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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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WE are not surprised that our comments in connection with "Marjory Darrow," upon what seems to us a tendency to obscurity in some of the young Canadian poets of whom we are justly proud, should have called forth rejoinders. That some of these rejoinders should be abusive is, too, what was to be expected. Abusive adjectives are the stock-in-trade of a certain class of journalists. Of quite a different kind are the remarks of "S," in the *Globe's* "At the Mermaid Inn." This writer, being one of the young poets himself, has the good sense to see that the best friends of Canadian literature are not necessarily those whose idea of criticism is indiscriminate praise of everything Canadian. "S's" observations are so reasonable and at the same time so courteous that it is a pleasure to comply with his suggestion that we should publish the poem in full. It will be found in another column. No one with an ear can fail to feel both the rhythm of the narrative quatrains, and the music of the liquid and sibilant refrains. Nor are we deaf to the fact that the attempt in the latter to translate into words "the cadence and pause of the thrush's song" is successful, probably it will be judged highly successful, in conveying an impression of the song itself. The lyric has its merits, and from this point of view its marked merits, undoubtedly. But this is not the point of view from which we were looking, as we distinctly intimated, when we penned our half-jocular comments. We found fault from the intellectual side, and surely even a lyric has an intellectual side from which it may be legitimately criticized. That is to say, in the case before us, the lines in which the story is "hinted at, after Mr. Carman's manner," must have a meaning though those intended to imitate or suggest the thrush's song need not. May we not lay it down as a safe canon that, in order to have the best lyrical effect, both the meaning of the story and the relation to it of the thrush's song should be so clear that even the unpoetic reader could take it in without conscious effort or prolonged study? To put into propositions our objections to "Marjory Darrow," so that the reader may pronounce upon the question for himself, we may say (1) The story is obscure, inasmuch as the general reader is obliged to study it out, losing a part at

least of the musical effect in the process. Worse still, we doubt if the average reader, unaided, can be sure, even after careful study, that he understands it just as the poet meant it. This is the radical defect in much of Browning's poetry. You are never quite sure that you have the right interpretation. (2) It was a mistake, we think, to express the refrain, the song of the thrush, in actual and apparently connected words, since these naturally lead the reader to search for ideas, thus again interrupting the enjoyment of both narrative and cadence. Had unmeaning phonetics, or even obviously disconnected words, been used, this might have been avoided. (3) The relation of the story to the bird's song, or the connection between the two, throughout the whole poem, is not obvious without close study, and the necessity for close study mars, we hold, the effect of the lyric, however unobjectionable it may be in the more subjective forms of poetry. We give these criticisms for what they are worth. If our remarks shall have the effect of calling the attention of our clever young writers to the danger of unconsciously courting obscurity rather than simplicity and perspicuity in expression, our chief end will have been attained.

SOME of the Liberal members of the Liberal Legislature of Ontario occasionally wax eloquent in debate as they denounce the facilities afforded by the tariff legislation of the Dominion Government and Parliament for the formation of combines and monopolies. And yet these same Liberal representatives, through their support of their Liberal Government, sanction some of the closest monopolies, created by Provincial statute, which are to be found anywhere. Two facts in a daily paper which lies before us, illustrate our meaning. On one page we are informed that a detective employed by the Ontario Medical Council has summoned several of the city druggists before the Police Court, there to be tried for the crime of having, probably in answer to the questions of some poor customers, recommended certain specifics for the cure of certain ailments. We have no particulars before us, but it is highly probable that in most cases the ailments may have been of such a kind that a druggist would have no difficulty in recommending some well-known remedy which would produce the effect desired quite as well, at the expense of a few cents, as the costly prescription of some licensed physician. There are probably few of us who have not at some time or other been glad to utilize in this way the druggist's knowledge of the *materia medica*, and have profited by that knowledge, when it would have been decidedly inconvenient to summon a doctor. The other fact referred to is the statement that the members of the Dominion Medical Council, assembled at Ottawa, are seriously considering whether the heavens would be likely to fall if the various Provincial Councils were to so far widen the strait gates of their respective monopolies as to permit the licensees of these Councils to enter each other's preserves without the ordeal of a special examination. An unsophisticated citizen would naturally suppose that the right to practise any honourable calling or profession in any Province of this free Dominion was a natural right, which could be taken away only by a special Act of the Legislature, for some good or sufficient cause. Yet the tone and spirit of the discussion remind us that no man, no matter how well qualified by study and practice, may venture to prescribe for a sufferer in Ontario, save by leave of the members of the profession in the Province, banded together in a closer corporation, and exercising powers conferred by Act of the Provincial Parliament! Is it any wonder that the druggists are taking the cue and seeking to turn their monopoly to account by preventing the trader, who has the misfortune to be outside of their combine, from selling a bottle of sarsaparilla or pain-killer, and that architects, undertakers, etc., are hastening to demand similar powers for their respective guilds! We sometimes congratulate ourselves on having reached a stage of liberty and enlightenment at which we no longer give to even the most orthodox of churches a monopoly of the cure of souls. With what consistency can the Legislature which is declared incompetent to legislate in this higher sphere, in which malpractice may lead to still more

serious loss, assume the right to dictate to free citizens to whom they may and may not entrust the interests of their ailing bodies!

NOTWITHSTANDING what we have said in another paragraph with reference to the monopoly given by our Provincial laws to the Ontario Medical Council, or rather in perfect harmony with what we have said, we have the highest opinion of the benefits conferred upon the people by the profound scientific research and wonderful surgical skill of the students and practitioners of this noble profession. It has, in fact, always been a matter of wonder to us that the members of a calling whose enthusiastic pursuit carries with it so much inherent influence and authority, should wish or even consent to call in the aid of the constable and the magistrate to secure for them that pre-eminence in the practice of the healing art which belongs to them, and is certain in the main to be accorded to them, solely in virtue of their professional usefulness and indispensability. We can never hear of some alleged quack, or some practitioner who has neglected to apply for the permission of the Council, being hauled before the police court, without a feeling that the thing is decidedly *infra dignitatem*, so far as the members of the Council are concerned. But this is by the way. What we set out to do is to add our word of appreciation of the service which has just now been rendered to the whole Dominion by the deliberations and recommendations of the members of the Canadian Medical Council, which met last week in Ottawa. Such a meeting, at a moment when the minds of all who have a sense of responsibility are alive to the duty of ascertaining and using the very best preventive measures which the scientific wisdom of the profession can suggest, to ward off the danger, be it greater or smaller, of an invasion of cholera, is in the true professional spirit. Its action is patriotic as well as philanthropic. The authorities, both Dominion and Provincial, should not, and we feel sure will not, fail to pay the most careful heed to the advice and suggestions thus given. Above all, it is to be hoped that some means may be found for unifying official action by placing at the head of sanitary affairs a competent Dominion officer with the authority necessary to enable him to make and enforce uniform quarantine regulations. Unnecessary damage to commercial interests is already resulting from the want of harmony between Dominion and Provincial regulations. This is clearly one of the cases in which the central authority should be supreme, or when at least the fullest harmony should be secured between the central and the local authorities.

LAST week and the current week will be memorable in the history of Presbyterianism, especially of Presbyterianism in Canada. The holding of the fifth meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in this city cannot fail to have a powerfully stimulating effect upon the life of the Christian churches generally, upon that of Presbyterian churches in particular, and above all upon that of the Presbyterian churches of Ontario. The existence of this Council is in itself a remarkable evidence of the tendency towards consolidation which is so marked a feature in the religious life of the day. It is true that the coming together is, in this case, of those only who are in a certain sense already one in virtue of their common use of a particular system of church government. As the use of that system is probably co-extensive with the spread of evangelical Christianity, the fact in a measure explains the centripetal force which brings the Council together, drawing to its meetings delegates from the ends of the earth, and representatives of widely divergent shades of theological opinion, and of such dissentient bodies as the Established and the Free Churches of Scotland. But a force more potent and active than a common system of church polity is needed, if we may venture to express the opinion, to account for the substantial unity which rules amidst, or rather over, all the diversities of creed and practice which are to be found within the limits of Pan Presbyterianism. The growing activity of that force is, we are glad to believe, one of the most hopeful signs of the times throughout all Christendom. It is the aggressive force of Christian altruism. This is the outcome of experimental as dis-

tinguished from dogmatic or doctrinal religion. When Dr. Caven said in his opening sermon that the greatest feature of the reformation was the "quickening of souls into a new life," putting this before the "renewal and advancement of theology" as its necessary antecedent and source, he enunciated a great truth, which has not always, we think, been so clearly seen. Are we mistaken in fancying that to a somewhat similar cause is due the present-day movement in the direction of essential unity, the unity of a common aim and effort, with or without visible approach towards union, or uniformity in creed formulas and church politics? Is it not a new and still more hopeful outcome of this tendency to lay increased stress upon the experimental and the practical in religion, that the relation of the Christian churches to the great social, economic, and moral problems of the age is coming into unwonted prominence as a subject of discussion at the great church councils? In other words, religion as a life, rather than as a creed, and the church as an aggressive and altruistic, rather than as a separative and self-propagating organization, are just now being emphasized as never before. The experimental side of Christianity has already had full recognition in the meetings of the Council. May we not hope to have some noteworthy deliverances touching its relations to the crying vices of the age and to the condition and needs of the great masses of humanity during the days which are yet to come?

SINCE the preceding paragraph was written, the Pan-Presbyterian Council has discussed with commendable freedom some of the great practical questions to which we referred. Especially has it spoken in no ambiguous terms of the treatment of Chinese immigrants and would-be immigrants by the United States, Canada and Australia. From the theoretical point of view, the spectacle of these so-called Christian nations, in which the churches are doing and attempting so much by way of sending missionaries to Christianize the heathen, meeting, at the very thresholds of their respective countries, such representatives of these heathen peoples as may desire to come within their borders and prove for themselves the blessings of Christian civilization, either with a decree of absolute prohibition, or with what is almost its equivalent, an exorbitant fine, is one which merits the strongest denunciation of every Christian assembly. Nor is it easy to show that what we may call the Christian instinct, is not a trustworthy guide in this matter. The burden of proof may certainly be thrown upon those who affirm the contrary. The argument in defence or palliation of the hostile and most inhospitable legislation in question, so far as any was advanced at the Council, was two-fold. First, the Chinese are pagans, whose vile and vicious practices are full of contamination for those amongst whom they come. This plea reflects so severely upon the strength of the Christian system and the courage of its adherents that it will hardly be pressed and need not be seriously answered. The second argument is much more cogent. It is the familiar one that, by reason of their cheap but utterly unsavory modes of life, the Chinese are enabled to work at rates of wages on which our own workmen could not live in decency, and that, therefore, the influx of these people means the driving out of the native workmen. This is a practical objection which it will be necessary for the Committee which has been appointed to frame a deliverance to meet fairly. As we have often said, it seems to us that it can be met and ought to be met, not by an un-Christian policy of exclusion or fine, but by the rigid enforcement of such sanitary and other regulations with regard to personal and social habits, and especially with regard to domiciles, and restriction of the numbers who may live within a given space, etc., as would compel the raising of the standard of Chinese living more nearly to the level of Western civilization. Such regulations for self-protection could hardly be considered harsh or unjust, and would have in themselves a direct and powerful elevating influence. It is one thing for a Christian people to say to the pagans whom they deem it their mission to evangelize, "You shall not enter our country or share our Christian civilization, on any terms." It is quite another thing to say, "We welcome you amongst us, but you must conform your modes of life to the standard which we deem indispensable to our social and moral safety and well-being." It is, by the way, to be hoped that the press reports have done injustice to Dr. Waters, in representing him as cautioning his fellow-delegates against pushing their views on this question too far, lest they should alienate the labouring masses.

Such a truckling to expediency would be unworthy of the churches, and would, we venture to say, do more to repel the honest and intelligent workmen than the boldest opposition to their views, for righteousness' sake. It is also worthy of note that if Dr. Roberts' statement that one of every two adult persons in the United States is a professing Christian be within bounds, it is vain for the Christian churches to attempt to shift the blame for any unrighteous legislation in the Republic to the shoulders of the wicked politicians. The fact obviously is that the professing Christians in every English-speaking country are numerous and influential enough, if they wished it and would take the trouble, to control the whole course of national legislation and policy.

THE highest judicial position in the Dominion is vacant. The death of Sir William Ritchie can scarcely be said to have been unexpected. True, the accounts which have from time to time been given to the public in regard to the gradual failure of his health were generally of such a nature as to leave room for the hope that his life might be prolonged for a few years, though without any reasonable prospect of his being again able to resume the duties of his high and responsible office. But whatever hopes of such a result may have been entertained by his friends, *dis aliter visum*. On the verge of four-score, after thirteen years of efficient service as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, superadded to a previous lengthy and honourable record in lower grades of the profession, he passed peacefully away last Sunday morning. It is characteristic of our political system, or rather let us hope, of its faulty administration, that the occasion of his death has been the signal for much eager speculation as to who shall be his successor—speculation based, unhappily, not on differences of opinion as to who, of all those in the Dominion who may be considered eligible, is most worthy of being exalted to this responsible position, but as to what disposal of the vacancy will be deemed most likely to commend itself to the Government as subserving best the interests of the party. Upon this question we can throw no light. In view of present exigencies it seems somewhat improbable that Sir John Thompson, who has long been credited with an honourable ambition in this direction, can now be spared from active political service. There would, too, seem to be, to say the least, some indelicacy in what would be virtually his self-appointment to such a position. Yet, on the other hand, it is possible that Sir John's retirement from the Administration at the present juncture would be accepted as a convenient means of freeing the Government from the undoubtedly perplexing position in which it finds itself, in consequence of his rather indiscreet reply to the memorial of the Roman Catholic prelates, touching the Manitoba School question. There is this consoling reflection, that should Sir John be appointed to the Chief-Justiceship, however largely the choice may be determined by considerations which should not enter into it, the result will still be to give the Dominion a Chief-Justice possessing in large measure many of the qualities needed for the discharge of its duties.

THE Ottawa cablegram to the effect that a British warship has been ordered to a Russian seaport in Behring Sea, to enquire into the capture and treatment of Canadian sealers by Russian cruisers, is, on its face, highly improbable. But it is none the less clear that it is high time that some decisive steps were taken, as is very likely being done, to put a stop to the highhanded treatment of Canadian vessels by Russian commanders in those waters. It seems almost incredible that the American Government can have stooped to move Russia to reassert a claim against which a former American Government emphatically and effectually protested, yet it is hard to account for the sudden revival of the Russian claim, and the unwonted energy in enforcing it, on any other supposition. At any rate, if Lord Roseberry favours, as is believed, a continuous foreign policy, he can hardly hesitate to pursue in regard to Russia the same course which Lord Salisbury adopted with regard to the United States. But he will, no doubt, proceed diplomatically by first asking an explanation in courteous terms. The case is, nevertheless, one that will hardly admit of the slow movements of ordinary diplomatic routine.

WHEN the capitalist turns philanthropist or the millionaire mounts the rostrum to give good advice to the bread-winner, there is not unnaturally, perhaps, some tendency to suspicion in the public mind. Whether justly

or unjustly, people are more or less disposed to ask if there may not be some ulterior object in view, some personal end to be served. And yet it is evident that no other man is in so good a position to speak words of worldly wisdom to his fellows as he who has risen from the ranks and had personal and successful experience in various grades of industrial life. The name of Erastus Wiman has of late years become very familiar to Canadians, and there are few men concerning whom opinions more widely vary, according to the standpoint of the observer. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that Mr. Wiman is entitled to speak as an authority on many economic questions, and when he stands up to talk to the working men of the city of New York on such a subject as "Why Bread-winners should own their Homes and how to do it," his words cannot fail to carry much weight. Such an address he delivered lately to a large audience on Staten Island, and the gist of his answer to this question is worth reproducing for the consideration of all to whom his remarks may be applicable. His address on this occasion was prefaced by some singularly bold utterances with regard to the condition and rights of workmen in the United States. As the preface constitutes a very large and important part of the address, it may not be amiss to cull a few samples of Mr. Wiman's epigrammatic statements and put them before our readers, as giving a vivid picture of the state of things now existing in the great Republic, as he sees it:—

The struggle for existence intensifies. The ability to get food, clothing and shelter by the great army of bread-winners, for themselves, their wives, and their children, diminishes rather than increases. An industrial revolution impends, whose lurid sign every morning paper makes painfully apparent. The number out of work, or rather the number that need work, is in larger proportion to those employed than ever before. This, too, while the strain on those already employed to provide for the necessities of life is excessive.

The question is, how far labour, scattered all over the land, massed and organized perfectly, is to be in continuous conflict with capital, and through capital in conflict with an armed force controlled by officials who for the time being are controlled by capital. Such a conflict would be the most terrible in history, and is full of the direst results to the country at large.

There are more people in the big cities with incomes of \$25,000 and upward a year than in any country in the world. Equally, in the big cities, there are more men finding it a harder struggle to make ends meet than ought to be, in proportion to the wealth acquired through their efforts.

There is an unrest among the workers of the land that can be compared only to the vast unrest of the ocean. Thus, instead of a placid and heavenly calm, there is a constant wave of discontent breaking upon the shores of time, with ominous warnings, and, now and again, a storm threatening, such as to destroy the whole fabric of civilization in its vicinity.

The greater the development of natural resources, the larger the commerce, the more enormous the fortunes made by a few, the harder becomes the struggle for existence by the many, among the vast army of workers.

THESE are ominous, yet in the main, it is to be feared, true words. After statements so strong, we watch eagerly for the announcement of a way of relief and safety, and are, perhaps, a little disappointed to find that the remedy proposed bears no proportion, sensationally at least, to the dire disease. Mr. Wiman was not talking politics else he would, perhaps, have had more to say about causes and remedies of a semi-political, semi-economic kind. As it is, he contents himself with simply giving his answer to the question which constituted the theme of his lecture. His answer may be given in a few words, and taken for what it is worth, which is undoubtedly a good deal for those who have the strength and patience to follow out his advice. Here it is:—

There is a tax heavier than all other taxes that the bread-winner can himself obliterate. It is not a political tax; it is a purely economic tax. The heaviest of his burdens is his rent. Rent absorbs one-third of the winnings of the workman in the only race he can run. Is it possible to lay this burden down? . . . There has been a movement, and a vast and glorious movement, in this direction, in this country. It is known as the Building Loan Association movement. Just reverse these words—Building-Loan Association—Association making loans to encourage building. The Association is a creation of the workman, one that is authorized by a most liberal law of each of the States, into the Treasury of which is poured not only the rental, but the savings of its members. With this accumulation of funds a purchase of homes is possible, which, by gradual payment, becomes the property of the members. In Philadelphia alone, last year, ten thousand houses were built by these associations. In Reading, in Rochester, in all the Western cities, even in

Brooklyn and on Staten Island, this movement has assumed great importance. So large has this business now become that the capital employed in building loan associations exceeds the capital of the entire national banking system, amounting to over seven hundred millions of dollars. In all the range of economic questions there is nothing more interesting, more helpful, or more hopeful for the country than this movement for the acquirement of homes. Economic questions like trusts and combinations, like the disappearance of competition, like the organization of capital in great transportation agencies, like co-operative movements all over the country, are full of significance to the workingman. But all these questions put together do not assume an importance so great, so far-reaching, and so beneficial as that involved in the Building Loan Association movement.

