

THE WEEK:

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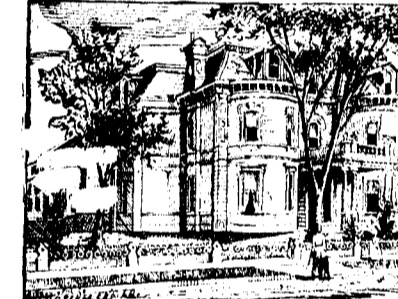
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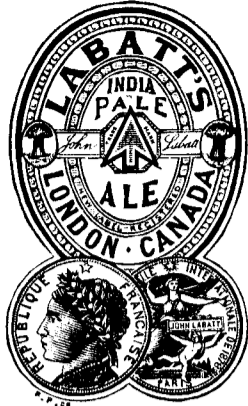
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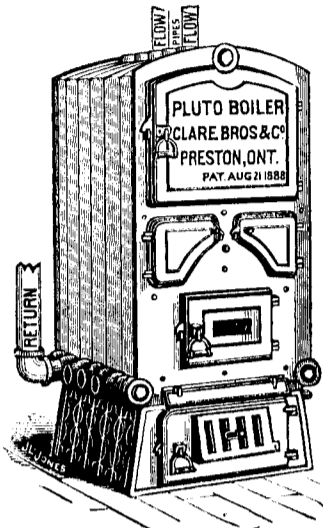
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WHEN Mr. E. A. Macdonald first took legal action to prevent the carrying into effect of the resolution which had been passed in the city council, by a large majority, in favour of giving the contract for working the Toronto Street Railway to the Kiely-Mackenzie-Everett syndicate, few of the more thoughtful citizens, we believe, attached much importance to his action. Corroborative evidence soon, however, gave the affair a more serious aspect, and Mr. Macdonald's strange letter announcing his withdrawal of the action gave a still deeper colour to the growing suspicion that underhand and dishonourable influences had been at work. Subsequent events have not proved that such suspicions are well founded, but they have so far tended to confirm them that it is now imperative that a thorough investigation shall take place. The bank cheque, a fac-simile of which has been published by the *Empire*, adds confirmation too strong to admit of doubt to Mr. E. A. Macdonald's statement that he was paid \$4,500 by Mr. Noel Marshall to secure withdrawal of the action which he had entered. The doctrine of probabilities seems strongly against the correctness of Mr. Marshall's statement that he paid this money out of his own private funds and without the knowledge of the principals of the syndicate, simply to prevent delay in the completion of the contract. Certainly the possibility, not to say presumption, of wrong-doing is altogether too great to permit the transfer of the road until the whole matter has been sifted to the bottom. If the members of the syndicate are innocent of any use or attempted use of corrupt means in their endeavour to secure the contract, they have much to gain by having the fact clearly established, even at the cost of some delay in obtaining possession of the road. They should not only assent to but demand the most searching enquiry, and let their uprightness be shown in the light of noonday. In that event the confidence of the citizens will be increased rather than lessened, in consequence of the serious attack that has been made upon them. It is to be hoped most devoutly that the rash counsels of those who are urging the immediate ratification of the contract may not prevail. The city of Toronto cannot afford to run any risk of hand-

ing over so valuable a property for so many years to a company that would stoop to bribery in order to secure it. It is time that Canadian corporations of all kinds, from the civic to the national, should refuse to entrust the property and interests of the people whom they respectively represent to any but upright and high minded men. The citizens of Toronto should with one accord demand that this very suspicious business be probed to the bottom, in order that the brand of dishonour, which certainly is merited by some, may be placed upon the right brows. By all means let the investigation be at once commenced, and let it be keen and thorough, and if possible short and decisive.

THE work of the Investigating Committees at Ottawa is still being pushed with vigour. Last week's proceedings added important links to the chain of evidence in support of Mr. Tarte's charges. Whatever may be the outcome in the case of the Minister of Public Works himself, the evidence already adduced is ample to prove that the state of things which has existed for years past in his department is a deep and lasting disgrace to Canada. The preliminary report of the expert accountants has placed beyond a doubt that the sums filched from the public chest by the one firm of contractors run up into the hundreds of thousands. It is well known, too, we believe, that the report of the engineers whom the Committee has called to its aid, which report will no doubt have been made public before this number of THE WEEK goes to press, will still further confirm the tale of fraud and rascality. And the end is not yet. The ears of the public are shortly to be made to tingle more keenly than ever, we are told, by further revelations from the Public Accounts Committee, or elsewhere. Certain events which took place in each of the Committees last week give some colour to these rumours. They have, at least, aroused a suspicion in some quarters that neither of the Committees is to be allowed so free a hand in the future as in the past. Sir John Thompson, for the first time, allowed his patience to fail, and gave utterance to what may be regarded as an intimation or a threat that legal restraints will be more rigidly applied to the proceedings of the Committee on Privileges and Elections in the future, than they have been hitherto. The Ministers of the Crown who are directing the course of the enquiries in the other Committee provoked a heated discussion by resolutely, not to say obstinately, limiting the scope of the evidence in certain directions. In both cases the Ministers may have been legally and technically right. We question whether they were not tactically, not to say morally, wrong. Affairs have now reached a stage at which anything that may be construed into an inclination on the part of Ministers to restrict or obstruct enquiry will be looked upon with distrust and will tend to strengthen the worst suspicions. Unless Sir Hector Langevin really fears enquiry—which would be tantamount to confession—he would be wise to insist that the Committees be allowed the widest liberty and helped rather than hindered, even in their alleged "fishing" enquiries. If it be not Sir Hector's fault, it is his sad misfortune that the circumstantial evidence is very strong against him. If he is really innocent of gross corruption he cannot be proved guilty by any possible evidence, and his wisest course would be to insist on the fullest investigation of every suspicious incident.

TO what extent is the public sentiment of Canada really aroused by what is going on at Ottawa? Indications are not wanting that the facts there being brought to light are telling unfavourably upon the reputation of the Dominion abroad, especially in England and in the United States. That Canada is disgraced and is in danger of being still more deeply disgraced in the eyes of the nations is a humiliating fact. Nothing else could be expected. But what is the effect in Canada itself? The *Globe* complains that the ministers of the Christian churches are not taking up the question as they should, in view of the great moral interests involved. We are sometimes assured that the whole country is in a ferment of anxiety or indignation, but we must confess that we are unable to perceive any very marked indications of such a state of feeling. Perhaps it is too soon to expect strong manifestations. Perhaps the justice-loving instincts of the people, irrespective

of party, are prompting them to hold their judgment in suspense, until all the evidence is before them. If this is so, it is well. Hasty judgments are often unjust, and always unreliable. But we are inclined to suspect that other causes, causes growing out of the intense partyism which is so characteristic of the majority, are at work. Said, in effect, a man of intelligence and education the other day, when reference was made to the scandals: "Tell me, what does all the shouting amount to? I take a daily paper, but have not time to wade through column after column relating to these investigations, and if I had I should be almost as much in the dark after as before, because I would not know what to believe and what to disbelieve. Though a party man, myself, I have learned to have a profound distrust of the party paper as a medium for the conveyance of facts in regard to party questions." The result was, in this case, that the speaker had little or no real knowledge of the evidence that has been brought to light. He had formed no opinions and was really giving little thought or attention to the matter. We suspect that the case may be typical of thousands, and that to this want of knowledge, rather than to any characteristic indifference to the conduct of public business, or the state of public morals, it is due that there are as yet so few indications of deep public feeling in the matter. And this profound distrust of partyism lies at the bottom, we have no doubt, of the seeming apathy of the pulpit, of which complaint is justly made. There are many honourable exceptions, no doubt, but as a rule it is to be feared that Canadian preachers are not fearless preachers of political righteousness. Nor have we noticed any very marked demonstrations of virtuous horror in the religious press of the country. These are probably absent partly for reasons similar to the above, and partly because editors realize that the question of public morals has not yet emerged with sufficient distinctness from the region of party politics, to admit of safe handling. They do not, perhaps, realize that they might and should lend powerful aid in lifting the moral question out of and above the mire of partisanship. It is strange and somewhat discouraging that good men and good journals on both sides of politics do not more clearly perceive that the best interests of their respective parties, as well as the honour and reputation of Canada, demand the complete purification of the political atmosphere, and a determination on the part of all that the men in public life in Canada shall henceforth as a rule be, as an exceptional few on both sides now are—men whose honour is above suspicion.

THAT the reciprocity amendment of Sir Richard Cartwright would be defeated in the Dominion Commons as soon as it reached a vote, there never has been any doubt. The amendment offered to Mr. Foster's motion to consider the Government Tariff Bill in the form of a resolution requiring the Government to "reduce all duties on articles of prime necessity," and to conduct the proposed negotiations with the United States "on the basis of the most extended reciprocal trade." This was a flat contradiction of the Government programme, and to have carried it would have been sufficient cause for the resignation of the Ministry, and so the Government put forth effort to defeat it. This they succeeded in doing in a full House by a majority of twenty-six. This majority significantly shows that the revelations of official corruption have not yet broken the ranks of the Conservatives, as the Liberals had hoped and some Conservatives had feared.

IT will be very gratifying to lovers of peace to learn that Lord Salisbury takes so hopeful a view of the present state of affairs in Europe. When one looks at the state of things actually existing among the great powers it is difficult to avoid querying whether the Prime Minister's view may not err on the side of optimism. Great and constantly growing armies and military preparations increased to a point which lays upon the shoulders of the unfortunate peasant an almost intolerable burden of taxation, afford a strange if not a precarious foundation for lasting peace. Can Europe be called tranquil at a time when an offensive and defensive Alliance has just been again concluded between three of its great powers, while a counter understanding which, though it may not yet have taken

definite treaty form, has been concluded between two other great powers which, though themselves wide as the poles asunder in their political institutions and forms of government, are yet united by the stronger bond of a common jealousy, a common dread, and perhaps even a common hatred of their great rivals? No one can for a moment doubt that if France felt strong enough to overpower her mighty neighbour and wrest the lost provinces from her grasp, the attempt would be made before this season is over. No one can doubt that if Russia felt strong enough, either alone or with the aid of France, the Eastern question would be settled in a fashion very different from that which on Lord Salisbury now felicitates the world. The Premier is represented as having attached great value to the visits of Emperor William and the Prince of Naples in assuring the world of the peaceful ideas of the great powers. But it is impossible to forget that these visits are between friendly nations and at least possible allies, and that, instead of allaying the animosity of the hostile powers, they have had really the opposite effect, of rekindling it to an intense heat. To hereditary enemies the warlike pageants and the roar of cannon which attend every step of the royal visitors' progress, speak the language of defiance not of conciliation, and stimulate revengeful passion rather than beget a love of peace. These methods may put off the evil day to an indefinite future, but the day of secure and lasting peace in Europe will never dawn until the work of general disarmament shall have been commenced in earnest. If Lord Salisbury and the Queen he serves could but bring influence to bear to bring about an international movement in this direction, they might indeed earn the gratitude of oppressed millions and inherit the blessing pronounced upon the genuine peacemakers.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet the other day touched upon many of the greatest questions of the time with the force that belongs to his strong personality, as well as with the weight that attaches to the words of the Prime Minister of Great Britain. To what extent the improved condition of Ireland is due to coercion, as distinct from the effects of the Land Act and other remedial legislation of this and preceding Parliaments, is a question upon which there is, notwithstanding his clear expression, room for difference of opinion. It remains also to be seen whether the absence during the present session of the obstruction which formerly hindered legislation is due so much to either or both of the above causes as to the fact that those who have hitherto played the obstructionist rôle have been weakened and almost paralyzed by the divisions in their ranks caused by Parnell's extraordinary course. There can be no doubt, however, that the successive Land Acts have proved most powerful palliatives of Irish discontent, as well they might, seeing that they strike at the root of the greatest evils which have so long afflicted that unhappy country. Whether these or any other measures, short of Home Rule in some form, will prove a permanent cure of Irish discontent, as Lord Salisbury believes, is perhaps more doubtful. The fact that Mr. Balfour is promising a large measure of local self-government, after the plan of that granted to England and Scotland, shows his conviction that something further will have to be done. Evidently he hopes, by the concession of the smaller measure of Home Rule, to obviate the necessity for the larger one demanded. Whether this result will follow, is at least doubtful. It seems quite as likely that the County Council may be accepted as the thin end of the wedge of Home Rule, to be driven further by a later Parliament, under the stress of the better organized pressure which the County Council system will enable the local "patriots" to bring to bear. Be that as it may, the course proposed by the Government is clearly the wisest it could adopt, and another proof of the astuteness of Lord Salisbury and his able lieutenant, Mr. Balfour. It is in the first place directly in line with the policy already so well inaugurated, that of the devolution of a portion of the burden of purely local legislation from the long over-laden back of Parliament to the shoulders upon which it most fittingly rests. And, then, in this case, as in that of the Land Bill, the Government will once more by adopting the safer and better part of the Opposition policy compel the Opposition, for consistency's sake, to support its measures. Meanwhile, the other remedial agencies already set in operation will be doing their work of pacification, valuable time will have been gained, and there is at least room to hope that the vitality of the Home Rule agitation may be gradually decaying.

THE latest reports from China indicate that the area of disturbance is being enlarged. According to some accounts the whole Empire is in a ferment, and on the eve of another great rebellion. Hence the massacre of missionaries in one quarter and the placards threatening foreigners in others are regarded as the outcome of the rebel temper and policy, the chief aim being to embroil the nation with foreigners in order to embarrass and cripple the Government. Be that as it may, the fact that warships are coming together from all parts of Chinese and Japanese waters, and that the Yang-tsi-Kiang is covered with men-of-war flying the British, American, French, German, Russian and Spanish flags, shows that serious trouble is anticipated. The ambassadors appear to be acting in concert to a degree which is itself an evidence that they believe the danger to be serious. The Government at Peking is said to be paralyzed with terror, fearing lest evil days like those of the great Taeping rebellion may be in store for the country. It is quite possible that all these rumours are wide of the mark, and that the disorders may prove to be local in character and temporary. If it be true, as is rumoured in the last reports, that other mission stations are being attacked and further massacres of missionaries taking place, the Empire is certainly in danger of being held to a strict accountability. Hitherto, however, the Government seems to have done everything in its power to prevent, or put a stop to, outrages and protect foreigners, and so long as such a disposition is shown, it is likely that foreign nations will recognize the difficulties of the situation and act with forbearance, especially since they all probably desire the continuance of the present Chinese Government.

DURING his visit to the United States a little while ago, the Rev. Mr. Barnet made the startling assertion that labour conditions in the city of Boston were worse than in the city of London. In a series of sermons, the Rev. Louis A. Banks, an eloquent minister of the Episcopal Methodist Church in South Boston, has recently made public facts discovered by his own personal investigations which go far to prove the truth of Mr. Barnet's statements. Some of these facts are truly appalling. For example, a woman with a three-year-old child to support was making for a leading dry-goods firm white aprons, a yard long, hemmed across the bottom and on both sides, making, with the strings, six long seams. For these she was paid at the munificent rate of fifteen cents a dozen. By working sixteen hours she could make four dozen a day, but the care of her child prevented her from making more than three dozen, thus earning forty-five cents. Even this poor pittance was reduced to forty by an express charge which she was obliged to pay for the carriage of the goods. Another woman makes trousers, or "pants," some of them "custom" work, for ten cents a pair. Another makes cheap overcoats at four cents apiece, another knee "pants" for boys at sixteen cents a dozen pairs. Still another, an English woman, is working on fine cloth pants. By working very long hours she can complete four pairs a day. She receives thirteen cents a pair. Perhaps the most painfully suggestive among many harrowing cases is that of a young woman who was making overalls, in which by actual measurement there were in each pair 32½ feet of sewing, for five cents a pair, less expressage for the lot, to and fro. Says a writer in the *Christian Union*, from whose account we quote: "The poor girl stated that while she was compelled to make a dozen pairs a day, in the House of Correction, where some of the work was done, they had but to finish eight pairs a day and had comfortable lodgings and good food." Was it strange "that she had sometimes asked herself whether it would not be better to commit some crime and be incarcerated, where life would be far more endurable than in the close and noisome tenement?" Such are some of the fruits of the "sweating" process, as carried on in the "cultured" city of Boston, the home of American Philosophy. One would be tempted to preach a homily to his Republican neighbours on the blackness of human greed, or to moralize on the terrible fruits of the much belauded law of competition, in business life across the border, were one but sure that nothing of the kind is going on in our own city and country. But when we think of the prices at which many articles of ready-made clothing and other products of hand-labour are placarded for sale in the doors and windows of shops in the city of Toronto, we can but shrewdly guess and fear that the sweater is not unknown in our fair city, and that if we could but go behind the scenes and trace the process of manufacture of some of these marvellously cheap articles,

we might find that those who purchase them are dealing in the very life-forces of their fellow-beings. Alas, that even in our most prosperous places "bread should be so dear and human life so cheap."

WE have on former occasions commented on the injury that is likely to be inflicted on British publishers by the provision of the American Copyright Act which requires that, in order to enjoy its protection, the works of foreign authors must be printed from plates prepared in the United States. In other words, all the mechanical work necessary to publication must be done on this side of the ocean. If the same conditions were laid down and enforced by the British Copyright law in regard to the publishing of the works of United States authors in Great Britain, the two selfish enactments might counterbalance each other and neither country be much the worse. As matters are, the advantage seems to be wholly on the side of the American publisher. It has been popularly supposed, and the thought is one of the first that suggests itself, that the result of the clauses in the United States Act referred to might be that both the English and American editions of new and important works of British authors would be printed from American plates. But here another difficulty, and a very serious one, presents itself. American plates, as the *Times* has pointed out, involve American spelling, and American spelling, as we all know, is an abomination in the eyes of British readers. The conservative instincts of the people, so slow to accept innovations, would scarcely be able to survive the loss of the *u* in *labour*, *honour*, etc., and of various other superfluous letters in other words. The outcome of the difficulty will be watched with a good deal of curiosity. Meanwhile, British authors seem disposed to accept the new American law with satisfaction and thankfulness, leaving all such minor matters to adjust themselves, as they will soon do, to the new conditions.

OTTAWA LETTER.

