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DESIGNED & ENGROSSED
BY
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there is perhaps little room to hope for the substitution of a non-partisan system. The only, or at least, the most probable immediate result that could be hoped for, would be a reconstruction of parties upon new issues. Yet, if these issues were broad and the division honestly made, even that would be an indication of progress. The most discouraging feature of the present upheaval is that those who are acting in disregard of party seem to be doing so under the pressure either of narrow and sectional or of purely selfish considerations, and are hence very unpromising pioneers of an independence movement. We may be thankful, however, for any indications that the old purblind subservience to party is on the wane both in the United States and in Canada.

The citizens of Toronto will no doubt regard favorably any well-considered scheme which promises a permanent and satisfactory solution of the water supply problem. Through the energetic and skilful efforts of Engineer Keating, we are temporarily supplied with what there seems good reason to believe is a tolerably pure article. But, unfortunately, as Mr. Keating himself is forced to admit, there is no guarantee for the continuance of this state of things. At any moment another accident may produce serious leakage of the sewage-laden water of the bay into the submerged conduit, and the health and lives of citizens be placed in jeopardy. Under these circumstances Mr. Keating has done well to come forward with a project for the removal of this state of uncertainty. To the commonsense of the inexpert, the plan he proposes, that of a tunnel under the bay at its narrowest point, seems the best, if not the only absolute safe method, of bringing the unquestionably pure water of the lake uncontaminated into our homes and places of business. It is gratifying to be informed on so good authority as that of the Engineer that the cost of such a tunnel will not be so great as to put it out of the category of the practicable. On the contrary, he assures us, and we know no reason to question the correctness of his calculations, that the water can be procured by this means more cheaply than it could be obtained by gravitation, even were a supply procurable by that method from a reasonably accessible point. No one can, we think, doubt that in view of the constantly increasing danger of contamination of any supply that could be procured from an inland source, the water of the lake, provided it can be brought in without deterioration, is the best that can possibly be procured. It is to be hoped that Mr. Keating's report will be considered in a straightforward and business-like manner, and that action will be taken with as little delay as possible. The water question is one of supreme importance to the progress as well as to the health of the city.

The certainty of having for all time to come an ample and absolutely certain supply of pure water would add much to the inducements the city has to offer to incomers.

We are glad to learn that the Toronto Relief Society, which has been in active service since its organization in 1875, is again preparing for its winter's work of charity and mercy. The officers elected by the board at the annual meeting are: Patroness, Mrs. Kirkpatrick; Honorary President, Mrs. Brett; President, Mrs. Forsyth Grant; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. C. Morrison; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Owen; Treasurer, Mrs. Henderson; Secretary, Mrs. Paterson; Convener of Industrial Room, Mrs. Richardson. The depositories will be open early in November. The citizens are begged to remember the Society with their usual generosity; and also to bear in mind the fact, that the most direct and effectual mode of relief to the poor and suffering is through the channels of the Society. The officers of the Society investigate every case brought to their notice; and by their well-ordered supervision are enabled to furnish work and assistance to the deserving, and expose fraudulent representation. They most strenuously ask citizens not to encourage vice by indiscriminate giving of money or clothing. The Society will be thankful to learn the names and addresses of all who will volunteer to work through the coming winter, in their own districts, for the aims of the Society. Every busy citizen, who has a heart to feel for the sufferings of the destitute, must be often much perplexed because of his inability to know whether good or harm would result from the bestowal of that aid which he is importuned to give, and would gladly give if he could but be assured that it would be right to do so. Few have the time and still fewer—more's the pity—the patience and tact and discernment, necessary to enable them to investigate individual cases personally to any great extent. From the point of view of benefit to the individual giver it would doubtless be better if the charitably disposed could become wise almoners of their own bounty. But if they aim to do the utmost possible good with the amount to be bestowed there can be no doubt that the best way is to entrust its distribution to such a Society as this. Every good citizen should be personally grateful to those who are willing to devote their time and energies to so noble a service, and ready to give them all possible aid.

The cold-blooded murder of Mayor Harrison of Chicago affords a striking illustration of the danger attending the barbarous practice of carrying revolvers, which seems to be almost universal in some parts of the United States. The state of civilization in which this practice prevails

is in some respects worse than that of the olden times when every man above a certain rank wore a sword. To draw a sword and make an attack upon another similarly armed and presumably equally well trained, required at least a good degree of personal courage, and courage is usually accompanied with a certain manliness which scorned to take a mean advantage. But the revolver is the coward's weapon. It lends itself readily to the purposes of the assassin. To point the weapon and pull the trigger requires not personal courage so much as murderous intent. Any human being who has fallen so low in the moral scale as to desire the death of another is pretty sure to find in the deadly revolver, which may be concealed in a small pocket, an ever ready and tempting instrument for the gratification of his treacherous hatred. Surely it may be hoped that with the progress of civilization in the West the day will soon come when it will be considered as disreputable to carry a concealed revolver, as it now would be to go armed with a deadly poison, as a means of resenting an affront, or ridding oneself of an adversary, in old Oriental fashion. The fact that the revolver is so easily concealed makes it, of course, difficult to enforce any prohibitory law in regard to it. But the operation of the Blake law in Canada proves, we believe, that prohibition may not only be made to a certain extent effective, but that it serves a still better purpose in stamping the practice against which it is aimed as illegal, and therefore, disreputable. In the case in question, on the other hand, we are told that Mr. Harrison's coachman, running into the hall when the alarm was given, fired three shots at the assassin, the inference being that he also was going about his duties with a loaded weapon in his pocket, or within easy reach. Here, then, is room for a great moral reform, since it may safely be asserted that no people has reached a very high plane of civilization so long as a large proportion of its citizens go about the streets with arms concealed on their persons.

The action of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in sentencing Mr. Ellis to fine and imprisonment for an alleged contempt of court, committed several years ago, bids fair to afford another illustration of the truth of the saying that the best way to secure the repeal of an unjust law is to enforce it. The announcement of the sentence of the court and its execution, has sent a wave of indignation all over the Dominion. The state of feeling aroused, which is happily not confined to one party, is such that the matter will no doubt be brought before Parliament at its approaching session. It is not unlikely that the result will be a modification of the law which now gives so much arbitrary power to judges in the matter. There is something repugnant to

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modern ideas of justice, and of the liberty of the subject, in the principle of a statute which empowers the same person to act as prosecutor, judge, and jury, especially in a case involving personal feeling. In view of the obvious necessity for the possession by courts of some power for the summary enforcement of order and respect, the people were not disposed to object to the continuance of old provisions, clothing the judges with powers much too absolute to be in accord with the spirit of the age, so long as those entrusted with these extraordinary powers used them with moderation and forbearance. Now that a case has arisen in which they have been used in a manner which conflicts with public sentiment, and in the opinion of many, savors of vindictiveness, there is little doubt that very material modifications of the law will be insisted on. We see no reason why the amendment proposed by many, which, while permitting the judges to retain the power of summary punishment for offences committed in open court, would place them on the same level with other officers and citizens in relation to all other offences, might not satisfy every requirement. It is, in fact, a question whether the present arrangement, which virtually enables a judge to prohibit unfavorable criticism of any of his decisions, does not really tend to interfere with the course of justice by the temptation it offers to a weak or prejudiced judge to yield to improper influences. If a judge is libelled or abused in the discharge of his duty he should be able to prove the fact in open court and obtain a verdict just as any other officer or citizen has to do. What more can an upright man desire? The notion that by virtue of his elevation to the bench a lawyer is mysteriously delivered from the imperfections and prejudices which affect other mortals is too absurd to be seriously considered by any observant or thoughtful person.

Another veteran has disappeared from the rapidly thinning ranks of our ante-Confederation statesmen. We say "statesmen" advisedly, for though the field of practical politics was not to Sir John Abbott as it was to his illustrious predecessor in the Premiership, the arena in which he most delighted to display his powers, and though a retiring disposition tended to keep him in the background while less able men came to the fore, no one who has followed his course can doubt that his abilities for the duties of public life were much above the average. In the earlier years of his parliamentary life this ability showed itself mainly in the origination and framing of two or three measures which displayed constructive talent of a high order, and which have formed the basis of all subsequent legislation on those subjects. But his statesmanlike qualities were most signally though still unobtrusively displayed when, on the demise of the

great Conservative chieftain in 1891, he was called on to form a Government and take the leadership of his party and of Parliament. There can be little doubt that, owing to the consciousness of physical infirmity as well as the lack of political ambition at the advanced age which he had then reached, he took up this burden with reluctance rather than with alacrity. Certainly in this case the office sought the man and not the man the office. The breadth of view, moderation and fairness with which he discharged the duties and solved the difficulties of his responsible position, at a time of threatened crisis, are now recognized on all hands. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that they were to many a revelation of unsuspected power. While we thus speak of the deceased in his capacity of statesman and Premier, we do not forget that during most of his life his energies were mainly directed in legal and commercial channels, and that in these more congenial pursuits his chief successes were won. But in these the reading public is less interested. The best friends of the deceased can never cease to regret his connection, as that of the political chief whose admirer he was and whose fortunes he followed during the greater part of his public life, with the Pacific scandal. It would have been interesting to know whether in his later years he regarded that transaction, which has left an indelible stain upon Canadian political history, and the baneful effects of which are, we believe, felt in our public life until this day, with the same complacency as at the time of its exposure. We would fain believe that he must have come to deplore it as an error—to use an euphemism—sprung from the too intense partizanship which has at various times wrought evil in Canadian politics. In any case it is but fair to judge both the living and the dead by the tenor of a life-time rather than by any single act or episode. Tried by that standard, it can hardly be denied that Sir John Abbott in many ways served well his generation.

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

The Prohibition Commissioners are made the objects of a good many gibes, but it is not easy to see how anyone can follow them from day to day without coming to the conclusion that their labors merit commiseration rather than ridicule. If they are expected only to present a clear and intelligent record of the opinions expressed by those who are summoned to give evidence before them, their task will be no light one. But if, in addition to this, it is their duty to balance these conflicting opinions and form conclusions and recommendations based upon them, or logically and legitimately derived from them, their case is hard indeed. We say nothing of the sharp and inevitable conflicts, not only in theories, but in statements of alleged facts, between ardent

prohibitionists on the one hand, and interested brewers and liquor-sellers on the other. Those antagonisms were to be expected. It is when we come to the classes of witnesses whose professional relations to the question should make them experts in certain aspects of it, that the confusion of testimony seems to be worse confounded. Take, for instance, the physicians, whose views should naturally carry most weight with reference to the effects of alcoholic beverages upon the physical system. Here, at least, we naturally expect some good degree of unanimity. Surely, if the study of medicine is entitled to rank as a science, and if in any line of investigation its observations and experiments should lead to general conclusions, demonstrated with some degree of exactitude and certainty, we might expect them to be able to tell us with convincing accord whether the moderate use of liquors is healthful or harmful to the human system. But in no respect is the testimony more directly contradictory than in regard to this very point. Turning to the moral side of the question we naturally look to the clergymen, whose professional duties must lead to a study of causes and effects in the region of morals for which few others have opportunity, for clear and, to some extent at least, harmonious pronouncements in regard to the effects of the use of intoxicants upon character and conduct. But, here, again, one has only to read the reports of last week's sessions of the Commission in Toronto to find the conflict of opinion no less marked and irreconcilable than in the case of the medical authorities. Thus do both classes of doctors differ, and fail us at the very moment when we look to them for information and guidance.

The designation by which the Commission is commonly known reminds us that its chief reason for being is that it may gather facts to aid the Government in reaching a decision as to the advisability of prohibitory legislation. The facts to be ascertained are no doubt those of public opinion and sentiment, as well as those of a more tangible and statistical character. The course of the inquiry emphasizes two main questions upon which the conclusions must chiefly depend. First, is absolute prohibition justifiable under any circumstances? Is it compatible with the rights of citizens in a free state? The question may be stated thus for the sake of clearness. Suppose it to have been morally proven—in such a matter mathematical or demonstrative proof is of course impossible—that the total prohibition of the manufacture, sale and use of alcoholic liquors as beverages would be highly beneficial to the material comfort and the moral well-being of the people as a whole, would the end justify the means? Have the representatives of the majority a moral right to curtail the liberties of the minority in such a matter as their table beverages, in order to effect a great moral reform and at the same time to promote the material interests of the

NOTES ON DANTE.—II.

VITA NUOVA.

The chief of the minor works of Dante are the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito* and the treatises *De Vulgari Eloquio* and *De Monarchia*. These works, although of less interest and importance than the *Commedia*, are yet of much significance, and help greatly towards the understanding of his master-work.

The *Vita Nuova* (New Life) was undoubtedly the earliest work of its author. It consists of thirty-two poems, sonnets, canzoni and ballate, as they are severally entitled, introduced by a kind of historical narrative, and followed (in the earlier parts at least) by explanatory notes. The poems range from Dante's eighteenth to his twenty-fifth year. The prose portions were not completed until about 1302.

Some have tried to make out that the "New Life" was simply the early history of the poet, but the general consent of commentators has fixed upon that meaning which is certainly the true one. The new life of Dante was that which was stirred within him by the beauty, purity and gentleness of Beatrice, and which was in later days transfigured and transformed into a higher life by the mystical Beatrice, the Grace of God. Here is one of the difficulties of the book, to separate the real and the ideal, or rather not so much to separate, as to recognize that there is a passing of one into the other in the *Vita*, although in the *Commedia* we leave the physical behind us.

In the exposition of this subject, some have gone so far as to declare that there was no actual Beatrice at all, but that she was first spiritualized, or selected as the type of a spiritual idea. But this is in the highest degree improbable, not only because we have precise names and dates and localities, but because Boccaccio could hardly have been mistaken about a matter of this kind. The only ground for the notion might be found in Dante's use of numbers which can hardly be the real ones in every case. It was the passion of Dante's life to erect a monument worthy of Beatrice and his love; and we might perhaps say that the *Vita Nuova* was consecrated to the real Beatrice and the *Commedia* to the ideal.

Certain facts are tolerably certain. Beatrice was the daughter of Folco Polinari, scarcely a year younger than Dante, who saw her for the first time in 1274 when he was barely nine years of age and she was a little over eight. The second interview with her took place in 1284, ten years later, at which time Beatrice seems to have become the wife of Simon de Bardi. In 1290 Beatrice died at the age of 24. There are obvious difficulties in the way of a satisfactory account of the nature of Dante's love for Beatrice. They were both mere children at their first meeting. As girls and young unmarried women were kept in comparative seclusion they may have had hardly any intercourse during the interval between the two meetings described by Dante. On the latter occasion, as already remarked, she was almost certainly married, so that any love-making in the ordinary sense was out of the question. There can be no reasonable doubt that Dante's feeling for this peerless woman was one of pure devotion free from ordinary passion. Beatrice was to him the ideal of all beauty and excellence, one which must penetrate and pur-

ify all who contemplated and admired it, a model by which all noble and gentle ladies might test and fashion their own character and life.

An excellent account of Dante's first meeting with Beatrice is given by Boccaccio; but, as it is drawn principally from the *Vita Nuova*, it will be better to give the latter, Dante's own account. (Note the use of the number nine.) After a few words introducing the book, he goes on:—"Nine times now since my birth had the heaven of light turned almost to the same point in its orbit, when there first appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my soul who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore she was so called [*Beata*, the blessed] * * * It was about the beginning of her ninth year that she appeared to me, and at the end of the ninth year that I beheld her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble color, a subdued and becoming crimson, girt and adorned in a manner suitable to her very youthful age. At that moment, I say truly, the spirit of life which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble with such violence that it showed painfully in the least pulsations, and tremulously spoke these words: '*Ecce Deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi*' [Behold a God stronger than I am who shall come to rule over me]. * * * From that time forward, I say that Love held sovereign empire over my soul, which had so suddenly inclined to him; and through the power which my imagination gave him, he began to exercise over me such control and authority that I could not choose but do his pleasure in all things. Oftentimes he enjoined upon me that I should seek to behold this youngest of the angels, wherefore, in my boyhood, I frequently went in search of her; and saw her to be of such noble and praiseworthy deportment, that one might truly say of her those words of the poet Homer, (She seemeth not the daughter of mortal man, but of God.)"

This was the first meeting; the second is represented by Dante as taking place nine years later. The account is given in the next (the third) chapter or section of the *V. N.* We may note again the prominence of the number nine. "When so many days," he writes, "had passed by, that exactly nine years were completed since the vision of that most noble (*gentilissima*) lady just described, on the last of these days it happened that this admirable lady appeared to me clothed in purest white, between two noble ladies older than herself; and passing along the street she turned her eyes towards that part where I was standing, shy and timid, and by her ineffable courtesy, which is now rewarded in the higher world, saluted me in a manner so gracious that I then seemed to see all the boundaries of human blessedness. The hour in which her most sweet salutation reached me was exactly the ninth of that day, and, as that was the first time that her words had reached my ears, I was taken with such secret sweetness, that, like one intoxicated, I got away from the company I was in, and having recourse to the solitude of my chamber, I set myself down to meditate on this most courteous lady. And as I meditated upon her, a sweet sleep came over me, in which there appeared to me a marvellous vision." It was a vision of love, a lord of fearful aspect yet joyful, who appeared bearing a lady wrapped in a blood-red garment and holding in his hand Dante's heart on

whole people? This is the first and fundamental question. In regard to it we find the widest possible divergence of view.