These words may be discounted by some as those of a man who has probably much land to dispose of as sites for homes. That may be so, we know not. The words may be true and wise nevertheless. There is probably nothing so promotive of comfort, self-respect and thrift, and so potent in conserving the peace and stability of a commonwealth, as the possession of homes by large masses of the citizens. There is scarcely a wiser philanthropy than that which promotes the acquisition of homes by the workingmen.

A COPY of the Adelaide (South Australia) *Advertiser* now before us has an interesting leader dealing with certain proposed political reforms which are under discussion in that colony. One member of the Legislature, for instance, coolly proposes, as the readiest and most effective way "to lessen the inducements to crisis-mongering," to reduce the salaries of Ministers by one-half. We have not heard the fate of the Bill, but as it is pretty certain to be opposed by two classes of leading politicians—those who are in office, and those who hope to be—its defeat may be accepted as a foregone conclusion. Another member is pressing for an amendment to the Constitution so as to require Ministers, on taking office, to go back to their constituents for re-election. As the Government had taken up this scheme, with the proviso that it be first approved by the people, it has a good prospect of being carried into effect. Probably it will be a surprise to most Canadians, accustomed as we are to regard such re-election as one of the safeguards of our liberties, or at least an essential feature of the system of responsible government we prize so highly, that there is room for such a reform in the constitution of another self-governing colony. A question of still greater interest and importance, by reason of its radical and, so far as British communities are concerned, novel character, had just been raised in the House by the motion of the Premier for a Select Committee to enquire into and report upon the election of Ministers by Parliament. According to the Premier, though the *Advertiser* does not agree with his statement in this respect, the House and the country have already declared in favour of the principle of an elective Ministry, and nothing remains to be done but to arrange the details for its introduction. There is undoubtedly much to be said in favour of such a system, the most powerful argument perhaps being that it would at once do away with government by party, if accompanied, as is proposed, by a provision for the election of the Ministers on the basis of proportional representation. More serious difficulties are suggested touching the possibility of framing such a system so as to fit in with responsible government, especially at such points as the seeming necessity for electing the Ministers for a term of years, and the difficulty of harmonizing the principle of individual responsibility of Ministers to the House, with the necessity that they should give advice as a whole to the Governor. If the politicians and people of South Australia can succeed in overcoming these and other difficulties and incorporating the proposed reforms in a workable system without sacrificing essential principles, their example will be pretty sure to be followed at an early day by other British communities which are suffering from similar evils, the outgrowth of party government.

PROBABLY the most important of the many reforms now under consideration at the antipodes, as indicated in the preceding paragraph, is that of "Proportional Representation of the people." Though this change does not seem to be actually before the Legislature, it is strenuously advocated by the *Advertiser*, which is, we believe, the most widely circulated and influential newspaper in the colony, and by some able political writers. The arguments urged in support of the scheme are many and some of them cogent. We are sorry that we have not sufficient details to enable us to put the proposal before our readers

in more definite outlines. We are not, indeed, sure that such definite outlines have as yet been drawn by its advocates. The main object is, of course, to secure the fair representation of minorities, which, as we in Canada know quite as well as our Australian cousins, is impossible under the present system. One has but to compare the representatives of the two parties in either the Dominion or the Ontario House with the adherents of the respective parties in the electorates, in point of numerical strength, to get a very vivid conception of the radical defect in the working of the existing system. On this point the *Advertiser* speaks as follows, and we must for the present content ourselves with putting its words before our readers for their consideration:—

If we had election by quotas instead of by majorities—and this end could be attained with ease by adopting the principle of the single transferable or effective vote—the rights of both majorities and minorities would be certainly conserved. The adoption of such a reform would naturally prepare the way for the consideration of other radical changes. A House of Assembly completely representative of the people would obviate the necessity of the Legislative Council (say Senate), and the veto of a second chamber representing only a fraction of the people could then be replaced by the popular veto or referendum. This would be quite sufficient as a means of controlling the power of a single chamber, and a much more logical and acceptable method of attaining the end for which, in theory, a second chamber mainly exists.

#### THE CANADIAN VIEW OF THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

FROM the Canadian point of view, the claim of the United States to jurisdiction or a protectorate over the fur seals which breed upon the islands in Behring Sea and swim and feed in the waters of the North Pacific Ocean, appears wholly absurd and untenable. It is based upon a diplomatic imposture. Assuming that the position of the United States Government with reference to Behring Sea is fairly stated in Mr. Blaine's letter to Sir Julian Pauncefote, dated the 30th June, 1889, the whole jurisdictional claim is based upon the ukase issued by Emperor Paul of Russia in 1821, asserting the exclusive right of his subjects to engage in whale fishing and other commercial pursuits "all along the northwestern coast of America, from Behring Strait to the 51st parallel of northern latitude, and likewise on the Aleutian Islands, as far south as latitude 45 degrees and 50 minutes north." Mr. Blaine does not attempt to prove that Behring Sea ever was, for any purpose, a *mare clausum*, or that it can be made such now, and Emperor Paul's ukase was binding upon nobody but his own subjects. It was a mere *brutum fulmen*. Hon. William McDougall, one of the best of our Canadian Constitutionalists, says that "no other nation accepted it and none protested against it more rigorously than did Mr. Adams, in the name and on behalf of the United States." And as the Government of the United States resisted Emperor Paul's attempt to assert jurisdiction over Behring Sea, it is surely stopped from citing that ukase as evidence that Russia had exceptional property rights in those waters which she could convey and did convey when she sold Alaska. Shortly after the issuance of the ukase, Mr. John Quincy Adams, on behalf of the Government of the United States, asked the Russian Minister for explanations respecting the extraordinary claims made by his sovereign. On receiving such explanations Mr. Adams replied, denying Russia's pretensions to sovereignty over the north Pacific and concluding thus:—

"The President is persuaded that the citizens of this union will remain unmolested in the prosecution of their lawful commerce, and that no effect will be given to an interdiction manifestly incompatible with their rights." And yet Mr. Blaine makes this pretence, which Mr. Adams denied, the basis of his claim to special or exclusive jurisdiction over Behring Sea. In one of his communications Lord Salisbury points out that the convention between the United States and Russia of the 17th April, 1824, put an end to any further pretension on the part of Russia to restrict navigation or fishing in Behring Sea, so far as American citizens were concerned; for by Article 1 it was agreed that in any part of the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, the respective citizens or subjects of the high contracting powers shall neither be disturbed nor restrained, either in navigation or fishing, and a similar stipulation in the convention between Great Britain and Russia in the following year put an end, as regarded British subjects, to the pretensions of Russia, which had been entirely repudiated by Government in correspondence with the Russian Government in 1821 and 1822.

Here is the marvellous document, the ukase of Emperor Paul, upon which the claim of the United States to exclusive property in Behring Sea and the fur seals that swim therein appears to be based:—

*Ukase of H. M. the Emperor of all the Russias which interdicts to foreign nations all commerce with the Aleutian Isles and determines the maritime limits of Russian America.*

DATED SEPTEMBER, 1821.

1. It is permitted only to Russian subjects to engage in commerce, in the fishery of the whale and of other

fishes, and in any branch of industry whatsoever in the islands, ports and gulfs in general along the north-west coasts of America, beginning from Behring Strait so far as 51 north latitude, as well as along the Aleutian Isles, and on the eastern coast of Siberia and of the Kurile Islands, that is to say from Behring Strait so far as the south cape of the Island of Ouroup, that is to say as far as 45.41 north latitude.

2. Consequently, it is forbidden to every foreign vessel to land at the Russian establishments designated in the preceding paragraph, and to approach them at a distance of less than 100 Italian miles. Everyone infringing this order will forfeit his cargo.

There were a great many other articles in this ukase, but the foregoing are the only ones referring to the Behring Sea fisheries. The area of ocean which the Russian Czar thus sought to appropriate includes the greater part of the Pacific Ocean between Asia and North America. The fifty-first parallel runs from a point in British Columbia to Cape Lopotka in Asiatic Russia, and does not cross a single island. How could Russia lay claim to ownership over such a waste of ocean, and how could she sell to the United States what she could not possibly protect? The combined fleets of the great nations of the earth would be insufficient to keep traders and fishermen out of the waters over which Emperor Paul claimed ownership. Mr. Collet, in his diplomatic notes, points out that had Russia's design been to obtain by force a monopoly of the whale or the seal fisheries in Behring Sea she would have put her eastern limit on the west of the peninsula of Alaska, whence a naval armament might be extended along the Aleutian Islands. But Russia had no such idea. She pretended to possess whole coasts where there were only a few straggling fishing hamlets and tried to apply to the North Pacific Ocean the principle under which the sea of Marmora, which is almost surrounded by Turkish Territory, is allowed to be a close sea—making no difference between an entrance only one mile wide and one which stretches four thousand miles from the coast of North America to the coast of Asia.

Did the American whalers pay any attention to Emperor Paul's ukase? Not at all. They armed their vessels and carried on their fishery, just as the British Columbian sealers are now hunting for seals regardless of the United States' claim to jurisdiction over Behring Sea. Emperor Paul had not the power, if he actually had the will, to shut American whalers out of Behring Sea. But the Governments of Great Britain and the United States lost no time in protesting against the claims put forth in the famous ukase. Those Governments made common cause against the Czar's impudent assertions, though each negotiated with Russia separately. The manner in which the Muscovite diplomatists, by their untenable assertion of jurisdiction over the waters of the North Pacific, and by their success in fomenting "bad blood" between Great Britain and the United States, obtained treaty advantages which Russia would never have secured otherwise, are matters of history. But by her treaty with the United States Russia bound herself to make no settlement south of latitude 54° 40', while by her treaty with Great Britain Russia obtained a boundary line and cession of 300 miles of coast. In each of these treaties Russia abandoned the claim to make the North Pacific a close sea. Here are the first articles in the two treaties:—

*Treaty with the United States, 1824.*

ARTICLE 1.—It is agreed that in any part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, the respective citizens or subjects of the high contracting powers shall be neither disturbed nor restrained, either in navigation or in fishing, or in the power of resorting to the coasts upon points which may not already have been occupied, for the purpose of trading with the natives, saving always the restrictions and conditions determined by the following articles.

*Treaty with Great Britain, 1825.*

ARTICLE 1.—It is agreed that the respective subjects of the high contracting parties shall not be troubled or molested in any part of the ocean commonly called the Pacific Ocean, either in navigating the same in fishing therein, or in landing at such parts of the coasts as shall not have been already occupied, in order to trade with the natives under the restrictions and conditions specified in the following articles:—

What were the "restrictions and conditions specified?" In the treaty between Great Britain and Russia, which is still in force, Behring Sea is not mentioned as distinct or separate from the Pacific Ocean. The second article of the treaty reads thus:—

"In order to prevent the right of navigation or fishing exercised upon the ocean by the high contracting parties from becoming the pretext for an illicit commerce, it is agreed that the subjects of His Britannic Majesty shall not land at any place where there may be a Russian establishment without the permission of the Governor or Commandant, and, on the other hand, that Russian subjects shall not land without permission at any British establishment on the north-west coast."

The third, fourth and fifth articles of the treaty describe the boundary line between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America and prohibit either nation from forming "establishments" within the territory assigned to the other.

The sixth article secures to British subjects "from whatever quarter they may arrive, whether from the

Ocean or from the interior of the continent," the right "forever," "of navigating freely, and without any hindrance whatever, all the rivers and streams which in their course towards the Pacific Ocean may cross the line of demarcation described in article 3 of the present convention."

The seventh article gives to the vessels of the two powers for ten years the liberty of frequenting "without any hindrance whatever, all the inland seas, gulfs, havens and creeks on the coast mentioned in Article 3"—i.e., the coast of the continent—"for the purpose of fishing and trading with the natives."

The eighth article declares that "the port of Sitka shall be open to the commerce and vessels of British subjects for the space of ten years," and if an extension of that term is "granted to any other power," the "same shall be granted to Great Britain."

The ninth article excepts trade in spirituous liquors, fire arms, gunpowder and warlike stores "with the natives of the country."

The tenth article secures to every British and Russian vessel navigating the Pacific Ocean, the right, if compelled by storms or accident, to take shelter and refit in any of the ports of the respective parties and to provide itself with all necessary stores without paying any other than port and lighthouse dues, which are to be the same as those charged to vessels of the nation to which the port belongs, and the eleventh article declares that in case of an infraction of any of the articles of the convention the civil and military authorities of both parties are prohibited from taking forcible measures, and shall make an exact and circumstantial report of the matter to their respective courts who engage to settle the same in a friendly manner according to the principles of justice.

As the assignee of Russia the United States is bound to observe the provisions of the treaty here quoted from, and bound to grant to British subjects navigating, fishing or trading in the North Pacific the rights and privileges guaranteed to them by treaty.

How can the provisions of the treaty negotiated by Canning and Nesselrode, in 1824, be reconciled with Mr. Blaine's contention that the United States purchased from Russia the right to exclude British vessels from Behring Sea altogether? The Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825—the stipulations and conditions of which, so far as Great Britain and Canada are concerned, are still in force—did not concede to Russia any territorial rights or property in Behring Sea or the North Pacific Ocean. On the contrary the right of British vessels to navigate and "fish" in those waters is expressly conceded by Russia.

By the purchase of Alaska in 1867 the United States acquired what Russia had power by the law of nations to convey; nothing more. Russia did not own and therefore had no authority to sell or convey any part of Behring Sea or the Pacific Ocean, excepting the littoral waters to the extent of a marine league from her shores. And it has not been even asserted that Russia undertook or endeavoured, when she sold Alaska, to transfer anything more, or to abrogate the treaty of 1825, or any of its articles.

With respect to the argument that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum*, it is absurd to contend that any Russian Czar could, by a mere "ukase," take possession of international waters, and prevent vessels from other nations from coming within 100 miles of Russian territory. Russia had neither the right to assert such a power nor the means to enforce it.

Canada's view of the course of the United States in asserting sovereignty over Behring Sea, while denying Canada's jurisdiction over the waters anywhere beyond three miles of her shores, was well expressed by Hon. David Mills, M. P., ex-Minister of the Interior, in a recent speech in the Canadian House of Commons. Mr. Mills said:—

"So far as I am concerned I am ready to deal liberally with the neighbouring republic in everything relating to our commercial relations with them, but with regard to our sovereign rights I would not surrender to them a piece of territory if it were fit for no other purpose than for fishermen to dry their nets upon. Look at the difference between the conduct of our Government in this matter (the Atlantic coast fisheries) and the conduct of the neighbouring republic with regard to another matter in dispute. Take the case of their claim to sovereignty over Behring Sea. Here is a body of water that is over four thousand miles in width. It is part of the open ocean that has been recognized from the time of its discovery, until Russia put up a certain pretension, as part of the open sea, equally open to the ships of all nations. Within the past few years the Government of the United States has claimed a sovereignty over that sea, and they have seized our vessels, they have confiscated the property of seal hunters in the open sea, far beyond the limits that international law usually recognizes, and this new pretension, this pretension contrary to the ancient practice, has been allowed to go practically into operation. On our eastern shores there are land-locked bays, and what is the contention of the United States with respect to these? It is that if a bay is more than six miles wide that that portion which lies more than three miles from the shore is a part of the open sea and equally accessible to the ships of all nations for every possible purpose."

The action of the British Government in assenting to the *modus vivendi* of last year is regarded in Canada as a partial surrender of national rights, inasmuch as Great

Britain thereby conceded, temporarily at least, the right of the United States Congress to make laws governing the business of killing seals in Behring Sea. What justice was there in agreeing to the enforcement of laws which the Congress of the United States has no power, whatever, to enact? The acquiescence of the British Government, even for a specified period, in the pretensions of the United States with respect to Behring Sea proprietorship has no doubt encouraged the Americans to assert those pretensions with greater persistence.

In the negotiations between Great Britain and the United States, which preceded the war of 1812, with respect to "the Right of Search" claimed by the British Government over American vessels navigating "the narrow seas," the United States Government strongly denied the right of Great Britain or any other power to attempt to exercise jurisdiction over waters more than three miles from land, or over waters which could not, by the law of nations, be appropriated by any power. Yet Mr. Blaine has claimed for the United States the right not only to search but to seize and confiscate British vessels found seventy miles from land.

Chancellor Kent, that eminent American jurist, whose commentaries upon international law are high authority in England as well as in America, tells us that "the free use of the ocean for navigation and fishing is common to all mankind, and the public jurists generally and explicitly deny that the main ocean can ever be appropriated."

Mr. Blaine's contention that the waters lying between Alaska and the Russian Asiatic coasts were subject to the territorial jurisdiction of Russia prior to the purchase of Alaska, is absurd. As well might Great Britain claim exclusive jurisdiction over that portion of the North Atlantic Ocean lying between the British Islands and British North America. The Aleutian Islands are separated in some instances by hundreds of miles of ocean.

How far does a nation's jurisdiction extend from its coasts over the high seas? In the case of the *Queen vs. Keyn*, tried in England in 1876, the court, consisting of fourteen eminent judges, held that even the waters within three miles of the English coast were "the high seas," and that a foreign vessel in that case was not amenable to the laws of England for a collision resulting in the death of a British subject. On that occasion Chief Justice Cockburn said that "the claim to exclusive dominion over the narrow seas and consequent jurisdiction over foreigners was extravagant and unfounded, and the doctrine of the three-mile jurisdiction has taken the place of all such pretensions." Chancellor Kent, as quoted by Chief Justice Cockburn, says "the general jurisdiction extends into the sea as far as cannon shot will reach and no farther, and this is generally calculated to be a marine league. And the Congress of the United States has recognized this limitation."

