

THE WEEK.

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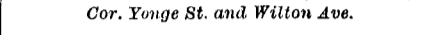
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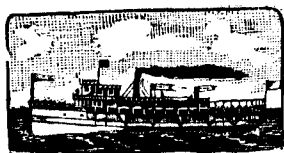
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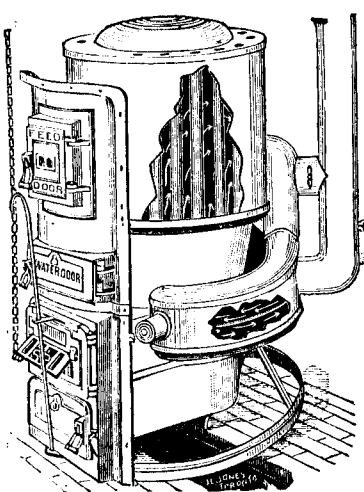


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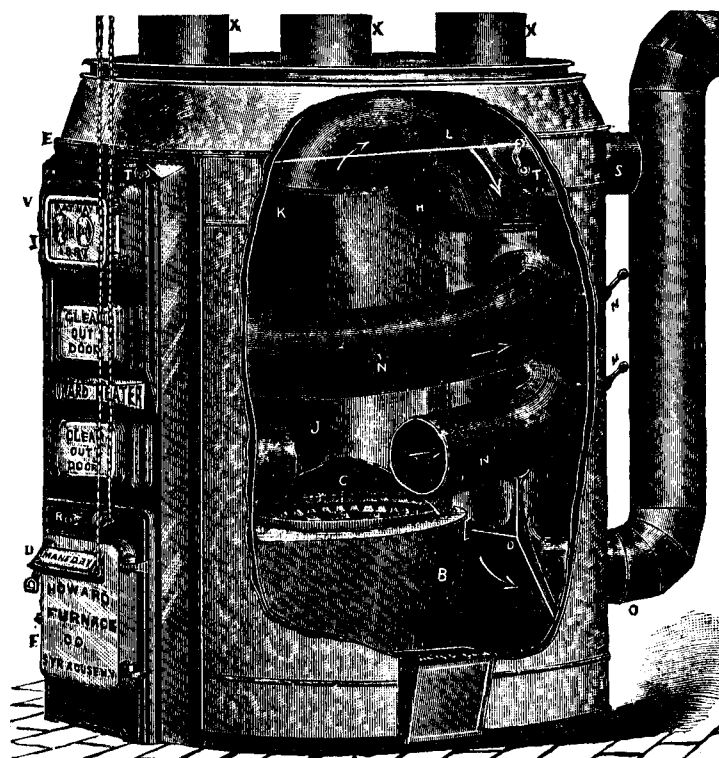
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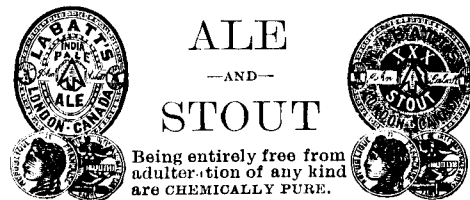
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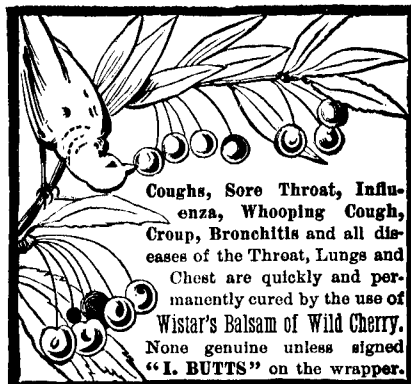
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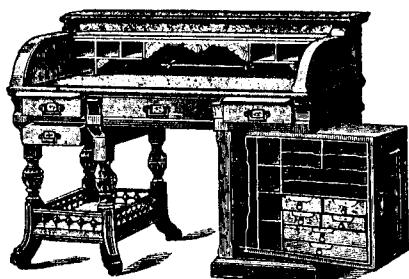
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE general result of the Ontario elections has not, we suppose, surprised anyone who was in a position to take a calm view of the probabilities. That Mr. Mowat would retain about his former majority in the Legislature must have been foreseen, even by those who endeavoured to keep up their own courage and that of their political friends by predicting a different outcome. The unexpected element in the event was the defeat of two of Mr. Mowat's colleagues. Constituencies are so accustomed to regard it as both an honour and an advantage to have a member of the Government as their representative that very rarely does a candidate occupying such a position, and having the leverage afforded by the patronage and prestige attached to it, suffer rejection, even though it may go hard with many of the rank and file. The causes of the defeat of Messrs. Gibson and Drury are hard to understand. Both are men of good character. Both have proved themselves fairly efficient, as young ministers, in their respective offices. The former, in particular, is a man of good education and more than ordinary ability, while his reputation for uprightness is beyond question. It is pretty evident that local influences of some kind, other than the possibly superior strength of the old Conservative party in Hamilton, must have been at work in the constituency. On the whole, the success of the Government may justly be regarded as a tribute, partly to its generally good record both for useful legislation and honest administration, and very largely to the personal qualities of its Premier. In these days when political scandals are so common, and official scrupulosity so rare, it is no small praise to be able to say of a cabinet that, after many years of successful administration, charges of gross malfeasance in office can hardly be seriously brought against it. Mr. Mowat and his colleagues have not, it is true, escaped accusations of mal-administration of a minor kind, such as those which have been from time to time referred to in these columns. There are certainly some circumstances, such as, for example, those touching certain relations of Government inspectors to the holders of hotel and saloon licenses, which seem to point so clearly in the direction of undue influence that they must, we fear, remain as blots on the record. But, in view of the many merits of the Mowat administration, the high personal character and exceptional ability of

its chief, and the serious risks involved in a transfer of the reins to untried hands, the electors have, no doubt, done wisely to act on the principle that it is better to bear the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of.

NOT the least important of the questions suggested by the political contest just closed is that of the future of the "Equal Rights" discussion. Though the promoters of this movement failed, and were foredoomed to fail, to secure the return of a sufficient number of representatives pledged to their views to make those views a question of practical politics in the Assembly, it cannot be denied that they developed considerable strength during the campaign. The number of votes polled in this city for Messrs. Armour and Bell must have been a surprise to many. Whether the agitation has in it enough of the elements of vitality to enable it to live and gather strength during the coming four years, time only can reveal. Most onlookers are probably expecting to see it now decay and become innocuous until some fresh cause of excitement shall rekindle the embers. Much will depend upon the supply of fuel in the shape of a definite grievance and a practical purpose. The Jesuits' Estates question is at rest and can hardly be revived. The French schools grievance never had in it enough of substantial injustice to make it dangerous, and it, too, is now in abeyance. So far as we are able to divine, the future of the controversy, if it shall have a future, must connect itself almost exclusively with the question of Separate schools. Are Mr. Dalton McCarthy and Dr. Caven and the other influential leaders of the new movement prepared to inscribe on the Equal Rights banner, "Separate schools in Ontario must cease to exist as State-aided institutions?" Though some of them have taken that position clearly enough, all have not, we think, done so. Unless memory fails us we have never heard that Mr. Dalton McCarthy is prepared to take that stand. Be that as it may, this is, it is pretty clear, the only issue that can give the party a standing ground, and a practical right to continued existence. That the Separate schools are wrong in principle, involving, as they do, to a certain extent, a union of Church and State and a violation of religious equality, is very generally conceded, even by the more thoughtful and candid adherents of the old parties. This fact affords a basis for agitation, on the religious and politico-economical sides. There is also much that appeals to the popular judgment and feeling in the declaration that Ontario is entitled to an equal measure of self-rule in the matter with that enjoyed by all the other English-speaking provinces. But if the Equal Rights leaders are prepared to continue the battle on this line—and if not they might as well abandon the field—they should face fairly and manfully the difficulties involved. As we have before said, the constitutional cry seems to us without weight. Though the Ontario Assembly cannot change the Constitution, if the Constitution is ever changed in her interest, the demand must needs emanate from her Legislature. But what about Separate schools in Quebec? What about the Confederation compact, and the right of Quebec to secede if that compact is broken? Above all, what answer on the ground of the highest justice and freedom can be made to the argument of the Roman Catholic who says seriously and honestly, "I believe and hold as one of my profoundest religious convictions, that it is my duty to see that the secular and the religious training of my children are carried on together. I believe there can be no true education apart from religious education. Is it British justice or Christian justice that I should be taxed for the support of schools which I cannot conscientiously use?" We do not say these questions are unanswerable, but we do think it incumbent upon the leaders of any movement for the discontinuance of Separate Catholic schools to discuss and answer them fairly. By doing so successfully they may gain many a waverer.

A VERY vexatious feature of the Ontario franchise law is the provision which causes electors who remove from the constituency for which they are enrolled on the voters' list, before the day of polling, to forfeit their votes. Why should a man who has lived in Ontario all his life be deprived of his vote because six months or six days before

the elections he moves from Etobicoke to Scarboro' or from Toronto to Deer Park? The manhood suffrage act is greatly marred by a provision which, it is safe to say, disfranchised hundreds of electors in the contest of last week. The whole electoral machinery of Canada is, we think, greatly in need of simplification. The Dominion Franchise Act is notorious for clumsiness and inefficiency. The manhood suffrage law of Ontario is far better, but it is hedged about with too many conditions and restrictions. In every election both in the Province and in the Dominion thousands of thoroughly qualified Canadians are unable to vote because, through some omission or technicality, their names are not on the voters' list. It is too much to expect electors to be continually watching these lists to see that their names are not only put on but kept on. Moreover, elections are constantly being held—as was the case last week in Toronto—on old and unrevised lists. Every man qualified to vote and resident in the Province or the Dominion on polling day should have his vote secured to him. Cannot something simpler and better be substituted for the complicated voters' list system? In most parts of the United States the polling-places are opened on some day previous to the elections, and every voter registers his name in the division in which he resides. To our mind some such system of registration—with due safeguards against fraud and personation—would, at least for general elections, be a vast improvement on the present Canadian plans.

SO far as we have observed, the usual cry of "bribery and corruption" has not been raised to any great extent by either party in connection with the recent election. In two or three constituencies, it is true, it has been hinted by friends of the defeated candidate that votes were purchased or other corrupt agencies employed, and that protests may be entered; but these cases are exceptional. It is not unreasonable to infer that the absence of any general charges of wholesale corruption means that there was no reason to suspect that such corruption was attempted on any considerable scale. This is a happy and hopeful circumstance, to whatever cause it may be attributed. It may be that the difficulty and uncertainty attending the use of bribes under the ballot system are making it unprofitable and hence unpopular, or that the danger of detection and punishment by the courts is found to overbalance any doubtful advantage that can be gained by dishonest means. But there is some reason to hope that the fact is largely due to an improved public sentiment. We have, on a former occasion, pointed out some indications that a healthful reaction is setting in against the various forms of corruption in public life which have been all too prevalent for many years past. In the history of a nation as of an individual there sometimes comes a day of reform. More than one such period of moral uplifting can be traced in the political history of the Mother Country. It is a comfort to be able to cherish even a faint hope that we in Canada may be entering on a new era in politics, and that the public mind is beginning to revolt against practices in regard to which it has too long been wilfully obtuse. No doubt the perceptible weakening of the bonds of partyism has something to do with this better state of things, though whether its relation to it is that of cause, or of effect, it may be hard to say.

