumbering fellow on a high bicycle wheel past. I confess to a temporary revival of the Old Adam, when he first came to grief in a crack of larger dimensions than usual, and was then compelled to take to the road by an approaching black mass of indefinite length.

The moving blackness resolved itself into a Roman Catholic Seminary out for an academical two-and-two promenade, that reminded me of ancient boarding school days. The sidewalk was only three longitudinal planks wide, making room for but two pedestrians abreast; that I had known of old. I said to myself: "These gentlemen in cassock and soutane, with their reverend professors, are a hundred, a hundred and fifty, perhaps two hundred, in number; I am only one. If I insist on my foot-path rights, I shall derange half of them, probably incommode them all." So I took to the snow trodden grass, and, for my long-suffering courtesy, received individual salutations from fully two-thirds of the appreciative clerics in embryo, and still more elaborate ones from my brother professors of another faith. The little bit of self-denial was well repaid. Soon after this the sidewalk broadened; the boards were laid latitudinally, and the ground on either side of them was smooth and on the same level. Alas! sidewalk and level ground, from wall to deep gutter, were preempted and wholly occupied by three perambulators full abreast and bearing down upon me. Behind the perambulators were three ill-favoured and disagreeably pert specimens of the nursemaid order, talking hoarsely at one another in the way peculiar to their class. To commit children to

the care of such creatures is a sin against helpless young humanity. For the sake of the babies, I would have jumped the gutter into the road, but a large tree was in my way, and only by retreating a step or two could I have accommodated the perambulators. I, therefore, stood still, facing the outside nursemaid and her charge. She hesitated a moment, and came to a halt, when her machine was almost on my toes, waiting for me to get out of her way with the air of a much-abused person. Then I fell into a stand-at-ease position, and, seeing me resolute, the ill-favoured domestic at last wheeled to the right in the wake of her advancing companions. "This," I said to my old acquaintance, a policeman, who was leisurely following the maids—"This is too much!" ; to which he replied, with a grin and a point of his baton at the three perambulators once more in line, "Indade, is it, sorr!"

I became sensible that I had no time to lose, if I wished to begin my lecture sharp at the hour, as is my usual custom. I had left the planking behind me, but a fairly wide street-crossing lay between it and the stone pavement. Down the rapid descent of that street on the left came rattling several drays laden with building stone, and I expected to see them rattle smartly on. This they would certainly have done had not I and another pedestrian stood in the middle of the road, waiting for them to go by. As it was, they came to a dead halt before us, the noses of the horses in the drays behind overlapping the backs of the vehicles in front of them, so that there was no thoroughfare. The French-Canadian drivers jabbered and swore. My impatient companion called out: "Move on—*Marche done!*" for which he was rewarded with "Sacré dom, mind yore own beesnees!" Nevertheless, the first horses moved slowly, in obedience to the foreign "*Marche done!*" and, as this was something quite unexpected by the second dray driver, we managed to squeeze through between the tail of the first waggon and the horses of the second, but only just in time, for, as soon as the villain who presided over these steeds saw our intention, he whipped up the beasts that he had brought to an unnecessary standstill, apparently for the sole purpose of blocking travel.

I was not far from my destination when I heard rapid steps behind me, as of one half running. Then a hand like John Silver's in Stevenson's Treasure Island, which is likened to a ham, struck my left shoulder with dislocating power, and I turned round with a momentary impulse towards manslaughter. "Oh, I say, I thought you were my friend Evans;" exclaimed a big, red faced man. "Yes" I answered calmly; "did Evans ever knock you down?" "No, why?" he stammered. I replied: "Because one good turn deserves another." "Oh, as for that," said the red faced man, "I could knock Evans over twice for his once." He stared blankly after me as I fired my Parthian shot. "That's all right, but let justice be done though Evans fall." Before I reached the college, a one-armed beggar planted himself impudently in my way, with endless importunity that I had no time to listen to, even if I had had anything in my pocket book besides visiting cards. Him I circumvented, and met with no further mishap than a Salvation Army woman, who pressed on my acceptance a document headed "Let the Wicked forsake his Way." I thanked her, and said that I would be glad that he should do so as it would enable me to get to my work the sooner. She looked shocked, and did not seem to understand.

Lecture hours passed by with the soothing feeling of mutual respect between professor and students that I have never found any difficulty in cultivating. I tripped lightly down to my long street, carrying under my arm some rather heavy publications that foreign learned societies had sent to my college address, which promised interesting literary pabulum for the evening. Scarcely had I reached the long street when I encountered a late funeral. The hearse and mourning coaches were, of course, in the road, but testifyers of respect for the departed were on the pavement, generally two, but sometimes three, abreast, jostling, swaggering, talking loudly. One of them had apparently just taken in a joke, for he slapped his thigh with his right glove, threw back his head and guffawed. As he caught sight of me dodging out and in, he made a recognition in which there was more wink than anything else, and relapsed into animated conversation within earshot of the chief mourners. When one is old, one gets over the trick of blushing, but I had to crimson for that man, for he was a clergyman of my own church, though certainly not the clergyman.

My wife, who had been visiting in town, met me near the end of civilization, and we walked home together. A large school, uniformed in blue coats, caps and sashes, encountered us, and seemed disposed to hold the single paving stone, although there was good asphalt, covered, perhaps, with a little more slush, at the sides. Personally, I would have taken the asphalt, and have ceded the stone to the lads, but with a lady, and that lady my wife, there was a difference. Like the Canadian workmen, the boys did not stand on the manner of their going. One of the two leaders, turning to talk to a companion behind, fell full into my arms, which gently twisted him round and set him aside. Before we were out of that school I had to perform a similar office for half a dozen more, and to suffer many a knee scrape and shoulder collision, though not without corresponding injury to the boys in blue, whose teachers should not have allowed them to make of themselves public nuisances.

Now the wood replaces the stone, and gradually this wood narrows. At the point we have reached there is barely room for three, and on either side lies unmitigated mud. Two persons, to all appearance a gentleman, and certainly a lady, are advancing towards us. As they approach I know the man by sight only, and know that he is a stockbroker; my wife knows his wife. We have no quarrel with each other, and he is apparently quite sober. When we are within passing distance, I fall back behind my wife to make way. The lady drops her husband's arm giving him the opportunity to do the same; but whether from a naturally disobliging disposition, sheer laziness, or a ridiculous sense of his own importance, the stockbroker keeps his ground, and rudely elbows my wife, while compelled to join in his own wife's salutation. I also lift my hat, but in an audible tone inform my better half that her friend's husband is a cad, a charge which she tacitly admits.

Is that all? Yes, that is all of my day's adventure. A comic book of etiquette contained this useful item of advice: "Never take the wall of a chimney or a miller," the first named individual being a sweep. The reason is obvious to the humblest understanding. I have no desire to take the wall of anybody, nor to be asked the question, "Are you anybody in particular?" As the learned and popular principal of one of our Canadian Universities said, "I don't want anyone to get out of the road for me," as me. But I would like to see our Canadians, young, and old, grow in consideration for their fellow pedestrians through life, and honour themselves by gracefully ceding, where necessary, part of their footwalk rights to ladies and little children, to old people and bearers of burdens. The great Napoleon even stood aside, with the words, "Gentlemen, respect the burden," to let a weary laden wayfarer go by. A little act of graceful courtesy in the street, may, unknown to us, bring temporary balm to wounded spirits, and shed a gleam of light on a darkened pathway. John Ruskin says he would like to see the children trained to doff their caps and make their curtsies to learned men such as professors. If he had only known, he might have added to children "and stockbrokers."

C. M.

On the Death of Sir John Thompson at Windsor Castle.

Death at the Castle! Mourn for honoured guest
The Queen's last Councillor, from earthly state
Quick summoned by the King of Kings. Fit mate
Of premier souls, Macdonald and the rest.
A people's choice, no satrap of the oppress;
His many chambered mind claimed ample fate,
Choice of the ermine or the heavier weight
Of Government at Canada's behest.

As great in conscience as in mental force
His well poised utterance stilled fanatic rage
No faction slander lived about his name.
In widening spheres of influence his course
Gained ever grander acclaims, fit presage
Of universal and unenvied fame!

Dec. 14, 1894.

ALFRED THOROLD.

The German Emperor is exceedingly partial to horse-back riding. In the course of last winter ten handsome animals were trained in the Royal stables at Potsdam for his own use. His favourite colour in a horse is said to be brown or sorrel.

Paris Letter.

IF Japan would distinctly make known her conditions of peace, she would give general satisfaction. By her not doing so opinion cannot see clearly into the future, while it irritates the great powers who are for the moment spectators. Japan has scored so many well-won victories that it would be a pity if she met any break-down in her diplomatic attitude. It cannot be very difficult to formulate the terms of peace; only let them be in moderation. It is accepted more than ever as a fact that the most perfect understanding exists between Russia and England as to the out-come of the defeat of China. The two powers will occupy coins of vantage till more active interference be decided upon. Japan has everything to gain by coming into line. Of late the weather-cock opinion of France leans to putting an end to the conflict as soon as possible. Sparks may fly European-wards. The alleged counter-massacres by the Japs at Port Arthur have created a very painful impression. People concluded that "New" Japan had left all that to Old China. It is immaterial what power brings about the treaty of peace, provided it be signed. But the United States is viewed as having gone out of its way, to act as the peacemaker; Russia and England could have handled, it is said, the matter much better. However, don't look a gift horse in the mouth. The question is now asked, "Will, or can, China put off her old Adam? will she become modern?" If after a certain number of probationary years, she fails to do so, she may expect to be divided like Poland. Indeed, she will ever be liable to be "chipped," as her soldiers have created the worst possible impression. Is China rich, some ask? Japan will test that point. She must open her ports freely and rapidly, if she wants trade to pay the war penalty.

The French are still in a brown study respecting the political goings-on between the Russians and the English. Only the big pensmen handle that delicate subject and do so in the apologetic vein. This seems queer, and does not give the reader any fresh confidence as to the once vaunted alliance resting on more solid basis, than that of mutual admiration. It is clear the fresh strength brought to the "pre-dominant partner" in that dual union, is not, though it should be, relished by the French. The latter, too, are maladroit in examining with the microscope the same open sores that exist between Russia and England—who to cure them have ostensibly come together. It would be better taste to try and minimize these divergencies. France has everything to gain by this "union of hearts" of two great nations, who have no axes to grind at one another's expense; she ought to facilitate that junction of friendship, and that would, in addition, only please the Russians more. There seems to be a Hymeneal truce respecting high latitude politics till the Czar has completed his honeymoon. No one has yet been able to give a horoscope of his future policy; perhaps he intends to let his acts speak for him—the best of all plans. The Russians in Paris continue to feel delighted at the good understanding between Muscovite and Briton; they expect one of its most immediate consequences will be, a good commercial treaty with John Bull. The Czar attaches a great deal of importance to such trade-links and knows full well nothing would gratify the English more than moving in that direction. Englishmen have only to "prospect" the mineral or other natural resources of Russia, and to demand concessions, which will be liberally and cheerfully given. At no time were they actually refused, now they will be only the more extensively accorded.

