

# THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eleventh Year.  
Vol. XI, No. 26.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 25th, 1894

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Vol. XI.

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### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS.....	603
THE COMING COLONIAL CONFERENCE.....	605
HORSE RACING.....	606
OTTAWA LETTER..... Vivandier.	607
OUR ORIGINALS.—S. A. Curzon.	607
OF A' THE AIRTS (Poem).....	608
Arthur John Lockhart—[Pastor Felix.]	
TWELFTH MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.....	609
PARIS LETTER..... Z.	611
THE DYING MAN (Poem)..... Jas. A. Tucker.	613
WITCHORAST..... John M. Gunn.	613
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Religion and Education..... Rev. John Burton, B.D.	615
MEMOIRS OF CHANCELLOR PASQUIER.—II.....	615
ART NOTES.....	616
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	617
LIBRARY TABLE.....	617
PERIODICALS.....	618
LITERARY AND PERSONAL.....	618
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.....	619
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	619
PUBLIC OPINION.....	620
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.....	621
MISCELLANEOUS.....	622
QUIPS AND CRANKS.....	623

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

What a volume of history, especially of British history, has been written since the Queen, the seventy-fifth anniversary of whose birthday was celebrated yesterday in every quarter of the globe, ascended the throne, fifty-seven years ago. The mere enumeration of the great acts and events of her reign by the briefest designations which could be given them, would occupy more space than we have at our disposal. To mention even a few of the more memorable; the establishment of penny postage; the abolition of the Corn Laws; the transfer of the great Indian Empire to the Crown; the admission of Jews into the House of Commons; the various Land and other Acts for the pacification of Ireland; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; the different Reform Bills, with their successive and progressive extensions of the suffrage—of what changes, past and still in progress were these and

such as these at once the outcome and the instruments. Then if we begin to recall in the same desultory fashion the memories of the world-renowned statesmen whose names are associated with the great events of this wonderful reign, what an array passes before the mind: Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, and the many others who were only second to these illustrious chiefs. To her honour be it said that during all the agitations and vicissitudes which have been so characteristic of her reign, and many of which must have been more or less repugnant to her own personal views and feelings, Her Majesty has held on the even tenor of her way as a constitutional sovereign, following the advice of the chosen leaders of the nation, and dutifully submitting her will to the will of the people. Hence it is that to-day, in an honoured old age, and after a reign of extraordinary length and lustre, she still holds her place in the affections of the subjects of an Empire unprecedented and unrivalled in commerce and arts as in prestige and power.

The use of the "cloture" is being advocated by some as a means of checking the otherwise interminable obstruction which is feared when the Wilson Bill, or that which now stands for it, is fairly before the Senate. But there is scarcely a possibility of the consent of Congress being obtained to any such measure, and any attempt to pass one would almost certainly be met with obstruction as determined as that which is dreaded in the case of the tariff bill. Meanwhile business is depressed and in many sections the distress of the unemployed threatens to become greater than ever by reason of the fact that the workingmen have long since exhausted any savings they may have had at the commencement of the period of idleness a year ago, and so are in a worse position than at any previous time. Truly the politicians have much to answer for. In view of the great evil and suffering which are dreaded as the result of the weeks and months of delay which are still in prospect, the New York *Nation* asks a question so simple and pertinent in its bearing upon the situation not only in the American Congress, but in our own or any other parliament in which unending speech-making is resorted to for dilatory purposes, that we wonder the simple policy suggested is not oftener used with effect. "Why does not some Senator," it asks, "insist that those who speak

in the Senate be compelled to speak to the question?" It is well known that in all cases of talking against time, at Ottawa as well as at Washington, the most irrelevant matter is dragged in in order to enable the obstructionist to hold the floor. If some senator or member had the courage to persistently challenge every deviation from the subject immediately before the House, and the Speaker the nerve to interpret the rules with reasonable strictness, many an obstructive debate would be brought to a speedy termination through lack of appropriate material on the part of the speech-makers.

It is doubtful whether any great deliberative and legislative assembly ever lowered itself more rapidly in public estimation than the august United States Senate has done during the current session. Each party seems to have done its best in its way to contribute to this result: the Republicans by obstruction; the Democrats by gross disloyalty to the country and to the plainest declarations of the platform on the strength of which the people elected them to office. The Wilson Bill, even as first introduced, fell very far below the standard set up in the declaration that it is "a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only," and its demand "that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered." But the few distorted features of the bill, in which, when introduced, could be traced some resemblance to the programme, have been marred or eliminated in committee until the resemblance of the "compromise" measure now before the House to the original is faint indeed. Into the nature of the influences which have wrought this change it is not the business of an outsider to inquire. It is to be hoped, for the sake of democratic government, that the worst which is charged by political foes; and even hinted at by political friends, is without foundation. Bribery is a hard word, indeed, to be used in connection with members of this once honourable assembly, and it may be hoped that the denial which is made on behalf of the great Sugar Trust, that its funds have been used for the basest and most selfish ends, may be true in regard not only to it but to other enormously wealthy corporations whose power, however brought to bear, has been made in some way so conspicuously

evident. The pending investigation into the bribery charges will be watched with interest all over the world.

From the tone of Secretary Gresham's official letter to the U.S. Senate, in response to its inquiry, as well as from that of the leading papers, so far as we have observed, with the exception of some of the more jingoistic Republican journals no difficulty need be apprehended from the United States, should Great Britain wish to carry out the wishes of New Zealand in regard to the future of Samoa. Secretary Gresham informs the Senate that the present government of Samoa is not autonomous, but "in substance and in form a tripartite foreign government imposed upon the natives and administered jointly by the three treaty powers." Mr. Gresham describes this, with implied disapproval, as the "first departure from our well-established policy of avoiding entangling alliances with foreign powers." The circumstances of the case show clearly enough that there is at least no commercial inducement for such departure in this case. Samoa is over four thousand miles distant from the nearest American port. Of two hundred merchant vessels which arrived at the Island during 1887, only six carried the American flag, and the total valuation of their cargoes was but \$60,000. Nor do more recent Treasury reports give any intimation of increase. So far as appears, the only other supposable motive for the interference of the United States in the affairs of the Island is the protection of a naval post which is theirs by purchase, and which can, of course, be taken care of in the same way as those in other quarters of the world, in the government of which the Republic claims no voice. It is pretty certain, therefore, that the question raised by the request of New Zealand will have to be settled practically between Great Britain and Germany. The Germans are said to be by no means popular in Samoa. Their success in colonizing has not hitherto been such as should make them anxious to try their hands in this remote and not very promising locality. Moreover, in view of Great Britain's possessions in those waters, she is by no means likely to consent to hand this Island or group of islands over to any foreign nation. The alternatives will then seemingly be the *status quo*, or annexation to New Zealand.

"The most iniquitous part of his (Sir William Harcourt's) scheme," says the *New York Tribune*, "that which plunders everybody with an income exceeding \$2,500 for the benefit of everybody with an income under \$2,500, passes without challenge." The reference is to the fact that even Mr. Balfour approves of this part of the British Budget proposals. This very common way of looking at the graduated income tax is decidedly misleading. It quite ignores the true principle which underlies such a measure. That principle may or may not be absolutely sound, but no fair opponent

of such legislation can ignore it. It is that, as by far the greater part of the expenditure of any modern state is for the protection of property, it is meet that property should bear the chief part of the burden. From this no corollary can be plainer than that the members of any civil society should bear the expenses of Government in proportion to the amount of benefit gained, *i.e.*, of property to be protected. It might not be hard to show further that the responsibility and expense for such protection increases in proportion to the amount of the possessions. The safeguards necessary to the protection of a property worth a few thousands, are trifling in comparison with those needed for that of the owner of millions, probably invested in various places and forms. It may be replied that as every citizen derives more or less of advantage from civil government, so no one should be wholly exempt from the contributions which are levied for the support of such government. But that argument, whatever weight it may have in a free-trade community, has little in one which collects the larger part of its revenue under a tariff system like that of the United States or Canada, where the taxes are so arranged that the larger percentage is usually paid by those who purchase the cheaper classes of goods, *i.e.*, the poor. Under such a system it may be argued with great force that nothing is fairer than that those incomes which do not rise above what is necessary to secure a comfortable living for their families should be exempted from direct taxation upon that amount.

The report, published in the *Toronto World* one day last week, of the investigations made by a representative of that paper with regard to the reduced price of gas in the city of Cleveland, must, in the nature of the case, have a personal interest for every householder in this city. Among the facts which may, we suppose, be accepted as undeniable, one stands out prominent and very significant. The citizens of Cleveland are supplied with gas for lighting and other purposes at prices from twenty to twenty-five per cent. less than those which are exacted from citizens of Toronto. Yet it is alleged on what seems to be good authority, that both of the companies which manufacture and supply the gas are still prosperous. Nor is there anything improbable in that statement, when we consider the enormous increase of consumption which is sure to follow from a large reduction in price of a commodity which is not absolutely a thing of necessity, but which every citizen would gladly use could he afford to do so. Let us suppose that the Toronto Gas Company should announce that from and after a given day the price of gas for all purposes in the city would be reduced thirty per cent. from the present prices. Can any one doubt that the announcement would be almost immediately followed by a great increase in the

number of citizens using gas for lighting, cooking and heating purposes, and that there would also follow a large increase in the quantity used by those whose houses are already supplied with it? It is really surprising that the shrewd managers of the company which has the monopoly do not, as a matter of business enterprise, determine to try the experiment. This is not, we suppose, the way with monopolists. As to the possibility of the city being able to compel the reduction, under the existing agreement, it would be rash to express too confident an opinion, without fuller knowledge that is at present available. The general, perhaps we might say, practically universal opinion is that the limitations of the contract in respect to the disposal of excessive profits are systematically violated in the spirit, if not in the letter. Certainly the representations now before the Council demand the most careful investigation.

The fiat has gone forth, the cohorts are being mustered and drilled, and for the next four or five weeks the sound of political war will be heard all over the Province of Ontario. The situation is somewhat peculiar in that there is, so far as we are aware, no one important question of principle, or even of policy, to divide the combatants. It is, to a degree unusual even in local politics, a personal contest. The names "Liberal" and "Conservative" are still used, but they no longer have a distinct meaning in Provincial affairs. From present indications the case will be different in the next Dominion election, in which the watchwords "Protection," on the one hand, and "Free-trade," or "Tariff for Revenue only," on the other, may not unfitly be appropriated by the old parties. But this issue seems unlikely to have much prominence in the Ontario contest. It is questionable whether an analysis of the speeches and votes of the representatives of the two parties in the local Legislature, during the last few sessions, would not justify the Opposition in laying claim to be the more liberal and progressive of the two. Nor, when we come down to the mere personal issues, is it easy to find any broad line of demarcation? The most diligent efforts of the Opposition, during the session just closed, have failed to substantiate any very serious charges of wrong-doing against the Government. The injustice of the system of payment by fees, and the opportunities it affords of rewarding party services all too liberally from funds which should be regarded as public property, were, it is true, pretty clearly shown. So, too, was the unfairness of the special method adopted to secure the return of a supporter from the City of Toronto. But in these and other cases, the Government have shrewdly given way so far as to remove the chief ground of complaint, while their general record is appealed to with confidence. On the whole, it is difficult to say in what respect

any great benefit to the people would result from a change of Administration, while, on the other hand, it would probably be no less difficult to show any good reason why the leaders of the Opposition, if given power, might not be expected to show an equally good record at the end of a term of office.

From across the ocean the rumours of early dissolution of Parliament wax louder and louder. The question is now evidently one of a few months at most, possibly only of weeks or days. The possibility of defeat must hover like an ugly spectre continually before the minds of the Government and their supporters. No doubt they would greatly prefer to have at least the three great measures now before Parliament: the Budget, the Registration Bill and the Welsh Disestablishment Act, carried through the Commons and either confirmed or rejected by the Lords, before going before the people for their verdict. Whether they will be able to accomplish their purpose with regard even to the first is becoming doubtful. In their extremity the revolt of the Parnellites must be as vexatious as it is inexplicable on ordinary principles. The sincerity of this little band of recalcitrant Irish in their desire for Home Rule can hardly be doubted. They cannot fail to see that the Radicals have brought it measurably nearer to them than it has ever been before. Most persons will be disposed to add, "or than it is likely to be again for many years, if a Tory Government comes into power." The Parnellites may or they may not be reckoning without their host, but their conduct is hard to understand, save on the assumption of a belief on their part that they can obtain what they want more speedily from a Conservative than from a Liberal Administration.

The assertion that the British Cabinet has resolved to make the question of the survival of the House of Lords, as at present constituted, the first plank in their programme, if forced to appeal to the country, is made with so much confidence that one hesitates to discredit it, yet, in view of the situation, as it appears in the light of the best information available on this side of the ocean, it certainly lacks credibility. Notwithstanding the various attempts which have been made to enkindle the popular wrath to the degree necessary to insure the success of such a movement, we know no facts which can be accepted as evidence of the existence of such a state of feeling. That a strong vote in favour of the amendment or abolition of the Upper House could be had, no one can doubt. But that the popular resentment is so deep and widespread as to make it a safe reliance on which to base an appeal to the whole electorate is a different matter. Should the Ministry prove strong enough to pass the measures mentioned above and should these

be rejected, as it is taken for granted they will be, by the Lords, before the dissolution, the case would be different. Few can carefully study the signs of the times in England without being convinced that some radical changes in the constitution of the Upper House, and in its relations to the representative chamber, are inevitable in the near future. The question is one of time only. But that the time is at hand already is far from evident. Perhaps some new light may be thrown on the question at the anti-Lords Conference which is to take place at Leeds a few weeks hence, should dissolution be delayed so long. Meanwhile we can only wait and watch.

#### THE COMING COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The Intercolonial Conference which is shortly to assemble at Ottawa is, probably, unique in the history of the world. We are safe in saying that never before did delegates, representative of colonies of the same empire, drawn by the power of a common allegiance and blood, come together from opposite sides of the earth to deliberate about matters of common interest, and to seek to develop closer relations in trade and possibly in government. The reason, or at least one sufficient reason, why this is a new thing under the sun, is clear. Never before had any empire colonies in regions so far removed from the common centre of authority. Moreover, never had even Imperial Rome, the great colonizing nation of antiquity, colonies in which the spirit of self-government was so fully developed, with the full sanction and sympathy of the Mother State as to make such a conference possible, or to give it a meaning, had it been possible. The approaching meeting, if successfully carried out, may therefore fairly claim to have put at fault Solomon's somewhat cynical maxim in respect to the lack of originality and novelty in the world. It will, at least, be the exception which proves the rule. Further, though this may be an advantage rather than the opposite, no one will be able to quote a precedent, either of success or failure. For once, it cannot be claimed that history has an example for the guidance of the wise men who may assemble.

Even those who may be most sceptical with regard to the possibilities of success, in the shape of any important compact as the result of the Conference, can hardly refrain from hoping that nothing may occur to prevent a full representation and an exhaustive discussion of matters of mutual interest. The conception is certainly a large one, and one which deserves success, if success is possible. Everybody must have been glad to see the announcement, the other day, that Cape Colony has, after all, found it possible to send representatives. If delegates are present from all the colonies and confer together freely and frankly for a few days, even should no way be made

clear for positive agreements or practical movements for the furtherance of intercolonial trade, which is, we suppose, the question which will occupy the foremost place in the deliberations, the advantage of closer mutual acquaintance, of giving and receiving information with regard to each other's institutions and methods, and of facing and discussing the great unsolved problems of the future, which are to a large degree the same for each of the chief colonies, will more than compensate for all the trouble and expense involved. Even to have contemplated and have grappled with a grand and patriotic project, though it should be only to find the difficulties for the present insurmountable, will have been a stimulating and broadening exercise.

Speaking of "success," we can hear the practical man exclaim, "What do you mean by success? Suppose that the Conference attains every result hoped for by its most sanguine promoters, what will be the result?" This leads us to remember that, so far as we are aware, the Conference has no clear-cut programme whose lines its members are bound to follow. It is probably better so. At the first of what may prove to be a series of such conferences, it is wise that the widest latitude of discussion should be permitted. Important thoughts may be thrown out and important points suggested in the course of a free and easy discussion, which would not have presented themselves had the business in hand been confined to definite questions or proposals to which definite answers were expected. At the best the delegates will not be plenipotentiaries, and can do no more than formulate some more or less clearly outlined policy for the approval of their respective legislatures.

It may be reasonably expected that two important movements already projected will receive material aid and impetus from this Conference, that in favour of closer trade relations between the Eastern and the Western colonies, and that for the construction of the Pacific submarine cable. The two formidable difficulties in the way of the first, that arising from the "most favoured nation" clauses in British treaties with other nations, and that consequent on the various and widely differing trade policies of the Australian colonies, will no doubt receive the fullest and most careful consideration. Whether, in regard to the first, any way out can be found, it is hard to say. The outlook can hardly be said to be hopeful. But in any case there is the alternative of giving to all the world the benefit of any mutual concessions which may be seen to be for the advantage of the colonies concerned. In the opinion of many it will be no disadvantage to any of the colonies immediately concerned should the desired freedom of commerce extend not only to the sister colonies but to other nations. Let us hope that at any rate one early outcome of the Conference will be the giving of its deathblow to the narrow and unsisterly

practice of erecting artificial barriers to prevent the citizens of the sister colonies from interchanging freely the products of their industries with one another.

As to the projected cable, there seems to be every reason for hoping that the Conference will give such impetus to the enterprise as will send it swiftly forward along the lines of achievement. The Mother Land's sympathy and substantial aid will scarcely be withheld under an administration led by Lord Rosebery, especially if the colonies are found to be heartily agreed, and each ready to do its best to promote the scheme.