IT was broad daylight on Wednesday morning last week when the division on Sir Richard Cartwright's amendment to the tariff resolutions was reached at last, but the galleries held a number of spectators, among them not a few of the sex described as fair. That adjective must be confined to physical qualities, for if ever you wish to hear the purest partisanship—it would hardly do to say unblushingly expressed—the talk in the little coterie of women who affect "going to the House" affords the opportunity. Even admiration of Mr. Laurier's or Mr. Chapleau's oratory, or appreciation of the conversational powers of certain "whips," is qualified by expression of feeling too strong and too keenly worded to be merely regret that the particular man under discussion is on the wrong side. His female critic is invariably on the right one. And as for the uncouthness, stupidity or general "bad form" of somebody, is it not always made up for by his being "such a good Conservative, you know," or Liberal, as the case may be? This simplicity of motive and thought is very feminine, and therefore doubtless very charming. Perhaps it but expresses the relative crudity of the Canadian masculine idea of politics. It leaves, however, the field still open for any ambitious woman who is qualified, capable and desirous to exercise in Ottawa that subtle, refined, and at times potent, influence which is well known at Westminster, but which has never been possessed to any extent here, even by the wives of the last two Premiers, with all the genuine respect and liking each of these gained in society at large and in their political relations.

The vote gave the Government a majority of twenty-six in an almost full House. Two seats vacant, which may fairly be put down as Conservative, would offset the possible defection of Messrs. Tarte and Savard, so this figure represents pretty well the actual majority. It shows that the Conservatives, in spite of minor differences, have made up their minds to stand solidly together on their old trade platform, and have not weakened at all in their waving of the old flag though the old leader is gone.

With the tariff debate out of the way, the clearing of the decks for the next serious encounter at close quarters began. The remainder of the week was given to legislation and a number of Bills, nearly all of minor importance, were passed and sent to the Senate, which body is now pretty busy. Among the incidents of preparation for the political struggle in the bye-elections was a Bill to extend the time for preparing the Lists of Voters under the Electoral Franchise Act from the 1st to the 15th of August. All available recruits are being actively drummed up by both parties, and the Revising Officers are having a busy time of it.

The Royal Assent that converts a Bill into an Act was given on Friday to this measure, two other Government Bills and a lot of private Bills, including four divorce Bills. For the third time this session the Assent has been given by deputy, as is usual during the course of a session, even when the Governor-General is in town. On this occasion

Mr. Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court of Canada, officiated instead of Chief Justice Sir William Ritchie, who is away for a holiday. The ceremony, never an impressive one at best, and usually associated with empty seats in the Senate, a straggling attendance at the Bar of M.P.'s, messengers, and pages to represent the Commons, and an absence of the uniforms and gowns that lend colour and "go" to the opening of Parliament, was even tamer this time. Judge Strong's scarlet and ermine robed figure, topped by the quaint three-cornered hat, was in queer contrast to all its modern and business-like surroundings. On the right, instead of Sir John Macdonald, gorgeous in Windsor uniform and collar of his order, and surrounded by his Cabinet, clothed like unto glorified policemen, stood Mr. Abbott all alone, and in the familiar grey coat, which testifies to a liking for hard work, with no fuss about it; on the left a solitary A.D.C. in blue undress. Even the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod had foregone gold lace and feathered cocked hat for his ordinary black official garments, in which he waits upon the Senate, and very properly, no doubt, indicated in his bows the lesser reverence due to a symbolism twice removed from the thing symbolized. The Commons came and leaned unawed upon the brass railings that separate the outer court of the Temple, where Senators may walk and talk—aye, and flirt sometimes upon the red-cushioned benches that run along the walk—from the holy ground whereon none but Senators may tread, which leads up to the Throne before which all men do obeisance as they pass, empty though it may be. Spectators strolled in and out through the open doors, and talked unrestrainedly all the time while the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery read the titles of the Bills in a perfunctory way, quite different from the solemn and sonorous tones that he used in presence of His Excellency. The table of the House was unadorned by the portly presence of the Chaplain, or by the silk stockings, steel buckled Master-in-Chancery, with a scarlet bag full of emptiness, who matches the Clerk-of-the-Crown-in-Chancery in slinness and waxed moustache, as the Clerks assistant match each other in breadth of shoulder and thickness of grey beard, while all wear the involuntary tonsure, so appropriate to their surroundings, which are aged if not old. The list was rattled through in English and in French. The Clerk of the Senate, with a grave sense of the exceeding importance and dreadful responsibility devolving upon it—a sense not shared apparently by everybody else—declared in jerky tones that, "In Her Majesty's name, the Deputy of His Excellency the Governor General, doth assent to these Bills," renewed his bow to the presence on the Throne and repeated the formula in French, concluding with another bow of seeming apology for his intrusion. The triangular hat was lifted in stiff salute to the Commons who bundled out after their Speaker and their Mace. The Black Rod bowed before the Deputy Governor who, saluting the Senate right and left, tucked up his gown after the fashion of men compelled to wear skirts, descended the steps of the dais, and the little procession disappeared abruptly. Then the Senate set at work again upon some query about the Intercolonial Railway. The whole performance had an air of being out of date, the audience knowing that it was getting very near the end of its run on the parliamentary boards, and of the actors sharing that knowledge. But of this was the suggestion from a spectacular point of view, there was another from the practical one. There was undeniably a business-like air which has hitherto been wanting, a feeling among those present that the time has come at last when great changes will be made not only in men but in methods of public business. It is a sign of the times, even though it be only a straw to show the direction of the wind.

The mention of the Intercolonial Railway is a reminder that at the end of the debate Mr. Abbott gave a contradiction to reports current a short time ago, by announcing positively that the Government had never thought of disposing of the railway or of acquiring the branch lines which serve as its feeders. It will be remembered there was a rumour that a successful effort had been made to unload on the Government all these Lower Province railways which, with only one or two exceptions, have proved unprofitable investments. The "Scandal Committees" have been busy enough. The McGreevy investigation has reached the close of the case for the prosecution, but in the Public Accounts Committee fresh charges or rather motions for papers wherewith to establish or to manufacture charges—the word depends on the political stripe of its user—are made at every meeting. The Arnoldi affair continues to be the most serious of the disclosures as yet made there, as it is so connected in the public mind with the other matters affecting Sir Hector Langevin's department, which the Privileges and Elections Committee is dealing with. Mr. Arnoldi's defiant demeanour added not a little to the effect of his admissions, and his "precedents," in the shape of doubtful transactions under the Mackenzie régime, were merely a case of the pot calling the kettle black. The attempts to get at the bottom of Mr. Charlebois' exclusion of other contractors from the new Departmental Buildings, and to find out the "inwardness" of the silver plate testimonial presented to Sir Hector Langevin when those buildings were finished, have so far been unsuccessful. The attack upon Mr. Dewdney was based upon such petty grounds, and the duties of a "Minister's messenger" are so well understood to be to a combination of those of an official porter and a personal attendant, that the objections to its being pursued further do not meet with any very serious condemnation. The charges against

Mr. Haggart's department, involving him personally, were proceeded with to-day, but in the unfinished state of the evidence no conclusion can be drawn.

One of the principal events in the Tarte Committee was the tragic and sad breakdown of Mr. Perley under the combined strain of worry, anxiety, ill health, and the severe questioning of so many experienced and searching cross-examiners. That a newspaper should actually apply the words "old man" to him, who is really as far as age goes in the prime of life, is the best instance of the physical effect upon him of this affair. The scene in the Committee-room was exceedingly pitiable, and perhaps convinced some who had previously been incredulous as to the possibility of his innocence, that after all he had been, perhaps, but an unconscious tool of unscrupulous men.

Mr. Laforce Langevin's evidence was a fine example of what is now known as "the Quebec idea." This is best summed up in his own opinion that people who have big contracts ought naturally to contribute to election funds. His actual testimony was not one-tenth as damaging as his self-sufficient complacency and fatuous laughter. His ignorance was of a totally different order from that of witnesses like Messrs. Murphy, McGreevy and the Connollys trio, but it had the same kind of effect. Mr. Larkin's examination created a diversion, and for a time the boot was on the other leg when his own political friends of the Opposition had to put up with suggestions that they, too, might have election subscriptions, and come to the help of friends in need. The discovery that Mr. Thomas McGreevy's correspondence was not kept deprives both accusers and audience of an expected sensation, although it gave them one in another way.

It is now expected that the evidence will be all taken by the close of this week or early in next week, and then will come the discussion over the report. So that unless some new developments take place there is some apparent chance of the session being closed about the beginning of next month.

A BOYISH OUTING.

AN old holiday! How clearly it stands out from the months and weeks of monotonous toil before and after! Even when years have come and gone its colours are still fresh and its outlines still unblurred in the long picture-gallery of the mind which we call the memory. I wonder if you have forgotten that day we spent together, old friend, so many years ago. I hardly think so; we had planned it too long ahead, enjoyed it too keenly, and talked it over too often afterwards to let it drop out.

The day on which we had fixed was a public holiday. School would be closed, as a matter of course, and, for a wonder, the warehouse people were to shut up shop also. We would both be free and, weeks before, we had arranged our simple programme of pleasure. Such a very simple programme!—a long walk out into the country, a picturesque region within easy reach of the city, a lunch in the open air, and a scramble among the hills. That was all, but it meant spending the day together. It was rarely that we saw each other, except on Sundays, and so we hailed the prospect of a long day of uninterrupted companionship, with the warmth that always attends a genuine boyish friendship. There are no friends like boy friends, and what a friend, you were comrade mine! Everyone liked you and your manly ways, so it is no wonder that I did. In that curious picture-gallery of mine there is a full length portrait of you. I can see at this moment your straight, active figure, your sun-tanned face and the clear eyes that always met other eyes so frankly. I recall your ringing laugh that came so readily, and your trick of colouring to the very hair whenever you were a bit embarrassed. I admired you for many things, your prowess in manly sports, your good nature, and chiefly, I think, your deferential manner to old people. I can hear still the tone in which you used to say "sir" to your father. A whole, long day with such a friend meant a day of unalloyed happiness.

The long expected morning came at last, but with rain. What a disappointment it was to wake and hear the April shower pattering on the roof! The sky soon cleared, however, the sun came out and about nine o'clock we were on our way. In our oldest clothes, which climbing and muddy roads could not possibly harm, and with a small lunch stowed away in our pockets, we took the road and in a short time had passed out of the suburbs into the open country. The sun shone warm and bright and the millions of little raindrops that hung on the leafless twigs on the maples caught everyone a ray of light and flashed and glanced and glittered like so many brilliants. When the streets came to an end we did not keep to the narrow, dry, well beaten side-path, but deliberately chose the middle of the road, all mud and standing pools from the recent showers. What did we care for mud or mire? Mud dries and eventually falls off, or can be brushed from one's clothes; getting besplashed and disreputable generally was part of the fun and marked the welcome escape from the enforced respectability of every day. The vagabond nature will assert itself every now and then, even in such commonplace members of society as schoolboys and warehouse clerks. The primal, roving instincts cannot always be repressed. We chose the middle of the road deliberately, arguing, I remember, that there was a severe and useful exercise of the mental faculties; in rigidly adhering to a medial line, not swerving to the right hand or to the left, which we should miss altogether if we tamely kept to the

one side. Besides it was the most philosophic course, Jack contended, a special instance of the golden mean between two extremes; *media via tutissima*. There is much to be said in favour of keeping to the middle of the road.

The day which began in such an unpromising way turned out most beautiful. The sky cleared of all but a few thin, white clouds low down on the horizon. The air was like summer, and yet the maiden freshness of the young year was untouched. Our way led through a wide valley, and at first the road ran close under a range of low but steep hills, thickly wooded. Directly in front of us, we knew, lay the town to which we were going. As yet it was invisible, concealed by the formation of the ground, but its position was marked by the bold forehead of the Peak, which rose behind it above the plain and the woods, like some deserted watch-tower of giants. Back from the road the old clap-boarded farmhouses, once painted bright red and now weathered into warm, softened tints, nestling each in its little orchard, made a continual changing picture. Now and then a turn in the road would reveal a city-like stone house, its front rooms shut up apparently and unused, as is the custom of our rich farmers. Our tongues were not idle as we trudged along in midroad, pointing out each curious or picturesque sight to each other, or discussing our favourite books and heroes and poets. Many a sentence began with: "Have you read —?" Many a great question we settled with the confident world philosophy of boys. How easy the problems of life appear at sixteen! Or else we shortened the way with the jokes and good thing we had been hoarding for each other since our last meeting. It was probably not very wise chat, or very brilliant, but it was young life, happiness, and friendship finding a voice under that pure, blue April sky.

A brisk march of about an hour brought us within sight of the town, our first objective point. Here the road dips down abruptly and makes a short turn to the right. You get a very good view of the town from this point, but not so good as when you stand on the Peak six hundred feet above the plain, with all the roofs and spires far beneath your feet. The town was the centre of trade for this part of the country when the city we had left behind was a hamlet of half-a-dozen houses by the bay. Now the whirligig of time has reversed their conditions, and the tide of trade has flowed away from the earlier settlement. As we stood here resting and watching, a dozen school-boys on a paper-chase crossed the road. They passed quickly, scrambling over the fences and ploughed land, straight across country like a pack of hounds. The hue-and-cry died away and we continued our march down the hill. We were soon on the stony mile of main street, which runs the length of the town, and when the houses at the farther end began to straggle we saw that we were directly under the Peak at last. As soon as we came to a clear space we turned to the right and made for the foot-mounds of the hill. It was a hard climb; our feet sunk in gravel and sand at every step, and the sun seemed as hot as in midsummer. The mounds were really part of an embankment, for a line of railway is drawn here like a long diagonal across the face of the hills which flank this side of the valley. When we reached the level of the track we were hot and out of breath and glad enough to call a halt. What we wanted most was water, and we soon found it, for this is a country of upper and nether springs. A tiny stream flowed from a crack in the limestone and filled the basin below. It had, at one time, been arched in, and a pipe still led to a dismantled brewery in the valley. A few years of neglect had injured the work of man, the arch was broken down, but the spring itself was as clear and sweet as when it first gushed from the rock. How delicious the first mouthful of that water was! Even though we had to lie down flat and drink like the pre-Adamites before cups were invented. Our weariness left us, seemingly by magic and we voted it was worth while tramping so far to feel that one sensation. The spot struck us as a good place for lunch, and we stretched ourselves forthwith on the warm sand beside our fountain and ate our sandwiches with the relish that is only born of hunger and hard work. As we lay there at our ease in the pleasant sunshine, the express train rolled slowly out of the station, which we could not see, and passed over the hundred yards of track that lay between us and the hill.

We watched it with lazy curiosity till the last Pullman car came in sight. On the rear platform stood a group of young people. They had evidently come out to get a better view of the scenery. One well-dressed was standing on the lowest step, holding tightly to the rail, but swinging one pretty foot off altogether. She passed in a few seconds, but we saw all this—and more. What boy of sixteen is not interested in all young womanhood? and what interest makes the eyes so keen? We had time to see that she was slight, pretty and evidently enjoying the danger of her frolic; for her face was half turned to her friends behind her and her dark eyes were dancing with delight. She vanished in a whirl of dust but her image remained. In our egoism, the crowded cars bearing their load of human histories, the mighty hill, the merry old world itself seemed simply parts of one huge contrivance made for the special purpose of affording two idle young apprentices, the sight of a charming girl enacting a graceful *tableau vivant*. Pardon, dashing Incognita, if this should seem to make a mere actress of you! Not one thought of ours would do you such discourtesy. If you saw us at all I daresay you took us for tramps—and small blame to you! You will never know what passed

through the head-pieces of those two vagabonds as you swept by, in your chariot of fire. You will never suspect that that brief moment gave you two sworn liegemen who would have gone to the world's end at your bidding. Yet it was so. Thus came and went the Apparition of the Pretty Girl. We sat silent for some time, feeling as if a strain of music had ceased; then we took the upward path again, and the hard work drove the vision out of our heads.

First over the heavy timber bulwark that dams back the ever-flowing gravel and sand from the track we clambered; then up the face of the great cutting. At the top of this trees were growing and a steep and narrow path wound among them. The unceasing labour of lifting one's weight, foot over foot, soon tells; and in the close evergreens, we were breathless after the first five minutes. Emerging from the trees at last, we found some twenty feet of stone sheer as a wall, which we had still to climb. By inserting your feet in the crevices of the rock, you could reach above your head a jutting ledge about a foot square, but longer than it was broad. Then you had to get your arm over this and pull yourself up cautiously till you could stand upon it. This was an exciting moment. You hung for a few seconds on the face of the hill like a fly on a wall. You felt a sudden heat all over, an agreeable strain of every muscle in your body, your hands grew moist and gripped the stones hard and then—the dangerous part of the scramble was over. Roots of trees and convenient holes in the rock made the rest of the way easy. In a few moments we were both on the very top of the Peak, lying panting on the bare, flat rock.

We were well rewarded for our trouble. The sight before us was well worth a longer tramp and a much harder climb. The morning rain had washed the air and made it as transparent as crystal. Not a cloud was in the sky, nor the least smoke or haze to obstruct the view. It was one of the most glorious days of the year, and rare even in Canada. The Peak had been formed by a turbulent creek, which in the course of ages had carved a deep, narrow chasm down the face of this range of hills. At our right hand we could just see it below the pines. The roar it made barely reached our ears, we were so far above it, and the sound was so softened by distance that it seemed rather to blend with the calm of the day than to break in upon it. The stream was not what it once had been. Its headlong freedom was gone; man had tamed it. The railway had bridged it, the paper mill had dammed it and made it turn all the wheels and machines in the ugly brick building, and when the servile stream did escape this tyranny, it wandered slowly and shamefacedly through the stony fields outside the town to lose itself in the marshes by the bay. It was the brightest thing in all the dun valley, for the grass had not yet come nor the wheat, and the sun on the moving water made it glitter like a ribbon of steel.

The valley was very wide and had been scooped out by some mighty river in the early ages of the world. Far away on the opposite range of hills a little village could be barely made out in a wedge-shaped cleft, and directly under us lay the town we had passed through. It had taken the best part of an hour to traverse it from end to end, and now it looked as if we could cover all its roofs, spires and trees with an outspread handkerchief. We could trace the winding road by which we had come back to the city we had left in the morning. We could see that it stood on a much higher level than the rest of the valley. At this distance it was simply a vague mass topped by the dome of the permanent exhibition building and some tall factory chimneys, but it did not look like the common-place, humdrum city we knew. The hill was at its back, the broad land-locked bay before it, and ten miles away beyond the golden bar of sand which closes the entrance flashed the blue waters of Ontario, till they lost themselves in the sky and were merged in the dim, receding coastline. The whole county lay before us like a map; we looked down upon it as we might from the basket of a balloon.