The lovers of scandal will not likely be gratified to the extent they expected, anent the black mailing on the part of a few journals, whose scarlet sins in this respect were very well known. The Belgian journalist, DeClerey, who has turned government informer, is well in a position to expose those who really have sinned. The denunciations continue to flow into the Examining Magistrate's letter box; all are carefully investigated, and, if presenting serious revelations, followed up. The public—and the honest press with it—desire that the black mailers be arrested and punished. By *chantage* or blackmailing is understood, threatening to expose skeletons in cupboards and rifts in lutes, if hush money be not put down. But there is a number of people who regard as being black mailed, if, in advertising in an erratic manner, they are made to pay erratic rates. They want some ware or discovery puffed, and then to occupy, say the position of a leading article. They are told that it

will cost—perhaps 40 francs a line, and all goes well till the bill be sent in; then it is denounced as *chantage*, when it is but unsound and objectionable advertising. Every newspaper proprietor or administrator denounced to the magistrate, will, if the *proofs* adduced be justifiable, be called before him to explain. Bear in mind, that politics enter into this Press sanitation to a certain extent, so all charges must not be accepted as gospel. When the magistrate makes his "siftings," he sends them, along with his report on the whole affair, to the public prosecutor, who decides that those he thinks merit it, be sent for trial. The total documents form the case or *dossier*, and are retained by the registrar till the day of trial, when they are handed to the judge. The accused is allowed by his counsel to examine the dossier. It was the abstraction of one of the most criminating documents in the dossier against M. Wilson, and forging another quite different to replace it, that led to the discovery of Wilson's misconduct. President Grévy destroyed the damning letter by his son-in-law, and the latter wrote a more innocent substitute; only he forgot the revelations of the water mark controlled the dates.

The *chantage* question, of course, found its way to the Chamber, and, in the course of discussion, Deputy Millerand, who is also a lawyer, read a document from the *dossier* of an accused—the individual De Clerey—relating how the proprietor of a leading journal made an unfortunate *chante*, or song, to the tune of 20,000 frs. De Clerey did not object to the infamy, the latter, for him, lay in his not obtaining his fair portion of the divide. The proprietor in question sent a challenge to the deputy. Millerand would not shirk a fight, but his adversary must have clean hands; besides, he only exercised his right to read an official document in a parliamentary debate. It was a hilt thrust to a political opponent also.

Of the electoral scandals at Toulouse, one stands aghast at the corruptions that can take place under the regime of universal suffrage. Tammany Hall wire pullers, and American ballot boxes, to say nothing of the worst days of English rottenboroughism, never equalled the iniquities at the Toulouse elections. But they were the paid civic officers that doctored and falsified the list of voters, the ballot papers and the totals. One of the conspirators, who then figured in the frauds, and duly rose to be a Prefet, has been instantly dismissed by Prime Minister Dupuy, who is resolutely stamping out all such villainies; five of the accused have been sent for trial, a few have voluntarily left their country for their country's good. The soiled family linen has been accumulating for many years.

The weather has returned from bright and cheerful frost to disagreeable sleet and glacial mist; result, plenty of sickness and something like imprecations at the sudden change. The poor seem to be better cared for this winter than I have ever before seen in Paris; they can be housed fairly for the night, obtain a fair meal in the day time, and good souls seem to have inexhaustible supplies of old clothing for the shivering.

Deibler, the executioner, is a public character; his smallest movements are better watched than those of any other celebrity. He is always in trouble, always searching for a home. He has to rent a house by *ruse*, but when his true name is discovered he is at once ordered to quit. He is of a quiet nature and—save for chopping off certain peoples' heads—the most harmless of men. He has quite a household of pet birds, dogs, squirrels and such small fry. He is frugal also, as he has been able to save out of his salary of 6,000 frs. a year, independent of extras during executions, a total of 22,000 frs. With that sum he has purchased a small villa property on the banks of the Seine, facing St. Cloud; his son and daughter-in-law reside with him and his wife; the son is his first assistant at the guillotine and will be his successor. Deibler enjoys but three delights: his pipe, fishing in the Seine and reading books of travel. By trade he is a cabinet-maker, but has long abandoned that for his later-day profession. Even an executioner must live. To save trouble, Deibler intends to publish no memoirs and he keeps no journal.

Paris never was so full as it is at the present moment, nor has shop trade been so brisk for many a day—and that is truly supplying "a long felt want." They are country cousins who throng the street, come to lay in their purchases for the New Year. Entire families are to be encountered, laden like Israelites after despoiling the Egyptians, with the bar-

gains picked up in the dear bargain shops. It would seem that the children are brought to save engaging porters or cabs. People commence to feel, that there is a boom—of a permanent character—in the air for business. People also buy more newspapers. I am told that even in the country districts where farmers are said to be killed off by sudden death, caused by the low price of wheat and the augmenting taxes, more newspapers are purchased—a great barometer of prosperity. There are fewer of those “friendly societies” that club together seven members, to secure a one-sou journal per day. In Paris, the small shop keeper is being wiped out by the company grocer, who has really become the keeper of what the Americans would call a “store.” Only this new grocery movement, that claims to sell cheaper, and to net on the gross volume of sale, is not the man of the future, his goods are too mixed, so to be avoided. The small shop keeper or hunter, was either a peasant, driven to seek in the capital the means to live, or the wife of an humble clerk, or a shop assistant. He will come up again. The building trade is relatively active; the houses now built are still palatial in extent and finish, but they are divided into more apartments and the rooms are less capacious. The postmen have commenced to collect their annual tips, proof of the arrival of the almanacs. Death is stalking 1894. No one ever regrets a dying year, no one laments the arrival of its successor. Yet all move on. Time is the only renewal of the past, death the resurrection of the life. Only the decorations change. Z.

* * *

Cairo Vignettes: Kasr-en-Nil Bridge.—I.

A NOBLE sweep of bridge across a noble sweep of river, whose rich brown flood struggles with the reflection of the cloudless winter sky in strange, purplish shadows. Irony of fate, instead of the national figure of the mystic sphinx guarding the bridge, on either side of the approach the two columns are crowned by lion forms, an unconscious prophecy typifying the latest phase in the long centuries of varied rule over this cradle of nations.

This same phase takes living form in the persons of lively young Tommy Atkins, who in shirt sleeves, or fatigue jackets is rushing about at foot-ball in the adjoining square of the Kasr-en-Nil barracks.

A friendly home aspect does the same Tommy Atkins present in Cairo street life, in his red coat, and with his jovial face, as he proudly sits on the very tail of his donkey, and drums on his side with his heels in true native fashion, while the boy behind keeps up a tattoo on his flanks—he knows Tommy's tastes in locomotion.

But Tommy forms but a small unit of the throng forever streaming across the bridge.

There is a curious effect of greenery produced by long strings of camels, fastened from head to tail, and laden with enormous loads of freshly cut clover. Donkeys, too, stagger courageously under loads of the same; every cab has a pile of it under the box seat. At the donkey stand, at the end of the bridge, it lies in great heaps. Everywhere the acrid scent of its withering is apparent, and adds another to the innumerable flavours that go to make up the one universal odour of dirt and decay that hangs ever over Cairo.

Streaming across the bridge are the never ending throngs of native life-blue, the pale clear blue of washed cotton is the general tint of these throngs, though there are many individual varieties. The ample black calico garments which mark a higher social grade than the blue—the brilliant striped Damascus silk of the household servant—the white fluttering ballet-girl skirts, and gilt-trimmed zouave jackets of a group of sais, the running grooms who are mercifully allowed to await at the bridge the return of their carriages from a country drive—the light green turban which marks a pilgrimage to Mecca—the red fez of the Cairo gentleman or official, in his tight-buttoned, black broadcloth—these are only some few of the most salient varieties that catch the eye.

Once across the bridge one comes to a sort of market by the roadside. There is a universal odor of frying cakes from small open air stoves. Great piles of oranges and coarse sweets, which make one shudder, are heaped by the roadside. But the most universal article of barter is sugarcane—everyone is either buying, or selling, or eating sugarcane—and the long, green sticks lie piled by the roadside,

are flourished by donkey-boys, and munched, with the slow swing of the camel, by some Arab of the desert, whose garments are all of that impalpable desert tint.

From this crowded square at the farther end of the bridge, two splendid acacia-shaded roads stretch out into the blue distance. One leads along the river banks to where the old Palace of Gizeh now holds its unequalled museum of Egypt's past centuries, and then, on along a high-dyked road so over the green plain to the pyramids. The other leads out to the Gezirah Palace and gardens, the unparalleled extravagance of whose fittings added its drop to fill the cup of national bankruptcy, and which is now a half-empty hotel and tea-garden.

As one follows these roads farther, the throngs grow more scattered but never altogether fail. Smart little dog-carts with their typical English military men or women rattle past. Discreet looking little broughams with an attendant on the box in royal livery, and a flash of white veils inside. Two fat bourgeois matrons, in the more plebeian black veil and heavy wooden holder above the nose, take the air, with much shrill talk, on their donkeys. Tall negro women stride along unveiled, a brown baby perched on the hip.

All the contrasts of the modern East are here, as well as in the crowded streets.

One little glimpse of unknown life impressed itself strongly on my mind. A brougham, with all the marks of highest station on men and horses, had drawn up by the roadside, and pacing slowly up and down were two old ladies. The thin, white Constantinople veil hung over their faces, but only revealed the stolid outlines of comfortable maturity. Around their ankles hung the usual heavy folds of dull black silk trousers. But it was their cloaks that caught my eye. There were those very same dolmans of shiny figured black satin with hanging sleeves, which are so dear to the middle-class British matron for a church-going garment. English respectability was stamped upon their every fold.

These familiar garments of every London street, following the usual outlines of portly age, veiled lives as mysterious to me as those of Sarah and Hagar in Abraham's tent; and as I watched their toddling walk and gently nodding heads I bethought myself that ten minutes of their overheard gossip would reveal to me more diverse aspects of life than a whole life-time of historical studies, but with all its apparent welcome of the West the East keeps its own secrets well.

* * *

The Auld Hame.

O think ye o' the auld hame,
Brither dear?
O think ye o' the auld hame,
When nicht is near?
The sun frae the lift is sinkin'—
Hae ye nae tear
For the auld time an' the auld hame,
Brither dear?

I'm wearie for the auld hame,
Brither dear!
The auld folk i' the auld hame,
They hae nae cheer;
Wi' the wast my heart is burnin',—
Down draps the tear
For the auld time an' the auld hame,
Brither dear!