Though the fast Atlantic service may not seem to concern so directly the people of Australia and the Cape, the success of the Conference could hardly fail to give a powerful impulse to this project, too, as one having a close bearing upon the successful working of the others.

Information recently received by the Board of Trade of this city from a correspondent in New South Wales is published, to the effect that the merchants of that Province are forwarding to the Board samples of wools, butter, honey, tallow, canned meats, wines, hardwoods for use in veneering and furniture-making, and hardwood blocks for use on railroads. If this is the answer to the ready question of the sceptics, as to the class of commodities which can be profitably interchanged between ourselves and our cousins at the Antipodes, it must be confessed that it does not appear at first thought so satisfactory as could be wished, seeing that almost every one of the articles named, except perhaps the first, belongs to the class of which there is, or ought to be, a surplus of Canadian production. It would be a somewhat remarkable phenomenon should it be found profitable to interchange such commodities as these around half the circumference of the globe. Yet we are by no means prepared to say that such a thing is not possible, assuming all artificial barriers to be removed. Should the thing be proved feasible, the fact would furnish an effective reply to those among ourselves who depreciate the value of freer trade relations with our next-door neighbours, on the ground of the similarity in the productions of the two countries. The correspondent in question states, it is said, as a fact, that the experiment is about to be tried in butter by an Ontario merchant, who has ordered several thousand pounds of the Australian article for distribution in this Province. Should it prove of superior quality to the average of home manufacture—a contingency which, we are sorry to say, does not seem impossible—our butter producers may have to look not only to their laurels but to their interests in the near future.

It is encouraging to learn, as we do from the Board of Trade's correspondent, that the earnest hopes and desires of Austral-

ians are centred in the Conference, and that all Australians will eagerly watch its proceedings, looking upon it "as one of the greatest and most important conferences in the history of the present generation." As the day approaches we shall, it may be hoped, see evidences of a similarly keen interest in Canada, to a greater extent, at least, than has yet been apparent.

#### HORSE-RACING.

It has been said of Yorkshire, that in that county, probably horse-racing dated from the time when there were two men and two horses. It is very likely true; but it is just as likely to be true of a continent as of a county. In fact, the boldest antiquarian would shrink from fixing a date for the origin of this pastime. The domestication of the horse is (in the usual formula) shrouded in the mists of antiquity: Egyptian monuments, Greek marbles, Roman columns, all depict the horse in harness; and no doubt wherever there were horses harnessed, there horses were pitted in the arena or on the plain. Thessaly, we know, prided herself on her horses; and the Arab has been for centuries the theme of poets—though at present the Arab has fallen on evil days, on evil days and evil tongues.

Horse-racing in England, however, perhaps all do not know, dates, as a regular and systematic sport, only from the times of the Stuarts. It was Charles II. who first made Newmarket famous, and, as befitted the "sport of kings," he himself not seldom there rode his own horses; and from his day down to our own it seems that royalty has—sometimes more, sometimes less—patronized this favourite pursuit. William of Orange is known to have staked two thousand guineas on a race. Anne entered horse after horse, both at Newmarket and Ascot. Though the three Georges did not much personally for the breeding or racing of horses, yet in their reigns these two important factors in English life received great impetus from causes not easy to trace. It was in the second George's reign that the Jockey Club was founded. In his reign too the Arab was in high estimation; and—not least curious or significant fact—many were the ladies who entered horses in their own names for races. In the third George's reign were established those five great races, the Derby, the Oaks, the St. Leger, the Two Thousand and the One Thousand Guineas. In his reign also, it was, it must in justice be added, that that curious appanage to horse-racing—perhaps as unavoidable as undesirable—most easily summed up in the words "the talent," became first prominent. The fourth George was an enthusiastic turfite from his youth upwards. His brother William continued the royal patronage, but was not at heart as 'horsey' as his predecessor.

But it was left—in the words of Mr. Robert Black in his recent book on "Horse Racing in England"—for "the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria" to see "the most wonderful increase in the number, if not the excellence, of the race-horses bred, and in the quantity, if not the quality, of the horse-racing itself—a pitch of development in comparison with which that of George III.'s time, wonderful as it was, sinks, unless perhaps as regards the style of horses bred, the 'form' exhibited, and the sort of races run, into absolute insignificance." These be strong words, but they be well within the truth.

It would be interesting to seek for the more important sources of this wonderful development. Mr. Black incidentally mentions the facility of attending races afforded by the railways as one of them. Perhaps an equally important factor is the two-fold one of the spread of a certain sort of education by which millions now read where hundreds read before, linked with the spread of the habit of reading newspapers. The amazing increase of "sporting" papers within the last two decades seems to corroborate this. The next best thing to seeing a race-horse (and then—to some—betting upon him) is the reading about him (and then—to some—betting upon him); and this anyone can now do for a penny or a cent a day. Undoubtedly, the search for pleasure too is on the increase; and if one is not a "sport" oneself, apparently one delights in witnessing or hearing of the achievements of those who are—as the truly terrifying numbers of professionals in all lines of sport prove.

About horse-racing unfortunately in the eyes of some there hangs a cloud. To attempt to trace the source whence this metaphysical miasm is exhaled would be as futile as a similar attempt in the case of its atmospherical analogue. But surely it is not necessary always to view the subject of horse-racing through this cloud. Granted there are touts, and black legs, and for the matter of that, bookies, is that any possible reason for avoiding the race-course? Is the theatre to be abjured because the "go ds" cheer a vulgar scene or some actors' or actresses' characters are not above reproach? Are cards to be untouched and whist eschewed because some lose heavily at poker? It is surely the old question of use and abuse. Why should the users suffer because of abuses? To argue otherwise would be to argue that honour and rectitude were absent from the Jockey Club—a serious argument in view of its hundred and forty years of existence.

In Toronto racing has of late years wonderfully improved. The very appearance of the Woodbine at present on the first or third day of the May meeting as compared with its appearance on such occasions ten years ago is evidence of this. The arrangements are in excellent hands, as the names of the active members of the Ontario Jockey Club abundantly testify.

Owing to the exigencies of yesterday's public holiday forcing us to go to press early, an account of this week's races must await our next issue; and the name of the winner of the Queen's Plate is at all events already in all our readers' hands.

### OTTAWA LETTER.

There is quite as severe a depression in the news market as there is in the coal market, that is to say, a scarcity of the commodity. There has been such a sameness in the tariff discussion that it ceases to be news that our stockings, or our bootblacking or the multitudinous minor necessities that go to improve our general make-up have provided intellectual evening entertainments for our legislators. Clerical errors have followed one another with such amazing rapidity that the Finance Minister must frequently exclaim to himself—Where am I? What am I?

The Grand Trunk Railway has succumbed to the threatened condition of affairs the great coal strike has at last enforced upon them. But what a reflection on the protective features of our National Policy, with great beds of coal lying close to the seaports of Nova Scotia! With a waterway that reaches nearly every point on the Grand Trunk Railway for transportation cheaply. A corporation that consumes 600,000 tons of coal annually has to purchase it from a foreign country; \$3,000,000 expended annually in the mining and transmission of coal from the United States for one corporation alone—these are facts brought forcibly under our notice by the unerring course of events. The Government gets \$360,000 a year out of it; that is the happy thought which satisfies protection. Revenue forced out of the necessities of one of our great industrial institutions, covers a multitude of such object lessons as are forced upon our notice by the irony of fate in the distress of a large section of our industrial workers for even such a short period as one month and one of our great arteries of trade stopped in its working.

Free trade would apply such an economic condition to our mining industry that when once it was the settled policy, the supply of coal from Nova Scotia would be added to the supply of the continent, which protection, in consequence of the tax upon industry, closes out, and leaves us dependent upon foreign sources for our very existence.

The volume of trade under a Free-trade policy would multiply the demand for Grand Trunk Railway traffic, and instead of its being obliged to turn adrift its skilled workers, it would be taking on more hands to maintain the demands put upon it. If the Finance Minister could only get some such economic truths injected beneath his tympanum, he would find that his moments of weakness would disappear.

The Government has been visited by one or two different kinds of deputations during the past week; one was from the residents in the Trent Valley, who came to urge it to take action in regard to the Trent Valley Canal. It was an influential gathering, and the Premier thought it a good opportunity to do a little canvassing for the next general election, and not part with his favours too cheaply; the wisdom of demanding something more than moral and intellectual support may be doubted if that was the tenor of his remarks. Party men

may feel justified out of their private means to support their public men in the expenses necessary to impress the policy they hold, by their representation in Parliament, but never in return for pecuniary public favors either granted to whole districts or individual enterprises, and the individual who approaches a Government with that sinister object in view, or the Government that encourages it are guilty of demoralizing the motive power of Government.

Another deputation came 2,000 miles from the district of Alberta to urge upon the Government the passage of a general irrigation act for the purpose of controlling and encouraging the irrigation of that fertile region, which they claim only requires the distribution of the waters flowing from the Rocky Mountains over its plains, to convert what is now an unproductive region for want of an equable rainfall, into a productive one.

The House of Commons will be likely to adjourn over the Queen's Birthday and not resume business until Monday. The Senate has adjourned for a longer period.

The Senate are in the midst of a debate upon the Dillon divorce case, which has created an unusual amount of interest in that Chamber, as the merits of the divorce do not turn so much upon the legal aspect as upon the turn given to it by Senator Kaulbach, who brought in a minority report of the divorce committee and laid down the proposition that both parties being Roman Catholics, more regard should be paid to that fact, and that parliament should withhold divorce from Dillon on that ground, in which position he was supported by Senator Scott.

The death of Mr. John Hearn creates a vacancy in Quebec. His individuality and personal influence in the city of Quebec being removed, it remains to be seen what political position this old constituency will now assume.

Copious rains have been falling lately which will gladden the hearts of the farmers and gardeners.

VIVANDIER.

Ottawa, May 21st, 1894.

### OUR ORIGINALS.—I.

[From the French of Benjamin Sulte, F.R.S.C.]

[These spirited papers by Mr. Sulte appeared in the *Revue Francaise*, 1890, 15th April, and 1st and 15th May, and seem to have been called forth by similar gratuitous insolences on the part of a certain class of travellers as Dr. Canniff has also found it proper to rebuke and check in his "Settlement of Upper Canada." It is strange that the superciliousness of visitors to each province should have led to the same sort of impudent accusation of impure descent, and of low and vicious origin, of those who first settled therein. Dr. Canniff has smartly rapped these malignant gentry over the knuckles, and Mr. Sulte, in these papers and others of a similar intent which appeared in *La Minerve* and other French-Canadian sheets, proceeds to do the same.

Though somewhat lengthy, the whole is so full of interest that to curtail or skip would be to rob our readers of pleasure they would prefer to enjoy. It must not be overlooked that Mr. Sulte is speaking to a French audience. At the same time what he says ought to be known to all Canadians as members of a one and indivisible nationality.

S. A. C.]

Is it generally known at what period and in what manner the peopling of Canada by the French element began? No. On this subject the public contents itself with three or four ready-made phrases that speakers and writers repeat as if they were the words of the Gospel itself—and nobody contradicts. M. Edme Rameau is the great and noble exception in all France when he undertakes to speak of the originals of Canada. He alone, of all Frenchmen, speaks correctly upon this subject. Not a very prominent name you will tell me. My reply is that his fame is in Canada and that is enough. His knowledge is profound and his judgment solid. Other writers who have spoken of Canada always fail in these qualities.

I allude to M. Rameau chiefly in connection with the question of our originals, on this he stands alone. Some others, as M. Xavier Marmier, Academician, are well acquainted with our general history and also the social life of our people. M. Emile Salone, professor of history at Paris, is also well versed in these studies. No one would think of publishing a book at Paris without consulting these authorities. Let us go over that which our books teach upon this subject. The matter in dispute is not difficult to determine.

In 1518 the Baron de Lery attempted to establish a colony in the north of the American continent. His endeavour ended at Sable Island. Everybody knows the story of it. Nobody would be beyond the mark in saying that perhaps a few were saved of this band of unfortunate shipwrecked men, some of whom might have reached the shores of Acadia, or other points upon the coast of the continent, and there formed mixed marriages; of which Frenchmen in the end have received benefit in the shape of settlers or *coureurs de bois*. The enterprise of the Baron de Léry never went beyond the measure of a simple endeavour: it produced not the slightest result upon the question of colonization. Though his troop had been composed of criminals or of destitutes, or of seekers after adventure, it matters naught—the essential point is the certainty that none could have survived the expedition with any chance of penetrating to Canada.

Those anxious to enjoy the malignant pleasure of giving birth to suspicious surmises upon this subjects should at least be at the trouble of bringing forward justifying proofs, or at least some plausible argument. These, however, are wanting all along the line. There exists no trace whatever in America, beyond the little horses of Sable Island, and even that is not proven.

As to Cartier, it would seem that the situation lends itself to conjectures. But there is nothing in them. Read the narrations by the discoverer of the River St. Lawrence, and whatever else will serve to throw light upon his travels. Nowhere will you find the shadow of a fact which opens the door to the suppositions of those who advocate the theory I attack herein. Nothing, absolutely nothing, gives authority to the critic to say that our country has any traces of the men of Cartier or of Roberval (1534-1544), and when writers of the present day make a section of French-Canadians descend from the followers of Cartier they indulge in pure romance.

I should much like to know from what motive arises the persistence of so many writers who depict Cartier, Roberval and the criminals they conducted, as the founders of Canada. Do they know that

the injury addresses itself to two millions of French-Canadians? They take pleasure, it would seem, in forgetting that the expeditions of these navigators terminated either in a speedy death or an immediate return to France of all those engaged therein. It cannot be contradicted, for the facts are there. Then, wherefore, always and incessantly repeat these unpleasant tales which lack even the attraction of novelty? It makes one think of M. Jules Verne, who in his latest romance has heaped together under the history of Canada in 1837, a mass of anecdotes having no bearing whatever upon the situation, and, as will appear astonishing even in the home of Jules Verne, a geography—in the moon.

M. Ferland, in his "*Histoire du Canada*," states very clearly that which experience teaches us: "The foundation of a colony demands of those who will undertake it, sobriety, obedience, a love of order and of work: it is rarely that one finds these qualities in a gaol-bird." Such were, in the 16th and 17th centuries, the beginning of certain colonies, but as to Canada such beginnings produced nothing. It has been necessary to begin all over again.

Australia, in our century, seems to have rehabilitated the element of which I speak. Certainly our century does nothing like any other. At any rate, Roberval and Cartier had not good luck on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

Later the Marquis de la Roche received permission to found a colony, but he never weighed anchor from the ports of France.

In "*L'Histoire des Canadiens Français*" (1), I have related the enterprises of the Malo-ins and other Frenchmen who, from 1544 to 1608, attempted to open up trade with Canada, never colonization. This highly interesting subject has not attracted the attention of the press, for whatever they may affirm, the "descendants" of Cartier count for zero among us, and the Malo-ins, the successors of the great man, have, no more than they, left any traces of their families upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. A little traffic in peltries with the savages, a ship or two once in three or four years, that is all. Never from 1534 to 1608 was any lasting establishment formed in our latitudes. Documents do not permit the supposition of a commencement of a colony, even the most imperfect; it was not even dreamt of. My judgment is not based on what I do not know, but upon that which I have read, and I believe I have read all that bears on this subject.

The letters, narrations and reports of Champlain from 1608 to 1629 show clearly, 1st, that Canada contained no white settler before 1608; 2nd, that no colonization had taken root, nor left a direct representative, nor yet a known half-breed; 3rd that most of the men coming hither between 1608 and 1629 only laboured here temporarily on behalf of their employer's business; 4th, that at the epoch of the taking of Quebec by Kertke (1629) the country contained but one family, and a small number of persons, whose names are no mystery and whose fortunes for the greater part it is easy to follow. Those among them who may be missing after this date were neither numerous enough, nor sufficiently enterprising persons, to have erected beside us a nation either of robbers or half-breeds. I say "robbers" for the satisfaction of those writers who would injure us, and "half-

breeds" for the pleasure of those who would find the savage drop in our veins without explaining why.

There was no colonist "colonizing" in Canada before Louis Hébert (1617), nor before 1644 was there a family composed of a mixture of white and savage—and at any rate, if there had been, it would have counted nothing, because there is not a single case traceable to this source.

Starting from 1629, the descent of all our families is perfectly well established.

The enquiry for a French forlorn hope, or for half-breeds must be made between the two dates of 1518 and 1629. I deny the existence of these two classes of persons, and I defy the most learned historian or virtuoso to bring to light any revelations capable of controverting what I have now said.

By my *Histoire des Canadiens-Français*, and my articles, *Les interpretes du temps de Champlain*, *Le golfe St. Laurent* (1600-25), *Les premiers seigneurs du Canada*,\* *Poutrincourt en Acadie*, the reader will be able to form a correct idea of the first beginnings of our settlement. All is clear and plain in the first chapter of our history, only the ignorant talk about deserters from ships, convicts, rascals, adventurers, garotters as having composed the first population of our colony.

But here I must stop and rebuke French Canadian journalists, for it is they who to-day keep up this legend of half-breed, criminal, vagabond, disorderly, as the pretended earliest source of our population. Yes! these journalists set themselves without any comprehension of their subject to make it understood that the first Canadians were wretches, rogues and outlaws from France. Journalism in Canada is absolutely given over to politics, and has no other study. If one examines hap-hazard a single year of our newspapers, we shall find therein once a week, that is to say, fifty times in the course of the year, such statements as these: "We, the descendants of Jacques Cartier." Can you point me to one of the companions of Cartier who stayed in Canada longer than a year and who has left descendants? "Sons of Brittany and of Normandy, French-Canadians will always cherish France." Observe particularly that from 1632 to 1700 not an hundred persons came hither of Breton race. Our journalists say "Brittany" because they are haunted by the belief that Cartier colonized Canada. The first Breton families arrived in the St. Lawrence a century and more after Cartier.