Assuming the question of constitutional and moral right to be settled in the affirmative, the second question, that of practicability, emerges. This is a question of expediency, pure and simple. Can it be shown that it is possible to enforce a prohibitory law, so as to secure its potential blessings? Can this be done in Canada, in the last decade of the nineteenth century? In regard to the unfavourable inferences drawn by many witnesses from the failure of the Scott Act and other attempts at local prohibition, candour compels the admission that they are without special, certainly without conclusive force. It seems strange that the test of experiment should have been needed to show that local prohibition must necessarily be very ineffective, so long as the prohibited and coveted article is accessible on every side. In this case both the manufacture and the general distribution are permitted. It is an attempt to dam the rivulets while fountains and rivers are full and overflowing. The prohibition of manufacture, importation and every form of distribution—save in medicinal quantities through the drug stores—throughout the whole Dominion, would be a very different matter.

It is evident that the question of practicability at this point resolves itself into one of the strength of public sentiment. Given a public opinion sufficiently overwhelming in favor of prohibition and the traffic, if not utterly destroyed, can be reduced to very small and comparatively innocuous dimensions. It will be deprived of respectability, driven into holes and corners. The gilded saloon and the tempting hotel bar will no longer entice the weak and the unwary. But how is the fact whether such a sentiment exists—a fact upon which the whole question of expediency turns—to be ascertained? Hardly by a Royal Commission, which at the best cannot summon one in ten thousand of the population to answer its questions, and can furnish no assurance that those whom it may chance to summon correctly represent the opinions of the masses. And this is prominently a question in which the opinions of the many, not the few, are the determining factors. The Commission may indeed serve to show the existence of so influential a section opposed to prohibitory legislation on the ground either of right or of expediency, as to put the success of such a measure in serious doubt. But it seems pretty clear that nothing short of either a general election, if such were possible, with prohibition as the main issue, or a Dominion plebiscite can settle the antecedent question upon which the possibility of effective prohibition depends.

Mrs. Hannah Day, of Brunswick, Me., died recently in her one hundred and first year.

fire, which he gave to the lady to eat. Then love departed in great grief. The substance of this dream is embodied in the first sonnet; and Dante remarks that "the true meaning of this dream was not then seen by anyone, but now it is plain to the simplest."

This first poem is of interest as being probably the first composition of this kind by Dante which we still possess. It stands first, not only in the V. N., but in the complete collection of Dante's shorter poems, known as the *Canzoniere*. Translations of the V. N. or of the poems have been made by Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Lyell, Rossetti, Sir Theodore Martin, Dean Plumptre, and Mr. C. E. Norton. All of these have great merits. Lyell's translation is in the manner of Cary. Norton's is more after the fashion of Longfellow's, only that he preserves the rhymes, and he has some admirable essays. Plumptre also preserves the form and rhyming of the original, and has some admirable notes. In the specimens here given all these versions have been used, and the aim has been to make the rendering exact and almost verbal.

Dante, one day, gazing at Beatrice, was supposed to be looking at a lady near her, and, to prevent remarks on the former, he allowed the error to go uncorrected; and when this lady went away he poured out his grief in a poem. So, on the death of a beautiful young friend of Beatrice, he wrote two sonnets; but in all these poems there was an underlying reference to Beatrice, and in fact it was always his worship of her which inspired his poetic utterances. Thus, the latter of these two sonnets (in Chap. VIII) ends with the following undoubted reference to his lady:

"Who is this lady will I not disclose
Save what may by her qualities be known.
Who merits not salvation,
Let him not hope to hear her company."

By these roundabout methods of paying homage, on Dante's part the result of pure reverence, he became suspected of inconstancy and even of wantonness; and "on this account," he says (Ch. X.) "namely because of that wanton talk, which seemed to impute vice to me, that most gentle lady, who was the destroyer of all the vices, and the queen of the virtues, passing by a certain place, denied me her most sweet salute, in which lay all my bliss." And then he goes on to speak of her gracious influence over him, subduing resentment and kindling charity and mercy. The loss of her salutation filled him with grief. He writes a Ballata, telling it to find Love and with him as advocate make the poet's defence:

"With sounds of sweetness, when thou goest
with him,
Beg in these words,
As soon as thou her pity shall have craved:
"My lady, he who sends me unto you,
When it shall please you, prays you
That you will hear me offer his defence.
Love is the cause who, by your beauty's means,
Constrains him, as he will, to change his aspect.
Reflect why on another he hath gazed,
When all the time his heart remained unchanged."

Tell her, 'O Lady that his heart is stayed
With such confirmed faith
That every thought is bent on serving you.
Yours he became in youth, and never swerved.'
If she believe thee not,
Tell her to question Love if this be true,
And at the last present a humble prayer
To pardon him, if he hath caused her pain
And if by message she should bid me die
Her servant's strict obedience she shall prove."

Further on he tells us of having met

Beatrice in a company of ladies when he was so overcome with emotion as to excite the ridicule of those present. (C. XIV.) This was the occasion of a sonnet to Beatrice, explaining the cause of his emotion, after which he added, in his comment: "This is ambiguous and impossible to explain to any one who is not in like degree the liegeman of love." Afterwards he declares (Ch. XVIII.) that, as he had lost the happiness which came from receiving his lady's salutation, he must now find satisfaction in the contemplation and celebration of her excellency. Out of this explanation comes the beautiful Canzone on the graces of Beatrice. We give the third of the six stanzas.

"My lady is desired in the high heaven:
Now of her virtue will I make you know.
I say: Who so would seem a gentle dame
Should go with her; for when she passes by,
Love casts o'er evil hearts a chilling blight,
Which freezes and destroys their every thought.
And whom Love does permit to gaze upon her,
He only proves her virtue more and more;
For then there comes to him what gives him health,
And humbles him till he forgets all wrong.
And yet a greater grace hath God bestowed:
Never can he end ill who speaks with her."

In another poem he answers the question: What is Love? In another he sets forth the loveliness of Beatrice. Beatrice's father dies and this becomes the occasion of two poems. Then he has a dream foreboding the death of Beatrice, and this is embodied in a canzone.

"And then said Love: 'No more I hide from thee;
Come and behold our Lady who lies here.'
Then dream-like phantasy
Conducted me to see my lady dead;
And as I looked, I saw
That ladies with a veil were covering her;
And with her was such sweet humility
It seemed as though she said, 'I am in peace.'"

By-and-bye the vision becomes a reality. Beatrice passes away at the age of twenty-four; and he writes a canzone which is at once a dirge for Beatrice and a celebration of her entrance into Paradise. It ends thus;

"Sad song of mine, now weeping go thy way,
And find again the dames and maidens sweet
To whom thy sisters all
Were wont to be the bearers of delight.
And thou who art the daughter of my sorrow
Go forth disconsolate and dwell with them."

In Chapter XXXVI. we come to a sonnet, the twenty-sixth poem of the series, which presents us with one of the greatest difficulties in Dante's life. A noble (gentile) lady, young and very beautiful, beholding the poet's grief and moved to compassion and love; and Dante's heart went forth to her and found consolation in her affection. But the glorified Beatrice appeared to him and this drove out of his mind the thought of the other.

Now, it is quite true that, in the *Convito*, Dante declares that this gentle lady signified a merely human philosophy which, for a time, displaced Divine Revelation, and Mr. Davidson, in his excellent edition of Scartazzini's Hand-book, decides in rather an offhand manner that the "gentle lady" can have no other meaning. But we cannot help here taking the view of his author, especially when we find it supported by critics like Witte, Hettinger, and Plumptre. If we give up the literal meaning here, we shall be in danger of doing the same with Beatrice herself.

Finally he announces his resolution, in the closing paragraph of the book, "to speak no more of this blessed one until I could more

worthily treat of her. And to attain to this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knoweth. So that, if it shall please Him through whom all things live that my life shall be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman. And then it may please Him who is the Lord of grace that my soul may go to behold the glory of its lady, namely, of that blessed Beatrice who in glory looketh upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia Saecula benedictus*." Here is the promise of the *Commedia*; and we know how splendidly it was kept.

It is not easy, in this fragmentary manner, to give any adequate idea of the beauty of this remarkable work. It is fresh, simple, direct; in short, Dantesque. Even where it is crude, it bears within itself the pledge of greater things to come.

The other lesser works must be considered hereafter. WILLIAM CLARK.

PARIS LETTER.

The colliers' strike in the north of France, where 50,000 men are out, continues to be a puzzle; no one can fix a date when it will terminate. The Socialist deputies occupy the coal regions haranguing the strikers to no-surrenderism. The strike ought to be viewed as the vanguard, in sympathy with the English stand, and feeling its way to the general strike for the continent—later. The working classes have made up their minds on one point, to possess a better division of the cake they help to make. At Amiens a fresh strike has broken out among the dyers, who are very skilled artizans in the matter of coloring stuffs and velvets. A few months ago they struck, and demanded higher wages. Ultimately the employers acceded. The latter at once formed themselves into a syndicate, resolved to augment their prices to be charged manufacturers, corresponding to the concessions made to the hands. The increase prices naturally would fall on the consumer, which would not be unfair, if all interested were fairly treated. The dyers have now addressed their employers thus: "You have made no sacrifices for us since you are gaining more money, that is to say, losing none. We demand two francs a week higher pay all round, and ten hours' work in place of eleven."

Holland has ever been to the front in labor questions. A royal commission has been occupied inquiring into the several phases of the work problem. It inclines to the Government taking in hand the supervision of all societies of the "friendly" order to handle assurances against work accidents, and for the according of pensions to the toil-worn aged. The commission proposes also to protect adults, just as much as women and children against dangers from machinery and unhealthy factories. It is divided on the subject of compulsory education, because children have to care for the house while their mothers have to go out and work. In the case of agricultural children, their attendance would be only compulsory during the half year when field labor would be impossible, but to accord to parents the right to select the school and fix the exceptional attendance.

It would be well if the "soul doctors," that latest class of publicists, would give a diagnosis on the Franco-Russian Alliance, what are its aims, outside of imagination and

air-building castles. To-morrow the Alliance will not run together more diplomatically, than at the present moment. "Where shall we be now," after the Toulon rejoicings and the Paris receptions? Writers take great liberties with history and the distortion of facts to show that France and Russia have been destined by nature, etc., to be perpetually allied. M. Rambaud describes the richness of Holy Russia in soldiers, and the *raw material* for armies, but has to confess she lacks the means of transporting her forces; she has at best only toy railways in the interior of the empire, single lines, awaiting capital to develop them. Now for Russia, the vital point is to obtain money. Will France, her only lender, bleed? *Qui vicia verra*. Navarino is pointed out as an instance of the Alliance of France and Russia—England also took part, and commanding the triple fleet, naturally led it to success. The battle destroyed the navies of Turkey and Egypt and erected Greece into a kingdom; but it did more, in breaking the back of Turkey it facilitated the advance of Russia towards Constantinople. Since that event, the Sultan has ever been "sick" and the Turk "unspeakable." In the Mediterranean, Germany wants Beyrout, and so does Russia, and while more than ever keeping her grip on Alexandria, England will "have and hold" Tangiers. It is a growing belief that it is better to end than to mend Turkey, to give Austria Salonica and the region round about, and enable her to hand Trieste to Italy, while Bulgaria could be entrusted with the custody of a free and neutral Constantinople, free entrance and exit to the Black Sea, and the cession of Varna to England for a coaling station, involving unobstructed cruising in the Caspian as well as in the Black Seas. Germany and Italy, as well as Spain, intend to have a mouthful of Morocco—perhaps the sooner the better.

The Comte de Paris seems to be looking up: he has had an interview with the Czar, the nature of which the French would give their eyes to know. Then Rochefort asserts the amnesty that is on the tapis will allow the Comte de Paris to re-enter France; then his son, the Due d'Orleans, will be allowed to do the conscript in reality, and whether he likes it or not. These events indicate the solidity of the republic. Prince Victor Napoleon will be also allowed to resume his old quarters near the Parc Monceau. Had he the brains of his sister, the Duchesse d'Aosta, he might be dangerous; as it is, he is a nullity of the ornamental kind. The other pretenders, Don Jamie, son of Don Carlos, and the Lauendorff grandson of "Louis XVII," will also be welcomed as citizens. The Grevin Museum, ought to wax-work these celebrities, and have a separate chamber for all the pretenders to the one French throne. The latter consisted of a fauteuil; the only authentic one existing dates from the reign of Louis XIV, is in possession of a member of the ducal Vendome family, and that, an ancestor converted into an easy chair; however, that only enhances its value for Tussaud duty.

France intends to have a museum special to each of her colonies or "takes." It is too soon to have exhibits from Siam—save the three million dollars war indemnity; but Paris has a "Rue de Siam" already. The Dahomey collection is now being taken in

hands. Behanzin being still at large, an outlaw, his "model ancestors" have arrived, his g. g. grandfathers; the three are in wood; the first represents a shark, with human hands, in an octopus attitude—fortunately that Anglo-Francais, General Dodds, escaped his antennae; grandpapa number two, is a furious lion—the French perhaps have pulled his tail off, since he has none; the third ancestor is of human shape, covered with new style of Brunmagem jewellery—files, chisels, saws, plates of tin and iron, etc.: in a word, a poly metallist.

Defeated deputies gain something by being relieved of parliamentary anxieties. Thus M. Yves Guyot, an ex-minister to boot, is discussing, not the reform of taxation, the dwindling revenue, or the Franco-Russian Alliance, but the cruelty, the barbarism of handing over the remains of guillotined scoundrels, to the Anatomy School. But he has no objection to the tables of these schools being occupied by the unfortunates who expire in a hospital or a hospice. The least atonement an executed assassin's remains can make to outraged society is to aid the search-light of science to abridge human suffering.

If there be no separation from church and state in France, there is between the church and the Law Courts. The French Chambers never open with either prayer or praise. The Tribunals had the custom of inaugurating the November or annual term, with a religious ceremony, known as the "Red Mass," because the Judges' robes were of that color. The Scarlet gentlemen henceforth decline to assist at such mass and sermon for the future, in a corporate capacity, so the institution may be considered as obsolete, as the kings of France administering Justice under an old oak tree, or holding a Bed of Justice. France endows four separate and antagonistic creeds, and the lawyers perhaps think that is quite a sufficient stock of wrangling piety and hair-splitting theology.

The catch of whales has been good this season in the Arctic Ocean; up to the 28th July, 70 whales had been captured, some 83 feet long, weight 20 tons, and value 10,000 francs. They are slain by a "needle gun," or harpoon shot out of a special cannon. The monster is hit in a vital part, and there ends the poetry—four hours is the time which elapses between the striking and the landing, or rather towing, of the big fish. The blubber goes to the melting pot, the remainder of the carcass to the sea birds.

Senator Simon states that in the 1848 parliament, two niggers, domestic servants, were elected deputies, and who constantly desired to "wait" on their colleagues.

The best hunting ground for philosophic beggars, in the private entrance to the French Academy; no immortal but is bled there and only silver is the current coin. But then the recipients have only one day in the week to encounter immortals. Z.

It is estimated by Major-General Tyrrel that whereas at the time of the Crimean war the aggregate strength of the armies of the great Powers of Europe did not exceed 3,000,000 in round numbers, to-day it is more than 20,000,000.

A Rochester man has devised a plan by which a trolley street car can be stopped almost instantaneously, or within a space of three feet, while the car is going at full speed. His device is operated by a lever in the motorman's cab.—Electricity.

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

A hectic flush on Autumn's cheek,
Her breath comes thick and fast,
Her sunny gleams grow faint and weak,
And die along the blast;
And ripple of laughter and glory of songs,
That to the glow of her sweet prime belong,
Far away, far away,
To the South in the Summerland sweep now
along.

Then take my open hand, dear,
And clasp it close in thine,—
We met within the springtime clear
When flowers and sunbeams shine;
We met in the glory of life and light,
But now like a dream it has passed from
sight;
Shall we,—Oh say!
Shall we pass with the sunlight or sleep
thro' the night!

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy, Ont.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION: THE AESTHETIC ASPECT.

The great Columbian Exposition, which is surely the most colossal celebration ever accorded to the prowess and success of a mortal man, is, as its more familiar name denotes, a little world in itself. It can no more be described as a whole, than the world of which it is a miniature; but only in the special aspects in which it most appeals to the individual observer. And the aesthetic or artistic aspect is that which at once captivates every visitor capable of enjoying artistic beauty carried to the highest pitch of perfection in design and execution.

Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors to the World's Fair, if asked what they enjoyed most, would reply at once, "the beauty of the whole." And, in such a case, "what everybody says must be true." For such unanimity of appreciation proves that there exists in all of us a latent craving for what is artistically beautiful; and that the production which has already elicited so general a response has made good its right to claim true beauty in its conception and realization.