I'm gaein' tae the auld hame,
Brither dear,
An' of a' i' the auld hame
I'll warmly spier;—
I'm gaein' tae the auld hame,
Wi' the fadin' year;—
For there's nae folk like the auld folk,
Brither dear.

PASTOR FELIX.

* * *

Dr. Holmes paid as little heed to the dictum of the rhetoricians that a sentence should not end with a preposition or other unimportant word as did the author of a work on rhetoric, who laid down the rule: “A preposition should not be used to end a sentence with.” Dr. Holmes ended not only sentences, but chapters, with prepositions and other insignificant words. For example, Chapter VI. of “Elsie Venner” ends with the words, “attend to,” and Chapter XII. of the same novel ends with the words “die of.”—*Boston Transcript.*

Correspondence.

VICTOR DURUY AS AN HISTORIAN.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—In your current number you speak in high terms of Victor Duruy, the Historian and Minister of Education. His work on Roman history is good, especially with regard to the Augustan period. But teachers or students who use his writings should know that he was capable of pretty loose work. In the tenth edition of his "Histoire des Temps Modernes" is the following statement in reference to the Act of the Six Articles passed under Henry VIII :

"Quand le parlement, pour apprendre aux Anglais ce qu'ils devaient croire ou ne pas croire, eut adopté le bill des six articles, que les réformés appelèrent *bill de sang* (1539), une inquisition plus terrible que celle d'Espagne couvrit l'Angleterre de bûchers. Parmi les victimes, on compte 2 reines, 2 cardinaux, 3 archevêques, 18 évêques, 13 abbés, 500 prieurs ou moines, 14 archidiacres, 60 chanoines, plus de 50 docteurs, 12 ducs, marquis, ou comtes, 29 barons, 335 nobles, 110 femmes de condition, etc. ; au total 72,000 condamnations capitales. Jamais révolution n'eut des sources plus impures, et ne s'établit par des voies plus sanglantes et plus honteuses." (P. 201.)

I doubt whether as many as ten persons suffered death under the Act of the Six Articles, though a few more suffered during the same period under the Act of Supremacy. Immediately after the passing of the Act there was a large number of arrests, but to these the Government, becoming alarmed, put a stop. None of the victims were persons of rank, ecclesiastical or civil. It is needless to say that the presence of a Cardinal at that time in England was impossible. Duruy seems to have confounded the number of victims under the Six Articles Act with the number of persons who suffered death in any way in the reign of Henry VIII., as stated, not very authentically, by the Bishop of Lisieux to Cardan. But even so, the list of dignitaries is preposterous and betrays a total ignorance of the history.

Among the stories current of Duruy it was said that, in officially visiting a school as Imperial Minister of Education, he asked a little boy what were the chief glories of the Empire. The boy with alacrity answered the Mexican edition and the Credit Mobilier. Both had by that time miniously collapsed. The answer was supposed to be a piece of impudence from a young Republican, and the boy was punished on the spot ; but on referring to the schoolbook they found that it had been printed before double catastrophe and that the unfortunate urchin had repeated in good faith what he had read.

Of Duruy also it was told that he had pointed out to a visitor in his office a bell which hung before him, and had said, "When I touch that bell the same lesson commences in all the schools in France." The anecdote is no doubt apocryphal ; but it depicts not badly the mechanical centralization which to the advocates of State education appears admirable, and to its opponents very much the reverse.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE DISTRESS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—It has seemed to some people a little singular that so little notice has been taken by Canadian papers generally of the wide-spread distress at present existing among our fellow-colonists in Newfoundland, and especially that so little attention has been directed to the circumstance that, as a people, we have incurred no little responsibility for that distress. It is possible that the tragic circumstances attending the sudden death of the late lamented Premier of the Dominion, circumstances calculated to impress the dullest imagination, have thrown into the shade the comparatively commonplace fact that so many of our fellow-colonists, our nearest neighbors, have been plunged into pecuniary ruin, and in many cases are even now in danger of starvation, unless friendly help is extended to them in their extremity. Yet there would be a peculiar fitness in some action being taken by the Canadian people to express active sympathy, and to tender substantial aid, when we bear in mind that, as we have been so recently reminded in sketches of the official life of the late Sir John Thompson, our own Government interfered at the last moment, and brought special pressure to bear on the Imperial Cabinet, to prevent the ratification of a treaty which the Government of Newfoundland had made with the Government of the United States, to procure such a market

for their staple product as they themselves deemed necessary for the prosperity of their people, and the lack of which, caused by our interference, has undoubtedly been a chief cause of the calamity which has overtaken the unfortunate colony. It is true that to many Canadians the interference referred to seemed a very gratuitous obstruction to the well-being of our neighbors, whose success in procuring the market for their fresh fish, which was to them a matter of urgent importance, could not in any way have injured Canada, while the liberty to conduct their own affairs in the most advantageous way could not have in any case been so detrimental to their British allegiance or to the possibilities of their entering Confederation as the natural discontent which has arisen from what must have seemed to them a very arbitrary and selfish interposition, but which the Canadian Government, at any rate, saw necessary for the promotion of their own policy. Would it not, then, be in order for it to open a subscription list for the sufferers in Newfoundland, which should be headed by those who have most profited by the policy in whose interests the interposition was carried out. They would in all probability be willing, as a matter of justice, no less than of generosity, to come to the rescue, and show that brotherly kindness which should accompany a line of action that could only find justification on the principle that the interests of all the North American Colonies are so closely bound together that one cannot suffer without the others suffering with it ! Let us hope that the distress of these unfortunate fellow-subjects will appeal to those who have much in their power, not less effectually than the claims of private bereavement and loss have already done, and that such generous aid shall come from Canada as shall assure the people of Newfoundland of our profound sympathy and fellow-feeling in a calamity which we helped to bring upon them. Moreover, does it not seem somewhat unfair and inconsequent for the British press to speak as it has done of there being no reason why Great Britain is bound to come to the aid of "an autonomous colony !" This would be perfectly reasonable if the colony had been left by Great Britain in the full exercise of her autonomy, as Britain has always professed to leave her colonies free to conduct their own commercial affairs ! But since she actually interfered, at the instance of the Canadian Government, to prevent the colony from carrying out a commercial treaty which it deemed necessary to its financial prosperity, how can Britain with any fairness, avail itself of the fiction of an "autonomy," which, in this most important matter, was not permitted to act ? It seems very like repeating the mistake of a century ago towards her large colony, on this side of the Atlantic, which, thereafter and therefore, became an independent nation ! However Great Britain might, perhaps, be as amenable to the representations of the Canadian Government now as she was when she refused to ratify Newfoundland's treaty. At all events we should not forget our responsibility in the matter and the duty that rests upon us of acting under a due sense of that responsibility ! We would gladly hear of more in this direction.

JUSTITIA.

A PLEA FOR DISCRIMINATION.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—"Impossible, that book can't be by a woman. It's too decent !" This remark was actually uttered by a prominent citizen in the course of a literary discussion the other night ; and it set the writer thinking very seriously about the state of affairs that must exist to make such a remark possible. One sees by the light of these words, as by a sudden illuminating flash, what a tremendous change has come over the spirit of our dreams within the last few years. For the individual who uttered them was not alone in his views. We have only to take up any of the leading magazines or periodicals to meet with contemptuous references to "modern lady novelists," "advanced femininity," etc., and the daily newspapers teem with would-be humorous paragraphs on the same subject. The result is a widespread contempt among the unthinking and half-educated masses for anything in the shape of a woman who writes books. Not by any means the same sort of contempt with which women who attempted to earn their bread by their pens were regarded in the days of our grandmothers,—when to write a book or an article, not to speak of publishing the same, was considered "unwomanly," and quite inconsistent with feminine dignity and modesty. We have changed all that. The "higher

education" has placed woman on an equal footing with man; the professions have one by one been opened to her, and so far from her being forbidden to express herself with the pen, it is becoming the rule rather than the exception for a woman to rush into print, whether she has anything to say or not. Evidently it is not merely because she writes that the woman novelist is thus covered with contumely; unfortunately the charge against her is far graver. The following extract from one of the leading magazines will speak for itself. The subject of the paragraph is: "the extraordinary success of the modern woman-novel, dealing with aspects of life which men have hitherto touched only under penalty of ostracism, and the imputation of the lowest motives, and with which Mr. George Moore has just been forbidden to deal by a library doing an enormous 'turn over' in the novels of greatly daring gentlewomen. . . . It is certainly curious to watch the charter of fiction being widened at the pens of and by the agency of the sex whose hypersensitive delicacy the bold, bad, male novelist has always been exhorted, entreated and enjoined to respect." (I. Zangwill, in the *Cosmopolitan*.)

When statements like this are to be met with every day, in almost every journal, it is not to be wondered at that the woman novel-writer should have become a by-word and a laughing stock, to be mentioned only with ridicule, or, worse still, with ironical contempt. Now, this article is not written in defence of those women whose books have only too justly earned for their authors so undesirable a reputation. Heaven forbid! The less said about them the better. It reflects but scant credit on the public taste that these novels should have met with such instant success. It is a well known fact that if there is a demand for dubious literature there will not fail to be found plenty of unscrupulous persons willing to supply it, and conversely that if there is no demand the supply will fail for lack of support. The astonishing amount of notice which these novels have received from writers and critics in authority has brought such fame to their authors that it is not to be wondered at that they should continue to produce the same kind of thing and that others should be encouraged to go and do likewise. Had these books on their first appearance been treated with the silent contempt which they deserved we should never have heard any more of their authors, and the class of work known as the "modern woman-novel" would have speedily died a natural death. But, thanks to popular encouragement, they have attained a position too prominent to be ignored, and the worst of the evil is that they have brought upon the whole profession of woman-novelists an ignominy which ought to have been confined to themselves alone. To anyone tolerably well acquainted with good literature this statement will probably seem absurd, but in proof thereof witness the following sentence from a review in *Current Literature*:

"Miss Wood has a broad and generous toleration of human weakness, and prefers to follow Thomas Hardy, George Moore and George Meredith rather than the authors of *The Heavenly Twins*, *The Superfluous Woman*, *The Yellow Astor* and *Marcella*." (The italics are our own.)

Or, again, this equally amazing extract from an article on Gilbert Parker, by Mr. Bliss Carman, in *The Chap Book*:

"And if a man can get through '*The Heavenly Twins*,' or '*Marcella*,' or '*Ships that Pass in the Night*,' and feel the better of it, in heaven's name let him. As a piece of literature, however, as a piece of art really valuable, any one of half a dozen stories in '*Pierre and His People*' will outlast anything ever written by the authors of these three monstrosities of letters."