As to the statement that Russia excludes all foreigners from the privilege of killing seals in the western half of Behring Sea, two wrongs do not make one right, and an illegal and improper exercise of power by Russia on the Siberian coasts is neither authority nor justification for Mr. Blaine's assertion of supreme dominion over Behring Sea and the marine animals which swim therein.

The treaty of 1825 between Russia and England entirely ignored Emperor Paul's ukase, and Russia agreed not to molest or trouble British subjects "in any part" of the Pacific Ocean, or "in fishing therein." Does not the term "fishing" in Article I of the treaty include seal-killing?

Let it be assumed, then, that the United States Government has abandoned its pretension that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum* and its claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the eastern half of the North Pacific Ocean, and limited its pretensions to a right to protect the fur seal fisheries. Then comes the question: By what right or authority does the Congress of the United States undertake to make and enforce laws and regulations affecting something over which it has no jurisdiction whatever? The plea is that it is necessary to prevent the fur seals from being exterminated. Upon the same grounds Congress might assume the right to make laws placing restrictions upon the mackerel fisheries of the North Atlantic, or the seal fishing of the Newfoundland coasts.

Of course the United States Congress has a right to make regulations restraining the killing of marine animals on the islands or coasts of Alaska, or within three miles of such islands or coasts, but beyond that it has no power or jurisdiction to interfere with the actions of subjects of other nations.

And it may be remarked that while Mr. Blaine's revenue cutters have been seizing Canadian schooners in Behring Sea and confiscating them for fishing at distances more than seventy miles from land, it has been found almost impossible to reconcile American fishermen and statesmen to the idea that they have not a natural and inalienable right to fish close to the coast of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

The Congress of the United States has no more right to make laws governing the killing of seals in the waters of Behring Sea, outside of the three-mile limit, than the Parliament of Great Britain, the Parliament of Canada, or the German Reichstag has. The pretext that because the fur seals breed upon the Pribylov Islands, that therefore the United States has jurisdiction over the animals while they are on their way to or from, or are swimming about, those islands, is extremely sophistical. As well might Canada claim jurisdiction over the flocks of wild geese

which hatch around Hudson Bay or the shoals of mackerel which spawn within three miles of her Atlantic coasts.

Granting that, in the general interest, regulations for the protection of the fur seal fisheries of the north Pacific are necessary, it does not follow that the Congress of the United States has the right to make regulations affecting the rights of subjects of other nations. The Parliament of Great Britain has just as good a right to prescribe the terms upon which citizens of the United States shall take seals in Behring Sea, outside the three-mile limit, as the Congress of the United States has to make laws touching or limiting in any way whatsoever the liberty of British subjects in that regard.

It is not pretended on behalf of the United States that the British vessels seized and confiscated for taking seals in Behring Sea were captured within three miles of the coast. On the contrary, the testimony of the naval officer who made the seizure (quoted by Lord Salisbury in his letter of 10th September, 1887) shows that they were seized 70, 75 and 115 miles respectively from St. George's Island.

THOS. P. GORMAN.

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## TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued).

BRIDESDALE was lit up again, for nobody cared to go to bed. The ladies came down to see that the belligerents were safe, and Miss Carmichael and her brave companions received the meed of praise and thanks their splendid services deserved. Sorry for the injuries of the would-be robbers, and perhaps murderers, the Squire was nevertheless relieved in mind by the success of the night's work. In his satisfaction he entered the kitchen, and ordered late supper for his allies in that quarter. Then he summoned Constable Rigby from the stable, bidding him bring his prisoner with him, and give him something to eat. The constable declined to sit in a prisoner's presence in an unofficial capacity, but had no objection to feeding him. When, therefore, the young intruder had eaten his supper, his gaoler standing by, he was reconducted to the separate stable, handcuffed, chained, and locked in, the key being deposited in the constable's pocket. Then, and only then, did Mr. Rigby unbend, and, after supper, indulge with his five companions, male and female, in the improving geographical game of cards. The dining-room bell occasionally called Tryphosa away, when, as a matter of course, Timotheus played for her. The colonel, with a cigar in his lips, and a substitute for fine old Bourbon in his hand, went up-stairs to enlighten his dear boy as to the doings of the night, and, especially as to dear Cecile's magnificent courage. The dominie was terribly concerned about that lady's single-handed contest with the desperate robber, and would not be satisfied until she came in person to let him know she was not hurt in the least, that Marjorie deserved all the credit of the capture, and that the unhappy youth had seemed so taken aback by the character of his hall assailants as to be almost incapable of resistance. The colonel smoked, and sipped, and smiled incredulously, as much as to say, You may believe this young person if you like, my dear boy, but there is somebody who knows better, and can make allowance for a young lady's charming self-depreciation. Mrs. Carruthers, grateful for the safety of her husband and her father, and Mrs. Carmichael, for that of her brother and Mr. Errol, were prepared to be hospitable to a degree. The minister had another opportunity of praising the toddy which the latter lady brewed, and Mr. Perrowne said: "It isn't half bad, you know, but I don't know what Miss Crimmage's Band of Howpe would think of it, if she knew the two temperance champions were imbibing at three o'clock in the morning." The minister remarked that he didn't care for all the Crimmages in the world, nor the Crummages either, whatever he meant by that, for there was no such name in the neighbourhood. "Basil," said Miss Halbert, "you had better take care. I shall not allow you any toddy, remember, but shall subscribe for the *Montreal Weekly Witness*." Mr. Perrowne put a little out of the decanter into his tumbler, with a practised air very unlike that of a Band of Hope patron, saying: "Drowned the miller, Fanny! Must take time by the forelock, if you are going to carry out your threats. But I think I'll drop you, and ask Mrs. Carmichael to have compassion on me. She wouldn't deprive a poor man of his toddy, would you now, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"Mrs. Carmichael," said Mr. Errol, answering for that lady, "would hae mair sense," which shut the parson effectually out of conversation in that quarter.

Miss Carmichael listened to the conversation, and beheld the minister renewing his youth. She heard Mr. Bangs entertain her uncle with stories about a certain Charley Varley, and Mr. Terry say to Mrs. Du Plessis, "Whin I was in Sout Ameriky wid the cornel, God save him." She saw her friend Fanny exciting the lighter vein in the affianced Perrowne, and knew that Cecile was upstairs, the light of the dominie's eyes. There was a blank in the company, so she retired to the room in which she had found the burglar, and looked at the knapsacks there. She knew his; would it be wrong to look inside? She would not touch Mr. Wilkinson's for wealth untold,

If he had not wanted his knapsack opened, he should not have left it behind him. But it was open; not a strap was buckled over it. The strap press was there, and a little prayer-book, and a pocket volume of Browning, some cartridges and tobacco, and an empty flask, and a pair of socks and some collars. What was that? A sheet of paper that must have fallen out of Browning. It had fluttered to the floor, whence she picked it up, and it was poetry; perhaps the much-talked-of poem on the Grinstun man. No, it was another, and this was how it ran, as she read it, and hot and cold shivers ran alternately down her neck:—

The while my lonely watch I keep,  
Dear heart that wak'st though senses sleep,  
To thee my heart turns gratefully.  
All it can give to thee is given,  
From all besides, its heartstrings riven,  
Could ne'er be reft more fatefully.

For thou art all in all to me,  
My life, my love, my Marjorie,  
Dow'ring each day increasingly  
With wealth of thy dear self. I swear  
I'll love thee false, I'll love thee fair,  
World without end, unceasingly.

"O, Eugene, Eugene," she sobbed to herself, "why would you go away, when everybody wanted you, and I most of all?" Then she put the things back into the knapsack, all but the sheet of paper, which she carried away, and thrust into the bosom of her dress, as she saw Miss Du Plessis approaching. In common with the other ladies of the house, they retired to their rooms and to bed, leaving the gentlemen to tell stories and smoke, and otherwise prepare themselves for an unsatisfactory breakfast and a general disinclination for work in the morning. In the back of the house, geographical studies continued to flourish, the corporal and Maguffin contending with the ladies for educational honours, now being lifted up to the seventh heaven of success, and, now, depressed beneath the load of many adverse books. All the time, a little bird was singing in Miss Carmichael's sleeping ear, or rather in that which really does the hearing, certain words like, "My life, my love, my Marjorie," and then again "I'll love thee false, I'll love thee fair, world without end, unceasingly." When she awoke in the morning, the girls told her she had been crying in her sleep, and saying "O Eugene!" which she indignantly denied, and forbade them to repeat.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Glory Departed—The Mail—Coristine's Letters to Miss Carmichael, Mrs. Carruthers and the Dominie—Sylvanus to Tryphena—Burying Muggins—A Dull Week—A Letter From Coristine and Four to Him—Marjorie's Letter and Book—Telegram—Mr. Douglas and Miss Graves—Reception Parties—The Colonel and Marjorie.

AFTER breakfast on Saturday morning, Mr. Bangs departed, riding his own horse, while Rufus bestrode that of his late friend Nash. As the colonel had no need for the services of Muggins, that gentleman drove the constable and his prisoner in a cart between these two mounted guards. The clergymen went home to look over their sermons for the morrow, and to make good resolutions for pastoral duty in the week to come, not that either of them was disposed to be negligent in the discharge of such duty, but a week of almost unavoidable arrears had to be overtaken. The Squire was busy all day looking after his farm hands, and laying out work to be commenced on Monday morning; and Mr. Terry went the rounds with him. The colonel's time was spent largely in conversation, divided between his dear Farquhar and his dearer Teresa. When not engaged in helping the hostess and her sister-in-law in the press of Saturday's household work, the young ladies were in consultation over the new engagement, the ring, the day, the bridesmaids, the trousseau, and other like matters of great importance. Marjorie took her young cousins botanizing in honour of Eugene, and crawfishing in memory of Mr. Biggles; then she formed them into a Sunday-school class, and instructed them feelingly in the vanity of human wishes, and the fleeting nature of all sublunary things. Even Timotheus could not be with Tryphosa as much as he would have desired, and had to console himself with thoughts of the morrow, and visions of two people in a ferny hollow singing hymns out of one hymn-book. The glory seemed to have departed from Bridesdale, the romance to have gone out of its existence on that humdrum Saturday. The morning passed in drudgery, the dinner table in prosaic talk, and the hot afternoon was a weariness of the flesh and spirit. Just about tea time the mail waggon passed the gate; there was nobody in it for Bridesdale. When the quiet tea was over, the veteran lit his pipe, and he and Marjorie went to the post-office to enquire for letters, and invest some of Eugene's parting donations in candy. Half the mail bag and more was for the Squire, the post-mistress said, and it made a large bundle, so that she had to tie it up in a huge circus poster, which, being a very religious woman, she had declined to tack up on the post-office wall. "Marjorie," whispered Mr. Terry, so that the post-mistress could not hear, "I wudn't buoy any swates now, for I believe there's a howll box iv thim in the mail for yeez." Accordingly, they left without a purchase, to the loss of the candy account at the store.

The circus poster and contents were deposited on the office table, and Mr. Carruthers called big Marjorie to sort the mail. So Miss Carmichael appeared, and gave him his own letters and papers. There were two from India for Mr. Terry, that had been forwarded from Toronto, and one from the same quarter for aunt Honoria. Some

United States documents were the colonel's property, and a hotel envelope, with a Barrie postmark, bore the name of Miss Tryphena Hill. The bulk of the mail was in one handwriting, which the Bridesdale post-mistress had seen before. Only two letters were there, a thick one for aunt Honoria, and one of ordinary size for Mr. Wilkinson, but there were several papers and magazines for that invalid, and at least half a dozen illustrated papers and as many magazines or paper-bound books for herself, which she knew contained material of some kind in which she had expressed an interest. Then came three large thick packages, one marked "Misses Marjorie, Susan, and Honoria Carruthers," another "Masters John and Michael Carruthers," and the third "Miss Marjorie C. Thomas and Co." The young lady with the Co. laid violent hands upon her own property; but that of the young Carruthers was given to their mother, along with her letters. Miss Du Plessis, failing to receive anything of her own, carried the dominie's spoil to him, and found that some of the magazines, though sent to his name, were really meant for her, at least dear Farquhar said so. Mrs. Carruthers opened her Toronto letter and read it over with amusement. Then she held up an enclosure between forefinger and thumb, saying, "You see, Marjorie, it is unsealed, so I think I must read it, or give it to your mother to read first, in case it should not be right for you to receive it." But Miss Carmichael made a dash at the document, and bore it off triumphantly to her own room, along with her literary pabulum. It was dated Friday afternoon, so that he could not have been long in the city when he wrote it, and ran thus:—

My Dear Miss Carmichael,—I wish to apologize to you very humbly, and, through you, but not so humbly, to Mr. Lamb, for any harsh, and apparently cruel, things I said to or about him. Your aunt, Mrs. Thomas, whom I met, with the Captain and Sylvanus, on their way to the schooner, enlightened me regarding Mr. Lamb's history, of which I was entirely ignorant while at Bridesdale. I should be sorry to think I had been guilty of wilfully wounding the feelings of anyone in whom you take the slightest interest, and I trust you will pardon me for writing that, apart from my natural gratitude for your patience with me and your kindness to me, a mere stranger, there is no one in the world I should be more sorry to offend than yourself. Believe me,

My dear Miss Carmichael,  
Ever yours faithfully,  
EUGENE CORISTINE.

P.S.—I have taken the liberty of addressing to you some trifles I thought might interest the kind friends at Bridesdale. E.C.

The note was satisfactory so far as it went, but there was not enough of it; no word about the gloves, the ring, the half confession, the promise, no word about coming back. Still, it was better than nothing. Eugene could be dignified too; she would let everybody see that letter.

"I hope you had a nice letter, Marjorie?" asked Mrs. Carruthers. "You would like, perhaps, to read what Mr. Coristine has to say to me." Her niece replied that the letter was quite satisfactory, and the ladies exchanged documents. That of Mrs. Carruthers read:—

Dear Mrs. Carruthers,—Since I left your hospitable mansion I have been like a boy that has lost his mother, not to speak of the rest of the family. I look at myself like the poor newsboy, who was questioned about his parents and friends, and who, to put an end to the enquiries, answered: "Say, mister, when you see me, you seen all there is on us." Please tell Marjorie Thomas, and your own little ones, that, perhaps, if I am good and am allowed, I may run up before the end of next month, to see if the fall flowers are out, and if they have left any crawfish and shiners in the creek. Will you kindly give the inclosure to Miss Carmichael, with whom, through my foolishness, I had an awkward misunderstanding that still troubles me a good deal. If I had known I was offending her, I would not have done it for the world. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your great kindness to my friend Wilkinson and me, nor shall I soon forget the happiest days of my life in your delightful home. Please make my sincere apologies to the Squire, and any other dear friends whom I may have left abruptly, under the peculiar circumstances of my departure. Remember me gratefully to Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Du Plessis, and the young ladies, and give my love to all the children.

I am, dear Mrs. Carruthers,  
Very sincerely and thankfully yours,  
EUGENE CORISTINE.

P.S.—Please forgive me for sending a few bonbons for the children by this mail. E.C.

"That's a very nice gentlemanly letter, Marjorie," said Mrs. Carruthers, returning it.

"I like yours better, Aunt; it is not so stiff."  
"Nonsense, you silly girl. I am only 'dear' and you are 'my dear.' He thinks of me as a mother, and of you as the chief person in the world. I think you are getting vain and greedy, Marjorie. Well, I must put these bonbons away, or the children will see them, and will be making themselves too ill to go to church. Where is cousin Marjorie?"

"Oh, she is off with her box. Very likely she is giving some to uncle and grandpa. It's a great pity the Captain is not here; he has a sweet tooth. Do you know Tryphena has a letter from Sylvanus?"

"That accounts for her delay with the dishes. What other letters did you get?"

"None; only a lot of books, magazines, and illustrated papers from Mr. Coristine for the family."

"For the family, Marjorie?"

"Yes; did you not read the postscript?"

"To be sure I did; but you know better than to take that literally,—Marjorie, I think you're deep, deep."

"Do you think he will come here next month?"

"I am going to command my niece, Marjorie Carmichael, or to ask Marjorie's mother, to answer his letter for me, and to insist upon his coming back as soon as possible."

The aunt and niece had a kissing match, after which the latter said: "Thank you, aunt Honoria," and went out of the room, ready for the congratulations of the Bridesdale world.

Meanwhile Miss Du Plessis, having laid the dominie's

wealth of postal matter before his eyes, at his request read the solitary letter.

My Dear Wilks,—I hope that, under your excellent corps of nurses and guardian angels, you are gradually recovering from your Falstaffian encounter with Ancient Pistol. Don't let Miss Du Plessis see this or she'll faint. I had a toughish ride to Collingwood, and part of the way back, the latter at the suggestion of Hickey Bangs. If I were as plucky for my size as that little fellow is, I could face a regiment. He got the prisoner safely caged, which is the proper thing to say about gaul birds. I came down with him and his select party this morning, meeting Captain and Mrs. Thomas and The Crew on the way. They wanted me to go on a cruise. The kindness of the whole Carruthers family is like the widow's cruse; it's inexhaustible. Having been badly sold, however, over a Lamb, and cheap, too, I was not eligible for more sail. I write this, Wilks, more in sorrow than in anger, but I do hanker after those jolly Bridesdale days. Mrs. Marsh received me cordially, but not in character; she was the reverse of martial.

"Really, Farquhar, this is very terrible," said Miss Du Plessis, laughing; "I hardly know whether to go on. Who knows what dreadful things may be before us?"

"The taste, Cecile, is shocking; otherwise any child might read his letters."

"I left off at 'martial.'"

I went to the office, very unlike the Squire's, and pulled White off his stool before he knew I was there. He told me I had just come in the nick of time, for he wants to go to some forsaken watering-place down the Gulf—as Madame Lajeunesse said "Law baw"—and that immediately. So, I get my two weeks next month, by which time I hope to have got that next of kin matter straightened out. Then, if I'm let, I'll go up and have my golf with Mr. Errol on his links. How are his links matrimonial progressing, and Perrowne's, not to mention those of Ben Toner, Timotheus, yourself, and other minor personages? Will you commission me to buy the ring?—

"Really, dear, I think I must stop."

"Please do not, dear; there is not much more, is there?"

"Not much, but it is so personal!"