A PROMINENT minister of the Methodist Church took occasion, at the recent annual meeting of the Conference of that body in Montreal, to call attention to the order of official precedence, as established and observed in Canada. Objection was taken particularly to the position accorded to dignitaries of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches, while the ministers of other churches, no matter how influential, receive no recognition whatever. It is convenient and desirable, no doubt, that some well understood order of precedence should be observed at state receptions and similar occasions, to prevent confusion and relieve the presiding officials of what would otherwise be the very delicate and invidious task of assigning places to the assembled dignitaries. As the *Mail* has pointed out, the order now established in conformity with British precedent brings about some rather singular arrangements, as when it places an ex-Governor of Sir John A. Macdonald's appointment, now holding a subordinate office in

his Cabinet, above Sir John himself, or gives the most commonplace M.P. precedence over the Premier of a Provincial Cabinet. But these apparent anomalies are the outcome of a rule that is easily understood and that probably serves the purpose well enough on the whole. Nor do we suppose that Sir John, or any other person similarly situated takes the indignity greatly to heart. That which is really anomalous and indefensible in the matter is that, in a Dominion which has no established church, any place, in the order of precedence, should be assigned to clergymen of any denomination. In England, of course, church dignitaries are State officers and must be treated accordingly. In Canada they are private citizens, and to single out those of one or two denominations for official distinction is clearly illogical and may be regarded by other denominations of equal or greater strength and influence as unjust or offensive, if, indeed, they care at all about the matter, which spiritually-minded men perhaps should not do. If it be said that Quebec has its State church, and that the prelates of that church are, therefore, entitled to official distinction, the reply is that even so it is contrary to the general principle observed, according to which Dominion officials in all other cases rank above those whose title to honour is merely Provincial, that the archbishop of a Provincial church should take precedence of the members of the Dominion Cabinet and Parliament. Moreover, this explanation has no force in reference to the dignitaries of the English Church. Evidently the order is illogical in these respects and should be amended.

A VALUED contributor, Mr. W. D. LeSueur, has recently favoured the readers of THE WEEK with two articles, either of which deserves more than a passing notice, by reason both of its keen, logical incisiveness, and of the unusual conclusions it seeks to establish. The first, which appeared in the issue of May 23rd, dealt with the subject of "Spiritual Influence." In opposition to a principle long since embodied in Canadian law, Mr. LeSueur maintains that the State cannot, without infringing upon the natural rights of the citizen in the domains of both conscience and intellect, make an ecclesiastic amenable to the law if he brings spiritual penalties or terrors to bear in order to influence an elector in the exercise of his franchise. As is well-known the laws of the Dominion do not now permit the use of such penalties or terrors. Mr. LeSueur's arguments, based upon such grounds as that the Church claiming to have to do with unseen realities pertaining to another sphere of existence and the State conceding the claim, the latter cannot properly interfere with the operation of the former within her own exclusive sphere, are, as we have intimated, put with all the clearness and force of the skilled logician. On reading his article we were reminded of the famous demonstration that was one of the puzzles of our school days, in which it was shown that the hare, given a start of a certain number of yards, and running at a certain rate of speed, could never be overtaken by the hound, running at a faster pace, inasmuch as while the hound is crossing any interval, however small, remaining between him and the hare, the hare will have passed over a certain additional space and so will be still ahead. It will be remembered that even a great logician at one time pronounced this a perfectly logical demonstration of a conclusion which was both absurd in itself and capable of being disproved by fact as often as anyone chose to try the experiment. We do not assert that Mr. LeSueur's demonstration is of this kind, save in so far as the conclusion reached, or at least involved, seems to imply a possibility of consequences so startling as to verge on the absurd. We fancy, indeed, that it would not be very difficult to apply the *reductio ad absurdum* absolutely, by supposing possible cases in which rigid adherence to the principle involved would be suicidal on the part of the State, rendering it unable to punish what to the ordinary mind would be gross crime, but to the doer, acting under ecclesiastically-inspired conviction or terror, would be sacred duty. Our present purpose is not, however, to attempt to lay bare the fallacy in Mr. LeSueur's reasoning, or to indicate the direction in which it may seem to us to be lurking, or even to maintain that such fallacy positively must exist, but merely to direct our readers' attention again to the article, if, perchance, some of them may be able to shew cause why our contributor's view should not prevail, and lead fair-minded men to demand repeal of whatever in our legislation touching this matter may be an infringement upon the rights of intellect and conscience. We may just add, that reference should be had to Mr. LeSueur's own argument and not to our necessarily imperfect presentation of it.

THE other article alluded to is that on "The Failure of Education," in the last number of THE WEEK. We are inclined to think that the picture Mr. LeSueur gives us may be a little overdrawn, and to query whether the "induced stupidity" is not to a considerable extent a thing of the past more truly than of the present. We are glad to believe, at any rate, that here and there throughout Canada are to be found even State schools, in which the operation of mind-training is tolerably well understood and carried on with a good degree of success, though under limitations which make the highest success impossible. It is to be feared, however, that such cases are exceptional. Possibly, the exceptions are so rare that they scarcely do more than establish the rule. Be that as it may, we are sure that Mr. LeSueur has called attention to one of the most important matters to which attention can be directed. We have long been convinced, not without some opportunities for observation, that the State can never give us the system of education Mr. LeSueur describes, and for the reason, amongst others, which he gives, that its system must be to so large an extent uniform and machine-like in its operations. But we need not repeat the views to which we desire to direct special attention. We merely wish to point out that the rational system, with the living scientific teacher to give it effect, can be had, with some approach at least to the ideal, whenever and wherever a sufficient number of parents are willing and able to pay the price. Let the demand for such schools, using the best educational methods even in the most elementary stages, be created, and the supply will soon be forthcoming. Let it become matter of practical recognition that teaching, even the teaching of young children, is a profession, requiring special aptitude and the highest educational preparation; that its emoluments and honours must therefore be put on a level with those of the other learned professions; and that, still further, mental training is a process which can be successfully performed only upon the individual and not upon the mass—which means, of course, that the teacher's attention must be concentrated upon a small number of pupils—and the solution will be found. It is, we confess, a solution which, though within the reach of the many, could not easily be brought within the reach of all. The public school, State-supported, would still be a necessity, though it could not fail to profit greatly by the new departure.

WE have received a copy of The Protest of New York Importers and Merchants against the McKinley Tariff Bill. It is a formidable document and cannot fail to have a powerful effect upon the minds of any of the United States Senators who may be, in any measure, open to conviction. Emanating from business men, it is, as was to be expected, thoroughly practical and business-like in its mode of dealing with the subject. The main portion of the large eighty-page pamphlet is made up of the reports of sub-committees, to each of which was committed the task of examining carefully the effect of the proposed Bill upon the special business with which the members of that committee were identified. The result is a series of reports, not of theorists of any school, but of experienced business men, concerning the actual practical effect of the proposed tariff law on the various branches of trade in which they are engaged. One fact brought out very clearly and strongly insisted on, in most of these reports, is that the proposed tariff is so constructed as to bear with special severity, if not with positively prohibitive weight, against the cheaper grades of the various classes of goods, thus pressing with special rigour upon the poorer classes of the population. The arraignment of the tariff is in many respects very severe. Some declare that its effect will be actually prohibitive of the lines of business in which they are engaged, and will compel the closing up of their establishments, throwing large numbers of employes on the streets, many of whom will be able to find no other employment. The committee on cutlery declare that the tariff is so framed that it will drive every honest man out of the trade and put it into the hands of rogues. In fine, this protest, addressed by about four hundred and fifty of the leading New York firms, to the Senate and House of Representatives, declares that the McKinley bill is "wholly unnecessary," that it does not accomplish its purpose, that it is unjust, and that it handicaps American trade, and retards the progress of the nation. A more formidable memorial is not often, we fancy, presented to Congress. Its effect remains to be seen.

HARVARD COLLEGE has under consideration a change in its method of bestowing degrees, which seems likely to be the beginning of a revolution, at least in American Colleges. It is proposed to substitute, in lieu of four

years' study involving eighteen and a half courses, successful examination in sixteen courses, entirely irrespective of the length of time spent in the preparation. It is estimated that the average industrious student will be able to accomplish the work in three years and a half, and the exceptionally clever one in three years. One result, and it certainly is one which will have its disadvantages, will be the complete breaking up of class organizations. The object of the change is to save time for the industrious and clever student, enabling him to enter on his professional course a year or half-year earlier than at present. The plan has been already approved by the Faculty, the Academic Council, and the Corporation, and awaits only the concurrence of the Board of Overseers. Whether this particular plan is commendable or not—and we question the propriety of reducing the requirements for a B. A. degree as it evidently does to some extent—it seems to us to have in it a suggestion of great practical utility. We have never been able to see why the regular College course for the first degree should be made four years, or their equivalent. Might it not be of great public utility if Universities should, in addition to their four years' courses, arrange complete and symmetrical courses requiring respectively three years, and two years, and even one year's study, and give diplomas of graded values, distinctly setting forth the character and extent of the course pursued in each case? For instance a course of one year or two years, devoted almost exclusively to the reading of the best English authors, might be made an invaluable preparation for life, available for thousands who would shrink from entering upon a four years' course.

THE *Spectator* thinks that nothing is more painful than to read in immediate succession a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, not only denying all obstruction on the part of the Opposition in the British Commons during the current session, but even claiming that it has shown conspicuous magnanimity in supporting, as far as it conscientiously could, Government measures, and a speech of any one of the leading members of the Government, or any one of the Liberal Unionist leaders, imputing to the Opposition the most unscrupulous use of obstructive tactics. The *Spectator* does not, indeed, go to the length of assuming that there must be deliberate mis-statement on the one side or the other. Its conclusion is that "political passion runs so high as to render anything approaching to candour and impartiality almost unattainable in the party life of the present day." That conclusion is, no doubt, what our cousins over the border would call the "bottom fact" in the case. It by no means follows, however, that party passion is carried to a higher pitch, or results in more absolute intellectual and moral blindness at the present day than at many former periods in the history of the British Parliament. The evil is undeniably, to a large extent, the outgrowth of the party system itself. Perhaps we shall but expand rather than supplement the *Spectator's* diagnosis when we add that the contradictory assertions grow very largely out of the totally different views entertained on the opposite sides of the House as to what really is culpable obstruction. If to obstruct is to interpose insincere speeches and motions simply for the purpose of embarrassing the Government and injuring its reputation for efficiency by delaying its measures, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley and others of the Opposition leaders would strenuously deny with perfect sincerity, though very likely not with perfect accuracy, that their methods are the outcome of any such purpose. They will declare that they feel bound to give the most determined resistance to such measures as certain clauses of the Land Purchase Bill, the Local Taxation Bill, and the licensing clauses of the Customs Bill, because they deem the principles involved in these measures utterly wrong and mischievous. The broad question thus emerges whether it is the duty of an Opposition, after having once or twice urged their objections to proposed legislation which they believe to be pernicious, to yield gracefully to the inevitable majority vote, or to oppose such legislation at every stage, and by every constitutional means, so as to cast the whole odium of forcing it through the House upon the Government. The *Times* admits that no compromise is possible on certain of the points referred to. "The question is simply whether on a well-defined issue the Government or the Opposition are to have their way. As the Government have a majority, every one knows that their way must be ultimately followed, and the Opposition seek for nothing but the waste of time which might otherwise be utilized for business." Does this necessity follow? Of course, if the Government is sincere and has faith in its measures it has no alternative but to force them through with reasonable celerity. But,

giving the Opposition equal credit for honesty of purpose, would it discharge its duty by meek acquiescence, or is it bound to use all the Parliamentary resources at its command to prevent the incorporation in the unwritten constitution of principles and precedents which it regards as fundamentally unsound and unjust, thus compelling the Government and its supporters to take the fullest responsibility? This seems to us to be the real question at issue.