Now, that the name of Mrs. Humphrey Ward should even be mentioned in the same breath with that of the author of such an outrage on decent English literature as "*A Yellow Astor*" is an insult to the former which, of course, she could well afford to ignore, if she ever heard of it; but it is the placing of books like hers on an equality with a list of others like those mentioned that causes the unthinking multitude to "lump" all woman writers together as a class, and to treat them all with the scorn deserved only by a few. We will do Mr. Carman the justice to suppose that he has not read "*Marcella*," or he could scarcely have committed the egregious blunder of calling it a "literary monstrosity," and we are equally convinced that if he had ever taken the trouble to read "*David Grieve*" he would not have made such sweeping assertions about Mrs. Ward's chances of immortality as compared with Mr. Gilbert Parker's. Setting aside

that question, however, as not within the scope of the present article, we do not believe that Mr. Carman is so absolutely devoid of critical and literary discernment as the expression he applies to "*Marcella*" would seem to imply. Still, for his own sake, it is a pity that he should not be more careful before signing his name to criticisms which must bring upon him the ridicule of all thoughtful readers. By all means term "*The Heavenly Twins*" a "literary monstrosity;" it would be hard to find a more fitting description for that specimen of modern fiction; but why be so hard on "*Ships that Pass?*" Surely this is a little unfair to Miss Harraden, whose little book, without being worthy of a place in the foremost rank of novels, or even, in our humble opinion, of so much notice as has been bestowed upon it, certainly does not deserve to be classed with the extreme types of those morbid and hysterical productions which are a disgrace to the sex of their authors.

It is against this lack of discrimination in criticism that the writer would fain utter a protest; and that such a protest is not so superfluous as it may seem anyone may find out by experiment for himself. Take any average assemblage of ordinary people, such as you meet in any drawing-room and open a discussion on the novels of the day. Then will you hear the names of Mrs. Humphrey Ward and George du Maurier jumbled together in inextricable confusion with those of Madame Sarah Grand, E. F. Benson, *et hoc genus omne* till you are driven to wonder if there is any sane and sober perception of the fitness of things left in the world. And it is such careless or ignorant criticisms as those I have quoted that increase the confusion, instead of helping to lessen it.

The writer is well aware that Mrs. Ward stands in no need of a champion, and that neither she nor any other earnest, gifted woman who has devoted her talents to the writing of noble, womanly books, will ever be injured by such a misapprehension as could only arise from ignorance or a total want of any critical faculty. But it is, nevertheless, an injustice and a wrong to womankind in general that the magazines which set the standard of popular taste, not to speak of productions like the *Chap Book* which aim to be appreciated only by the cultured few, should continue to publish paragraphs like the above, and to foster an error which it should surely be their office to correct. That the "many-headed," the majority who skim the surface of everything, and whose approval or disapproval is entirely worthless, should continue to place one woman author on the same footing with another is only to be expected, though, if the philosophers are not mistaken, even the verdict of the majority will ultimately be given for what is really great and good. But meanwhile it is not right that good and well-meaning people, fully capable of admiring and appreciating the genius of Mrs. Ward and women like her should be led to regard her name with aversion, and be deprived of the pleasure and profit they might gain from her books, simply because of a careless want of discrimination on the part of the critics in the magazines. It ought not to be too much to expect that a critic and reviewer of books should read the books before he criticises them; nor that if, after devoting a reasonable amount of care to their perusal, he is still unable to distinguish between such books as "*Marcella*" and "*The Heavenly Twins*" (surely a sufficiently elementary test) he should be prevented from "worse confounding" the deplorable confusion which already exists.

ROBERT FIELD.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—As a reader of THE WEEK for some time permit me to express my appreciation at the much improved appearance of the periodical, and, also, with its great improvement in subject matter, in dealing with Imperial Politics. THE WEEK has for so long favoured the dismemberment party at home, that it is very pleasing to note its sensible remarks last week on good United Empire and anti-Home Rule lines.

Yours gratefully,

BRITISH CANADIAN.

Ottawa, Dec., 26, 1894.

(NOTE.—Our correspondent errs in saying that THE WEEK had favoured dismemberment of the Empire.—ED. WEEK.)

Summer in Winter.

Come to me when clouds trail chill
O'er the wind-swept, wither'd hill;
For there beams within thine eyes
Blithsome blue of summer skies.

Come when the last thrush has sung:
For me seemeth there is flung
Thro' the cadence of thy words,
Canticles of bower'd birds.

Come when storm-tost forests fret
For their leaves. Thy touch is yet
Soft as some caressing breeze
Wantoning thro' budding trees.

Come when silent, pale and dead,
Lies the brooklet in its bed;
For behind thy laughing voice,
Waters riot that rejoice.

Still may suns be overcast,
Still may roar the frosty blast:
If but thou beside me art,
Summer reigns within my heart.

University College, Toronto.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

What is a Snob?

"WHAT is a snob?" is a question which has been frequently asked, no answer having yet been delivered which satisfies the general. There are some who say that Snobs in the animal kingdom should rank with Orchids in the vegetable. The Snobocracy of any country is composed of so many persons of such different shades and degrees of creed and birth that it is improbable we shall ever arrive at a definition which will fit the crime. If Max O'Rell would attack the Snob As He Is Found, we might have a little light shed upon our native darkness; but at the same time most of us are glad that as yet no giftie has the gift given us to see ourselves as others think they see us. Thackeray has pretty clearly defined what the English article is in its many varieties and minutest variations; but we, though British, are such a manysided and transmuted growth, that even the discernment of a second Thackeray would fail in placing us. What we are to-day we were not yesterday, and may not be to-morrow. Our phases all change; our vulgarities, our social standpoints, and why not our snobberies. The lady of '45, or thereabouts, who translated the permission to choose the forfeit due her into a right to visit Kay's and adorn herself with the most expensive bonnet there, would doubtless be shocked at some of the present vagaries in her granddaughters; but then the granddaughters would draw the line at avarice indulged at such a price of good feeling, good manners, and abuse of generosity.

In which part of the Snob's Catalogue should be put that poor lady who felt her position so oppress her when it fell to her lot to entertain Bishop Mountain, once when that well-mannered man was on his round of duty. The worthy soul had heard that the Bishop lived in "good style," and that his dinner was served in some mysterious way called "courses." Courses, then, she decided to have, making the first one, after much study, consist of a goose. After the goose came a rice pudding, when the Bishop shewed signs of fancying the meal concluded. His hostess assured him that "more courses" were coming. The third course was a second goose; and the fourth, another rice pudding.

It has been said that one phase of snobbishness is a desire to seem to know that which is unknown to one; so, with the lady of courses, must be mentioned the girl who is written of as having plenty of money, but no education, and who, when her chance came to "get into society," laid down a law to herself by which to achieve success—never to be at a loss, and always to know everything! When asked if she had read Ben Hur, she said "Oh, yes, delightful—all his books are charming," afterward enlarging to a friend upon the success of Mr. Benjamin Hur's writings. And in another place we have the parson who was so conversant with the ways of the aristocracy, having been brought into such close contact with them for many years. Poor man, he had been companion to the deaf and dumb son of a nobleman.

There is the man who hates round shoulders, and, to guard against stooping, stands so very "straight" that he curves over the other way. It may be snobbish in a man to ignore his origin, recent or remote: but what is it when he insists upon blazoning abroad the fact that his father *was* a tailor? While his family, friends, and acquaintances (the latter, perhaps, especially) would much prefer that he held his tongue. If really a "gentleman," he would respect their wishes. Would compilers of genealogies be "gentlemen" if each took his book as a medium by which to spread a knowledge of the number of bones in the Honorable Jones's family skeleton, whether the skeleton were an antique or a recent acquisition to the Jones's household treasures.

Versus the man who is afraid to remember that his father was a tailor, what is to be done with the man who brags that his grandfather was a railway magnate, whereas the grand paternal back was bowed by a too close application to that part of contract work technically called grubbing?

When a snob talks of "good family," what is it that he thinks he means? Had he studied heraldry and genealogical tables, with his eyes open, he would have found that some "good families" were essentially bad ones. Good families in Canada are very numerous, and, strictly speaking, come into existence year by year, in perpetual succession—with, no doubt, occasional lapses, like those of older countries. The family of the Duke of Somerset might reasonably be supposed to be a "good" one; but the birth of a certain Duke did not save his second wife from his snobbish rebuke when the lady secured his attention by tapping him on the arm with her fan. "Madame, my first wife was a Percy, and *she* never took such a liberty."

We all know that amusing creature who, on occasions, fails to return our bow, because his grandfather's great-grandmother married the second cousin of an Earl; but is he a whit worse than the man who thinks himself an intellectual swell, or than the man who contemptuously subscribes to a charity because he is the millionaire son of a hod-carrier. One is perfectly right to be satisfied with things if he is rich, or to take pleasure in noting the fact that his grandfather's great-grandmother really did marry the said second cousin, so long as he does not force these facts upon the attention of others and request their admiration in consequence of them.

As with lunatics, each of whom is sane, while all his neighbours are mad, so is it with Snobs. We do not live in vain, however, while each man furnishes an object lesson from which the next can preach a sermon of any weight desired—while the sad things which happen to the blind who lead the blind never cross our memory.

Without attempting to catalogue it, a certain scene in a Toronto street-car is worthy of a place in any partial list of the Acts of Snobs. Many years ago, Mrs. De Montmorency found herself living in a remote village in Western Ontario. Of undeniable "good" position in the land, she did not scorn the friendship of women less widely known, and while in the village made many friends, all more or less intimate. One of these, Mrs. Wilkins, visiting Mrs. De Montmorency's latter place of residence twenty-five years after, met the latter in a tram-car. The recognition was not mutual, and Mrs. Wilkins tried every means in her power to bring herself to the other's remembrance. The politely-rude stare of ignorance was met by the good-humored assertion—"Oh, you *must* remember Mrs. Wilkins and the days of etc., etc." Mrs. De Montmorency's statement that she had never met such a person in Stumpton-cum-Muddleigh, brought her to her own street, where, without a bow of leave-taking, she got out. Good, little Mrs. Wilkins, too honest to take, much less look for, offence, returned to her country home, to report that it was all too true about poor Mrs. De Montmorency—"failing terribly, eyesight nearly gone, no memory whatever, and faculties generally waning." And those who knew the two wished that some Theophrastus Such might bring a bitter pen to immortalize the meeting of Snob and true lady. Alton Lock's Lady Ellerton might in turn have cut Mrs. De Montmorency, but for obviously necessary reasons. Lady Ellerton's humble friend, Mackape, was no Snob, but what was his great master—who was one of those Flagellants dealt of by Theophrastus, who make a ritual of lashing, not themselves, but all their neighbors.

As the world was made first, and then, as a matter of course, Snobs, it is equally a matter of course that we, while

continuing to sink our shafts, must still come upon rich veins of snob-ore; but many inquirers have had private tales of the snobbishness of the great, self-elected, Master of Snobcraft, and the original question seems to have an inevitable supplement in, "Who then is *not* a Snob?"

SNOBLET.

* * *

To "Critic."