The York Pioneers are having an exhibition of antiques; couldn't you get somebody to send down our two knapsacks, it seems such an age since we started them? Ask Miss Du Plessis and Miss Carmichael what they meant giggling at them at the Brock Street station and on the train that Tuesday morning.

"Farquhar, did he, did you think it was Marjorie and I who did that, what he calls giggling?"

"I certainly never thought you did, and I think it is only his banter."

"Neither Marjorie nor I could have so disgraced ourselves. Did you not see the school-girls behind us? I was ashamed of my sex."

"When you write Corry for me, you must give him a talking to for that."

"Very well; where was I, oh, yes, 'Tuesday morning.'"

I send a few lines by post. If there is anything in the world I can do for you, Wilks, let me know. If my presence can help you at all, I'll run up at a moment's warning. Love to all at Bridesdale. Sorry I made an ass of myself running away. Mail closes and must stop.  
Your affectionate friend,  
EUGENE CORISTINE.

P.S.—Tell Errol to keep that pipe as a memorial of a poor deluded wretch who had hoped one day to call him by the paternal name. Fancy having the good minister for a step father-in-law! No such luck, as Toner would say. Adieu. E.C.

"Is she fond of him, Cecile?"

"Yes, very much so."

"Is it not a pity, when they think so much of one another, that a mere trifle should keep them apart, perhaps for ever?"

"Yes it is, but I am not sorry for Marjorie. Kind heart and all, she ought to have had more sense and more forbearance than to have openly preferred that selfish creature, Mr. Lamb, to your warm-hearted friend."

"Corry is the soul of honour and generosity, Cecile, in spite of his hideous taste in language."

"That is a mere eccentricity, and does not affect his sterling qualities. I shall make it my duty to speak to Marjorie again. Good-night, Farquhar dear!"

"Good-night, Cecile, my darling, my guardian angel, as Corry rightly says."

Miss Tryphena Hill was reading Sylvanus' letter in the kitchen, first to herself. It ran as follows:—

A Board THE SUSAN THOMAS  
Friday noon.

My ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming, Tryphena,—U sed my spelin was caple of betterment so I got the tittle out of a song buk in the cars and wrot it down in the end leaf of the lital testymint you giv me wile the capen and the nusboy was int lukin on. How duz it tak you i. The capen he brung Mrs. T long for a sale. I see Mr. Corstene in the cars lukin peekit lik wat is the mater of him. He wooden cum long on the skuner. Giv my luv to Tryphosa and Timotheus i can get there names all rite out of the testymint NEW TESTAMENT Now my ever of thee Tryphena I am orf wunc more on the oshin waive and the hevin depe and if i never more cum bak but the blew waives role over yor Sylvanus, the TESTAMENT dont spel it with a why, i left my wil at farthys in the yaler spelin buk on the sheluff nere the side windy levin all my property to my onley Tryphena. I wud of kist u of i had dard befor i left wen I am more prospus i wil dar of i get slaped for it. The capen has fyred the blungeybush and i must go ashore with the dingy and get the tavun boy to get me a nenblope out of the orfis  
Yore onley luving afekshunit saler boy  
SYLVANUS PILGRIM.

Just as Tryphena had finished this touching epistle, a knock came to the kitchen door. She opened it, and Mr. Perrowne appeared. "Is Timotheus here?" he asked. Timotheus himself answered, "Yaas sir!" when the parson said, "Would you mind bringing a spaide to help me to bury my poor dawg?" The willing Pilgrim rose, and went in quest of the implement, while Mr. Perrowne walked round to the verandah, under which lay the inanimate form of his long lost canine friend, over which he mourned sincerely. The Squire and Miss Halbert came out to assist at the obsequies, and were soon joined by Miss Carmichael and Mr. Terry, all of whom regretted the loss of poor Muggins, the children's friend.

"Do you think you will ever see your dog again, Basil?" asked the doctor's daughter.

"I down't know," replied the parson. "He was part of the creation that St. Paul says is growning and waiting for the redemption of the body from pain and disease and death. It used to be said that man ownly is naturally and necessarily immortal, but that is rubbish, built up on a pantheistic idea of Platow. If God continues the life of man beyond this world, I see no reason why He should not continue that of a dawg which has shared man's fight here below. There are some such good dawgs, don't you know, moral, kind, faithful dawgs!"

"Is it not the poor Indian who thinks his faithful dog shall bear him company in another world?" asked Miss Carmichael.

"Yes, it is Low; but really, in the great Sanscrit epic of the Bharatan war, King Yoodistheer is represented as refusing immortality, unless the god Indra will let him take his dawg to heaven along with him."

"And left his wife behind, did he not? He did not even hold her something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

"Ow, now, I think Draupadee died before him. Still, it is a strange fact though that some people do love animals better than human beings."

"D'ye ken why?" asked the Squire, with a glance at his niece. "It's because they're no as exacting and fashious as beass."

"Well, there's a lesson for you, Fanny. Good-night, I must go to my sermon and the hymns." So Mr. Perrowne departed, and the mourners returned to the house.

On Sunday it rained; nevertheless all went to their respective churches, except the Carruthers children, whom Tryphena kept in order, and the colonel, who sat with Wilkinson. Both clergymen preached impressively with reference to the events of the past week, and, at the close of the services, they both repaired to Bridesdale for dinner. In the afternoon they rode to their respective stations, but the Squire stayed at home to teach the children and read to them, while they devoured the contents of the lawyer's elaborate boxes. Tryphosa and Timotheus had to do their singing in the kitchen, in which they were joined by Tryphena and Maguffin. The latter had a very soft rich voice, and made a great addition to the musical performance. The colonel smoked an after dinner cigar, and Mr. Terry a pipe, on a dry part of the verandah. The young ladies overhauled the entire collection of literature sent to Miss Carmichael and to Wilkinson, and read a good many things that were not for Sunday. As to the three matrons, it is nobody's business what they did with their afternoon. Mr. Perrowne came back to his Fanny in the evening, and Mr. Errol, to have "a crack" with Mrs. Carmichael. Monday was fair enough to permit of a game of golf between the parsons, with the colonel and the veteran for spectators. Miss Halbert went home in the evening, and so, except for the wounded dominie upstairs and the colonel, things went on in the usual jog-trot way, for Miss Du Plessis had been at Bridesdale before. Letters and papers came from Coristine to the bedridden dominie, and another package for Marjorie, before Saturday night, but none for anybody else, for the reason that Miss Du Plessis had written him simply at Wilkinson's dictation, and Mrs. Carruthers and Miss Carmichael had not written at all. In her round of household duties and the care of a young family, the former had forgotten all about her letter, and the latter did not know what to say for herself, and did not feel disposed to humiliate her sense of self-respect by reminding her aunt of her promise. Another Sunday passed without other incident than Mr. Errol's visit. Mr. Perrowne spent most of his spare time at the Halbert's. But, Monday night's post brought an official envelope, type-written, from the offices of Tylor, Woodruff and White for Miss M. Carmichael. She opened it, with a feeling of irritation against somebody, and read the wretched type-writing:—

Dear Madam,—I have the honour to inform you that I have received a cable message from Mr. P. R. Mac Smaill, W.S., of Edinburgh, to the effect, that, as very large interests are involved in the case which I had the honour to claim on your behalf as next of kin, his nephew, Mr. Douglas, sailed to-day (Saturday) for Montreal, vested with full powers to act in concert with your solicitors. As my firm has no written instructions from you to act in the matter, I am prepared to hand over the documents and information in my possession to the solicitors whom you and your guardians may be pleased to appoint to deal with Mr. Douglas on his arrival. Awaiting your instructions, I have the honour to remain,

Dear madam,  
Your obedient servant,  
EUGENE CORISTINE.

Nothing but the signature was in his writing; this was terrible, the worst blow of all.

She took the letter to uncle John in the office, and laid it down before him. He read it gravely, and then bestowed a kiss of congratulation on his niece. "I aye kenn't your fayther was weel connectit, Marjorie, but lairge interests in the een o' writers to the signet like Mac Smaill means a graun' fortune, a muckle tocher, lassie. We maun caa' your mither doon to talk it owre." So Mrs. Carmichael came to join the party. Her daughter wished to appoint some other firm of lawyers in Toronto, or else to leave all in the hands of Mac Smaill, but the Squire and Mrs. Carruthers would not hear of either alternative. They knew Coristine, and could trust him to work in the matter like one of themselves; so the young lady's scruples were outwardly silenced, and the Squire was duly authorized to conduct the correspondence with the lawyer. This he did in twofold fashion. First he wrote:—

EUGENE CORISTINE, Esq.,  
Messrs. Tylor, Woodruff and White,

Dear Sir,—Although my niece, Marjorie Carmichael, is of legal age, it is her desire and that of her mother that I, in the capacity of

guardian, should authorize you or your firm, as I hereby do in her name, to prosecute her claim as the heir of the late Dr. James Douglas Carmichael, M. P., to the fortune advertised by P. R. Mac Smaill, W.S., of Edinburgh, as falling to her late father, and to conduct all necessary negotiations with Mr. Mac Smaill and his clients in the case. Kindly notify me at once of your acceptance of the trust, and make any necessary demands for funds and documents as they may be required.

Yours,  
JOHN CARRUTHERS, J. P.

The other letter was:—

My Dear Coristine,—What do you mean, you scamp, by frightening the wits out of my poor lassie with that typewritten bit of legal formality? I have a great mind to issue a warrant for your arrest, and send Rigby down with it, to bring you before me and Halbert and Walker. Man, we would put you through better than Osgoode Hall! But, seriously, we all want you to stick to this next of kin case. Spare no expense travelling about, especially if your travel is in this direction. I think you are not judging Marjorie fairly, not that I would throw my bonnie niece at the head of a prince of the blood, but I have taken a great liking to you, and I know that you have more than a great liking for her. So, no more nonsense. Honoria and Marjorie (Mrs. Carmichael), and all the rest of Bridesdale, send kind love and say "come back soon."

Yours affectionately,  
JOHN CARRUTHERS.

Mrs. Carruthers also wrote a note that will explain itself:—

Dear Mr. Coristine,—Please to overlook my long delay in replying to your kind letter, and in thanking you for your goodness to the children, who miss you very much. I intended to get Marjorie or her mother to write for me, but in the bustle of house-work, preserving, and so on, forgot, which was not kind of me. Father desires me to remember him to you, and says he longs for another smoke and talk. The others have a delicacy in writing, so I am compelled to do it myself, though a very poor correspondent. John has told me about Mr. Douglas coming out to see about Marjorie's fortune. As I suppose he will want to see her and her mother, will you please bring him up yourself, and arrange to give us a long visit. Marjorie Thomas says there are many new flowers out, and that she and my little ones have hardly touched the creek since you left us.

With kind regards,  
Your very sincere friend,  
HONORIA CARRUTHERS.

Coristine came home jaded on Wednesday evening. The day had been hot, and in the absence of all the other principals, the work had been heavy. He had interested himself, also, in lady typewriters since his return, and had compelled some to take a much-needed holiday. Four unopened letters from Bridesdale were in his pocket, which he had saved for after dinner. At that meal, the young men of Mrs. Marsh's grown-up family rallied him on his lack of appetite and general depression. He had not made a pun for four days running, a thing unprecedented. Dinner over, he slipped away to his rooms, lit a pipe, and read the letters, the contents of two of which, three including the Squire's formal one, are already known. Another, in a fine clerky hand, was from Mr. Errol.

My Dear Mr. Coristine,—A thousand thanks for the bonny pipe, which I fear you must have missed. I shall take great care of it as a memorial of pleasant, though exciting, days. I wish you were here to help Perrowne and me at our cricket and golf, and to have a little chat now and then on practical theology. My ministerial friend is that infatuated with Miss Halbert (they are engaged, you know) I can get very little out of him. Mrs. Carmichael sends her kind regards. Her daughter Marjorie is looking pale and lifeless. I do trust the dear lassie is not going like her poor father. We all love to hear her sing, but she has got that Garden of Gethsemane poem of his set to music. It is very beautiful but far too sad for her young life. I have been visiting your friend Mr. Wilkinson, pastorally, and am just delighted with him. He is a man of a very fine mind and most devout spirit. Miss Cecile and he will suit one another admirably. Colonel Morton is wearying for your society, and so is the good old grandfather. If it will not be putting you to too much trouble, will you ask your bookseller to get me a cheap Leipzig edition of Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," as I wish to polish up my patristic Latin, in spite of the trash written in it, that still defiles our theological-teaching. I have been visiting Matilda Nagle, and even that old reprobate, Newcome, who got a terrible shaking in his last nefarious adventure. Matilda is doing remarkably well, and her boy is quite bright and intelligent. Half a dozen cases of sickness in my two charges have kept me from writing, especially as one was a case of infection. Haste ye back to all your warm friends here.

Yours very faithfully,  
HUGH ERROL.

The last was a stuffy envelope addressed correctly to Mister Eugene Coristine, in the hand of a domestic, Tryphosa probably, and contained some half dried flowers, among which a blue Lobelia and a Pentstemon were recognizable, along with a scrap of a letter in large irregular characters.

Dearest Eugene—Wat makes you stay sew long a way This is meter as Pol sed to Petre put on the gridel and take of the heter A lot more flours are out in bloome like the ones I send with my love no bear fete have been in the creke sints you went a way I think that pig is sory she made you go now the children granpa sed to me to rite you to come back for a smok Dere mister Bigls has gone too and no nice one is left give my love to Tyler and say he must let you go for the house is sew quite their is no more fun in it Feena got a funny lator from old Sil with moste orfle speling the pusy is well but pore Mug is ded It was very good of you to send me candes but I like to have you beter

Your litel love  
MARJORIE.

The lawyer put this letter reverently away in a special drawer which contained his peculiar treasures, but registered a vow to prove his little love for applying the word pig to a young lady. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry that Miss Carmichael's case was left in his hands. Of course he could not refuse it. If this man Douglas had to go up to Bridesdale, he supposed he would have to introduce him, and watch him on behalf of his client. A great heiress, perhaps with a title for all he knew, would be very unlikely to take more than a passing interest in her solicitor. Still, it cut him to the heart that the girl was as Mr. Errol represented her. Doubtless she was quite right in not acknowledging his business note in person. Then he laid down his pipe, put his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, exclaiming bitterly, "O Marjorie, Marjorie."

(To be continued.)

HE is the truly courageous man who never desponds.  
—Confucius.

## AT SEA.

The sails hang lifeless to the trembling mast,  
Unstirred by any breath of swelling wind;  
The warm sun streams with steady light and kind;  
No more we dread the wild tempestuous blast;  
The calm is here, storms seem forever past.  
And yet the vessel rolls with impulse blind;  
Rest on the restless sea she cannot find,  
But strains and groans till in the harbour fast.

The tempest's rage may go, but we can trace  
Its ruthless strength long after it has fled,  
In myriad marks at sea and on the shore.  
The mighty ocean has no hidden place,  
No deep recess along its wreck-strewn floor,  
Where the storm's power is for one moment dead.  
Stratford, Ont. T. G. MARQUIS.

## PARIS LETTER.

SAVOY is rich in historical souvenirs, and President Carnot's visit thereto is a timely occasion for refreshing the memory as well as for making time in the progress of manners. It was in the epoch of the Crusades, nearly seven centuries ago, a branch home for the sect of the Vaudois or Albigenses, when the Abbot Amaury counselled Count de Montfort to slaughter alike orthodox and heretics, "for the Lord knew how to protect his own." Francis I., the "Father of Letters," nearly three and a-half centuries later, when labouring under his mortal disease, tried to exterminate the heretics; but in 1657, when the Duke of Savoy essayed to imitate the persecution, Cromwell's "Hands Off" received immediate attention. England was then feared and revered on the continent. Then came the French Revolution and the demand in 1792 from the Savoyards to be married to the French Republic. Restored after the peace to the house of Savoy, they so remained till March, 1860, when they were given to Napoleon III. as payment for aiding to expel the Austrians from Italy. It is true that in July, 1859, the French Foreign Minister gave the English Ambassador, Earl Cowley, the assurance that Napoleon had "abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy;" just as another French Foreign Minister assured Lord Lyons that France had no idea of protecting Tunisia, but not the less proclaimed her protectorate over that State three days later. A diplomatist's assurance ought ever to be taken in the Pickwickian sense.

The fête just celebrated by the Savoyards was to commemorate their 1792 marriage with France, not their taking over with Nice in 1860. Whatever the Irredentists may claim respecting Nice, there can be no question that the Savoyards prefer to remain French. In contrast with the pomp and circumstance that M. Carnot and the authorities have assisted at the centenary of the first union of Savoy to France, this is how the convention in 1792 accepted the bride; the Abbé Gregoire was delegated to marry her as proxy. When he came back from Chambéry, he presented, tied up in a corner of his pocket-handkerchief, the money he saved in his travelling expenses for the benefit of the State. At Nice he supped on two oranges, and avowed he felt supremely happy that that supper only cost the Republic two sous. He was a Catholic priest, rose to be a bishop, and, even under the Reign of Terror, sat in the convention, on the mountain, in his violet Episcopal costume. He wished to Christianize the Revolution and International Rights; he had "the fanaticism of toleration," like the Abbé Patureau to-day, who in Belleville church lectures on Socialism, declaring from the pulpit last Sunday that Jews, Protestants, free-thinkers and theosophists were in his eyes brothers like his co-religionists. The age of heretics is then past.

Some of the rich ranchmen of Texas ought to invest in President Carnot when he sets out on an official voyage; he is sure to be accompanied by rain. In Savoy it has not rained for four months, but when he arrived in its capital, Chambéry, a forty days' and a forty nights' deluge commenced, and the heavens only ceased telling when he left. The gala locomotive was garlanded with flowers on entering the station, and the red cross of Savoy, festooning the chimney, was of red roses. Seven pretty girls, each wearing the costume of a province, awaited to welcome M. Carnot with bouquets; had he received a caudle lecture, as he hesitated to embrace at least one? How bestow a single kiss when not three but seven graces expect their reward? A family umbrella is a common place in Savoy; father, mother and children are conveniently sheltered under it, whether from rain or sunshine. But the streets are wide in Chambéry. The Vice-President of the County Council had to be decorated with the Legion of Honour; M. Carnot could not do so without the sanction of the Chancellor, who sent the permission by telegraph. M. Bel was led to receive the morsel of red ribbon, and, overcome with the really unexpected honour, he fainted on regaining his seat. During a review of 9,000 soldiers in the torrential showers, M. Carnot proved "the bravest of the brave;" he sat in an open carriage, without top coat or umbrella, while the vehicle drove at walking pace in front of the troops; the latter then defiled before a stand, having a chair only for M. Carnot, that a valet "sponged," not dusted, before the President sat in it.