A CABLEGRAM represents Prince Bismarck as ascribing many of the evils which afflict modern society to over-education. Disappointment and dissatisfaction in Germany, disaffection and conspiracy in Russia, are among its evil fruits, in the opinion of the great ex-Chancellor. Further, education is making pedantic theorists and visionaries, unfit for constitutional government. As Prince Bismarck no doubt believes in having the ruling classes educated, this means, we suppose, that education tends to unfit men to be subjects under constitutional government. Seeing that it also spoils them for subjects of despotic rule, as indicated in his reference to Russia, the case is a hard one indeed. There would seem to be no possibility of securing peace or good government in the future, save by putting a stop to this mischievous process of educating the masses. "What right have the common people to think, anyway?" we can almost fancy the irate ex-Chancellor exclaiming. "Have they not emperors and chancellors to think for them? Why should those who have to live by the labour of their hands have been endowed with brains at all?" But unhappily for princes of that way of thinking, the people now having got a taste of education, it would probably require some more rigid mode of repression than even the "man of iron" could devise to prevent the spread of the dangerous innovation. The long-pent waters are breaking forth, and the force of gravitation is proving irresistible. If Prince Bismarck is really saying the unwise things attributed to him by the correspondents, it was time for him to make way for a statesman less impervious to ideas. Even he was not strong enough to resist the tendencies of the age. It is worse than idle to suppose that the nations can be held forever in intellectual bondage, or that any system of government that is based upon the stolidity of ignorance can be perpetuated. To claim that universal education of itself tends to the destruction of the social order, is to libel humanity, and fly in the face of nature's great law of upward development. The men in office who find the task of ruling the State becoming more difficult as the people become more intelligent, should make way for statesmen wise enough to perceive that the régime suitable for childhood is altogether unfitted for sturdy adolescence. The cause of constitutional freedom in Germany has probably lost nothing and gained much by the exchange of a Bismarck for a Von Caprivi.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

THE training schools for teachers communicate practical skill in the special work of those who educate the whole of the next generation during its most plastic stage of development, that is from the age of five to the age of thirteen years. The universities touch the intellectual and moral life of the nation at a few points of very great influence; the teachers' colleges and training schools touch it at a multitude of minor points that aggregate a vaster influence. University influence is largely indirect and reflex as regards the masses, while normal schools exercise their power almost directly by vitalising the educative force of the public school teachers who are in direct contact with the whole body of the people that will very shortly replace the present adult population of the country. Each institution has its own sphere; there is no antagonism; quite the reverse, for many of the most distinguished University graduates were first graduates of a normal college and there laid the foundation of their subsequent success in higher learning. Of the two, however, the training colleges are of greater practical necessity to the whole country. For a university training is practically the concern of the small minority who possess special advantages in the way of leisure, money, or unusual ability; but a good ordinary education is as necessary to every citizen of a civilized country as food or clothes are, and therefore a regular supply of well-trained elementary teachers is equally necessary.

Now the universities have fairly kept pace with the development of the country. They have found clever and fluent sons holding the highest positions in the country to advocate their claims on popular sympathy and support, while the Horace Manns and the Egerton Ryersons have but seldom arisen to urge the vast interests involved in the effective training of public school teachers. Rich bequests and splendid endowments have made many universities wealthy corporations, while on the other hand there is scarcely a single training college for teachers that has a really excellent outfit in the form of buildings, apparatus,

library, museum, gymnasium, laboratories, and well-appointed schools of practice. Normal schools have usually been the wards of the government and their support has been doled out to them less generously than that afforded to lunatic asylums and to criminal prisons.

The claims of the universities are not overstated even by their most enthusiastic friends; but the claims of the normal schools have rarely been stated at all. And yet the average citizen has a far greater personal interest at stake in these training schools than he has in the universities. Take Ontario for example. It has two normal schools, five training institutes, and fifty-eight county model schools which last year sent out 83 high school teachers and public school teachers of the first class, 442 public school teachers of the second class, and 1142 of the third class, besides 22 Kinder-garten teachers, making a total of 2687 teachers in one year. These figures give a glimpse of the work done by these institutions in this Province; and we may readily perceive how widely and rapidly their influence is diffused. These teachers are to-day nearly all engaged in our schools and the children of thousands of citizens have been committed to their care at the very age when children are most easily moulded for future success or failure. Thus every citizen has a personal and a very tender interest at stake in the intelligence, fidelity, and skill of these 2687 teachers, who in turn depend very much for their professional outfit on the training institutions they have attended.

Speaking for Ontario, the first and most obvious remark is that there is an enormous disproportion in the number of institutions provided for the training of the higher grades of teachers. We have only two normal schools for second class teachers and fifty-eight model schools for third class teachers. Is there much wonder that the great majority of our public school teachers are of the lowest grade? There are altogether nearly 9000 teachers in the Province, and these two normal schools even with the present short and unsatisfactory course cannot supply 450 teachers a year. If every teacher now in the schools should remain it would take these two normal schools about 20 years to train the whole staff of the Province. But there is an annual exodus of about 1000 teachers, some leaving the Province, and others entering better paid professions; thus it is not difficult to foresee that under our present arrangements the great majority of our schools must remain in charge of teachers who have only the minimum legal qualification. Translated into actual facts this means that the son and the grandson of the average citizen is to receive his public school education from the weakest teacher the State recognizes. Plainly we require to quadruple the capacity of our normal schools and send out at least 1000 second class teachers every year to keep pace with the increasing number of schools, and to overtake the shortcomings of our past management. Three new normal schools of larger capacity than the present institutions would not be more than sufficient to supply the requisite number of teachers for our public schools, and a beginning ought to be made without delay to provide better facilities for training teachers of the superior grades.

The second remark to be made is that the present courses of training are entirely too short to be of any permanent benefit to the teachers. Of the numbers previously quoted, the teachers of the lowest grade as well as the 83 of the highest received last autumn nothing more than the weak tincture of professional training that resulted from less than three months' attendance. Nominally they have passed into the ranks as trained teachers, but in reality their training was not more than fairly commenced before they were duly licensed to experiment on the pupils of our schools. Even if we suppose that each of these young persons was born with all the natural endowments of a successful teacher, it must have been impossible for them to acquire much of the spirit of their profession, or much skill in the art of teaching in a single term of ten or twelve weeks. It takes longer than that to learn the art of making a barrel; and even an empirical knowledge of the ordinary maxims of educational science cannot be gained by the most gifted student in the short space of three months. But even the teachers of the second class attended the normal schools only about five months, in other words they left these institutions almost as soon as they had fairly begun to receive permanent benefit from the training that a well-conducted normal school can certainly bestow. So it comes to pass that these fortunate persons have received life-certificates as public school teachers after a shorter course of training than is required to qualify the second engineer of a freight boat on our lakes. Need we be surprised to learn that these young people accept paltry salaries, thus dragging down the whole standard of salaries, and in a year or two drift off in the great annual exodus? If they had spent a year or two in acquiring a thorough training, would they not have imbibed along with it something of pride and delight in the work of education; would they not have been more likely to aim at still higher attainments; and not so likely to use the school-room as an intermediate step on their way to some other destination? If doctors and dentists were licensed to practice on such easy conditions, is it not certain that the ranks of these professions would be overcrowded with incompetent persons who would offer their services for whatever they could get, who would desert as soon as they could earn a few dollars more in some other occupation? The public would receive poor service for which they would pay very dearly. The parallel is perfect.

The third remark to be made is that the machinery already provided for training teachers is not worked to anything like its full capacity. It has proved remarkably efficient considering the bad conditions under which it has been operated. It has never been allowed the opportunity to complete more than a small part of the work it is capable of performing in raising the general standard of elementary teaching. The students have been systematically withdrawn before they have more than just begun to experience the proper effect of a good training institution. If the period of attendance were doubled the effect of the training would be almost quadrupled, for the students would acquire more practical skill in the closing months of their probation than in all the preceding part of their course. In all educational results the element of time is a very important factor, and this factor seems conspicuously lacking in all our training schools as they are now operated. The county model schools are closed the greater part of the year; the training institutes are open for a still shorter period; and the normal schools give a short course which extends over a little more than four months for each class. We are simply marking time so far as progress in elementary education is concerned, and perhaps labouring under the delusion that we are marching rapidly forward. No manufacturer would provide expensive machinery and then run it on half time; he would keep every wheel in motion night and day, and work it up to its full capacity. The expense of turning our present machinery for training teachers to better account would not be any valid objection even if it were large. But it need not be more than a trifle compared with the capital already invested in these schools. Two more masters in each of the normal schools would enable them to handle double the number of students they now accommodate, and thus carry on a primary and a senior class, as easily as they now carry on a single one. The effect would be to double the period of attendance and greatly to improve the quality of the training in many essential particulars. A master of methods and lecturer on the history of education, etc., at each of the collegiate institutes now employed as training schools would enable them to extend the term of attendance to ten months instead of ten weeks, without producing as much interference with the work of the regular staffs as now exists, and at the same time the value of the training given would be greatly enhanced. A small additional grant to each of the county model schools, sufficient to provide one assistant teacher, would enable them to pursue their work the year round. The actual experience of the city model schools in Hamilton and Toronto is quite sufficient to prove the truth of this position, and the excellence of the public schools in these cities is merely an example of what might be accomplished for the whole Province by a little intelligent liberality to the training schools.

The last observation is that there is a splendid opening in connection with these training schools for some patriotic and wealthy person to found scholarships and bursaries for the benefit of struggling students. Some large-hearted man would leave behind him an imperishable monument to his memory by devoting \$100,000 to form the nucleus of a fund to be loaned without interest for the purpose of enabling needy students to secure the best available training to fit them for thoroughly scientific work in the elementary schools of the Province. If all our teachers were put through a vigorous course of training before entering on their work, we should no longer see more than 1000 public school teachers annually leaving the school-rooms to be succeeded by 1000 raw recruits who can only by courtesy be called teachers. Let us never forget that "*the teacher is the School.*"

PROGRESS.

LONDON LETTER.

I THINK it must have been at All Hallows the Great where, according to Dickens, the tower bells hummed as the train rushed by above the roof. For close to the graveyard blooming with yellow and red and white tulips, only for the sake, apparently, of the clerks poring over their books in the counting-house yonder, stand the black buildings of Cannon Street railway. A green square and a cheerful, set as a gem between church and river and echoing with all manner of noise and bustle from Thames street, is this small cemetery in the Whittington region. A very Life-in-Death the little court is bright with gay tulips blossoming against decaying headstones, and fresh with the fluttering leaves of the twisted figtree and strippling planes set by the gravel path and near to the vestry windows, so bright and so fresh that the contrast between church and churchyard is very great. Outside, there are flowers, sunshine, never-ending movement. Within, a hopeless, hideous melancholy had settled on the colourless aisle, the carved pulpit and altar and family pews, a melancholy of so singular a nature that nowhere will you find the like.