There we lay in the sun and stared at the immense prospect. The change from the confinement of the school and warehouse to the freedom of the open, high-domed sky made us feel our own littleness. On the edge of that cliff overlooking that huge valley we felt like two brotherly ants that had crawled to the edge of a cauldron and were peering over the rim. But the thought did not depress us. We were the only living things in sight, and this fragment of the universe seemed to be our special possession. We formed part of the calm, the quiet, the pure light which pervaded the scene, and the longer we gazed the more deeply seemed to settle down upon us a serenity that was more than happiness. At last we had to leave our faces homewards. It was after dark when we reached the city, rather stiff and foot-sore, and much more ragged and dirty than in the morning. We found our compensation in the creature comforts of a bath, a change of raiment, a good dinner and a well-earned lounge in easy chairs after it. The evening passed quickly in talking it all over. Our pleasant day had an end as all pleasant things must, but it lived on as a cheering influence in both our lives for many a year.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

CHARACTER is what man is in his inmost thought.—
Dr. Newman.

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?

THERE is an old saying, that if you want a thing well done you should do it yourself; but, as things are now-a-days, it has become a difficult rule to follow. Obviously few men are so constituted as to be able to make their own boots and defend their own law suits; the time required for special training would alone render such feats impossible. But they do not for that reason commit themselves, body and soul, to their shoe-maker and their lawyer; they never pay bills without looking at them. Devotion of that sort is associated in our minds with mental weakness. On the contrary the circumspect man is full of little devices for putting checks upon his brethren. He tastes his merchant's wine before buying it; he plucks his tailor's cloth for cotton before he orders a suit; not even the word of the clergy is accepted about themselves, for do we not hear of provisional appointments and trial sermons?

It is a pity that such caution is necessary; but, being necessary, we rightly applaud the man who conducts his affairs in a business-like way. Where people make their mistake is in limiting their watchfulness to what they term their own affairs. It seldom reaches beyond the home and the office, though occasionally it is manifested on behalf of a church or a club. It is rarely aroused on behalf of civic affairs, seldom or never in affairs of state. If things go wrong and money is wasted, the blame is thrown upon the government, or the existence of rings is deplored. The real connection between the people and the government is the last thing realized. References are occasionally made to the High Commissioner as a civil servant; but it is treated as a rather harsh rhetorical phrase, when in reality it is but a weak expression of a fact true not only of the High Commissioner, but of every member of the Government. Tell a labouring man that the Premier is his *employé* and he will probably laugh at you. And yet this is an elementary fact, and a fact people must manage to get into their heads before any degree of purity of government can be attained. If people charge certain persons to do things in their behalf and forget all about the matter, they must not be surprised if everything goes wrong. The story of a political scandal is the story of popular laxity.

We have no special reference to the "revelations" now going on at Ottawa. The matter is, we are told, *sub judice*, and we are warned against the "indecent" of assuming that anything has been proved. However, there is a certain class of minds not gifted for algebra who shrink from problems in which the letter *x* occur. Substitute its value and the thing is to them as plain as day. Speeches have been spoken by the hour, and articles written by the column on the corruption of our public services; but the unknown quantities—names and figures—repelled an inert public. Now they are being supplied. People begin to think they know all about it, and are getting angry; they would like a general election and another chance to "turn the rascals out." And if, in turning them out, they could earn an honest dollar or two, so much the better. A new broom, say they, sweeps clean.

Representative government is still in its infancy, and a very deformed infant it is. Whether it will ever attain the stately ideal that has been pictured for it, depends on whether the voter ever learns his part and conscientiously fulfils it. When will our people learn that they cannot with unclean hands elect clean men? How long will they put themselves at auction, and wonder that they are bought? They seem to think that dishonesty will stop with them; and that a Government elected by the lowest means will be conducted with the highest motives. Nothing could be more contrary to reason and experience. If, then, people are in earnest about reform of government—if they really want these scandals to cease—they must begin with themselves. First they must resolutely refuse themselves to accept bribes, whether in dollars or subsidies or tariffs; next they must refuse to vote for any man who offers to bribe them. In a word they must carry out the spirit of their own election laws. Then they must pay attention to public affairs, look into figures, and read debates, and, if necessary, make it hot for the Government. They can do this by refusing their support, and by obliging their member to refuse his support to corrupt legislation; they can in short by exercising the duties and privileges of citizenship secure the proper management of what are, after all, their own affairs. Then when any of them is asked the question that heads this article, he will not assume a look of dumb and impotent sagacity, nor refer vaguely to inspectors or electors, but simply answer "I."

OLD LONDON PLAYHOUSES.

IT is a fact familiar enough to all students of human development that the world has seldom shown itself capable of breaking away entirely from the traditions of the past, or of committing itself to any radical change. The imaginative quality, and the desire for abstract excellence, count for little, while the dread of innovation and of the "evils that we know not of" count for a great deal at every stage of progress. Thus, when any institution becomes so manifestly out of harmony with the spirit of the times as to make some modification an absolute necessity, that modification is still certain to be as slight as possible. Men have rarely had strength sufficient to brace themselves up to the Herculean task of clearing the decks and beginning afresh; for the iron hand of ancient usage restrains them at every forward step.

A curious instance of this universal failing, and one which furnishes no small amount of interest for students of the drama, is brought to our notice by the general construction of our modern theatres. Familiar as we are with this from our childhood up, it probably never strikes us to enquire when and why it was adopted, and whether it is after all the most satisfactory that could have been hit upon for the purposes in view. The plain fact is, that our modern theatre is simply the result of tradition, dating back to—what? To the days before the English drama had any permanent home, and when public performances were as a rule given in the court-yards of inns. A moment's consideration will show us that there is nothing extravagant in this statement, strange as it may at first sight appear. When a play was presented in a tavern-yard, some kind of raised platform was generally constructed on one side of the available area. In front of this lay the yard, occupied by spectators; and on the other three sides were the windows, upper and lower, of the inn, overlooking the yard, and from which could also be obtained a fair view of the performance. When these inn-yards were forsaken, and the first playhouses built, what more natural than that their builders should retain unaltered, as far as the new circumstances allowed, the general outline and arrangements with which everyone concerned—actors and public alike—had so long been familiar? Hence little was done beyond removing the scene of action from a temporary to a permanent home, and the latter was fashioned almost entirely upon the model furnished by the former. In place of the platform there now appeared the regular stage; the inn-yard was replaced by the pit or parquet, which was, however, still known as the "yard"; the lower windows gave way to boxes; the upper developed into a gallery. Even the character of those various locations have to this day been decided by their ancestry. The inn-yard had naturally accommodated the most miscellaneous part of the audience, and the pit has ever since continued to do the same. The lower windows had been formerly employed by the better classes of guests; and these classes the boxes inherited in their turn. Finally, just as the servants of the house and the poorer frequenters of the hostelry had been forced to content themselves with the upper windows, so also have the upper storeys of our playhouses been systematically reserved for visitors of the same description. Thus it is not difficult to see how plainly the modern theatre bears upon itself the traces of its early history.

The court-yards of inns continued to be used for the performances of plays until the early years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and even, in a more or less irregular way, for a good many years after the first permanent houses were opened. Fleckno, in his "Short Discourse of the English Stage," says that in his day—that is in 1664—some remains of these primitive theatres were still to be seen at the "Cross Keys" in Grace Church Street, and at the Bull Tavern in Bishopsgate Street. In after years, when many theatres were built, some of these inn-yards were themselves used as the bases of permanent structures. Stowe, in his "Chronicle," mentions five thus transformed between 1570 and 1630.

The establishment of regular playhouses in London came about in a somewhat singular way—the story indeed belonging to one chapter in the history of the long and bitter conflict between the church and the stage. Early in the career of the secular drama, the theatre came into collision with the religious public of the metropolis, and swords were drawn by the players on the one side, and by the corporation on the other. The matter was complicated by the fact that (fortunately for the English drama) the court sided with the players; and this in its turn led to open warfare between the court and the city. The support and protection of the court rendered the corporation more cautious than it might otherwise have been in its dealings with the players; while, on the other hand, the ancient city of London had rights and powers with which the Crown did not think it wise to meddle. Thus, while the city hesitated to have recourse to the severity which it would otherwise have been only too ready to employ, the court no less was warned by the determined attitude of the metropolis that it must act circumspectly. Nevertheless, though conducted with a certain decorum, the quarrel was a very real one, and might ultimately have passed into a far more acute phase, but for the fact that the players themselves made a sudden and decisive move. Orders of council had been issued against the representation of plays in tavern precincts or on scaffolds in the open streets, *within the city limits*. Availing themselves of the loophole furnished by the wording of this decree, the players determined to cut the gordian knot by transferring themselves from the city-area to the neighbouring suburbs, where, while they would be out of the reach of the long arm of the civic authority, they would still be easily accessible to all their patrons—the gallants of the court, the dandies of the day, and the staid burger playgoers. Thus began the exodus of the players from the city; and this was accompanied by the establishment of regular playhouses in lieu of the haphazard resting-places with which the older actors had contented themselves. In this way our drama ended its nomadic career and entered a new and more settled stage of existence.

All this occurred in 1576, and three theatres were erected in the course of that one year. The first of these was styled simply and emphatically "The Theatre"—its name clearly reminding us of the days of its dramatic monopoly. It was built by James Burbage, the father of

Richard Burbage, the great tragedian, on a waste plot of ground formerly part of the site of the priory of St. John the Baptist, in what is now Holywell Lane, Shoreditch; and it was opened sometime during the summer of the year. Not long afterwards a second house was erected, Shoreditch being again chosen for the location—a fact which indicated that the far East of London was in those days a well-reputed neighbourhood. John Stockton in a sermon preached in 1578 refers to it as “a gorgeous playing-place erected in the fields”; but it was of course built of wood, and this description, notwithstanding, must have been a very primitive structure. It was called “The Curtain,” either from the striped curtain which was exhibited as the sign of the house, or more probably from the plot of land on which the building stood—*Curtina* being base Latin for a little court. The name, be its original significance what it may, survives in the Curtain Road of the present time. Both these theatres soon became the scenes of brawling, riot and debauchery, and earned an evil reputation in consequence. Contemporary writers speak severely of them both; and they seem to have furnished low entertainments (this, be it remembered, was before the Elizabethan drama had sprung into existence) quite in the taste of the disreputable company by which they were patronized. The third theatre erected in the course of the same eventful year was “The Blackfriars,” which was built on the spot now occupied by the *Times* offices and playhouse yard by the servants of Lord Leicester, who after their settlement at their new home became known as the Lord Chamberlain's, and later still as the King's servants.

The experiment thus initiated proving successful, these three theatres were soon confronted by rivals for popular favour. Playhouses now began to spring up with quite marvellous rapidity in the outskirts of the metropolis. Altogether some seventeen were erected before 1630—a goodly number when one bears in mind the then relatively small population of the great city. It is not of course implied that they were all actually in existence at anyone time. “The Theatre,” for example, disappeared unduly after only a twelve months' tenure of life. But the fact that they existed at all bears ample testimony to the wide and deep interest which was then felt in the great channel for the national genius—the drama.

Of these theatres the two most interesting to modern readers are beyond question the “Fortune” and the “Globe,” for both of these figure more or less largely in the story of Shakespeare's dramatic career. The “Globe” was built in 1599 by Richard Burbage, the “Fortune” a year later, avowedly as an opposition house. The former was the principal scene of Shakespeare's exploits and upon its stage many of the great dramatist's finest plays were first produced. Curiously enough both these rival houses came to grief through fire. The “Globe” was burnt down in 1613, during a performance of Henry VIII. The “Fortune” was completely destroyed some nine years afterwards.

It should be added that the playhouses of the time were divided in public and private—a distinction the exact meaning of which it is now not very easy to explain. Roughly speaking, however, it would seem that private theatres were marked out by seven distinguishing characteristics. They were smaller than public theatres; they were generally roofed in; the performances were ordinarily given by torch or candle light; they had pits furnished with seats, while public theatres had only yards without sitting accommodation; the audiences were generally of a superior character; visitors by extra payment had a right to sit on the stage during performances—a privilege not generally granted, though it would appear often taken, at public theatres; and the boxes—or rooms as they were called—were enclosures which could be made secure by lock and key. Of the eleven theatres existing in, or rather around, London at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, three, or perhaps four, were classed as private. The rest, including both the “Fortune” and the “Globe,” were public playhouses.

WILLIAM H. HUDSON.

PARIS LETTER.

THE strike of the railway employés has ended before it may be said to have commenced. It is full of instruction for would-be strikers to look before they leap. It had altogether a shop origin, so the public took no interest in the event. The strike was led by a noisy minority that relied upon intimidation and violence to gain their ends. It was limited to the operatives of the railway factories. The engine-drivers, signal and points men, porters, etc., kept aloof; hence no paralysis in the working of the lines was to be apprehended. The companies never lost their heads for an instant; dealt with the “spurt” coolly. The Government took no side, but showed from the outset, by telling off the regiment of railway soldiers to work the lines where necessary, that the suburban traffic must not be stopped. This formed a capital experience for the technical soldiers.

The companies gave notice that after a fixed day if those employés “on the out” did not return their situations would be filled up. And it was officiously intimated concurrently that such locked-out servants would be called upon to at once put in their military service of three years under the flag. Railway officials are exempted from obligatory military service, because they are ranked as a reserved battalion and the first to be instantly mobilized

in case of war. The prospective of being enrolled acted as a very cold douche on the strikers. The latter, once again ordinary citizens and summoned to put in their service under the flag, could be instantly ordered to perform the very functions on the railways as soldiers that they had quit to strike as private individuals. As in Germany, France has a special school for instructing soldiers in the technical knowledge of not only working, but of repairing and destroying railways. The headquarters of this battalion is at Versailles; the men are trained as plate-layers and bridge builders, to points and signal duties, engine-drivers, traffic working and the management of stations and dépôts. They constitute the section of Railway Sappers and Miners, and wear on the sleeves of their blue tunics a little locomotive in red cloth. Their headquarters or Normal School is at St. Cyr, near Versailles; they work the line from Chartres to Orleans, a distance of forty-four miles, and which explains the riddle to many travellers to Brittany why soldiers are on that line, engine-drivers and stokers, points men, signallers, station masters, etc. These sappers do not issue or take the tickets, or tax and deliver goods. Portions of other of the State lines are also worked by these railway soldiers.

Now that the Chamber has voted the ultra-protectionist tariff—for the Senate will be as usual squeezed into its ratification at the twelfth hour—people ask: “What's the use of it?” since the Government stated at the commencement that it will not be bound in negotiating treaties, even by the minimum scale, as such would be unconstitutional. Now this is a case where the “less” contains the greater, and so a nut for squarers of political circles to crack. The custom dues law is hence a facultative, a non-obligatory law, whose text has no meaning, and where nothing signifies no more nothing. Foreign traders would do well not to be in a hurry to throw up the sponge, nor their representatives here to quit the country, in anticipation of having “no more work to do.”

Deibler, the executioner, like other public servants, has to accept a pension on reaching the maximum of age, sixty years, laid down for the government of his office. Civil servants have to retire generally at fifty-five—quill driving is more exhausting than decapitating. Deibler is to be allowed to hold on till sixty-three; he is vigorous, and now very accomplished. His salary is 6,000 francs a year, and “everything found” when on duty; he is a cabinetmaker by trade, and of late a smith; he complains that in the factories the artisans decline to make any part of his “infernal machine,” so the pieces for a guillotine are prepared in different workshops unknown to the men. The *couperet* of the guillotine, ninety pounds weight, was manufactured in Birmingham, but the cry for home manufactures has compelled the present “national razor” to be made in Paris. What becomes of the old guillotines kept in the storehouse with the new machines, just as old muskets are stored in arsenal garrets? A journal affirms that the guillotine which executed Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette now does duty in New Caledonia. The memoirs of the Sansons, the Paris executioners under the Reign of Terror, do not corroborate the authenticity of that curio. During the period for the “removal” of adversaries each large city had its own machine, independent of that in the baggage of the Commissioners of the Convention who followed the armies and punished, as traitors with instant death, those generals who were defeated.

The Legislature has closed its session till October. The dog-days were truly telling on its sagacity; it has not much to show in the way of effective work; several important measures have been laid on the table of the House—not an unusual half-way to limbo. The Ministers have managed to run passably well in harness; there has been not so much kicking in the traces as weakness on the part of some of the draughtsmen. Public opinion does not condemn the de Freycinet Cabinet *en bloc*, but indicates the superceding of a few of its weak-kneed and jelly members. The Premier personally—caution, finesse, and hard work itself is blamed for increasing huffiness of late, and the falling back on that *ultima ratio*—giving his resignation if the majority do not ratify his wishes. There is a shadow over his tact, and intrigues for his portfolio are becoming bolder. M. de Haussouville, the commercial traveller for the firm Comte de Paris et Cie, is again on the road trying to sell divine-right political wares. The public does not even demand to see his samples.

M. Mercier, according to a telegram from Quebec received by a journal, intends to take up the independence of Canada as a plank in his platform. The French did not expect that out-turn for their attention to the Quebec Premier while here. Another journal recalls that it is not so long ago since the Parliament of Quebec voted an address of loyalty to Queen Victoria.

Since the star of Boulangism has not only set, but is “out,” politicians shivering in the cold commence to think there is some business to be done in Prince Victor Napoleon; it is thus that his photo, on the occasion of his recent anniversary, was so freely distributed. In addition we are told that the Prince is tall, well-muscled, not muzzled; has a “lovely pair of black eyes,” and a brush moustache, and speaks slowly and sonorously. These attributes are shared by many mortals not princes or pretenders. Further, the prince is very intelligent, very studious, very obstinate, and very reflecting. The *Polonius* adds, that Victor Napoleon knows his time for reigning has not arrived, that justice does not exist in this world for the proscribed, that he has confidence in the name of Napoleon, in the device of “Resurgam,” and that in politics as in love

fortune favours the brave. Since the Danton monument has been erected “audacity” has become a household word.