The latest canard: in demolishing the grand staircase of the Palace of St. Cloud, the levellers assert they have discovered the traces of petroleum; conclusion: the Germans wilfully set the castle on fire. Having resided before and since the war at St. Cloud, I claim to know something about the fire; I have several times traversed the ruins and no more smelt petroleum than eau de Cologne; after twenty-two years the perfume even of ottar of roses would be dissipated. The château was set on fire by a battery of cannon erected in a shrubbery in the Bois de Boulogne, near Longchamps race course. The officer commanding that battery is a friend of mine, and we frequently talk over the event. He was ordered to shell the Prussians out of the castle, and that is all he knows. The cruelty of the Germans consists in having set fire to the "village" as a punishment for an unpaid indemnity when the preliminaries of peace had been signed. No lives were lost, so Bismarck could not sniff the "odour of burnt Frenchmen," as at Bazeilles.

When the new parliamentary session opens next month, the deputies will have to face a question involving the very existence of the new tariff. A commercial treaty has been negotiated between France and Switzerland, subject to ratification by their respective Parliaments. The French tariff has a maximum and minimum hard and fast line, claimed, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, to alter not. By the constitution, the executive can negotiate commercial treaties independent of any tariff voted by the Legislature; in the present case it has descended below the minimum, in exchange for reciprocal advantages. Will the Legislature repudiate the signature of M. Carnot and his Ministers? That's the nut to crack; if not, the bottom is knocked out of the new tariff, and no one need buy crape in advance for the calamity.

The Government does not intend to associate, in taxation point of view, velocipedes with dogs, by imposing an annual tax of 5 to 10 frs. There are, after a controlled calculation, only 100,000 cycles in France. So the play would not be worth the candle. There are 100 societies of velocipedists in the country, and since the clergy go the rounds of their parishes on wheels, the bailiffs serve writs, the tax collectors and doctors execute their visits, augmentation may be expected. During the Balzaine trial, a few wheel men earned 25 frs. for carrying despatches for the press, in 45 minutes, from Versailles to Paris. Manufacturers of cycles are making fortunes; their gains vary from 50 to 75 per cent.; English firms have representatives, execute as many orders as they are able to do, and realize substantial profits, though the duty which was 120 frs., the double cost is now 220 frs. the minimum, and 250 the maximum. The army has its staff of wheelmen, and the rural police employ the machine for delivering despatches. It is England that supplies French fabricants with spokes for the wheels.

The lunacy laws are curious in France. The Prefect can order without any explication the immediate liberation of a patient, if placed voluntarily in any asylum by the family, while the latter cannot obtain that liberation without a medical certificate, and for the giving of which doctors are held responsible for the consequences. But the Prefect can oppose the liberation even when justified by the certificate. The Russian system is not bad. When an individual is suspected to be lunatic, the Government examines the case by a mixed commission of doctors, functionaries and magistrates. Their report is sent to the Senate; if this body decides the lunatic to be so, the patient is handed over to his family to care for; if they decline or cannot comply, then the patient is sent to the asylum, and his rightful heirs are charged with the administration of his fortune.

The Positivists have just paid their annual visit to the tomb of Auguste Comte in Perè La Chaise Cemetery. This was succeeded by the general meeting in the house, 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince, where the philosopher-mathematician expired. The apartment in which he died is piously cared: the mahogany bed and its sheet coverlet; at the head a painting of the dying philosopher surrounded by fervent disciples; on the mantel-piece, the gilt clock last wound up by the deceased; his book-case and some pictures illustrating incidents of his career, and portraits of friends. His successor, M. Pierre Laffitte, is the pope of the Positivists, and has lately had a chair organized in the College of France for the expounding of Positivism. M. Laffitte is about seventy-three years of age, tall figure, gentle voice, profoundly attached to his ism, the religion of humanity. He told me the number of adherents was a good stationary; 1,000 were present at the meeting, all firm believers in the regeneration of man by perfected men, but nothing fanatical. In accompanying M. Laffitte through the five museum rooms, whose souvenirs he took a loving pleasure to explain, one is struck with the resemblance to Napoleon I. in the portraits of Comte.

There must be something wrong with the police force; since they have received their increase of pay, burglaries in Paris never were so frequent, nor more audacious. Have the police become fat like Jeshurun, and so kick? The burglars, for whom bolts and bars do not count, prefer to break through and steal close to the police stations. A lap dog is the best protection against the burglars, who, if they cannot poison the pet beforehand, will never visit the premises. *Cave canem.* Perhaps the robber plague is the consequence of the destruction of the dogs by the prefect of police.

## THE INDIANS OF THE MANITOBA SUPER-INTENDENCY.

CANADA is such a large country, and the Indian tribes in it so different in their stages of advancement, that in order to get an intelligent idea of their progress we must keep them distinct in our minds. Those with which the present article deals are part of the great Ojibway tribe living along the shores of the lakes and banks of rivers in Manitoba and closely adjoining territory. Great differences exist even in this region, from the Indians of St. Peter's reserve at the mouth of the Red River, with their herd of two thousand cattle, fields of grain and stacks of hay, to the Indians of Lonely Lake, who still mainly subsist by hunting and fishing. However, the community depicted shall be an average one, and one applicable to the majority of the reserves in the Superintendency.

Fancy a moderate-sized river with wooded banks, with a grassy, cleared strip along one side. On this side place a small log church, a log schoolhouse, a mission house, and a dozen log houses, about 18 by 20 feet in size, in the immediate neighbourhood. Scatter more like houses up and down the river, partly hidden by the trees, and half a mile from the church put in a building, about as large as the mission house, with a number of buildings about it as the post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and you will have a fair idea of the village part of the Indian reserve. These buildings are all "mudded" and whitewashed on the outside, and gleam up white and quaint from the deep green of the woods in the background. There are fields, too, in the clearing, in which are crops of potatoes, oats, barley and wheat, but the fields are so small that we see that there must be something more important than grain-raising in the community, or else it cannot be self-sustaining. Yet the agent had told you this reserve is practically self-sustaining, so we look about us to find the cause. There is a red man down near the water, working in the hot sun, putting the last stroke on a clinker-built fishing boat. In an old boat on the shore several children are playing. There is one chubby little boy dressed only in a red shirt and blue trousers, and another little boy, more happy and healthy-looking than the first, dressed in a very, very short blue shirt and—no trousers. Similar groups occupy various coigns of vantage. In a corner, making good use of the adjoining fences, a bareheaded Indian woman is making a net, plying her wooden needle with a dexterous motion that tells of long practice. Near her, in the shade of the fence, is the cradle of board, upon the front of which is bound and embagged a contented and attractive-looking morsel of red humanity. The idea that the Indian baby is strapped to a board is altogether misleading. The board is simply the framework, the backbone, of the cradle. Upon this is fastened a cloth arrangement just like the toe of a gigantic slipper, with the lacing running down almost to the point of the toe. Upon the board is laid a bed of a peculiar kind of soft moss. The child is placed back down on this, covered with a little blanket, and the edges of the flaps brought together and laced up. A stout bow projecting over the child's head prevents the baby's head striking the ground if the cradle should fall over. There is a hole in the board at the top, so that the cradle may be hung on a peg and swayed to and fro, and most are rounded at the bottom, so that they may be rocked on the floor as a sort of single-rockered cradle. It is a very ingenious affair, and with the moccasin and birch-bark canoe ranks as one of the lasting things which the Indian produced. In a land where laundry work is performed under difficulties, the Indian cradle, with its unlimited supply of moss, must remain a fixture in the Indian home for many years to come. It combines cradle and perambulator, prevents the kicking off of coverlets, can be put into trees or canoes, stood up in the chimney corner, allows sufficiency of movement, and must be voted in all ways a great success.

There are other nets drying on frames, and fish being smoked over small fires near the various houses. Some women are washing clothes outside, in tubs without a wash-board, others are squatted on the ground in the shade, making moccasins or mending clothing, and there is here and there an old, wizened dame puffing away at a black pipe, contentedly doing nothing. The younger women are not at all bad-looking, rather under the average stature, well formed, better dressed than one might expect, with the deep black hair worked in a long braid down the back. There is withal a lack of the carriage, dignity and animation which we look for in white women. Shawls are still thrown over the head, but the hat is beginning to dispute supremacy with this time-honoured article of dress. To get an Indian woman to abandon her stifling shawl in summer is like getting her husband to abandon his blanket, and means a decided advancement in civilization. A woman with a hat on, too, cannot carry a pack, since the band passes over the forehead and front part of the head. The Indian woman, then, is ceasing to be the beast of burden.

The surroundings of the houses vary in tidiness, as they do all the world over; there are some dogs lying in the shade, some clothes hung out to dry, heaps of firewood, dog-sleds (toboggans) and a fair supply of healthy-looking brown children, with clothing more or less abbreviated to suit this hot August afternoon. We step into a tidy-looking house, through the only door, opening on the south side near one end. The single window is in the middle of

the same side. In the centre of the gable end farthest from the door is the fireplace, or chimney, made of stones and mud, all neatly plastered over with mud now dry and white. The fireplace is not like those we are accustomed to, and can best be understood by imagining that the builder had built up a square stone and mud chimney, two feet square inside at the bottom, and gradually tapering to a foot square, where it projects from the roof. Then imagine the side of this chimney facing the room cut out to a length of about four feet, and you have the picture of the fireplace. In front about five feet square, is the hearth of flat stones cemented with white clay. Around the wall are ranged a row of trunks and chests, used here as in olden times, to contain clothes, food, valuables, etc. In the corner are some shelves on pegs, which contain the family stock of crockery, and underneath, on another peg (surely we are advancing), hangs the dish-pan. Peeled logs form the ceiling joists, and on these is laid a floor of boards, forming an apartment in the slant of the roof, to which access is had by means of a ladder placed in a convenient corner. Rods are hung under the joists, and on these hang articles of clothing, baskets, etc. These are especially plentiful over the chimney, where wet clothing may be dried in winter. In this house, though all do not have them, there is a table and a bedstead. The floor is clean swept, and there is a bright fire burning in the chimney, and the housewife is on her knees making bannock in a frying pan. Bannock is unleavened bread, a sort of pancake of flour, water and fat, generally saltless, an inch thick, and as large as the fryingpan. Bannock is alternately cursed and praised, according to the digestion of the eater and skill of the maker. This much is certain, that it is the staple article of diet for all our Indians, and thousands of white people in the Canadian North-West. It is the only bread, evidently, that this tidy woman, for such her house proclaims her to be, can make, for all her cooking utensils are her fryingpan and two covered pots, and without wishing to be considered for a moment a red-maniac, I do doubt if the directress of a cooking school could do much better than this poor woman, with her utensils and her selection of not over good materials.

But emerging once more into bright sunlight we notice the absence of any men and of any but very small children. Near at hand is the school-house and we instantly surmise where the children are. We enter and find our surmise correct. Here are about twenty-five children from five to fifteen years of age, there being an absence, however, of larger boys, who, we are told, are away at the hayfields, and this, too, explains the absence of the men. The school is an ordinary log building with chimney at one end and a board floor. The desks are not such as we are accustomed to in ordinary schools but there is a continuous long desk down both side walls of the room, with benches ranged down in front. When pupils are at desk work they face the wall and write; when their attention is required by the teacher they deftly tuck their feet over the backless bench and face the centre of the room. The teacher's desk occupies the centre of the upper end, and before it the class stands to recite. They are using the regular modern Canadian school readers, and are reading aloud in much the same tone and manner as school children all the world over. After they have read a sentence, however, the teacher requires them to explain it in Indian, to make sure that they understand what they read. The other exercises are much the same as in rural schools in the rest of the Dominion. Much has been said about the poor quality of the teaching in Indian day schools, and a great deal of it is, unfortunately, very true, but what can you expect when the Government only allows its teachers \$300 per year? He must be a very poor teacher, unless he be doing missionary work, who will bury himself in these wildernesses for that salary. Where the schools are conducted by men whose salary is augmented by a missionary society they are much better in every way; and taking them all in all, and looking at the results they have produced, it must be admitted that the Indian reserve day schools have done, and are doing, a work which no other agency could accomplish. Industrial and manual training schools are accomplishing much, but their work is as yet as a drop in the bucket compared with the work of the poor snubbed reservation day school. By their agency in a few years a whole nation will have learned to speak, read, and write the English language, the key to all subsequent advancement, and in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties they have continued to raise a people up to higher and purer ideals of life. The patient, unromantic home missionary and the day school are the two factors in the upraising of the Indian which are continually overlooked and always underestimated. The duty of the Government is to make its schools more efficient by giving better salaries to men who conduct the best schools, and thus gradually raise the whole standard of their work.

It is near closing time when we enter and we hear the closing hymn. The singing is in English; there is plenty of spirit and a good volume of sound, but the efforts of the little boys to take the higher notes produced rather painful shrillness. As they file out we notice that the boys are dressed in various oddfitting garments, while the girls as a rule are neatly dressed—a girl can make her own clothes, a boy cannot. There is a ceremony just at leaving, not seen in white schools. Near the door is a pile of forty or fifty biscuit-boxes bearing the name of a Winnipeg maker. As the pupils file out, saying "Good-night" to the teacher, he gives each two hard-tack biscuits, each filling about as

much space as four ordinary soda biscuits and as hard as a piece of wood. Whatever may have been said about this action of the Government, it is not doubted by anyone who has been on a western reserve that the measure has been a positive blessing. It provides a daily ration of food for a portion of the community that most needs it without in any way bringing in a sense of pauperism; it has built up the attendance of the schools, helped to keep the people on the reserves and has educated the taste for civilized, vegetable food, which the meat-consuming western Indian did not have.

The children are out, playing at various games on their way home, showing that the redness of the skin makes no difference in the childish spirit. One boy volunteers to take us to the hayfields, where the greater part of the community are now busily employed. For in truth the Indians here take more readily to cattle-raising than grain producing, and so a great deal of hay is required to keep their stock through the winter. Hay is plentiful and cattle grow fat running free in the summer, so that by instinct and environment the Indian becomes like Abraham, or like the nomadic Kirghiz of Asia, a man of flocks and herds. Sheep have also been tried, and spinning wheels sent in to spin the wool, which effort has proved successful in whatever reserves teachers could be found to teach the women spinning, so that there seems to be room for development in this line, especially as the Indian women greatly need indoor employment.

Under the guidance of the boy we pass down along the river clearing, seeing various herds of cattle lying in shady places, and then, turning our backs to the water, we plunge into the woods. At first we pass through a growth of silver poplar, but as we get in further the foliage changes and we are in the midst of a forest of sweet-scented spruce. About two miles of walking bring us to a little plain about five miles in diameter, with a little lake lying to one side. Beside the path the thick wild grass grows up breast high, not all head as our cultivated grasses, but with stalks lost in leaves and branches and entangled with the vines of a species of blue flowered wild pea. No wonder the cattle thrive on such royal grasses. In the plain, men, boys and a few women are busy at work. There are manyswinging scythes, while their sons and wives are turning over the hay, putting it into cocks or stacking it. Some of the most energetic have saved sufficient money to purchase mowers and horse-rakes and these are now adding to the wealth of their owners by the increased quantity of hay they can put up. There are hay waggons of the usual pattern, creaking Red River carts and low broad sleighs slipping over the soft stubble. There is also a hay sleigh of a pattern seen perhaps nowhere else than on an Indian reserve, and reminding one strongly of the pictures of Indians moving their camps across the plains. The horse stands between shafts of two long poles whose ends rest on the ground behind him; on these poles, near where they touch the ground is built up a sort of staging, from which springs the rack. The load is partly supported on the ground, partly on the horse, and while it may not be quite as hard on horses as it seems, every other vehicle on the field is probably an improvement on it. The hay is being stacked here on the plain until winter, when it will be brought into the stables near each house as required. Each family is cutting the grass in its own particular circle and there is plenty of room so that the circles do not encroach upon one another. The horses are all of the Indian pony stamp and seem tough, hardy little things and very patient, even under the tormenting stings of clouds of mosquitos and sandflies. Here too we learn the use of the ring of veiling which at this season of the year is to be seen curled up on the brim of every hat. Where the mosquitos are bad the veiling is no longer left up but brought down and the lower edge tied closely about the neck, thus protecting the wearer from the attacks of these troublesome insects. The horses suffer from them severely, even though their owners strive to alleviate their troubles by smearing them over with rancid grease. We defend ourselves vigorously by constantly beating the pests off with handkerchiefs, but find it impossible to stay very long watching the haymakers, and so return to the village. The season is too late for raspberries, which we had met with in abundance a fortnight before, but wild currants, white and black, and gooseberries hanging in yellow clusters tempt us as we pass, and we cannot refrain from an occasional excursion to one side to pluck handfuls of blue saskatoons, the most delicious of them all. Some enterprising fruit canner will yet put his factory down in these northern Manitoban wilds and make his fortune. From the time the strawberry comes in until the frost has spoiled the last wild plum and cranberry his plant will be kept in vigorous operation.

As we approach the mission-house the missionary, in his workday suit of "pepper-and salt," invites us in. The house is of squared logs like the rest, but two storeys high and considerably larger, with a little verandah in front. The garden before it has some beds of homelike flowers and many kinds of useful vegetables, all properly set out, hoed, staked and so forth, for this is an object-lesson for the sharp-sighted red man. The house is very plainly furnished, as it needs must be, considering the roads over which everything must be brought, and a good many of the things are of home manufacture. The white floor is covered with rush mats or mats of grass and rushes ingeniously woven by native women; there are specimens of bead work about, and there is the shelf of books, comforters in weary hours. Missionaries are sometimes seen at missionary conferences

and like gatherings in the cities, so we were prepared for the kindly, undemonstrative man, who was none the less preacher because he preached through his hands, his garden and his barns as well as in the pulpit of the mission church. But we were just a trifle curious to see a real live missionary's wife, in her own home, and were perhaps a trifle startled to find that she was not essentially different from good wives in general, and quite capable of being the source (as indeed she was) of whatever sweetness and light we had observed in the Indian houses.