"The pioneers of our land were Roberval, Cartier, the Marquis de la Roche, Chauvin, et al." They ought to say the discoverers, the openers-up of trade, so as not to deceive their readers and those who take the word pioneer for the synonym of colonist.

"The Christian religion was planted on the shores of the St. Lawrence by Cartier, Roberval, Champlain." Yes, Champlain, but not Cartier, not Roberval! Canadians, repeat no longer this statement which does you dishonour, and which, above and beyond all, is a falsehood.

The result of these ill-advised statements, so frequent in the press of the Province of Quebec, is to make Europeans believe, and also Americans, and even the English around us that our origin is impure.

S. A. CURZON.

\* A translation of this paper has already appeared in THE WEEK.

## "OF A' THE AIRTS."

(A tribute to the wife of Robert Burns.)

When Burns was at the height of his popularity, after his winter in Edinburgh, and his return from his roving about his beloved Scotland, he was married to his Bonnie Jean, and took the farm of Ellisland by the Nith. He entered into possession at Whitsuntide, and kept bachelor's hall. There he might be seen, now and then, in the spring directing his plough, a labour in which he excelled; or with a white sheet containing his corn-seed, slung across his shoulders, striding with measured steps along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. Or, perhaps, he might be seen wandering beside the pleasant river; or, mounted on his horse pursuing his duties as an excise officer among the hills and valleys of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and muttering his wayward fancies as he roved along. The house being then unfit for occupation at Ellisland, his wife did not come to him until the autumn; and his dreams and fancies were often of her. It was during this period he directed to her the lovely song:

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There wild woods grow and rivers row,  
And monie a hill between;  
But, day and night, my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tuneful birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings  
But minds me o' my Jean.

The above circumstances and song are the occasion of the following:—

There's a blur on the face of the late March moon;  
The wind pipes shrill, and the chimneys croon;  
Around my cottage it searching flies,  
And every crack and cranny it tries;  
From its wrestling might the elm springs free,  
And it wrings a wail from the willow tree.

But the wind of March, as I sit by the fire,  
Plays through my heart's æolian lyre,  
And to my listening muse it brings  
The past and the future on its wings;—  
The seer can see, and the singer sing,  
When the wild March evening pipes the spring.

And as the firelight darts up clear,  
And I see the guid wife sitting near,  
A sweet auld sang through my thought will go,—  
"Of a' the airts the wind can blow,  
I dearly like the wind o' the west,  
For there lives the lassie I lo'e best."

When the daisy blooms, and the thrush appears,  
One face comes peering across the years;—  
'Tis the face of him who toiled and sung,  
When Jean was absent, and the love was young:—  
"I see her face in the flowers sae fair;  
I hear her voice as it charms the air."

My fancy quickens: I see him stand  
Alone in the field at Ellisland;  
And all around him, on every side  
The birds are singing at Whitsuntide;  
But, though woods are green and skies are gay,  
There's a look in his eyes that is far away.

Then in blissful dreaming he moves along,  
And he utters his heart in a joyous song:  
"Wi' her in the west the wild woods grow,  
The laverocks sing, and the rivers row;  
And, though there's monie a hill between,  
Ever my fancy is wi' my Jean."

She came, ere the winter, to ben and byre;  
She lit on his hearth her poet's fire;  
Her smiles were sunshine upon the walls;  
Her words dropt sweet as the streamlet falls;  
The lassie of song was his wedded wife,—  
The heart he longed for was his for life.

O fortunate season, and hopeful time,  
When the poet prosper'd in love and rhyme!  
When, sowing or reaping, the day went by,  
And he ploughed his fields and tented his kye

(1) A work in 8 volumes, illustrated, 1833. The edition of 2,500 copies is entirely exhausted.

And he dreamed, while the children played  
round his door,  
That content had come to depart no more.

Ah, faithful Jean ! there were other years !  
For her were sorrows, for her were tears !  
But the pansy weathers the wintry time ;  
And she kept, as she might, her "fireside  
clime :"  
Crushing the burden !—her heart was stout,  
And the lamp of her love, it never went out.

Ah, wayward brother, and poet wild,  
With shifting fancy of petted child,  
And passionate soul in dark eyes seen,—  
Thou well might'st cherish and prize thy Jean !  
Some fleeting favors the few might shed ;  
She loved thee, living, and mourned thee,  
dead !

But one there was—to her memory peace !  
She lies beside thee in gray Dumfries,—  
Who shared thy sorrows and doubled thy joys,  
Who cuddled thy lassies, and rear'd thy boys ;  
Who dropped o'er thy grave her quick, hot  
tears,  
And gave to thy memory her widow'd years.

What lyric queens in thy heart might reign  
Bemoan'd with passion and tender pain !—  
She, of the blind and the hopeless love ;  
And Mary, sainted in heaven above :—  
Weeping, we sing of the rose-lip paled,  
And the eyes' soft glances so darkly veil'd.

But when assemble the gay and young,  
When songs of the Scottish land are sung,  
And before the dreamer's raptur'd eye  
The fair procession goes gliding by,  
Not one of the haunted troop is seen  
Dearer and truer than Bonnie Jean.

And so, to-night, in my warm home-nest,  
While the shrill March wind blows out of the  
west,  
The auld sang hums through my musing brain,  
Till I utter aloud the tender strain :  
And the guid wife sings by the firelight's  
glow,—  
"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART  
(PASTOR FELIX.)

TWELFTH MEETING OF THE ROYAL  
SOCIETY OF CANADA.

SUMMARY OF THE LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC CONTRIBUTIONS—HIS-  
TORICAL SOCIETIES IN CANADA—  
A SCHOOL HISTORY SUGGESTED—  
A CABOT ANNIVERSARY IN 1497—  
NECESSITY FOR SOUND LITERARY  
CRITICISM—A TRIBUTE TO FRANCIS  
PARKMAN.

The proceedings at the twelfth general meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, which was held at Ottawa on the 22nd-25th May, in the Normal School Building, were of more than ordinary interest on account of the wide range of the papers submitted to the four sections devoted to Literature and Science. An address was presented at the first session to His Excellency—very happily conceived, especially for its reference to the Governor-General's illustrious grandfather, who was called by Lord Byron "the Travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen"—who replied in his best vein. In the evening Dr. G. M. Dawson, C.M.G., F.R.S., who won so much praise in connection with the Behring Sea negotiations, delivered the presidential address on "The Progress and Trend of Scientific Investigation in Canada." The list of papers in the sections is the largest that has yet been presented since the organization of the society in 1882-3. In the two scientific sections we have as contributors: Sir William Dawson, Dr. Girdwood, Professors Bovey, Bailey, Penhallow, Macoun, B. J. Harrington, Drs. Ami, Wesley Mills, Ellis, and Adams ;

Messrs. Matthew, Fletcher, W. H. Harrington, Shutt, Saunders, James M. Macoun, Taylor, and J. H. Keen. Several distinguished scientists and scholars from the United States have been present at the meetings and taken a part in the discussions. Dr. Justin W. Winsor, of Harvard University, Professor O. S. Marsh, of Yale University, Mr. S. H. Scudder, of the Geological Survey of the United States, and Mr. Fernow, of the Forestry division of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, are all names well known to Literature and Science. The co-operation of such men has naturally added to the interest and value of the meetings, and indicates the high opinion of the Royal Society entertained in the neighbouring republic. Indeed, it is now well known that the wide circulation of the large and handsome volume of Transactions for twelve years among scholarly and thinking men all over the civilized world has done much to make Canada known where much ignorance largely prevailed with respect to its material and intellectual development.

It is to the English section of literature that the readers of THE WEEK will naturally turn. The papers here have been exceptionally strong. The Archbishop of Halifax has an essay on the Supernatural in Nature considered in the light of Metaphysical Science. Dr. Samuel E. Dawson has prepared an exhaustive monograph on the Cabot voyages of 1497 and 1498, and the situation of the Island of St. John, now Prince Edward. The Reverend Father A. G. Morice writes on language as a criterion of ethnological certitude. Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, of Manitoba, takes us to the Sun Worshipers of the Canadian North-west, and to the Innuits of our Arctic Coast. The clever *litterateur* George Murray, of Montreal, has a contribution on the Greek Anthology, distinguished by his excellent critical spirit. The able archaeologist Rev. Dr. John Campbell, of Montreal, whose name of late has been so often on clerical tongues, gives an original decipherment of the tablet of the cross at Palenque and other hieroglyphic inscriptions of Central America. Mr. William Wood, of Quebec, gives us some interesting notes on the Folk-Songs of Canada. Dr. Bourinot gives elaborate copies and translations, with notes and illustrations, of a number of valuable documents which the Royal Society has had recently collected and copied in the Paris archives in relation to the early history of Prince Edward Island when it was in the possession of the French. The Dominion archivist, Dr. Douglas Brymner, at present in London, has a short history of the Jamaica Maroons, who were brought to Nova Scotia nearly a century ago, and subsequently transferred to Sierra Leone. The Canadian poet, Mr. Wilfrid Campbell, contributes a striking tragedy in five acts on Mordred, founded on the Arthurian legend of Mallory, the motive of which has been commended by Mr. Henry Irving and to which THE WEEK shall refer in a later issue. Dr. Patterson, of Nova Scotia, has notes on the dialect and folk-lore of the people of Newfoundland, and a sketch of the history and phenomena of Sable Island. Bishop Howley, of Newfoundland, has a paper on Cartier's voyages in the Gulf; Mr. de Lery Macdonald, of Montreal, on a national historical gallery; Mr. Chambers, of Quebec, on the philology of the Ouananiche, Canada's fresh water salmon, the spelling of which has perplexed the readers of its literature. Mr. Castell Hopkins offers an

historical review of the fiscal relations between Canada and the United States. This summary simply of the titles of the papers will suffice to show the comprehensive character of the programme in the second section, whose contributors comprise names of divines and scholars, from all parts of the Dominion. In the French literary section the contributors are not so numerous as in the English section, but they comprise a paper by the well known *litterateur*, Benjamin Sulte, on Morel de Ladurantaye, the successor of Tonty, the friend of La Salle; one by Mr. Dionne, of Quebec, on the Randots, intendants of New France; one by Mr. Joseph Royal, recently Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Territories, on the social question in Canada; one by the Abbe Gosselin on the foundation of Presentation, (Ogdensburgh); and one by Dr. J. Marmette, on French literature in Canada. A public address will also be delivered by Dr. Marchand, leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Quebec Legislature, on a tour of France during the second republic.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were present at many of the sectional meetings, and paid much attention to the reading of Dr. Bourinot's report at the opening proceedings. As this report contains suggestions and opinions of general interest to all students of literature, we make the following extracts:—

"From time to time we hear of the establishment of historical societies in different sections of the Dominion. For instance, we notice the organization in the City of Belleville of the Bay of Quinte Loyalist Historical Society, which ought to be of much value in preserving the records, written and oral, of a district which has peculiarly interesting associations of the early history of the Province of Ontario. Similar organizations now exist in other parts of Ontario, and the Royal Society will be glad to promote their objects by every means in its power. Its Transactions are always open to the publication of reports of their work from year to year. Such societies should make it their special duty to press on the municipal councils of their respective counties the value of stimulating the compilation and publication of local or county histories, which must always have a positive value for the historians of our general history, who have now to go through a great deal of research and drudgery which they would be saved in the way suggested. Such local histories, if compiled in a conscientious and patient spirit of enquiry, and with some enthusiasm for the subject, must always win the attention of those who have an interest in the past. The time has gone by when it can be said that Canadian history, as a rule, is devoid of deep interest. It is not always the subject, but rather its writers, that are responsible for an opinion which has no foundation in reality. From Red River and Mackinaw to Louisbourg there are to be found themes which may inspire men and women to imitate the example of Francis Parkman in history and Mary Hartwell in romance.

"In this connection reference may be made to the fact that for several years past there has been a movement, not very weighty so far, which has for its object the production of a short Canadian history which would be Dominion in its scope and interest, and written with that catholicity of view which could make it a text book in all the public schools of this country. At the recent meeting of the National Council

of Women, under the presidency of Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, the matter came up for discussion, and several ladies interested in the practical work of education, or in the intellectual development of the youth of this country, expressed views very divergent as to the practicability of the scheme. In referring now to the subject, the Council of the Royal Society may say that they have no other desire than to stimulate the efforts of all historical students in this country, and they would gladly welcome the publication of a work of moderate compass to meet what is probably a want in the public schools. One can quite understand that the short school histories which are used in some of the provinces are not always calculated to encourage a love for Canadian history or stimulate Canadian patriotism. But the very dullness of these scrappy, weary histories of itself is an evidence that history cannot be always produced to order, like so many circulars, to meet the demands of publishers or the necessities of an Educational Department. The writing of a good history, large or small, is not spontaneous, but the result of years of thorough research, and a deep love for the subject. Genius of any kind cannot be stimulated by mere prizes or lotteries, and it is safe to say that there are few famous writers who have entered on their career by answering the advertisements of this character. When we consider the excellent work that has already been accomplished, both in French and English Canada, so far as the writing of large histories is concerned, we may have every confidence that a small text book, vivid in style, correct in narration, and impartial in judgment, will sooner or later appear naturally, without any of that artificial stimulus which is rather calculated to develop mediocrity. The love of knowledge is a far more important factor with a true historical student like Parkman, Kingsford or Casgrain, or Sulte, than the incidental advantages offered by a Committee of Judges, not always selected with discretion or comprehension of their capacity for a decision. In the meantime, while this short school history is being developed in the mental crucible of some industrious student, it may be suggested that the persons at the head of our educational systems can advantageously avail themselves of the work of present historians. A work by Mr. Larned, the first volume of which has been issued with the title "A History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading," may give some of our educators an idea how the labours of Canadian historians can be well adapted to the educational requirements of the Dominion. Mr. Larned's plan, for instance, is to give a historical sketch of Canada compiled from the best writers on the subject. In this way, every author of note is made to contribute to the different epochs or periods of our history, and a most readable and valuable compilation prepared for the use of students. It represents the mental efforts of the most thorough and cultured historical writers, far more so assuredly than the inferior abstracts that are dignified among us by the name of school histories—abstracts too often destitute of any redeeming literary merit.

"A number of literary men, some of whom have no connection with the Royal Society, have asked the honorary secretary to direct the attention of the first and second sections of French and English literature to the advisability of having published in the Transactions a short critical review of

those Canadian books which have appeared in the course of the year, and are deserving of notice and encouragement. History, poetry, romance and political science, might be included in this review, which, of course, could be extended to pure science in exceptional cases. The object would be, not only to stimulate a literary taste by that judicious criticism which is rarely seen in the Canadian press. As things are now, we see either the indiscriminate eulogy of zealous friends or the wholesale advertising of publishers who appear to have literary editors in their employ, whose special duty is to insert notices in the press. In a country like this, where a newspaper's staff is fully occupied in editorial and other ordinary journalistic work, it is only at rare intervals, and in a very few journals, we can see or expect criticism of new books in the true sense of the term. Newspaper notices—for they cannot be dignified, as a rule, with the name of reviews—consequently only rank as so many advertisements. In this respect the press of Australia shows a superiority over that of Canada, speaking generally. If the Royal Society could induce some of its members to devote themselves to a judicious criticism of new Canadian books, which could be read at our own general meetings, it is quite possible a positive encouragement would be given to our nascent literature. At all events it would be an advantage to have published in this way what would be at least a yearly review of Canadian publications of merit, which would enable the world outside of Canada to have a fairly accurate idea of the progress of Canadian letters. The subject is, at all events, deserving of the earnest consideration of the two sections under whose purview it seems naturally to fall, and the Council, therefore, refers it to them for their report. It is suggested that each section should obtain the assistance of a member to take charge of the matter as editor, and to obtain the co-operation, when necessary, from time to time, of other members in his own section.

"The well-known historical writer, and a member of this Society, the Reverend Dr. Moses Harvey, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, has addressed a letter calling the attention of the Royal Society to an interesting event in the history of this continent and of the Dominion, the four hundredth anniversary of which will occur three years hence. It was on a June day in 1497, five years after Columbus had landed on an island of the West Indian Archipelago, and gave a new dominion to Spain, that a Venetian, John Cabot, in a Bristol ship manned by English sailors, sailed, under the authority of Henry VII. of England, to find a north-western passage to the riches of Asia, in emulation of the discovery of the great Genoese. Much controversy has gone on for years with respect to this memorable voyage, and the landfall actually made in north-eastern America by Cabot. For years this landfall was believed to be Bonavista, on the eastern coast of Newfoundland, but latterly a dispute has grown up between the advocates of Cape North in Cape Breton—as it is shown in a recent monograph on that island in the transactions of the Royal Society—and the advocates of some point between Cape Chudley and the headlands of Sandwich Bay on the coast of Labrador, as it is warmly argued by Henry Harrisse in his latest work. In 1498, another voyage was made by John Cabot to North America, also under English aus-

pices, and the best authority goes to show that the landfall on that occasion must be placed south of the first, and the exploration embraced the north-east coast of the present United States, as far as Florida. The famous map of 1500 of the Biscayan pilot, Juan de la Cosa—the first map we have of the New World—clearly gives evidence of these English discoveries in its delineation of a continuous coast line of a continent, which at the north contains a line of English flags, and the inscription, 'Mar descubierta por los Ingleses,' and a cape at the extreme north called 'Cauo de ynglaterra.' In the Ribero map of 1529 we have evidently also a reference to the English discoveries under Cabot, in the inscription applied to a northern country. The planisphere of 1541, ascribed to Sebastian Cabot, and discovered in 1843 in Germany, is the chief authority on which the advocates of Cape North as the landfall of 1497 mainly rest their claim, and it is difficult to set aside the strength of the claim while the authenticity of this map can be successfully or, at least, strongly defended, as it assuredly appears to be the case so far as the argument has advanced. But this is not the place for an examination of the respective contentions in a cartographical and historical controversy which waxes very warm at times, and makes Henry Harrisse an advocate rather than a judge. Its nature has already been reviewed in the monograph previously mentioned, as well as in an elaborate paper which is to be read by Dr. S. E. Dawson before the second section at the present meeting. One fact is quite certain, that it is to John Cabot must be given the honour of having first landed and planted the English flag on the eastern coast of North America, very probably at Cape North in the Dominion, or at some other point of British North America. The landfall may be in dispute, but not the fact of the discovery, under English auspices, of eastern North America and of the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. If Columbus was honoured in 1893, why should not John Cabot also receive his meed of recognition three years hence for his discovery which gave England her first claim to territory in the New World, of which the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland form so large and important a portion at the present day. The matter is submitted to the consideration of the Second Section of English Literature and History, as well as to that of the various historical societies of the provinces of the Dominion. Of the claims of John Cabot to honour from Englishmen and other colonial descendants in North America, Mr. Clements R. Markham, the eminent geographical scholar, says with truth: 'John Cabot was the great navigator, the explorer and pioneer, who lighted English enterprise across the Atlantic. He was second only to his illustrious countryman as a discoverer, and his place is in the forefront of the van of the long and glorious roll of leaders of English maritime exploration.'