The Bank of France in the new charter it is applying for, promises to establish a branch in every important town in the realm, and to discount and collect bills for sums of five and ten francs. If industry complains henceforth of the French Old Lady of Threadneedle Street being unaccommodating, it is difficult to please. Further, the Bank will discount paper every day, not twice a month as in its provincial branches. There is no reason why the State Bank ought not to follow in the wake of the popular Banks of Germany and Italy; it would solve the difficulty of a plethora of money or capital, when the payments for the pensions to the working classes become things of beauty and joys forever. In seventy years these accumulated deductions of salary, or premiums, will amount to seventeen milliard francs.

The little boy aged seven and a-half, who was given a baby sixteen months old to care, and did so by strangling it with his fingers, is at present undergoing criminal study in an asylum. He concealed the body in the bottom of a cupboard, placed stones against the door, and then helped the parents of the infant to search for it, when it was found to be only in a faint.

A French journalist now in Newfoundland, sent out express to peep into the cod and lobster difficulty, writes that the opening up of the country by emigration is a day dream. The duties levied are so high, even on the necessaries of life, that emigrants could not exist. Fishing is the only occupation, and this industry is over-stocked. The famous “homarderies” are run by Nova Scotians, who come in the season to Newfoundland, returning on its close. The colony is steeped to the lips in debt, and to read the local journals, which are not at all to be accepted as gospel, all public men and functionaries are simply robbers of the public treasury. Leading men have only one road to follow—to feather their own nest, and that of all their friends. Newfoundland has but one industry, and hence is akin to parts of Ireland; if the Dominion will pay the debts, the colony will join the Federation, but it is better to leave Newfoundland a crown colony.

Z.

IN SEARCH OF ART IN NEW YORK.

WE reached New York too late for the autumn exhibitions of the Academy and American Society, so our next thoughts turned to the Metropolitan Museum. But this, we were told, was closed for repairs. The Metropolitan closed and the autumn exhibitions over! Well, we had taken New York art by surprise. Turning our steps in the direction of 22nd Street and Fifth Avenue, in which vicinity the dealers abound, Goupil's gallery was visited first, then Reichardt's, Blakeslee's and others. None of them, however, had considered the disappointed feelings of visitors coming out of season, and the galleries were full as usual of the imitations of good painting that at congregate at the dealers. But amongst the inevitable trash, the eyes were cheered at Goupil's by two water-colour sketches by Mauve; one of a cow in a green field, with a damp and breezy sky; another in which a bit of Mauve's special pastoral was sung—a shepherd standing with his flock in the shadow and protection of a dark barn, with an atmosphere aslant with snowflakes. Another water colour here of an old woman washing her feet was also charming. It was by the celebrated water-colourist, Walker, and was of course not to be criticized but delighted in. Then came a three inch square of frivolity, by Rossi, the well-known illustrator, a little boudoir scene of a gallant tying a lady's shoelace. Still another noticeable Mauve was a sketch of an old hooded waggon in a snow storm. From the shadow of the hood two villainous-looking and mysterious individuals peered forth into the storm. Correctness of tone and composition much to be admired was seen in some central park sketches by William M. Chase. We ended our morning by enjoying the etchings at Kohn's. Ribaut's cooks—groups of two cooks, three cooks, five cooks and seven cooks, all with square caps and long aprons, some with ladles and some without. The wall by the side of the staircase was covered with etchings of Millet's “Sower,” Millet's “Reaper,” Millet's “Angelus,” and many other of Millet's works, all giving an idea of his perfection of tone. Downstairs we found an etching of Josef Israels, a Dutch painter, who holds his own with Bastien Lepage. The subject was two girls standing among the pools on a seashore; they looked as if the master had sketched them in two minutes with a J pen. But the bold lines sprawled out very successfully a homely bit of humanity which was alive and classical.

Leaving the dealers we went home to learn that the exhibition of the “New Water-Colour Club” was to be open the next evening and that the Metropolitan repairs would be finished at the end of the week, so that we were not so much out of the season after all. The “New Water-Colour Club” is the coming society of water-colourists and has for its president a favourite young artist, Childe Hassam; at the exhibition the president's work was conspicuous. He is a poetical interpreter of street-faring New York; he finds a motive in the crowd of coaches and carriages and high-wheeled omnibuses rolling on Fifth Avenue; in the dark-cloaked gathering of people under the flaring electric light of a theatre porch; in a cabman standing at his post on a night when the rain pours and the lamps are reflected around him in the puddles, or glisten in the rain drops on his own waterproof; in

fact almost anywhere in the New York uptown streets you may read Childe Hassam's poetry. Irving Wiles had exhibited sparingly; all we discovered of his was a little seated figure, in a red dress; this was animated by his usual refinement and originality and executed after his artistic conscience. Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls exhibited her "Cloud," which is a sketch of a little rosy cloud in a grey sky and its reflection in the grey water below. James Boston exhibited a clever sketch of a boy blowing bubbles. We also saw examples of Mr. Warren Eaton's two styles, one a pale green twilight sky over a landscape darkened to a sage green, the other a little stream rippling through a bright green wood, very exquisitely managed. For the rest, perfect workmanship abounded. The exhibition was by no means small, and we wandered about a long time paying honour to the technique and searching, for the most part vainly, for shreds of poetry to be gathered from the efforts of the clever workmen. The walls became a wilderness of correct methods. We left, rising the next day clamorous for anything, however rough and untamed, which would show that nature had pulled the sleeve of the artist and said: "paint me this message to human folk." We were quite tired of the paintings which only said to us: "see how well we imitate nature."

Next, fortunately, George Hitchcock's pastel exhibition was lighted upon; the pastels were fifty-five in number, and every one interesting. "A Winter Twilight" was irresistible: some homely houses standing black against a frosty twilight sky, and below the houses a dark pool which caught a glimmer of light from the sky, everything holding breath for the evening inspiration; the white evening star is about to appear in the sky, and a warm little orange light will send forth tiny rays from a house window and it will be night. In "A Summer Sunset" there is a little stone country bridge, over just such a bridge one has often tramped at sunset-time, one's feet covered with dust, and laden with memories of one's afternoon walk, a bit of summer stored up for dark days. The "Sea Dunes" and many others were equally interesting and showed the possibilities of pastels.

At last the Metropolitan was opened. After a visit there, all too short, we left with dazed minds after gazing at Fortuny's "Spanish Lady," the works of Manet and Israels, and the "Jeanne D'Arc" of Bastien Lepage. From Manet's impression of the "Lady With the Parrot" one carries away a delicious remembrance of the colour in the lady's pink gown, the blue ribbon binding her parted sandy hair, the little black velvet neck band, and in the lemon lying on the floor; her quaint ladyship stands truly living before us; she looks at us plaintively and absently as she holds the sugar to the parrot between her thumb and second finger; her pink wrapper falls mild and womanly and a little dejected to the floor. Before the subtlety of the "Boy with the Sword" we could only stand and say: "Manet, King of Impressionists, how do you do it?" The boy remains on his canvas created but holding silence as to the master's method and means. Fortuny's "Spanish Lady" lives with his refinement and truth and is painted will all his skill. This is no stained canvas; the lady in her black silk dress is painted; her little pink coral buttons make the sweetest of key notes. And who paints such solid flesh as Josef Israels, or such humanity? The examples of Israels at the Metropolitan were "Expectation" and "The Bashful Suitor." After recovering breath from the first view of the "Jeanne D'Arc" we held up a hand to shut off the left side of the picture and then saw on the right side of the canvas, undisturbed by the confusion on the left, the most magnificently painted figure. Jeanne has a face of ascetic holiness; her mouth is firm, not with self-will, but with belief in her superstition; and the wonderful vision-seeing power of her eyes makes it astonishing that the artist should have thought it necessary to paint the distracting vision on the left hand side of the canvas.

MABEL SULLIVAN.

THE orator is in one respect like the poet, the dramatist, the novelist, the singer, the actor. He must have that magic gift which we call "touch" or "grip." Unless he can hold his audience or his readers, unless he can make them feel his thoughts, see what he sees, believe for the moment what he believes, think with him, laugh with him, cry with him, follow what he says, understand his eyes, his face, his gestures—unless he has this power, he can neither speak nor write, nor sing, nor act. It is magic, it is sorcery, it is mesmerism. Gladstone has this magic gift. It is scarce among orators, still scarcer among preachers, very scarce indeed among living poets. It is most common, in these days, among novelists and actors. Beerbohm Tree undoubtedly has it in full and flowing measure. Of story-tellers Rider Haggard and Rudyard Kipling have it; George Sims has it; that greatly praised author, Mr. Dash Blank, has it not, and never will have it. The presence of the gift is easily tested. If you cannot lay a book aside until you have read it, if you think of nothing but the characters and the story, if you are unable while you read to criticise, but can only feel, then that writer has "grip"—he has mesmerized you.—*Walter Besant.*

CLOTH can be made out of wood. This is now done by boiling strips of fine grained timber, crushing them between rolls, carding the filaments into parallel lines, as with ordinary textile material, and spinning them into threads, from which the cloth can be woven in the usual way.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

THE stars o'er head in the dark have fled,
And the mountain side is drear;
And the moon has gone and the wind sings on
With a melody far and near.

And the cedars bend and their dark crests lend
To the night a fragrant breath;
And the glow-worms gleam and the night-dogs dream
The wind-swept sky beneath.

And the clouds race by through the moonless sky,
And shout to the earth in glee;
And the city's light flares up in the night,
Like a furnace—angrily.

Where the pathway turns through the moss and ferns,
I wandered in doubt and pain;
And the night-wind's child placed her kisses wild
On my parted lips again.

And I heard the wind, as it rose behind
The melancholy pinetrees there;
And the sound of the sea through the heavens did flee,
Like the voice of a grand *despair*.

From the long, lone beach the waves could reach
The hill where the pine-trees grew;
And the sound of the sea had a meaning for me—
Like a voice that I loved and knew.

In a passionate song the whole night long
The panting waters cry;
And they touch deep cords in my life, no words
Can awaken to melody.

And this is the song the whole night long
The breakers bring to me;
And this is the tune 'neath the dying moon,
The ocean sings to me:—

"The days go by,
The seasons pass,
And tearfully
We sing our mass
To a great, lone god.

"In my cold, wide streams
The bodies lie,
Where the sea-flower gleams
To beautify
Their restless sod.

"When the night steals forth,
And the daylight dies,
From the calm, cold north
A swift sail plies,
And then—plunge—goes down.

"And the corpses rest
On my wrinkled sand,
With a last behest,
To the loved on land—
Just a wish to the wind.

"Then my sea-heart swells
And contracts in pain,
Like funeral bells,
My waves sound amain—
And we cry to the night.

"'Tis a song without name,
That no mortal can know,
And 'tis ever the same—
'Tis a chaunt of woe—
A nocturne of death.

"And those mad death cries,
As my waves on the shore
Slowly fall and rise
With a sullen roar,
Are lost in the night.

"Some are held and mingle
With my chaunt of woe,
Down the shuddering shingle
The tides *still* flow,
Still the ships sail on.

"Thus, the days go by,
The seasons pass,
And angrily
We sing our mass
To an unknown god.

"And at night in pain
My song wails forth,
And its sad refrain
In the calm, cold north
The wind takes up again."

DU BOIS-NOIR.

THE RAMBLER.

A PROPOS of the Park question an English clipping informs me that a monster meeting of Socialists was held three Sundays ago in Eastville Park, Bristol, England, under the management of the Bristol Socialist Society and the Clifton and Bristol Fabian Society. The speakers were Mr. Edward Carpenter, Mr. Dan. Irving (who dealt with land nationalization), Mr. E. J. Watson, and Mr. Pete Curran. In seconding a resolution, Mr. Pete Curran said he was sorry he would shortly be leaving Bristol to organize for the Gas Workers' Union. He had made many friends in Bristol, and was sure the cause of labour would go well in their hands. Three hearty cheers were given for him at the close of the meeting.

When I was last in England, the great Parks, both in London and out of it, were hardly ever without some speaker, or band of speakers, belonging to the Seamen's Union, the Firemen's Union, the Labour Emancipation League, the Liberal Operatives Trades' Council, the Socialist Societies, the Sunday Recreation Society, the Labourers' Unions and Trade Unions. England is the most democratic country in the world.

An Iowa exchange asserts that "Prohibition is an absolute failure in this State. Every honest man must admit this fact." Many of us know it to be a failure in the State of Maine. The point is to discover where it has been proved to be a success.

Archdeacon Denison recently sent a letter upon "Lux Mundi" to the Archbishop of Canterbury putting such interpretation on the contents of that notable volume as to hint at its thorough want of rapport with the accepted tenets of the Christian religion. The Archdeacon sorrowfully concluded that all remaining now for the million is to have doubts suggested about the Divine authority of Scripture and the external knowledge of Jesus Christ, with no living voice in the Church to enable them to put the doubts away. With regard to the position of the Established Church to-day, some very peculiar statements were made recently during the proceedings of the International Congregational Council. The Chairman, a Mr. Illingworth, M.P., abused the Bishops as time-serving and selfish, remarked that not five per cent. of the working classes of England were communicants of the Established Church, said the whole Liberal party was pledged to bring to an end the Establishment in Scotland and Wales, and that the British Isles owed a great deal more to the activity and zeal of the Free Churches than they did to the Establishment. Whether these assertions are true or not, we cannot ignore the bitter and rancorous tone in which they appear to have been uttered. The meetings in fact were directed at abuse of the Churches of England and Scotland rather than at the consolidation and amelioration of affairs pertaining to the Congregational body—no very pleasant nor healthy sign. The amiable Chairman also alluded to the policy of the Home Government in olden times; wherever a colony was being planted, there to plant too an infant religious establishment, and he was proud and glad to know that in every case the handiwork of the Home Government had been upset and destroyed. He also referred to what he termed the oppressive influence of the Church with regard to marriage and burial laws. Yet I happen to know that the vicar of St. Luke's, Westminster, and the Baptist minister of the same place, are in the habit of working systematically together, week by week uniting in open air work and producing a marked result among people who listen in crowds every Thursday to the preaching of the Gospel—in a Park too. So there are—happily—all sorts and conditions of men.

There was apparently no end to the inquisitive flashings which Emperor William's eye and tongue treated his cicerone to as the English troops passed in parade. "What is that man's name?" he asked, pointing out a volunteer. "What business does he follow?" "Which is the old cloth the uniform was made of?" "Is the haversack watertight?" These and a host of other questions the Emperor flashed forth, his eye everywhere. He particularly admired the way in which the men carried their rifles, called to one of his aides-de-camp and told him to make a note of it. He is a curious mixture of independence and convention, prejudice and intelligence, pride and common sense. He has had a new and gorgeous crown "made to order," partly from his own design and partly in conjunction with a noted German painter, and the gems have come from the famous collection in the possession of the House of Hohenzollern, which is chiefly distinguished for its magnificent pearls and diamonds. The whole broad frontal of the crown is bordered with large diamonds, mounted on beautiful gold leaf work, from which rise eight diamond hoops, each set with four diamonds in the shape of a rosette, with a row of fine large pearls; the whole being crowned by a cross studded with brilliant diamonds. There are also numerous other gems on the crown.

STANLEY's contract with the American publishers of his book called for \$50,000 in royalty. It is now authoritatively stated that he has received from them the additional sum of \$41,000, and that Maj. Pond paid to him some ninety thousand dollars as his portion of the proceeds of the lecture tour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—As I rather pride myself on not misquoting, I should be glad if the error "*callida juvenis*," in "All's Well that Ends Well," in the last issue of THE WEEK, could be noticed. It should, of course, read *callidus juvenis*. My absence from the city and inability to read the proof will explain.

E. A. MEREDITH.

A BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB—A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Some weeks ago there appeared in your columns a letter from Professor Smith, containing a proposal to form a club, recreative and instructive, among the fraternity of arts and letters. The idea brought forth many hearty commendatory letters, and rightly, too. This idea of association of kindred minds into groups, for mutual benefit, has not been carried out, with us at all events, to the extent desirable; and, although to one outside the circle mentioned above, it might be thought the proposal had no interest, the contrary is the case. I beg leave to propose that a business men's club or association be formed on lines similar to the art club, viz.: for mutual intercourse, business interests and discussions, and the establishment of a common club room or headquarters. It will of course be here interjected that the Board of Trade fills the want, but I must object; first, because the membership of that body being limited, the ends are restricted, and, second, the Board of Trade being an official body, cannot with propriety undertake speculative work of any description. It must be apparent to observers that enough scope is not offered to business men of all grades to know more of each other personally, to know more of public affairs by a proper discussion of them, to know more of provident and legitimate business methods, and to acquire that freedom of speech which is so readily obtained by the professions, solely by means of the clubs and debating societies existent during student days.

I hold that there is an opening for a purely business men's club, which would include any and every business man in good standing who should choose to join it—a club with a reading room, open every day and night, having a meeting of members at stated periods for the transaction of necessary business, and the hearing of essays, papers and discussions thereon. Such a club would draw many business men out of their shells, and they would find that, after all, business and the almighty dollar is not everything, but that there is also a sphere of labour for the public weal, to which all may ascend, and within which many may labour with profit to themselves and to the people at large.

I know, Mr. Editor, that there are enough societies already, but surely not too many of the kind I so dimly outline. I commend the idea, however, to public discussion.

RICHARD A. DONALD.

Toronto.

CANADIAN GUIDE BOOKS.*

TRULY the time seems to have arrived when knowledge is increased and many run to and fro, and guide books seem peculiar evidence of these two chief characteristics of these latter days, for their aim is to supply knowledge for those who run to and fro.

Of the two books before us one turns perhaps naturally to that by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts. And for many reasons: there was already a "handbook" to Eastern Canada, that of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, one which has reached its eighth edition; Professor Roberts is so well and so very favourably known (to use the language of *Journalese*); lastly this is the first time he has forsaken the post of guide to the heights of Parnassus for that of guide to less visionary scenes. Many will regret this forsaking. Mr. Roberts is one of our pet poets—he will forgive the familiarity of the phrase for its intended kindness; he also now holds a position peculiarly adapted, one would think, for further excursions upon the afore-mentioned Parnassian heights; but, in lieu of devoting all his energies to, and concentrating his mind on, poesy, he writes guide books, or, more accurately, a guide book. What would be said if it were announced that Lord Tennyson was busied with the preparation of a handbook to Ventnor, to Cowes, and to Shanklinbury Chine? A good deal would be said. However all we shall say is that Messrs. Appleton and Company must be congratulated on persuading Mr. Roberts to do what he has done.