(Vide THE WEEK, 21st Dec., '94.)

The Critic has his little joke,
But like the use of "shall" and "will"
Of which a famous Scotchman spoke,
In learned tones, he stumbles still.

How, Critic, do you judge of sounds
The 19th century brings nearer
To modern comprehension? Zounds!
Think you that "Era" rhymes with "Clearer?"

Montreal.

B. D.

* * *

Library Table.

The De Brisay Analytical Latin Method. Part 1. (Ellis, Toronto, 1894.)—The teaching of languages is a very important department of education, and it may be made very difficult indeed, or it may be made much easier. The method of M. De Brisay is well calculated to facilitate the learning of the Latin language, even for those who may use only the printed sheets—we have only the first before us—but we can quite imagine that it would be far more efficacious if the student were guided by the personal help of the author of the method.

The Parson's Miracle and My Grandmother's Grandmother's Christmas Candle. By Hezekiah Butterworth. *Marie.* By Laura E. Richards. *Narcissa: In Verona.* By Laura E. Richards. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1894. 50c. each.)—Each of these booklets contains a well told New England story, the last of them has two. That any reader may not assume that we are wrong, as to the last title, we hasten to say that the Verona referred to may be found in the state of Maine. Mr. Butterworth's contributions are quaint Christmas stories of his own land and people, told as one would expect the clever editor of the *Youth's Companion* to tell them, and prettily illustrated. Mrs. Richard's stories have also a marked New England flavour, they are bright and graceful in their way, pleasant and seasonable and well sustain the reputation of the authoress of "Captain January"—noticed, we think, a year ago in our columns. These pretty little books are most tastily bound and clearly printed and it is almost as pleasant to look at as to read them.

The March of the White Guard and other Stories. (London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.)—Unfortunately, but not unnaturally, the insatiable demand for light fiction produces a supply of a sometimes very indifferent quality. Of decidedly indifferent quality are most of the stories published in this volume, which has just appeared from the London press. The names of the authors are, more or less—rather less than more—known to magazine readers, who will recognize, at least, the first number of the series—a short story by Gilbert Parker. A few of the stories, such as "Sunshine Johnson, Murderer," "Miss Maloney's Public-House," and "Tottie," are rather good, and several of the others would be fair, if they were not so strongly suggestive of the orthodox Sunday school tale, with moral tacked relentlessly on or protruding aggressively through. The reader of a novel or novelette feels justly indignant at being preached to in such a fashion. While it is true that the highest literary art may and does suggest an ethical teaching in poem or story, it is only suggested subtly and delicately, so that it is a part of the poem or story, as the perfume is of the flower. A moral baldly stated is intolerable outside of homilies or treatises on ethical philosophy.

Rambles Through Japan Without a Guide. By Albert Leffingwell (Albert Tracy). (New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company, 1894. \$1.50.)—Mr. Leffingwell is to the reader a model traveller. So simple, clear and engaging is his nar-

rative that you appear to be more than reading the record of his three months' ramble in Japan: in fact, his style is so limpid and easy in its flow, his descriptive power so alluring and natural, and his candour and humour so unforced and winsome, that you seem in your own proper person to share with him the delights and discomforts of his venturesome journey. It indeed required the confidence, shall we say the aplomb, of an Oxford man, alone and unacquainted with the language of the country, a mere wayside observer, to penetrate the interior of Japan. But then, how well was the foreign visitor rewarded. Unimpeded by interpreter or guide, the invariable courtesy and kindness of the graceful Japs of all classes made the journey most interesting and instructive. There is a freeness and freshness in this narrative which may have their source in the unconventional method of the traveller as well as in his keenness of observation and charm of style. Mr. Leffingwell cannot ramble too far or write too much. The reading world will always heartily welcome such simple yet striking "traveller's tales"—so seductively instructive, so completely satisfactory. Japan and her people are to be seen in these pages as only a genuine literary artist could represent them—and yet so artlessly!

Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson. By William Winter. (New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1894. \$2.25.)—Mr. Winter is one of the most finished and charming essayists of the United States. A poet of no mean rank and a dramatic critic with but few rivals on this side of the Atlantic, he combines competent knowledge and breadth of view with keen insight; to adequate culture and refinement of feeling he adds unusual grace and delicacy of expression. Enjoyable as were "Gray Days and Gold," and "Old Shrines and Ivy," the book before us presents a unity of design and comprehensiveness of treatment which enables Mr. Winter to appear at his best. It is an amplification and revision of a work published in 1881, and no reader can enter far within its delightful pages without perceiving it to be a veritable labour of love. A fit subject for biographical notice by an eminent dramatic critic is the life and art of the chief comic actor of his country, if not of his time—an actor whose mastery of his art is consummate, and whose personality elevates and enhances the perfection of his acting. The tie of friendship lends warmth and heartiness to the tribute of the biographer, but his eulogy is tempered by a nice discrimination and well-balanced judgment. Those who have seen the "Rip Van Winkle" of the nineteenth century do not need to be told of the gentle humour, the refined pathos, and the extraordinary power with which the accomplished actor has invested his favourite part. He has made it a marvel of psychological study, a very microcosm of this varying, palpitating human life of ours, with its humour, its pathos, its mystery, and romance, either suggested, exemplified or enforced. The 319 pages of this engaging book will prove to the lover of the dramatic art more interesting far than the latest and most popular novel. Beginning with Thomas Jefferson (1728—1807), a contemporary of David Garrick, the ancestry of Joseph Jefferson is traced, as perhaps few other living writers could trace it, to the present day. Story, quotation, anecdote and critical comment, mingle with repertory, play-bill, foot-note and poem. Contemporary actors also receive due attention. As one reads one wonders whether most to admire the wealth of the author's information, the skill with which it is conveyed, or the grace of expression and charm of style in which the book abounds. Happy the actor with such a chronicler and critic, and happy the critic with such an actor his friend!

Pembroke. By Mary E. Wilkins. (London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.)—Of to-day's magazine writers, few are more popular than Mary E. Wilkins. Her name has become a familiar one to every reader of American literature, and though she has dealt with the same theme over and over again, one is never tired of it. That queer, angular New England type of character which is rapidly becoming extinct before the march of American progress, is nowhere more faithfully or more sympathetically portrayed than by her pen. She is best known, perhaps, in her short sketches, finished with that perfect art, that polished simplicity, which is characteristic of the best American literature of to-day. But the more enduring interest of the

longer story is a strong point in its favor, and Miss Wilkins has wisely not limited herself to sketches. A new book of hers, containing only one story, has just been issued. It is, like the rest, a simple tale of New England village and farmer folk, of their common lives, and of the ordinary petty incidents which make up the annals of such a community. But the commonplace characters and incidents are described and told with such power and pathos that they become more interesting than great historic or heroic deeds, and the reader is made to feel that after all the education and culture of which we make so much spreads only the thinnest veneer over our human nature, and that the loves and hates and all the emotions of the heart that beats beneath the peasant's blouse are not so very different from those of the organ whose pulsations and other operations are performed under cover of broadcloth. "Pembroke" is such a story as we need in this age with its ever-widening gulf between the masses and the classes. It draws one closer to one's kind, it preaches, without preaching, that brotherhood of man which has been the dream of poets and philosophers. It is a book one must read at a sitting, for the narrative interest is strong, and from its perusal the reader will rise very much refreshed, very much disgusted with himself, and with broader and warmer sympathies, for a little while at least, than he had before. Perhaps some of the eccentricities of the New England character and especially the dogged obstinacy and Puritanical stiffness for which it has become so famous, are pushed a little too far, but the charm of the simple story disarms the reader of criticism, and its happy denouement leaves him in an unusually good humor.

A Corner of Cathay: Studies from Life Among the Chinese. By Adele M. Fielde. (New York and London: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co. 1894. \$3.00.)—We are to-day brought so much in touch with the Chinese people, by trade relations, and the residence amongst us of representatives of their nationality, that it is important that we should have accurate information about their country, as well as the habits and customs of its inhabitants. From time to time a book of travel comes to us vivid with descriptive phraseology, and glowing with results of the writer's observation and experience during a hasty trip to some distant land. It is not, however, every day that after a residence among, and intimate relations with, a foreign nation, extending over a decade and a half we are favoured with such a book as "A Corner of Cathay." This beautiful volume from cover to cover of its 286 pages is brimful of detailed information respecting this western land and its pig-tailed pagan inhabitants. The writer wastes no time in generalities, but quickly "gets down to business." The intellectual keenness of the American observer is here combined with clearness and conciseness of statement; and that thorough familiarity with the country and its people which long years of close contact alone can give. Here is a bit of description of farm-life and living, which will scarcely commend itself to the average Canadian farmer: "Food averages a little over a dollar a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks, and eats his meals alone, spends from one and a half to two dollars a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing three and a half cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, vegetables and fruits, costing a cent and a half, is the ordinary allowance to each labourer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, 'Live on sixpence a day and earn it,' is followed by every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence." There is scarcely anything of especial interest relating to the Chinese and their customs and habits that is not here touched on. The economy of the individual and the household; the usages and laws relating to marriage; mortuary customs; the babe, the child, his games and school; the regulation of time; law-suits; fables and superstitions; and even evolution, as regarded by the Chinamen, find mention. Nor are the religious, domestic or social habits of the people ignored. The Taoists and their magic arts have place, as well as Confucius and his teachings, in this most interesting and instructive volume. The careful and painstaking authoress of this really beautiful book deserves thanks for her handsome and valuable contribution to our knowledge of China and its inhabitants. The illustrations are of exceptional merit and are the work of eminent Swatow artists.