"Since the last meeting of the Royal Society we have to record the death of one of its most honoured corresponding members, Francis Parkman, whose great series of historical narratives on 'France and England in North America,' a series of eleven volumes—has connected his name to all time with the annals of this continent, and especially with those of the Dominion of Canada. It was he who, above all other writers, first showed the world the pictur-

esque and even dramatic features of the two hundred and sixty years or so that had passed since DeMonts landed at St. Croix, and Champlain founded the ancient capital of Quebec. Dulness and Canadian history were too often considered synonymous, and with some reason, before the publication of his 'Pioneers of France in the New World' in 1865, or fourteen years after the appearance of his 'Conspiracy of the Pontiac,' the first being the beginning, and the latter the end of his series of narratives. The only meritorious history of the French regime that had appeared before 1865 was that by Garneau, a French Canadian; but its circulation was chiefly among his compatriots, and the imperfect and ill-done English translation that had been made did not tend to make him popular among English-speaking peoples. The first volume of Ferland's excellent work had been printed in 1861, and the second in 1865, but it is safe to say that very few persons, even in English Canada, are yet aware of its value. In the United States neither Garneau nor Ferland had any readers except a few historical students. But despite their undoubted merit, these French Canadian authors can never captivate the reader like Parkman with his power of vivid narrative, his charm of style, his enthusiasm for his subject, his remarkable descriptions of historic scenes and places, which are so many pen pictures of the past. To his great work, which he conceived in the commencement of his manhood, he devoted his life with a rare fidelity, industry, and patience that have never been surpassed in the domain of letters. The record of those years during which he laboured to accomplish what he made essentially his mission, is one of struggle—not with ill fortune, or straitened means, for he was happily well supplied with the world's goods—but with physical infirmity to which many other men of less indomitable purpose would have yielded. The story of his life should be often told to animate the youth of our country to patient effort, whatever may be their vocation in life. 'He who shall tell that story of noble endeavour,' writes one who knew him well, Justin Winsor, 'must carry him into the archives of Canada and France, and portray him peering with another's eyes. He must depict him in his wanderings over the length and breadth of a continent wherever a French adventurer had set foot. He must track him to many a spot hallowed by the sacrifice of a Jesuit. He must plod with him the portage where the burdened trader had hearkened for the lurking savage. He must stroll with him about the ground of ambush which had rung with the death-knell, and must survey the field or defile where the lilies of France had glimmered in the smoke of battle. He who would represent him truly must tell of that hardy courage which the assaults of pain could never lessen. He must describe the days and months, and even years when the light of the sun was intolerable. He must speak of the intervals, counted only by half-hours, when a secretary could read to him. Such were the obstacles which for more than fifty years gave his physicians little hope.' But nowhere in the pages of his narrative, so distinguished by bright, graphic description of spirits arising from that suffering which would have daunted so many men and infused a certain vein of melancholy into their writings. The genius of his intellect, stimulated by a deep enthusiasm for the work in hand, always carried him far above

all such considerations of bodily suffering. After all, in a sense, this same spirit of devotion to a worthy object was the influence that animated the Jesuit missionaries whose story he has so eloquently and accurately told. It was the same spirit of patience and endurance that gave La Salle the courage to overcome the difficulties which personal enemies as well as obdurate nature so long interposed as he followed in the path first broken by Joliet and Marquette, and at last found his way down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. A great book—and he certainly wrote such a book—is as much an event in history as the discovery of new land or river. Much happier, however, than the heroic men of whom he writes, he lived long enough to see the results of his laborious life crowned amid the plaudits of the world. It is an opinion now generally entertained that among the historians of the century not one can surpass him in clearness of style, in that charm which he throws around the lightest incident, in the fidelity with which he used the material he accumulated at such great expense and despite so many difficulties, in that disregard of all sentiment when it became a question of historic truth; but there is another and most conspicuous feature of his works which has certainly been never equalled by any historian, European or American, and that is his ability to bring before the reader the true natural characteristics of the scenes of his historic narrative. Every place which forms the subject of his history bears the impress of an enthusiastic student of nature in her varied guise, of one who knows every rock, stream, lake and mountain associated with the incidents he relates. Whilst everywhere in his narrative we see the skill and fidelity of a true historian, at the same time we can note the love of the man for the forest and river, for trees and flowers, and all the natural beauties of the country through which he leads us in the movement of his history; we recognize one who has studied Indian life in the wigwam and by camp fires, who is a poet by the power of his imagination and his depth of admiration for God's creations, who is a political student who can enter into the animating purpose and motives of ambitious priests and statesmen. A great historian must in these days combine all such qualities if he is to raise his work above the level of the mere annalist. It may be said that his love of the picturesque was at times too dominant in his narrative, but if that be a fault or weakness it is one which the general reader of history would wish to see more frequently imitated. At all events, it cannot be said that the imaginative or dramatic faculty of his nature ever led him to conceal the truth as he read it, or to attempt to deceive his readers by obscuring his facts so as to lead us to wrong inferences. He had the love of the Puritan for truth, and none of that narrowness or bigotry that too often made the Puritans unsafe teachers when it was a matter of opinion or feeling. Some of us, especially in French Canada, will differ from some of his opinions and conclusions on moot points of history, but no one will doubt his sincerity or desire to be honest. In paying this tribute to Francis Parkman the Royal Society of Canada, composed of English and French Canadians meeting on a common platform of historic study and investigation, need only add that its members recognize in him a writer of whom not simply New England, but Canada is equally proud, since literature knows no geographical or sectional

limits, and though we cannot claim him as one of ourselves by birth, we feel he became a Canadian by the theme he made his own, and by the elevation and interest he has given to the study of the history of this Dominion."

#### PARIS LETTER.

Two facts that are producing weighty consequences in France—the Mather eight hours work per day, and the adoption of that principle in the English dockyards, etc. Next, the English Parliament voting the eight hours' work for miners. The old school of political economists seem to have lost their heads in presence of these two facts. Unable to refute them, they simply express no confidence in them, and so destroy the last shred of confidence placed in their judgment. The up-to-date economists accept two principles, that the workman must receive a wage to enable him to live at least as a human being, and to secure this, salaries must fix the price of commodities, and not *vice versa*. The thoroughly democratic character of the English Chancellor's budget has created much confusion among the advocates of the continuance of the clumsy and unsystematic revenue system existing in France, by stimulating public opinion to adopt the income tax, graduated either in poundage or basis of assessment. Indeed France has no other way out of her financial difficulties but that. The Budget Commission unanimously admits she is not rich enough to support the strain of 100 million frs. of new expenses yearly, and that no fresh loan is to be thought of; it said, economy and reforms must be practised; but that cuckoo cry is as old as the cuckoo itself, and as safe for politicians. Acts are wanting, not words, and all that can be gathered consists of words, unsupported statements, and denying what cannot be controverted. This is the great difference between the Gaul and the Saxon. The *Temps* tearfully laments, that the inquisitorial character of an income tax, with all its vexations, would produce next to a revolution; but in other countries, England and the United States, where people are as jealous of their privacy as in France, no revolutionary marches are undertaken, no "Coxeyism" apprehended. "Try it on," it was by essaying the income tax that Sir Robert Peel saddled the nation with the impost; with him the provisional was the permanent.

The unfortunate young man, Emile Henry, condemned to death—aged but 22—as the type of the perfect anarchist, creates pity; not for his punishment—slaying eight persons, wounding several for life, and regretting he could not do more, are not pleas for mercy—but rather what he might have become had he kept straight. He believed in nothing, so had nothing to guide him. He wanted to make his own laws, and to remake society, if relics of it were left, after his own fashion. He avows, he struck at society's heart, and accepts the result that it strike—off his head. But society at which he fulminates did no wrong to him; on the contrary, it bestowed on him many favors. Being a remarkably intelligent youth, he quickly made his way at school; was accorded an excellent sizarship, by means of which he could, had he continued to study, have entered the Polytechnic School, and then he had a military career all opened to him, and where he was certain, by his natural gifts, to rise. Instead, he preferred to read hare-brained literature

even then he obtained a clerkship in a merchant's office at 125f. a month, when thousands are glad to receive an 80f. salary. But he was seduced by socialism and soon glided down to anarchism—that other "blood and iron" policy for making the world march. He positively on his trial created a feeling of fear by his intense *sang froid*, apropos replies, and was politeness itself in his avowals of barbarism. What wasted intellectual wealth and strength. He read his defence; apart from its atrocious and incoherent doctrines, as a mere literary composition, it was very clear. Many in the court cried, as did even one of the witnesses whom his bomb, thrown in the Cafe Terminus, maimed for life, from forty wounds inflicted. His counsel, whom he thanked, but repudiated, received from the body of the court a white carnation, with the request to hand it to the prisoner. Such was done, as the flower was said to have come from his mother. No such thing; it was from the anarchists—their last tribute to their "latest martyr," white being their colours. Flowers were strewn on Nero's tomb.

The fete of Joan of Arc appears already to divide Frenchmen. The clergy are accused of farming the Maid, so that she becomes ecclesiastical, instead of national property, hence why the Republicans keep aloof. The Senate is not favorable to having an annual holiday to fete the memory of Jeanne, when men of all parties could, for twenty-four hours, unite in the common bonds of patriotism. The Senators think that for a fete—one in ten years—the International Exhibition decade would suffice. And that is where the matter rests. It may be taken as certain, that when Jeanne has achieved all the measures for her canonization, and will be formally placed in the calendar of Saints, she will be about as much remembered as Saint Genevieve.

The Second Picture Show, confined to national artists, has opened in the Palace of Industry; its rival on the Champs de Mars, and the most artistic, was founded to allow foreign artists to show, and the result is that they are rapidly eclipsing the French painters. The decadence of French Art is more manifest still in the Picture Show in the Champs Elysees. Art has been sacrificed to haste and commercialism; painters show themselves more and more averse to study their best and greatest of books, that of nature. Ary Renan, son of Ernest Renan, avows that French Art has drifted into twilightism. There are not a dozen good paintings in the whole 1,500 carpeting the walls. This will explain why the real lovers of art postpone their visits till the jury has awarded the prizes, and thus separate for them the wheat from the chaff.

Despite all the pressure brought to bear upon him, Admiral Vallon maintains his criticisms on the *Magenta* battle ship, the best the French possess; she is qualified to capsize, or to so show her keel as to explode her boilers. Deputy Lockroy maintains the Toulon arsenal could not turn out to-morrow more than five torpedo boats capable of fighting. He is equally pessimist about France generally; the war of 1870-71, despite all her sacrifices to regain her position, has placed France in a back seat, and that she is apparently destined to occupy for many a long day. She suffers because she has no more the prestige of strength, of power as formerly. The world no longer looks to her lead, initiative, or originality; in litera-

ture, thought, science, eye art, Germany and England are the shrines preferred; the same as in trade, industry, and commerce, the English, Germans, and Americans cut out France. The latter, says Mr. Lockroy, fears to take any step forward of her own, till she has first consulted the two countries in question—not a bad proceeding, since the others do not hesitate to have a peep at what France is doing. France has a trump card to throw, if she would only try it; take the lead of inviting European nations to disarm; she might not, and likely would not succeed, but she would not the less reap all the glory and honour—and the moral strength of the victory.

The public stands amazed at the audacity of many robberies committed in Paris, and of the thorough knowledge the thieves display of the houses and apartments they visit and loot. The rogues must work in with some people belonging to the houses. The police have helped to solve the riddle. A servant girl obtains a place, and without difficulty, since certificates of character are not at all reliable. She is a female thief. She takes a cast of all the necessary keys in wax; her pals make false keys, since some of them are locksmiths; they are fitted and a label attached to each indicating to what lock it refers. The servant then feigns to fall sick, obtains admission to an hospital for a few days, when her mistress and the family have gone to the country. The thieves break through and steal, taking advantage, it is concluded, of the maid's absence, who has established her alibi. The police have just exposed that trick.

Woman's rights pushed to the extreme. Widow Radot re-married in 1891, and brought as a fortune 40,000 fr. in shares. After the wedding the husband talked a little about business; he was a tavern-keeper. His wife informed him that she was a member of the Woman's Rights Association and intended to dispose of her fortune as she pleased. He discovered that his wife had raised a loan on the shares at the Bank of France. He offered to recoup the Bank the loan and to possess the values; this the Bank would not do, unless in presence of the wife and she giving a receipt for them. In an action for recovery by the husband, the Bank has been cast and with costs.

Baron d'Hannez, who was Minister of Marine in the Polignac Ministry, and who prepared the expedition to Algiers, gives a curious description of the Cabinet Councils that were held under the Presidency of the King every Sunday and Wednesday. Much time was devoted to discussing how a letter from His Majesty to another sovereign was to be folded and sealed. During ordinary discussions, Ministers occupied themselves oddly. The King cut up sheets of papers into various forms and brought the bits ever away with him. The Duc d'Angouleme, the Dauphin who married Marie Antoinette's daughter, turned over the pages of a military almanac. "What I'm going to say is perhaps foolish, but never mind it," was always his preface to an observation. M. de Polignac and others drew pen and ink sketches; M. de Chabrol bored or drilled holes in sticks of sealing wax, after piercing his hand. One Minister generally fell asleep, when the King placed his snuff-box before him and roused him up by asking for a pinch. The Baron relates how he treated the English ambassador, Lord Stuart, who protested against the invasion of Algeria; telling his lordship that France

laughed at England's threat, "that the time was past when England could dictate her laws to Europe," and that her "influence, based on her ships and her wealth, was now played out." His lordship, adds the Baron, was reduced to silence. That part of the memoirs must have been written not sixty years ago, but yesterday; proof that the old Adam still survives. The English had already chastized, by Admiral Blake, a Dey of Algiers for insolence, and had no cause to complain of France doing the same. Besides, the internal state of France did not permit of any such tall talk; the French were not elated at their great victory, that Europe rejoiced over. They were more occupied with the expulsion of Charles X, which they effected within a month after the victory.

The Socialists in the Chamber, sixty in number and admirably organized, could not demand that Anarchist Henry be pardoned, so they organized a discussion, on a question raised by their very clever leader, M. Jaures, condemning the capitalists, as Baron de Rothschild and the Duchesse d'Uzes, for supplying funds to the anarchists in order to buy off their hate. Of course no one believes this; it was all for the gallery. Not quite so romantic was the charge against the religious journals employing clergymen to write anarchist articles. M. de Mun and his Christian Socialism—and who is viewed as the lay representative of the Vatican in France—was roughly handled. M. Casimir-Perier, with one of his short and incisive speeches, replied that the Cabinet intended to govern according to its own ideas, and not those of either the extreme Monarchists or extreme Republicans. It is the consciousness of that energetic resolution or character that has pricked the May Day manifestation bubble. The day was fine, so many went to the country. And those operatives compelled not to work, by reason of the factories closing, did not look quite contented. A few ephemeral sheets were published, full of fustian and written in the high-falutin' style intended to crack up the stalwarts. But no one appeared to buy them, still less to read them. There is no marrow, no back-bone, nothing practical in all these reiterated diatribes. Abusing society becomes just as insipid as covering it with fulsomeness. The most perfect calm reigned in Paris and in the provinces, and there was no difference in the appearance of the city from any other day. The public viewed the whole affair with indifference. Is it the beginning of the end? The deputations of five persons for each trade in the annex reception hall of the Chamber merely demanded eight hours a day work, a minimum rate of wage, no under cutting of salaries, and pensions for old age. These propositions are not nowadays terrible. But why lose a day's—even minimum—wage to ask all that?

M. Clemenceau is an alarmist. He discovers the population of France to be dying out, and asks, *urbi et orbi*, how to stay the evil. The *Gazette de Francfort* replies, "Get rid of the Republic!" Horror! Z.

Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertions. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.—Emerson.

THE DYING MAN.

Thro' waving woods when fields were green  
 And birds were singing gay,  
 And all thro'out the land was seen  
 The flowery pomp of May,  
 A young man wander'd sad and slow;  
 His face spoke of a deepening woe  
 That darken'd all his way.  
 To him the singing of the birds  
 Was sadder than all human words.

"Oh, not for me the joy of spring!"  
 Thus spoke he with a sigh—  
 "So young, so very young, and yet  
 They say that I must die;  
 That ere the autumn chill and drear  
 Hath wasted to another year,  
 I in my grave shall lie.  
 Alas! 'tis hard, so hard, to go  
 And leave the sun and stars below.