All that one may have heard or read before going hardly prepares one for the effect of the reality, as indeed is the case with most beautiful objects, natural or artificial. It bursts on one as if it were a realization of Turner's pictures of Grecian cities—marble palaces, domes and colonnades, statues and bridges, with light and pleasure barges and gondolas darting hither and thither, laden with their throngs of pleasure-seekers. It seems like a mingling of Venice and Munich, with perhaps a dream of ancient Athens thrown in. However and from what ever direction we may view the wonderful "Court of Honor," with its classic colonnaded "Peristyle" surmounted by its heroic statues standing majestic against the sky—a noble portal towards Lake Michigan; with the magnificent palaces of Agriculture and the Liberal Arts flanking the stately terraces on either side of the white-banked canal, whose placid expanse reflects at one end the colossal golden statue of the Republic, gleaming golden in the sun, and, at the other, the beautiful Columbian Fountain in front of the superb Administration Building, the crown and centre of the whole, one cannot but stand in entranced admiration at the beauty and glory of the "White City," which has sprung into existence, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand. When the

"fairy tales of science" come to be written, the magical creation of this eighth wonder of the world will not be the least striking.

Of course this beautiful "Court of Honor" is but, as it were, the vestibule to the manifold wonders of the Exposition; but it is a wonderful and symbolical portal. Never before in any Exposition has the same grandeur and beauty of conception and plan been associated with the same success and completeness of execution. Indeed, never before would such completeness have been possible, for we live in an age of rapidly accelerating progress, and electricity, which has done so much towards the beauty and completeness of this Fair, has won most of its practical triumphs within a very few years.

Undoubtedly, the most impressive approach to the "White City,"—an appellation which is no figure of speech—is that by one of the steamers which land the visitor at the long pier outside the Peristyle, giving him a general glimpse of the white palaces of which the forward portion of the Exposition is chiefly composed. A still more charming distant view the writer was fortunate enough to secure, from a pier a mile or so to the southward of the Fair. It was in the early morning, when the light haze that hung over Lake Michigan was being gradually dispelled by the warm September sun. And, as it slowly lifted, lo! there were the shining white domes and palace walls gleaming through the ethereal curtain of mist, even as we might fancy the glories of the heavenly city might gleam before the eyes of the pilgrim just cleared from the mist of death; or, to speak less in parables, as the whole beautiful conception gradually shaped itself out in the imagination which created it.

As you approach the pier by steamer, there is no disenchantment. On the contrary, new beauty is revealed every moment, as you discern the details. You begin to realize, too, its marvellous magnitude, as dome rises behind dome and palace behind palace till their outlines are lost in the distance. Just before you, challenging your first attention, rises the noble colonnaded Peristyle surmounted by the spirit-stirring group of statuary which represents the triumphal progress of Columbus, and bearing, also, a long line of colossal nymphs, representing the various States and Territories of the Union. At each end, the colonnade ends in an ornate pavilion, bearing the names of the principal musical composers, and sculptured with emblems of that art; one of which is used as a music hall, and the other as a casino. The Peristyle bears several suggestive inscriptions, the central one being: "The truth shall make you free!" On one of the sides runs the legend: "Civil and religious liberty form the best type of national character," and on the other, "Toleration in religion is the best trait of the last four centuries." The names of the chief explorers of America, Ponce de Leon, Jacques Cartier, and Ferdinand De Soto, are carved near the Columbus Quadriga on the water-gate of the Peristyle.

Once within the classic portal, the enchanted eye takes in the *tout ensemble* of the main basin, with the golden-gleaming statue of the Republic, in the foreground, the mist and spray of the beautiful Columbian Fountain, in the distance, and the gorgeous Administration Building just behind it, a building which has been well called a "monumental vestibule,"—the dome rising, day and night, as a symbol seen from afar, of the grandeur of the Fair.

At night, outlined by its curved lines of living light, it is even more suggestively beautiful than by day. But the sides of this main basin are scarcely less effective. Opposite to the severely simple, stupendous mass of the great palace of the Liberal Arts to your right, looking inwards—stands the richly sculptured facade of the Agricultural Building, on the other side of the "Court of Honor." The magnificent, emblematic bas-reliefs, and sculptured groups on its pediment and pavilions, are studies in themselves; and the proportion of the whole are noble and satisfying to the eye. Dignified, beautiful and chaste, it is a worthy monument to the most venerable of the arts, the pursuit that brings men into closest contact with mother earth and the processes of Nature, which are lavishly represented by the exhibits most artistically arranged within.

The colossal statue of the Republic, already mentioned, which suggests the recollection of the "Bavaria" at Munich, is the work of French, the gifted son of Concord, who achieved fame in the first instance, by his fine statue of "The Minute Man," which marks Concord's old historic bridge. It is a noble and harmonious conception. Its immense size, ninety feet in height, does not impress the eye as so great, because its proportions are so perfectly in keeping with those of the basin and the surrounding buildings. It would seem that nothing here—including the little reproductions of the Temple of Vesta—which occupy the corners, could be displaced or altered without disturbing the sense of harmony and restful satisfaction which only the perfection of beauty in Nature or Art can produce.

The view of the basin from the upper end is quite as beautiful, if not more so. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more delightful, so far as more sensuous pleasure is concerned, than to sit in front of the Administration Building, on a warm, sunny afternoon, beside that finely conceived Columbian Fountain, with its emblematic figure of Columbia, in her aquatic chariot steered towards the rising sun by old Father Time himself, while her plunging steeds spout columns of spray from their arched nostrils, and three maiden rowers on each side—the Arts and Sciences—help to propel the chariot, amid a musical rush of falling waters, while dolphins and nereids cluster around it in the background. In front, the cool plashing of the water as it flows into the basin over the marble steps below, and the electric fountains wreathing their sheaves of spray, at either side, seem to cool the sultry air with sight and sound, while the delighted eye travels down the vista of placid waters to the golden Republic, with her arms uplifted as if in blessing, and beyond that to the white columns of the Peristyle, seen against the blue sky, and the azure expanse of Lake Michigan. Then, at either side of the great basin opens a smaller canal, that on the right hand ending in another, smaller colonnade, with an obelisk in front—a copy of Cleopatra's needle; and that on the left winding away into the less formal grace of the charming islet-studded lagoon. It seems as if the art of man, so freely lavished on this palace of art and industry, had made it "a thing of beauty," which should be "a joy forever," instead of vanishing away like a dream—which seems to be its fate in the near future.

But, after all, this "Court of Honor," artistic as it is, is but the vestibule. Where-

ever you go, you encounter buildings beautiful in themselves, as well as in their fitness for their purpose, present themselves to the wondering sight. The classic pile of the great Art Gallery, with its pillared porticoes and sculptured pediments, seems a fitting home for the treasures within. The Spanish-Romanesque polygonal structure of the Fisheries Building, with its outlying wings and its colonnades of elaborately sculptured columns carved in emblematic designs, supplies a feast to the eyes, without as well as within, where its funny inhabitants disport themselves in their crystal caves. The Mining Building and the Machinery Hall, as well as the Electricity Building, are each in some way emblematic of the wonders they enshrine within. The Electricity Building, especially, is a wonderful testimony to the triumphs achieved by electricity within the last decade, and at night is a brilliant exhibition of the varied applications of the "chained lightning" which Franklin "stole from heaven," as well as "the sceptre from kings." Its Edison light tower throbs and scintillates in a succession of lovely mosaic figures produced with a kaleidoscopic swiftness of change. The richly decorated Transportation Building, with its harmonies of warm color, studded with fresco figures of heroic explorers, is a contrast, both in colour and style, to the white statuesque beauty of the classic palaces. The Woman's Building, designed by a woman's skill and crowned with lightly poised female figures, is a graceful and fitting home for the handiwork of women of many lands. The Horticultural Hall, also, with its great glass dome and galleries, well defines its purpose by its exterior, while within, its splendid collection of tropical foliage is arranged in a way that gives the observer some idea of the effect of a tropical vegetation. The lagoon and its wooded island are a charming contrast to the pure classic formality of the Court of Honor; and the dainty Japanese village that divides the wooded islet with the gay parterres and rose gardens and aquatic birds, deserve to be ranked among the artistic effects of the Fair. If one could only live in a climate of perpetual summer, it would be delightful to live in one of these cool, simply furnished houses, with their white matted floors, and an artistic eye and touch visible in every arrangement, ornament and utensil. A number of the foreign Government buildings grouped in the north-western corner are designed with much picturesque effect. France, Spain and Germany, in close proximity, form a charmingly contrasted group. The French building, enclosing three sides of a square, with shady trees and a central fountain—the German one with its quaint turrets, cupolas and jutting balconies, and gorgeous side chapel, its fresco decorations and characteristic inscriptions; and the Spanish one, with its suggestion of massiveness and space, its lofty, cool interior, and its tall twisted columns, are quite ideal in their way. So is the East India building, not far off, with its exquisite tracery of carving, and its pointed arches, recalling the style of Indian tombs and temples—and its interior rich with oriental pomp and color; Ceylon, with its wonderfully carved pillars, its thatched palm hut close by, its treasures of gold and silver and ivory work, and gorgeous jewelry; and Turkey, with its Moorish architecture, and its gorgeous stuffs and weapons, all of which seem to be a bit of the Orient set down perchance by the carpet of Aladdin. Norway, built of

dark, carved wood, with its sharp-pointed gable and dragon ornaments, recalls the rugged, stern north, as also does Sweden, with her domes and cupolas and interesting exhibits of iron and steel, ceramics and curious representations of northern peasant life, especially amid the snows of Lapland. The juxtaposition of these types of life and climate so widely different, seems to recall the old parable of the palm and the pine. Then, only a short way off, there is the little pavilion of the Haytian Republic—also representative in its architecture—with its interesting relics of Columbus and Toussaint L'Ouverture, its show of coffee and fruits. Beyond this is a whole group of South American republics,—Columbia, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Brazil—each with its own peculiar character of style and decoration. Some of them are built round a central quadrangle, filled, in southern fashion, with a tropical garden, encircling a central fountain which gives a delightful air of coolness and freshness to the whole. The dignified simplicity, too, of these southern reception-rooms might be copied with advantage, by the people who delight in stuffing their apartments with every conceivable sort of nick-nacks and bric-a-brac. The Brazilian building is a magnificent one, of richly ornate architecture, and containing an immense variety of interesting native exhibits. Among these, it has a number of paintings of a very creditable degree of excellence. One of the most striking of these, an immense canvas, is a spirited picture of the Brazilian Proclamation of Independence, amid the rejoicing of the native troops. From one of the cupolas which adorn its roof, may be commanded at night a bewitching panorama of beauty, the more imposing buildings in the distance outlined in living light, while dome and cupola, near and remote, and groups of statuary relieved against the sky, are ever and anon brought into vivid prominence by the flash from one or other of the three great search-lights which are always "searching" out some picturesque effect about the "White City." Lagoon and canal, too, are either outlined in light, or illuminated by the sparkling electric launches or graceful gondolas that are ever darting their reflections across the placid waterways.

The English building, "Victoria House," is a comparatively plain but picturesque "half-timbered" building, of the Elizabethan or sixteenth century type, and its rich massive oak furniture is in strict harmony with the style of the building, which appropriately commands charming sea-like views of the azure lake close by. Of the Canadian building, unfortunately, one can say but little that is complimentary. It is not up to the mark of Canada's exhibits in general. The style of the pavilion is singularly unattractive, being neither picturesque nor characteristic; though, but for its pepper-box tower, which has nothing in common with the rest of the building, it might be mistaken for a country hotel. The central room and offices are well fitted up; but, while there is a piano or parlor organ of which it is not easy to see the use, there are no respectable facilities for writing a letter, or even a postal-card, outside of the private offices, which are very handsomely furnished indeed, but of course not for the ordinary Canadian visitor, who feels inclined to wonder why his native land cannot afford him even a decent sheet of blotting-paper! It contains a register and a post-office, however, and for these let him be duly thankful.

The long street of pavilions representing the several states and territories include some which could hardly be called picturesque, but all have something characteristic, and some, as for instance the Florida and the California buildings, combine both. The California building is a reproduction of the style of one of the old adobe mission-houses, and, with its red square corner towers, its round arches and red domes, and the palms and other tropical foliage that adorn its terrace, is as charming a building as any on the ground. The Illinois State building bulks largely on the eye, but its gigantic and heavy dome is as un-aesthetic as that of the Administration Building is the reverse, the two being excellent illustrations of the artistic and unartistic dome. However, it adds to the general effect, and its exhibits, both antiquarian and modern, are exceptionally interesting. So are those of Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Dakota and Washington Territory, among others. Indeed, the displays of the rich natural resources of the new Territories of the United States, are among the most impressive of the exhibits of natural productions. The beauty of the timber exhibits in the Forestry building is a surprise, and many of the exhibits, both here and in the Mining building, are very artistically arranged. As for the Forestry building itself, nothing indeed could have been devised, more picturesque in its simple rustic design and more thoroughly in keeping with its purpose and contents.

But among picturesque and interesting objects, we must not forget those so especially interesting to the historical student, the caravels of Columbus, and the reproduction of the Spanish Monastery of La Rabida, where the great explorer sojourned for a time during his long struggle with adverse fate. The antique Spanish ships, so perpetually meeting the eye in the numberless pictures of the voyage and landing of Columbus, are as quaint and curious in reality as on canvas, and, lying as they do in one of the side canals, with an obelisk and a colonnade in the back-ground, and the rich sculptured facade of the Agricultural building just above them, they make up a picture such as may be encountered in the "White City," and in that alone. As for the strange fortress-like monastery, its irregular blank walls and small windows, its cells and cloisters and central court carry one back to the Middle Ages at once, and indeed even farther than that! The bare white walls and black timbers, the cells filled with every imaginable relic of Columbus and his times, the little tropical garden surrounded by the arcades of the cloister,—all reproduced just as they were when Columbus—a weary exile—sought and found refuge there—seem like a glimpse into the buried world of romance, as well as of history.

Of course the centre of the artistic beauty of the Exposition is the Art building itself. But it would be worse than useless to attempt to give even a glimpse of its treasures at the close of a brief sketch. Never, it is safe to say, has there been such an extensive exhibition of modern art as its eighty or ninety galleries contain. Here are gems from English, French, German, Austrian, Belgian, Russian and Italian artists, with a good representation from many other lands, and that of Canada not the least creditable, especially when her circumstances are taken into consideration. One may venture to say that in proportion to its size, there are more good and fewer bad pic-

tures than in the immense collection of the United States. The Canadian visitor has no reason to be ashamed of the Canadian rooms, except, indeed, on account of one picture whose subject is too horrible to be brought within the range of art at all, and which it was a mistake to exhibit, especially in so prominent a position.

The long nave and transepts are filled with a bewildering profusion of statuary, which is one of the most enjoyable features of the Art Exhibition. Reproductions of early French cathedrals of several centuries, bas-relief copies of ancient royal tombs, historical statues and imaginative groups or figures made an *embarras de richesses* rather bewildering to the visitor, who can, of course, give to this great gallery only a portion of his time. Amid the maze of subjects—historical and mythological and heroic, conflicts between animals and between men and animals, Cupids, Psyche, Bacchantes, nymphs, maidens, children and dogs—only a few can possibly stand out vividly in memory's eye, and these belong more to the class which attract quite as much from their life interest as from purely artistic excellence. Such groups are "The Stone and Iron Age," "The First Funeral"—in which the figures of Adam and Eve and the dead Abel are most admirably wrought out,—"Christ Blessing Little Children," "Captives," "The Cider Press," "Abandoned," "Washington and Lafayette" and "An Incident of the Coup d'Etat,"—in which a woman is holding a dead child,—shot through the head. Both in sculpture and painting, the great preponderance of realistic life subjects over purely fanciful ones or landscapes is very remarkable. The number of animal subjects is also rather remarkable. "The Dying Era," representing an Indian sadly contemplating a dying bison, as suggestive of the close of the age of both himself and the bison, is strong and pathetic. Yet hardly anything in the collection of animal sculpture in the gallery is better designed and executed than are the life-like animals representing the wild life of America, modelled by Kennys and Proctor, which adorn the Court of Honor and other main highways in the Fair grounds. These, indeed, constitute one of the most striking features of the aesthetic aspect of the Columbian Exposition.

THE UNITED STATES.*

This outline of the political history of the United States is intended for English readers, but it deserves and will certainly receive the attention of the reading public in the United States and Canada as no other book yet written has done. It goes without saying that the style is well-nigh perfect, but its very beauty or strength is sometimes gained at the expense of accuracy or completeness. Epigram is delightful to the reader and the epigrammatist is seldom able to resist the temptation to coin exquisite phrases, but the qualities of a man or the mingled forces of an epoch are seldom summed up in an epigram without sacrificing less or more of truth. Still, the historian must condense. Has he condensed with due regard to the laws of perspective, is the great question to be asked with reference to his work? Dryasdust arranges all facts on the same plane, but not one reader in a hundred has time to read all, and

* "The United States: an Outline of Political History, 1492-1871." By Goldwin Smith, D.C. New York: Macmillan & Co.

even if he has, the forest cannot be seen because of the trees. Single campaigns or a presidential contest may be detailed so minutely that he is as hopelessly encumbered as an old Persian or Indian army generally was with its camp followers and baggage. Here is where a good many British and almost all American and German historians have failed, the great reason of failure with the Americans being their almost Chinese inability to conceive of any world beyond their own. No wonder that even Bancroft is now seldom studied, and with all his excellences he will be considered unreadable in the course of a generation or two. Dr. Goldwin Smith's great powers as a writer of history are seen here at their best. In this work we have the fruitage of his intellect, his scholarship and his experience. Every chapter is a marvel of condensation and yet the charm of incident, of narrative and of telling description sustains the reader, and he finds that he cannot lay down the book any more than he can put aside a good novel, until he has reached the last page. In one short chapter the story of the founding and early history of thirteen different colonies is told; and in two chapters still shorter we have a sketch of the history of the United States, from the Revolutionary war to "the irrepressible conflict" over slavery, that makes this long and important epoch for the first time intelligible to men who have something else to do than to study the development of any one nation. We all know something about the Revolutionary war, as well as about the previous colonial history, though few have a proper conception of the breadth and vigour of that colonial life. The rupture of the Union took place in our own day and Reconstruction is going on before our eyes. But what mortal man, unless he be an expert, has traversed the jungle between Washington and Lincoln, and remembered distinctly the wearisome and monotonous details. When an attempt is made to traverse it, the accepted guides take him by such devious ways that it seems interminable, and through such foul-smelling morasses that most men turn back in despair, convinced that life is too short for such enterprises or that the game is not worth the candle. But here we have a king's highway marked out. We can gather flowers as we travel along, and at the end are astonished to find how short and delightful the journey was. In wonderment we retrace our steps, in order to be convinced that we have actually some knowledge of the ground and that it is knowledge worth having.