But we must not delay to speak of the comfortable chairs and the cool, pleasant rooms with their inviting-homelike look; suffice it to say that, situated far away from the comforts and enjoyments of civilization and with very infrequent mails (sometimes once a month or less frequently) each mission house visited proved that out of few materials and in a strange, wild land, a Christian home is a power for good such as no Government money can create, and for which power the heads of the Indian Department should be unfeignedly thankful to the missionary societies.

Contrary to our expectations the Hudson's Bay Company's post consisted of a very generous dwelling-house, and a very ordinary sized store, much smaller than the former, and we were still further surprised by learning, though it seems sensible enough, that the mansion at the post is generally larger than the store. The person in charge requires more consideration and comfort than the goods he sells. The store is a plain log building; inside it contains one large public room, fitted with shelves from floor to ceiling on three sides, windows and door on the fourth. On the shelves are displayed goods of every kind required on a reserve and these appear to be of a much more sensible and civilized kind than in the days of Bullantyne. The Company's officers are trained like those of one of our large banking company's and moved about from post to post as they receive promotion.

Evening is settling down as we leave the reserve. In all directions smudge fires are burning in their little fenced-off enclosures, which prevent the cattle from tramping them out in their eagerness to stand in the smoke. Men and boys just come from haying are playing foot-ball on the village green, the women are milking cows in enclosures beside the houses, smaller boys and girls are playing at different games among the different herds of cattle, love-making is going on too over the milk-pails and across the palings, other boys still are racing about on ponies, yet never seeming to knock over any one or to run into a cantankerous ox. The village is a picture of life and cattle and smoke and dusky evening that can never fade—a picture of this western land, yet so strangely suggestive of the scenes given us of Cossack camps beside old "Mother Volga." Odoriferous smoke, sandflies, bare-headed, black-haired, dark-eyed women; strong well-built men; active children, herds of cattle and droves of ponies; football, milking-pails. What a strange throng of associations for an Indian reserve! How much of advance it tells! How much of change since the moose and buffalo were the Indian's sole concern—and as we step into our canoes and push out into the broad stream, and feel the cool breeze sweep up from the bend in the river we do not doubt that the present life is better, fuller, than the old, and that despite his many weaknesses and many lapses into barbarism the Indian is nearer to our ideal, and that the work of Agent and Teacher and Missionary has not been in vain.

IOTA NORTH.

#### THE CRITIC.

THERE is an article in the current number of the *Westminster Review* which has hardly evoked—or provoked—that attention from the Canadian press which it deserves. It is entitled "The Present Position of Canada," and is signed with a name which has already been seen in the *Economist* and elsewhere—that of Mr. Lawrence Irwell. In tone and style it is exemplary: it is rarely indeed that political and economical subjects are treated in a manner so unprejudiced and so dispassionate. It also bears evidence of the careful and conscientious collection of facts, and the facts are put forward in a way at once lucid and attractive. Of the present position of Canada, however, the writer holds the gloomiest views. Throughout the many topics with which he deals the pessimistic note predominates, and this pessimistic note ascends in a sort of *crescendo* till it reaches the concluding sentence, which runs thus: "Great Britain is, I fear, becoming disgusted with Canada, her slow growth and her protectionism, and if the bulk of her population expressed a distinct desire to cut the political cable, it is not probable that there would be any very strong opposition upon the part of John Bull." Qualified and guarded as this definite expression of opinion is, it is doubtful if it would receive the cordial assent of many native-born Canadians. That colony, surely, which placidly accepted the assertion that the feeling with which it was regarded by the Mother Country was one of disgust, would be open to a charge of apathetic, if not of untalial, conduct. But that it has not been widely combatted in the colonial press is probably due, not to our apathy or impiety, but either to the fact that the *Westminster* is not here widely read, or to the fact that the assertion has been regarded merely as the expression of personal opinion, and has been read also with an amount of incredulity that deemed a reply unnecessary. Nevertheless, Mr. Irwell has said in an English magazine of some importance that he thinks

Great Britain is becoming disgusted with Canada, and what is more has led up to that saying with some seven or eight pages of figures and facts—the first certainly not often assailable, the second, perhaps, more open to controversy. With Mr. Irwell's figures and facts, however, the practised politician may be left to deal. The Critic is content to question the alleged disgust with which he thinks Great Britain regards her Canadian colony.

If by Great Britain Mr. Irwell means the majority of the people of the British Isles, the answer is that the majority of the people of the British Isles do not know enough about their transatlantic colony to be in a position to hold any positive views whatever about it. Apathetic, if not downright ignorant, is the term by which to characterize English interest in Canada. Not so very many years ago, in a highly intelligent city in the north of England, a lecture was delivered upon the subject of the Dominion, in proposing a vote of thanks for which an otherwise quite intelligent speaker expressed the hope that now that the Alabama claims were comfortably settled nothing would intervene to disturb the harmonious relationships between the two countries, a sentiment that was received without comment by the audience. It is well known too that in a printed proclamation issued broadcast by the Privy Council on the subject of the Colorado beetle, Ontario was referred to as a town. And there are few people with connexions beyond the sea who have not over and over again been made ludicrously aware of the extremely hazy ideas held by persons of education and intelligence on our geographical and political position. The bulk of the people of Great Britain could no more be possessed of a feeling of disgust against Canada than they could against the Skager-Rack or the Cattegat, for their knowledge of the one is on a par with their knowledge of the other. No one hates Abracadabra; very few (beyond undergraduates) loath Barbara or Felapton. And this ignorance is excusable; almost, we may say, rational. What do we here know of Ascension Isle; and, but for the tornado, what should we have known of the Mauritius?

But if by Great Britain Mr. Irwell means the Government for the time being in power, or if he means that body of men who interest themselves in affairs of the Empire and are *au courant* with international and inter-colonial relationships, even then not many probably will be found to assent to the use of so strong a term by which to characterize the feelings engendered by Canada's slow growth and her protectionism, even admitting these; for intelligent Englishmen will find causes for the one and will admit reasons for the other. Mr. Irwell loses sight of many obstacles against which the Dominion has to contend. He compares her—much to her disadvantage—with her powerful neighbour to the South—a neighbour the contiguity of which is not altogether an unmixed boon. He forgets that not till 1867 were her provinces confederated; and he forgets that even now there exist not a few elements tending to disintegration: nothing will ever cause a coalescence between the French and the English elements, and the harmonizing of Ultramontaniam and Orangeism is further out of the question still. Till the Canadian Pacific Railway was built there was absolutely nothing to bind east and west together, and till that date also our spacious and fertile North-West Territories were left unpopulated and unknown. There is no moneyed and leisure class, and the class that enters Parliament is not the best possible. The climate is not over-g genial, and want of transportation facilities have confined production to the belt of the great lakes. Where Australia abounds in harbours and coastline, our outlet has for years been largely confined to the St. Lawrence. No gold fields have attracted to us men and money. Where in the Antipodes the distance between sheep farm and seaboard is a matter of scores, with us the distance between ranch and river is a matter of thousands, of miles. The States were knit together at their birth by alliance against a common foe; we have been mated with an uncongenial twin. Nor has Canada indulged in specious rhetoric by which to tempt unthinking thousands in search of "liberty" to her shores. And alone amongst England's colonies has Canada had ever to contend with a big and blustering nation who if not openly has at least been commercially belligerent.

However, even if we grant the slow growth and grant the protectionism, even if we go so far as to grant the disgust (which God forbid!) still there are those who think it will be a very long time indeed before the bulk of our population express a distinct idea to cut the political cable. And there are some who think that even then it is probable that there will be strong opposition on the part of John Bull.

A DESPATCH from Christiansa says that subscriptions are being solicited towards defraying the cost of building and manning the Viking ship, which it is proposed to send to the World's Fair. It is the intention to man the ship with the ablest Norwegian sailors procurable and to navigate it across the Atlantic, although the attempt is regarded as a very hazardous one. When the ship is on exhibition at Chicago, alongside the caravels of Columbus, it is thought the Norwegian flag, floating from mast-head, will bear witness to the intrepidity of Norse seamen, both in olden days and at present. Those having the enterprise in charge will publish two pamphlets, one on the Viking ship and the other on the discoveries of Leif Ericsson.

MARJORY DARROW.

Marjory Darrow was twenty year,  
With the perfect cheek of cream and tan,  
With the earth-brown eyes and the corn-gold hair,  
When the thrushes' song began.

Clear, clear,  
Dawn in the dew,  
Dawn in the silver dew!  
Leap, leap,  
Gold in the dawn,  
Clear. . . .

Marjory Darrow's brows were cool.  
While the blue martins preened and purred  
About their doorways in the sun,  
She mused upon the world.

Sphere, sphere,  
Sphere of the dawn,  
Sphere of the dawn in the dew,  
Leap, leap!  
Fold in the dew, sphere,  
Spherical, sphere!

Marjory Darrow's brows were cool.  
While the blue martins preened and purred  
About their doorways in the sun,  
She mused upon the world.

Sphere, sphere,  
Sphere of the dawn,  
Sphere of the dawn in the dew,  
Leap, leap!  
Fold in the dew, sphere,  
Spherical, sphere!

Marjory Darrow's rebel mouth!  
There lurked the story, proud and sad,  
That braced the battle gear of war  
When the young world was glad.

Star, star,  
New to the dawn,  
New in the old of the dawn,  
Peep, peep!  
Ware of the dawn,  
Star, new star!

Marjory Darrow's heart was hot,  
Burning among the roses pale;  
For the wells of joy must not run low,  
Nor the springs of being fail.

Here, here,  
Dawn in the dew,  
Dew in the silvery dew,  
Leap, leap!  
Old in the dawn  
Here. . . .

Marjory Darrow's arms were lithe,  
And strong the beat of the blood therein:  
For love is a seraph dour and blind  
Leading his mortal kin.

Dear, dear,  
Dearer than dawn,  
Two with the scar of the dawn,  
Sweep, sweep,  
Through the drear of the dawn  
Year on year.

Marjory Darrow's eyes were wet,  
And the world was light as the dust of spring  
While far away in the aching hills  
She heard the thrushes sing.

Near, near,  
Near is the dew,  
Near is the cold of the dew,  
Creep, creep,  
Cold, for the dew  
Is near, near!

Marjory Darrow loved too well;  
But if death walked in the garden there  
The blood-red poppies held their peace,  
Nodding as if aware.

Fear, fear,  
Under the dawn!  
Under the cold of the dew,  
Sleep, sleep!  
Far in the dawn  
Fear no fear!

Then sleep crept into the bones of the wind,  
With always his one more field to roam:  
And like a hunter out of the hills  
The scarlet sun went home.

Sheer, sheer,  
Sheer in the blue,  
In the sweep of the blue,  
Leap, leap!  
Gone, thou art gone,  
Dear. . . .

—Bliss Carman, in the Independent.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON AT PETROLEA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your criticism (issue Sept. 16) of Sir John Thompson's speech at Petrolea and his declaration that protection was still the policy of the party, you say: "But where did these 112,000 persons come from? Were they brought into the country by the N. P. to engage in new industries? The census gives an emphatic and crushing answer in the negative, unless others were driven out to make room for them. The sum of this staple argument, then, seems to be that if and so far as the policy of protection was the means of creating or fostering the industries which give employment to these people, it merely transferred them from some other employment, presumably farming, a transfer which many regard as of very dubious value." Such a transfer would, in my opinion, be of very "dubious value"; but may I not pertinently ask whether a great portion at least of this 112,000 persons might not be justly credited to the previously unemployed?

That these formed a large contingent of our population at the time the National Policy was adopted needs but a little looking back. Was it in 1880 that the old gaol in this city had to be made a temporary home during the winter for some four or five hundred men who could find no work to do? I beg to suggest that in all statistics of labour the unemployed should be reckoned too.

S. A. C.

POETIC NONSENSE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It may not be uninteresting to you to know that you are not the only one who finds himself unable to comprehend such poetry as that to which you refer in your article, "What Does it Mean?" of Sept. 16. We do not find such effusions in the works of such great masters as Shakespeare and Milton, and the other first-class poets are content to frame their words so that their meaning is intelligible to the ordinary reader. 'Tis true there is often a deeper meaning which may not be plain to all, but, even to one who cannot find this, there is at least a surface of common sense. But in the quotations you give there appears to be neither sense upon the surface nor meaning in the substratum; in fact, to the ordinary reader they have no more meaning than a few verses of Homer would convey to one ignorant of Greek. Both have a certain sweetness to the ear, but that is all. The following imitation may interest you, and I flatter myself that, if not so mellifluous as the original, it has, when taken in connection with the latter, far more sense:—

Rot, sweet rot!  
Sweet melodious rot!  
Sweet without sense,  
Nonsense, but sweet.  
Rot, sweet rot!  
Rot . . . .

E.

FRESH AIR FUND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Will you again permit us through the medium of your columns to make an appeal to the public, and at the same time to thank the friends who responded to our appeal made in the early part of August. The fund is about \$300.00 short of what is necessary to meet the expenses for the season, and we now ask the friends of the neglected children of our city for that sum, or any larger sum they may be pleased to send; any surplus will be carried forward to next year's account. The friends of this work are doubtless aware that the Fresh Air Fund is now one of several distinct branches of the Society's work.

J. STUART COLEMAN, J. K. MACDONALD,  
Secretary, 32 Church St. President.

ART NOTES.

WE have already drawn attention in our columns to Mr. Gilbert Frith's fine equestrian statue of the Queen. It was the central figure at the exhibit of the Ontario Society of Artists and at the recent exhibit of the Industrial Exhibition, and has been generally admired by the public and praised by the press. We have also indicated that this model was designed for the purpose of giving the citizens of Toronto an opportunity of having, if they so desired, an imposing and beautiful monument erected as a tribute to her Gracious Majesty the Queen on the elevated ground behind the guns at the main entrance of the Queen's Park, Toronto. Mr. Frith's design, though as a model necessarily incomplete, is finely conceived and spiritedly executed. The completed work would be a noble and permanent ornament to our city and Province. No British ruler is worthier of being honoured and perpetuated in bronze than Queen Victoria, and no city in her wide domains has been more prosperous under her peaceful and beneficent reign than Toronto. It is an honoured custom in civilized countries to thus honour the great and good, to inspire the young and chasten the old by presenting to the public eye noble and impressive idealizations of the great ones of their race whose examples and memories they are incited to follow and cherish. That Toronto is not altogether lacking in this respect is shown by the monument in the Queen's Park to our patriot volunteers who fell at Ridgeway; by the statue of the Hon. George Brown in some locality; and by that of Dr. Ryerson in the grounds of the Normal School—as well as by the busts of prominent men which adorn some of our public buildings. But our contention is that Toronto, one of the chief colonial cities of the British Empire, a city loyal and patriotic to the core, has no prominent public statue of one of the noblest queens that ever swayed a sceptre and one of the purest women that ever exalted a throne. Surely it is time that our city, before this centennial year ends, should take steps in this way to testify their love—their loyalty is unquestioned—for our queen, their encouragement of dignified and patriotic art, and to provide an object lesson for our children which shall teach them to revere the memory and to emulate the virtues of our beloved Queen Victoria.

LET not your peace rest in the utterances of men, for whether they put a good or bad construction on your conduct does not make you other than you are.—Thomas à Kempis.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A CONCERT under the auspices of the Toronto College of Music was given on the evening of the 22nd inst., in the College Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Webster, two new members of the faculty. An excellent programme was provided. Mrs. Webster studied the mandolin under celebrated Italian teachers according to the original Neapolitan method, and her playing was of a high order. Mr. Webster's fine baritone voice was heard with pleasure by the large and critical audience which more than filled the College Hall. The College is to be congratulated on the new and efficient additions to its excellent staff.

AN exchange has the following story: The great baritone Lassalle, with a congenial company of fellow artists, among whom were Dunbar Price, Mrs. Blackstone and one of the De Reszkés, was one nounday in the summer time taking breakfast on the verandah of the Reservoir Hotel in Versailles, when two sad-eyed itinerant Italian musicians came along and began to play the harp and sing one of "Valentine's" songs from "Faust." A sigh of dismay broke from the assembled company, but Lassalle, who was in good humour with his breakfast and with the world, said:—

"Tenez! I'll fix them."

Pushing away his coffee he arose, and, tendering the singer a piece of silver, said:—

"My friend, I'll show you how that should be sung. You do not phrase that song properly."

Then he burst forth with his grand voice and sang the song through, to the great delight of all within range. The poor travelling musician turned green and began to tremble in awe, and finally, when the end came, he touched his hat and murmured humbly:—

"Merci, mon maitre; I will not sing again when you may hear." As he slunk off with his comrade of the harp a shower of laughter and coin followed him. He was not grateful. He was stunned.

THE London Figaro says: "A curious decision has recently been given in Vienna, and one which, if the Austrian nation were to join the Geneva convention, might make a serious difference to their copyrights. The case was one in which 'Carmen' is concerned. The proprietors of the copyright claimed from Mr. Neumann the usual percentage for the rights for performance, and the manager in reply urged that the copyright had expired. It seems that, according to the Austrian law, copyright lasts during the author's life, and for ten years afterward. When, however, the work is from the pen of several authors, copyright only lasts for ten years from the date of the first representation. The Austrian courts have held that the music of 'Carmen' being by Bizet, and the libretto by Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy, the opera is the work of three authors, and consequently that its copyright expired ten years after its first performance in Paris, on March 3rd, 1875. The matter has been taken to the Court of Appeal. The importance to the Austrians consists in the fact that, by the Geneva convention, no international copyright can last longer than the term of copyright granted in the country of origin. Consequently, if Austria joined the International Copyright League, the rights in nearly every Austrian opera would cease ten years after its first performance, and perhaps long before it came to England at all. At present Austrian composers are in a worse plight, for they have no copyright in this country and anybody can perform their works."

WE are indebted to the London Musical News for the following items:—

"It is now thought that the score of Mozart's 'Don Juan' recently presented to the Paris Conservatoire by Madame Viardot, is not the original score of maestro, but only a later copy."

"THAT the mandolists are increasing in number and importance in Italy is evidenced by the fact that a competition on a large scale has recently been held at Genoa. Members of clubs from Milan, Naples, Florence, Verona, Turin, Rome and other places took part in it; judging by the interesting account of the meeting given in the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*, a great deal of important concerted music from the mandolin and guitar was played, as well as pieces for solo display."