That he could do it well and has done it well, and that consequently his work is highly to be recommended, goes without saying; all the more also because here and there he has allowed his poetic vein to outcrop, as it were, and has treated his readers to choice bits of poetry and prose illustrative of the scenes and localities he has described. For this much thanks.

The book contains so much matter that it is difficult to

* 1. The Canadian Guide Book: the Tourist's and Sportsman's Guide to Eastern Canada and Newfoundland, etc. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1891.
2. The Maritime Provinces: a handbook for Travellers. Eighth edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1891.

specify particular excellences and more difficult to pick out faults. But we may remark that when dealing with that part of the country called (in the heading to a section) "From Toronto Eastward," all he has to say of the beautiful if somewhat circumscribed lake district north of Peterborough is "The country about [Peterborough] is a tangle of lakes and water ways, a fisherman's paradise, and it all lies at the feet of the skilful canoeist." Those who know Clear Lake, Stoney Lake, Love-Sick, Deer Bay—and since the American Canoe Association once camped there, and in all probability will camp there again, a great many people, American as well as Canadian, know them well—will regret this reticence on a locality as beautiful as even famed Muskoka and certainly more abounding in game.

The book is decidedly well got up from all bibliopegic points of view. It is professedly a copy of the well-known Baedekers in arrangement and classification of matter, and in system of treatment. The illustrations are numerous and good, maps abound, and a practically useful appendix for sportsmen is added.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company's book must by this time be too well known to require description or criticism. It also follows Baedeker. It contains one item which its compeer lacks, namely, a good index. Professor Roberts should see that this is added to the next edition of his own work.

T. A. H.

A PLAY-GROUND FOR GIANTS.

ABOVE, a blue sky and sparkling sunshine; below, wide stretches of level gravel, marked out here and there by shady trees, edged and bordered by low buildings. To right and to left, as far as the eye throws, lies the encamping place of the British army, where for a time, as each regiment goes abroad, it comes for its final polishing. Aldershot itself, to an outsider, is an incomprehensible mystery, so silent in the mid-day hour, so full of bustle on review days. Everything here—and we stand in the midst of three infantry brigades—is so well ordered, spick and span; it might be keeping a fête day.

Far away to northward lies the Long Valley stretching eastward to the hills, with Hungry Hill for background and wavy grass and field. At its very entrance stands the great statue you and I have seen in London, which now gazes on different scenes: those the "Great Duke" would have loved! Here we can stand and look at it, unmoved by passing traffic, and wonder if this huge, big camp will hold another Wellington!

Behind it, and facing away to the eastward, a militia regiment is encamped in bell tents, pitched in the exact order so dear to the eye of a civilian. Flags wave over the Officers' Mess, and swell and flutter in the wind; at intervals a sound of bugles is borne across the breeze. A thick dust rises down the high road, where a fatigue party is coming in; farther away in dim distance are the stables of the Cavalry Brigade. But just now, if we had so willed, we could have witnessed a Royal Inspection: an occasion here so often repeated; few outsiders had gathered for it. Indeed, as we passed, a squad of horsemen rode by to form the Royal Escort, and drew up in line, their horses fretting, and chafing and stamping with impatience. In a minute there was immovable silence, and then a flash of swords, and some forty shining weapons had leapt from their scabbards. Then came another huge pause, and a Royal Lady stepped on the Barrack Square, and a cheer went up, a quiet cheer, but none the less welcome. Said I not 'twas a play-ground? Now came another part of the day's play and a big brown bear came on the scene, which the Royal Lady stooped to caress, and which two small drummers held between them. (Have all the regiments, you and I wonder, pets with which to play; or is it only here and there a regimental pet is seen?) Then came another pause, and the horsemen vanished, springing to guard a Royal carriage, and bands played and Aldershot gamins cheered and threw caps in the air. Here and there soldiers stood at attention, and gravely saluted the party guest, not a smile, and I watched their faces, diverted their eyes for one instant.

Playing at war was it I wonder? or was it to be a memory which on some hardly-fought field should give strength and victory?

Passing away from the Cavalry Brigade we mingled again in the big camp, where very soon you will search in vain for some of the things I have seen. You will find gone the old wooden huts, so rapidly they are disappearing, and in their stead brick buildings, which are growing and budding between them. In many of the lines the old huts are now clean swept away, and smart "officers' quarters," with flowered windows, have reared themselves in their stead. There was something home-like—speaking of flowers—in the efforts made everywhere to grow them. Few were the "lines" that did not own their small bordered patches of flowers; and where flowers were missing stones took their place, whitewashed with absolute purity. Not a square, so it seemed to me, but was surrounded by bordered stone-ways or rough seats.

It would have needed a special cyclopædia to understand all the directions, which were scattered broadcast on all the official buildings. To know the way about here must need a special education. Letters seem to stand for names, in confusing and tantalizing significance. How, for instance, should we find "No. 35, H house, C. I. B.?" Here it is, in our very midst; but how should we have found it? Or again, "F. O. hut, E lines, S. C." What

does that stand for? Play-ground again? or is this, too, part of the science of war?

Here is a part of the true science, the well-known uniform of the Buffs, which you and I know so well, in its scarlet tunic and buff facings. Or, if you like, we can look on the Princess Louise's Highlanders. "Stand fast, 93rd," wasn't this once said? Here is the very same orderly we have seen painted by Mrs. Butler: just the same face we have seen together in so many of her battle pictures. Dear me, I wonder was it here she came for nurture and colouring: are all the boys and girls bred here brim full of military instincts? Just for a while we are patriotic. Don't say it is all "sentiment." We can, if we like, associate famous deeds with all the regiments now here. Down in the south camp, not far off, we can come on the South Wales Borderers, once the ill-fated 24th you and I have both read of. There are the colours, one is faded, both are decked with silver wreaths. Do you associate names and a river and a gallant struggle with that wreath? Eleven years have passed since then, but men and women still remember; and those colours went hence lately to London to greet the German Emperor! Altogether some 10,000 men can be drawn from the Aldershot division. No better place in the world can I think of where more branches of the army can be seen. And how few American or Canadian visitors spare a short while to come here. I don't think even America can produce a second Aldershot. The idea is that the place is ugly; indeed but it is the reverse, whether the beautiful birthday parade ground or the Queen's parade be considered! For there are trees here, lovely trees, and gardens, such as the Officers' Club, and a lesson in neatness such as every one of us civilians can benefit by. Besides, there is much to be learned and studied in the branches of military education. In the Army Signalling School, the bright flags and curious lanterns and instruments, and if lucky a class may be seen reading some twenty words a minute from the fluttering of flags, to you and I undecipherable.

Go to Aldershot, and take with you a fund of inexhaustible admiration. I am sure you will bring away an intense appreciation.

E. K. PEARCE.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.

MANY public diseases are called intolerable when they have to be borne, and even when they can more easily be borne than people declare. If something less than the whole truth was told, how intolerable might English socialistic strike society appear, or Irish life in the country of which we not unnaturally sometimes form fantastic notions. To know the whole truth about the Negro in America ought not one to keep in mind such facts as the following?

(1) A year or two ago at Harvard College—and readers know what a constituency of wealth and influence is there represented, and what a feeling after being select—a "class orator" at the commencement was a negro. One cannot imagine a more prominent position to which the students could call a fellow student, unless that mentioned in

(2) The football first fifteen lately had a negro as our player.

(3) A professor in philosophy at the same college has mentioned the fact that one of the clearest-headed students he has had—if not the cleverest of all—was a negro.

(4) Another professor bears witness to the distinguished course of a negro at another college; to his capacity in learning languages; to his accent in modern languages, better and more refined than that of most of his fellows. And his admission to this college was a matter of anxiety; he was afterwards heartily well received and appreciated, and is another example of the real common sense of Charles Lamb's "How could I hate the man if I did know him?"

(5) An Anglican clergyman from the South working in a Northern large town at a mission, pleasantly called Hippo, declared of his negro flock that he did not think they were capable of sinking to the depths of the bad whites. And this Southerner was an utter disbeliever in the negro ever taking an equal position with the white man; he did not, however, think the children quite an intolerable nuisance.

(6) There is an ex-Southern officer now an Anglican clergymen in the North. He feels as strongly now as he did thirty years ago how unjust it is to speak of Southern masters and slaves as all tyrants and slaves in the bad sense. When he recalls kindness on the part of his parents and friends, and devotion and affection on the part of the negroes, is he not, indeed, recalling facts? Have we not been reminded lately about this in the story of the Southern planter and noble-spirited man which Mr. Gladstone has recommended his countrymen to read?

And is the goodness which found expression between master and servant in the old days not there now to show itself in self-reliance and uprightiness, in justice and consideration for others? Has not everyone who has moved about in America, without tourist-like saying: "How clever I am, and how funny everybody else is," seen in every negro quarter of large cities the proofs of a people growing in self respect, with just the virtues, faults, or vices that belong to such a people elsewhere—neatness and dandyism, independence and insolence, worship of narrow respectability and striving after self improvement? Europeans ask: do not the Americans hate the negroes? In some such way, in Dr. Johnson's day, people said: do not

the English hate the Scotch; and, later on: do not the English hate the Irish. What are the full answers? There are special differences of course; and American prejudice, Northern (including Canadian) and Southern, is astounding to born Europeans; prejudices against meeting even refined mannered negroes at table, at parties, even in hotels and in schools. But the whole truth is not unlike the whole truth to be told in other cases of stronger and weaker races, races more civilized and less civilized, if you like, superior and inferior, better and worse. Read even the powerful young *Southern* orator, Henry Grady; read his last speeches in Boston, just before his death, declaring the belief of the South in a regenerated negro-dom, a nation of coloured Americans, improving further in such ways as they are now improving. He declared indeed, also, that not even if "civilized" in every way as the whites, would he admit them to equality, not even then would his South admit them to rule; but how absurd in the light of even his speeches does the notion of necessity of shipping off the hopeless negro appear. But, further, read the answers of the Northern papers to these speeches, and consider the men in North and in South who speak in those answers, not John Brown's disciples but Lincoln's, and then ask if the negro himself is determined to stay and to be more worthy to stay. Will you get a steadily increasing number of answers *yes*, both in word and in action as proof of his sincerity? And is America the country where sympathy grows less with a weaker race, showing itself more worthy of it?

If in addition to the other side of the case, in defence for the negro, you begin a case of *tu quoque* aggression, is it not only natural to find barbarous negro outrages side by side with barbarous South Carolina sentences of life imprisonment for negro children? What was the English penal code necessary to keep down savages, our great grandfathers said—when Smollett's criminals rebelled and rioted?

This case of the negro is surely one where we can make use of opinions founded on experiences of other cases of race difficulties; and are there not often before us in this very case facts which justify those opinions?

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MODERN DOCTORS AT THE SORBONNE.

THE last two "doctors of the Sorbonne," if one may say so, have been priests—that is, the last two candidates admitted at the Sorbonne to this degree in the University. From the manner of their admission men have not failed to take consolation, because it reminds them of quieter worlds where those that differed no less strongly than do the most noisy, yet treat one another with courtesy and respect when these are due, and with a tolerance satisfied with the weapons of reasoning and persuasion, and marked by generous emulation in the place of unjust strife. Men feel gratified at being reminded of those things; they feel they are typical of so much that is fact; for apart from those who are always noisy because empty-headed, it is pleasant to recollect that many others, obliged in honesty to differ noisily in public, do yet in as great honesty understand one another in private. To be reminded of that is, perhaps, specially gratifying to patriotic Frenchmen, and particularly when religious questions are concerned, because in France the differences in religion are so marked; and when once the differences are touched compromise in principle is so impossible. Besides, so many details seem to logical or over-logical people to involve principles.

To Frenchmen to-day the name of the Sorbonne suggests all the questions of religion, and the State, and modern society. And perhaps some readers of English may forgive a word of explanation as to what the Sorbonne was and what it is. First a college founded by Robert de Sorbon, a priest in the thirteenth century under St. Louis, and enthusiastic for piety and learning; increasing then to be famous as a theological school, until doctors of the Sorbonne came to be consulted as Fathers in the Church, and their body to be called the Council of the Church existing in France. Richelieu in the seventeenth century built what is now known as the old Sorbonne, the picturesque if gloomy parallelogram of college buildings with the south side formed by the church where is Richelieu's own tomb; and now within the last few years outward changes have been made by the addition of great new buildings. But before that last outer change a greater change had been made in the spirit of the Sorbonne. Doctors of the Sorbonne no longer mean the authorized theologians declaring for the persecution of Protestants, or afterwards for the Gallican declaration of 1682; in 1790 the Sorbonne College, with all the other religious foundations, was suppressed; and since the foundation of the University of France under Napoleon the Sorbonne is merely the Paris seat of the University's lectures and functions of all sorts—the Academy of Paris, as it is called, just as the Academy of Lyons, or those of other large towns, are the seats of the University of France in those towns. Each of these Academies is, roughly speaking, what in England would be called a University; and, of course, in France the title "the University" embraces even more than these Academies, and includes also a great secondary school system of education. In a sense, it will have been seen, there is, therefore, now no such thing existing as "the Sorbonne," and no such persons existing as its "doctors." The Sorbonne is, as has been said above,

simply the building where the Paris division of the University gives its lectures, and one of the centres where examination for degrees is held. No body other than "the University" can grant degrees, nor can any other college body take the title of University.

Such another body there is at Paris (not to speak of such bodies elsewhere), *l'Institut Catholique*, as well equipped for a University as some or many bearing that name in the British Isles. It is a recent but rapidly growing foundation, the work of those giving effort and money to keep the young men coming from the Catholic schools in a Catholic University throughout the later years of education, and until they have got their professions.

It was a priest-professor of this Catholic University who was the last examined for doctor's degree by the laymen, all, it may be, non-Catholic, sitting in the seats of the Catholic doctors of the Sorbonne, and in the college taken from the Church to serve as part of a totally secular foundation. One might say, what a scene of strife and quarrelling would historical and almost theological discussion raise between the representatives of the old and the new systems; what angry expressions from minds full of thoughts of spoliation and ruin of France, or of triumph over superstition and ignorance.

There was no such unpleasant scene, but the pleasant one giving the sense of relief at watching the meeting of honourable opponents. Not that these can have felt relief during the examination, even though one may like to suppose they did afterwards; for the examining began at twelve, and, with a short interval, went on until six; the *salle du doctorat* not being large, the air was close and stifling. At first there are not many present, but gradually the number of priests and laymen, students ecclesiastical and lay, rises to what the room would hold, perhaps one hundred. At the end is a semi-circular tribune at which are seated the president (M. Himly, *doyen de la faculté des lettres à l'académie de Paris*) and six professors. Each has a printed copy of the two theses, or rather books (one in Latin, one in French), written by the candidate for doctor's degree; he, after being greeted by the president, sits at a table facing the tribune, with his back turned to the audience. It is certainly a change of position between priest and laymen which cannot but strike one as typical of a great deal. And one recollects that it is popular feeling in France which has so often seemed in demand that all at the tribune shall be priests, or none. Sitting, indeed, in a place of honour beside the examiners, there was an exceptional priest, M. l'abbé Duchesne, member of the Institute, and himself professor in *l'école des hautes études* at the Sorbonne—*en pleine république! en plein dix-neuvième siècle!* as no doubt good radical Republicans have exclaimed with the indignation born of their wish not to grant equal liberty to a priest. But as for those in authority, they are all laymen.

The theses were written on the divine honours granted to Alexander and to Roman Emperors. At first the president praised the works in general, and criticized them in detail, asking the writer to explain what was in his writing, and to justify himself for not having put in more; then a professor spoke in the same way for an hour, and another for three quarters, and so on, giving very little time to praise indeed, being satisfied with declaring that conscientious, serious work had been done, and then proceeding to note the sins in it of commission and of omission—the easier part of criticism, and, perhaps, the part forming the duty of examiners. There was courtesy and even friendliness at first, but much vigorous denunciation afterwards, and severe, at least serious, tone of reproach—the most excited words coming at the beginning of one examiner's speech, when he convicted the candidate-doctor of having confused one Berenice daughter of Ptolemy who was a priestess with another Berenice daughter of Ptolemy who was not. The offender humbly acknowledged his mistake. Of course the examiner was right, but there was a touch of mock heroic donnishness in his eagerness to make his point; he had had to keep it to himself for two or three hours, and with the chance of one of his colleagues making it before him. There was praise given for good indices to these books; is it not wonderful how little progress France makes in this luxury of civilization, notwithstanding the methodical spirit she rightly, of course, gets credit for?

But what was more interesting was the general criticism, which amounted to a reproach for having confined the theses to facts without giving a judgment on them, and specially for not considering what the examiners felt to be to us now the most interesting question of all concerned in such subjects: How far did the Greeks believe in these developments of religion? Apropos, the president cited a conversation he had had with a colleague in the last years of the Second Empire. The King of Prussia had been making one of his speeches, so strangely half mystical and half military; and this French professor was expressing himself in astonishment to M. Himly that in the nineteenth century men could speak so about God and soldiers and soldier kings. But M. Himly reminded him that these words were still real to the king in Prussia and to the people loyally accepting him as a divinely appointed ruler—in certain moods at least, belief in a sort of semi-deified family apart was possible to them. It is true, he went on to say, that for all of us in France, "Monarchists" or Republicans, such a belief has been for a long time impossible. There was once a belief of the sort in France; but it is dead. Is it not? he added, in appeal to priests and laymen present; and there was a general movement of assent.

The *eau sucrée* was given to the candidate; it ought to have been given to the examiners, better talkers than listeners. Perhaps they felt all the more bound to be severe because once the candidate's books have been seen the oral examination is in a sense formal. But what was more to be noted, as every one must feel, is the meeting on neutral ground of the chiefs in the fight, which sounds so noisy sometimes that one thinks it must destroy France. But as in two countries with large armies, there is much more occupying the Governments than the war, even if sooner or later that must come.

This M. l'abbé Beurlier was announced, with his doctor's title, to give the next week a lecture on "London" to a Catholic working men's club, one of those founded through the Comte de Man. The other recently received doctor at the Sorbonne is M. l'abbé Lacroix, who gave, during Lent at St. Ambrose's Church, *conférences*, democratic in tone, on "Jesus Christ judged by History."—*W. F. Stockley, in The Guardian.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Maggi Opera Company has made its *début* in Rio de Janeiro, playing "Otello" to a 15,000-franc house.