The Sherman Letters: Edited by Rachel Sherman Thorndike. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$3.00.)—Mrs. Thorndike has in this volume arranged in sequence, with explanatory remarks, a correspondence which was carried on between General and Senator Sherman for a period of over fifty years, extending from 1837 to 1891. The letters are not remarkable from a literary standpoint, their value lies more in the fact that they contain the free and unreserved opinions on a variety of subjects, of two brothers, who each attained distinction in the neighboring republic—the one in arms, the other in politics. It is amusing to read the way in which the bluff soldier rates his brother for his first essay in political campaigning away back in the forties. "My Dear Brother," said he, "What in the devil are you doing? Stump speaking! I really thought you were too decent for that, or at least had sufficient pride not to humble and cringe to beg party or popular favour." The early letters refer to W. T. Sherman's life at West Point, and John Sherman's speculations in salt and venture in engineering. The fighting brother had his first taste of war in Indian skirmishes in Florida. His soldierly qualities brought him rapid promotion, and the outbreak of the war with Mexico took him north to California. In '50 he went east with despatches to the War Department, and found time to despatch a little business on his own account in the shape of a marriage with Miss Ellen Boyle Ewing. We find him in '51 writing his brother from St. Louis, and urging him "to shun politics like poison." Which advice, Mrs. Thorndike sententiously remarks, "however good, was, it is needless to say, not taken." In '52 the warrior Sherman was ordered to New Orleans, and soon afterwards retired from the army, became a banker and removed to San Francisco to carry on his newly adopted business. San Francisco had fallen on evil days in '56, and W. T. Sherman's letters of that year dwell strongly on the doings of the famous Vigilance Committee. The California panic, resulting from the failure of the gold mines, led to his exchanging banking for law. Meanwhile John Sherman quaffs sufficient political poison to constitute him a member of Congress, and then goes abroad to see the world. He thinks the English a poor lot, the French somewhat better: "I have been constantly contrasting the people of Paris with the English; the conclusion is all in favour of the Parisians." This is certainly extremely rich, when we note that the sentence immediately preceding that quoted, runs on after this fashion: "I know very well, from the history of the Parisians, that a sudden impulse would change them *into tigers*!"—the italics are ours. Poor John Bull, in his impulsive moments, must, in the eyes of the imaginative congressman, have assumed the majestic proportions of a Behemoth. Small wonder then need we have at his resolve: "I would not live under the British Government for any consideration." It appears, however, that in England "only man was vile," as we find the following concession. "I can imagine nothing more beautiful than their hawthorn-hedge fields, their cattle and sheep. . . ." One can appreciate the same cool, consistent critic twenty-eight years after—some seven years ago—writing thus of Canada: "The country did not impress me as a desirable acquisition, though it would not be a bad one." It is extremely interesting to follow the trend of this fraternal correspondence, as it deals with more or less detail of the important events—whether political or warlike—which have become conspicuous in the history of the United States during the period covered by its course. How strongly and clearly the soldier brother writes during the war time, and how vigorously does the Senator reply! A great many side lights are thrown on measures as well as men. In the free, full and candid expression of opinion which marks this correspondence the historical thinker will find much food for reflection and the student of republican institutions will have a peep behind the scenes which is but seldom afforded him. More than one thoughtful reader will rise from the perusal of these letters with the firm conviction that the soldier was not far wrong when he wrote to his political brother these words, "You have more faith than I in the people. *They are not infallible.*" The italics are our's.

* * *

There is a tree in Nevada so luminous, from exuding phosphorescent matter, that one can read by its light.

The root of all discontent is self-love.—J. P. Clarke.

Periodicals.

Macaulay is represented in portrait, biographic sketch, and poetical selection, in the *Magazine of Poetry* for December.

A fine portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, will be found in the *Harvard Graduate's Magazine* for December, together with some interesting poetic and prose contributions regarding him.

The December numbers of the *Quiver* and *Cassell's Family Magazine* afford excellent and varied reading. They are both seasonable and attractive. These excellent magazines for the household deserve to be, as they are, widely read.

The *Bookman* comes to us for December as a "Christmas Number" and we venture to assert that it will, to the literary reader, surpass, in interest, many an ambitious periodical. In each department it is bright, cheery and informing. The contributions and illustrations are good indeed.

Blackwood for December is an excellent number. "A Foreigner," a new serial, is well begun. Dr. John Skelton has the initial number of his "Reminiscences of Froude." There are many other capital papers of varied interest, not the least of them being "An Epistle from Horace on Mr. Gladstone's New Translations."

Poet Lore in its December number supplies the student and specialist in literature with food for thought. Professor A. L. Sherman and Mr. C. A. Wurtzburg deal with certain aspects of Shakesperian study. Dr. W. J. Rolfe and other able writers treat the readers to papers of general literary interest. *Poet Lore* deserves wide circulation on the ground of literary merit.

Mr. Francis A. Walker has a contribution in the *Educational Review* for December on the subject of "The Relation of Professional and Technical to General Education." Professor J. Mark Baldwin, who has made a special study of the Psychology of childhood, writes of "Bashfulness in Children." Another paper in this number that deserves mention is that of Mr. George E. Vincent with regard to a scheme of sociological study.

The serious, intellectual face of the noted philologist, Professor F. Max Muller, is represented in frontispiece in the December *Arena*. The learned professor writes warmly of the real significance of the Parliament of Religions in the same number. Count Tolstoi writes of de Manpassant; the Rev. M. J. Savage of the religion of Homes' poems, and Dr. Heinrich Hunsoldt on the fate of Major Rogers: A Buddhistic Mystery. Many other papers appear in this interesting number.

The December reviews have reached us very late this month, hardly in time to get noticed even in this number, the last of the year. The *Contemporary* has a good array of articles dealing with matters of wide interest. A well-informed Ex-Diplomat has the place of honour with a thoughtful paper on "Peace and the Quadruple Alliance," and Lord Hobhouse considers the position of the House of Lords. A brief anonymous article on "The late German Crisis" is interesting. The writer thinks that Prince Hohenlohe will take high rank amongst German statesmen. Very few readers will skip Edmund Gosse's paper on Walter Pater. It is the literary feature of the number, though the article on Leconte de Lisle by the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is also of great literary interest. In the *Nineteenth Century* there are two contributions which arrest attention at once: "Why I am not an Agnostic" by Professor Max Muller; and "Lord Bacon versus Professor Huxley," by the Duke of Argyll. Sir John Colomb makes a strong plea for an Imperial Conference to consider chiefly how adequate naval security for the Empire can be obtained. The common welfare of the Empire demands the assured supremacy of the sea. The *Fortnightly* heads its number with a two-part article on Lord Rosebery, written from both a French and a German standpoint. Mr. S. Gwynn's criticism on Robert Louis Stevenson is a good article, full of felicities and happy comparisons. Its publication, almost on the very day Mr. Stevenson died, gives the article peculiar interest. Mr. Davies's account of

Pekin, and Sir Evelyn Wood's third chapter of his *Reminiscences of the Crimea* are both notable papers, especially the latter. Among the more readable articles in the *Westminster* are "Cultured Colonisation" by Matthew Macfie, the "Truth about Female Suffrage in New Zealand" by Norman Young, and "Eirenikon to Socialists and Individualists." Mr. F. Bradfield has a fair paper on the ethical tendencies of Matthew Arnold's poetry. Monsignor Satolli opens the *North American* by an able contribution on the Roman Catholic school system in Rome. It is well worth reading. Canadians will read with interest Mr. Goldwin Smith's estimate of the late Professor Froude, and will not be surprised at his conclusions. Senator Lodge writes pleasantly of Holmes. There are several other good articles, notably the two dealing with the recent elections in the United States.

Literary and Personal.

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," is to tell in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* what he believes a "Christmas in the Year 2000" will be like.

A work of unusual interest by Franklin Henry Giddings, Professor of Sociology at Columbia College, will be published by Macmillan & Co. under the title "The Principles of Sociology."

A lecture on Norway is announced for New Year's Night, in Association Hall, by Mr. Frank Yeigh, who visited that country during the past summer. Mr. Whittemore will illustrate the lecture with a large number of views. The Y.M.C.A. will reap the financial benefit of the evening.

The first part of the "Life and Letters of R. W. Church, late Dean of St. Paul's," which Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly, describes the Dean's eighteen years at Oxford. The second part deals with his life at Whately, the little Somersetshire village of which he was rector for about nineteen years.

Mr. Stuart Livingston has completed a novel which is perhaps the most important literary venture he has yet made. Our readers will not have forgotten the clever story "Professor Paul" from the same hand. We doubt not that Mr. Livingston's new work in fiction will advance his reputation.

Miss Agnes Maule Machar, "Fidelis," has placed in the hands of Messrs. Digby, Long & Co., of London, England, and The Copp, Clark Co., of Toronto, a new story, the scene of which is laid partly in England and partly in Canada. Miss Machar's new story will be looked for with interest by her numerous Canadian friends and readers.

Music and the Drama.

A large number of musically happy people assembled in the Pavilion on the 18th inst to hear the distinguished violinist, Ysaye. Not that this great artist was the only attraction, for Miss Theodore Pfaffin, the justly celebrated singer, Mr. H. M. Field, the well known Toronto pianist, and the Beethoven Trio, Mr. Klängenfeld, violin, Mr. Ruth. Cello and Mr. Field, piano, also assisted. The programme was interesting, although much too long, even when the two or three numbers were omitted. It is possible that this was the more noticeable on account of the lateness of the hour when the concert began, for it was all of 8.30 when the Beethoven Trio came on and performed their first number which opened the programme. The playing of this club gives genuine pleasure. Each member being an artist on his own instrument, they gave us well balanced, smooth and refined performances, which all appreciated. Miss Pfaffin's singing was a delightful surprise. She has a silvery voice, musical and true, and she used it in the most charming and artistic manner. Her enunciation is superb, her style almost the embodiment of grace and natural girlish simplicity, and her interpretations all that an exacting critic could desire. She became an instant favorite, and was kind enough to respond to several encores during the evening. Mr. Field played with great brilliancy, and

did himself much credit. A pianist must be good indeed to make the success he did, when the interest would naturally center on the artists, Ysaye and Pfaffin. But for all this, he was recalled, and played and encore number Wehmeyer's graceful little Album Leaf in G. flat. Ysaye is a wonderfully impassioned and intense player. His first number, Max Bruch's noble work, "Fantaise Eccossaise," in several movements, was played with great earnestness and abandon. One felt the soulful and sensitive artist, who forgets all else when he plays, who delivers himself wholly up to his muse and to the performance of the work he has in hand. His intonation is absolutely impeccable, his runs are strangely clear and delivered with unerring precision, and his tone gloriously pure, steady, immense in volume and passionate warmth. No matter what he plays, it becomes a thing of life when he delivers it, be it a classic by Bach, or a romantic work written to day. His flowing hair, lustrous eyes, sensitive mouth, and large physique make his personality very attractive and magnetic. Only once did he yield to the wishes of the audience, and play an encore number, although he was many times recalled. The concert will long be remembered as being unusually interesting and enjoyable, and the thanks of the community are due to the manager, Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, for arranging such a treat. We hope, now that we have heard Ysaye, that an opportunity will be given us to hear his great rival and countryman, Ceasar Thomson, now playing in the United States with much success.

The Cleff Choral Club is a new society inaugurated this season, and which gave its first concert in Association Hall, on the 20th inst., when miscellaneous selections, and Cowen's Cantata, "The Rose Maiden" was presented to a fairly large audience. The Cantata, while not being distinguished for its originality, contains some very pretty, interesting music, being melodious and sufficiently descriptive to illustrate the character of the text. Indeed some of the choruses are very effective, and are likewise grateful to the singers. The chorus numbered about 50, and the conductor, Mr. H. W. Webster, succeeded in obtaining some very good effects with it. The soloists were scarcely up to the standard one would desire in sustaining their parts, although they did very well. Miss Kimberley, the soprano, was perhaps the most successful. The medium notes of her scale are quite mellow and clear, but her higher notes strike one as being unpleasantly shrill. The miscellaneous selections consisted of an organ solo, skilfully played by the talented young organist of Carl-St. Methodist Church, Mr. W. H. Hewlett, a couple of vocal solos by Mr. Webster, which were sung with commendable spirit, and piano solos by Miss Ida Hughes and Miss Topping. The former young lady played the piano accompaniments to the Cantata, and acquitted herself admirably. We thought it was inconsistently strange that her piano solo was not placed in the first part of the programme instead of being sandwiched in between a couple of choruses at the end of the Cantata. We think also that it is time to do away with the custom of charging for the programmes. When people pay for their tickets the programme at least should be gratis. At the next concert of the society, the work produced will be either "Maritana," or "Sonnambula."