Something more may be said. The author is seen in this sketch, as he modestly calls it, at his best, partly because he writes of a people whom he regards as the great achievement of his race, whose triumphs he rejoices in and whose deepest political instincts he accepts, even when he does not fully sympathize with them; and partly because age has mellowed without taking away one jot or tittle of his literary power. No one knows better than he how to sting, and it has therefore sometimes astonished the world that he should be so impatient of a return in kind, but—though it is always difficult to refrain from exercising one's power—this book has no stings. A desire to put unpleasant things as mildly as an intensely nervous and truly ethical nature will permit, and to make allowances for men whom he would like to gibbet without benefit of clergy, is every where apparent. Above all,

he is anxious that Americans should read what he has written, though the only hint that he gives to this effect is that "possibly this sketch may come into the hands of an American;" and he is more than anxious that they should not take offence at the truth he is constrained to tell and at the revelations he is obliged to give that their best men were but men at the best. Accordingly, he makes a naive appeal in the preface to their "liberality" to "make allowance for the position of an Englishman" whose admiration for their greatness and whose sturdy faith in their future—a future which of course is to include Canada—is stained by a desire "to do justice to the mother country and to render to her the meed of gratitude which will always be her due." The fact that one who has lived for many years in the United States, and who knows their commercial, literary and public men thoroughly, feels it necessary to make such an appeal, should suggest to himself that so long as there remains anything of that evil spirit among them which he thus pathetically deprecates, "voluntary reunion," on the part of Canadians who have respect for themselves or their forefathers, is out of the question. No one would feel this more readily than he, were he not so dominated by the preconception, with which he crossed the Atlantic, that there is no room on North American soil for two English speaking nations, although the two are trying the same great experiment under different political forms, and are, therefore, for a long time to come, more likely to help each other if under separate governments than if they were tied together. Time enough at any rate to talk of marriage when the stronger party shows himself possessed of those elementary feelings that are generally supposed to precede permanent unions, and without the existence of which the unions are not likely to be very happy. "I want to marry you, but you must first sacrifice your dowry and even be stripped of your clothes," would not be language calculated to win the affections of a self-respecting young woman. It is only fair to admit that there is a good reason, so far as Dr. Smith is concerned, for his appeal to the American reader. His book is written with a purpose. It is evidently meant as a contribution to the healing of that schism of our race for which the British people of to-day are strangely held accountable, because a well meaning king in the eighteenth century was not all wise. The only sentiments for the United States entertained by the British people are those of affection and respect, with perhaps at times a mixture of wonder that is not so complimentary. The difficulty in bridging over the chasm is in the unwillingness of the American politicians to have it bridged. As they are pretty shrewd judges of the people with whom they deal, it must be supposed that they represent a considerable amount of popular sentiment. Knowing this, a man with a purpose of peace may well feel that anything may be permitted that tends to serve an end so great as the reunion of the race, and that it is wise to speak softly to people who take delight in treasuring as relics, or in actually waving, the fragments of "a bloody shirt one hundred and twenty years old. I am not so sure that his attitude is right. It is not respectful to grown men to treat them as spoiled children. When you are struck on one cheek, possibly the most aggravating thing is to turn the other. To confess the sins of our

great-grandfathers without saying much about the sins of the great-grandfathers on the other side may not be the best policy. But Goldwin Smith must be the best judge of how much the Americans will bear. Besides he does tell not a little on the other side: His motive throughout is excellent, and by that as well as by the literary merits of his work he must be judged.

The root of all the troubles between Britain and her colonies is found by him in the mistaken notion entertained by both as to what was involved in the colonial relationship. Whereas the Hellenic colonist went forth to make his home in a new land, free from any political tie to the old state, the Puritan exiles "unhappily retained not only their love to the old land but their political tie to it." This, he says, "created a relation false from the beginning." "The relation was radically false" (pp. 6 and 64) The doubly sufficient answer is that the relation sprang from the highest political wisdom of the time, that it was necessary, perhaps to the existence and certainly to the triumph of the British colonies, in their struggle against France, and also that the Hellenic ideal was by no means the highest conceivable. In other words, his criticism of the colonial relationship is unjust, whether judged by the historical or the ideal standard. He himself admits the necessity for British protection to the colonies. "New England might have been worsted in the struggle with New France, had not the protecting arm of Old England been stretched over her. Though the war was European it was in no merely British quarrel that British blood was poured out and British treasure lavished on the American field. . . . Not for Great Britain alone but for the British race and its ascendancy on this continent the red coats conquered on the Heights of Abraham and Wolfe died." It is easy to say that a compact of colonial neutrality, exempting the American colonies of European Powers from wars between the Imperial countries, would have been more desirable than the actual relationship. When desirable things are in the moon, there is little use in wishing for them or implying that those who cannot have them are to blame. All countries then considered colonies valuable as adjuncts to their trade and the object of wars was conquest. Again, the colonists had no desire to cut themselves loose from the nation of which they felt themselves a part even though they had crossed the sea, for it is still true that "Non animus mutant, qui trans mare currunt." Besides, it must be remembered that almost the primary object of France in founding a colonial empire was to establish the Roman Catholic Church in the New World, and that to the New England colonists the Pope was another name for Antichrist. It was impossible for the children in those circumstances to dream of renouncing their allegiance and impossible for the mother country to take the advice of Dean Tucker and bid them begone. The relation, then, was not false, but true to the facts of the case and the time. Further, is not the modern ideal, though blunders have been made in trying to realise it, loftier than that of the Greeks. The Greek colonies could hardly have remained in connection with the motherland when it took Ulysses ten years to sail from Troy to Ithaca. But the fate of these colonies and of Greece itself is not particularly alluring. Why, it may be

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asked, should emigrants have to feel, in leaving their narrow bounds of the old land to better themselves and add to the common good, that they must cut themselves free from the political organism of which they are members? They love their nation and feel that its corporate life is in their veins. What distance from the mother country makes it necessary that the separation should be political as well as parochial? Is the sea between Britain and Ireland broad enough to necessitate political separation? We all know how emphatically Dr. Smith would answer in the negative. But the Atlantic is not so broad as the Irish Sea or St. George's Channel was. Now, when we know that the separation actually came through civil war and know how grievous have been the consequences, we are tempted to accept a philosophy of the colonial relationship which is put forward so authoritatively and say that it would have been well, at any rate after Quebec had fallen, had Britain withdrawn from America and allowed the thirteen colonies to paddle their own canoes. But who shall say what would have come of that experiment? We know that even brotherhood in civil war for years failed to unite them, and that had it not been for the authority which Washington had gained in the course of the war, they would probably have kept apart or even turned their arms against each other for many a day. What New England would have done with Quebec can easily be guessed. When, then, we reflect that infinitely worse results might have followed the policy of Scuttle, and also that if separation had to come, "it might conceivably have been amicable," we must admit that a good deal is to be said on the other side of the question; that this aim of Chatham, as he viewed with anguish the possible dismemberment of the empire, was "not less generous than any that swelled the bosom of Samuel or John Adams, Patrick Henry or Thomas Paine;" yea, more, that the policy or the ideal of a united empire was by far the grander one to aim at.

But, while inclined to think that his view of the colonial relation, like his view of the destiny of Canada, is determined by his preconceptions and his prophecies, no historical work of the same size is so stimulating, so helpful to the average student or so likely to benefit the average American. His insight into the great forces that have shaped the course of American history is so profound and true that we are forced to ask whether his forecast of Canada's destiny may not also be relied upon? The answer is, that in the one case he is the historian and in the other the foreteller. We can rely on the historian, but we cannot be so sure when he becomes the predictor. Not only so, in the one case he is determined to make the best of the people concerning whom he writes. They are a people who have actually done great things and who have certainly attained to colossal size. He has been impressed by those outstanding facts. He feels that necessity is upon him; that such a people must be taken pretty much at their own valuation; and he is inclined to give them credit even where they scarcely deserve it or where their title to honor is only secondary. For instance, he mentions that "Massachusetts led the world in the institution of common schools," and that "the reason given for instituting them was that the children might be able to read the Scriptures aright." Of course this is the sound Massachusetts faith;

but John Knox lived a good while before the Pilgrim Fathers and the scheme outlined by him and his brother Reformers in the First Book of Discipline included common schools "where grammar and Latin should be taught." Their grand plan, which extended from common schools to universities, was not fully carried out at once, because of the greed of the nobles and the troubles of the times, but it was realized to a certain extent, and in 1696 the parish schools, that have done so much for Scotland, were established. The Scottish ideal of a theocracy, too, was precisely the same as that subsequently entertained by the Puritans, and it had the same supreme rule, the Bible interpreted by reason; with popular education, the liberty of prophesying and representative institutions in the Church as the conditions of its success. But Englishmen have a wonderful appreciation of facts. They love dearly to stand on solid ground, and Goldwin Smith is every inch an Englishman. He has the limitations as well as the strength of his countrymen. Though kind hearted, charitable and liberal with his money, he can scarcely conceal his contempt for poverty, weakness or manifest inferiority of any kind. For a man of genius, he is strangely incapable of seeing that the weak may be the strong, that at any rate it has a right to assert itself, to live its own life and to hope for a not unworthy future. Had he lived in the days of the first Edward, that terrible hammer of the Scottish people, how he would have despised the beggarly peasants who preferred death with Wallace or exile with Bruce to sharing with the barons in the gifts and the statesmanlike schemes of the great king! Had he been a little greater than he is, he would have done with us as he has done with the Americans. He would have taken us as we are; sympathized with our position; made allowance for our aims; in a word, made the best of us, and then how gladly we would have accepted him as leader! But we had to be true to himself and we must take him as he is, with thanks for his services, instead of condemning him for what it was not possible for him to be or do.

Justice cannot be done by quotations to this the best work that he has given to the world. Its perfection is to be found in that true imaginative power which grasps details and brings unity and order out of chaos. But attention may be called to the exquisite vignettes of prominent personages in political history with which it abounds. Burke, of whom so many still speak as if he were a demi-god, is described adequately in two sentences: "Though of all rhetoricians the most philosophical, he was still a rhetorician and presented only one side of a case. Though he goes deep into everything, he seldom goes to the bottom." Disliking Jefferson, he portrays him honestly, with the confession that "this man's character is difficult to treat." Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Clay, Calhoun, the successive members of the Adams family, Monroe, Clay, Webster, Benton, Randolph, Jackson, Lincoln, and smaller men, are all made to live again. The war which he rightly calls international, not civil, save in the Border States, is sketched with brevity and firmness, with a knowledge of all that was worthy in it and with a suggestive note to those who fancy that the multiplication of schoolhouses means the multiplication of great men: "Never were there so many soldiers who could use the pen as well as the sword. Marlborough could not spell." We close the

volume with thankfulness for the promise given in the preface, "that should it find acceptance, it may be followed by a companion volume of the same scale, and treating necessarily with the same succinctness, the recent history of parties, and the questions of the present day."

G. M. GRANT.

LINES FROM HEINE.

Each morn I pass thy cottage,
My heart is filled with glee.
When, sitting at the window,
Thee, pretty one, I see.

With dark-brown eyes thou gazest
With searching look at me—
"Who art thou, gloomy stranger,
And what is troubling thee?"

"I am a German poet,
Well known in German land.
And aye among the highest
My name will ever stand.

And what my trouble, darling,
There's many a German knows:
And mine will live forever
Among the deepest woes."

A. A. MACDONALD.

U. C. College.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

It is regrettable that too much of the credit for well-won victories must generally go to the officers and too little to the men. In brief historical records, the commander gets all the praise of victory, or all the discredit of defeat, though the battle may have been won or lost in spite of his good or bad tactics. Although this is inevitable in the main, yet not only justice but also patriotism demands that as many instances of individual gallantry as possible should be commemorated. For the love of glory, though not the highest, is a most powerful incentive to bravery.

Still more important to civilization is the encouragement of pluck in the discharge of civil duties. This is the more necessary in countries where duelling and prize-fighting (which many believe to have promoted physical courage) have been forbidden, and in an age when the enemies of society have such fearfully destructive agents as allies. It may be sad, but it is true, that the faith or hope of reward in a future state is not vivid enough in the majority of men to make them content to die suddenly in a good cause. Every railway employee who risks his life in defence of the property entrusted to his care should receive still more credit than he usually does at present. If he survives, he should be more generously rewarded; if he dies, his dependent relations should be more adequately provided for. The same is the case with watchmen, policemen and other employees. And here let me refresh my readers' recollection of the gallantry of two Canadian bank clerks, W. Wallace and Robert Currie. How wide the fame or how large the recompense of these gentlemen, I cannot say, as I know neither of them; but if their reward has been equal to their merits, they are exceptionally fortunate. I wish journalists would more often recall the names of other Canadian worthies of the same type, and give brave deeds a tithe of the space wasted on the doings and sayings of cheating athletes, brutal criminals, and the charlatans of religion and politics.

There are of late years some fitful symptoms that society is growing to recognize the fitness, if not the importance, of giving due praise and recompense to manly deeds done in the discharge of duty. But, whether these symptoms prove illusory or not, the sad fact remains that the doers of some of the most heroic acts on record are unknown by name. The act has been commemorated, and the agent forgotten. This has often happened in the case of gallant aborigines of this continent who died in the defence of their country. The unnamed Inca whose Hectorean defence of a fort at Cuzco is so thrillingly described in Prescott's "Peru" (Book III, c. 10) has, I am glad to find, been rescued from oblivion by Markham in his recent history. The name of this hero was Calimide.

So far the name of the youthful hero of the wreck of *La Tribune* has escaped the research of the various writers who have more or less graphically described the disaster. *La Tribune* struck outside Halifax harbour on the night of November 16th, 1797, and the first person who put off to its aid next morning was a boy of thirteen. He rowed alone in a small skiff through a frightful sea, landed two helpless seamen in safety, and started for the ship a second time, "to the shame of many older persons who had larger boats," says James's "Naval History." Joseph Cracker was the name of this young hero, according to the confident statement of Mr. John Fitzgerald, the veteran and respected head messenger of the Nova Scotia House of Assembly. Mr. Fitzgerald had his information from an aged resident of Herring Cove, since deceased, who knew Joseph Cracker well. Soon after the wreck, the lad went away to sea and was never heard of again. An acquaintance, who wrote an excellent account of the wreck not long ago, tells me that he too heard the boy hero referred to as "Joe Cracker" by a resident of the neighborhood, whose opinion was that this was only a nickname. It is not improbable that this opinion is founded merely on the equivocal peculiarity of the surname, and on the fact no one bearing it has lived in the locality since the disappearance of Joseph.

In *The Week* of September 16th, 1892, Mr. N. F. Davin vividly described the fate of an English stranger who, near Riviere du Loup, shot an eagle with a baby in its talons and rescued the baby, which had fallen into the water, by attaching to its body a rope thrown from a bystander on the shore. Then, failing from the cold, the rescuer sank to rise no more, and his name has never been ascertained.

Many men have been nerved to valour by an inspiring quotation. An acquaintance of mine has had his courage restored in more than one alarming crisis by the philosophy of the English soldiers who have gone into action sustained by Nelson's watchword, "England expects every man to do his duty." Scotch soldiers have felt themselves stimulated by "Scotland wha hae." It is likely that many men have confronted the enemy repeating to themselves Macaulay's

"How can a man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods!"

To some people these lines would be as inspiring as a band playing a charge.

About a century before the unflinching Pompeian sentry was smothered at his post, Horace had sung in stirring alcaics that "when a man is upright and firm of purpose * * * were the shattered universe to fall on him, its falling mass would strike him dauntless still." Can he have thought of these memorable lines when the darkness came and the quaking of the earth and the attempted flight of living things, and when the sky began seemingly to descend in stifling ashes? Or, as he planted himself as a future memorial of Roman fortitude and faithfulness, did he simply say to himself, "A soldier of Rome must keep his post until he is relieved by his centurion or death." If there is to be a day when Nero's "living torches" shall be named and rewarded, shall not this intrepid pagan be named and rewarded also?