It is now announced that Boito's "Nero" will be produced at the Scala, Milan, in the autumn, and then be given at Bologna.

WAGNER triumphs in Italy. Next season "Tannhäuser" will be heard at La Scala, Milan; "Lohengrin" at the Carlo Felice, Genoa; and the "Walkyrie" at the Regio, Turin.

A CONCERT has been given in London by a ladies' orchestra conducted by the Countess of Radnor. Fifty girls from fashionable circles in London took part. The players were dressed in white, and the Countess wore a gorgeous tiara of diamonds.

NAT ROTUN's Opera Company formed in New York and playing at Queen's Hall, Montreal, has given during its season there a number of operas, including "The Pirates of Penzance," "Black Hussar," "Amorita," and "Fledermaus." After eight weeks in Montreal, the company will play two weeks in Toronto. Lily Post and George Lyding have become great favourites with the Montreal public.

At a fashionable concert recently given by the Duchess of Newcastle, at her residence in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, the programme included performances on the banjo, and by a gentleman called the "American Bird Warbler," with recitations. The Duchess has a perfect right to arrange her own entertainments; all the same, such a scheme inclines one to suspect that our nobility are apt to forget their responsibilities as patrons and promoters of art. The wealthy leaders of society, it might be added, have a further duty in setting examples of good taste and correct judgment.

A CURIOUS confirmation of the truth of that oft-repeated quotation: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is afforded by some revelations in the current number of the *Nouvelle Revue*. The writer is describing the happy position of French convicts in New Caledonia; among other examples he gives that of the esteemed organist of the Cathedral at Noumea. His savage breast is soothed not only by the holding of that position, but in being also employed in training the girls to sing, and giving music lessons to families in the town. And what are his special qualifications? Well, he is "a convict whose conviction for gross offences against morality is overlooked in consideration of his having formerly gained a prize at the Conservatoire." What the authorities of that institution think of their old pupil our French contemporary says not.

SOME Americans are much exercised over the want of music that is truly national, and of sufficient dignity musically to represent their great country. Writing about a *pot-pourri* of "strictly American airs," the *Pittsburg Dispatch* says: "It may indeed be seriously questioned whether he has not, in giving to these songs of the people a permanent, musicianly form and a wide circulation abroad, actually accomplished more for the musical reputation of the American nation than has been gained by certain much more pretentious efforts in that direction." Another journal remarks: "We do not think the matter can be seriously questioned at all—for certainly America's musical reputation cannot be greatly enhanced by 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Dixie,' 'Red, White and Blue,' and a lot of things of that sort. The orchestral arrangement may be all right and reflect credit upon the musician referred to, but to seriously intimate that a conglomeration of cheap tunes has 'accomplished' anything creditable for the musical reputation of this country is putting it rather strong. America has done good musical work, for which she need not be ashamed, but it is hardly fair to class such 'tunes' as above referred to as representative of that work."

THE performance of "Tristan and Isolde" at Bayreuth during the third week in July attracted an international audience, which filled the Wagner theatre to overflowing. The Alvary and anti-Alvary factions were strongly represented, but whatever bias the latter party entertained before the performance was transformed into enthusiasm under the spell of the artist. Although visibly nervous in the first act, Herr Alvary, when he had fully seized the spirit of the personation, became master of all his powers and acted and sang with marvellous force. The love duet

passages in the second act of the opera chained attention by the artistic delicacy and beauty of their rendering. The last act was a climax of triumph, the acting and singing of Herr Alvary as the dying Tristan being superb. Frau Sucher's always incomparable "Isolde" displayed in the highest degree those pure womanly touches which distinguish her method from that of Mme. Lehmann. The whole of the performance was of marked excellence. Felix Mottl, of Carlsruhe, was simply perfect in his style of conducting the work, which completed the charm possessing the audience till the close. Although "Tristan and Isolde" was given at Bayreuth eight times in 1886 and was repeated four times in 1889, the interest displayed in the work was as great as if it were having its first production. The Wagnerites who were in the audience will probably concur in the conclusion that the opera was never so splendidly performed before. The intense, tragic passion pervading the work was certainly never more exquisitely rendered. Conductor Mottl was assisted by Carl Armbruster of the London Haymarket Theatre, who conducted the music on the stage, directing there quite an army of hunting horns, trombones and reed instruments played by seventy-two artists. The orchestra proper comprised thirty-two violins, twelve violas, twelve cellos, eight basses, five flutes, five oboes, five clarionets, four bassoons, one contrabassoon, eleven horns, four trumpets, four trombones, one tuba, four harps, two pairs of drums and four percussion instruments, making a total, with the stage band, of 186 performers. All the leading players were selected with the utmost care, being brought together from twenty different musical centres. Among the auditors were Prince William of Hesse, Prince Ludwig Victor of Bavaria and the Princess of Anhalt.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN, 1891. Edited by J. A. Gemmill. Ottawa: J. Durie and Son.

This is the twenty-ninth year of issue of this useful little work—though it can hardly be called "little" since it now reaches a bulk requiring four hundred and fifty-seven pages—which will give an idea of the large amount of information to be found in it. It is by no means a mere list of M.P.'s, but gives all sorts of facts useful for these important personages and for ordinary readers also.

THEODORIC THE GOTH, THE BARBARIAN CHAMPION OF CIVILIZATION. By Thomas Hodgkin. ("Heroes of the Nations" Series.) New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Theodoric the Ostrogoth could hardly have fallen into better hands than those of the author of "Italy and her Invaders, A. D. 376-553," for the period at which he flourished is wholly comprised within the historical limits dealt with in this work. This is a period of history of which the majority even of well-educated people are profoundly ignorant; these are taught at school what goes by the name of "Greek" and "Roman" history, and they learn what is also called "English" history; in addition to this they skim through one or two text books of mediæval history. But this latter is meagre in the extreme, and usually between their knowledge of ancient Europe and of modern Europe there is a great gulf fixed. Such a book as Dr. Hodgkin's is therefore peculiarly useful, for it deals in most readable manner with an important epoch in the history of the then most important powers of Europe. Odoacer, Pope John, Pannonia, Ravenna—such names, familiar as they are to many of us, have not about them that cluster of historic associations which they ought to have; but this they will have for any one who peruses Dr. Hodgkin's admirable work. A word too must be said on behalf of its excellent not to say delightful appearance. It is a pleasure to the eyes in its colour, binding, paper, type, and illustrations.

BALAM AND HIS MASTER, and other Sketches and Stories. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. \$1.25.

Many as are the things for which the historian of the future will credit—let it be hoped favourably—the closing decades of the century now so near its end, amongst them certainly will be the birth and rapid growth of certain quite novel sciences. Comparative anatomy is one of them; comparative religion another; comparative philology another; bacteriology another; and last, but by no means least, folk-lore. For folk-lore is a science and an important one. Amongst well-known contributors to our fast increasing knowledge of the subject, "Uncle Remus" stands easily high, and everybody will welcome this further production of his pen. If anyone knows the Negro, his ways, doings, sayings, mental habits, and modes of thought, it is Mr. Joel Chandler Harris; so that even when he is writing "sketches" and telling "stories," he is interpreting for us the ethnological traits of a race about which America is already much exercised and probably in the near future will be still more exercised. The Negro problem is a problem indeed, and anything that throws light on the Negro should be welcomed as a help to its solution. Mr. Chandler's sketches may bear the appearance of lightness and romance, nevertheless they are true to life and therefore ethnically scientific. Literature of

this kind has an extrinsic as well as an intrinsic value. It delights the mere *littérateur*, it also gives food for thought to the more serious scholar. "Balaam and his Master" can and should be read by readers of very different tastes.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM. A Novel. By Maxwell Grey.

Of the three novels from the pen of Maxwell Grey, none can be said to be devoid of remarkable features. What is lacking in art is made up in boldness. Though bad in construction, stilted in style and vague in purpose, there is still a certain strength about them which holds the attention and makes them thoroughly readable. "The Silence of Dean Maitland," which appeared some five years ago, still holds the first place. Indeed it seems likely that it is on this book that the author's reputation will chiefly rest. There was a boldness in bringing murder and penal servitude close to the fireside which could not fail to engage our interest, even if it did excite our surprise. Besides it showed greater care as to detail than its successors have done. All the books excel in descriptive passages and in certain kinds of dialect. Their great weakness seems to lie in the want of a clear plot and in the almost ludicrous way in which the characters tumble up against each other in all the corners of the world.

It is no secret, we believe, that the author of these books is a lady and an invalid; and her work is naturally affected by her surroundings. So far as her experience goes, nothing could be better. She writes of the people of Sussex and Hampshire and their ways with unflinching truth and charm. But where her descriptions depend solely on reading, supplemented by imagination, they become at once unreal and indistinct. India, for instance, in the present book, has all the appearance of stage scenery; you wheel in an elephant and a palm tree wherever a blank space is to be filled up. But possibly Kipling has spoiled India for other writers. Then the faults of construction may be in a large degree due to intermittent work. Surely a little patience could have produced something more artistic than the series of accidents that bring Philip and Ada together, twice in India and again in Italy. One general coincidence might have effected the thing quite as well. These faults are small, however, compared with that of the want of unity in the whole book. There is no dominant note. The heroine of the book is undoubtedly Jessie; for her life and character seem to be the leading theme, and they are drawn with reasonable distinctness. Philip, we suppose, is the hero, for Claude is only saved by accident from acting as an unutterable cad. But the hero, though engaged to the heroine, falls in love with a minor character, and the reader is left in the curious position of feeling a secret satisfaction in Jessie's falseness to Philip—for such undoubtedly we should have called it, had Philip by any chance cared for her—and her subsequent misfortunes, because we know how badly Philip wants to marry Ada. The whole effect of a rather neat tragedy is thus spoiled, and the reader, feeling no particular necessity either for joy or sorrow, closes the book with very indifferent feelings. Such is not the object for which novels are read.

We have said that Jessie's is the only character that is at all distinct. Philip, probably, is responsible for the sub-title, "a tale of modern chivalry;" but, beyond the now vulgar achievement of winning the Victoria Cross, Philip does nothing till the end of the book, which can be considered at all chivalrous. Then he goes home to look up Jessie; but, as we all know what has happened, the self-sacrifice of his action is not impressed on us as it should be. Ada Maynard appears as a shadowy sort of person, with "velvety eyes" that flash, but she has the distinction of knowing her own mind throughout. Even about Jessie, we doubt if we quite grasp the author's conception. She is, we presume, a well-educated but inexperienced girl, a miller's daughter, who is in danger of being led astray by a fascinating man, but is finally saved by her natural sense of right. We could wish that the motive of her action were put more distinctly forward; she never seems to see things very clearly herself, and when at last she does fly from the "unequal duel," it seems to be more from impulse than conviction. Her mistakes are set down to loneliness and want of companionship; and it does not seem an unfair criticism to wonder how a girl could spend several years at a good school and not make friends on whom she could rely on just such occasions. That her acquaintanceship should be limited to some half-dozen people seems quite impossible.

We have but one other remark to make. We do wish that novelists, and especially lady novelists, could be brought to see in how very bad taste it is to preach to their readers. Novels, like other forms of art, should teach their own moral, or be content to do without one. There is quite enough sermonizing as it is. Maxwell Grey has developed a disposition to rant on social questions in a manner that reminds one unpleasantly of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The chief objects of her wrath are those who condemn a girl for one false step. So far as her ideas are intelligible she would draw the line after the first offence. How society is to be reorganized on these lines is not explained. Indeed it would be futile to attempt to work out the problem.

In spite of what we have said the novel is eminently readable. The different scenes are well described, and there is enough life and naturalness about it to place "In the heart of the storm" above the ordinary run of novels.

—[COM.

THE chief article in the *Library and Studio* for July is that entitled "Mark Twain, his Life and Work." There appears also a short preface to this article, which we think might have been omitted with advantage.

NUMBER 1, Volume I., new series, published in Toronto, of the *Dominion Musical Journal* has made its appearance. The publishers set forth in this initial number that its columns are to be devoted to the interests of Music, Art, Literature, and the Drama. We wish them a long and successful life.

RAT PORTAGE now owns a new weekly, entitled the *Weekly Record*. Its first number was issued on the 18th July, in which the editor says of his paper that "it will not knowingly permit references directly or indirectly to private affairs that do not concern the public." This is a splendid resolve to set out with, and we hope it will be lived up to.

ANOTHER new publication has also come to hand, bearing the title, the *Weekly Bulletin* of newspaper and periodical literature, hailing from the city of Boston. It says of itself that it brings into journalism a very simple and yet a thoroughly novel idea—that of serving as a guide or index to all other journals. Its ambition is to make itself a table of principal contents for the English periodical press of the United States and the British Provinces of North America.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for the current month opens with "On the Wane: A Sentimental Correspondence," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the widow of the late well-known mathematician, Professor W. Kingdon Clifford, which exhibits much skill on the part of the authoress. The other articles which it contains: "Fawley Park," "Cookham and Round About It," "My Uncle's Story," "A July Day of Dartmoor," "A Thousand Games at Monte Carlo," "Nymegen," "The Witch of Prague," etc., are all scholarly productions, accompanied by illustrations alike artistic and attractive.

THE story with which *Lippincott's* for August opens is "A Daughter's Heart," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. This is followed by a number of attractive papers among which are: "Thoreau and his Biographers," by Samuel Arthur Jones; "A Damascus Blade," by Clinton Scolard; "Walt Whitman's Birthday," by Horace L. Traubel; "At a Poet's Funeral," by Anne Reeve Aldrich; "My Adventure with Edgar Allan Poe," by Julian Hawthorne; "Fancy," by Daniel L. Dawson; "A Culprit," by Charles Henry Lüders; "A Plea for Patriotism," by Mary Elizabeth Blake; "Re-roasted Chestnuts," by George Grantham Bain; "The Slav and the Indian Empire," by Clarence Bloomfield Moore; "Good-bye, My Fancy," by Walt Whitman; etc.

THE *Quiver* for August is attractive in literary contents. The opening article is entitled "A Sunday in Norway," and it is illustrated with a number of picturesque and characteristic sketches. The writer of this article speaks of the extraordinary length of some Norwegian words and gives as a specimen one which signifies the material of a lady's dress; here it is: Konstantinopolitanerindernesshöitidsbekledningstoff. The serials "For Erica's Sake" and the "Sundays with the Young" are continued, followed by a pretty poem called "Sweet Voices," which has the frontispiece for its illustration. "The Sunshine of Smiles" is a paper by Dr. John W. Kirton. Then we come to a batch of "New Fables with Old Morals." "His Perplexing Silence" is the title of a story in six chapters, which is bound to have endless readers, for it is a subject that has vexed women since the days of Adam. "An Afternoon at Barnes" is a sketch that makes one's mouth water for the lively English homes and churches that it describes. There is an amusing skit called "Building and Blundering," with equally amusing illustrations. Altogether it is a good number.

MR. J. T. CUNNINGHAM, writing on "The New Darwinism" in the *Westminster Review* for July says: "The question before us at the present day is not whether species were created or evolved, but what are the essential causes of the gradual modification of organic forms which we know to have taken place." He also shows that the conception of heredity of the New Darwinism is incompatible with the observed phenomena of life and evolution, and adds that their opponents have a different conception of heredity, which is founded upon these phenomena. Further he writes: "We conceive of heredity as the tendency in the offspring to repeat the same rhythm, to go through the same phases of life and structure as the parent. We further deduce from the facts of observation, that the conditions of life, the physical forces which act upon the organism, affect and modify this rhythm in ways which can be accurately ascertained by observation and experiment. When the conditions of life remain unaltered, then their influence on the course of the individual life is in the same direction as the hereditary tendency, and in this case the result is that the development of the individual is hastened, and therefore abbreviated. We know that the characters which must have appeared once in adult life are in existing animals exhibited at a much earlier period, in many instances appear as mere transitory embryonic phases. On the other hand, when the conditions of life are changed, a modification of the individual is caused. This modification does not usually reappear by inheritance in the offspring if the conditions that produced it no longer act. The reason of this is obvious: the hereditary tendency is too strong to be overcome or visibly affected by a single disturbance.

But if the same new conditions continue to act for many successive generations, then the old hereditary tendency is overcome, and the new rhythm or course of life becomes hereditary." A paper in the same review, by the Rev. Walter Lloyd, on "Theological Evolution," connecting with it the name of the late W. M. W. Call, is timely and of great interest. He writes: "The agnostic philosophy, which is more or less avowedly religious in spirit, seems to him (Mr. Call) as baseless as the Theistic: the Absolute, the Unknowable, the Homogeneous, the Eternal Essence, which is without limits and transcends thought, the quasi-Deity of the Evolutionary philosophy, will prove to be little more than a glorification of that substratum, the very existence of which has been denied by profound thinkers, which Mr. Lewes surrendered, though still believing in an external world, and which Mill, Grote and Bain all alike rejected. Regarded as the eternal cosmical energy, it has but a shadowy existence in the speculative mind. Our consciousness of muscular or nervous effort is one thing; that there is any such consciousness in nature is another. The internal energy is no reflex of an external energy, and the subjective force cannot be shown to have a correspondent in an objective force analogous to it. This extreme view seems to us unsatisfactory, as it appears to detach man altogether from the rest of creation, to isolate him in the midst of the universe, to which he has no organic relation, and to render impossible the synthesis which it is the aim of the philosophy of our times to establish. Happily with Mr. Call, as generally even with the most rigid logicians, there is a chink in the windowless wall which he built about him. After all, he says that his creed is not one of despair, but of hope: 'If I do not as yet believe in the ultimate evanescence of evil, I at least believe in the indefinite improbability of man, and of the continued diminution of all hostile influences in the external world. The victory may seem to tremble in the balance, but the scale dips in favour of the good.'" The other articles comprise: "Abraham Lincoln," by Theodore Stanton; "London: Past and Present," by F. R. C. I.; "Domestic Servants in Australia: a Rejoinder," by Mary Sanger Evans, etc.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

OIDA calls her newest story "The Silver Christ."

"A BATTLE AND A BOY," by Blanche Willis Howard, will be published by Lovell.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has returned to England looking, says the *Athenaeum*, in the best of health.

THE biography of that great biographer, Boswell, by Percy Fitzgerald, will be issued in two volumes.

A POLITICAL history of Virginia is in preparation by Professor Lyon G. Tyler, of William and Mary College.

OSCAR WILDE has written a book which he calls "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and which is about to appear in London.