A year ago it was definitely arranged that as All Hallows was unhealthy no more services should be held here, so the last congregation trooped out in May, 1889 (you can tell the hymns they sang if you look at the numbered board still hanging near the choir seats), and since then the bells have been silent. To-day the air of the church is thick with the dust of the dead. Many of the crumbling pavement stones are displaced, and along your perilous way up the aisle there are chasms to clear in which lie bones, and bones, and bones. Everywhere, on the wings of the flapping oak eagle flying from the screen that runs across the centre of the church, on the ledges of the seats, on the beautiful canopied pulpit and clerk's

desk, you find sifting dust which once was Man, drifted from those open chasms. The sanitary commissioners, who couldn't imagine what ailed the place that people should turn sick and faint at their prayers, soon found the reason. And the sextoness as she tells, with her duster brightening the altar rails dull from the touch of these invisible fingers, gives me in a dozen words the history of the ill-health of All Hallows the Great. "And now they are going to pull down the dear old church (she says). I was married here; my children were all christened here. I can't bear to think of it. But go it must. The vaults are a sight, and I daren't even clean the floor of the aisles."

Wren came after the fire and designed the new building, using the services of the skilfullest carver (believed to be the ubiquitous Grinling Gibbons) who has hung oak garlands of flowers and fruit and set beautiful lattice-work as a frieze in some of the pews; and the Hanse merchants came from the Steelyard next door with their offering of the choir screen crowned with their crest, the German eagle, in grateful remembrance of Sundays spent in a foreign land. Of these same Hanse merchants my guide has something to say, for she recollects the old Steelyard before it was pulled down in '53—Cannon street railway now covers the site—and describes how the warehouses looked to her "like nunneries with low peeping windows;" and tells me how grass grew between the chinks of the stones and how great gates shut off the sacred quadrangle from Thames street and great eagles fronted the river side. She knows the merchants settled here first in the thirteenth century were turned out of London by Elizabeth for presuming on their privileges and attempting to keep the handy little stream of Walbrook for their sole use, but reinstated themselves again in their old quarters in a very few years, with commendable perseverance. When the property was sold in '53, it was still in the possession of the Hanse towns, Lubeck, Bremen and Hamburg. "I can recollect the Steelyard watchman, old Soldier Jimmy (she declares), he'd have been a good way over a hundred if he was here to-day. There isn't a hole or corner of this part of the city I don't know, for I've lived here since I was a child; but there have been so many changes it's quite disheartening."

The sextoness loves the old church she was married in, and lingers over its various points of view with great affection, showing me the brass candle-holders screwed on all the pews and in use till the vulgar upstart gas came in with a flare fourteen years ago, and the Lord Mayor's pew with the wrought-iron sword-rest; and the fine carvings in which the cherries look good to eat and the flowers fit to pick, and the blurred dim epitaphs on dead and gone citizens, and the graceful font where those citizens were christened; these are possessions common to all city churches. But there is something else—beyond the yawning chasms in the aisle and the heaps of bones and dust that make All Hallows unique—consisting of a collection of autographs and drawings cut on the ledge of the prentices' seat, autographs most of them dated in the early part of the last century, drawings of ships and flags and hearts and such like bravery with which to beguile the weary sermon hour. W. F. in 1717, with his sharp clasp knife, took much trouble over his designs, and William Clarke in 1721 and T. Bird in 1741, rounded their capital letters with precision and dotted their i's with care, and there are any number of initials and any number of dates beside, records of the idle apprentices' Sabbath-day recreation.

"Very neglectful of the verger," said the sextoness. "If the young rascals had been properly looked after this wouldn't have happened." Yet only two years ago in her own time of office a certain John Mason cut his name, and for him and for herself she has no rebuke. "He was all for foreign lands, that boy. I used to give him nice hymn books to read, and ask him not to waste his time over stupid adventures. But no. So they emigrated him, and now he's in Canada doing well." And if Johnny in Canada should by any wild chance come across this it must please him to know how tenderly his old friend rubbed the dust from his signature in All Hallows the Great and vituperated a youthful enemy who had ruined an extra finely-wrought monogram of Mason's "out of spite."

These notes on a city church are best illustrated by a portrait, or an impression rather, of one of our chief story tellers, Mr. Walter Besant (a hasty Kitcat Impression is I know an injustice, deserving as is Mr. Besant of careful Holbein-like treatment and of a full length), whose books are peculiarly appreciated by the Cockney who loves his London, and whose name is as great a power, I take it, with you as it is with us. The author of "The Bell of St. Pauls" is an authority on the city and its customs. The author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," of "The Children of Gibeon" is an authority on city dwellers. One owes to his energy introductions to places one would never have found for oneself, and to his kind and gentle hand countless truthful sketches of men and women living extraordinary lives under extraordinary conditions, of whose existence, to be honest, one never troubled oneself to think.

It's a far cry from Thames street to Hampstead, yet as I lounge in the pleasant sunshiny churchyard of All Hallows the Great, the grey walls seem to melt, and in their place I see Mr. Besant's gabled roadside villa in Gayton Crescent. The multitudinous city noises cease, instead I hear a thrush calling from the cherry blossoms on the garden-lawn. The narrow city street widens to a country road which turns from the picturesque hill-town down towards the common. And my sober-tongued guide, full of regret

for the past, with no love for the present and no belief in the future, vanishes, leaving me in the presence of the most cheerful, hopeful and helpful of our modern writers.

Picture to yourself a small library crowded with books. Through the low window decorated with the quotation, "The Night Cometh," you can reach the garden; there are pictures on the walls, a beautiful pen and ink illustration by Mr. Forestier for "The World went very well then," and another of the Abbess dying before the altar in "The Last Mass." There are books on the floor, on the chairs; open books by the side of carefully written manuscript on the study table. It is plain I have come at a busy time, yet Mr. Besant takes pains to hide the fact and I am shown many a treasure and told many an interesting fact, as if he had nothing in the world to do with those chapters waiting by the inkstand. As he stoops over a drawer to find Wilkie Collins' manuscript of "Blind Love," or a collection of autograph letters from writers who joined the First Society of Authors in 1843 (that back-boneless society which came to an end in six months and about which Mr. Besant wrote last year in the *Contemporary Review*) I think how typical is my velvet-coated host with his frank hearty manner and genial voice of the literary man of thirty years back. I can recollect Shirley Brooks looking just so. Are there many of the rising school of this type? I don't believe it; how often with all the superfluous culture of the modern Men of Letters are they not narrow and hard and cruel with pens as sharp as their tongues.

Mr. Besant's beard is streaked with grey, but that is his only sign of age. He has always been short-sighted ("I knew I never saw very clearly, and I can remember when I was about thirteen picking up a broken eye-glass, and on looking through it how astonished I was to find that things had distinct outlines," he says), a fact that doesn't trouble him except that he must wear glasses habitually. He has the healthy look of a man who lives most of his days away from town, the cheerful look of a man who finds life exceedingly interesting. He cannot be harsh even over the iniquities of publishers, though he speaks strongly enough on the subject of the Authors' Society. "We have six hundred members," he says. "We have just started a magazine. We don't wish any harm to publishers; they are as necessary to us as we are to them. But we want, and will have, fair dealing, and we set our faces against the vile system of secret profits. If we succeed America must follow our example; and I say that in carrying our points we shall be doing far more good to our fellow creatures than if we wrote fifty novels."

To be the author of a shelf-full of delightful books, to have inspired the building of the People's Palace, that Star in the East, would have contented most of us. But Mr. Besant is never content. "Still achieving, still pursuing" is his motto; with a sound mind in a sound body what can not be done? All day long and every day Mr. Besant's labour never ceases; but look at him and hear him speak and you will know how impossible it is that his sympathy should ever grow cold or his friendly hand tire. They say the personality of a great man is always disappointing, and they give you a score of reasons why this should be so. Disregard these croakers, disbelieve in the truth of this captious notion. Mr. Walter Besant (among others) is a proof—and he is not an exception—of a worker, his work being one and indivisible. WALTER POWELL.

EVENING IN MUSKOKA.

LIKE shrouded stars within a shrouded sky
The lilies lie upon the lonely lake
And gleam among the rushes. Slowly break
The last faint dying flashes from on high.
Around the island lies a purple sheen
Of mist and twilight folding it from view,
While far within the narrows, passing through,
The shadowy glimmer of a sail is seen.

A kingfisher, shrill chattering, swiftly flies
Far down the lake more lonely haunts to seek;
The night winds from the deepening shadows rise,
And whisper slumber songs that softly creep
From point to point, until the echo dies
Far o'er the lake, and night folds all in sleep.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

PARIS LETTER.

CRIMINAL responsibility has been so whittled down to natural unconsciousness, and the play of circumstances, that an accused will soon be regarded only as a suffering patient, fitted, not for a prison, but for some variety of moral *hospice*. The coming trial of Eyraud, for the murder of the usurer bailiff, Gouffé, will be a landmark in the history of criminal proceedings. Eyraud's decoy-duck and associate is the now rather celebrated Gabrielle Bompard, aged 22, the daughter of an ironmonger at Lille, whose antecedents, eccentricities, and caprices fix public attention more than any other event. The girl asserts that for her share in the commission of the crime, she acted as Eyraud ordered her, having no power to refuse, and possessing a will only capable to execute what she was told, or suggested to do.

Dr. Brouardel, Ballet, and Mottet, the most eminent "medico-legists" in France, have been ordered by the legal authorities to report on the mental conformation of the female accused—who is cunningly lucid, and extraordinarily *bizarre*. These gentlemen have practised suggestive

hypnotism on Gabrielle Bompard, in the end to test her ability to resist crime. The results are said to have been extraordinary, and revealed extreme nervous phenomena. Her counsel, M. Robert, is at Nancy conferring with Dr. Bernheim on the moral condition of his client, and he will demand for defence purposes that that scientist and Prof. Charcot hypnotize Gabrielle Bompard and so test her irresponsibility. Hence the trial will raise the question of nerves, plastic to criminal suggestions, as responsible causes for violations of the Decalogue.

The Panama share-holders have addressed a petition to the Minister of Justice, demanding that a criminal prosecution be instituted against the ex-directors for deceiving them by false statements, and misappropriation of the capital. They also pray that the liquidator of the Company should allow a most thorough investigation of the accounts to ascertain into whose pockets the capital has gone. Of 1,500,000,000 francs subscribed, only one-third of this sum has been actually expended on the works. The petitioners desire that the directors be placed in the dock like those of the Comptoir d'Escompte and the Copper Society, and be made responsible to their last farthing for the wreckage they have wrought.

Apart from any petition the public prosecutor will examine the liquidator's report, and act accordingly. For the moment the liquidator desires to utilize the plant and interest of the old, in the establishment of a new Company. The shares have dropped as low as 24 francs last week. M. Bonaparte Wyse has been delegated to solicit from the Columbian Government an extension of the period—which expires in 1893—for completing the Canal. If refused, there is an end to the matter. The Columbian Government has a first charge of five per cent. on the gross earnings of the Canal. In the financial world the definite judgment is, that the Panama Company cannot be put on its legs.