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

A CORNER OF MY PALETTE.

One corner of my palette was covered with splashes of paint, a medley of random strokes of the brush. The prevailing tints were rose-color and gray; and after a little thought and labor, they shaped themselves into pictures like these:

The great painting room is silent and deserted, the flooding light enters only by the huge roof window, and is shed evenly on the crowded easels and chairs and casts and half-finished sketches. The room has an air of studied confusion, which is chiefly the effect of chance. No murmur from the outside world intrudes or breaks the stillness. Quiet, light and a forest of artist furniture possess the great room.

Directly under the broad skylight, a girl is standing before an easel. On the canvas is a dream of summer, carnations red and white, mimicking the flowers scattered carelessly on a low table before her. She is looking at her work and wondering whether it be good. She does not know that she is a part of it. The light changes in her blue eyes; and the carnations in her cheeks come and go. There is a faint aromatic odor in the air, like a breath from the Islands of Spice.

A heavy rain had fallen and the crossing was muddy. A tall girl stood on the farther side of the street, hesitating whether to cross or not, and smiling at her own indecision. She had gathered up a fold or two of her modish gown in one hand; but still she hesitated. It was a very miry crossing.

Most men and women simply present aspects of clothes. But some rare creatures it is impossible to veil and mask. The God-given glory of strong limbs and well-knit body shines through the wrap-pages of convention, and makes them transparent. And as this tall girl stood there, smiling, her head held high, she was for the moment anything but a mere commonplace figure out of a Paris fashion plate. For the moment she was not herself; but, in the eye that beheld her, a listening Orcaid strayed from tempe—Belphebe "in gilden buskins"

sceking the land of Ferie—broad-limbed, laughing Rosalind wandering out of Arden wood. And still she stood there, smiling, hesitating.

Two knots of promenaders met on a narrow street. At the head of one was a shabby little soldier in a shabby red coat. His tunic was blackened at the seams; he had no distinction, not even a good-conduct stripe on his sleeve. A more insignificant little man does not serve Her Majesty by land or sea. His companion was a woman of the town, a draggled, leering drab; and as the two knots of people met, he gave her his arm to assist her through the crowd.

A mere rough in uniform giving his arm to a poor harlot—how can that be worth chronicling? That was not all. As he bent towards her, he offered his arm; he did not attempt to take hers. His face was grave; hers wore a loose smile. There was no mistaking his intention; it was written in his attitude, in every line of his face. He was showing his companion all the respect and courtesy in his power. Chesterfield could not have shown more to a duchess. Respect! courtesy! And for what? For a purchasable thing that once might have been a woman. The incongruity of it! The royal purple on a leper, violets on a dunghill, could not be more ludicrously out of place. And yet—I, who saw it, felt like anything but laughing.

The grey dusty road wound along between the hill and the water. On one hand were overhanging crags and green bushes; on the other, a narrow beach and a broad lake of sparkling blue. At the narrowest pass, the way is barred by a troop of young girls. The tallest cannot be more than thirteen; and the heads of the rest range one under the other, in a straggling line across the road. They have been gathering flowers and each one carries, not a nosegay, but a sheaf of bloom, about which she clasps her slender arms. The sheaf-tops nod beside the fresh cheeks and mingle with the unbound hair. The long stems are set thick with tiny bells of all colors, dark purple, snow-white and coral-red. I did not know that our bleak north land could bring forth wild-flowers in such profusion. The apparition of the rosy-footed Hours on the common highway could not be fairer or more astonishing. The barrier of young Perditas lets me through in silence when I see that the last and youngest is Bonnibel. Now, Bonnibel's eyes are a clear brown; in the sun her brown hair takes all colors of gold and bronze; her cheeks are round and rosy like harvest apples; and when she smiles, the day is brighter for it. She stops me and gives me a purple bell for my coat; and we go our ways. That tiny purple bell has not faded all these years; and the bit of road where she gave it to me, I remember better than any road I have ever travelled.

No sight in this world is more hideous than a modern cemetery. The ghastly white stones, the grotesque monuments, the worse than barbarous taste everywhere displayed, the formality of ruled-off, fenced-in enclosures add new horrors to the thought of death. But it is not so with an old graveyard, a graveyard that has witnessed the changes of at least a hundred years. The aspect of the old graveyard is venerable, intensifying, even friendly. There

are no proud, rigid enclosures; all tenants are on terms of perfect equality. There are no sheeted ghosts of marble head-stones; the old blue slates are overgrown with moss and lichen; the rain and snows of a hundred winters have made them black. They have lost all formality of arrangement. Some have fallen flat, the greater number lean towards the horizon at every possible angle. Very few stand upright. In some places, the graves have sunk below the level ground; there are no new-made hillocks of bare earth with hard formal outlines.

You must not say that the old graveyard is neglected. Loving hands tended it once; but they have been dust for many years. No. It is not neglected. Mother Nature has taken the burial plot back into her own keeping and is quietly effacing all signs of man's intrusion upon her domain. The branches of the trees sway low over the many mounds and the untroubled birds build in them. The grass grows high; it almost meets the bending boughs. In the spring, a million dandelions make the place one yellow jungle. The sunlight filters through the leaves where the carelless robins chirp and twitter. Golgotha is hidden with a veil of softest beauty.

The shadow of the church spire moves over the silent congregation day by day, with the solemn gesture of a priest at benediction. "It would make one almost in love with death to think he would be buried in so sweet a spot." Some day I shall ask you quiet sleepers to lie a little closer to make room for me.

ARCHD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

THE JAPANESE AND THE HITTITES.*

To the Editor of * * *

Dear Sir,—A friend has just called my attention to an article in review of books published by Prof. John Campbell, of Montreal, Canada, which was printed in your paper, April 23rd, 1891, under the above heading, which had escaped my notice until now, and I feel, my dear sir, you should not be too severe upon Prof. Campbell, or quick to condemn him or pronounce him a fool, because what you find in his book so rudely upsets and scatters all your preconceived theories of peoples and tribes and tongues; for the fact is becoming every day more and more apparent that the development of the new sciences of ethnology and philology and all kindred investigations and discoveries are rapidly exposing and wiping out the old imaginary and fantastic genealogies and divisions of the human race, but more particularly does it seem unjust to Prof. Campbell to charge him with folly and pronounce his work entirely worthless, while only a slight examination of his books will show that he is not therein setting forth a statement of his own theories of the transmigrations of the Hittites, but has rather gathered up carefully the results of the explorations of learned men and national societies, who have been gathering inscriptions from ancient monuments, since the time of Peter the Great of Russia, A.D. 1730, under the patronage of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg; the Archaeological Society of Finland, and the French Academie Geographie, etc., and with the aid and sanction of such names as Youferoff, Messerschmidt, Stahlenberg, Pallas, Klap-

roth, Castren, Popoff, Adrianoff, Polanin, Martianoff, Aspelin, and a host of others of like learning and enthusiasm. These researches have extended through Northern Europe, Africa, Asia and America, gathering many relics and inscriptions, illustrative of the migrations, the dwelling places and names of rulers of Hittite tribes, from the time of Abraham down to the fifteenth century of the Christian era.

At first no one was found able to read these old Hittite tablets. But at last at Babylon the key was found, written in parallel lines of Babylonian and Hittite characters, and from that time antiquarian scholars have been exploring and the work is still going on, and every step reveals new wonders of the doings of those ancient and once powerful people. And instead of the Japanese language being a key by which the ancient Hittite inscriptions are deciphered, when we, the people of Japan, by the aid of all those learned explorers since the year 1730 down to 1893, begin to examine the words of these ancient inscriptions, what a wonder is set before our amazed eyes, for we find that the Japanese language is the old Hittite language, word for word, indeed hard for us to read in the oldest inscriptions from Western Asia, but growing more and more legible, and more and more like modern Japanese, as they progress eastward through Central Asia, until in Eastern Siberia those Hittite inscriptions, dating about from A.D. 500 to 1500, approach so near to modern Japanese looks that anybody who can read one can read and understand the other, and at once recognize in them one and the same language!

No, Prof. Campbell is not a forger of these inscriptions, nor can it be supposed that all those learned national societies and savants, from Peter the Great down to Prof. Campbell, have conspired together to palm off a lie upon a credulous world.

So, Mr. Editor, if these hard, rocky facts cause the head of the reviewer to ache, let him apply a little opodeldoc, and perhaps the ache will abate a little and so the pain be relieved. You published the criticism upon Prof. Campbell's books, will you now kindly allow his friend to reply, in accordance with journalistic comity.

Very respectfully,
MATSUYAMA RIOHEI.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

Let us take a glance at the Shylock of Shakespeare. A remark of this kind—by no means infrequent as it is—arouses antipathy in those who are compelled to listen to for it, two reasons. In the first place, because if the "glance" is to have any meaning whatsoever it should not be alluded to at the commencement with this assumption of knowledge concerning hidden things bordering closely on the profane. In the second place, because it presupposes that Shakespeare's Shylock is in reality a figure distinct and apart from the particular conception of this man and the next—a supposition utterly at variance with existing facts. For these two reasons then we shall refrain as much as possible both from recapitulating upon the particular Shylocks of individuals and from the far more presumptuous sin of fashioning yet another on our own account under the pleasing notion of revealing the true one.

Let us be so far deductive at least as to admit the axiom that Smith, like a far more

important personage, is not in reality as black as he is painted. Smith, it is perhaps needless to observe, is the recognized unknown quantity of sociological equations—what his precise value is such mathematicians as Henry George himself have apparently been powerless to discover. Smith, then, is not so very black, after all. Dare we say the same of Shylock? It is to be remembered that Smith's portrait-painters are, for the most part, rather perty natures, not often rising very far above the level of Smith himself—sometimes, indeed, falling below it. Was Shakespeare a portrait-painter of this nature? Carlyle has given to his portraits quite other significance, but we are we sure that we have not confused them with those of inferior artists? Granting, then, that in portrait-painting of this nature the dark is insensibly rendered darker, it still remains for us to ask, when considering the creation of so supreme an artist, how far we ourselves have exaggerated the colors. Further than this, a certain exaggeration being a factor impossible to ignore, we must consider how far Shakespeare himself has sacrificed his own conception to the dictates of popular taste and popular prejudice.

Shylock has been for the most part considered as a character, as a sordid and boisterous buffoon on the one hand, as a miser filled with insatiable hatred against a particular individual on the other. Some again have seen in this strange being the natural instincts of a persecuted race; these last have thrown into their judgment the element of pity—pity for the baffled and isolated man whose infamy—springing, to no small extent, from unnatural conditions—recoils ruthlessly upon his own head. On all sides, whether scorned or pitied, ridiculed or shuddered at, Shylock has been regarded in the light of an individual character. Is it not possible to regard him as a type? It has been conceded indeed that this Jew's hatred was racial rather than personal, but there are other characteristics in the man which can also be regarded from this broader standpoint.

It can hardly be denied that the motive power of Shylock in his relations with Antonio was hatred. How does this hatred differ from that of Iago towards Othello? "I hate the Moor!" exclaims Iago, and then he gives a personal reason for this sleepless hatred.

"I hate him, for he is a Christian," exclaims Shylock, and then he adds another general reason for this hatred.

"He holds me well; The better shall my purpose work on him," is the clue to the Italian's infamy.

"Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him;" foreshadows the concentrated ferocity of the Jew.

Iago sees before him a man whom he intends to ruin. Shylock has in his mind the embodiment of everything to be abhorred in an alien and hostile race. Iago hides his personal hatred with facile smoothness; Shylock's racial antipathy is at best strangled beneath an almost fiendish irony. Both hate, but their hatreds differ in kind rather than in degree.

The subjectivity involved in hatred is deeper and yet less narrow when it becomes racial. Iago wishes to avenge a real or imagined wrong; when this is accomplished the hatred will die with it; he is rather a scoffer than a hater. Shylock, on the other hand, is

*The above very interesting letter was sent by a Japanese scholar to a prominent United States journal, in which an adverse review of Professor Campbell's learned work had appeared.—ED. WEEK.

the creature of the conditions which he loathes and of which Antonio is the concrete example. The death of Antonio will be a race-triumph for the moment, but then the scales will fall from his eyes; there are still Christians left, and in each one the Jew will see the cause which produced himself.

But behind this hatred there is something else—belief; belief such as Iago never knew. When the crucial moment comes and the old man stands before the judge to claim his rights, it is this which sustains him and renders him oblivious alike to insults and to prayers. Surrounded by these Christians, he hugs it in his heart, this confidence in a cause which is not merely his but that of the Jewish race.

"Can no prayers pierce thee?" exclaims Gratiano, the word "prayers" falling strangely from his lips. "No! none that thou hast wit enough to make,"

answers the man who had once uttered: "For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." They talk to him of mercy, the words fall meaningless upon his ears. Mercy? Mercy? Who had taught him the meaning of the word and why should they prate of it now at the very moment of his triumph? They speak of justice; the light flashes from his eyes.

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel," he cries. At last he holds it, this justice which shall make atonement for generations of despair. The climax comes, they are pleading to him no longer—this justice which he had prayed for is not to be met with at Christian hands. A compromise is offered him, but if the Jew was fierce in his revenge he was no dastard in his defeat.

"Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that; You take my house, when you do take the prop."

That doth sustain my house; you take my life When you do take the means whereby I live." And in the calm of these words it is possible to read something more than the inertia of despair. It is no use, this struggle against conditions which involve more than the individual can cope with. He does not curse Antonio, it is Antonio no longer who has wronged him. Antonio pleads for him, he does not thank him—no mercy from Antonio towards himself can strengthen the lost cause. The concrete impersonation of his wrongs becomes faint and obscure and the old man sees only the cold abstraction of race humiliation and scorn.

And in this presentation of racial subjectivity involving racial hatred and racial belief, racial avarice and racial protestation against existing circumstances, we see the typical product of insurmountable conditions and not an individual monster deserving merely of pity or laughter.

SYMPATHY.

I cannot utter, O my more than brother,
In grief's gray day,
What, were thy sorrow sadness of another,
My lips might say.
Too sore the blow I know my speech to lighten,
E'en could I speak:
A desolation dark as thine to brighten,
Words all too weak.
I can but let thy full heart's bitter flowing
Unuttered roll,
To meet grief's tempest stirred of thy grief
growing
In mine own soul.
Deep calls to deep in mighty speech unspoken;
And height with height

Vast converse holds, although by voice unbroken
The infinite.
So would mine inmost self in sorrow's yearning
Commune with thine:
Thy deep, dumb soul in mine's mute depths
discerning
Love's anodyne.

FRANCIS H. TURNOCK.

WHAT IS INSPIRATION?*

A work has been recently issued from the pen of Dr. John De Witt, one of the American Old Testament Revision Committee, and for nearly thirty years Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J. (Dutch Reformed). The title of the work is "What is Inspiration?" and is put forth with a view to discussions in the theological world regarding what is now called the "inerrancy" of the Scripture records. Its spirit may be indicated by the following sentence from the preface:—"Nothing can be clearer than the obligation of those who have rejected the theory of verbal inspiration as not in accordance with what they find by the most careful scrutiny of the contents of the Bible, to furnish with the least possible delay a definition that shall replace it as consistent with undeniable fact, and thus quiet the prevailing agitation." The writer of this article has the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the author and knows that his sympathies are all of conservative tendencies. Dr. De Witt has passed his threescore years and ten, is therefore no youth fond of novelties, and writes from maturity of experience, with the shadows fast lengthening on his way. He nevertheless has followed the thought tendencies of the day and is no theological Rip Van Winkle. Accept his position or not, his words are weighty.

In discussing the question the *a priori* method is deprecated. The theory of verbal inspiration has the merit of simplicity, "the claim that the Bible is all—every word and syllable—the product of divine suggestion, seems to be one that must silence all questioning," and, in accordance with facts, settles all; but do the facts agree therewith? If not, "it is all vain. Facts are stubborn. Galileo may be scorched by the Inquisition, but the earth revolves."

Now, what are the facts? Jesus taught, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you," and the apostles inspired by His spirit wrote, "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his doings." Just as plainly do we read in early Old Testament times of rejoicing in the name of the Lord over the enemies' destruction, and of the Lord putting a lying spirit in the mouth of prophets. (Compare Luke 6, 27; Col. 3, 9; Judges 5, 24-31; I Kings 22, 22-23.) Were these the verbal utterances of the same Lord? Has God degrees of morality in His utterances? Or again, are the two accounts given of the origin of the name Beersheba from the same divine source? Truthful men may fail in memory or err in historical data. Can this be predicated of the Divine Spirit? (Gen. 21, 31; 26, 33.) There are also manifest discrepancies as to matters of fact, e.g., as to the burying place of Jacob. (Compare Gen. 50, 13; Acts 7, 16.) These are examples familiar to every

* A Fresh Study of the Question, with new and discriminative replies, by John DeWitt, D.D., Litt.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co.

careful Bible reader, and of which Prof. Green of Princeton says: "They are in the *minima* of Scripture, in trivialities that are of no account and neither disparage the truthfulness of the narrative, nor in any way affect its doctrinal statements; and which are compared by Dr. Hodge (Systematic Theology) to the specks of sandstone here and there in the marble of the Parthenon." These comments are true, but "who does not see that the admission of error, however comparatively unimportant, is fatal to the hypothesis of absolute inerrancy," or to any rigid theory of inspiration? Discrepancies such as in human narrations confirm the general veracity by taking away all ground for suspecting collusion are inadmissible in a theory of inspiration which involves absolute control of the instrument by the divine author. "The *a priori* theory admits of neither *maxima* nor *minima*." The moment you admit error, the question of accuracy becomes one of degree. Yet if the facts refuse to yield to a theory of absolute inerrancy we must conform our theory or doctrine to the facts, we must not distort facts to a theory of our own creating. Thus the question presses:—How can I be assured that God speaks to me in the Scriptures when errancy is admitted therein? If trivial errors are admitted, what assurance have I that greater may not be detected?