ANDREW LANG is said to be writing a number of angling sketches, which will be published in a volume with illustrations.

RUDYARD KIPLING's father has written a book, and now the young author's sister, Miss Beatrice Kipling, is said to be writing a novel.

AN English translation of "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens," by Mr. E. Poste, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Company.

MESSRS. JAMES BLACKWOOD AND COMPANY announce a new series of shilling popular books, the first of which is our old favourite, "Verdant Green."

AMÉLIE RIVES' new story, "According to St. John," will run through three numbers of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, beginning with that for August.

MME. BLAZE DE BURY's history of Anne Boleyn has just been crowned by the French Academy; it has, moreover, received the Prix Montyon of \$300.

A VERY attractive portrait, printed in colours, of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, has appeared from the publishing house of Mr. William Bryce, Toronto.

THE short story of the *Independent* of July 23 is by Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose admirable tales of life in the Canadian North-West have been appearing in this journal lately.

RIDER HAGGARD's new Zululand story will be called "Nada the Lily." His romance of old Mexico, the fruit of his recent journey to the land of the Montezumas, may follow.

THE third volume of the "Cambridge Shakespeare" edition contains "The Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Twelfth Night," and "The Winter's Tale."

MR. EDMUND PENDLETON, author of "A Conventional Bohemian" and "A Virginia Inheritance," has written a new novel entitled, "One Woman's Way," which will be published shortly by D. Appleton and Company.

MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY's recent visit to Australia and New Zealand has proved productive. He has finished a three-volume novel, and also intends to contribute to the *Contemporary Review* articles on the Colonies he has seen.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces a biography of the late Dean Burgon, with extracts from his letters and early journals, by his old friend, the Rev. Dr. E. M. Goulburn,

some time Dean of Norwich. It will be in two volumes, with a portrait.

THE Historical Printing Club, Brooklyn, has just issued two pamphlets, "The Press of North Carolina in the Eighteenth Century," by Stephen B. Weeks, and "Wills of George Washington and his Immediate Ancestors," edited by Worthington C. Ford.

A BATCH of letters written by Thackeray to a Long Island girl are being edited, together with the lady's reminiscences of the author, by W. C. Hudson, himself a novelist of no mean reputation. Among the letters is a characteristic drawing by Thackeray, in coloured ink.

THERE is nothing like going abroad to hear news. From the *Athenaeum* we learn that Mr. Richard Harding Davies, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, is styled the coming American Kipling. His story, "The Reporter who made Himself King," will be read with some curiosity.

THE next volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library" is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as to be published immediately. It will commence the Topographical section and will contain the local information found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, classified alphabetically under each county.

A DELIGHTFUL addition to the "Camelot Series" is "Master Humphrey's Clock," and other stories, by Charles Dickens. The "Sketches of Young Couples," and "The Lamplighter's Story," are particularly taking, and all Dickens' lovers will find in this volume a good deal to gratify their taste.

BREITKOPF and HARTEL, Leipzig, will soon issue the third volume of Oesterlein's "Katalog einer Richard Wagner Bibliothek." These three volumes contain the titles and dates of about 30,000 articles, pamphlets, and books relating to Wagner. Oesterlein is the director of the Wagner Museum in Vienna.

THE second volume of Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People," has just made its appearance in London. It is a large work which, when completed by the third volume, will present the most exhaustive study of every phase of existence in the great modern city yet made. It deals exclusively with London.

ABOUT 200 £10 shares of the firm of Messrs. H. R. Baines and Company, limited, proprietors of the *Graphic*, were sold by auction at prices averaging £36 10s. per share. The Company last year paid dividends at the rate of 23 per cent., and it is hoped that, with the aid of the *Daily Graphic*, even better results will be attained this year.

THE *Idler* of the *Publishers' Circular* says that Mr. Hall Caine, author of "The Deemster," is suffering from "extreme nervous exhaustion, the result of overwork." A story which he agreed to write for Tillotson's Syndicate has been postponed for a year, and "The Scapegoat," undertaken for the *Illustrated London News*, is at a stand. He is recovering, however.

A NEW philosophical and critical work to be entitled, "Jahresberichte für neue deutsche Literaturgeschichte," will appear from the commencement of next year for the house of Herr G. J. Göschen, of Stuttgart. Several eminent scholars have already promised their co-operation, and the directors will rest with Dr. J. Elias, Dr. Max Hermann, and Dr. S. Szamatolski.

A GRANDSON and namesake of Sir Walter Scott's "prince of booksellers" has established a new publishing house in London with the famous name, Archibald, Constable and Company. Mr. Constable, during a long residence in India, became well acquainted with oriental literature and will make a specialty of books relating to the East.

THE first number of *Brains*, a semi-monthly journal for literary folk, published at Meadville, Pa., has just appeared. It is a handsome publication, presenting much gossip concerning men and books. There is an essay by Albion W. Tourgee on "The Art of Fiction," and letters on literary topics appear from correspondents at Chicago, New York, Boston and San Francisco.

THE famous Greek manuscript of the New Testament, which dates from the fifth century, and constitutes one of the chief treasures of the Vatican Library, where it is well known to scholars by its catalogue number, 1209, is now being phototypically facsimiled by order of Pope Leo XIII., who intends to present a copy of the work to each of the principal libraries of Christendom.

ACCORDING to present arrangements the next work to be issued by the Villon Society will be a complete metrical translation of the writings of the great Persian poet, Mohammed Shemseddin Hafiz, of Shiraz, the first undertaken in the English language, upon which Mr. John Payne, the translator of "The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night," is at present engaged.

THE next addition to Macmillan and Company's "Golden Treasury Series" will be a volume entitled "Ballads and Romances," edited by Professor Buchheim. The book, which is nearly ready for publication, will contain the best productions of German ballad literature from Bürger to our own times, and will be provided with a critical introduction and notes giving the source of the ballads and romances.

Tit-Bits, which is said to be selling 550,000 copies weekly, and the *Strand Magazine*, with a circulation of 200,000 monthly, are to be taken up by a limited liability company with a capital of £400,000 in £1 shares. Mr. George Newnes, M.P., whose name the company will bear,

retains the greater portion of the shares himself, 150,000 being offered, however, to news agents, advertisers, etc., at a premium of 5s. per share. Mr. Newnes guarantees ten per cent. interest for five years.

THE Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., has kindly forwarded to Mr. Henry J. Morgan some interesting details, taken from the family records, touching the illness and death of his Grace's grandfather, the fourth Duke of Richmond, who, while Governor-General of British North America, died from the effects of a bite from a pet fox, on the 28th August, 1820. All the circumstances connected with this historical event will appear in Mr. Morgan's "History of the Ottawa Valley," now in course of preparation.

A COMPANION volume to "London City," to be called "London City Suburbs," is in preparation at the Leadenhall Press. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald will be responsible for the letterpress, and there will be three hundred illustrations by Mr. William Luker, jun., from the original drawings of the "residential belt of London." In order to secure the copyright of the title there has been issued a little black pamphlet called "London City Suburbs," containing a farrago of nonsense, which will doubtless be much sought after by collectors.

WALT WHITMAN, "the good grey poet," was invited to a dinner at his home in Camden by a number of his friends in honour of his seventy-second birthday. The poet presided at the feast, and kept up a running conversation, in the course of which he said many interesting things. Letters of greeting and congratulation were read from Lord Tennyson, James Russell Lowell, John Addington Symonds, Roden Noel, Moncure Conway, Charles Dana and others. A report of this dinner, made up from the work of a stenographer and giving the text of most of the letters read, will appear in the August number of *Lippincott's*.

IN the New York *Tribune* the following list of the names or epithets applied to certain authors was recently given: Emerson—The Sphinx. Schiller—The Republican Poet. Goethe—The Poet of Pantheism. Shelley—The Eternal Child. Keats—The Resurrectionized Greek. Byron—The Poet of Passion. Moore—The Butterfly. Jeremy Taylor—The Shakespeare of Divines. Coleridge—The Insulated Son of Reverie. Bunyan—Sponsor of the People. Shakespeare—The Myriad-Minded. Ben Jonson—The Divine Bully of the Old English Parnassus. Spenser—The Poet's Poet. Chaucer—The Well of English Undeified, or the Morning Star of English Poetry. Caedmon—The Milton of the Forefathers. It would be an interesting exercise to trace each to its source.

THE founding of the great publishing house of Calmann Levy, Paris, is said to have been due to a suggestion of Rachel, the actress. Michel Levy early divined the literary qualities of M. Renan, who signed an agreement with him which he often regretted afterwards. Flaubert was paid only \$800 for the copyright of "Madame Bovary." As soon as Levy got rich, he went to live in the Champs Elysées. He was hospitable, and one met at his table Guizot, Lamartine, the Orleans Princes, Emile Augier, the Duc de Broglie, Renan, Georges Sand and Flaubert. When he died he left a very large fortune to his brother Calmann, who died the other day, after having greatly increased the business. The average output of his presses for some years was 1,724,000 volumes. The issue of periodicals which he published amounted to 2,500,000 copies a year. He kept going fourteen paper mills, thirty printing-houses, three paper-glossing factories, thirteen binding-houses and eighty-two workshops for black and white designs.

IT is a real consolation to those of us who worshipped before the shrine of Laurence Oliphant's bright, particular genius, to learn that if a certain article in last week's *Anti-Jacobin* is correct, the author of "Piccadilly" and "Altiora Peto" was not hoodwinked by a man who was a mere "vulgar charlatan and nothing more." Such, it must be confessed, is the popular idea with regard to Harris. But a writer in the *Anti-Jacobin* avers that anyone who is lucky enough to possess a copy of Mr. Alfred Austin's essays on "The Poetry of the Period," which originally appeared in *Temple Bar*, "will find in one of the essays a good deal of curious information concerning the Thomas Lake Harris who figures so largely in the biography of Laurence Oliphant." It is as a poet, rather than as a preacher, or orator, that Harris is here taken. Although he himself gave out that his volumes of verse—and there were several of them—were not his own, but were inspired when he was in trances, with more stuff of the kind, the strange thing is that Mr. Austin can prove by quotation that the verses themselves were fine and imaginative and again exquisitely tender and delicate. Space forbids reproduction; but I can assure my readers that such verses as are quoted in the article referred to are very beautiful; and if possible I shall endeavour to find out some more by the same author. Mr. Austin's article was, however, written over twenty years ago, and that is a long time in these days.—*The Critic*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biggar, E. B. Anecdotal Life of Sir Jno. Macdonald. Paper, 50c. cloth, \$1.25. Montreal: Jno. Lovell and Son.
Fremont, Jessie Lenthon. The Will and the Way Stories. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.
Holder, Chas. Frederick. Chas. Darwin. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CROP PROSPECTS.

THE very important crop question is now assuming measurable dimensions. An eminent English authority on grain statistics, while anticipating an almost average British crop of wheat, estimates the deficiency in France at 130,000,000 bushels, and some French calculators place the deficit as high as 175,000,000. The total European deficiency to be supplied from external sources the English estimator places at 380,000,000 of bushels of wheat; or, if we were to accept the figures of the French statistician for France, the total European deficit would be about 430,000,000 bushels. Seemingly, therefore, it may be assumed that Europe will have to import about 400,000,000 bushels of wheat. Such a demand implies a higher price for that cereal than has prevailed during late years; and were the price estimated at the confessedly low figure of \$1 a bushel, it would follow that Europe will have to pay \$400,000,000 to other parts of the world for this cereal; which is an amount almost without precedent. Our own crop is variously estimated at between 500,000,000 and 550,000,000 bushels; and as prospects now stand, 550,000,000 is perhaps a fair estimate. Estimating our domestic requirements for various purposes at 360,000,000 bushels, we would have at this rate a surplus of 190,000,000 bushels for export, assuming the home stock to remain at its present quantity, whatever that may be. According to these estimates, we are in a position to furnish to Europe close upon—or possibly fully—one-half its total required imports of wheat. This means that this one item of our exports will amount to something near \$200,000,000. To the United States this is a very exhilarating prospect, but to Europe it is a very gloomy one. Even were the European nations in a prosperous condition, such an extraordinary necessity to buy bread from foreign countries would be appalling; but, coming after an enfeebling financial crisis on the heels of a large drain of gold into Russia, and at a time when industry is contracting and foreign trade is languishing, what may be the possible result of these short harvests to Europe? It is useless to predict; and it is imperative to wait for consequences. The present attitude of expectancy assumed by Wall Street is the only safe and wise one under such circumstances. It is not likely that we shall be permitted to reap this advantage of a great crop without some sort of drawback, and it is wise to wait and see in what form that drawback is likely to come. Europe will find it impossible to pay us for our wheat without making some sacrifice. She will offer her products to us at low prices, or consign them for sale at what they will bring; if we accept them freely our wheat will be so far paid for in goods instead of gold; if we buy only our usual quantity of imports, then Europe will be compelled to pay us largely in our securities held there; and in that case the settlement will not be conducive to buoyancy in the New York stock market. For these reasons we advise moderate expectations, at least until the future of Europe becomes plainer.—*From the Halifax Critic.*

M. RENAN ON IMMORTALITY.

WHAT M. Renan ignores is that all serious belief in immortality is founded on the conviction that the human heart craves rest on an eternal righteousness and blessedness the communion with which is by no manner of means a light pleasure of that butterfly order to which he chooses to attribute all the significance of finite immortality. The "beatific vision" is a vision for which finite minds can only be prepared by suffering or willingness to suffer—which, by the kind of suffering or willingness to suffer of which we have had a divine example. The only preparation for immortality is experience of a diametrically opposite kind from that on which M. Renan dilates with a sort of epicurish cynicism as the possible amusement of a wearisome eternity. To learn to fathom the depth of even the deeper human characters is a process which involves a great capacity for voluntary suffering. But to learn to grow up from the human standard of righteousness to the divine, is a process which involves the willing carrying of a cross in the infinite agony and blessedness of which M. Renan has long ago ceased to believe. Of course, having once reduced our nature to the level in which the capacity for ephemeral gaiety is all in all, he finds no difficulty in making the prospect of immortality look as absurd for man as it would be for the butterfly itself.—*Spectator.*

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

THE papal encyclical attempts to solve the social problem through the application of right and justice. But when we ask where these principles of right and justice are comparatively most lived up to, we seek in vain among the properly Roman Catholic countries. In the Protestant countries the labourer stands higher, the poor are less in need of charity, and justice is better administered. The social question is more agitated in liberal countries, not because there is more of that "general moral deterioration" of which the Pope speaks as an evil sign of the times, but because there is more progress. And progress is after all the test by which we shall recognize the worth of moral principles. We believe in conservatism, because we believe that the future must develop out of the past. We find no fault with the Pope's conservatism. There is, however, an ultra-conservative sentiment underlying the Pope's encyclical which we can-

not consider as promoting progress. In speaking of poverty, which "in God's sight is no disgrace," he advises "the rich to incline to generosity and the poor to tranquil resignation." "Generosity" together with "charity" would make a poor substitute only for justice, and "tranquil resignation" can never beget the spirit of reform. Progress is the hope and desire of those who toil, and our deepest instincts move us to obey its laws. It is the motive principle of human action in its highest form. To be better and to be better off, is a virtuous aspiration, and "tranquil resignation" with our own misery should be termed "indolence." Bad institutions that oppose our elevation ought to be improved, but they cannot be improved by tranquil resignation. We must labour to improve them, we must aspire and struggle for progress. We must study the truth freely and fearlessly, and the truth is found with the help of "right reason" and by a cognition of "the laws of nature." It is noteworthy how much the Pope endeavours to base his arguments upon natural laws and reason. In one passage he goes even so far as to propose "right reason" as a test for what is the eternal law of God. He says: "Laws bind only when they are in accordance with right reason, and therefore with the eternal laws of God." (Italics are ours.) We agree with the Pope, but we fear that many dogmas and church institutions do not agree with this saying of the Pope's, if his words mean what they purport.—*The Open Court.*

AGRICULTURE IN OUR SCHOOLS.

THE extent to which agriculture should be taught in our rural schools is a matter on which at present there will be a wide difference of opinion. The teacher who is not equipped for teaching in this subject may probably desire to evade teaching it altogether. . . . The missing link, however, will soon of necessity have to be supplied. It will have to be supplied for the reason that the pupils who enter the High School after having been grounded in agriculture in the common school will require more on this subject to enable those of them who enter upon the profession of teaching to pass their examinations in agriculture more creditably, and also to teach the subject more effectively. This instruction will have to be supplied for the further reason that teaching it in the High Schools will enable the pupils who enter the Ontario Agricultural College to prosecute further the study of the subject and to do so more effectively. Again, it will have to be supplied because of the return of many of those who graduate in the High Schools to the pursuit of agriculture as a life-work, since the continued exodus from the farms to other occupations cannot last forever. The relative importance of agriculture cannot materially change with the passing of the years, hence the time must be near at hand when our young people will cease to look upon agriculture as an ignoble pursuit compared with many other lines of life. That the farmers will yet demand that the teaching of agriculture shall be made compulsory in our rural schools is a settled conviction in the mind of the writer, as is also the conclusion that this demand will soon be made. Indeed, we have evidence of this in the resolution passed by the Central Farmers' Institute last winter, asking that the Minister of Education give this matter his careful consideration. That the trustees in rural schools will soon insist upon the introduction of the new text-book into these schools is a foregone conclusion, and that the teachers who have fitted themselves for teaching the subject with efficiency, all other things being equal, will soon get the preference in such schools, is equally certain. It is therefore of some consequence to the teacher that the warning note now given should receive some attention, and that he govern himself accordingly. It is not enough that the teacher be barely able to take the pupil over the ground covered by the text-book. Teaching after this fashion is never effective teaching. To impart instruction effectively the teacher must be a long way in advance of the ground covered by text-books, more especially those that are introductory. Where will those who have teaching in view as a life work get this information? They cannot get it easily and in best form until agriculture is extensively and efficiently taught in our High Schools.—*Prof. Thomas Shaw, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, in the Toronto Educational Journal.*

ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAYS.