The fashion of private balloon voyages has taken. A company has produced its first aerial ship, as prosaically as if it were a summer cab. The acrostats are careful navigators. Nadar was the originator of parties of pleasure in space, and his first and last trip, when Madame Georges Sand and other celebrities were among the travellers, had a well-nigh fatal ending in Belgium; that balloon hangs on the wall of his studio. A gentleman or lady now engages a balloon for a day-trip and invites friends. The cost is 1,200 francs; if the trip be continued during the night—said to be the most romantic part of the ascension—the price is 500 francs more. All the comforts of a home are secured in the capacious car, and pigeons are liberated in the empyrean regions with quill-tail despatches for friends below. The higher the rise, the safer and pleasanter the trip. To sail independent of the currents is as far as ever from a practical solution.

Assassinations, robberies and suicides are unusually rife. Paris has had well-nigh a daily murder of late. Criminals would do well to note that the new Detective Police Office has just been opened. The Paris Scotland yard is an imposing structure facing the Quai des Orfèvres, and skirting that gem of architecture—La Sainte Chapelle. The chief of the Detective service, M. Goron, has rather a small office, but how Madame Tussaud's representatives would covet its wealth of curiosities. It is a drawing-room lined with a chamber of horrors.

M. Goron himself is a remarkable man, a native of Rennes, and aged 40. Being a Breton explains his tenacity of temperament. He has been endowed by nature with a *finesse*, a specialty for detecting crime. He has seen a good deal of the world and this has contributed to sharpen his peculiar abilities. He is the type of a real "Saviour of Society," independent of having been destined by his family to be an apothecary. M. Goron can scent crime. Courageous, as a matter of course, his upright and perspicacious character has raised him to his present position. He joined the army when seventeen years of age, rapidly became sergent, but left the line to enter the marines. When the 1870 war came, he volunteered—having returned to civil life—as a Turco; his feet during the campaign were frost bitten from exposure. Loving adventure, after peace was signed, he emigrated to found a colony in the new world; unsuccessful, he returned to France in 1881, entered the police administration and rose by sheer force of talent, step by step, to his present post.

Round M. Goron's office hang portraits of murderers, thieves, swindlers, and their victims—living and dead. There is a Zolaism in the grouping indicative of business, rather than art. Over the chimney-piece are the portraits of President Carnot, and the Prefet de Police; another portion of the wall is occupied by the portraits of M. Goron's predecessors. On the office table is a pile of papers, each bundle being the history of a crime. There is an artistic inkstand, elegant pen tray, stationery, etc., but these are only secondary in the eyes of the *chef*. He is a gentleman very hasty to learn what you have to say, and listens while walking up and down in his office, for then he is close to a series of telephones at any moment announcing a crime just committed, a conflagration, etc. Instantly he telephones his instructions, orders his carriage, which is always ready yoked; in a few seconds it comes round; he jumps in with his right hand man, Monsieur Jaume, or some favourite inspector and pupil, such as M. Homilier.

There is a large album full of portraits of murderers, Pranzini, Prado, Troppman, etc.; above it, naturally, the photo of executioners; the present Deibler looks as pleasant a mannered man as ever worked a guillotine. There too are all the implements and instruments employed in the commission of crime. Also "toys" in plenty, one

a model of the guillotine, eight inches in size, perfect in its manipulation; there are articles that prisoners made while in their cells; "three thimbles" from the soft of prison bread for example. Round about also is quite an arsenal of hand-cuffs, straps, etc. An empty space is being rapidly occupied with specimens of cosmopolitan policemen's belts, helmets, side-arms, truncheons and the "move on" persuaders in general. Photos of policemen in uniform, from every country in the world, also figure there. It may be safely affirmed that at the present moment France has the most efficient detective force in existence, due to the intelligence, energy and organization of its *chef*, M. Goron.

Many French gentlemen, in order to prevent their wives from suffering from *ennui* during their absence at the club, subscribe to the theatre, opera, or, if desired, the music hall—telephonic wire. This play-house at home and the "chat" wires during the day ought to secure the absence of dull care.

A heavy market-woman threw herself off the tower of Notre Dame on Whit-Sunday; she fell on a printer, who was walking with his little daughter and converted him into "pi." A starving Pole tied a band over his eyes, jumped from a fifth storey into the street, and was gathered up a jelly.

When Napoleon I. was deposed, his police-minister, Fouché, said: "I feel as if I had just been unsaddled after carrying a madman on my back."

At Chantilly, on Sunday, the attendance of ladies and in new toilettes never was so great. During the chief race a typhoon burst; the damage done to toilettes has been estimated at half a million francs. Z.

SNOBUS CANADENSIS.

IN poring over my crucible in search for that subtle principle which may haply turn base metal some day into gold, ever do I, Alchemist, find myself exclaiming at the wonders of the human material I study. The harmonies of the eye, the bones and the muscles, and the sublime faculties of the mind, those spiritual structures of one of which the great Kant (who, we are told, was a little man in a snuff-brown coat) said that it and the starry sky above him are two things which fill the soul with ever new and increasing astonishment—these are a small part of the category of wonders twisted together into the bundle called man. Great above all others, universal as any and more marvellous in its contortions, its consistency and its inconsistency, is this vanity whereof have been written about, for, and against, many most instructive books. Were it then strange that he should exercise somewhat of this faculty in Laurentia? Nay, Laurentia, think not thyself so imperfect or fortunate.

Here are large volumes and lists of serial articles before us—"Compendiums of Canadian Biography," "Celebrities of the Dominion," "Merchant Princes of British America," "Illustrious Idiots," "Contemporary Insolvents," "Genealogical Gems," etc., etc.—(these names are rather better than they make them). Unfortunately I belong to an Antiquarian society. In and about the persons of the musty club is collected much lore of local history and personal reminiscence. It is, therefore, with a fine appreciation that I turn to such volumes and articles as "Compendiums of Biography." The first marvel to confront me is the glorified Stubbs: the story of Stubbs begins in the time of William; it carries him through the wars of the Roses. A Stobbes, who was "Gentleman of Ye Gridiron" to Bluff King Hal, married the Duchess of Sandwich and became the progenitor of numerous progeny. Thence in direct line (which is given) proudly descended the late Stubbs, Senr., of Hoggartyville, "landed proprietor," who married Miss Susan Doolittle, loyalist, and produced "the subject of this sketch," who engaged at an early age in the provision business, becoming ultimately the largest shipper of pork in Hoggarty County. (This style \$10 without portrait.)

The next gentleman is the Hon. Patrick O'Gillicuddy, Senator. Unfortunately he comes too near for romance, for his mother was my grandmother's washerwoman. I feel that my respected ancestress must have entertained angels unawares, for the genealogy of Paddy commences with the Earls of Macbeth.

The next, picked at random, used, in days when he glorified in the title of "self-made man," to relate to friends the wrestling of his wife with the patches on his only pair of breeches. Now, like the rest, he sports a wonderful start-off from Royalty, the "line" meandering regularly down to some two hundred years ago, when it suddenly breaks off, and hooks on to the present with a jaunty "from him was descended."

Here is another who is bolstered up with nearer ancestors. This man's grandfathers were "distinguished citizens"; but alas, the antiquarian records and old directories stand ever evidence of the too-nigh butcher whose shade will haunt the page of flattering periods: and if the individual knew of the occasional veiled mirth or frank reminiscence around the festive boards of such societies as ours, mayhap the charms of honesty might revive for him. One day I walked innocently forth in the wilds with a Snobus. He attacked me with all wile; suddenly he poured in a broadside. "Our people," he said confidentially, "were once, you know, the people here (Montreal). My grandmother lived in the Mansion House, and we were the sort of lords of the place, you know, in those times. The old Mansion House stood where Griffintown now is, and that was the home estate then." My notions of history were

somewhat disconcerted. There was, of course, no doubt that the only original "lords of the place" are the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the seigneurs of the Island of Montreal. But was it possible that this was one of the lesser grants sometimes farmed out, so to speak, in later times by the Seminary? If so, I had never heard of it, and it started one of those little local historical puzzles which are so pleasant to follow up and get properly placed and settled. Next time I met the president of our Society I asked his opinion. "O yes," he said, "there was such a place as the Mansion House and it stood in the suburb of Griffintown. The first hotel in the city used to be called the Mansion House. It was burnt down, and after it another hotel took the name in Griffintown; the lady you refer to kept it"!!! Our manorhouse had shrunk into a tavern.

I know a family who are ashamed of all their cousins. They never mention the village whence their father came into town a poor but intelligent farmer's son. They find no pleasure in "the country" and their only visits there are "duty visits." One day my sister, while speaking to them in a shop, bowed to the waiting-girl and explained that it was her cousin. "Your cousin!" exclaimed these people, horribly shocked at the acknowledgment. "Yes," replied my sister, "why not? I am proud of her."

It is astonishing what yarns go down in even established genealogies. Sir Bernard Burke is frank and learned, but the Snobus is too much for him. Thackeray is constrained in connection with the De Mogynses, to mildly refer to "that lying work, Burke's Peerage." Some time ago the pedigree of the Van Cortlandts came up in conversation with some of their descendants, and a story was produced written on a family manuscript a century and a-half old, relating that the original Van Cortlandt, the "Right Honourable Oliver," of that ilk, who descended from "the Dukes of Courland," came over to the colony of New York as Secretary to the last Dutch Governor, and that he received for his public services a grant of two manors, etc. Now it was almost painful for me to state that this story, which appears also in Burke and has every present appearance to sustain it, for the Van Cortlandts certainly were an old family and held the two manors, is as a matter of history completely baseless. The Dukes of Courland and their descendants were perfectly well-known people; and the original Van Cortlandt, one Oloff, was a common soldier. It was his son, a rich merchant, who obtained the manors under the English. After centuries of growth, this good old family lie falls a victim to the cruel antiquarianism, nor is it jealousy, for I am myself a descendant of the Van Cortlandts. Similarly of the French genealogies sometimes thrust glowingly forward in Lower Canada, not one will stand heraldic criticism. How greatly more sensible to give up trying after all this transparent sham! Be assured there is no known way of escaping antiquarian societies, old directories, diaries, letters and good memories. You are tracked, each and all of you, in the nature of things—unless you confess, straight and for all, that you came out of the great unknown, or that your forefathers had foibles and vices and were average common men, and that you have working-girl and ditch-digging relations.

We all have them, distant or near, and why not own up to it? The most sensible view is that of Burke, whom none can gainsay as an authority—and what does he say in his "Vicissitudes of Families"? Why, that there is no stock existing which does not spring from an humble root and will not sooner or later return to the masses; that though that rare thing, an historic family, is pleasant to look on like a venerable tree, spreading its boughs and sheltering the birds, yet it started inevitably from an acorn and must in due time decay and return to the soil whence it came. In this country pretensions are still greater nonsense than in the old. A brief critical examination of living facts will show that, with a sickly and disappearing exception or two, our families have sprung from labouring men, and two or three generations will leave scarcely one which will not by that time have returned to obscurity. Printed self-flatteries, false genealogies, claptrap small-talk will not change the face of statistics and of the laws which have been acting and will continue to act. Let the man who feels like paying for a genealogy in the hope of establishing a lineage, learn rather to hasten the improvement of the poor among whom the majority of his great-grandchildren and some of his nearer descendants are pretty certain to be found. Let him cherish the names, if he will—and he ought to do so—of the straightforward and intelligent among them who went before him; let him preserve, as he would an old picture, any traditions he may have on account of their picturesqueness—but if he has neither interesting forefathers nor traditions, let him buy one with false backs, but seek honour in the conduct of to-day's life, and picturesqueness in the art and adventure of his own time. The root of the evil is the romance about descent. Blood, indeed, means much, but the man is more; and as for blood, that of whoever has proved himself a man is worth having, especially of those in the real forefront of human advance, such as some self-renouncing missionary, some philanthropist, or a simple sergeant who has won a commission by courage on the field. Lords, to those who know any of them, are nothing special. The better kind is the ordinary gentleman, the worse sort not worth knowing. British pedigrees are never very far off from a merchant, and a merchant heraldist now is usually the founder of the line.