Our author answers: "We pass over from the Old Testament to the New, from prophets to apostles, and between these two distinguished orders of men we behold One greater than them all; the only perfect and final revelation of God to men," the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, therefore "whatever in the Old Testament revelation or in any professed revelation from God is not in accord with the revelation of His righteousness, or purity, or love, or truth, in the words and life of Christ, has been annulled and superseded, and is practically no revelation for us." And in that perfect light of Christ we surely light shall see.

But what of the Old Testament? Are we to say "The Word of God contained in the Scriptures"? or that when "men spake from God, moved by the Holy Ghost, they were not thereby exempted from error"? What are the facts? We find in these Scriptures not one complete revelation made to all men for all time, but a succession of revelations, often with wide intervals between, leading up to the one fulfilment, the faith "once for all delivered to the saints." God spoke unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners. The dawn is light, though yet the darkness has not passed; the word was spoken, but in the language and thought of the day; the light was pure, the word true, though the darkness lingered and the utterance was with stammering lips.

"The light that shone within, piercing through the outer veil,
Fell oblique, and lay distorted, on our natures
false and frail."

The stream flowed through earthy channels, and till it broadened into the river of the water of life which as the ocean keeps pure by its very volume, bore with it traces of the soil that made up its banks, and at times upon its bosom could be seen of the fauna from the country through which it flowed. The word of prophecy spake, to us it is made more sure, (II Peter 1, 19, Revised Version), inasmuch as for us "the darkness is passing away, and

the true light already shineth." We have the Christ and read the Old Testament revelations through Him.

Thus inductively our author is led to a copious definition of Inspiration, of which the first words appear to be the most weighty:—"Inspiration is a special energy of the Spirit of God upon the mind and heart of selected and prepared human agents which does not obstruct nor impair their native and normal activities, nor miraculously enlarge the boundaries of their knowledge, except where essential to the inspiring purpose;" nor need any timid soul fear for difficulties in the Old Testament, seeing that he now possesses the key to all the mysteries. They testify of Jesus, He is the great Interpreter, in His light we shall see light. "The Old Testament is supposed to be the porch to the New, its only proper entrance. This is all very well for those who lived before the coming of Christ." For us the word is "Come unto me, all ye that labor; I am the Way, the Truth and the Light; let the shadows flee, in me is no darkness, no, not at all."

I have endeavored to give a faithful though imperfect account of this reverent and able work, which confessedly is but tentative, believing it to be well calculated to strengthen manly faith, reassure timid hearts, and to lead on to a truer appreciation of the priceless treasures to be found in the Word of God. It has the rare merit of perfect frankness (*parresie*), evading no difficulty, while its firm hold upon the great personality of the Redeemer assures us of an abiding trust.

JOHN BURTON.

Toronto.

ART NOTES.

Rosa Bonheur is described by one who recently called upon her at her residence in Thomery, near Fontainebleau, as "an old woman, small, sunburnt, and as wrinkled as a peasant. Her thick, grey hair is cropped short, and if she does not always wear trousers, the blouse is her constant garb. She speaks with a Bordeaux accent and potters about her oxen, cows, and goats. For the better painting of them she has a special studio, like a stable, lighted from above, beside her ordinary painting place. She does not do much nowadays, but will occasionally execute an order for a foreigner at her own price—take it, or leave it!"

Mr. George Bruenech opened yesterday an exhibition of some fifty paintings at the gallery of Matthews Brothers, 95 Yonge street, representing mainly artistic work of the present year. The collection is nearly altogether made up of coast scenes, inland landscapes, autumnal sketches from the Muskoka lakes and some of those charming and unique Norwegian fjord views which form such a characteristic feature of this artist's work. No doubt many a Canadian home will be graced by some of these really excellent works. The exhibition will be free to visitors and the artistic public are cordially invited to visit the gallery during the ensuing two weeks.

Toronto has more than one reason to take a special interest in one of our artists, Mr. W. F. Atkinson, one being the fact that this is his birthplace. A few facts about the career of one whose work has given much pleasure to many of us, may be interesting. Up to the age of eighteen Mr. Atkinson had done little serious artistic work, only working a little from very indifferent copies. The real start was made at the Ontar-

io Art School, in which three winters' work was done, studying from the antique in charcoal, and still life in water-colour, under the teaching of J. Fraser, B. Harris and M. Matthews. Mr. Atkinson then went to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, where for three years more the winters were spent in the life class, than which there is none better equipped on this continent, and the summers in the forests and fields nearer home. Here he applied himself closely to that branch in which he has been most successful—landscapes: by day making studies of animals and wandering about half the night, often, catching effects of gloaming or moonlight, or the gloom of a dark night. At the time of the Paris Exposition of '89, he determined to seek a larger field for study, and the spring of that year found him in that great art centre, studying eagerly the great modern landscape painters, spending day after day in the galleries of the Luxembourg and the Louvre, not copying the works of these great ones, but imbibing something of their inspiration. Mr. Atkinson then spent six months at Pont Avon, in Brittany, where was a small colony of American artists, comrades and friends. Here was a village well suited for the landscapist; a village whose antiquity was of itself an inspiration! To quote the artist's own words, "I would sketch all day amongst the water-mills, many of which were three hundred years old; the musical tic-tac of the wheel charmed me, and the grey, brown and green lichen-covered tiled roofs were most fascinating in colour, while the hills about were covered with stunted oaks, grey rocks, and the thatched roofs of the houses of the peasants." These supplied the "motif" for Mr. Atkinson's salon picture of 1890, "Farm of Lesdomine," which was accepted and favorably hung. Another winter was spent in Paris studying figure in the Atelier Delancey, followed by a sketching tour in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and a lengthy visit to Millet's home at Barbizon and its surroundings. The next salon picture was painted at Bas-Meadow, and was called "The Old Chateau" (evening); it was bought soon after its exhibition by a French gentleman. For the last two years Mr. Atkinson has been in Toronto, exhibiting yearly. "Solitude," which was shown last spring, is one of his largest and best; and yet perhaps he has given some more pleasing effects in his smaller canvases. Landscape is this artist's speciality, and landscape it certainly ought to be, we think, as we call to mind the various phases of nature his brush has so charmingly rendered, always with a breadth of treatment and a truth that are the results of close observation and careful training.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough gives his second organ recital to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock in All Saints' Church, Sherbourne St. when a most interesting and excellent programme will be performed. These recitals deserve to be well patronized because they are cosmopolitan in character and cannot fail to be both beneficial and enjoyable.

We have received a Polka entitled "Ma Charmante," composed for the piano by Miss V. A. A. Mason. It answers very well the purpose for which it is intended, and no doubt will be appreciated by those requiring music of the kind, for it is nicely written and playable. It is dedicated to Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Hamilton and the officers of the Queen's Own Rifles, and we understand is being adapted for military bands.

On Monday evening last the 30th inst., a highly delighted audience gathered in the pretty St. George's Hall to hear a recital given by Miss Lauretta A. Bowes, reader, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist. Miss Bowes is certainly a highly gifted and versatile reciter, for her selections were alternately humorous

tragic and pathetic; in all of which she exhibited splendid talent and artistic instincts. She is an exceedingly graceful girl, and has a most expressive face, which at times lights up in a manner highly indicative of inward feeling and conscientiousness. The exhibitions of statue posing, (Greek Studies) which closed the programme were admirable and were much appreciated. Mr. Tripp played several numbers among which was, the beautiful little "Prelude" in A major by Chopin; a "Valse" by Moskowski, Vogrich's "Staccato Caprice" and a march by Hollaender. These selections were all given a genuine pianistic rendering, and showed careful preparation. Mr. Tripp has somewhat broadened his style, and plays with more abandon than when last heard, although a little cloudiness was noticeable in the scale passages, particularly in the valse. After the *march* he was awarded an encore to which he responded by playing with much tenderness Liszt's sensuous "Love Dream," No. 3.

The concert on Saturday evening last, in the Pavilion, under the distinguished patronage of Lord and Lady Aberdeen and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, was a great success, which must have been highly gratifying to the talented *impresario*, Mr. I. B. Suckling, who managed it, and to Mr. Torrington, who was responsible for the orchestral selections. Mme. Lillian Nordica, who has made herself a great favorite here, was the chief musical attraction, and in this instance she sang her several numbers with much poetical feeling and nobility of style, for she has a voice of great purity and suppleness, and a warm perception of the beautiful and graceful. Her first number, an *Aria* by Massenet, was endowed with much fervour, and received a happy artistic rendering. The group of songs by Chaminade, three in number, were almost ideally sung, the phrasing being simply elegant, which in itself showed her to be the cultured and mature artist. She received many recalls, and was kind enough to sing several encore numbers, among which were "Robin Adair," and a charming setting of Moore's "Love is Kind." Mr. Pier Delasco was unfortunately not in very good voice, having been somewhat indisposed recently, but for all, gave spirited and musicianly renderings of Verdi's Grand Dramatic *Aria* "Don Carlos" and Gounod's "Vulcan's Song," singing in each instance an encore number. Mr. Delasco has a splendid bass voice, being of good compass and well cultivated, and he always pleases his audience. Herr Klingensfeld, a violinist of much ability, also a recent arrival in Toronto, made his first public appearance here at this concert and impressed his audience most favorably. He performed Sarasate's over elaborated transcription of Chopin's popular Nocturne in E flat, with refined expression and technical facility. In response to the wishes of the audience, he played as an encore "Bonny Doon." Herr Klingensfeld has not a very large tone, one might say it is almost effeminate in quality, but it is a very sweet tone he draws from his instrument, and his technique and bowing exhibit qualities which unmistakably belong to a well trained and skilful player. The numbers given by the orchestra were, Weber's Overture to "Oberon;" the "Finale" to one of Jadasohn's serenades; Massenet's Overture "Phedre;" Mascagni's "Interrizzo," "Welcome" "Aubade Printaniere," Spross' "Welcome" waltz; and Godard's popular *Valse* in B flat. In many of these numbers, and in parts of all, the work of the orchestra,—considering everything was readily admirable, and was infinitely superior to anything we have heard of this character under Mr. Torrington's direction. The audience showed its appreciation by frequent encores. The players were not so numerous, but were far better as a whole than formerly, the amateur element being in a large measure eliminated, in consequence of which the tone was more certainly pure, and the general effect considerably heightened. The overture by Massenet was very well played indeed, the vigorous and dramatic features which characterize the work being most creditably effected. The Jadasohn number was also well interpreted, as was the

Intermezzo and the interesting and characteristic Aubade Printaniere. The accompaniment to the two Valses, however, were played too loudly, which detracted somewhat from the languishing character of this universally popular and beautiful dance. We hope that the orchestra will be diligent in rehearsing and that the best players only will be admitted, and there is no reason but that Toronto will at last have a permanent orchestra, creditable to the city and to all concerned. Mr. I. E. Suckling has the thanks of our musical people for arranging such an enjoyable concert, and at the close was invited along with Madame Nordica and Mr. Torrington, by their Excellencies to their private box and personally and deservedly thanked for their painstaking and successful efforts.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE BROWNIES AT HOME. By Palmer Cox New York: The Century Company.

Ever welcome friends of ours are "The Brownies." True lords of misrule are they in a Lilliputian sense. Doubly welcome as true object lessons of the persistence of humor, which, "carking care" to the contrary, will not down, but ever like the gentle sunshine continues to gladden and refresh the earth. In their fugitive form the advent of the merry brownies to our office has removed many a wrinkle from our brow to the corners of our mouth and has stirred the cobwebs of the editorial sanctum with the sound of unwonted laughter. Now come our tiny visitants on to tell the story of all their monthly wanderings and extraordinary adventures from January to December under one cover. We have heard of a reverend gentleman being overcome by uncontrollable laughter at the diversions of "The Brownies." Small wonder, may we, and we further doubt if this merry Christmas coming will provide a merrier treat for merrier little people than has clever Mr. Palmer Cox through the beautiful press work of The Century Company in "The Brownies at Home."

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY. Edited by T. G. Marquis, B.A. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. 1893.

To most boys Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" is one of the most delightful of books and to many a grey head pleasant thoughts will recur at the memory of their boyhood's favorite. It was a happy thought that led Miss Machar and Mr. Marquis to put on record in short story form a collection from the stirring and pathetic episodes of our early historic life, in "Stories of New France," noticed at the time of publication in our columns. Mr. Marquis has now gathered within the present volume some seventeen stories, some of which in lengthened form have already appeared in the prior volume, "Stories of New France;" by Mr. Marquis are now reproduced in shortened form. To these are added six new stories: "The Discovery of America," "The Story of Brébeuf," "The Story of Michillimackinac," "The Last Siege of Quebec," "The Story of Brock," and the "Story of Tecumseh."

What we have already said in commendation of the preceding volume applies to this. Mr. Marquis, by advancing in this field, which renders the history of his country attractive to the Canadian youth and begets and nourishes a spirit of admiration for her heroes and devotion to his native land, deserves the thanks of all true Canadians. The stories are spiritedly told, with a due regard to historic truth and literary form. This little volume should be placed in the hand of each Canadian lad so soon as he is able to read it.

WITH THACKERAY IN AMERICA. By Eyre Crowe, A. R. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto: William Briggs. 1893.

"A few hundred yards from Kandaya's village stood a high and conspicuous conical hill called by the natives Tchakari. This name I altered to Mount Thackeray, as a

tribute to the memory of the immortal novelist, whose genius has so often enabled me to escape for the time being from my surroundings, to forget the filthy, soulless, sordid, mean, and vermin-swarming savages, amongst whom I actually was, and to live again, in spirit at least, amongst the dwellers in Vanity Fair." This is one of the latest tributes paid to the memory of the great English novelist, and paid by Mr. F. C. Selous the distinguished African hunter and explorer, and recorded in his recent book "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa." A still more recent tribute we find in Mr. Eyre Crowe's attractive volume dedicated to Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, one of Thackeray's clever daughters. Mr. Eyre Crowe, who it may be observed is an artist, accompanied the novelist during his American tour, and this volume contains many characteristic sketches some of which have never before been published; there are many of them sprinkled throughout the volume and by their quaintness and vivacity add much to its interest. Mr. Crowe's style is as quaint and vivacious as his sketches, informal English, it is, and none the less apt to the subject matter and enjoyable to the reader. Here is his description of their visit to Harper's. "The next emporium of the book trade in New York is Messrs. Harper's, where we penetrated into the inner or business sanctum, and when seated, after the usual amenities and introductory greeting were over, we had leisure to scan the shrewd features of Mr. James Harper, then chief director of this great publishing house. The other brother partners we did not see at this time—indeed the apartment was purposely small and snug, not admitting of large receptions and of general converse. The sketch (on page 66) gives the aspect of the place, on the shelves being conspicuous the Thackerayan reprints and other authors. Presently a lithe little girl came in, and was formally introduced by her father to Thackeray. He shook hands with her, and, smiling, said, 'So this is a pirate's daughter, is it?' an appellation which tickled the enterprising publisher's sense of humour into an approving grin. Thackeray ventured to ask him whose name stood foremost in popularity in book sales in the United States. He goodnaturedly took down a ponderous ledger, turned up the leaves at letter J and said, 'George Payne Rainsford James heads the list, far ahead of any other author, as you can judge for yourself by glancing at the number of his books sold. He turns out a novel every six months, and the success is always the same, and tremendous.' This was an 'eye-opener,' to use a trans-atlantic phrase." As may be imagined this book has not a dull page. Persons and places are described and the varied experiences and incidents of the trip are narrated with hearty English good humour and many a reader will find that Mr. Crowe's lively volume has added to his knowledge of the attractive personality of the author of "Vanity Fair."

PERIODICALS.

Strength but not sweetness, is the impression given by the portrait of W. D. Howells, which forms the frontispiece of the October New England, and faces a long and interesting descriptive sketch entitled "Howells's Boston," from the pen of Sylvester Baxter. (Mrs. Partington) Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber's attractive experiences are continued. Leverett W. Spring has a historic sketch of Williams' College in this number. There is other good matter as well.

Readers of the Idler for October will find an agreeable variety of serious and humorous articles within its tinted covers. Clark Russell's short story, "The Phantom Death"; Marie Corelli's "My First Book: A Romance of Two Worlds"; and Raymond Blathway's bright sketch of that dashing sailor, Lord Charles Beresford, will not lack readers. With some, no doubt, "The Idler's Club" will first pay tribute. But these are only some of this number's attractions.