"THE annual prize given at the Paris Conservatoire for the best violin player has been won this year by Henri Marteau, who has only been a student since the middle of November last. The prize consists of a diploma on parchment, a silver medal, and a violin by Gand and Bernardel Frères, whilst a further advantage is offered to the winner in the shape of exemption from military service. There were thirty-three competitors, and the judges were Massenet, Paul Viardot, Remy, White, Berthelmer, Mudier de Monfeau and Gastinelle. A piece of Massenet's was given for reading at first sight, and besides this, Marteau had to play the first solo from Vieuxtemp's 5th Concerto, both pieces earning the enthusiastic applause of the hearers present. At the conclusion of the competition Ambroise Thomas presented the prize-winner to his wife (daughter of the late Emperor of Brazil) and congratulated him in the most complimentary terms."

"AMONG other subjects started for discussion during the present 'silly season' is the uselessness of having school girls taught the piano who possess no real vocation for this 'accomplishment.' Many teachers must be quite

in accord with this sentiment. But *audi alteram partem*; writer, 'Forest Gate,' mentions that he has had all his girls taught the piano, and that, although none of them show any signs of genius, they are all able to take their part and help papa and mamma 'to pass many a happy, social, musical evening during the winter.' This is an independent testimony of distinct value in the matter. Some young people develop slowly, and until a fair trial has been made, it is impossible to say if they have any musical sensibility or not. Both parents and teachers might be more discriminating as to who it is worth while teaching; better than turning out a lot of indifferent pianoforte players, would be the inducing more young people to take up some of the orchestral, wind and string instruments. Concerted playing is easier, and on the whole gives a larger measure of enjoyment to the listeners."

"THE poetic muse has often been invoked at Stratford-upon-Avon, but rarely to better purpose than when Mr. William Winter heard the church organ at night—

Can I forget—no, never while my soul  
Lives to remember—that imperial night  
When through the spectral church I heard them roll,  
Those organ tones of glory, and my sight  
Grew dim with tears, while ever new delight  
Throbbled in my heart, and through the shadowy dread  
The pale ghosts wandered, and a deathly chill  
Froze all my being—the mysterious thrill  
That tells the awful presence of the dead!  
Yet not the dead, but strayed from heavenly bowers,  
Pure souls that live with other life than ours;  
For sure I am that ecstasy of sound  
Lured One Sweet Spirit from his holy ground,  
Who dwells in God's perpetual land of flowers.

"Stratford-upon-Avon. WILLIAM WINTER."

"LAST year we had some correspondence in our columns as to the ignorance of novelists when they essay to write about music in their works. But authors are not the only sinners in this respect. Painters continually blunder in their representation of musical instruments, the way they are held and played, and the attitude of their performers. One wonders that such mistakes should be made, but the fact is that few of them take the trouble to study this particular part of their picture, and so they draw by imagination—as many novelists write; the result is often ludicrous to the initiated. Nor are the plastic artists any more careful. In the Royal Academy Exhibition just closed was a truly grotesque figure of a nude man playing in an impossible manner a sort of violoncello. A correspondent calls attention to a piece of sculpture, 'Saul throwing the javelin at David,' by that remarkable artist George Tinworth, now being exhibited at Bristol. The same scene is depicted in a large coloured picture published by the Religious Tract Society. Tinworth plays the harp on the psalmist's left arm, the Religious Tract Society puts the instrument on his right. One may well ask, which is correct? The matter furnishes yet another example of what indifference is shown to the representation of musical instruments in pictures and sculpture. By the way, it used to be said that a Cambridge undergraduate in for Divinity explained the instant of the javelin-throwing by the supposition, that on this occasion the harpist must have played so abominably, Saul felt impelled to go for him."

"AT the ninth Congress of Orientalists, recently held at Burlington House, under the Presidency of Professor Max Müller, Professor J. P. N. Land read a paper entitled 'Remarks on the earliest development of Arabic Music.' The Professor said under the Eastern Caliphs there flourished a style of musical art entirely secular in its character, patronized by the dominating Arabic aristocracy, and assiduously cultivated both by performers and theorists of note. Was this, as many believed, a mere continuation of the Persian music of the Sasanide Court? A careful examination of the little evidence we had showed, on the contrary, that we must consider it as an artistic development from the primitive popular song of the Arabs, although proverted and influenced by Persian and Syrian Greek examples. According to Professor Land, the Arabs had two native scales, each of but four intervals, and they had a stringed instrument of their own, the short-necked rudimentary lute; whereas the Persians used the full octave and the long-necked pandur, the same as the old Egyptian nefer and the tambur of later days. On its neck the intervals were marked by frets, which the Persians placed according to empirical rules, while the Greeks had scientific methods for dividing the string. We were distinctly informed that the earliest imitator of foreign song adapted his borrowings to the native scales, and was the founder of the entire school. Moreover, the music provided for the noble Arabs and their companions had always attained its national characteristics, visible in the tuning and fingering of the lute, while it was being constantly improved in detail. It came to a provisional conclusion in Al-Farabi, A. D. 950, who codified the best teaching of his day, and became the father of the whole tribe of mediæval writers on music in Arabic and Persian; some of this ancient writer's works had been printed, and copies existed in our European libraries."

THE Pope has determined that the Church shall have no entangling alliances. It is not to be identified with any form of government, with any race, or with any customs. It is to be free to accomplish its own purpose—to save souls. Accordingly he has insisted that the Catholic clergy of France shall accept the Republic. He has determined that the Bonapartists and Legitimists shall not use religion as a cloak under which to conspire against the powers that be.—*Catholic Review*.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HANDBOOK OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. Edited by G. F. James, M. A. Philadelphia. 1892.

This is a very useful book for those who are in any way interested in the important question of University Extension. It consists of a series of papers published between July, 1891, and June, 1892, by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. The authors, however, are, in some cases, members of English universities. There are, of course, considerable differences of opinion on the subject of University Extension, and the arguments *pro* and *con* are not very far to seek. To extend to non-university students, as far as possible, the advantages of university education seems a perfectly reasonable undertaking, whilst it is urged by opponents of the scheme that there is a danger of fostering priggishness and make-believe. This volume contains nearly fifty papers on every aspect of the subject, and will be a very useful help to all who are desirous of understanding the bearings of the enterprise.

CRAWFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: The Williamson Book Company (limited). The Knickerbocker Press.

The publishers of this dainty series have done well to include in it this favourite and deservedly popular volume. Of the many excellent works which have made the name of Mrs. Gaskell famous, perhaps none appeals to a wider circle of sympathetic readers than does this. The familiar chronicle of the quaint old English village which gives its fictitious name to the volume; the kindly humour and touching pathos with which the homely lives of its inhabitants are portrayed in its pages; the gentle, yet graphic, touch which so vividly reveals their peculiarities of manner, their mode of life and even their habits of thought and speech; and the very human interest which the author weaves about her characters—all have contributed to save "Crawford" from oblivion. Dickens showed good taste and judgment when he founded "Household Words" in securing Mrs. Gaskell as one of its regular contributors. It may interest some of our readers to know that in its columns this charming narrative was first made public.

A DECADE IN THE HISTORY OF NEWSPAPER LIBEL. By John King, Q.C. Woodstock: The *Sentinel-Review* Book and Job Department.

Not only to the press but to the general public as well is the law of libel of interest. The pamphlet above mentioned consists of a paper read by its learned writer at the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association held at Ottawa on the 6th and 7th of last March. Mr. King begins by directing attention to the "notable amendments" which were made in the law of libel in the year 1882 when "The Newspaper Libel Act" in Ontario was enacted. Then the definition of the word "newspaper" is treated and the "old state of the law" is discussed, and under various appropriate headings the bearing of the law upon the different phases of the subject of libel is adequately presented. Leading cases in our own and other courts are referred to, and at the end of the pamphlet some suggestions are offered with reference to the new Canadian criminal code. It almost goes without the saying that this pamphlet is one of more than ordinary interest and value. Mr. King's familiarity with the subject, his legal experience and literary ability all combine to enable him to present the subject in a manner most acceptable and beneficial to his auditors. This excellent treatise should be in the hands of not only every Canadian editor but of everyone who is connected with the journalistic calling in our country.

CHRISTIANITY AND INFALLIBILITY: BOTH OR NEITHER. By the Rev. Daniel Lyons. New York: Longmans. 1892.

This book lies a little outside our general field of work; yet it deserves some attention at our hands on various grounds. Mr. Lyons contends that we must take the Gospel with its infallible witness, the Church, the Pope, or we cannot have it at all. The greater part of the reasoning is purely *a priori*, and will be entirely satisfactory to those who already believe the dogma, but will probably produce little effect on those who doubt it. In some respects, the first chapter, which explains the meaning of infallibility, is the most useful, and should be carefully studied by any who may think of opposing the doctrine, so that they may not expose themselves to being refuted on side issues which really do not touch the main question. The principal argument, as we have said, refers to what we might expect, and is of absolutely no value to any who question the validity of its assumptions. The Scripture argument deals with the usual texts, "Thou art Peter," and the rest of them. The historical portion is the weakest. The writer does not really grapple with the objection that such an authority, if it had existed and been recognized, would have settled the early doctrinal controversies in the Church. The book has evidently been found acceptable among members of the author's communion, since it was published in the beginning of the present year, and a second edition has already been called for.

INDUCTION COILS: A Practical Manual for Amateur Coil Makers. By G. E. Bonney; illustrated. London and New York: Whittaker and Company. 1892.

Mr. Bonney has not only a well-grounded knowledge of his subject, but in this excellent manual shows that he can convey it clearly and concisely to others. One of the difficulties that besets the amateur worker is the lack of necessary information which would guide him successfully in his work. It is in anticipation of this need which is only partially met by technical journals that the present handbook has been written. The subject-matter is treated under eight headings, dealing respectively with "Inductive Theories and Experiments"; "How to Construct Intensity or Spark Coils"; "Accessories to Coils"; "Special Forms of Induction Coils"; "Some Famous Coils"; "Batteries for Coils"; "Repair of Batteries and Coils"; "Useful Notes on Coils." To these are added a "Table of Copper Wire Properties" and a "List of Conductors and Insulators." The volume is supplied with over one hundred illustrations. The author's methodical turn is shown in those very useful features, the "Index to Sections," giving number and page; the "List of Illustrations," giving figure and page, and the "Alphabetical Index" at the end of the volume. We are confident that this book will prove a boon to many an earnest amateur, as well perhaps as to some workers to whom the application of such knowledge as it contains means the better acquisition of "bread and butter."

THE cholera at Hamburg is dealt with in illustration and letter press in the *Illustrated News* of the 24th inst. Views of "The Gilbert Islands," the latest development of the British Empire, are given. A fine full-page portrait of "Professor Frederick Max Müller, LL.D.," greets the eye. In the representation of "A Lady Chorister in Gibraltar Cathedral Mixed Choir" there is an effect in posing which is not in keeping with the character sought portrayed. The picture after Emil Brack's "First Overtures" represents a hard-looking man, a soft-looking woman, and a medium pug as an intermediary. "In Yardley Chase" is the title of a jerky short story of short sentences and improbable incidents.

Two excellent short stories are contained in the September *Macmillan's Magazine*: "Faizullah" and "How Phœbe came Home." The former deals with Indian life, and the latter is an unusually strong presentment of English humble life, with the contrast between the wild fisher blood and the more stolid yet proud farmer class. "A School for Mirth" is an arraignment of the consequences of the innovations in English rural economy. "The Consolations of Poetry" is an article inspired by the feud between the *Spectator* and Mr. Augustine Birrell as to Matthew Arnold, but the writer does not take strong ground on either side. "The Stranger in the House" is an interesting parliamentary sketch.

AN unusually good number is the September issue of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Henry W. Lucy, well-known as a writer upon Parliamentary topics, contributes an appreciative note to the portrait. "The Work of Canadian Lumbermen," an illustrated article by Mr. Lee J. Vance, follows and is an interesting sketch of the life of an important and picturesque class of the community. "Vigilant," of the *Sportsman*, contributes a pleasant sketch of Doncaster and the glories of the St. Leger. "Jottings in Syria" and "The Parisian Police" are good descriptive articles. "Collaboration," by Henry James, is an excellent short story, while "A Royal Reception" is concluded. The final article is "The Times," by Edmund Vincent, and is an interesting and appreciative sketch of the greatest of all newspapers."

AN exceedingly angry paper by Frederic Harrison, "How to Drive Home-Rule Home," opens the September number of the *Fortnightly*. It is a passionate cry that the nation has irrevocably and completely decided for Home-Rule, and that it must come. A liberal use of Closure, the shutting off of debate, the limiting of the time for discussion, the refusal of amendments, and, if necessary, the "superannuation" of the House of Lords are among the means Mr. Harrison proposes. He wishes to see the measure carried by Easter, practically admitting that Mr. Gladstone's majority will not stand the wear and tear of a long-drawn fight, and can trust itself only to a policy of vigorous aggression to retain its *morale*. "If the majority is asked to lie down to be peppered like the French army at Sedan, it will lose stomach, discipline and self-confidence. There is but one winning chance for Home-Rule—and that is energy and a strong hand. If the Bill be not ready for the Lords by Easter, it will be in grievous strait." Another interesting feature of the article is Mr. Harrison's idea of what Home-Rule should be. The Irish Parliament should be as independent as those of Canada and Victoria. The Imperial Parliament is to have a power of legislation in Imperial matters, but hardly of absolute veto. Irish members are to be retained in the English Parliament, though possibly in reduced numbers. Incidentally Mr. Harrison uses a great deal of strong language. "Mars" is the subject of an interesting article by Sir Robert Ball, F.R.S. E. B. Lanin contributes another of his onslaughts upon things Russian, this time under the heading of "Cholera and Cleanliness in Russia." It avers the existence of a sufficiently loathsome indifference to cleanliness in that country. "August Strindberg" is a

paper by Justin Huntly McCarthy calling attention to a Swedish dramatist, compared with whose pessimism, Mr. McCarthy says, the works of Ibsen are cheerful. "Two Australian Writers," by Francis Adams, is another pleasant piece of literary criticism. Marcus Clark and Adam Lindsay Gordon are the authors treated. "Mulready" and "Prince Victor of Hohenlohe" are the subjects of reminiscent articles. "New Japan" is an unusually interesting article.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH commences the September number of the *Nineteenth Century* with an article headed "The Contest for the Presidency," which, of course, is a frank, concise and clear review of the situation, presenting many strange anomalies in modern electioneering practices, and the alarming consequences of party Government made dishonest by the absolute necessity of pandering to contending factions in commercial life, as well as the more dangerously and bitterly-opposed elements which are severed from each other by differences in creed and nationality. Gen. Sir John Adye writes in defence of "Short Service," which was introduced in 1870. An extremely interesting article on "The Release of Arabi," whose cause was so ably espoused by the writer, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, during the Egyptian war, forms a strong indictment of the then existing Government in England. This is followed by a suggested "Anglo-Saxon Olympiad," in which Mr. J. Astley Cooper advocates a periodic festival for the English-speaking races, and which has the hearty approval of Mr. Froude and other prominent university men. Sir Herbert Maxwell writes on "The Last Great Roman," Stilicho. A short and pathetic story, entitled "Swanton Mill," by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, the plot of which is laid in Norfolk, England, contains two or three admirable portraits and an exquisitely-realistic description of simple country life. Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons writes in defence of the French Empress, under an article headed "The French Empress and the German War," in reply to a book published anonymously under the title of "An Englishman in Paris," in which the author sought to establish the fact that the Empress was responsible for having "driven France into a war with the only great Protestant power on the continent." An able and interesting article on "Globe-Trotting in New Zealand," by the Countess of Galloway; "The Italian Colony on the Red Sea," by the Marquis A. Di San Giuliano; "The Protective Colour in Animals," the product evidently of wide research and accurate scientific knowledge, by the Rev. B. G. Johns; "Carlyle and the Rose-Goddess," by George Strachey; a pleasant and entertaining paper about "Clergymen," by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell, and an extremely clever and statesmanlike paper on the great question of Imperial Federation, entitled "A Zollverein of the British Dominions," by Sir Julius Vogel, complete a valuable issue of this most popular magazine.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

WOLCOTT BALESTIER'S posthumous novel "Benefits Forgot" will appear in the *Century* during the coming year. It is a story of life in Colorado.

It is said that Lord Tennyson's new play will be published before Christmas, but nothing has been settled as to whether it will be performed before it is issued in book form.

THE PRINCE DE CARDÉ has, it is said, bought the manuscript of Tasso's prose treatise in defence of his great poem. It fills three hundred pages, and is believed to be entirely in the poet's handwriting.

MR. LUCY'S "Diary of Two Parliaments" is about to become a "Diary of Three." The volumes dealing with the Disraeli and Gladstone Parliaments will be supplemented by one covering the period of the late Parliament under the premiership of Lord Salisbury.

"MAARTEN MAARTENS," the ablest of the new Dutch school of novelists, resides at Meerlanbroek, where he has a fine chateau. His real name is J. Van der Poorsen-Schwartz, and his manners are said to be exceedingly agreeable. He is a perfect master of the English language, an excellent conversationalist, and an adept at letter-writing.

A MEMORIAL to Mrs. Browning is to be raised in the town of Ledbury, Herefordshire, where the author of "Aurora Leigh" lived in her girlhood. The project is not a new one; but at a meeting held recently a workingmen's committee was appointed to assist in raising the proposed clock-tower, and a donation of fifty pounds from a Ledbury man, recently deceased, was announced.

A PAPYRUS MS., discovered a few months ago in Egypt, and said to be the oldest copy extant of portions of Zechariah and Malachi, is in fair preservation, and is believed to date from the third or fourth century. It is supposed to have been copied from some original of the Septuagint Bible, but several new readings have been found on a summary examination which, it is said, surpass some of the other Septuagint texts in clearness of expression and simplicity of grammar.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce publication of the following books: "Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, With photogravure reproductions of sixteen designs by F. O. C. Darley. "Zarchy Phips," a novel, by

Edwin Lassetter Bynner. "Children's Rights," a book of Nursery Logic, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. "An American Missionary in Japan," by M. L. Gordon, M. D., D. D. "Little-Folk Lyrics," by Frank Dempster Sherman.

PROF. H. H. BOYESEN'S novel, "The Light of Her Countenance," has been translated into German by Mathilde Mann and sold to the "Schlesische Zeitung" of Breslau. His "Daughter of the Philistines" has been translated into French by Mlle. Petremant, and published serially in the magazine, "Causeries Familiales"; while his collection of stories for the young, "The Modern Vikings," has been issued in Italian by Fratelli Treves of Milan.