THE generally received opinion that electric motive power will ultimately supersede the use of horses is markedly confirmed by the experience of the great Boston roads. According to the *Springfield Republican* the West End Street Railway of Boston is one of the largest street railway systems in the United States if not in the world. The service covers about 18,000,000 car miles run per annum, and a good deal of interest is manifested respecting the relative cost to the company of its horse and electric car systems. The electric system is in a transitory state now, so the figures would not show what may be done after the change from horse to electric motive power has been completed; but they give some idea of the saving which can be made and which is making now even during the process of transition. In May, 26 per cent. of the whole West End system was operated by electricity, and 74 per cent. with horses. The total receipts in May were about \$520,000 and the total expenses about \$353,000. The electric system earned net \$16.07 per mile, and the horse system

\$9.60 per mile. The cost of operating each system was \$22.36 per mile for the electric, and \$24.62 for the horse. The new long cars make even a better showing than the foregoing figures. Thus it will be seen what is in store for the company when its whole system is operated by electricity. It ought to be remembered in reference to this glowing statement, however, that this Boston Company is at present endeavouring to float a large amount of bonds.

HINTS FOR CANADIAN FARMERS.

A MAN can scarcely do a more humane act than provide good watering places for the horses as they travel along the highway. Sometimes we may travel miles on miles and our thirsty horses may have no opportunity to quench their thirst except as they may cross a friendly creek. In some States, if not in all, the farmer who thus provides a watering trough or tub is entitled to a discount on his road tax, so that if he has not the desire to do the dumb brutes a favour he may find it a little to his interest to provide for their necessities when in so doing he helps himself by making his road tax less. It is also often convenient for him to make use of these drinking places for his own team as he drives to and from his work. Here is another important consideration. Indeed, to a traveller who is uncertain of his way, the finger-board at the cross-roads is a decidedly important consideration. When the town does not provide for the construction of these sign-boards, the farmer living near should not feel that he is going beyond the law or doing something very much outside the line of duty in erecting them. It may be a sign of the millenium's approach when farmers shall do such things as these *pro bono publico* and without the hope of reward, but their days would not be shortened nor their pocket-books be greatly depleted by devoting a day or two of the year to such little improvements as we have outlined. Public spirit is a good thing to button within one's coat, but it should not be forbidden an occasional expression.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE GROWTH OF CANADA.

THE expansion of any country is necessarily bound up in two factors nowadays—means of communication and population. It could easily be shown by statistics that immense progress has been made in all directions and in every province since confederation, but it is nothing to the advance which will be witnessed in the early future. It is only within the last few years that the vast resources of the Dominion have been placed in a position to enable them to be properly developed. Manitoba and the North-West can now be reached as quickly as, and cheaper than any other country in the world that is inviting immigration. Land can be obtained for nothing, and its fertility is unquestioned, while the climate is now recognized as perfectly healthy and favourable to agricultural operations. There are also large areas in the older provinces waiting to be occupied; and improved farms can be obtained there by persons, with some means, who desire to retain the social amenities to which they have been accustomed. The increasing population which these advantages is sure to attract will require the manufacturers of Great Britain, and will send in return additional supplies of grain, farm and dairy produce, cattle and fruit, of which the larger proportion is now imported from countries outside the Empire. In addition, the resources she possesses in the two oceans which wash her shores, in her forests, in the mineral deposits both of Eastern Canada and of the West, in the limitless riches of the Rocky Mountains north of the boundary line, remain to be exploited and made available to a greater extent than at present for the use of mankind. All this affords promise of such wealth, strength and power, that it is no wonder Canadians turn a deaf ear to the wiles of Uncle Sam, preferring to maintain their individuality, and to work out themselves the destiny which they believe to be before their country. It is this thorough belief in Canada, and in her resources and capabilities, that has always stimulated and inspired the leading statesmen of the Dominion, and is responsible for the wonderful transformation which has been referred to. Sir John was able to say, with pardonable pride, at a banquet given to him in London six years ago: "I have sat at the cradle of that strong bantling, the Confederation of the Dominion of Canada. The bantling, always a hopeful one, is no longer a child; it has grown up to manly youth, and it has such a promising vitality that if there were such a thing as a political insurance company, I am quite sure it would insure the life of the Dominion at a nominal premium."—*J. G. Colmer, in the Fortnightly Review.*

LANDOR needs a trained reader, able to tell the best and the second-best apart, and fully to enjoy the best. Such a reader must know more history and more literature than most people know. For Landor's usual method is to presuppose in the reader a knowledge of everything that concerns his speakers, and to put them on the stage not in any scene recorded of them, but in scenes not inconsistent with what is recorded of their lives and characters. Whereas Shakespeare is apt, in his historical plays, to follow history more or less closely, Landor is apt, as it were, to invent history; where Shakespeare tells what happened, Landor would tell something implying a knowledge of what happened.—*From "Landor Once More," by W. B. S. Clymer, in July Scribner.*

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A new electric arc lamp is said to have been invented by a Pittsburg manufacturer, in which instead of the carbons being made pencil-shaped, they are made in the form of wheels, which are placed at right angles to each other, and by an automatic arrangement within the lamp they are kept constantly revolving. The lamp is said to be cheaper and simpler than the old lamps, while its endurance is greater, the claim being that the lamp will burn continuously 500 hours without the removal of the carbons.

WHEN you come home with wet feet, don't throw aside your boots to get hard and mouldy. Stand them up, put them in shape and then fill them with oats, such as they feed to horses. This will, in a few hours, draw all the moisture out of the leather, keeping the boot in shape meanwhile, and leaving it soft and pliable. The oats can be used again and again. This is a relic of the days when no railroads existed, and travelling was done under difficulties and in weather the present generation has no conception of.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

FOR several hours the feasting goes on; one speaker eats nervously, talks nervously, and then, on a full stomach, when the body needs its energies for digestion, he is obliged to stand upon his feet and use all his mental resources and considerable physical strength in order to make the impression he desires. It is the hardest kind of speaking, that exhausting work, and the wonder is that it has not done more damage than has been credited to it. Certainly the guests at these banquets seldom appreciate the amount of labour and pains that it costs a speaker to amuse and instruct them. Secretary Windom had taken little food and less wine, but he had the nervous strain of waiting for his time to speak, a strain that is more telling on the body than the work of speaking itself.—*Baltimore American*.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS-AUSTIN has discovered a new alloy of gold and aluminium, the precious metal being present in the proportion of 78 per cent. It is described as "the most brilliantly coloured alloy as yet known." Its colour is rich purple, and by the reflection of light from one surface of the alloy to another bright ruby tints are obtained. The facility with which aluminium unites with most metals has long been known, and the fact has been turned to profitable account in many industries, notably in the manufacture of steel, Hercules metal and other aluminium bronzes. Other alloys of the metal with gold have also been known. One per cent. of aluminium gives the precious metal the colour of "green gold," and there is very white and hard alloy containing ten per cent. of gold.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out Stomach.

I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

THE concentrated heat and ascensional velocity of a small flame, properly placed, is said to have more drawing power than a hundred thousand times its quantum of heat diffused through the air in a flue. This power is applied to the ventilation of the Southport, Eng., sewers through hollow gas lamp shafts. It has been also applied to the ventilation of rooms in New York.—*Can. Health Journal*.

SOME rare metals, possessing special qualities, are required for certain work. Thus palladium is used in making some parts of time-pieces, and iridium for the points of gold pens. Lithium is the lightest of metals. Rhodium is extremely hard and brittle, and is only fusible at a very high temperature, and iridium is the heaviest substance hitherto discovered. The uninitiated have no idea of the value of these scarce products, which are most of them far more precious than gold and silver, as far as their market value is concerned.—*Philadelphia North American*.

THE medical art is constantly, and perhaps too indiscriminately, breaking in upon and checking the progress of important conservative influences. Take a common symptom of disordered digestion, loss of appetite, probably from overeating. Means are usually at once employed, bitters and tonics are taken to remove this, to produce a false appetite; instead of employing nature's remedy, as plainly indicated—abstinence, fasting—until the return of the natural appetite. No one can say that the taking of bitters and tonics will not, under such circumstances, lessen the supply of vital force, and eventually shorten life.—*Can. Health Journal*.

THE utilization of waste products is at once a field of study interesting to men of science and profitable to men of business. It has been calculated that something like five million hundredweights of carbonic acid gas go to waste in breweries and distilleries every year. The present cost of producing the gas at soda-water works is fourpence per pound, and by means of a process lately devised by some scientific men working in conjunction with engineers, it is confidently expected that the price will be reduced to something like a farthing a pound. They have succeeded in collecting, purifying, and liquefying the gas generated by fermentation in the vats.

In a paper recently read before the American Philosophical Society, R. Meade Bache announces that from experiments by himself and others he is led to believe electricity may soon be applied to the purification of water. The exact method by which this result is to be accomplished is not divulged, but it will consist of such an operation upon the predatory bacteria as will destroy the dangers now prevalent in the drinking-water they befall. Every consideration of good health adds emphasis to the hope that Mr. Bache is not a deluded prophet. Electricity will score its grandest triumph if it eliminates the perils that lurk in contaminated water.

ONE popular fallacy in connection with fish may be noticed, namely, the oft repeated assertion that the eating of that particular food increases brain power. No one who has studied the subject can possibly believe the assertion. A man might eat a huge portion of fish every day of his life, and on the day of his death, if the quantity of phosphorus (the brain invigorator) consumed were to become visible, it would not amount to more than might probably suffice to tip a couple of lucifer matches. Communities have existed that lived almost solely on fish, but these ichthyophagists were certainly not famous for intellectual attainments. Nor are our fisher villages, in many of which much fish is presumably consumed, the seats of any great amount of brain power. None of our fisherfolks are remarkable for genius, or even what is called common sense, their views of life and its responsibilities being shrouded in a haze of superstition, which they lack sufficient strength of mind to see through. No fishing community, so far as is known to the writer, has given to the world a great man. Men of mark—poets, preachers, lawyers, philosophers, warriors and physicians—have emanated, in Scotland at any rate, from all classes except the fishing class.—*Temple Bar*.

MAPLE CREEK AND THE CYPRESS HILLS.—The following is an extract from a letter received from the Rev. J. Cumberland, of Amherst Island, in the Province of Ontario, who is at present visiting his brother's ranch near the Cypress Hills. His statement is so good and so true that it has been considered worthy of printing: "Rain has fallen abundantly in this part of the country and the prairie is a vast expanse of waving grass and blooming flowers. Last week our party drove for three days over hill and dale quenching our thirst at the living springs that issue from the Cypress Hills, and tenting by night in some well-wooded coolie on the bank of a mountain stream, amid a profusion of roses and other wild flowers. This is the country to rusticate in. It is really life to live here upon the hills. There is no need of entailing the expense and fatigue connected with an ocean voyage in order to build up one's health. Let four join in a plain, substantial, camping outfit and travel over these hills and along the banks of these streams and there will be no need for Burdock Blood Bitters or any decoction to restore weakened constitutions. Nature assisted by this truly wonderful climate will do the rest. Crops are looking well this year owing to the abundant rainfall. I have measured oats four feet in length. They will be ready for the sickle in three weeks, and will yield all that the most avaricious farmer could desire. I saw to-day a small field of barley with long heavy heads nodding in the breeze. It gave evidence of rivalling in quality the best ever grown on the far-famed Bay of Quinte. We are daily regaling ourselves with that choicest of Irishmen's dainties, new potatoes. Indeed all kinds of vegetables are looking well. But this country is pre-eminently a stock-raising land. Large herds of fat cattle were seen quietly grazing in the coolies or lying lazily chewing their cud in the groves. Many bands of horses roam upon the ranges, and I am glad to hear that their owners are taking steps to improve their stock. There are a few sheep farmers here, and their marked success encourages others to engage in that industry. This new industry is bound to prosper under proper management, but no man should engage in it unless he is prepared to take the very best care of his stock. In conclusion I would say that any man who could speak disparagingly of this country after having seen what I have seen must be afflicted with that deplorable disease from which Mr. Goldwin Smith and others of that school suffer so severely, the jaundice eye, or else be sadly wanting in the essential elements of candour and truthfulness."

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You are troubled with Catarrh, but in this warm, dry weather do not neglect experience its evil effects and you neglect treatment. A mistake. When the disease is least troublesome is the best time to get rid of it, and this the use of Nasal Balm will accomplish. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price (50c. or \$1 a box). G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

From Toronto.

"TORONTO, ONT., Dec. 28, 1890.

"For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and general debility. I failed to obtain any permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a

DEATH-LIKE WEAKNESS

overtake me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. I have now taken three bottles and am entirely

CURED OF NEURALGIA.

I am gaining in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and shall always feel grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for me." MRS. M. E. MERRICK, 36 Wilton Avenue, Toronto, Can.

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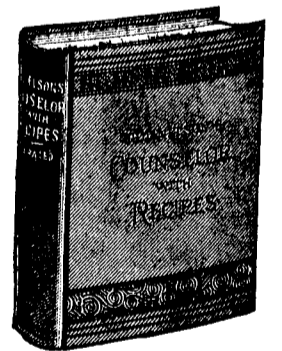
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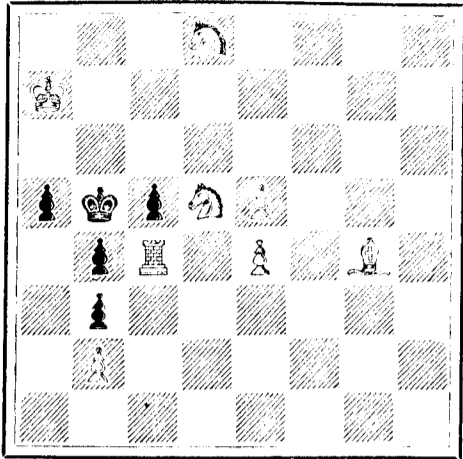
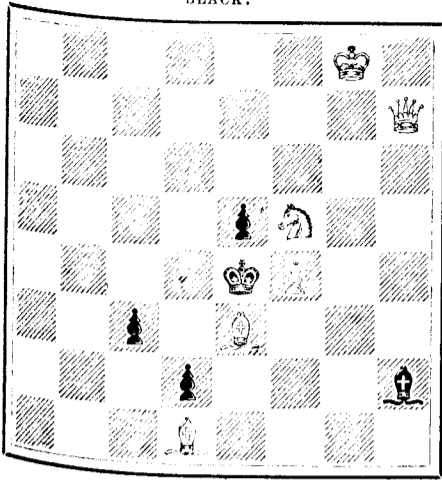
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By S. M. Joseph.

PROBLEM No. 590.
By E. B. Schwann.



White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 583.
R-K 3

No. 584.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-K R 5 | 1. K-B 6 |
| 2. Q x Kt P + | 2. K x Q |
| 3. B-K 2 mate | |
| | if 1. K x P |
| 2. Kt-K 7 + | 2. K-B 4 |
| 3. R-B 4 mate. | |

With other variations.

GAME PLAYED IN THE MANHATTAN TOURNEY BETWEEN MAJOR HANHAM AND MR. HODGES.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| White.
MR. HODGES. | Black.
MR. HANHAM. | White.
MR. HODGES. | Black.
MR. HANHAM. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 3 | 17. K-Kt-B 1 | P-B 5 |
| 2. P-Q 4 | P-Q 4 | 18. Kt x Kt | P x Kt |
| 3. Q-Kt-B 3 | K-Kt-B 3 | 19. B-B 4 (f) | B-K Kt 5 (g) |
| 4. P x P (a) | P x P | 20. P-B 3 | P x P |
| 5. Kt-K B 3 | B-Q 3 | 21. P x P | B x P |
| 6. B-Q 3 | P-B 3 | 22. R x R | R x R 4 |
| 7. Castles | Castles | 23. Q-B 2 | B-K 5 |
| 8. Kt-K 2 | Kt-K 5 | 24. B-Q 2 | P-Q Kt 4 |
| 9. Kt-Kt 3 | P-K B 4 | 25. B-K 2 | P-K Kt 4 |
| 10. P-Q B 3 | Kt-Q 2 | 26. R-K 1 | B-Q 4 |
| 11. R-K 1 | Q-Kt-B 3 | 27. B-Q 3 | R x R |
| 12. B-Q 2 | B-Q 2 (b) | 28. Q x R | Q-Q 2 |
| 13. R-K 2 (c) | Q-B 2 | 29. Q-K 2 | P-B 6 |
| 14. B-K 1 (d) | Q-R-K 1 | 30. Q-K 1 | Q-R 6 |
| 15. Q-B 2 | K-R 1 (e) | 31. Q-B 2 | Kt-Kt 5 |
| 16. Kt-Q 2 | P-Q Kt 3 | 32. B-B 5 | Kt x Q, wins (h) |

NOTES.

- (a) R-K Kt 5 is now more generally played at this point.
- (b) We think Q should have been played to B 2.
- (c) We do not fancy this move, and think White might have played Kt-K 5 to advantage.
- (d) A kind of Steinitzian move, which we do not approve of. White has blocked himself in, and Black has by far the better developed game.
- (e) A good move.
- (f) White evidently can not take the Pawn without losing the exchange.
- (g) Black conducts the game from this point to the end in a masterly manner.
- (h) If White takes Queen, Black mates in two moves.



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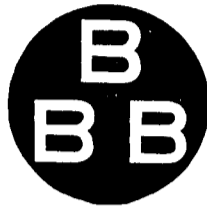
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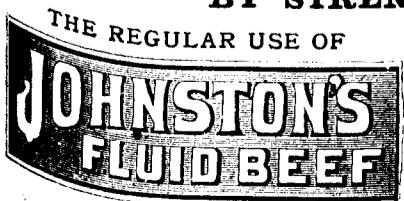


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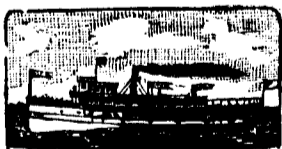
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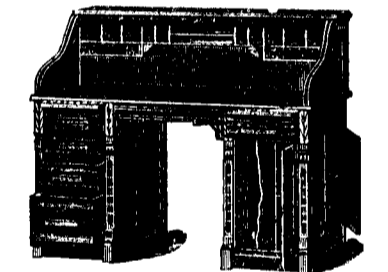
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The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was then decided that September being Exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.

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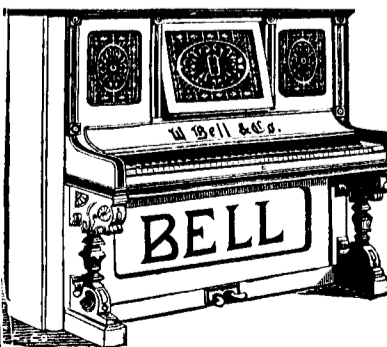
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