Landseer's fine portrait of Mrs. Norton forms a beautiful frontispiece to the

October number of the Magazine of Poetry. Sketches of the lives and selections from the poems of some nineteen cultivators of the gentle plant poetry, will be found within the pages of this number—which is four of Vol. IV. Amongst those noticed we may mention John Ruskin, Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Mrs. Norton, Wilfrid Seaven Blunt, Julia Ward Howe, Emma Lazarus, Clara Doty Bates, S. W. Foss.

"Perlycross"—R. D. Blackmore's serial reaches the xviii chapter in Macmillan's for October, and Mrs. Steel's serial, "Miss Stuart's Legacy," is concluded. Frederick Greenwood philosophises on "Armageddon": The Great War, which he apparently deems impending. A pleasant after-piece is "Fowling on Longshore," by "A Son of the Marshes." There is also in this number an interesting literary sketch of Samuel Daniel, an English poet of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century.

Sportsmen will find in the October Blackwood two contributions after their own heart, and they will vote "Maga" as great a friend as ever after they have enjoyed Sir Edward Braddon's "Thirty Years of Shikar," and that capital sketch, "A Night-long Strife with a Salmon and a Wife." There is an able article on The Behring Sea Arbitration, and a trenchant discussion of England's Eastern relations with France. Other excellent articles complete a good number of Blackwood's staunch old magazine.

Sound scholarship, vigorous thought and critical acumen, as usual, mark the notices of important theological and philosophical books in the Critical Review for October. Dr. Peter Bayne begins the number with a vigorous review of William George Ward and the Catholic Revival, in which he discusses Ward's views, Newman's influence on him, and Calvin's argument on the R.C. Contention, from his "Institutio Christianae Religionis." Some sixteen important books, English and German, are adequately noticed in this number—among them being "Ramsay's The Church in the Roman Empire, before A.D. 170," by Prof. G. G. Findlay.

A beautiful spot of the Old World, "Fiesole," is described in the beginning of the October Californian Illustrated, by Grace Ellery Canning, and appropriately enough, the next paper is also descriptive—but of a New World scene—"The Garden of the Gods" in Colorado, whose praises are told by J. J. Peatfield. Helen Gregory Flesher has one of her clever descriptive papers in this number, entitled "The Professional Beauties of Japan." In the November number, "Village Life in Mexico" is a subject with which Arthur Inkersley seems well able to describe. A noticeable paper is that on "The Early Americans," by Professor G. N. Richardson. An interesting literary contribution to this number, deals with Bishop Lowth's "Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews"—it is contributed by John Vance Cheney. "Chinese Fisheries in California," by R. F. Walsh. "Irrigation in California," by Wm. A. Lawson (an old Yarmouth, N.S. boy?) and a curious article on Spirit Photography, even more curiously illustrated, by Dr. Dean Clark, may also be mentioned.

The Fortnightly for October is of more than average interest, if not of instruction. The Silver question is discussed from the standpoint of the bimetalist, though its clever reasoning does not enlist us on the side of those who would make silver share with gold the position of an ultimate currency standard; the arguments are however worth considering. Social questions manifest the growing importance accorded to them in the best thought of the day. There is a discussion on "The Unemployed," meaning thereby those able and willing to work, but unable to find employment in our present social order. Lady Dilke writes

"The Industrial Position of Women," the tenor of which may be judged from its opening sentence, "Wages of about one penny an hour received by a shop girl, highly educated, well dressed, and of the most engaging manners, brought the said shop girl to the dock as a thief." Dr. C. H. Pearson has a gloomy, but thoughtful, article on Pessimism, indicative of an influential school of thought, and closely connected with our social problems. "Atoms and Sunbeams," by Sir Robert Ball, has scientific interest; and other articles of worth make up the pages of this number.

We would accord in Poet Lore for October the first place to an appreciative criticism of William Blake as a romanticist, and the first of a series on the Supernatural in Shakspeare. We confess that we have not yet risen to the point of enthusiasm regarding Walt Whitman, nor does Mr. Traubel's article on his "Artistic Atheism"—worth reading as it is—charge us therewith. Charlotte Porter on Browning's Strafford appears a little overdrawn in its admiration of the poet's dramatic genius, but is none the less helpful. We have glanced through the number with pleasure.

The old Westminster retains not a little of its old power: it too has its articles on our social questions. The iniquity of England's game laws, even in their present modified form, is plainly stated and illustrated in an article therein. Harry Davies sees greatness and promise of literary and scientific excellence in "The Future of Wales," and the doom of "Party Government" is written by F. W. Fisher. We shall only enumerate other articles which interested us: "John Gay," "The Unity of Thought and Action," and social articles on "Love and Marriage," "A Plea for the Farmer" and "A new plan of distributing fish to consumers." A pessimistic view is given of life in "A Dutchman in Paris." March on, march on, whither who can tell? appears as its refrain.

The Nineteenth Century for October opens with a poem of indifferent merit by Swinburne on "The Palace of Pan." Think of an ideal temple with transepts "measured by miles," 7160 yards by x! Party politics in its evil tendencies is justly criticised in a paper on "A Cabinet Minister's Vade Mecum;" the Countess of Jersey finishes her account of the "Transformation of Japan," and Canon Irvine, one of the former masters of the Charter House School, has some pleasing reminiscences of Thackeray in "A Study for Colonel Newcombe." Social science has attention in an article on "Setting the Poor on Work," in which Prof. Mavor points out some of the difficulties in the way of relieving the willing but unemployed; but like the rest of us stands bewildered at the problem; and Mr. Crackenthorpe in New Ways and Old Offenders, points out, among some wise admonitions, how overstrained benevolence may make the criminal, one of Society's pets, and the prison the comfortable combine of "a Temperance Hotel and a Mechanics' Institute." There are other articles of merit on which we would fain linger, did space permit. Mr. Watts closes his studies on Tennyson by viewing the Poet as an apostle of Evolution.

By the aid of Beriah, Keziah, Aunt Brier, Aunt Desire, and others of that ilk, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes spins out some 55 pages of chaptered stories, under the general title of "The Heppburn Line, or the Missing Link," in Lippincott's for October. Florence Waller has a sketch, enlivened by old letters, of a historic duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph. Virginia Butler writes pleasantly of an hour at Sir Frederick Leighton's and A. and Addie Hermann take the public into their confidence with regard to necromancy. Short stories, poems, etc., further enliven the number. The November number has a thrilling story by "The Duchess," entitled, "An

Unsatisfactory Lover," which ends after this fashion: "His lips were pressed against her tear-filled eyes now, softly adoringly. 'Darting, darling eyes!' says he, in a subdued but passionate whisper. Then—'Terry, you love me!' Those of our readers, who are not at all curious, but simply wish to satisfy a platonic desire for completeness—must consult the number for Terry's informal reply. "Golf" is treated in the Athletic Series by J. G. Speed, and this number has two fine poems by Bliss Carman and H. H. Boyesen respectively.

Canadian writers appear to advantage in four articles in October Outing. Eugene McCarthy lauds the noble angler's diversion—"Onaniche Fishing;" E. Pauline Johnson tells the story of a week's canoeing in "The Wild Cat;" Grace E. Denison does credit to her favorite pastime in "A Century Ride," and her versatile brother, E. W. Sandys, contributes another of his graphic sketches, "A Mixed Bag." The November number comes clad in white—no doubt in honor of the Vigilant's victory, which is written up by Captain Kencaly. Edward Fawcett has a short story entitled "Imagination." Lenz takes us a-wheel in Japan; Walter Camp discourses of Football, Retrospective and Prospective, and Ed. W. Sandys has an interesting article on "Trapping and Home Traps."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Herbert Spencer is reported to be dangerously ill at Brighton. Mr. Spencer is now past 70 years of age.

"The House of Commons" is the subject of an article in the November Scribner's by Augustine Birrell, M. P., the author of "Obiter Dicta."

The lecture on Evolution and Ethics delivered by Prof. Huxley at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, is to be printed in The Popular Science Monthly for November and December.

The November Cosmopolitan will have a new and very curious story by Mark Twain, called "The Esquimaux Maiden's Romance." It is said to be in his happiest vein and is illustrated by Dan Beard.

Professor Mommsen, the distinguished author, who was 76 years old lately, is vigorous bodily, and mentally alert. He has just celebrated the semi-centennial of his taking the degree of Ph.D. at Kiel. He has had 16 children born to him, 11 of whom are living.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers' new books include the expected two volumes of Letters of James Russell Lowell, edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton; Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Helmuth, Count von Moltke, translated from the German; Evening Dress; a Farce, by William D. Howells; and the last little volume in "The Distaff Series," entitled Short Stories.

"The Mitre" is the title of a new and creditable monthly magazine issued by the Students of Bishop's College, and the boys of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec. Principal Adams has the first of an interesting series of "Notes on Tennyson as a Cambridge man;" Mr. F. W. Frith, "Some Thoughts on Education;" while the Rev. F. G. Scott contributes a sonnet. We salute "The Mitre" and wish it every success.

Robert Browning wrote of some of Francis Thompson's poems, three years ago and shortly before his own death, "The verse is indeed remarkable, even without the particulars concerning its author. It is altogether extraordinary that a young man so naturally gifted should need incitement to do justice to his conspicuous ability. Pray assure him, if he comes to know it, that I shall have a confident expectation of his success."

The Sydney Telegraph has the following reference to Mr. J. G. Carter Troop's trip with the Premier in the North West District of New South Wales: "The Canadian everywhere met with the heartiest reception im-

aginable. The people of this country are, of course, always kind and courteous to visitors; but they took the Canadian representative as a brother, and simply overwhelmed him with hospitality. He will carry back with him the pleasantest recollections of his country trip in New South Wales.

The Canadian Institute announces the following programme for November: On Saturday, 4th, the President's opening address:—"The Progress of Lacustrine Biology," by Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, M.A., B.Sc., and Notes—Archaeological, Industrial and Sociological on the Western Dunes, by Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I. On Saturday, 11th, the Two Faests of Goethe. (I) The Faust of 1773-5, and the Fragment of 1790, by W. H. VanderSmissem, M.A. On Saturday 18th (II.) the Faust of 1870, and its Completion in Part II., by W. H. VanderSmissem, M.A. Saturday, 25th, the Survivors of the Forest in Toronto, by Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D., the Fine Arts and their Relation to each other, by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A. In the Natural History (Biological) Section. Monday, 6th, consideration of Work for the Session. (A full attendance is requested.) On Monday, 20th. Continuation of Notes on Taxidermy, by John Maughan, jr. Botanical Sub-section meets on the 13th and 27th, at 394 Yonge Street. In Historical Section. Thursday 9th. Address by the Chairman: "Review of Historical Work in Upper Canada," by W. Canniff, M.D. Thursday, 23rd, "Journal of a Voyage from Gravesend to Moose Fort, Hudson's Bay, in 1849," by the late Dr. Norman Bethune. In Geological and Mining Section. Thursday, 30th, An Interglacial Fauna from the Don Valley. Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph.D.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Geo. G. Currie. How I Once Felt; Songs of Love and Travel. Montreal, Que.: John Lovell & Son.
- Jas. D. Law. "Dreams o' Hame." Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. \$1.50
- Sir J. William Dawson. Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co. \$2.00.
- Paine, Thomas, and Klausner. Famous Composers and Their Works, parts 5, 6, 7, 8. Boston: J. B. Millet Company. Toronto: A. G. Virtue. 60cts
- Longfellow, H. W. The Hanging of the Crane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Sarah Orne Jewett. A Native of Winby and other Tales. \$1.25.
- L. Dougall. What Necessity Knows. New York: Longman, Green & Co.
- Mary Emily Case. The Love of the World. New York: The Century Co.
- Laura E. Richards. Melody. Boston, Mass.: Estes & Lauriat.
- Chas. Franklin Thwing. Within College Walls. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.00.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A SONG OF A BOAT.

A song of a boat:
White, where distant waters toss,
White as the wings of an albatross,
Soaring away to her nest remote.

Beating out against the tide,
A ripple of laughter over the side,
With the sheet trimmed aft and a shivering luff,
And a touch that tells she's close enough,
And a smother of foam to leeward:
Close to the eye
Of the wind we fly,
Like a gray gull reaching seaward:
With a lifting sail and a swaying mast,
And a foaming wake where the boat has passed,

And the spray of an angry sea :
 An upward sweep
 And a floating leap,
 Then the order—Hard a-lee!

The vicious thrash of a wind-mad sail,
 And shifting bags to the weather rail,
 And the sheet a moment slack ;
 Then all hands low,
 And away we go
 With a swing to the starboard tack.
 —Outing for November.

THE NORIAN ROCK OF CANADA.

An interesting description of the Norian Rock of Canada ("Uber das Norian oder Ober-Laurentian von Canada," extracted from N. Jahrb., Beilagebd. viii., 1893, pp. 419-498, has just been issued by Professor F. D. Adams. This forms a thesis for the doctor's degree at the University of Heidelberg. The Norian rocks consist mainly of "anorthosite," in which plagioclase is the chief constituent, ferro-magnesian, silicates being scarce or absent. These rocks are intrusive in the Grenville series—the upper division of the Lower Laurentian of Logan, who regarded the Norian series as Upper Laurentian. Professor Adams shows that the anorthosites occur near the eastern edge of the great Archaean platform of Canada. He compares this with the distribution of modern volcanoes along the edges of the Continents. Some of the anorthosite masses are of great extent: that of the Saguenay district covers an area of nearly 16,000 square miles, that of Morin, 1,000 square miles. These results may be compared with the conclusions already published by Professor A. C. Lawson, that the Laurentian gneisses of the Rainy Lake region are intrusive in the so-called "Huronian" of that area, rocks which are previously considered to be later than the Laurentian. Professor Adams' paper contains a map of the Archaean area of Canada and a full bibliography.—Colonies and India.

THE LARGEST DIAMOND.

The largest diamond ever discovered was unearthed in the Jagersfontein mine, in the Free State, the other night, and has now been brought to London. It is described as a pure white diamond, weighing no less than 971 carats. Curiously enough the previous largest stone came from the same mine, a very imperfect stone of some 500 carats, having been found in Jagersfontein in 1881. The largest diamond ever found in Griqualand West, was discovered near the west end of Du Toit's Pan mine on September 29, 1885. It was a large irregular octahedron stone, slightly spotted, of yellow colour, and weighed 194 carats, or nearly 3 ozs. In the month of February previous, a similar stone of 352 carats was found near the east end of the mine. The largest diamond found on the Vaal River diggings, known as the "Spalding" or "Stewart" diamond, was discovered at Wabek's in November, 1872. It weighed 288 carats, but on cutting was reduced to 128 carats. Two other stones, one of 148 1-2 carats and the other of 147 1-2 carats, were also found at the River diggings. The finest diamond ever found in South Africa was the famous "Porter Rhodes," discovered in claim 375, near the centre of Kimberley mine on February 12, 1880. It was a pure white octahedron, weighing 150 carats, and was valued at £60,000. The latest Jagersfontein find breaks the world's record.—Colonies and India.

COMMISSARY GENERAL IRVINE.

Dr. George Stewart, the accomplished editor of the Quebec Chronicle, pays a feeling and grateful tribute to the memory of the recent deceased soldier, Matthew Bell Irvine, with whose name are associated so many sad and tender recollections. Like Hedley Vickers, Maxwell Montague Hammond and General Gordon, it appears the late Colonel Irvine was a devoted member of the Church of England, and identified himself

with every movement connected with Christian and benevolent work. "He lived very quietly," adds Dr. Stewart, "kept up his familiarity with our best literature, assisted in every way possible every cause which appealed to his sense of right and justice and retained to the very last his kindly recollections of the army and the old friends he made during his military career. The Chronicle has been much indebted to him for notes and paragraphs, from time to time, about the men whom he knew and loved, during his army life in all parts of the world. He had met many soldiers who had grown to eminence with the lapse of years. At their death he never omitted to send us interesting accounts of the services, which he, as an eye witness, had seen them perform. He always looked upon this task as a duty, and duty with him was an obligation which he never failed to respect and perform. In his death, the city loses a citizen of character, of lofty manhood, and of chivalrous nature. As was once said of another, if all who loved Matthew Bell Irvine could drop into his open grave to-day, a flower, he would rest in a bower of tender floral offerings sent straight from the heart, and emphasizing in a degree a depth of respect which none can fathom."—Ottawa Citizen.

ELECTRICITY ON A PYRAMID.

In his autobiography the late Sir W. Siemens relates an amusing anecdote. An Arab called his attention to the fact that when at the top of the Pyramid of Cheops, when he raised his hand with fingers outspread, an acute singing note was heard, the sound ceasing as soon as he let his hand fall. "I found his assertion," he writes, "to be true. As soon as I raised one of my fingers above my head, I felt a prickling in the fingers. That this could be caused by an electrical phenomenon was proved by the slight electric shock felt on trying to drink out of a wine bottle. So I wrapped a full bottle of wine that I had with me in a damp paper, and thus converted it into a Leyden-bottle which was soon strongly charged with electricity by the simple device of holding it high above my head. The Arabs had already become distrustful on seeing small lightnings, as it were, issue from the wine bottles, held up by myself and companions, and now held a brief consultation. Suddenly, at a given signal, each of my companions was seized by the guide who had led them up, who now tried to force him to go down again. I myself was standing at the very top of the pyramid, when the Sheikh of the Arabs came to me and told me, through my interpreter, that the Arabs had determined that we were at once to leave the pyramid, because we were practising magic, and it might damage their chance of their earning a living. On my refusing to obey orders, the Sheikh caught hold of my left hand. I had awaited this moment and held up my right hand with the bottle in the attitude of a magician, afterwards lowering it slowly towards the point of the Sheikh's nose. When quite close to that feature I felt a violent shock run through the bottle to my own arm, and was certain that the Sheikh must have received the equivalent. At any rate, he fell speechless on the stones, and a few anxious moments passed before he rose suddenly with a loud cry, and sprang down the gigantic steps of the pyramid with long strides. The Arabs, seeing this, and excited by the Sheikh's constant cries of 'Magic! magic!' released my companions and followed their leader, leaving us complete masters of the pyramid."