THE article by Lady Jeune contributed to the *North American Review*, on "London Society," attracted extraordinary interest, especially in England, due, beyond doubt, to the intimate knowledge which she had of her subject. There was hardly a paper of importance in England which did not devote long editorials to it. In view of the criticisms, she has written a supplement to her first article, which is announced to appear in the October number of the *North American Review*.

"THE Geometrical Theory of the Determination of Prices" is the title of a recent monograph published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The author is the celebrated Swiss economist, Prof. Léon Walras, who, with Jevons and Menger, ranks foremost among economic writers on mathematical political economy. This is the first of Prof. Walras' writings to appear in English and was translated by Prof. Irving Fisher, of York University.

A SOCIETY of Archivists and Autograph Collectors is in process of formation in London. A temporary committee has been formed to serve until the regular election of officers. One of the primary objects is to band together for their mutual benefit collectors at present scattered over Europe and America, part of such mutual benefit being that it would facilitate the exchange of duplicate specimens, etc., among the members, by means of lists issued by the Society. The subscription for Fellows is to be a guinea a year, for members half a guinea, and for honorary members five shillings. The honorary secretary is Mr. Saxe Wyndham, Thornton Lodge, Thornton Heath, Surrey, England.

HERE is a letter addressed to Thackeray in "the philosopher's handsome cramped handwriting":—

CHelsea, 24th May, 1860.

Alas, dear Thackeray, I durst as soon undertake to dance a hornpipe on the top of Bond Steeple, as to eat a white-bait dinner in my present low and lost state! Never in my life was I at such a pass. You are a good brother man; and I am grateful. Pray for me, and still hope for me if you can.

Yours ever,  
T. CARLYLE.

Thackeray was a great admirer of Carlyle. In a letter to his mother, written in 1839, he says: "I wish you could get Carlyle's miscellaneous criticisms. I have read a little in the book. A nobler one does not live in our language, I am sure, and one that will have such an effect on our ways of thought and prejudices. Criticism has been a party matter with us till now, and literature is a poor political lacquey. Please God we shall begin ere long to love art for art's sake. It is Carlyle who has worked more than any other to give it its independence."—*The Lounger, in New York Critic*.

THE announcement of a new historical novel by "Edna Lyall" on the lines of "In the Golden Days," to be published before Christmas, causes us to read with additional interest the description given by the author herself to Mrs. Cooper-Oakley of her method in novel writing, which is printed in the *Novel Review*. "Edna Lyall" is reported to have said: "The conception of the principal character comes first, and then I plan the circumstances in which the character is to be developed. Afterwards I work in the secondary characters, the events, and surroundings, so as best to evolve and sustain the central figures." To this the interviewer adds: "Miss Bayly does not exhaust herself by long hours of work, neither 'rising with the lark nor burning the midnight oil,' but she generally writes for two or three hours during the morning. She gets rapidly through her labours with the aid of a typewriter, and by thus guarding against over-fatigue she will doubtless long preserve the freshness of style which is such a characteristic of her books. It is a curious fact to notice that her best work is done when she feels least inclined for it."—*London Literary World*.

THE *Boston Weekly Bulletin* has the following: "The younger Charles Dickens, in his introduction to the new edition of 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' reminds the reader that his father had not intended to let Little Nell die, but that this end to her career was the result of an acute bit of criticism on the part of Mr. Forster. To George Cattermole, who illustrated most of the Little Nell portion of the book, and to whom Charles Dickens wrote very elaborate descriptions of scenes with which he wished particular care taken, the novelist said: 'I am breaking my heart over this story, and cannot bear to finish it,' and 'I am for the time being nearly dead with work and grief for the loss of my child.' To the Rev. William Harness, declining a dinner invitation, he wrote: 'I must occupy myself in finishing the "Curiosity Shop," and it is such a painful task to me that I must concentrate myself upon it tooth and nail, and go out nowhere until it is done.' And to Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton:

'That Nellicide was the act of Heaven, as you may see any of these fine mornings when you look about you. If you knew the pain it gave me—but what am I talking of? If you don't know, nobody does.' Here Charles Dickens, the younger, frees his mind in regard to the critics of the day who have discussed this part of the story: 'It would,' he says, 'be well, I think, if a certain class of critics, great and small, who are so fond of using certain conventional cant phrases about Charles Dickens' pathos being exaggerated and forced and overstrained, and all the rest of it, would reflect for a moment that in such a case as this, for instance, what he gave to the public was simply what he felt himself.'

THE first announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons for the coming season comprise the following publications: Irving's "Conquest of Granada," the Agapida edition, printed from new electrotype plates, and illustrated with photogravures from photographs, many of which were taken especially for this edition. "Scenes From the Life of Christ," pictured in Holy Word and Sacred Art, edited by Jessica Cone. "The Ariel Edition of Shakespeare's Works," to be completed in thirty-nine volumes; each play is presented in a separate volume. In the Knickerbocker Nugget Series, "The Wit and Wisdom of Charles Lamb," comprising selections from Lamb's letters and essays, together with anecdotes by his friends, compiled by Ernest Dressel North, with portrait from a drawing by Hancock in 1798. "Whist Nuggets," papers about whist and whist players, compiled by W. G. McGuckin. Chapman's translation of "The Iliads of Homer"; with Flaxman's illustrations, to which have been added additional designs from Greek vases, in three volumes. "German Folk Songs," printed in the original text, and compiled by Prof. H. S. White, of Cornell University, uniform with the Ballad volumes of the "Nuggets." The fourth and concluding volume of "The Writings and Correspondence of John Jay," edited by Prof. Henry P. Johnston, of the College of the City of New York. The fourteenth and concluding volume of "The Writings of George Washington," edited by Worthington C. Ford. The first volume of "The Writings and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson," edited by Paul Leicester Ford, and to be completed in ten volumes. To the Story of the Nations Series will be added "Freeman's Story of Ancient Sicily" and "Duffy's Story of the Tuscan Republics." To the Heroes of the Nations Series will be added "Sergeant's John Wyclif" and "Napoleon," and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France, by W. O'Connor Morris. "The Church in the Roman Empire, A. D. 64-170," with chapters of later Christian History in Asia Minor, by W. H. Ramsay, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Aberdeen. "A French Ambassador (Le Comte de Cominges) at the Court of Charles II.," from his unpublished correspondence, edited by J. J. Jusserand. "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians," by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu; translated, with annotations, from the third French edition, by Z. A. Ragozin. "Studies of Travel in Greece and Italy," by the late Edward A. Freeman. "Short Stalks: A Narrative of Hunting Trips, North, South, East and West," by Edward N. Buxton, with sixty illustrations. "Japan in Art and Industry;" translated from the French of Félix Régamey by Mrs. E. L. Sheldon. "The Customs and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples," by the Marquis de Nadailac; translated, with the authority of the author, by N. D'Anvers.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bourget, Paul. Pastels of Men. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Choate, Isaac Bassett. Wells of English. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Lyons, Rev. Daniel. Christianity and Infallibility. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Payne, Edward John. History of America, Vol. 1. \$3.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Winter, Wm. Old Shrines and Ivy. 75c. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Map of the Muskoka Lakes. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.

It is a noble word degraded sadly, this word *politics*; it has in it the thought of the old pride for Jerusalem, for Rome, for Athens, even for Tarsus, which has not only adorned the great cities of the world, but has made the great citizens. It goes higher even than that, as it involves St. Augustine's splendid plea for the Civitas Dei, and reminds us that the Church of God on earth is type and threshold of the golden-streeted city, the heavenly Jerusalem. Dragged in the mire of to-day, by the selfishness of men and the unscrupulousness of parties, there is a high and holy element in political matters, about which the clergy have grave duties to discharge. . . . Deeper and farther down, because not touching questions that are merely of the day, lies the tremendous duty upon every man who is charged with the cure of souls perpetually to impress upon people—sometimes with the voice of one who cries in the wilderness in denunciation of sin, and sometimes with the tenderer appeal that holds up the splendid standards of the gospel and the character of Christ,—the great principles of purity, righteousness, truth, manhood, and the courage of convictions, as against the cowardice of mere expediency, cost whatever the maintenance of these principles may.—*Wm. Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany, in North American Review*.

It is gratifying to note the steady advance made both in quality and artistic finish of the fittings of the various financial and business houses throughout the country, and it is doubtless due largely to the fact that the required articles can be obtained in Canada equal in finish and quality to those heretofore imported. Foremost in this industry might be mentioned the Canadian Office and School Furniture Company of Preston, which has during the last few years made rapid strides in this particular branch. Among the recent works undertaken and completed by them might be mentioned the head office of the Dominion Bank of this city, Lindsay branch of the same bank, Bank of Commerce at Barrie, and the branches of the Imperial Bank in Brandon, Manitoba, and Calgary, N. W. T., and Fergus, Ont., two new Loan Companies' offices at Guelph and St. Thomas, and the new Court House in Woodstock, Ont., together with many leading drug stores in almost every Province of the Dominion. The firm have recently added largely to their factory, consequently much increased their facilities for promptly filling orders. Anyone requiring work of this class, office or library desks, etc., etc., should write to them for their descriptive catalogue which has been recently issued.

JOSEPH RUBY, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with scrofula humor, till he was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE importance of keeping the surface and extremities of the body warm during brainwork has long been recognized in a general way; but Professor Mosso, of Turin, has demonstrated that when the brain is active much more blood is sent to it from the peripheral parts of the body. He has also found that the circulation of the blood in the brain is subject to fluctuations which are apparently not dependent on physical activity. Fatigue caused by brainwork acts as a poison, which affects all the organs, especially the muscular system. The blood of dogs fatigued by long racing also acts as a poison, and when injected into other dogs makes them exhibit all the symptoms of fatigue. Sense of fatigue seems to be due to the products of the nerve-cells rather than to the deficiency of proper substance.—*English Mechanic.*

THE TESTIMONIALS published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not extravagant, are not "written up," nor are they from its employees. They are facts, and prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute merit and is worthy the full confidence of the people.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

## "August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

**Doubting** medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

**Thomas.** want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

**Vomit** down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

**Every Meal.** down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

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### SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

ODOUR and colour of flowers was the subject of a paper read by George Sudworth before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Rochester, N. Y. The author called attention to the supposed evolution from a low to a high grade in the colour of flowers, "ranging from the simplest yellow to white, pink, red and the most perfect colour, blue." He described experiments seeming to prove that nectar-gathering insects of higher orders, such as honey bees, show a preference for the higher grade flowers. He believed colour, however, to have less influence than odour on insects. Honey bees work upon syrup scented with an artificial sweet odour, such as anise, but refuse to take the syrup when not scented.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THERE has lately been deposited in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a series of twelve mummified skeletons discovered in Egypt by Mr. Flinders Petrie, the well-known Egyptologist. These mummies (says the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*) are probably the most ancient that have yet been brought to light, their date being certainly not later than the fourth Egyptian dynasty, and possibly as early as 4,000 B.C., that is coeval with the Bible age of the world. The skeletons are those of a tall, well-proportioned race, with highly developed crania, and present the usual characteristics of mummies, such as ventral incisions, fine linen wrappings, etc. The linen bandages employed to swathe the bodies are three or four inches in width, made of flax, and of the finest texture. By Mr. Petrie's desire the skeletons have been placed in the hands of Dr. J. G. Garson to work out and describe, and his report will be awaited with considerable interest by anthropologists and Egyptologists.

VENOMOUS reptiles and insects, as the rattlesnake, "Gila Monster," tarantula, scorpion, centipede, etc., have reputations beyond their deserts for blood-thirstiness. Notwithstanding the numerous authentic cases of poisoning by them, I have yet to learn of one which cannot be fairly regarded as the *dernier ressort* of the animal in a defensive attitude. Give any one of these creatures a reasonable (to their notion) chance of escape and they will avail themselves of it in preference to attack. One may come upon them suddenly, and unconsciously put them in a position from which no escape is open; but, if they are let alone or given a free field, they will always avail themselves of it. I remember the case of a rattlesnake in Texas, which we had surrounded and which was menaced by clubs upon all sides. He ran for dear life, striving his best to pass the gaps between each pair of enemies, until, baffled at every point, he suddenly turned upon the writer for an attack. As soon, however, as this manoeuvre had opened a passage way in one direction, he darted off and was again caught only with great difficulty. So, in Indian Territory, among the Wichita Mountains, where the rattlesnakes are akin to boas in size and hideousness, they are woefully sluggish. I have encountered them there among the rocks and in the tall grass, with the sickening rattle sounding long enough to get far from harm before the dangerous thrust was made. My horse has almost stepped upon them in such situations in that region, as well as in Wyoming, Texas, Arizona and elsewhere, without further result than a scampering off of the snake. Much as the boa-constrictor is dreaded in Brazil, cases are exceedingly rare of the exercise of its undoubted power over humanity.—*Theodore B. Comstock, in Science.*

THROUGH the kindness of Professor H. J. Clements, M. D., of New Orleans, I had sent to me from the Louisiana swamps a half-dozen of the so-called "Congo snakes" early last spring. Two of them were adults of from twenty to thirty inches in length, the others being young ones not exceeding twelve inches from "tip to tip." They were shipped in damp gray "moss," *Tilandsia usneides*, and with a single exception all came through alive and in good condition. They were, for want of better quarters, placed in an aquarium in which were a number of fresh-water clams (*Unio*). At first they were quite sluggish and

seemed not at all disposed to be "at home" in their new surroundings. This was especially true of the adult. Gradually, however, the young "Congos" began to show signs of interest and appetite. I found an empty clam-shell one morning in the aquarium, and further observation soon explained it. No sooner did a clam show signs of declining vitality by an unusual gaping of the shell than it would be seized by one, often indeed by two, of the amphibians, and there was seldom any release till the shell had been relieved of its occupant. The struggle which ensued when two of them would seize a single clam was exciting and amusing in the extreme. Such tugging, writhing, and twisting into perplexing coils one seldom sees, especially among members of this class. They proved to be exceedingly voracious; and it was but a short time ere they had disposed of some two dozen clams and had shown a remarkable growth, proving the healthfulness of the diet. This activity, however, pertained only to the young. The adult became more and more sluggish, and it became evident within a fortnight that it would not long endure the conditions. It moreover became quite ugly of disposition, and would bite savagely at anything within reach, even maiming itself. It was consequently consigned to the dissecting-table. The clams having been disposed of by the others, they were left for a few days without food. My attention was one day attracted to the aquarium by an unusual commotion, and, to my surprise, upon examination, I found that one of the more thrifty had turned cannibal and had half-swallowed one of his less vigorous fellows. He was made to disgorge by a sharp squeeze about the thoracic region, and I hoped the thing was at an end. But in less than an hour the same thing was repeated even more savagely and upon the same victim. I immediately removed both from the tank, killing the badly injured one and leaving the other by itself. Within another day the same thing had been repeated between the two remaining in the aquarium, but was discovered before it had gone so far. They were subsequently fed upon fresh meat from other sources, birds, etc., but did not seem to thrive upon it, finally refusing to take it. They would take earthworms, but showed no disposition to take insect food. One of the number still lives in the same aquarium, and seems fairly at home, so long as fed satisfactorily. It has gone for some time without food with apparently no discomfort. These notes add something to our knowledge of their probable mode of life. That they are carnivorous is quite certain. At no time did they show any disposition to touch vegetation, though a variety was growing at hand. That under certain circumstances they, with others of their class, will turn cannibal, is also quite certain. I have known the common bull-frog, *Rana catesbiana*, to devour no less than a half-dozen fair-sized leopard frogs, *Rana virescens*, within as many days. The same disposition has been noted among the members of other genera. It is less common, indeed rare, between members of the same species and approximately the same size, as was the case under consideration.—*Charles W. Hargitt, in Science.*

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

*Cents.*—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. In fact I consider it a remedy no home should be without.

Cape Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.  
So SAY ALL.—That MINARD'S LINIMENT is the standard liniment of the day, as it does just what it is represented to do.

A RANCHERO in the Platte Valley, in referring to his isolated life, said: "Oh, you see, stranger, I'll make a big stake here after a while, and the climate is perfect. My family are well, except in wild-plum season, when the youngsters git all tied up with Cramps and Diarrhoea and Cholera Morbus and sich like, but I kin knock all sich complaints higher'n a kite with PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. I tell you it beats the world for complaints of the stomach, and there ain't a ranchero in the valley that hain't got a half dozen bottles lying around ready for emergencies."



Emma J. Frederick

## Our Baby

Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old *Scrofula Humor* spread over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, *itching and burning*, Hood's Sarsaparilla gave her new life and appetite. Then the humor subsided, the *itching and burning ceased*, and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well." I. W. FREDERICK, Danforth street, near Crescent ave., Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

MANY stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none have been more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City mirage, which makes its appearance near the Pacific glacier in Alaska, says the *Chicago Herald*. The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians, who would tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July, from 5 to 6 o'clock p.m. It rises from the side of the Pacific glacier. It first appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the spectre city, well-defined streets and trees, tall spires, huge and odd-shaped buildings, which appear to be ancient mosques or cathedrals. It is a city which would seem to contain at least 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles. Some claim it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can tell what or where it is. The mirage was given the name of "Silent City," as it appears to one like a dead city; there is nothing that would indicate it is inhabited.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

DR. D. G. BRINTON has the following in a recent number of *Science*: "The trenchant criticisms of Professor Sergi, of Rome, have already been referred to in these notes. He has recently published another of these in which he attacks and apparently demolishes the favourite theories of Professor Kollmann, of Basel, in relation to the analogy existing between the face and its members. The latter has long maintained that there is a constant correlation between the elements of the face of such a nature that to long faces correspond high orbits, narrow nasal apertures, and elongated palatine vaults; and to wide faces the converse of these characters; and that the types of races expressed in headforms will be a composite of the cephalic and facial indices. Professor Sergi arrives at quite a different conclusion. He points out from various series of skulls that in the purest types the craniological criteria vary very widely. In every race individual examples present the utmost diversity. As to any fixed correlation between the shape of the face and the facial indices, which is the *crux* of Kollmann's argument, it is a pure chimera. He presents a series of measurements, tabulated from African and American crania, which leave no doubt as to the accuracy of his assertions; and Dr. Collignon, who reviews his work for *L'Anthropologie*, accepts its conclusions as incontrovertible. This is another serious blow to that department of physical anthropology which has set up a few anatomical features as more important than those of language and mind, as criteria of peoples."