"Tears, tears—I often feel them swell  
 With sudden burst of heart.  
 O earth, we never know so well  
 We love, till we must part.  
 I love the leaf, the brook, the grass,  
 The bee, the bud, the bird—alas,  
 That love should sear and smart!  
 Ah, how I love each little thing  
 Because I shall not see the spring!"

"And more I love as days go by.  
 To-day my faltering foot  
 Would scorn to crush the wounded fly  
 Or bruise the helpless root.  
 For I must die the same as they,  
 And how could I, then, stoop to slay?  
 How pluck the unripe fruit?  
 For oft I wring my hands and cry,  
 Because, unripe, myself must die.

"I know they say that better things  
 Await on high the just—  
 Joy welling up from purer springs  
 All undetil'd by dust.  
 But still I love earth's lake and wood,  
 And God himself pronounc'd them good.  
 Besides, I laid my trust  
 In dreams I wove ere sickness came,  
 Glad dreams of love, and life, and fame.

"Well, p'rhaps 'tis best for God is just;  
 But oh, 'tis hard to know  
 That I must bid farewell, in dust  
 To lay this body low;  
 And hear no more the breeze at noon,  
 The nightingale beneath the moon,  
 Or see the roses blow.  
 Dear God, forgive this rebel's sigh,  
 For it is hard, so hard, to die!"

The summer pass'd; the singing birds  
 Sang wild 'neath southern skies;  
 But hectic flush and faltering words  
 Had mark'd death's sacrifice.  
 The wasted form grew weaker fast,  
 They laid him 'neath bare boughs at last,  
 'Mid autumn's tears and sighs.  
 Ah, when the birds came back again  
 He did not hear their joyous strain.  
 University College. JAS. A. TUCKER.

WITCHCRAFT.

In Longfellow's "Evangeline" he describes the old notary public as a man who  
 . . . was beloved by all, but most of all  
 by the children,  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garon in the  
 forest,  
 And of the goblin that came in the night to  
 water the horses,  
 And of the white Letiche, the ghost of a child  
 who unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the  
 chambers of children;  
 And how on Christmas eve, the oxen talked  
 in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut  
 up in a nutshell,  
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved  
 clover and horse shoes,  
 And whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the  
 village."

These lines give us some idea of the superstitious beliefs held by the simple-minded French dwellers in Acadia. But they are very insignificant remains of what their ancestors taught in the old land over the sea. English-speaking Canadians of to-day have advanced still farther. We smile at some of their traditions, mentioned in Longfellow's lines, but in our most enlightened communities traces are yet to be found of obsolete and discredited superstitions. So completely have we shaken off the grosser errors, that we can scarcely credit the stories of delusions our fathers cherished three centuries ago.

This age is essentially one of progress. We are fond of congratulating ourselves on the great advances made in science, and the mechanical arts during the present century. To take a single example, look at the improved means of travel and communication we enjoy; the application of steam and electricity to the needs of modern life has worked wonders. The railway train has superseded the stage coach, and the telegraph line has taken the place of the messenger on horseback. Every field of industry has left the thrill of a new life. Our whole material world has undergone a mighty revolution. But another great change has also come over us, perhaps not so palpable, but not less significant nor desirable than the one just noted. The old superstitions, as they existed in the last century, have almost entirely disappeared. And this change in thought is not so dissociated from the concurrent change in outward conditions as might at first be imagined. In early times the energies were directed more to imagination than practice. But the pursuit and achievements of science during late years have turned men's minds to practical affairs. We are not now content to account for natural phenomena or anything else by reference to time-honored traditions. We have become extremely critical, and any theory that is adduced without a strong array of arguments and proofs finds small approval. Education and the spread of gospel teaching, against which superstition can no more stand than darkness before the rising sun, have also lent their beneficent aid in overthrowing this giant outgrowth of mediæval ignorance. But when we consider the long period of years during which the great fabric of superstition was reared, and the tenacity with which men cling to these old traditions, learned in childhood, it is a matter of no small wonder that we are now as free from their trammels as we are. Few men can be found to-day with half the credulity of even the learned of the Stuart period. But we cannot possibly appreciate this change without examining the state of things in earlier times.

Superstition is a very comprehensive term. It would be impossible in narrow limits to describe it in all its phases, but for the purpose of this article, to show the spirit of the age in reference to it, a consideration of one particular form will be quite sufficient. Within the memory of men still living, belief in the possibility of witchcraft was rather the rule than the exception. But we must go back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to find this superstition at its height. Then it was accepted on all sides as a fact indisputable. Everyone believed in witches, the king and court, clergy, lawyers, and scholars, as well as the common people, avoided them, dreaded their baneful power, and rejoiced in their

execution. Even Lord Bacon admitted their possibility.

Many passages of Scripture were believed to prove the existence of witches, and to justify the harsh measures adopted for their suppression. James I., in his work on "Demonology," stated his conviction that in permitting a witch to live, they committed "odious treason against God," doubtless having in mind Ex. 22. 18, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Also Lev. 19. 32, "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them;" Deut. 18. 10-11, "There shall not be found among you anyone that causeth his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a necromancer;" and the well-known story of the Witch of Endor. In the new Testament, however, new light is given on the subject. Paul includes "witchcraft" in a long category of the "fruits of the flesh." We may, therefore, believe that the sin consisted, not in the possession of supernatural powers, born in the individual, but rather the claim of possessing such powers. The case of Simon of Samaria will serve as a good illustration. In Acts 8. 9, we read of him that "he bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one." And when many of the people believed and were baptized, they were soon followed by Simon, wondering at the miracles performed by Philip, and certainly envying him the power. At last his jealousy overcame him, and he offered the apostles money with the impious request, "Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost." He was immediately met with the stern rebuke of Peter, "Thy money perish with thee . . . thy heart is not right in the sight of God." At a later time, when Paul preached to the Ephesians, "many of them also, which used curious arts, brought their books together and burned them in the sight of all men; and they counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." Thus the spirit of Christianity from the beginning has been opposed to all such practices. But through ignorance and false teaching, abuses crept into men's minds on this question as on many others. The church itself taught the existence of witches, and they soon became in the popular opinion an undoubted fact.

If we accept this definition of witchcraft as reasonable, it will readily be seen that only a step lay between considering witches as those who possessed unearthly powers, and imputing such powers to others who might be expected to deny them for fear of the penalty. If some evil came upon a family or village, such as an epidemic of disease, frequently a witch would be found and held accountable for the whole trouble. Perhaps some defenceless old woman, living alone, whose eccentric habits gave evidence of her certain guilt, would suffer death at the stake, and the villagers would once more breathe free'y. The witches were believed to have the power of inflicting any scourge on whomsoever they chose to exercise their wrath. They consulted in these dread undertakings with their familiars. Every witch had a familiar spirit among the lower animals, and besides had a power of changing into an animal at will. Two of Shakespeare's "weird sisters" in "Macbeth" were under the power of a toad and fox respec-

tively—paddock and graymalkin. These "weird sisters" may give us some idea of the powers and qualities assigned to such beings by the people. In the "Tales of a Grandfather" these witches of Macbeth are treated as if corresponding exactly to those of popular belief. But Shakespeare has endowed these creatures with much higher powers than belonged to the commoner old hags of vulgar superstition, such, for instance, as that of being able to vanish into the air. But the general idea was perfectly intelligible to the people, or the poet never would have used it. Whatever else may be thought of these old superstitions, this may be said in their favor, that they have greatly enriched and beautified much of our literature. The Elizabethan writers all made use of this means, and there are very few poetical works of that period which do not contain some reference to witches, fairies, or brownies, or some other creatures of the imagination. Shakespeare was no exception. He clearly recognized the utility of these aids in developing the plots of his dramas. We could almost as easily understand "Hamlet with Hamlet left out," as we could if we omitted the ghost of Hamlet's father. The "Tempest" without "Ariel" would lose one of its greatest charms. And the prince of all fairy tales, "Midsummer Night's Dream," would be very tame indeed without that playful little sprite and mischief-maker "Puck." And so it is in "Macbeth" into which the dramatist has introduced a refined and etherialized kind of witches. They are essential to the drama, inciting to crime by their oracular prophecies, urging on the fearful ones to deeds of blood, encouraging by false promises, and finally dragging down their victims to a tragic death. We meet them in the first scene of the drama in surroundings eminently appropriate to their nature and designs; a blasted heath, foul, foggy air, thunder and lightning. A short time after, Macbeth is crossing the heath in company with his colleague Banquo, when they are suddenly confronted by these "weird sisters." Banquo startled, exclaims to his friend:

"What are these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants of earth,  
And yet are on't?"

Then turning toward the witches he demands:

"Live you or are you aught  
That man may question?  
You seem to understand me by each at once  
Her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so."

After some strange predictions and salutations, the witches suddenly disappear, and Banquo remarks.

"The earth has bubbles as the water has  
And these are of them: Whither are they  
vanished?"

Macbeth replies:

"Into the air, and what seemed corporal  
melted,  
As breath into the wind."

It is not our place here to comment on the way these creatures affected the whole plot of the drama. Suffice it to say that the people believed implicitly in the entire reasonableness of the story. Whether the poet believed in it is quite another question. His purpose here, of course, is a purely artistic one.

The laws against witches, at that time, were particularly severe. Death was the penalty, but that was not all. The most excruciating torture was inflicted in order to wring from the poor victims a confession of their guilt. And, strange as it may appear, many persons acknowledged crimes which it was quite impossible they could ever have committed. This may have been, as one has suggested, to escape further torture and suffer death rather than live any longer under the odious imputation of witchcraft. The most unjust and inhuman efforts were made to secure the conviction of accused witches. Persons unqualified to testify in ordinary trials were thought quite competent to give evidence against them. Women, and even children, were not debarred, though their testimony was generally considered worthless. In the famous Lancashire case of 1634, no less than seventeen witches were condemned on the evidence of a single boy. Such a dread of these unfortunates seems to have existed in all minds, that it was considered necessary for public safety, that anyone should be quickly removed on whom rested even the slightest suspicion. As a result of this feeling a yearly average of five hundred executions of witches took place during the reign of James I., when the population of England was but a fraction of what it is now. Insane asylums were then unknown, and many suffered death for witchcraft who would now be looked upon as fit subjects for such institutions. These included not only women but sometimes men also. During the Wars of the Roses, charges of witchcraft were frequently made for political purposes against persons of high degree. Among others the Duchess of Gloucester and Jane Shore were accused, and even Edward IV. and his queen did not escape.

To show what the legislators of that time thought about this question we might quote from an Act passed in James' reign, partly, it is said, out of respect for the sentiments of the king who had made a special study of the subject, and had formed some very decided views on it. Stripped of its legal phraseology, the enactment was as follows:—If any person should use any invocation of an evil spirit or consult, employ, entertain, feed or reward such spirit, or should take any dead body or part thereof to be used in witchcraft to the injury of another person, such offender was declared a felon. This law remained on the statute books until 1736. Many hundreds were convicted under its provisions, and the record of state trials for the period contains many interesting reports of proceedings.

Perhaps the most noteworthy of these was the famous witch trial in Suffolk in 1664; not because the circumstances were more startling than in many other cases, but on account of the fact that two great names were associated with it. Sir Matthew Hale was the presiding judge; Sir Thomas Browne was the medical expert witness. The case was briefly as follows:—Two widows had had some trouble with a neighboring family. The children of this family shortly after took ill and were seized with violent fits and convulsions. During these spells, it was claimed the children threw up crooked pins, and even small nails. When they were reading they could not pronounce the sacred names of "Jesus" or "Lord," but when they came to the words "Satan" and "devil" they cried out "This bites, but makes me speak it right well." There were some other details, but they are of little moment. Sir Thomas Browne swore that

the fits were quite natural, but aggravated by the devil acting in league with the witches. Experiments with the children in court were very unsatisfactory and some spectators considered them impostors. The learned judge, in summing up the case, said the possibility, and actual existence of witches was undoubted, the Scriptures affirmed it, and nations in their wisdom had provided laws against them. Why this long argument to prove the existence of witches, if his lordship himself had no doubts about it? Judges nowadays in sentencing murderers do not commence by proving the possibility of murder! A very peculiar feature of this case was that immediately after the trial the children are said to have recovered.

But the most remarkable story of witchcraft, strange to say, had its scene of action on this continent: and not only so, but it occurred in the most enlightened and cultured part of the New World—the State of Massachusetts.\* The early settlers of the Old Bay State had brought with them from the Old Land all the ancient traditions of their fathers. Everything in their new home tended to keep alive and active all the superstition they possessed; the wild, uncultivated land inhabited only by red men, the dense forest filled with howling wolves and bears, and all the rude and savage surroundings in which they founded their little colony. But it must be said to their credit that very little of the old world barbarity to suspected witches had crossed the sea. The belief, however, still lay dormant in the minds of the colonists, and an unfortunate accident if it may be so termed, all at once fanned the spark into a flame. Mr. Paris, a minister of the gospel, living at Salem, had a daughter and niece fall ill. The physicians failing to understand the case, suggested that the young ladies must have been bewitched. Mr. Paris lost no time, and spared no pains to discover the guilty party. Suspicion soon pointed to three old women who were promptly arraigned and convicted. From this small beginning the fever spread with great rapidity until the whole State was seized with the mania for ferreting out and securing the conviction of witches. Nobody was safe. Men suspected their dearest friends and nearest neighbors. The prisons were filled with those on whom the dread charge was laid. The minister of Falmouth was hanged by his fellow-citizens. Even near relatives of the Governor were not free from denunciation. From the highest to the lowest, all were in danger of their lives during that awfully eventful year of 1692. In one place, even a dog was solemnly put to death for alleged complicity in some nefarious plot. But the suddenness with which the panic subsided was not less wonderful than the way in which it had commenced. A general reaction and revulsion of feeling set in over the whole State. The Governor pardoned all prisoners confined on the charge of witchcraft. Prosecutions ceased at once. Everyone condemned the policy that had been followed. A fast was proclaimed that they might beg the forgiveness of God for the errors of His people "in a late tragedy raised by Satan and his instruments." The Salem jury prayed that God would pardon them for the terrible act they had performed under a "strong and general delusion." In a Boston church a judge publicly confessed the guilt which he felt rested upon his shoulders. Mr. Paris made an open acknowledgment of his sin, but

\*See Mackenzie's History, "America."

popular opinion was so strong against him that he was compelled to quit the town a broken-hearted man.

It was not until twenty years after this that the last witch trial took place in England. Then solitary men, here and there, sprang up who began to preach, and write, and argue against such an unreasonable belief. The tide began to turn, and now the last vestige of witchcraft, as it existed two centuries ago, has disappeared. So it has been with all great reforms of whatever kind that have advanced with right and justice on their side. So it will ever be. "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

London, Ont.

JOHN M. GUNN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—That the school question is ever with us and will not down, is a plain proof that we have not yet reached a solution of the problem regarding the relation in which the public schools should stand toward religion. In still further discussing that subject in the columns of a journal, with whose utterances on this question we do not agree, we desire to be understood as not antagonizing the editorial position, or as endeavouring to prolong a controversy. On two points we are thoroughly at one, in an endeavour to find a true basis of settlement, and in that endeavour to maintain a sympathetic regard for diversity of position. A sentence in the editorial paragraph of April 20th, appears moreover to furnish a still further point of agreement: "While we deem the teaching of religion in the public schools impracticable, we are far from thinking it undesirable. The difference is obvious." If we do not read into these lines our own feelings, but take them for their face value, we have a real starting point; the desirability of religious teaching in the public schools. In this case our Roman Catholic friends are right in determining that this desirable course should be followed, our contention with them is, therefore, not in the insistence that religious instruction should be given, but in the determination that *their* religion should be taught. Is not this difference also obvious? But unfortunately that italicised word has force with all the denominations, and the impracticability of attaining to the desirable lies in the too manifest fact that unless *their* religion is taught, or at least that their sectarian lines be not undermined, they would the rather have an irreligious system maintained. We do not desire to exaggerate or misconstrue, but the impracticability of having religious instruction in the schools is most surely to be found in *our* Christianity which endeavours to give glory to God by quietly enduring division rather than peace upon the earth among men of good will. Therefore, as a Christian man, striving to realize the Christlike Christianity, I am not content to leave the desirable as among the impracticables, or in *laissez faire* to await its evolution; what is truly desirable in the moral well-being of the rising race, Christianity, having the faith of its founder, cannot leave forever among the impossibilities of life.

It may be well at this stage to attempt a definition on which to build our further consideration of this important subject. What do we mean by religion? Many definitions have been given, all must be subject to the limitation of language, and

no language can exactly bound the practical-ly infinite. Still some starting point must be made, and we propose as the best we have yet seen one taken from a writer in the Schaff Herod Encyclopaedia: "Religion means the conscious relation between man and God, and the expression of that relation in human conduct." As that last expression, "human conduct," covers ritual as well as general conversation, for the purpose immediately before us we would limit these words to what are generally known as the moral relations of life. In this connection we may recall a position taken in a former communication, that elementary education is all that the public school can be called upon to give, and there is elementary religious instruction; and that elementary religion we would find not in such symbols as even the creed known as the Apostles, simple as that may appear in the sight of evangelical theology, but in the two commandments on which Jesus said hang all the law and the prophets; in such conscious relation to God as the Lord's Prayer expresses; and in the practical relation to human conduct, as we find it set forth in what is known as the Sermon on the Mount. The only possible danger to our isms in such instruction would be the implanting of the truth that "the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind." THE WEEK disavows having "said anything to indicate that religion and true morality can be divorced," though it does "maintain that they can be and must be clearly distinguished;" and it has instanced such cases as those of Mr. J. S. Mills and Mr Herbert Spencer, who, agnostic in faith, maintain an exalted moral character. The relevancy of their example is utterly denied. Their morality grew in an atmosphere filled with the aroma of Christianity which their moral consciousness separated from the accretions that had been gathered. They accepted Christian morality, rejecting the dogma of the schools. I am not concerned in justifying their position, but in drawing attention to the obvious truth that the moral excellence they as agnostics in a Christian land manifested is one thing, the morality which sprang out from an agnostic soil is altogether another, and the result of their agnosticism if accepted by the present and incoming generation may well cause us to pause and reflect. Their morality grew in Christian soil, let it find an agnostic home and we should find, do find, another line of ethics, that of anarchy.