In compensation for the fact that we are all descended from the people, there is the alike undoubted fact that we are all descended, also, from a share of great people. It is a

well-known fact that almost any Briton could, with perfect truth, trace out some line of descent from Royalty, and this fact is taken advantage of by an American publishing firm, who offer to find such a lineage for any applicant. There is a legitimate curiosity, of the sort which may help to give a feeling of dignity to a man and to satisfy the natural turn for the picturesque, its limits being in its obtrusion on the public.

I might describe the kinds of people who believe in the "De Mogynses," and treat also several other interesting departments of the subject, but I have said enough, so let me put away the crucible. ALCHEMIST.

GOETHE'S "FAUST"—II.

FOR a long time the second part of "Faust" was regarded by many critics, and among them by men of high ability, as impossible to understand and not worth understanding. Guizot said it was not worth reading. Lewes, Goethe's admiring and admirable biographer, called it a failure, and even said it was a separate poem. By many it was looked upon as the production of a great artist whose powers were impaired by age. Long and patient labour has at length made it intelligible, and has revealed its depths; and it is seen now that it is the deepest and most important work of the author's life, and a logical sequence to the first part.

The close of the first part left "Faust" in very bad case, but suffering that remorse which proved him to be still a living soul. The second part finds him seeking strength and consolation in communion with Nature, stretched upon a flowery bank, restlessly trying to sleep. Pleasing little spirit-forms flit about him, and Ariel sings this little song:—

When, in vernal showers descending,
Blossoms softly veil the earth;
When the fields' green wealth, up-tending,
Smiles on all of mortal birth;
Tiny elves, where help availeth,
Large of heart, there fly apace;
Pity they whom grief assaileth,
Be he holy, be he base.

An exquisite elfin chorus follows, full of noble counsel and encouragement to the remorse-stricken man. Roused by the sunrise, he describes in, perhaps, the grandest verse of the whole poem, the consolation which has fallen upon him, and the effect of the morning glory around him. The concluding lines tell us, in language of surpassing majesty and beauty, that we may not penetrate to the immediate beholding of the divine thoughts, but must be satisfied here with their reflection in the divine works.

Am farb'gen Abglanz haben wir das Leben.

We are reminded here of the Almighty's words to Moses, who, like Faust, had prayed he might see the divine glory: "Men shalt see My back parts, but My face shall no man see and live."

The scene now shifts to the imperial throne room, whither Mephisto brings Faust in order to show him the great world, hoping he may lose himself in the selfish pleasure-seeking which absorbs the court while the people are perishing in want and lawlessness. The finances are in a bad way, and the Emperor appeals to Mephisto to help him out of his troubles. The demon says there is gold in plenty in the earth, which can be brought to light by natural means aided by the intellect of gifted men. The chancellor's orthodoxy takes alarm. "Nature! Intellect!" he cries, "these are no words for Christian ears. On account of such we burn atheists. Nature is sin, intellect is of the devil. Between them they produce doubt, their mis-shapen bastard." But the Emperor is too hard up to care about orthodoxy, and presses Mephisto to reveal the treasures of the earth. He is even willing to dig "with his own lofty hands." Mephisto induces him to wait until after the performance of a masque which has been prepared for his amusement. The court withdraws, and the demon addresses *ad spectatores* one of his telling bits of satire: "How closely allied are merit and fortune never occurs to the fools. If they had the philosopher's stone the philosopher would be wanting to the stone."

In contrast to the ruin in political life, the masque scene shows, in pictures rich in meaning, the forces which must co-operate, in the state and in society, in order to render well-being possible. The light and pretty verses abound with passages which remain in the memory and recur constantly through life. It is a rich and beautiful mingling of thought and fancy, and, in a spectacular sense, ingenious and fascinating.

In the next scene, we find the general distress relieved by the dangerous device of paper money. All now goes famously, and Faust and Mephisto are high in favour. But Faust had intended this then new device to be used in the regeneration of the state and the development of its resources, and instead of this he sees that all he has done has been to enable everybody to indulge his pet vices and follies ten times harder than before, that the demon's purpose is thoroughly served, and that the last state of that land is worse than the first.

The Emperor next demands that Paris and Helen shall be summoned from the shades. In the Folk's Book, Helen is Faust's mistress. Goethe introduces her as representing the principles of Hellenic culture and beauty. Her union with Faust typifies that union of the Greek with the modern mind which Goethe had so much at heart, and which he strove to carry out in his own culture. "That we form ourselves," he wrote to Schiller, "is the

chief necessity. Whence we form ourselves would be indifferent, had we not to dread misforming ourselves in false models." The antagonism between the principle of evil and the principle of the beautiful is well shown in the vexation with which Mephisto receives his master's command to summon Paris and Helen from the shades. But their phantom forms appear, and undergo the criticisms of the court. Paris comes first. The ladies lose their hearts and heads, but the knights see nothing but his uncourtly ways and his indifference to the imperial presence. Helen appears, and the effect is reversed. The gentlemen, from the chancellor to the page, are all affected alike. The ladies abuse her for her want of style and her free and easy bearing. In a delirium of rapture and jealousy, Faust touches the form of Paris with the magic key he holds in his hand. An explosion ensues, the spirits vanish, the court breaks up in confusion, and Faust is borne away senseless on the demon's shoulders. The meaning of this allegory, as explained by Professor Moritz Carriere, is, briefly—that the Ideal, like the knowledge of the forces of Nature, must be sought by patient labour, and that he who pursues it by any other means will see it vanish as in cloud and vapour.

The second act opens in Faust's study, where we were first introduced to him. Our old friend Wagner, now a famous doctor, sits in his seat. Mephisto enters, and finds everything as he left it long before, even to the quill, still choked with dried blood, wherewith Faust signed the compact. Once more donning the doctor's hood and gown, the demon utters some of his most cutting remarks at the expense of human science. Those clergymen who are always pitching into science now-a-days would find these little speeches of Satan invaluable. They would not be true now, but no matter. Passing on to Wagner's laboratory, Mephisto is greeted with the astounding announcement—"Hush, a man is being made." The aspirations of alchemy were high. A modern chemist can turn you back into your component elements; and put you on his shelf. Your mother would hardly know you, for you would be a good big jar of water, a smaller one of charcoal, and some pots of phosphorus, lime, iron and so on. This process the old alchemists thought they could reverse, which is a great deal harder. However, this time, a little manikin in a crystal phial greets Wagner as "father." He is a merry little imp, and, after chaffingly telling Mephisto that his (the demon's) proper place is in what he calls "the northern desert of chivalry and priestcraft," he proposes that Faust, who is lying in the next room, still unconscious, should be transported to the Pharsalian Plains, where a festival which he calls the "Classic Walpurgis Night" is in progress. Again Mephisto shows his aversion to the antique, but finally yields. "The Greeks," he says, "were never good for much, but they fascinate you with the free play of the senses, and entice men's hearts to many sins."

Throughout this act, Faust is quite separated from his infernal companion, who is ill at ease among the beautiful forms of Hellas, and is felt by them to be a presence utterly foreign to their nature and experience. Among the devils and witches of the "Walpurgis Night" on the Hartz, we shared Faust's loathing. Here we enter into his ardour and singleness of purpose in the pursuit of the Ideal, as, borne swiftly on by the noble centaur, Chiron, he flies in quest of Helen. Chiron leaves him with the prophetic Mante, who points him to the gloomy road piercing the foot of Olympus, and leading to the abode of Persephone. Thither we are not permitted to follow him, though the author at first intended we should do so, and had written Faust's petition to Persephone for the release of Helen.

The third act is devoted to the allegorical union of Faust and Helen. It opens before the palace of Menelaus in Sparta, where Helen, just returned from Troy and surrounded by a chorus of captive Trojan women, stands in uncertainty as to her fate. She is told of a valiant people to the northward, called "barbarian" by the Greeks, yet having a civilization of their own, distinguished by the sense of personal honour and by reverence for women. Thither she betakes herself, and is received by Faust in a stately castle, where she receives the homage of the European chivalry. In allegorical poetry of great beauty, we are told of the revival of Greek culture during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. From the union of Faust and Helen springs Euphorim, in whom the author pays a beautiful tribute to Byron, whose genius he honoured, and whose early death in the cause of Greece had covered the multitude of his sins. The lament of the chorus over the dead Euphorim is a most beautiful and appropriate dirge over Byron. Helen calls upon Persephone to receive her with her son, embraces Faust and vanishes, leaving her garments in his arms. These dissolve into a cloud, and bear him aloft and out of sight.

In the fourth act, Faust, once more in the real world, no longer grasps at the infinite, but longs for some practical task within human power to perform. The contemplation of art has shown him the infinite, the ideal, seized and presented in forms limited and apprehensible to the senses, forms clear, distinct, individual. He casts his eyes upon the sea where it encroaches upon and wastes the land. This he would redeem for human habitation, and he commands the demon to take measures accordingly. At that moment martial music is heard. The Emperor's forces are in the valley below them, and Mephisto advises him to join the standard of his old patron, who will surely give him the coast in fief. At the crisis of the battle, their magic turns the scale, and Faust receives the coveted

reward. Mephisto now suggests the delights of great cities, of glory, of voluptuousness. "The deed is everything," Faust tells him, "not the glory." Accordingly, when the fifth act opens, his beneficent public works have been vigorously carried forward. The land won from the sea is covered by the houses of prosperous thousands, the harbours receive the commerce of the world. But the exercise of almost kingly power engenders the love of domination, and even the pleasure in doing good is embittered by the refusal of an aged couple to sell him their plot of land on the hill behind his palace. Mephisto, sent to negotiate an exchange, evicts them by force, and Faust feels with bitterness that selfishness still influences his acts. He turns for comfort to his work. Blind and in extreme old age, he will strive to the end to be useful here. "Beyond this world," he says, "our view is barred. Fool, who turns his blinking eyes up yonder, and imagines beings like himself above the clouds. Let him stand fast here, and look around him. To the man of worth this world is not dumb. What wants he roaming in eternity?" This passage is said by Lewes to contain the whole of Goethe's philosophy. It contains so much of his philosophy as taught him that his duty, while here, was to do the best he could for this world. Elsewhere he called this world "the nursery of a world of spirits."

Undeterred by age and infirmity, Faust orders the demon to impress more and more hands to complete his work. Compelled to serve his master's good purposes also, Mephisto consoles himself by saying: "Thou art only working for us with thy dykes and ditches, and preparing a grand banquet for Neptune, the water-devil. In any case thou art lost. The elements are in league with us, and everything tends toward annihilation." One thing only remains to complete the work. "A marsh," says Faust, "extends from hence to the mountains, imprisoning all that has been won. To drain this noisome swamp would be the crowning achievement. Thus I open spaces for many millions, to dwell, not safely, it is true, but in free activity. Green the fields and fruitful; man with his flocks happy on the newest soil. Within, a paradise; without, the flood to his appointed bound. . . . Thus, encompassed by danger, childhood, youth, manhood fulfil their worthy years. Could I behold such activity, could I stand upon a free soil amid a free people, then might I say to that moment—'Tarry, I pray, thou art so fair!'"