"GLENGARRY."

Blackwood's Magazine for September contains an unpublished poem by Sir Walter Scott, from which we quote four stanzas, the first, the third, and the last two:

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy."

W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Land of the Gael, thy glory has flown!
 For the star of the North from its orbit
 Is thrown;
 Dark, dark is thy sorrow, and hopeless
 Thy pain,
 For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre
 Again.
 Glengarry—Glengarry, is gone ever-
 more,
 Glengarry—Glengarry, we'll ever de-
 plore.

The chieftains may gather—the combat-
 ants call,
 One champion is absent—that champion
 was all;
 The bright eye of genius and valour may
 flame,
 But now who shall light it to honour and
 fame?

O! heard ye that anthem, slow, pealing
 on high!
 The shades of the valiant are come from
 the sky,
 And the Genii of Gaeldoch are first in
 the throng,
 O list to the theme of their aerial song,
 It's "welcome Glengarry, thy clansmen's
 fast friend."
 It's welcome to joys that shall ne'er have
 an end,
 The halls of great Odin are open to thee,
 O welcome, Glengarry, the gallant and
 free.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The boards of the Grand Opera House are being held this week by the American tragedian Mr. Robert Downing and his powerful company. Mr. Downing is a splendid interpreter of legitimate drama, being particularly adapted to such roles as "Virginius," "The Gladiator," "Othello," etc. The following is the programme for the week: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, "The Gladiator" will be given; Wednesday matinee, "Richard the Lion-Hearted"; Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee "Ingomar" and on Friday evening "Othello." It would be difficult to say which is Mr. Downing's strongest character, as opinions differ greatly on this point. The company, which is one of the strongest that has yet visited Toronto, includes Miss Eugenie Blair, Miss Rose Osborne, Mr. Edmund Collier, Mr. Thos. A. Hall, Mr. Hayes and others. "Blackest Russia" will be the attraction at the Grand next week.

FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS CO'Y.

DIVIDEND NO. 68.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the 1st DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the offices of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th Nov-ember, inclusive.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.

Toronto, 25th October, 1893.

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DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract the diseases. Take the medicine according to the directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

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

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The Welsh in the United States claim that they are in number as many as their countrymen in Wales.

A whale's throat is so small that you could choke him with your fist, and he feeds on the smallest things in the sea.

There are seven national banks in the five Indian nations, not one of which suspended during the recent financial flurry.

A French physician claims to have discovered a method whereby tobacco may be rendered harmless to the person who may use it. His process is as follows: "A piece of cotton wool steeped in a solution of pyrogallic acid inserted in the pipe or cigar-holder, will neutralize any possible effects of the nicotine. In this way not only may the generally admitted effects of smoking be prevented but cirrhosis of the liver, headache and furring of the tongue may be avoided."

PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Free Press: If the plebiscite is regarded by the friends of temperance as the best means of measuring public opinion with respect to the question of prohibition there can be no objection to its adoption.

Brandon Times: If there is any point in which Manitoba differs from other countries it is in this, that the whole population is directly dependent upon agriculture. Upon the success or failure of the farmer depends the prosperity or destruction of everything in Manitoba. Surely then if the teaching of agriculture in the schools is justifiable anywhere, it is in this province.

Canadian Gazette: What has happened with the Australasian cable on the Pacific is happening with the Bermudas cable on the Atlantic, and unless some different response is made to these and other legitimate calls for Imperial support which have for years been knocking in vain at the doors of Downing Street we may make up our minds to yield the place of vantage to those whose rulers have more of the Imperial instinct than ours seem to possess.

Manitoba Free Press: Canada is becoming a prime favorite in the London money market. Capital has scarcely yet recovered all its old confidence, but in spite of that Manitoba Government four per cents have been sold at par, and now comes word that the Canadian Pacific company have succeeded in getting underwritten \$6,500,000 of four per cent preference stock which is expected to go off at 90 or over. These are most successful issues, and as evidence of the high standing of Canadian credit are subjects for general congratulation.

St. John Telegraph: It was a kindly act for Lieut. Governor Boyd to pay a visit to Mr. J. V. Ellis in York county jail, and showed a ready sympathy with a journalist who has suffered for doing what he thought to be his duty. Mr. Boyd's popularity will be greatly enhanced by this display of his good feeling, for it is well known that he has never been politically in accord with Mr. Ellis. For this reason his visit is the more striking, and the more worthy of notice. Our new lieutenant governor is a man who rises above all petty party politics.

Montreal Witness: In a world where all beneficent forces are at work, there is no room for an idle man. The tendency of the best thought of the time points to a day when Carlyle's daring prophecy will be fulfilled, that there will be no place for an idle man on God's earth, and that the human race will agree that the man who does not live by industry lives by stealing. That time is steadily drawing near. The more incessant the emphasis on the nobility of all true work, whether of brain or of hand, the more quickly will dawn the day when toil will come to the universal crown which is its right.

London Free Press: It is unreasonable that evidence and lawyers day by day should be sent to Toronto in these matters, which might be disposed of at home if our Ontario Premier would empower the Judges to try them and hold sittings for that purpose in central places, around which the great bulk of the work arises. It is almost incredible, yet true, as we are informed, that these applications and motions must, as the law now stands, be disposed of before a High Court Judge at Osgoode Hall, although another High Court Judge, with equal ability and jurisdiction, may be actually holding a court in the very place in which the applications or motions arise.

The Anti-Semites have formulated a programme for the next session of the Reichstag. First, prevention of all immigration of Hebrews to Germany; second, Hebrews can hold no real estate or mortgages on real estate in Germany; third, all Hebrews not born in Germany are to be turned out of the country; fourth, no Hebrew is permitted to practise as lawyer or physician, to become a journalist or to enter the army in Germany.

Educational.

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In Nuremberg they have just discovered 900 songs of the Meistersingers, including some by Hans Sachs.

At 20 years of age a temperate person is supposed to have a chance of living for forty-four years. At 20 years of age an intemperate person is calculated to have a chance of living only to the age of thirty-five.

Professor Kauffman, has presented to the Egyptian department of the Royal Museum at Berlin a beautiful portrait of the daughter of Herod, who died at the age of 35. He found it at Havarra, together with the mummy of the young woman. It is painted on linen, full faced, with a gray background. The black curly hair is parted in the middle, the eyes are brown and large, there are strings of pearls in the ears and golden hoops around the throat. It is a portrait that testifies to the art of the age. The name of the original was Aline.—Hartford Times.

The price of food varies as greatly in Europe as in American cities. According to the London Times, prime beef averages in Vienna 16 cents a pound, in Prague 14 cents, in Rome and Budapest 17 cents, in Paris 24 and 32 cents, in Lille 34 cents. Flour in Budapest sells for 2½ cents; for 5 cents in Paris, Frankfurt and Florence; for 4 cents in Berlin; for 4½ cents in Lille. Bread in Lille cost 2½ cents a pound and in Berlin 4½ cents. Potatoes are under 2 cents a pound in all the cities except Hamburg. Rice ranges from 2½ cents a pound in Brussels to 10 cents elsewhere. In Brussels coffee is had from the Dutch colonies for 2½ cents a pound, while in Berlin it is 32½ cents and in Paris (roasted) 60 cents.—Baltimore Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The increased price obtained for starch bleached electrolytically is said to have paid for the electric apparatus three times over within one year.

Snow ploughs to be used on trolley roads are now being made in Providence to be operated by an electric motor underneath, exactly as street cars are, by gearing on the axles.

As now used, incandescent electric lights are either turned "on" or "off," with no gradation between these stages. A regulating device has been invented, by which, it is said, this light may be controlled like a gas jet.

Within recent years several important instalments of electric lighting have been put down in various parts of Russia. Unfortunately for us, the electrical work in Russia seems mainly to be in the hands of Austrian, German and Swiss firms.—Electrical Review.

Nikola Tesla, the eminent young electrician, who permitted a current to pass through his body under a pressure of 250,000 volts last spring, believes that not only will it be possible in a few years to transmit electric signals without conducting wires, but also mechanical energy.

The total output of fifty-four leading gas companies in the U. S. during the first six months of 1893 was 1,080,000,000 cubic feet, a gain of 82,000,000 compared with the corresponding period last year. It is probable that this represents new uses for gas, rather than an increase of consumption for illumination.

Professor Marvin, of the United States Weather Bureau, at Washington, has invented a rain gauge so delicate that it will measure a one-thousandth part of an inch of moisture. It is self-registering, moreover. Chief Harrington has distributed several of these instruments among observers in various parts of the country.

J. P. Biles, designer of the ocean steamships New York and Paris, believes that in "the third year of the twentieth century," or within ten years, the best transatlantic steamships will be able to leave New York at noon and arrive at Southampton in four days. Such an exploit would require a speed of almost thirty-five miles an hour.

A short time before Dr. Charcot died he said in a lecture that semi-scientists had for more than fifty years ridiculed the idea that the full of the moon was a dangerous time for mad people. Better informed men are coming back to the old time notion, said Dr. Charcot, as the result of increased learning on the subject of earth tides, similar to the oscillation of sea tides.—Electricity.

The London Lancet refers to the confirmed "stoop" which has already been manifested by cyclists. The dorsal curvature posteriorly, which used to be rare in boys under fourteen years of age, is now very frequently met with, particularly among those bicyclists whose spinal column is developing more rapidly than the ligaments and muscles. The use of Indian clubs is recommended.

"Forked lightning" is believed by meteorologists to be one of the most harmless forms of electric discharge. The normal or typical lightning flash, which is the deadliest form of discharge, and which has its counterpart in the ordinary spark discharge of an electric machine, does not divide, but follows a sinuous course through the air as like as possible to the line marking a river on a map.

Professor Philipson, president of the British Medical Association, recently stated that there are few diseases peculiar to miners. The pitman's asthma is much less frequent than formerly. Contrary to what might be expected, rheumatism and rheumatic fever rarely affect the coal miner. The miners of the north of England have an average of three years longer life than the average Englishman, eight years longer than the Cornish miner, nine years longer than the South Wales miner, and only one year less than that of the men of the healthiest districts in the kingdom.

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A carload of salmon piled in promiscuously would be a novelty to eastern people. A box-car half full weighs 30,000 lbs., and is a sight for any to admire. Nine carloads in all have been received at a North End cannery from the sound, where there is a tremendous run of small salmon, different from any caught in the Columbia, but much resembling the blue-back in size and appearance.—Portland Oregonian.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

In many parts of Java the bride shows her subjection by washing the feet of the groom.

Dr. von Bulow still has the neuralgic pains in his head. But he is going to conduct at Berlin and Hamburg.

Saint-Seans is engaged in completing the "Brunehaut," left unfinished by Girard, and hopes to have it ready by next spring.

Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

A traveller in the Malay peninsula says that the natives have in use there the smallest coin in the world. It is a wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree, and its value is estimated to be 1-10,000th of a penny.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge St., has no doubt as fine a set of testing instruments for the eyes as are anywhere to be found and they should be tried by every one with defective sight. Examination free.

At the crematory at Fresh Pond, L.I., 1,010 corpses have been burned — 650 men, 270 women, 53 boys and 35 girls. Of these persons 510 were Germans, 335 native Americans, 34 English, and rest from other countries. There are 15 crematories in the United States.

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Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Interesting experiments have recently been made with the new tents which the German soldiers carry with them. The end in view is to make the tents, or rather their cloth, serve to construct ferryboats for the soldiers' baggage.

Queen Victoria, according to her photographer, is a most satisfactory sitter. She has never spoiled a plate, and though she has had several hundred pictures taken at different times, she rarely disapproves of any of them.

A CURE FOR COUGHS.

There is no remedy that makes as large a percentage of perfect cures as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. In nearly every case of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, etc., its curative effects are prompt and lasting.

Inventors who seek to revolutionize some industry with a grand new departure seldom make money; it is the inventor who hits on some small labour-saving device or slight improvement on the old way of doing things who generally get rich. — New York Herald.

A BUSINESS LETTER

Tilsonburg, March 15th, 1887.

T. Milburn & Co.

SIRS,—Please ship at once three dozen B. B. Bitters. Best selling medicine in the shop. Sold seven bottles to-day.

Yours truly,

C. THOMPSON.

The above sample is but one of hundreds of similar expressions regarding B. B. B.

The Government of Saxony has adopted a novel method to secure the payment of taxes. The names of persons who did not pay their taxes last year are printed and hung up in all the restaurants and saloons. The proprietors dare not serve those mentioned on the lists with food or drink, under penalty of losing their licenses.

The three Slavic States of Russia, Roumania and Servia are said to possess the highest percentage of illiteracy of any in the world. Eighty per cent. of the people are unable to read or write. Of the Latin-speaking races Spain heads the list with 48 per cent., France and Belgium having about 15 per cent., Austria 30 and Ireland 21. In England the percentage is 13, Holland 10, United States 8 and Scotland 7.

A water drinking contest was recently held in Paris. The winner swallowed twelve quarts; the second nine, and the third seven.

In British India there are 7,000,000 Buddhists, 90,000 Parsees, 57,000,000 Mahometans, 9,000,000 Pagans or Nature worshippers, and over 2,000,000 Brahmans.

OBSTINATE COUGH CURED.

Gentlemen,—I had a very bad cough which I could not get rid of, but by using Hagar's Pectoral Balsam I was cured in two or three days. It is the best and surest cough medicine I know of.

JOSEPH GARRICK, Goderich, Ont.

An English sparrow met a curious and untimely death in London recently in trying to take a drink of water from the famous Temple fountain. A gold fish, it is declared by witnesses, jumped up and seized the bird by the leg. A second fish did likewise by the bird's other leg, and between them the sparrow was dragged down and drowned.

HOW DYSPEPSIA IS CURED.

I suffered from dyspepsia and was weak and miserable with what the doctor said was nervous debility. Seeing Burdock Blood Bitters advertised I tried it, and after taking three bottles feel perfectly restored to health.

MRS. J. H. SNIDER, Kleinburg, Ont.

It is said that the growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stone for its own sustenance by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground, without allowing the walls to receive any moisture from the rain.

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For more than twenty-five years has Hagar's Yellow Oil been sold by druggists, and it has never yet failed to give satisfaction as a household remedy for pain, lameness and soreness of the flesh, for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

Arrangements have been made by the German military authorities on the first intimation of war to instantly convey by rail all the women and children in such large towns as Metz and Strasburg, as well as smaller places, into Germany.

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An Iowa publisher acknowledges the receipt of an egg which "was laid on our table by the Rev. Mr. Smith."

Actress: I wonder what I shall do this season to keep myself before the public. Sister Actress: Why don't you try acting

Judge: You are charged with being drunk—but haven't I seen you somewhere before? Prisoner: You have. We took the gold cure together. Judge: Discharged.

"Biffins appears to have taken a rather obscure place in the community." "Obscure? Well, I should say so. Why, nobody even brings him a petition to sign."

It is a common thing for women to say that the men are all alike. But when two men happen to fall in love with the same woman a difference very soon exists between them.

Vexed Wife: There is no calamity can befall a woman that I have not suffered. Amiable Husband: Wrong, my dear; now, you have never been a widow. Vexed Wife: I said calamity, sir!

"Janette, I'm afraid you are a vain little wife. You gaze into your mirror so much." "You oughtn't to blame me for that. I haven't your advantage." "What's that?" "You can see my face without looking into a mirror."

There is said to be a tribe in Africa which requires public speakers to stand on one leg during their addresses, and when they become exhausted their time has expired. This regulation is respectfully referred to the Senate of the United States.

Aged Husband: I begin to think, Mary, that I've wrecked your young happiness by persuading you to marry an old man like me. Young Wife: Oh, no, indeed; I expect to make my second husband very jealous telling him how fond I was of you.

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So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honoured practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

"Why, Bridget, did mamma have another husband before she married my papa?" "Yis, she had, but he doied, ye see." "Oh, Bridget, I'm so sorry mamma lost her husband." "Faith, an' ye'd better be glad, Bessie. If he'd lived he might a made ye a cruel step-mother."

WHAT YOUR GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

She hatched the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she cupped tallow candles to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fire-place and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap. Her great-granddaughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health and beauty by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of youth upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step. Sold by all druggists.



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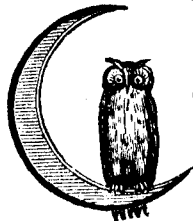
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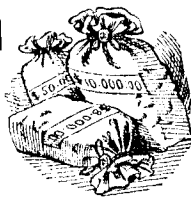
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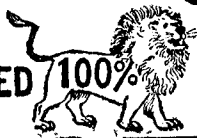
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