We would, in the sentence last quoted from these editorial columns, change the position of the adjective "true," and then make use of it in submitting a summary of what we may call either axiomatic or admitted propositions with what appears to us necessary deductions: The teaching of religion in our public schools is desirable inasmuch as it is not possible to divorce morality from true religion. As such teaching confessedly should be elementary, it is sufficient to define religion in this connection as the conscious relation of man to God, and the expression of that relation in our moral conduct towards our fellow-men. That in the ethical precepts of Jesus, and in the prayer which He has taught us, we have such teaching as will afford that which is confessedly desirable, and if, as we fear is at present the case, our denominationalism stands in the way of that desirable end, to that extent denominationalism is unfaithful to its Christian trust, and is bound in all honour to so amend its relations as to secure

in a confessedly Christian land to its youth the inculcation of such religious principles as will give morality a firm basis on which to rest.

In concluding these lines we would repeat what we formerly stated, that the man or woman who cannot express in moral conduct to his or her pupils the consciousness of relation to God, is not fit to be entrusted with the education of our youth. We do not establish public schools to evolve mere linguists, calculating machines, examination prigs, but manly men and womanly women, fitted to be more than ward politicians or parlour beauties, to be in truth the worthy heritors of as fair a heritage as God has to give on this earth of labour and beauty, our bright Canadian land.

JOHN BURTON.

MEMOIRS OF CHANCELLOR PASQUIER.—II.\*

This is the second instalment of a work the first of which was noticed in these columns some months past. Its perusal only deepens our interest and our longing as we still look for more. There is a charming naivette in these Memoirs which reminds us somewhat of the essays of Montaigne, with something of the same dignified man-of-the-world honour. Like to the Vicar of Bray, our author maintained position through the violent political changes of Revolution, Consulate, Empire and Monarchy; unlike the Vicar, however, his policy appears as that of the patriot, true ever to his beloved France, which to him was more than dynasty. Our last review left him under the Empire, Prefect of the Seine. In this responsible position he faithfully served Napoleon, winning deservedly his confidence, till the straits to which the country had been reduced in presence of an exasperated and determined continent imperatively demanded the abdication of the commander who had led the army of France on from victory to victory, and in her name had dictated terms of peace to the proudest rulers of European empires. Pasquier's sympathies were undoubtedly with the Monarchy, but Napoleon receives full justice at his hands, and he takes, pardonably, a Frenchman's pride in viewing "this powerful sovereign in the toils of adversity, this glorious soldier bearing up against the buffets of fortune," as after the disastrous retreat from Russia with the feeble remnants of his army he still kept the field, and reduced the allied hosts "to such a state of hesitation that, repulsed ten times, they were on the point of beginning a retrograde movement and allowing victory to slip past them." The Chancellor does not "venture upon a narrative of that campaign" of 1814, but "can at least say that it will live in history as an admirable and precious monument of what resources military science and skill can present, in order to enable a handful of brave men to resist the combined efforts of the greatest masses. Impartial judges will ever see in it one of the finest claims to glory of the French army." The italics are ours, as indicative of the national spirit, and taken in connection with another statement made in these interesting reminiscences, calls to mind a sentence of F. W. Robertson's, of Brighton, wherein, describing the commencement of the Trafalgar battle, he speaks of the French cry of glory being met by the sterner Bri-

\*Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. 1812-14. Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

tish cry of duty. We are not apologists for all that Britain has done in her wondrous and aggressive career, but we, too, take some pride in reading that when in the critical times covered by these Memoirs Great Britain was concluding her treaty with Sweden, and therein ceded to the latter power the island of Guadeloupe, the cession was accompanied with the stipulation that the slave-trade should be prohibited in that colony. "This stipulation," writes M. Pasquier, "recorded in a treaty bearing on interests of a totally different nature, and under such circumstances, shows the importance set by England on the abolition of this trade and her persistency in pursuing this policy."

This second volume deals with the period of the unfortunate Russian campaign, and the eventual abdication of the Emperor, ushering in the reign of Louis XVIII., whose great mistake in not considering sympathetically the army had much to do with the hundred days and Waterloo. We read of the manifest fears of the French people as to the result of the invasion of Russia, of the exhaustion of the nation by the drain of incessant war; and we can fully understand the honest confession, "France could no longer meet the demand. This is the truth, the exact truth, and such is the secret and the explanation of all that has since occurred. . . . I do not think that the like was ever experienced in any other country, and never did any other nation allow itself to be led so willingly in masses to slaughter." We need not wonder that when peace appeared possible and only the Emperor's proud will prevented, that we read, "He sacrificed to the embarrassments of his own situation, to the difficulty of finding himself alone, after the crumbling away of his ambitious plans, face to face with a nation which had done every thing for him, and which might with some show of justice exact of him an account of all the moneys he had squandered, of all the blood he had shed in his mad undertakings." The Napoleonic career is still one of the wonders of history, and the resources of France and of the French people a marvel of national vitality and spirit. Like to our author, at one time we stand before that powerful personality with wonder and with admiration; great even in his fall, perhaps never greater; another moment we shudder at the desolation and the ruin which accompanied his marches. As the Prefect with his companions, on their way to Bondy with the articles of capitulation, passed over the battlefield, he muses, "What a brutal contrast it afforded with all which for fifteen years past had dazzled our imaginations! Victories, glory, power, all had vanished!"

We make no pretensions to criticizing the details of history as depicted in these charming Memoirs. M. Pasquier was nearer the centre than any of us can be; some slight vanity occasionally appears in the pages, just enough to give flavor to the personality; nor have we attempted an epitome which would simply spoil the story. There is bright recreation as well as instruction in the reading and a cheery companionship as one journeys along the way of some of the most pregnant years of this century's events in company with as calm and candid a judgment as that of Chancellor Pasquier.

Our sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appear. Towards our evening how great and monstrous they are.  
—Sir J. Suckling.

## ART NOTES.

The veteran French sculptors are passing away. The death of Cavelier not long ago has just been followed by that of Jacques Leonard Maillet, at the age of seventy-two. He took the *Prix de Rome* nearly fifty years ago, when he was twenty-four. He is represented at the Luxembourg by two works.

There seems considerable probability that the great building of the Paris International Exhibition of 1900 will be erected from the designs which Hector Horeau made for the British Exhibition of 1851—the first of the kind—and which was not adopted owing to its "impracticable scale." What was impracticable then appears likely to be just right now, and will possibly cover the Champ de Mars, with the exception of the space devoted to the Eiffel Tower.

It was estimated that the sales of pictures at the exhibition of the Water-Color Society, just closed in New York, would reach the sum of \$72,000, which would not have been a large amount, but, considering the times, was as much as could be expected. The receipts, however, fall a little short of that sum. Admissions were excellent. On Washington's Birthday 1,200 people visited the galleries, although many other exhibitions, large and small, claimed the attention of the public.

At the time of writing it is expected that the Arts and Crafts Exhibition now in preparation, will open in Hamilton on the 24th of May. A deputation of two has visited our city and arranged for a contribution of about 40 of the best pictures at the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, and along with these will be loans of valuable works from several private collections in Hamilton. A number of local artists will also exhibit and there will be specimens of architectural drawing, wood-carving, pottery, photography and other sorts of art craftsmanship. The exhibition will last a week.

"There is a plenty of good browns," says the *May Art Amateur*, "but also a plenty of bad ones. Bitumen is probably the worst pigment that artists ever knowingly made use of. It changes in light, melts with slight heat, cracks and scales off, runs and discolors everything near it. Cologne earth, cassel earth, chicory brown, and umber raw and burnt, are all bad. The 'Vibert' brown will take the place of bitumen. It is composed of carbon and oxide of iron fixed on a base of alumina. With this, the mars brown and brown ochres, the painter is sufficiently well supplied." And in another place: "The danger of using unsafe pigments is well illustrated in the case of Horace Vernet. Mr. Hammerton says that he removed undried asphaltum from a picture by Vernet twenty years after the picture was painted."

A "Merry-making" scene by Jan Steen, but signed by J. Stein, was sold at Christie's, London, a few weeks ago—perhaps to go to Queen Victoria, who is a great collector of this Dutchman's work. The canvas is about 5 feet by 4, and shows a gay party in an arbor. It was bought by a noted dealer for \$2,837.50. Another Steen, "Philistines Making Sport of Samson," went to a collector for \$1,207.50. On the other hand, a so-called Titian, "Ariadne in Naxos," which was sold in 1810 for \$7,500, brought only \$500. A "Ferryboat," by Jan Van Goyen, signed and dated 1647, went for

\$775, and a half-length of a man, with large felt hat and broad white collar, by Frans Hals, was bought by a dealer for \$1,550; a cavalier smoking in an arbor, with a lady in red dress, who offers him wine, by Pieter de Hooghe, went for \$500. Sedelmeyer bought a Salomon Ruysdael, "Mouth of the Meuse," for \$375, and another dealer got an old woman, by Gerbrandt Van den Eeckhout, for \$260. Some of these prices are so low that one imagines they must be very small and inferior examples, or that collectors have been caught napping, or that some art-dealers are buying very questionable goods. It will be well for American buyers to keep a sharp lookout. Very often such goods are shipped direct to New York, and Christie's name and the name of a reputable firm are used to cover a multitude of frauds. In the same sale was a three-quarter-length portrait of a Bishop of Ghent, by Rubens, going for \$1,000, and a girl in rich dress, with pearl necklace and pearls in her hair, described as a Rembrandt, which went for \$737.50.

Quite a brilliant social, as well as an event was the opening of the gallery of The Society of Arts of Canada at their rooms, 108 and 110 King street west, Tuesday of last week. This society has been organized for more than a year in Montreal, and it is through the untiring enterprise of the manager, Mr. F. E. Galbraith, that the gallery has been opened here, instead of merely establishing an agency, as was the first intention at headquarters. The rooms were well filled all afternoon, crowded about five and six o'clock; an orchestra was in attendance whose music was delightful, and the decorations throughout were exceedingly tasteful. On the first floor are two rooms, the back one lighted by electricity, the turning on of which by His Excellency the Hon. G. W. Kirkpatrick, formally opened the gallery. The second floor is one large room which, as well as the two just mentioned, has its walls covered with pictures. In two rooms on the third floor the pupils, about forty in all, were at work under the teacher, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, at the elements of drawing, which consist of drawing in charcoal and crayon from solid geometric figures and casts of portions of the body. This free art school will not only give those who have marked ability every chance of improving so as to make art a life work, but it will also tend to cultivate the eye and taste of such as take up the study for a pastime—the possible buyers of the future. "It would not do for us all to be artists," some one laughingly remarked as we passed out of the studio. Among the pictures are some of very great merit. Perhaps that which has attracted the attention of the greatest number is "Le Forgeron," by Delorme. Crowds have been drawn to see it while it has been shown in the window during the last week. So wonderfully are the values preserved, so skilfully the two lights managed, so solidly the flesh modelled, so well balanced the composition, that the result is a marvellous piece of realism; the arms are the arms of a blacksmith, the face the face of a toiler. We were inclined to find fault with the flames of the forge, but were told by those with greater knowledge that they were not too clearly defined. Very different in technique and with a story most dramatically told is "Mattathias Refusant de Sacrificier aux Faux Dieux." The priestly patriot has just killed his renegade countryman, the Roman eagle has been thrown down and a Roman soldier slain, the shout

ing band of zealots surround their leader, an immense crowd is seen beyond, while nearly every eye is fixed on something or somebody not in the picture, with varying expressions of horror, fear or amazement. The drawing and brushwork of this are very fine. Among the others were several delightful landscapes with soft pearly greys and tender greens by Carriere; a more realistic one, which has a fine effect of atmosphere, is the figure of a girl picking flowers, by E. Chardray; a moonlight, with the dark rich coloring peculiar to him, is by Benoit; "Chevaux de Ferme," by Calvés, is a small canvas showing two splendidly drawn horses; a large, decidedly realistic, fresh and vigorous piece of work is a landscape by Sauzay of a French village, the still water in the foreground with the lily leaves and reeds, is especially good, as is also the sunlit sky; a sketch of grass overshadowed by trees under which is a flock of turkeys feeding, by Schuller, has fine work in the color and action of the birds and in the greens of tree and sward. On the first floor a large canvas is by D. Avancour, "St. Megrin and the Duchess de Guise;" "Jeune Fille de Granade," by Aublet, is full of sunlight and has fresh color. Several Canadian artists are represented—Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Foster (who shows a portrait of Mr. Galbraith, the manager), Mr. Forbes and Mr. Bell-Smith. Among the smaller canvases are some delightful bits of landscape, a number of good things in figure and still life. Happening to enter the gallery one day at noon hour we were surprised to find how full the rooms were, until we remembered that many were free at that time—girls from store and ware-room; men from office and work shop; and we realized what a source of genuine refreshment and rest of mind a visit here would be, and withal what an education!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Edgar R. Doward has accepted the position of organist and choirmaster of Broadway Methodist Tabernacle, at a salary of \$1,000 per year.

Miss Lillian Russel is again unhappy over her recent marriage to Sig. Perugini (Mr. John Chatterton) and, it is said, about applying for a divorce. We expected as much.

Miss Julia Geyer, a young miss still in her teens, will give a piano recital in this city on June 12th. She is a pupil of W. K. Virgil, the inventor of Virgil's Practice Clavier, and plays pieces on the piano in public, for the first time after learning them on the Practice Clavier. Mr. Virgil will accompany her on her tour.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne, of this city, has published, through Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., a set of very simple yet thoroughly musical Canticles of the Church, which can be obtained from the above enterprising publishers or through the trade, in an inexpensive yet neat edition. Music of the kind, which is effective yet not difficult, is always in demand.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the famous Canadian tenor of Chicago, who is so well and favorably known here as he is all over Canada and the United States, is going to England shortly to reside permanently. We are sorry in many ways, although we wish him the greatest success in his new home. Doubtless the artistic advantages will

be superior in London to those in this country, and the chances of earning a wider and more lasting reputation immeasurably greater; but for all this we regret his departure, for he is an artist of much talent, his voice being of that rare quality which is so admired. As a ballad singer he has won golden opinions and a continental reputation.

The concert to be given on the 5th of June in the Grand Opera House by The Toronto Male Chorus Club of 50 selected voices—J. D. A. Tripp, conductor—promises to be a unique and artistic success. The Club is singing with excellent tone, and a certain swing which ensures pliability, warmth and natural refined phrasing. The assisting artists have been very happily chosen, Miss Mary Howe, a soprano of the highest cultivation, who possesses a voice of absolute purity, and a stage presence remarkably beautiful; Miss Susie Ryan, who has not been heard here for years, is sure to attract and please, for her gifts are many, her voice being a contralto of unusual richness, mellowness and warmth. Mr. Lavin—Miss Howe's husband—the tenor, has an enviable reputation, and sings with fervor and intensity. We should enjoy ourselves on this occasion if everything turns out as anticipated.

Mr. Walter Damrosch will be at the head of German opera in New York next season, Mr. Anton Seidl having resigned. This is peculiarly unfortunate, as Mr. Seidl is one of the greatest Wagnerian conductors and authorities in the world, and we think should have the position, by reason of his greater experience and profound musical scholarship. Seidl formerly lived with Wagner, studied his wonderful scores with him, is a highly sensitive and magnetic conductor, who has hitherto given almost ideal representations of Wagner's music dramas and the operas of other great composers. Of course we are not, in thus speaking of Mr. Seidl, reflecting on the ability of Mr. Damrosch. He is a young man of unusual gifts, and has proven himself to be a conductor of power and worth; but for all, we cannot consider him the equal of Seidl at present, whatever he may hereafter prove himself to be. Mr. Damrosch sailed for Europe last week to secure singers for next year's performances.

The third annual concert given by pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds was held in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., and was a success in every way. The programme, which was varied and interesting, was well rendered, many pupils of Miss Reynolds exhibiting excellent voices, a good method of tone production, and considerable talent. Miss Reynolds is both an enthusiastic and earnest vocal teacher, and she has shown abundant evidences of her success in this capacity by the number of good singers she has trained. The young ladies taking part who are pupils of Miss Reynolds were:—Misses Gertie Black, May Flower, Gertrude Smith, May Taylor, Eida Idle, Ella Ronan and Theresa Tymon. They all sang admirably, and were assisted by Misses Ward and Sullivan and Mr. Welsman, pianists, and the Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club of the Toronto College of Music. These all gave intelligent and effective renderings of their various numbers. During the evening Miss Reynolds was presented with a beautiful ivory baton (being a gift from her pupils) bearing her name on a silver plate.

LIBRARY TABLE.

A LIST OF ENGLISH CLUBS. By E. C. Austen Leigh. London: Spottiswoode & Co. 1894. SOUVENIR OF THE INNS OF COURT HOTEL. London, England. HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND. Edited by Percy Lindley. New York and London.

A glance at the table of contents of this handy little publication—which is so cheap, clear and compact that every travelling clubman should have it—gives an idea of the extent of our empire. We are at once referred to London Clubs, English Provincial Clubs and clubs in Africa, America, Asia, Australia, British Malaysia, Malaysia, Europe, the East Indies and the West Indies. In all some 950 clubs. Surely this modest number should suffice for the veriest of globe-trotters. It is a most convenient guide.

This tastily gotten up pamphlet is really a guide-book, in miniature, of London. Making the Inns of Court Hotel its pivotal point, by chart and letterpress, it gives the visitor to the modern Babylon many useful hints as to his historic, and other, whereabouts.