With these words, Faust sinks back and expires. This sentence was to be his last, and his last it is. But the fateful words were not spoken because of aught the fiend could do to make the moment fair to him. From first to last, guilty as we have seen him, he has turned away from the devil's poor, negative, unsatisfying nature. The one moment he bid stay with him, the one moment in which alone he found utter content, was neither simple nor delusive. It derived its blessedness from the realization of an idea eminently moral. Mephisto has failed to drag him down. Faust has raised himself above the negative element in his own nature to the positive, the actively good and true. And so Mephisto's wager is lost. The divine assurance is vindicated. Faust and the demon meet no more "on the other side." THOMAS CROSS.

YOUTH.

How sweet this rushing life through every vein!
Youth's wild, weird music thrills the mind and heart,
And keeps afar each sorrow, every smart,
Nor leaves our lives the smallest place for pain.
We laugh at age! What can our spirits gain
By looking to the future? We apart
Can stand from fear, nor need we start,
When death around us leaves its gloomy stain.

The very joy of living makes us glad.
The summer's sun and winter's keenest blast
Bring to our spirits only stronger life.
Why need we stand with faces dark and sad,
Dreading the present, moaning o'er the past,
When our young years yearn for the joys of strife?
T. G. MARQUIS.

Gananoque, Ont.

THE RAMBLER.

THE poor paragraphist hath but little patience with politics. Alliterative—yet true. Nevertheless I sat patiently through two recent political meetings of tremendous length and chiefly characterized by oratory (*sic*) of the "foul-mouthed libeller" style. What a thing it is to have convictions, and not to be a miserable sinner on the fence, a poor, volatile, and flimsy understanding! I, like the author of "Religio Medici," can never divide myself "from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days, I should dissent myself." Fortunately, therefore, I am not a politician. But to the vast audiences assembled to hearken to the coming prophets of our age, the result was highly satisfactory.

Fires fluttered on their lightning-rod;
They cleared the human mind from error;
They emptied heaven of its God,
And Tophet of its terror.

All the same, I have no sympathy, or very little with that queer specimen which haunts our streets, the English-

man, who "cannot for the life of him" understand our politics. He should not forget that revilings, and discords, and backbitings, and slanders, have ever been the singular instruments, upon which political tunes have been played. The questions at present being discussed both openly and secretly through the length and breadth of Canada are interesting, important questions in themselves. We possess among our public men, some half-a-dozen who are very fair and fluent speakers, although we can only boast of one orator. And, perhaps, the records of the English House of Commons include a few scenes and protestations and scurrilous statements, unworthy of the great men who conducted and formulated such. "By-the-by," says Macaulay, "you never saw such a scene as Croker's oration on Friday night. He abused Lord John Russell; he abused Lord Althorp; he abused the Lord Advocate, and we took no notice, never once groaned nor cried, 'No!' But he began to praise Lord Fitzwilliam, a venerable nobleman, an excellent and amiable nobleman, and so forth, and we all broke out together with, 'Question!' 'No, no!' 'This is too bad!' 'Don't, don't!' He then called Canning his right honourable friend. 'Your friend! d—n your impudent face!' said the member who sat next me."

Mention of Macaulay will doubtless remind you of the extraordinary Englishman who confronted him at Mysore with, "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do not you think that Buonaparte was the Beast?" Macaulay did not see it. The Englishman had found the number 666 in the name of Napoleon. "Who then, sir, was the Beast if not Buonaparte?" Macaulay thought for a moment and then replied, "Sir, the House of Commons is the Beast. There are 658 members, and these with their eight officers make up the number 666."

Yes. The Englishman who cannot understand our politics is a study. He needs immortalizing in sketch or novel or satirical poem. Happily he does not often get a voice in our affairs. We can do very well without this kind of Englishman, except on ornamental occasions. And here let me record with bated breath and averted eye the impression that the Englishman, as such, does not do nearly so well in Canada as he does in India or in Australia. I should designate Canada as emphatically a Scotch and Irish colony in comparison with New Zealand, for instance. Micawber would not, I imagine, have done much in Toronto. There must be something magnetic and stimulating in the isolation of Australia, with a spice of Bohemia and a breath of Parnassus—Macaulay again; *vide Palais Royal*—very encouraging to the futile Englishmen who seek its fervid shores.

The accomplishments of the Duke of Connaught prove him a worthy son of our accomplished and gracious Sovereign. It is very easy to decry royalty and load it with ridicule, but of one crime can it never be accused, and that is laziness. The unfortunate Prince listened to addresses and replied to them, if not *con amore*, at least, with unflagging and unhesitating courtesy. The children of our Queen are all amiable and talented. Her daughters are characterized by even unusual prominence in artistic and literary pursuits; and her sons have the manly British qualities added to the culture of evenly-trained and carefully reared young men which makes them so ready and brilliant when opportunity offers. "Since we cannot attain to greatness," said Montaigne, "let us have our revenge by railing at it." Is it not Horace who exclaims,

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli,
Fingerunt animi?—Sat. i. iv. 17.

I am unaware if any very full and graphic report of the proceedings of the Royal Society in Ottawa a week or so back reached Toronto. For myself, I saw none, and what I did see revealed a most uninviting state of things. The section, English Literature, was as usual hardly favoured with representation at all, while a venerable, and I suppose fairly enlightened French Canadian arose and attacked evolution. What will readers on the other side of the water think of us should they happen to see the Abbé's sensational heading "The Worship of Death" applied to doctrines now personally upheld by the great lights and pillars of the Church and literature as well as of science and experimentalism? Such a paper is fatal to the standing of the Society and should never have been allowed to have been read. One does not look for originality, nor yet for protection and recognition of native material from such an organization, but one expects scholarship at least. "You might jine your flats."

The only colonial writer evidently known to Sir Charles Dilke is Olive Schreiner, a very capable and entertaining novelist. Her *nom de plume*, "Ralph Iron," was not maintained for long. Sir Charles, next time, would do well to take a little more trouble about the matter of a colonial literature. Mr. Kipling very likely was as yet undiscovered when "Problems of Greater Britain" went to press, but there have been various Australian and Canadian authors worthy, I think, of mention along with Miss Schreiner. It is curious how self-satisfied English and American authors are with their performances anent the colonies.

BARON LIEBIG, the great German chemist, says that "as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."

CORRESPONDENCE.

HIGHER COMMERCIAL TRAINING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Your correspondent, "J. R. A." struck a keynote which should be sounded throughout our country as an alarm against a possible danger—or at least as a warning to Canadians to fit themselves for their destined place and work in the world; and I had expected to see the subject followed up by some of our prominent business men.

Briefly stated, I understand the argument of "J. R. A." to be: (1) Canada has passed from her former agricultural stage to that of commercial development and of strategic importance internationally.

(2) To properly fulfil their duties and take advantage of the changed position, Canadians must be trained in the "higher mathematics," as it were, of commercial matters.

(3) The lack of a proper training institution (which "J. R. A." claims does not exist, notwithstanding the business colleges), he proposes to supply by a properly-equipped school under Government control, whose certificates should be equivalent in commerce to those of our national university in Arts.

Akin to this suggestion is that made some time ago by Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Manager of the Imperial Bank in this city, for the appointment of a Commercial Examiner at Toronto University, in order to encourage University students to "perfect themselves in book-keeping, in the theory and practice of banking, and in many of the subjects which now form the curriculum at this important seat of learning."

These suggestions, coming from two different sources at different times, show that thinking men are looking forward for a development in the line of commercial training. This aspiration is encouraging to, and to be encouraged by, all who have the welfare of Canada at heart. If it be true that the laws of commerce are as immutable as the laws of chemistry and other sciences, it follows that these laws should be so studied that every candidate for school-teaching, every graduate from our higher institutions—yes, and every schoolboy and girl—should be as familiar with them as they are now required to be with the laws of chemistry, botany, etc. The reasons for this drill are threefold:—

(1) *Personal*.—That each man and woman may be able to manage his or her own business affairs with accuracy, discretion and despatch, avoiding the vexations and expense of litigation, and making the most of the means at command.

"How often," says Mr. Wilkie in the address referred to, "how often we hear of the doctor and lawyer who, from want of experience, has been obliged to employ outside assistance to enable him to fathom his own assets and liabilities; and how many clients have been ruined by the criminal carelessness of lawyers, honest enough in their intentions at the start, who have through ignorance of book-keeping allowed their clients' money and their own to form part of one bank account, drawing against the fund as occasion required, regardless of the proprietorship, until too late he finds that his all is gone." Surely a national system that licenses a man to practise law, yet leaves him incompetent to manage his clients' affairs, is a mockery! "Licensed to ruin!" might be written upon the parchments.

(2) *National*.—Are we as Canadians making the most of our immense national resources of metal and mineral, agriculture, timber, fish and fruit?

Why the increasing burden of mortgages on fertile farms? Why do we find the poorer classes growing poorer, while the rich are growing richer? How comes it that in Toronto alone there are nearly a thousand able-bodied and big-brained men fattening at the expense of the toilers, and producing nothing themselves—riding, as in Bellamy's dream, on the choice seats on the national stage-coach, while the toilers tug and pull to carry them along? Are our national expenses kept prudently within our national income, and is the accumulating debt kept within reasonable bounds? How many of Canada's citizens—how many even of our representatives in Parliament—can discuss our national finances intelligently? These are a few of my questions, the very statement of which suggests that there is a great national lack of the proper understanding of the laws of commerce and trade, and consequently a dreadful apathy on the whole subject. If the safety of a free people depends upon their intelligence of public affairs, is Canada not in grave danger? Are we a nation of spend-thrifts? If so—and it seems as though we were tending in that direction—is it not because those who lead in society do not themselves understand the laws of thrift, and have not been trained to practise them?

(3) *International*.—The relation of Canada to the great empire of which she forms a part, and to the Great Republic adjoining; her position as a mediator in an Anglo-Saxon confederacy; her strategic position as a military highway; her trade relations, as that of "middle-man" between the nations of the East, and Britain; as a battle-field for the conflict between old-world oppression and new-world libertinism, and for the out-working of problems of sociology for which her geographical position and the complex character of her population specially fit her.

In these and other respects, Canada must assume a unique international position. She needs, therefore, far-

sighted, deep-thinking men to grapple with these problems. Who should be better fitted for the high task than our merchants, our manufacturers, our men whose lives are spent in dealing with financial matters? A better knowledge on the part of the many, of the commercial questions now dealt with only by the few specially skilled mercantile men, would mean a rapid growth of the importance of this country in the eyes of the world, and a development, more rapid than is now going on, of our national resources.

Surely the commercial interests of Canada offer an inviting and profitable field for investigation by the brightest minds among us; and certainly every move that will increase the knowledge or augment the skill of our young men in commercial matters is worthy of encouragement.

Toronto, June, 1890.

BEE.

MORNING.

THE first warm breath of drowsy, morning breeze,

Inebriate with sweetness, came and went

Above the new wak'd flowers, heavy with scent

Blown from the dewy blooms of orchard trees.

The spendthrift lilies rais'd their calyces,

Yellow'd with gold-dust, richly redolent,

The hidden violet her fragrance spent

And myriad roses breathed sweet subtleties.