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English baritone, will give a song recital on the evening of the 4th January, in the Massey Hall. A choice selection of songs will be sung which will doubtless be pleasing news to those who were so fortunate as to hear him in the Messiah on the 13th inst.

The Mendelssohn choir is now singing superbly, and the concert on the 15th will undoubtedly be one of the artistic successes of the year. Mr. Vogt aims at the most beautiful and finished effects, and we venture the opinion that his selected chorus will prove to be the best which has hitherto existed in this city. Miss Lillian Blauvelt will be the soprano soloist.

The December number of the *Canadian Musician* is far superior to any preceeding issue, and already the influence of its new editor, Mr. J. Lewis Browne, is making itself felt. "The Bystander" column is very breezy and bright.

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Mr. Anger will give six organ lecture recitals during the months of January, February and March in Association Hall. These will be very instructive and entertaining to lovers of organ music, and music people in general.

Stavenhagen, the pianist, who has recently come to America to give a series of recitals, has appeared a couple of times in New York with much success. Would that he would come this way, for he is a very brilliant musical player, we having heard him frequently in Germany. He is one of the last of the Liszt pupils, and is regarded everywhere as one of the best among the younger generation of great players.

We have received a very handsome *Souvenir* of the opera season, 1894-5, which contains portraits of many of the artists appearing in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The workmanship displayed in the production of this elegant and beautiful souvenir is of the best and most artistic description and is much to the credit of *Friend's Musical Weekly*, who got it out. Copies can be had by sending direct to Friend's Musical Bureau, 32 East 23rd St., New York. The price is twenty-five cents.

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Art Notes.

The picture of Millet, for which M. Chaudard recently gave over \$200,000, was originally traded by its painter for a case of wine worth \$10.

Very *designing* and *artful* is the card inviting "yourself and friends" to view the late work of the Art Student's League at their new studio, 75 Adelaide Street, East, and well worth the effort is to reach their rooms near the sky, for everything here means business and is to the point, and there is no waste in meaningless display. To begin with, you will naturally take most interest in the originals for the illustrations of the League Souvenir Calendar, of which it is to be supposed you have a number; if not, buy one right away. One does not often get the chance, of getting behind the scenes, as it were, and seeing the work as it leaves the artist's hands, so you will, of course, look over these carefully, and compare the originals with the reproductions. The walls are well covered, principally with work in black and white, but also a few studies in oils and some very excellent water colors. Of these latter a very pleasing group, signed "Kelly," are scenes in Bermuda given with a deft sure touch, so simply and with such vivid color as to be delightful. Besides a good deal of pen and ink work Mr. Blatchley has some very pleasing water colors; in one of a partly prolonged field are two horses excellently done. Mr. Bridgen's work in pen and ink, as well as water color, is always satisfying. Some very suggestively done landscapes were by J. Wil-

son in pen and ink; Mr. Manly's work in the same medium is rather heavier and more elaborate; Mr. Howards pencil sketchings of flowers and landscape are fine. Some reproductions of drawings by Mr. C. W. Jeffries for *The New York Herald* of street views and scenes are full of life and strong effects. Mr. McKellar's pen and ink is vigorous as are also Mr. Thompson's several water colors of scenes in Chicago and a harbor scene in black and white by J. W. Cotton are noticeable. Miss Adams has some very clever bits of live work and Miss Spurr has work in several mediums, all up to a high standard. Both these ladies have illustrations in the Calendar as have also most of the others mentioned. One is struck by the fact that most of the works here are faithful reproductions of nature, or swift recordings of passing effects—no drawing "out of your head," as the children say. In the centre of the room, on the model's dais, are two large water colors by Mr. Manly, which are good examples of his conscientious, truthful manner. The new rooms are in a much more accessible situation, much pleasanter and better adapted as to shape for the sketch classes, and there seems to be such a vigorous air of work and also of co-operative good fellowship that it is no wonder the League has been making great headway lately, and is in a more flourishing condition than ever before. We understand that the membership has considerably increased lately, and are sure the standard of work will never be lowered or the high aims of art lost sight of.

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Publications Received.

- Hezekiah H. Butterworth: *The Parson's Miracle*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 50c.
- Mrs. James T. Fields: *A Shelf of Old Books*: New York: Chas. Scribners' Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.50.
- Frances Hodgson Burnett: *Piccino*, and other child stories. New York: Chas. Scribners' Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Wm. Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S.: *History of Canada*. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson. \$3.00.
- W. H. Malloch: *A Human Document*. London: Geo. Bell & Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Edna Lyall: *Doreen*. London: Longmans Green & Co.
- Crona Temple: *Princess Louise*. London: T. Nelson & Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Mrs. Edward Kennard: *The Catch of the Country*. London: Geo. Bell & Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Goldwin Smith: *Keeping Christmas*. Toronto: Hart & Riddell.
- William Watson: *Odes and other Poems*. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Sir John Lubbock: *The Use of Life*. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Dr. Jas. A. H. Murray (Editor): *New English Dictionary*. Two parts. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Beatrice Harraden: *Things will take a Turn*. London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

A Battle for Life.

THE RESCUE OF A C. P. R. OFFICIAL'S WIFE.

Helpless and Bed-ridden for Months—\$275 Spent in Medical Treatment Without Avail—Her Early Decease Looked for as Inevitable—But Health and Strength Have Been Restored.

From The Owen Sound Times.

Last fall when the Times gave an account of the miraculous cure of Mr. William Belrose through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, we had little idea that we

would be called upon to write up a case which is even more remarkable. The case referred to is that of Mrs. John C. Monnell, whose cure has been effected by these marvellous little messengers of health. The Times' reporter was met at the door by Mrs. Monnell, who, though showing a few traces of the suffering she had undergone, moved about very sprightly. With apparently all the gratitude of a man who had been saved out of the deepest affliction, Mr. Monnell gave the following account of his wife's miraculous cure. I have been in the employ of the C. P. R. at Toronto Junction for some time. In August last year, after confinement, my wife took a chill and what is commonly known as milk-leg set in. When I came home from my work I was informed of the fact, and next morning called in the family physician. The limb swelled in a very short time to an enormous size. Every means known was adopted to reduce the inflammation, but without avail. Consulting physicians were called in, but all the satisfaction they could give me was that the doctors in attendance were doing their utmost. A tank was rigged up, a long line of rubber hose attached and wound around the afflicted limb and ice water allowed to trickle down through the piping to relieve the pain and reduce the inflammation above the knee. The leg was opened and perforated, a tube inserted from the thigh to the ankle with the hope that it would carry off the pus which formed. For five long, anxious months I watched the case with despair, while my wife was unable to move herself in bed. At the end of that time she was placed in a chair where she spent another three months. To add to the complications gangrene set in, and for weeks there was a fight for life. At last the physicians gave up. They said the only hope was in the removal of my wife to the hospital. After a brief consultation she emphatically refused to go, stating that if she had to die she would die amongst her little ones. At this time she could not put her foot to the ground. Her nominal weight was 135 pounds when in good health, but the affliction reduced her to a living skeleton, for she lost 65 pounds in the five months. To all human intelligence it was simply a case of waiting for the worst. Up to this time I had not thought of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, until one day I came across an advertisement and determined to try them. This was two months ago, just about the time we were moving up here from the Junction.

At this point Mrs. Monnell took up the story of the marvellous cure, and corroborated what her husband stated. Continuing, she said: "After using a few boxes I could walk on crutches and after their further use I threw away my crutches and am now doing all my own housework. The limb is entirely healed up, and the cords, which in the terrible ordeal had been forced out of their places, have come back to their natural position. And to show how complete has been my recovery I am pleased to say that I have recovered my lost weight and five pounds more. I now weigh 140 pounds."

"We spent \$275 in doctor's fees and other expenses without avail, before beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mr. Monnell, "and it seems marvellous that my wife, who a few months ago was considered past human aid, has by this wonderful medicine been restored to health and strength"; and the *Times* concurs in the conclusion.

Mr. Monnell is one of the C. P. R. staff of clerks at this port, and he is always willing to tell of the cure effected. But there are hundreds of witnesses to the truth of his statements both in Owen Sound and at Toronto where he resided up to two months ago.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, and where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Shenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

In order to prove the docility of the bulldog the South London Bull Dog Society, which is holding a show at the Royal Aquarium, has caged one large dog with a small cat, and the pair get along together with perfect amity—and the cat is not inside the dog, either.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

ALWAYS RELIABLE,
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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowles, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
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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.

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LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Public Opinion.

Montreal Herald: Summed up, the Toronto *Empire's* announcement as to the recent alterations in its internal economy amount to this, that in a business centre docile obedience to Conservative leaders and unswerving allegiance to Conservative principles do not pay.

St. John (N.B. Telegraph): The Honourable Mackenzie Bowell as he contemplates his present position must think with amazement of the good fortune which has made such a commonplace person as himself premier of Canada. Certainly if premiers can be successfully manufactured out of such material, much of the prestige that has until now attached to the office will disappear.

Vancouver World: We do not think that even the most ardent Conservative will declare that the Ministry has been strengthened or that it in any way possesses the inherent power that marked the Administration of the late Sir John Thompson. We fail to see anything in the Queen's Privy Council of Canada for Sir Frank Smith to go into raptures over; in our judgment it is the weakest all round since Confederation.

Montreal Gazette: Sir Richard Cartwright, in his speech to the Toronto Young Liberals, urged them to devote their best efforts to instil into the minds of the people of Canada a determination to get rid of boodlers, whether in municipal, provincial, or national affairs. This is a plank of the enemy's platform which young Conservatives might adopt. If there was developed in the national mind a genuine detestation of boodling in all its forms about 1 per cent. of the community would lose and 99 per cent would profit. The greatest good would come to the greatest number.

Vancouver News-Advertiser: The manner in which the action of the Governor-General, in calling upon the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell to form a Cabinet, has been received by the press of the entire Dominion, without respect to locality or party, is the greatest compliment which could have been paid to Mr. Bowell. It is still greater and more significant when we take into account the long period in which Mr. Bowell has been a prominent figure in the political affairs of the Dominion. Nothing could be more gratifying to Mr. Bowell himself; nothing could be more satisfactory to the country over the destinies of which he is to preside; nothing could be more reassuring, in regard to its prospects, to the great political party of which Mr. Bowell has been for so long both a trusted leader and a sagacious counsellor.