Whoever thinks of visiting the cathedral cities of England, the Tennyson and the Dickens country and the Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers should first obtain and carefully peruse this capital publication. It is needless to point out the advantage of the full and adequate information afforded within its 100 instructive, descriptive and charmingly illustrated pages. Mr. Lindley's wide experience in editing similar guide-books will fit him for his present task and give to "Holidays in England" the imprint of authority—so essential to information-seeking tourists, and especially so to novices in the art of travel.

THE MEMOIRS AND TRAVELS OF MAURITIUS AUGUSTUS COUNT DE BENYOWSKY. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The Count De Benyowski was one of those military adventurers, who by their courage, daring and enterprise, have won for themselves places in romantic biography. As was the case during his life, to the present day opinion varies in estimating the worth of his character and achievements. Like every strong, vigorous and masterful nature he has had his admirers and detractors. The subject of a drama by Kotzebue, and of an elaborate biographical work by Jokai, could not well be uninteresting. The present volume of some 400 pages is edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver who provides a lengthy introduction, this is followed by Nicholson's translation of the Memoirs from the manuscript of the Count. There can be no doubt that Benyowski's narrative abounds in discrepancies which neither Nicholson nor the editor of this volume can reconcile. Indeed Captain Oliver feels himself called upon puntingly to remark that "the Memoirs open with a lie." However, though the Count evidently had, what might politely be called an extremely vivid imagination, he was none the less a man of high courage, rare address, and abundant resource. His early years were spent in the military service of Austria, then in high command in that of the confederated states of Poland. Eventually he was captured by the Russians and sent an exile to Siberia. Thence he ultimately escaped, and made a most hazardous voyage by way of the Behring Sea. After lingering by the way and trading in Japan he arrived at Macao. Benyowski journeyed on to France. His adventurous life was ended in an engagement with a French force in the Island of Madagascar whither his ambition had led him with the design of capturing and appropriating that island. This volume is well worthy of a place in the "Adventure Series." The map, illustrations, index and notes render it a full and satisfactory account of the famous Hungarian adventurer.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. By Stanley J. Weyman. London and New York: Longmans, Greene & Co.

It is pleasant to review a book of which

you can say nothing but what is good. It is doubly pleasant to see in such a book indubitable evidence of a real revival of genuine romantic fiction. To those of us who shall, so long as we live, rejoice at the good fortunes, and regret the reverses of the heroes and heroines of Scott and gain pleasant entertainment from the varied adventures of the creations of Dumas, the works of Stevenson, Doyle, Weyman and Crockett come like the morning dew after a parching psychologic night. This is not Mr. Weyman's first success, though it is, in our judgment, his best book so far. The period chosen is that stormy and eventful one for France towards the close of the 16th century: the age of Henry of Navarre, of Condé, of Turenne. M. Gaston De Borme, Sieur De Marsac, is the hero of the tale, and though he enters the scene a soldier of middle age, broken in fortune and modest and diffident to a degree, the reader does not go far in his company before he feels the delicacy and strength with which Mr. Weyman has drawn his character. Truly, le Sieur De Marsac will not soon be forgotten by those who read his modest memoirs. From cover to cover the book brims with stirring scenes and thrilling incidents. It graphically reflects the moving life of that trying time—so hard to realize in these peaceful days. De Mersac is entrusted by Navarre with a mission of great difficulty, calling for the exercise of the coolest daring and consummate skill. Of the measure of success with which he met, of the adventures and misadventures by the way, of his devotion as a son, his address as a courtier, his ability to thrust and parry, and his susceptibility to the gentle passion—our readers must judge for themselves. For ourselves, we have but this to add, that in plot, portrayal of character, style—in fact, everything that goes to the composition of a thoroughly good and satisfactory novel, Mr. Weyman's "Gentleman of France" stands in the front rank of the romantic stories of the day. It is a book one will always remember with pleasure and which will stand the test of being read again and yet again.

### PERIODICALS.

*Electrical Engineering* for May maintains its standard of usefulness to all interested in its subject matter.

Both *University Extension* and the *U. E. Bulletin* for May are interesting reading from the standpoint of supporters of this important movement.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball, of Chicago and Cambridge, are publishing a unique little pamphlet semi-monthly entitled the *Chap-Book*. Professor Roberts, Bliss Carman and other able contributors are a guarantee of the quality of its contents.

Professor Clark's series of papers on "The Discipline of Life and Character," appearing in the *Canada Educational*, are wise and timely. Mr. W. L. Robertson has a readable paper in the May number on the growth of the Canadian Constitution.

The *Westminster* for May has its usual complement of cleverly written articles; the tone of that on "The Sexual Problem" is objectionable on moral grounds, while that of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins on "Mr. Goldwin Smith in Literature and Politics" is a sarcastic commentary on that great writer's shortcomings in the causes which he has from time to time advocated and his form of advocacy embellished by frequent quotations.

Mr. E. L. Godkin has the leading article in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for May. Its title is "Problems of Municipal Government." Mr. Godkin has evidently made a special study of this important subject and its conclusions are worth careful consideration. Other contributors of able papers are, respectively, Messrs. Gamaliel Bradford, G. K. Holmes and S. N. Patten, not to mention writers of short papers.

We are always glad to have a new number of *Blackwood*. A staunch old conservative magazine, it conserves the best traditions of British periodical literature. Many a great English writer has found his early merit duly recognized in *Blackwood*, and for many a long year (it is now in its one hundred and sixtieth volume) it has shown the English-reading world what great things can be accomplished by a high literary standard, a thoroughly British tone and a fine discrimination in the choice of contributions. The May number is delightful.

*Poet-Lore's* leader for May is a thoughtful paper entitled "Browning's Interpretation of Romantic Love, as compared with that of Plato, Dante and Petrarch," by G. W. Cooke. "To Browning," says Mr. Cooke, "as well as to Dante and Petrarch, love was a spiritual revelation. He saw in the individuality of woman that which made his own life richer, that which purified and refined his conceptions of personal being, and that which opened to him widening visions of spiritual experience." Other Browning papers follow from the pens of A. T. Smith, W. H. Anderson, Prof. H. Carson, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, and W. C. Kingsland.

Mr. Thomas Hodgins takes an excursion into classic literature in his paper on "The Comic Ballads of Homer" in the *Canadian Magazine* for May. Papers of historic interest are "Memories of Bathurst," by E. B. Biggar, and "The First Plantation in Newfoundland," by J. F. M. Fawcett. The descriptive articles afford excellent and instructive reading. Mr. Ogilvie continues his series, "In North-Western Wilds," and Mr. Alan Sullivan writes graphically of "Two Canadians in Algeria." Mr. A. C. Shaw's description of "A Sun Dance Among the Sarcees" is gruesome. To the artistic reader we commend Miss Ford's able and critical paper on "The Royal Academy of Art." Miss Ford writes from the standpoint of an intelligent, cultivated artist, one who has studied widely, who writes sympathetically and who does her own thinking.

Professor Karl Parson's views on the questions of the hour, "Woman and Labour," are weighty and worth considering. Mr. Grant Allen under the caption "The Origin of Cultivation," has another gust of eulogy on Mr. Frazer and his wonderful "Golden Bough," and one or two references to his own *Attis* of Catullus—to which, if we mistake not, a quarterly reviewer recently dealt some very hard knocks. Mr. William Archer has a critical paper on some recent plays and Frederic Harrison writes trenchantly on "The Problem of Constantinople." Mr. Harrison urges "that the Turk must be guaranteed in the Golden Horn by a British, or an allied, fleet," and "that England and France must come to some *modus vivendi* on the burning question of the Bosphorus." Mr. Robert Barclay writes a short paper on "The Appreciation of Gold." Ouida, Frederic Carrel, and W. H. Mallock also contribute readable articles.

M. Jules Simon begins the May *Contemporary* with a short but powerful plea for "Disarmament." A powerful and discriminating study is that by Richard Holt Hutton of Mr. Gladstone, of whom he says: "Truly such a career as Mr. Gladstone's is among the most remarkable phenomena of a century full of remarkable phenomena." Frederick Greenwood good-naturedly, in a most readable paper entitled "Philosophy in the Market Place," prods Grant Allan's New Hedonism, which Mr. Greenwood not inaptly terms carcase worship. Speaking of Mr. Allan's article in the *Fortnightly Review* on the New Hedonism, Mr. Greenwood says, "If a man were to address the company at a dinner table (say at an hotel table *d'hote*, which is public in much the same sense that a review is) in the language that is used here, he would certainly be bidden out of the room, and would probably be thrown out." The italics are ours. There are papers on the Church in Wales and Ireland. Walter Resant, "The Ragged School Union," and E. B. Lanin has a paper on "Bosnia and Herzegovina."

The *Review of Reviews* for May has a long eye on Hawaii. Very anxious is the

## Sterling Mounted Curling Irons Pumice Stones

Nail Files, Nail Polishers, Cuticle Knives, Tooth-Brush Bottles, Hair Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Cloth and Velvet Brushes, Bonnet Dusters, Shoe Horns and Hooks, Ointment Boxes and numberless other Toilet requisites suitable for personal wedding presents. Also an unbounded assortment of ornamental and useful household goods for the same purpose.

### RYRIE BROS.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

editor that the United States should extend the lion's friendship to the lamb like group in the Pacific. With prodigious uncton we are apprised that "The whole world would immediately and willingly acquiesce in this step." The italics are ours. How sweet and refreshing is the exquisite modesty of our prophetic republican contemporary. We omit the customary reference to the Stars and Stripes, emblem of peace and good will, etc., in the paragraph quoted from. Perhaps the United States had better solve some serious home problems, before it proceeds to expropriation abroad. This number has two excellent sketches: One of the late David Dudley Field, and the other of Kossuth. The editor has a capital paper on Bermuda, and Alice W. Gulick presents some glimpses of the coveted land: The Hawaiian Islands, Sir Samuel Griffiths contributes a short paper on "Australia and the Coloured Races." Clearly and succinctly the writer sets forth some serious racial problems suggested by his theme.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The Canadian Club of Hamilton is rapidly increasing its membership, which now is more than three hundred. The object of the club is to foster patriotism, to recognize native worth and talent, to encourage the study of literature, history, art, music and the drama, and to aid the development of the natural resources of our country. Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper are the two first honorary members.

From the Boston *Literary World* we learn that "Efforts have been made to secure Rudyard Kipling for the platform, but they have failed. He would, doubtless, attract larger audiences than any other living writer, so great is the curiosity to see him. It is not his hatred of publicity alone that keeps him from accepting the generous offers he has received from managers; he is afraid that extended travel would impair his health and interfere with his literary work."

*Harper's Bazar* says that "M. Paul Bourget has gone home with note-books filled with items and incidents of American life, and in time the high life and fast life of our cities and watering-places will be shown up from the Parisian's point of view. Madame Bourget, who is so great an aid to her husband, was alert and keen-eyed to the strange and interesting phases and charac-

May 25th, 1894.]

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Sebastine. Buffalo: Chas. Wells, Moulton.  
 E. M. Hardinge. With the Wild Flowers.  
 New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.  
 Robert Bridges. Overhead in Arcady. New  
 York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto:  
 Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.  
 Geo. H. Hepworth. Hiram Golf's Religion.  
 New York: E. P. Dutton Company.  
 City: Copp, Clark & Co.  
 Geo. H. Hepworth. They Met in Heaven.  
 New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. City:  
 Copp, Clark & Co.  
 Olive Phillips, Wolley. Big Game Shooting,  
 Vols. 1 and 2. London: Longmans,  
 Green & Co. \$2.50.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## JERUSALEM AND THE JEWS.

The Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, in a letter to Friday's *Times*, gives some facts which show that the Jews are pouring into Palestine. About one hundred thousand Jews have entered the Holy Land during the last few years, and "the arrival of a vaster host is imminent." "No one," he goes on, "can possibly forecast the next seven years of Jewish immigration." If the Bishop's view of what is going on is correct, we are face to face with a fact that may revolutionize the politics of Mediterranean Asia. Already the railways are opening up the country between the coast and Jerusalem and Damascus, and if a Jewish immigration on a large scale is added to this, Syria may become once more one of the most important places in the East. The idea of the Jews again possessing a country is a very curious one.—*Spectator*.

## SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S PROMOTION.

The promotion of Sir Charles Russell to the supreme tribunal as a Lord Ordinary of Appeal in succession to Lord Bowen, while it is a gain to the House of Lords, is a loss to English advocacy and, we may also say, to English political life that will not readily be made up. Since the days of Erskine there have risen few, if any, more powerful masters of the forensic art than Sir Charles Russell. Holker and Scarlett were as great verdict winners, Follett was a greater lawyer, Cockburn was Sir Charles Russell's superior in style and expository power, and the Attorney-General would be the first to admit the inimitable gifts of his friend Mr. Justice Hawkins as a cross-examiner. But in forensic tactics, in *verve*, in profound insight into human character and motives, in cogent reasoning power—in all these things combined Sir Charles Russell is *primus inter pares*, and will take rank with the supreme advocates of all time.—*Manchester Guardian*.

## SUBURBS OF ANCIENT ROME.

There were great obstacles to the extension of the suburbs of Rome. The roadsides were occupied with sepulchres of twenty-five generations, and it was forbidden by feeling as well as by law to dwell within a certain prescribed distance of the remains of mortality. The performance indeed of certain ceremonies sufficed to desecrate these hallowed spots, but if we may judge from the well-known monuments of the dead which have been discovered even within the Porta Appia, and still more numerous in quite recent times beyond it, it would seem that on this, the most frequented

of all the Roman ways there was little use made of such a privilege. When two centuries after our era Caracalla proposed to erect his vast public baths, he found, we may suppose, little impediment from private buildings at only half a mile's distance from the Porta Capena. The Grotto of Egeria, almost immediately under the Servian walls, continued in the time of Juvenal to be surrounded with a grove, the resort of beggars, idlers, and the lowest classes of the people. There was a distinct village at the Milvian Bridge, about three miles from the Capitol, but in the immediate neighborhood we read of rural villas and pastures. That there was no suburb below the city on the river banks may be proved from the absence of any trace or record of a bridge across it. It is remarkable, again, that our accounts of various events which took place a little outside the walls indicate the solitude of the country rather than the character of populous suburbs.—*Scientific American*.

## THE PROMPT ACTION OF A HOME COMPANY APPRECIATED.

In the hour of trouble, when the head of the family is taken a way by death, it is absolutely essential in the best interests of the bereaved (in moderate circumstances) to secure whatever financial assistance is due them immediately.

Life insurance in a responsible company provides absolute guaranteed assistance in case of the death of the insured while the policy is in force.

The pioneer company to introduce the prompt payment of death claims immediately upon satisfactory completion of proofs of death was the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto, Ontario. It still continues to adhere to that sound practice, as will be seen by a perusal of the following letter lately received from the beneficiary of a deceased policy-holder:—

Toronto, May 16th, 1894.

Wm. McCabe, Managing Director, North American Life, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I am this day in receipt of your cheque numbered 262, on the Union Bank of Canada, for \$2,000, being the full amount of policy No. 3,085, on the life of the late Wm. A. Pamphilon. It was only yesterday afternoon that the claim papers were handed into your office, and in less than twenty-four hours after the receipt by you the cheque for the full amount of the claim was received. Although Mr. Pamphilon was insured in other companies and societies, thus far I have not heard from any of them in respect to the claims made upon them. This exceedingly prompt action on the part of your company is highly appreciated, and is another illustration of the advantage of Canadians dealing with home companies rather than with foreign corporations. Yours truly,

ELLEN F. PAMPHILON.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. E. S. Willard opened a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last, in the role of Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman," which was repeated on Tuesday night. On Wednesday evening and Thursday matinee Grundy's drama "A Fool's Paradise" was presented, and on Thursday night and for remainder of the week Barrie's exquisite play "The Professor's Love Story" will be the attraction.

ters around them, and added to the notes anything M. Bourget might have missed. New York, Newport, Chicago and Washington may all expect to see themselves as this *fin de siècle* Frenchman saw them—and may not feel flattered in the pictures."

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, it is announced, will publish immediately a new edition of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's monograph on Charles Whitehead, containing a new preface, an "Appreciation" of Whitehead by Mr. Hall Caine, and a good deal of remarkably interesting supplementary matter about Whitehead which has come to light since the first edition was issued, as well as facsimiles of a letter and a MS. in Whitehead's handwriting. Mr. Hall Caine's "Appreciation," included in the new edition, appeared originally in the pages of *Temple Bar* as a review of Mr. Bell's book, and has been entirely revised. Whitehead, who, by-the-bye, was Mrs. Bernard Beere's uncle, was held in the highest estimation by Dickens, Rossetti, Christopher North, and many other authorities, and it was by his suggestion that Dickens undertook "The Pickwick Papers."

"Thomas Hardy used to live in London," says the *Boston Home Journal*, "but he now spends most of his time at Max Gate, near Dorchester, where he lived when a child, and where he has built a house after his own planning on a hill from whose brow can be seen many of the places and landscape features described in his stories. Walter Besant's home is a pleasant brick villa at Hampstead Heath, while James Payn lives in a pretty gray house in Maida Vale, but does his literary and newspaper work in apartments overlooking Waterloo Place. Richard D. Blackmore lives not far from London in the valley of the Thames, in an ancient house set in a great walled garden, where he devotes his days to market gardening, with an occasional outing on the Thames, and his evenings to novel writing. Those who know him say that it is in his garden rather than in his study that he finds the greatest pleasure."