Queen's Quarterly: The Ministry has one strong card to play, and the Premier is entitled to play it for all it is worth, for to him belongs the honour of having brought about the Inter-Colonial Conference, when the British Government declined to take the necessary steps or indeed to make any move in the matter. Canada did not accomplish its unification, simply to "rest and be thankful." The basis of the union of the Provinces, from Atlantic to Pacific, was that all alike were British, and a maritime front having been secured on two Oceans, Canada intends to make full use of her magnificent position and heritage. A great extension of trade with Australasia is possible, and by the time a cable has been laid there will probably be only one political Australia to deal with. That means the sweeping away of the present tariff walls between the parts, and thereby the disappearance of the great obstacle to Free Trade between the two wholes. Sister Colonies should be to each other commercially as sister States are to each other in the Republic to the South. Sir Richard Cartwright apparently still clings to Continental Protection. He demands a perfectly free hand for Canada in all her dealings with North American matters. A free hand! Yes, and when trouble arises, Britain is to pay the bill! How much would a free hand have been worth to us in the Behring Sea dispute, or in any others, with United States financial interests and lobbies on one side and Canada's unprotected rights on the other?

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The new Kock treatment for diphtheria by inoculations of blood serum is being tried at the Vienna Children's Hospital upon all patients who had been given up, with a measure of success. The remedy is as yet too expensive for general hospital treatment.

Two Frenchmen, Messrs. Gerard and Picon, of Bordeaux, have devised a new bicycle tire. It is a rubber tube with numerous transverse disks, forming partitions at very short intervals inside. The disks are slightly thinner at the centre than on the edges and are firmly cemented to the tire, thus leaving a number of independent air spaces.

Examinations of daily records for two years and a half have led a French meteorologist, M. Jaubert, to conclude that the temperature observed in a large city during the early evening hours is usually three or four degrees higher than out in the open country near by. The diurnal maxima and minima, moreover, occur an hour or so later in town than outside.

The thermogen is an appliance for keeping up the temperature of a patient during an operation, doing away with blankets and hot water bottles. It is in the form of a quilted cushion, with an arrangement of fine wires inside by which any desired degree of heat may be maintained by electricity. It was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Society of England.

A writer in the *Paris Figaro* tells of a ten-ton yacht having been devised, designed, built, launched and ready for sea within two months. This yacht, which is of the fin keel type, is just leaving the stocks at Bordeaux. She is very light and is built of oak and Canadian beech. "If one may judge," says the writer, "from her appearance, she has a brilliant future in store."

At most ferry-slips on tidal waters there is a bridge one end of which is hinged, and the other rises and falls with the water-level, in order to facilitate landing from the boat. But there are now several ferries in England which have the bridge attached to the boat. These are mostly, if not entirely, small craft, guided and propelled by hauling in a chain stretched from shore to shore.

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Because, in the case of your early death, Life Insurance makes absolute provision for those dependent upon you, enables you to leave an estate that cannot be taken from them; secures to your family freedom from privation and those distressing experiences which come to the destitute; provides the means to keep your family together; to educate your children and to prepare them for the duties of life, and to save your property or business from being sacrificed to meet the demands that come in the process of forced liquidation of an estate by strangers.

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Miscellaneous.

The Prince of Wales is very nice about Christmas presents. He sends pretty things to all his old friends and even to acquaintances.

Go to the ants, and other insects, for wisdom. The making of paper from wood pulp, for example, was not a human discovery at all, but originated with wasps.—*Philadelphia Record*.

LOOK OUT

for breakers ahead when pimples, boils, carbuncles and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Carbuncles and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula in every shape, and all blood-taints, if it fails to cure, you have your money back. And that makes it the cheapest blood-purifier sold.

A nine-penny shipplaster, bearing date of April, 1777, a specimen of probably the oldest United States money in existence, was found recently by a Florida man. The bill was printed by John Dunlap, of Philadelphia, and has printed on one side the warning: "To counterfeit is death."

John Burns, the English labour leader, came in contact with a bunco man in New York, and was almost convinced by the sharper that he had met him in London. Mr. Samuel Gompers rescued the Londoner just as he was on the point of yielding up a good-sized bill "for old acquaintance sake."

Chief Nana, whose town on the Benin River, in West Africa, the English recently looted and destroyed, must be a rather *fin de siècle* African monarch. In the booty were silver cigar and cigarette cases marked with his name; patent medicines, including a well-known American hair restorer, and his private letters.—*New York Sun*.

MR. W. A. REID, Jefferson Street, Schenectady, N. Y., 22nd July, '94, writes:

"I consider Acetocura to be very beneficial for La Grippe, Malaria and Rheumatism, as well as Neuralgia, and many other complaints to which flesh is heir, but these are very common here."

Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Certain tables of longevity just published in England, by Professor Humphreys, leave the whole matter pretty much in the dark. Of the 824 cases in which the subjects have reached ages varying from eighty to over a hundred years, one-third were small eaters, and only one-tenth appear to have robust appetites.—*New York Tribune*.

Palmer Cox produced the first of his quaint "Brownie" pictures about fifteen years ago, when Arthur Gilman, dean of the Harvard Annex, now Radcliffe College, asked him for drawings to illustrate a humorous manuscript about the alphabet. These original Brownies have reappeared in the subsequent series of stories illustrating their adventures.

REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect, one part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also an excellent internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine."

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There has been nothing discovered by medical science to take the place of Cod-liver Oil. It is somewhat singular that there should be obtained from the livers of cod-fish a nourishment and remedial agent which cannot be supplanted by some other food-medicine, but, nevertheless, such is the undisputed fact.

How Cod-liver Oil was discovered is not definitely known. It is certain, however, that up in the cold regions of the North the natives long ago made use of all parts of the fish they caught that could possibly be made available for food and it is probable that the Lapps of Northern Norway have known the virtues of Cod liver Oil for a century. They found that in Cod-liver Oil were nourishing powers not possessed by any other food or medicine within their reach, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the benefits of a substance so easy for them to obtain.

About fifty years ago, the medical world in civilized countries became impressed with Cod-liver Oil, and by close observation and experiment, physicians found that Cod-liver Oil could be made a wonderful help to their profession. The result of investigation proved that after Cod-liver Oil was taken into the system it became an emulsion, just as milk is an emulsion of butter. This knowledge resulted twenty years ago in the appearance of Scott's Emulsion, which has now become a world-famed preparation.

Scott's Emulsion has taken the place of Cod-liver Oil, that is in its raw state. Scott's Emulsion and Cod-liver Oil are of course one and the same thing, except that in Scott's Emulsion the taste of the oil is completely disguised and all of the objections advanced by a nervous person with a weak stomach are entirely overcome. Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of converting the oil into an emulsion, but it does not result in any unnatural process of digestion and assimilation.

Scott's Emulsion aids the digestion of other food in the stomach, and is then passed on and assimilated in the natural way. Anything which is either digested or assimilated in an unnatural manner should be taken *only on a doctor's prescription*.

The endorsement by physicians of Scott's Emulsion is no bombast or buncombe. In all diseases or unhealthy conditions indicated by excessive wasting, Scott's Emulsion aids medical science more than any other nourishment. Scott's Emulsion helps a dyspeptic person by aiding the digestion of other foods, and to a person who is failing in health it gives increased appetite and promotes the making of solid flesh and gives vital strength. It enriches the blood, makes new lung-tissue and overcomes all wasting tendencies.

In cases of inflammation of Throat and Lungs Scott's Emulsion has no equal in power to afford quick relief. It cures the most stubborn cough, soothes and cures sore throat, and overcomes all the early stages of consumption.

In the wasting of the vital elements of the blood Scott's Emulsion also works wonders. Anæmic or scrofulous persons are made well by it, and there is restored the pure skin and healthy color.

It is almost useless to refer to Scott's Emulsion as a nourishment for babies and children. Its name is a household word in hundreds of thousands of families where there have been thin babies and children who were thin and pale. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion. It insures a healthy growth.

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Good name for an Irishman travelling incognito—The O'Dono-who.

"Do you think Wagner's theory of music is sound, professor?" "Yes—too much."

What piece of tableware is like a peasant girl carrying eggs to market? An egg-glass (egg lass).

French translation of an old play called "Love's Last Shift."—"La dernière Chemise de l'Amour."

What animal is most like the blacksmith that has just moved into town? A gnu, sure (a new shoer).

Mr. Lang proposes that we should tax literature. That should be of advantage to the exchequer, as writers are fond of "rating" each other.

Sir Edwin: Shall we take the highroad home, dear—I mean Lady Angelina? Lady Angelina: No; I should prefer the bridal path, I think.

Little Girl: Mamma says I must study grammar this term. Little Boy: Wot's that for? "That's so I can laugh w'en folks make mistakes."

The Duke of Orleans says he will risk his head to restore the monarchy in France. That's another proof of his meanness. Why don't he risk something valuable?

"They say it's electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street light, "but I'll be hanged if I see how it is they make the hairpin burn in the bottle."

Stern parent: It is no easy matter, you know, to keep a wife in these days. Fond Lover: But your daughter, sir, is not the sort of girl to run away from her husband.

"Has my boy been a little defender of and kind to dumb animals to-day?" "Yes, grand-ma. I let your canary out of the cage, and when my cat caught it I set Towser on her."

She had been longing for a new dress. At last the extra money was saved, and she bought it. "It's off my mind now," she exclaimed, "and which pleases me more, it's on my body."

Stillingfleet: What would you do with a tailor who never has your trousers done at the time he has contracted to deliver them? Wienbiddle: Sue him for breeches of promise.

Clerk: I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little? Employer: Couldn't really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so that you will have an excuse to get away.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,
18th August, 1894.

To whom it may concern—and that is nearly everybody.—This is to certify that I have used Coutts & Sons' "Acetocura" on myself, my family and hundreds of others during the past fifteen years for headache, toothache, rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, cuts, boils, abscesses, scarlet fever, chills and fever, and also with good success on myself (as I was able) in an attack of yellow fever. I can hardly mention all the ills I have known its almost magical power in curing, such as croup, diarrhoea, biliousness, and even those little but sore pests to many people—corns. The trouble is with patients, they are so fond of applying where the pain is—and not where directed, at the nerve affected. And the trouble with the druggists is that they also want to sell "Something just as good," which very often is worse than useless.

Wishing you every success in your new establishment, and that a more enlightened public may appreciate the blessings of your Acetocura, is the fervent wish of
Yours truly,

CAPT. W. M. SOMERVILLE.

Late of U. S. Engineer Service, and formerly of the Marine Department, Canada.

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No. 78 Church St., Toronto,

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By order of the Board,

JAMES MASON,
Manager.

Toronto, December 13th, 1894.

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