The death of Professor Henry Morley removes from the scene of his labors a most prolific and diligent worker in the field of English literature. Professor Morley's works were marked by sound scholarship and painstaking care, and were of a kind that are at once helpful and stimulating to the student of literature. The following is a synopsis of his life: Professor Morley was born in London on September 15th, 1822. He was educated at the Moravian school on the Rhine and at King's College, London, of which college he was made an honorary Fellow. He practised medicine a short time in his early life, and was later editor of the *Examiner* in London. He was the author of a large number of works on various subjects. He was English lecturer at King's College from 1857 to 1865; professor of English language and literature at University College, London, from 1865 to 1889, and upon his retirement to Carlsbrooke in 1889, he was made emeritus professor.

Though an inheritance of acres may be bequeathed, an inheritance of knowledge cannot. The wealthy man may pay others for doing his work for him; but it is impossible to get his thinking done for him by another, or to purchase any kind of self-culture.—*Samuel Smiles*.



**A LIST** of reasons why you should insist upon having Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and nothing else in their place:—

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*Mary Barnhart*

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During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away. Although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather, I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, **GEO. STARR.**

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## PUBLIC OPINION.

**Halifax Chronicle:** The incident shows how easy it would be to make General Herbert's remark the means of arousing the angry passions of the people in Quebec, where, it must be admitted, there is usually a good deal of inflammable politico-religious material stored up for emergencies.

**The Educational Journal:** Surely if nature teaches anything she teaches that children are made for play, at least as much as for work, and that to defraud them of their play in the open air for hours every day is to do them a wrong and to seriously impair their prospects of a vigorous manhood and womanhood, in their coming years.

**The Catholic Register:** The whole trouble, however, is that General Herbert is a devout Catholic, and his appointment did not meet with the approval of those journals which are now attacking him. He is a competent military officer, and as such, he could not be assailed. Had this not been the case, he would not have held office six months.

**Montreal Gazette:** The date of the Ontario elections is June 26th. The struggle will be a short one, a sharp one and a doubtful one. The one safe thing to predict is that the P. of L. and the P.P.A., which have been looming so long in the preliminary talk, will come out small from the ballot box. When two bull dogs grip in a struggle for the mastery the terriers in the pit do not attract much of the public's attention.

**St. John Globe:** There is neither justice nor reason in maintaining that the new tariff is in existence the moment it is brought down in Parliament, but that at the same time it may be amended so as to increase the duties already paid. The common-sense business view is that men having imported their goods under the law and paid the duty demanded of them, and, probably sold them, they should not be called upon to pay a higher rate of duty.

**Quebec Chronicle:** There is activity in the department specially charged with the election of candidates for seats in the House of Commons. The members on both sides of politics are talking more to their constituents than to the House. The speeches they make are couched in language which can have effect only in localities. The Red press and the Blue press contain, these days, only campaign literature. These are signs which are plainer than the pictographs of the Indians, and the smeared trees of the native Orientals. Plainer than mere words, they indicate dissolution of Parliament, and appeal to the people.

**Victoria Colonist:** It is a very serious mistake to look upon those who compose the bands which are on their way to Washington as men in search of work. What they want is the enactment of a foolish and mischievous law, and they are not content to leave Congress perfectly free to accept or reject their petition as it sees fit. Their object is to influence the decision of the Legislature by a display of numbers. They are creating a dangerous precedent. A little reflection must show everyone capable of thinking that the Legislature of a nation must be perfectly free, and that the man who, by an organized mob of even unarmed men succeeds in forcing it to yield to his demands is for the moment, neither more nor less than a Dictator.

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Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

### SOLOISTS:

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Mr. W. H. Rieger	- - - - -	Tenor
Dr. Carl E. Duft	- - - - -	Baritone

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Thursday Evening ..... Messiah (Handel)  
 Friday Afternoon ..... Miscellaneous Concert  
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 Saturday Afternoon ..... Wreck of the Hesperus (A. E. Fisher)  
 Children ..... Children's Concert, 1,000 Public School  
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The sympathy of most people consists of a mixture of good-humor, curiosity, and self-importance.—*Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.*

**REV. ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue avenue, Toronto, has used Acetocura for eighteen years and recommends it for colds, sore throat and indigestion.**

It often happens, too, both in courts and in cabinets, that there are two things going on together—a main plot and an under-plot; and he that understands only one of them will, in all probability, be the dupe of both. A mistress may rule a monarch, but some obscure favorite may rule the mistress.—*Colton.*

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The *Electrical Review* says the electrical purification of sewage "is a complete success, chemically and bacteriologically."

A bill was passed at the last session of the New York State Legislature offering a prize of \$50,000 for the invention of an economical street railway system of traction.

Books and papers, printed with white ink on green paper, is what Dr. Fleming Carrow, of Michigan University, thinks we ought to seek as the best possible provision for easy reading.

According to Prof. Oliver Lodge, at the temperature of absolute zero the molecules of a perfect gas would be lying all about the floor in an inert and stationary condition, and could be swept up.

Out in St. Louis and Kansas City on the cable cars there are numerous push-buttons, ringing an electric bell, by means of which the passenger may signal the conductor that he or she wishes to alight.

The Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City is the most perfect whispering gallery in the world. The dropping of a pin into a silk hat at one end of the huge structure is distinctly heard at the other end.—*Scientific American.*

By a simple rule, the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

A cantilever bridge will be built at New Orleans for the Southern Pacific road, with one central span of 1,070 feet, and two 608-foot anchor spans. The channel span will be the longest bridge truss in the world, except that over the Frith of Forth.

A German physician, Dr. Helbing, has used the electric current with success for the treatment of frozen noses, the poles of a battery being applied to opposite sides of the nose and moved about while a moderately strong current is passing. The immediate result in most cases is a reddening of the tissues which may last several days. In some cases ten to fifteen applications are necessary.

The Hydrographic Office of the United States has issued a report concerning wrecks and derelicts. It is estimated that the average period of drift is thirty days, but notice is called to the case of the three-masted schooner *Fannie E. Woolston* abandoned October 15th, 1891, and last seen on February 20th, 1894, a period of 850 days, during which she drifted 7,025 miles, the longest track of the kind on record.

The *Therapeutic Gazette* comes to the rescue of sarsaparilla, and says that it ought to be retained in the pharmacopœia because it covers the taste of iodide of potassium. This would be rather a weak excuse, even if it were true. But it does not happen to be true, as anyone can be convinced by a trial. The fact is that the legendary belief in sarsaparilla as a "blood purifier" promotes no end of quackery and useless drugging. Hence physicians, at least, ought to rid themselves of false notions about it.—*New York Medical Record.*

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In 1892, the telephone system of the world, excluding Great Britain, had a total length of wire of 972,113 kilometers, over which 982,387,416 conversations took place. The number of conversations in America is about two-thirds of the total. Switzerland and Sweden are best in the number of subscribers per inhabitant. The former country has 5 and the latter 5.82 per thousand, the general average of the world being 1.25 per thousand.

According to the United States Census the average cost of steam power is \$36 per horse power per year, or for a total of 3,130 horse-power hours. Water power costs 23 cents against 1.15 cents for steam power per horse-power hour. At Niagara Falls it is said that power is being contracted for at from \$8 to \$20 per horse power per year under terms that allow the use of the power 24 hours a day for the 365 days in the year.—*Electrical Industries.*

The pilot chart of the North Atlantic Ocean, issued by the United States Hydrographic Office has long been a valuable resource of the mariner for information about winds and currents, icebergs, floating wrecks, probable weather and other important matters. A similar one has now been issued for the North Pacific. This highly commendable experiment needs Congressional aid, in order to be continued; but the growing importance of Pacific commerce fully justifies this enterprise.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pope has accorded an extraordinary jubilee to France, to extend from Easter to Christmas. The occasion is the fifteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis, King of the Franks.

If we spend less time searching for the mistakes of Moses and more trying to avoid the mistakes of our own lives, neither Moses nor we would suffer by the change.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

A new fashion in duelling has been set at Zalizeivka, near Zistomar, in Russia, by a schoolmaster and a lawyer. The pair having quarrelled about some trumpery matter, they arranged to fight a duel with whips. Soon after the engagement began, the schoolmaster succeeded in knocking his adversary's whip out of his hand, and then proceeded to hit him several smart strokes on the back. After that honour was declared to be satisfied.

For two or three years past Japan, with an annual output of about 3,250,000 tons, has had more coal than it needed for home consumption, and with characteristic enterprise the Japanese have been looking for foreign markets. Their exports now amount to fully 1,225,000 tons a year. There was some talk of shipping coal to California, which has not yet, however, been done to any extent; but several cargoes have been sent to Bombay and there found a market.—*Engineering and Mining Journal*.

The Catholic Directory for 1894, which has just been issued, gives the statistics of the Catholic Church in the United States. Every diocese furnishes its own figures. The Catholic population in many of the dioceses is approximated, and in the absence of exact figures, the compilers of the directory are unable to say just how many Catholics there are in the United States. The directory gives the number as 8,902,033, but Catholic authorities claimed last year that there are at least 12,000,000.—*Catholic Mirror*.

The last official census of Ireland shows that there are 3,949,738 Catholics and 1,188,696 Protestants in that island. Catholics are most numerous in the County of Cork and Protestants most numerous in the County of Antrim. The Catholics in Cork are to the Protestants as ten to one. The Protestants predominate in the counties of Armagh, Down, Tyrone Londonderry and Antrim. A little over 76 per cent. of the population is Catholic, 12 per cent. belongs to the Church of Ireland, and 9 per cent. to the Presbyterians.—*New York Independent*.

Among the manuscripts unearthed at Fayoum, in Egypt, and now under examination at the British Museum, one has lately been deciphered which possesses a peculiar interest for students of early Christian history. It is a certificate issued during the Decian persecution in the third century to some faint-hearted Christian that he has fulfilled the requirements of sacrificing to the gods. The subject in this case is an old man of seventy-two years, "a scar over right eyebrow." The document is made out in regular official form, duly signed and attested. This is the only specimen of its kind that has yet been discovered.—*Living Church*.

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THE INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF A GRENVILLE CO. MAN.

His Spine Injured While Working in the Woods—A Long and Painful Illness Followed—How he Regained Health and Strength.

There are few readers of the Recorder who are not familiar with the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People enjoy a reputation for excellence, both at home and abroad, not equalled by any other proprietary medicine. That this reputation is deserved is amply borne out by the evidence of many of the best newspapers in the country, which have carefully investigated the most noteworthy of the cures following the use of Pink Pills, and have given the facts to their readers, with a clearness and conciseness that admits of no doubt as to the truthfulness of the reports. Recently a reporter of the Recorder was informed by Mr. John A. Barr, the well known druggist, that the particulars of a case quite as striking as many that have been published could be learned from Mr. Samuel Sargeant, of Augusta township, who had been benefitted most remarkably by the Pink Pill treatment. The reporter determined to interview Mr. Sargeant, and accordingly drove to his home in Augusta, about six miles from Brockville. Mr. Sargeant was found busily engaged in loading logs in the woods near his home, and although well up in the sixties was working with the vigor of a man in the prime of life, exhibiting no traces of the fact that he had been a great sufferer. When informed of the reporter's mission Mr. Sargeant said he could not say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and expressed his willingness to give the facts in connection with his restoration to health. "Two years ago," said Mr. Sargeant, "I went over to New York state to work in the lumber region for the winter. One day while drawing logs one slipped and rolled on me, injuring my spine. The pain was very severe and as I could no longer work I was brought back to my home, and was laid up for about six months. I suffered a great deal and seemed to be growing worse. I became badly constipated and as a result piles developed which added to my misery. The various treatments did not appear to do me any good, and one of my neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My wife went to town and procured a supply, and I had not been taking them long when I found myself growing stronger and the pain leaving me. The pills made my bowels regular again and the piles disappeared, and by the time I had taken six boxes I found myself as well as I ever was, and able, as you see, to do a good day's work." Mr. Sargeant further said that he had been troubled with hernia for fourteen years during all which time he was forced to wear a truss. To his surprise that trouble left him and in April last he threw away his truss and has had no occasion for it since. Mr. Sargeant declares his full belief that this too was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but whether this is the case, or whether his release from the rupture is due to his prolonged rest as a result of his other trouble, the reporter does not pretend to say—he simply tells the story as Mr. Sargeant gave it to him. One thing is certain, Mr. Sargeant and his wife are very enthusiastic as to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Incidentally Mrs. Sargeant told the reporter of the great benefit Pink Pills had been to her sister, Mrs. Wm. Taylor, who lives in Essex Co., England, and who was a sufferer from paralysis and unable to move hand or foot. The trouble affected her stomach to such an extent that she was unable to retain food, and to stimulants alone she owed her existence for a considerable period. Mrs. Sargeant sent her sister a supply of Pink Pills, which soon showed that she had secured the right medicine. The treatment was continued and a further supply of the pills procured after the company opened its London house,

and when Mrs. Sargeant last heard from her sister she had regained almost all her strength after having been prostrated for several years.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post-paid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Misers recede in happiness in proportion as their wealth increases, as the moon when it is fullest of light is farthest from the sun.—*Schiller*.

For ignorance of all things is an evil neither terrible nor excessive, nor yet the greatest of all; but great cleverness and much learning, if they be accompanied by a bad training, are a much greater misfortune.—*Plato*.

Father: Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water? Tommy: Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink? Father: Certainly, my child. Tommy: Now I know what makes the singing in the tea-kettle when the water begins to boil.

## SCROFULA

CURED BY

# B.B.B.



MRS. JAS. CHASE.

### Worst Kind of Scrofula.

DEAR SIRS.—I had an abscess on my breast and scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said. I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B.B.B. and they said it would do me no harm, so I began to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find Burdock Blood Bitters a grand blood purifier and very good for children as a spring medicine.

MRS. JAMES CHASE,  
Frankford, Ont.

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

There are a great many men of note who have no ready cash.

A drum-major can't get up half as big a racket as a ten-year-old minor.

Teacher: What is a passive mood of the verb to work? Johnny: To loaf.

Teacher: What is a right angle? Boy: Two straight lines around a corner.

Boarder: Is this genuine vegetable soup? Waiter: Yes, sir; fourteen carrots fine.

A hypocrite feels better satisfied with himself every time he sees a good man make a mistake.

Every man longs to get rich, and then puts off until next month his determination to save more money.

The best way to down an opponent in an argument is to let him get through and then yell "Rate."

A paper advertises for "a first-class riding horse for a lady that is young and gentle and easy to manage."

A Kansas Prohibitionist is so radical that he refused to attend an entertainment in which a tight rope figured.

My son, observe the postage stamp—its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

Sometimes it is well to keep in ruts. I would rather ride in an old lumber waggon in an old rut than in a palace car off the track.

"Banks, how are"—"Rivers, do you know of any cure for a bad cold?" "None." (With fervent gratitude) "Rivers, your hand!"

Celebrated Lawyer: Now tell me honestly—did you rob that bank? Client (in disgust): Of course I did. Do yer s'pose I'd be able to retain you if I didn't?

At the Salon.—"Can you tell me what that picture represents?" "That is Queen Cleopatra. Have you never heard of her?" "Never in my life. I seldom read the papers."

The Hon. Bertie: Aw, tell me, Miss Elliot, I've—aw—long been intending to ask you—aw—are you related to the Sir George Elliot who—aw—writes novels, don't yer-know?

A blue-stocking in Boston recently said that she thought Mr. Aldrich, the American poet, effeminate. The remark was repeated to Mr. Aldrich, who replied, "So I am compared with her?"

Things one would rather have expressed differently. Sir Pompey (so much in earnest that he forgets his grammar): Well, all I can say is this, that what I give in charity is nothing to nobody!

Barber: Hair's very thin sir. Customer: It was thinner than that thirty years ago. Barber: Indeed, sir; you surprise me. Why you don't look more than thirty now. Customer (brusquely): Thirty yesterday.

Customer: Among the other items on this bill you've got four and a half hour's work. You worked just exactly four hours by the clock. Paper hanger: Yes, sir, but it took me half an hour to make out the bill.

"Jack said he was going to propose to Miss Snow last night and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. How did he come out?" "He won her." "He did? Well, it seems he gets Snow for an answer, after all."

Mrs. Tawker: I was at the theatre last evening. It was an awfully sad play about a man being thrown out of work and his family dying from starvation. I couldn't keep from crying, to save my life. I don't know when I had been so affected. Enter Servant: Mum, there's a woman at the door as wants some cold victuals. She do say her children haven't had bit nor sup for two days. Mrs. Tawker:

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Tell her to go away; that we don't give anything to beggars. As I was saying, Mrs. Brown, it was a very sad play. Mr. Tawker says I ought not to witness such performances; they take hold of me so. He says that I am all heart.

"Say, Tom," remarked Jenkins, as he coiled lazily on a lounge; "if a man were asleep under this lounge, why would he resemble a prisoner in a police station? Tom: Give it up. Jenkins: Because they would both be under a rest.

**MOTHERS.**

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," said George Herbert. Men are what their mothers make them. But if the mothers are peevish and irritable, through irregularities, "female weakness," and kindred ailments, they find no pleasure, no beauty in the care of their babes. All effort is torture. Let all such, who feel weighed to the earth with "weakness" peculiar to their sex, try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. They will find the little ones a delight instead of a torment.

To those about to become mothers it is a priceless boon. It lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labor and promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

A beggar in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability; on which the mendicant said: "Ah, please your honour's honour, I wish your heart were as tender as your toes."

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A Slave to Courtesy.—He: Do you mind stoppin' a bit now. I get rather giddy, don't cherknow. She: But if you get giddy, why do you come to dances? He: Well, I'm a bachelor, and that sort of thing, and it's the only way I can see of repayin' hospitality.

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What would this man? Now upward will he soar, and little less than angel, would be more.—*Pope.*

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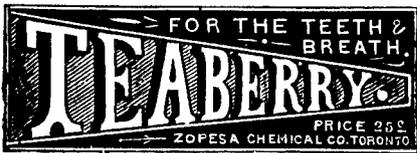
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