While, for perfection of fair harmonies,

Two indistinguishable sounds are blent

In one full chord of uttermost content—

The dull surf-murmur of the distant seas,

And in the orange-blossoms, dew-besprent

The humming of innumerable bees. X.

LAVAL: FIRST BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

THE first Bishop of Quebec, François Xavier Laval de Montmorency, was born in Laval, the capital of the Department of Mayence, France, April 3, 1623. His father, Hugues de Laval, Seigneur de Montigny and de Montmorency, was a direct representative of a house which had made history before the crusades. His mother was Michele Péricard, daughter of the Seigneur de St. Etienne. Far back in the thirteenth century, the Laval branch, proud as it was, had gained greater pride from its union through marriage with those haughty Montmorencys, who, for generations, had vaunted themselves *les premiers barons chrétiens, premiers barons de France*. Through a powerful kinsman, François de Péricard, Bishop of Evreux, at nine years of age received the tonsure, and a canonicate when he had scarcely reached the age of twelve. It had needed a struggle with hereditary instincts for the boy to remain in the church, for his two elder brothers had died in battle, and his family—looking upon the strong frame and high courage of the third son—had hoped that he would have maintained the military glory of the race.

The young Abbé de Montigny—as he was then called—stood firm. On his father's death in 1638, he appeared for a time among men. The result of his stay in a society which was ready to scatter its flowers before the fortunate youth, if a surprise to his family, was a greater one to that society itself. The renunciation of the title and the estate in favour of his younger brother was positive. His uncle of Evreux, now convinced that the nephew was to be a chosen vessel in the church, sent him to Paris to perfect his studies. He was nineteen when he reached that city. He was twenty-six when he left it, having entered the priesthood. Once back in the Cathedral of Evreux he started by being, what is always noticeable, if not always attractive, a zealot. He seemed, after his return from Paris, never to have known how to do a duty half-way. He was always for going the whole road, and a few rods beyond. The fire of zeal, active from the beginning, had no lack of fuel to keep it alive. Under the instruction of the Jesuit Bagot, he soon became a fair type of a Jesuit out-of-vows. To a zeal such as his, the new West, with his Jesuit friends at the helm, seemed a far more promising field than the old East. In 1653 he was appointed, through his uncle's influence, deacon of Evreux, the duties of which position he continued to discharge until 1659, when an event occurred which fixed at once his life and the scene of his labours. This was his departure for Canada, bearing his appointment by the Pope, as Vicar Apostolic of New France, and Bishop of Petraræ *in partibus*. Laval was consecrated as Vicar-Apostolic on the fête of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1658. On Easter day, April 13, 1659, he embarked for Canada. These dates, for a profoundly Catholic soul, must have had a special spiritual significance.

Laval seems, at first, to have had no reason to complain of his reception by the civil authorities. Governor Argenson gave him a welcome which, in the stately fashion of its reverence, might well have satisfied Pope Hildebrand himself. But official ceremonies are, at the best, empty show cases. Taking them at their proper value, the new vicar-apostolic first provided for what may be called—with a gentle sarcasm—his comforts. These were of the scantiest. With two servants to keep his "hired house" and till the garden, the man's humility being shown, the bishop's pride forthwith asserted itself. The main trouble, in 1659, outside of the fierce Iroquois in the woods, and Mynheer stolidly smoking his pipe behind the wretched guns of Fort Orange, was that the colony, in its babyhood, needed nursing both from Government and Church. Who was to do the most of this nursing? Was it to be Louis? Or was it to be Alexander? Laval insisted that it should

be the Pope. Argenson swore that it should be the king. It was not long before several nice points of etiquette, half-political, half-ecclesiastical, had brought about a coolness between bishop and governor. When the *Fête Dieu* came along, with its invariably long procession, bishop and governor were to stop, every now and then, at stated distances, at a *reposoir*. One of these *reposoirs* happening to be within the fort, bishop demanded, besides the taking off of their hats by the soldiers during the ceremonies, that they should kneel where they stood. Governor, zealous for his official honour, hotly declared that a French soldier's duty within a fort over which the Lilies waved, was to stand—never, never to kneel. Bishop summarily ended the dispute by sweeping in his priestly robes past the temporary altar without stopping. Laval certainly knew theoretically the metes and bounds of his prerogative far better than Argenson could have understood those of his own. "In things spiritual, you shall give way to ME," he had as much as said to Argenson. "In things political, I shall give way to you," would have been the logical inference. But, unhappily, the bishop put to the test, proved not at all logical. In a wholly civil matter—which the taking of M. Denis' servant girl from service by his order, and lodging her with the Ursuline nuns "for instruction," undoubtedly was—the bishop was so palpably in the wrong that he was forced to suffer the indignity of seeing the girl seized from the protecting nuns, and returned to her employer. The offshoot of these dissensions, discredit to both bishop and governor, could only, if continued, have weakened the props which made the royal representative in some sense a coadjutor of the Church. Argenson, who had none of the stuff out of which martyrs are made, saw this. He kept a bold front, but he had for all that lost heart. Writing to his brother, he declares: "I am resolved to stay here no longer, but to go home next year." Next year he kept his word, not without some gossip, however, that his grace had, by private letters, hastened his homeward journey.

A new governor soon reached Quebec. This was General Baron du Bois d'Avaugour. Frank, honest, loving, plain-dealing, in the main good-natured, but bristling with prejudices, and terribly inclined to blunder in matters out-of-trade, Avaugour possessed in perfection the military incapacity to bend. In the Hungarian wars he had made his mark under a strict system of obedience to orders. Once in Quebec, as governor, nothing would do him but give orders, as he had once received them, by tap of drum. He seems to have started with a prepossession against Laval, which he scarcely made an effort to conceal. He first put some Jesuits in his council to show that, while distrusting the bishop, he was rather disposed to like their Order. These he quickly dropped on finding out that they and Laval were good friends. So summary a dismissal brought about a coolness, which invoked a storm that had muttered behind the colonial cloud long before Argenson. A soldier by training, as he was an aristocrat by feeling, Avaugour had never once dreamed of any policy which might bring him in alignment with the people. But, in opposing the bishop, in that prelate's resolute purpose to crush a great evil, the old campaigner unconsciously found himself drifting side by side with Jacques the runner and François the trader—lawless vagabonds as ever roamed in a Canadian forest.

The evil of which he constituted himself the champion was one that had corrupted, more or less, every class of the young population. It raged, of course, more strongly among the wild spirits of the colony, but it had not spared its more steady and reputable class. It had changed hopeful Indian converts into howling and murderous drunkards. It had found lodgment on the hearthstones of many sober people, who thought it no great harm to turn an honest *sou* by selling what the statute forbade. It was said even to have crept into the forts, and to have turned the king's houses into *cabarets*. One element alone of the infant population had had courage to take it by the throat. That element was the Society of Jesus. As far back as the Sillery Missions of 1648—when Father Lalemant's kindly heart warmed to hear an Algonquin chief, a new convert, denouncing the infamous traffic—it had been the Jesuits who, fixed both in their spiritual and temporal authority, had striven to keep the decree valid through successive administrations of lessening zeal, from saintly Aillebout to shifting Avaugour. Even Avaugour, at first, stepped in to execute the law which he had found in force. But it was enough for him to know that Laval was bent on upholding that law to make him lukewarm in its support. This evil was the brandy trade, the "dead fly" in the colonial ointment, the "first source," as Charlevoix calls it, "of all the misfortunes of New France"—otherwise, the illegal sale of brandy to the Indians. The weakness of the redskins for the white man's *eau de vie* had done more to degrade their tribal sense, and to franciser them, than all the arms of the king's soldiers, or all the prayers of the Church's missionaries. Here and there, some red converts, ardent in their new faith, had raised their voices to rebuke this vile traffic. In 1650 they had prayed M. de Aillebout to "build a prison in order to shut up those who, by their scandals, troubled the piety of their brethren." One, indeed—as conscienceless a bibbler as Falstaff himself—had declared French *eau de vie* to be an "extract of tongues and hearts, for, when I have drunk of it, I fear nothing and I talk big." To check this foe to religion and morality, Laval had already, in Argenson's day used the harshest censures of the Church, next to excommunication, against all those engaged in the trade. Not satisfied with this spiritual penalty, of doubtful

force among the wild spirits of the woods, he had, for a twice convicted criminal, insisted on the penalty of death. Much to his disgust, Avaugour found himself confronted with this edict, and compelled to approve of the death sentence against two men. For once the old campaigner hungered to be a rebel. He was fuming, ripe every way for revolt, when, in the nick of time, came Father Lalemant to make him feel that he had a cause. A certain reputable woman of Quebec, arrested, shown to be clearly guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for selling brandy in violation of the law, had excited the sympathy of that most kindly of Jesuits. He appealed for pardon to Avaugour, who received him icily enough. "The Governor brusquely replied that since selling brandy was was not a punishable fault for that woman, it should not henceforth be for any one."

This was too much for Laval. Tired of the contest, he decided to appeal to Louis. He sailed for France, wisely avoided Colbert—just then dividing his time between trying to checkmate Laval and developing his Gobelins industry—saw the king, the true father of New France, told his story, and was listened to with respect by the young monarch. Before he left the presence he had not only secured the recall of Avaugour, but he had been given, as a special mark of royal favour, besides the choice of his successor, the right of enforcing all orders necessary to check the scandalous brandy trade. But while the bishop, bewailing the madness of his flock, was grimly preparing to bring them back to "candle, book and bell," he seemed supernaturally aided in the land from which he had gone sorrowing. While looking for help from Louis, it had come for him and the Church seemingly from heaven itself. A few days after his departure certain portents had appeared in Canada. One day—the sky being then full of blue—an earthquake shook New France to its farthest settlement. In the woods the trees seemed shaken as with St. Vitus' dance, and the Indians, greatly marvelling, ran crying to Father Lalemant—with a simile drawn from white vices—that the whole forest was drunk. In all this the marvel was, as Charlevoix piously observes, "that though the earthquake lasted six months, not one person perished. God, no doubt, wished to convert the sinners, and not to destroy them." At the last, without any fresh edict from the sky, brandy sinning Canada was on her knees with hands uplifted, waiting for that episcopal benediction which she had so lately rejected.

Through all these changes Laval had been consistent with himself in those traits which controlled him outside of his personal asceticism. His peculiar importance in the Canadian hierarchy, like that of the great Cyprian of Carthage, falls not so much in the field of theology as in the more practical issues of church organization and discipline. In his cell he had planned out two great systems by which he prayed that New France, snatched by him from corruption, might through him be saved for God.

One of these systems was to make the Canadian *curé*, or the parish priest, moveable at the will of the bishop. The other was to found a seminary which was to be first a nursery, then a home, for colonial priests.

The stars that smile on strong souls seemed to have smiled, from the first, on Laval. In the *curé* question, as in the other, it was a piece of down-right good luck to have met with Louis the pietist, before a gigantic ambition had turned him into Louis the absolutist. In the bishop's mind, the problem had already been brought to this one question: whether "fixation," as known in France, was to be the law regulating the Canadian *curé*—in other words, whether he was to be a fixture, dependent on the will of the king, his political master; or whether he was to owe his retention to the bishop, his spiritual superior. This might, at first, seem a matter within the narrow limits of strictly ecclesiastical discipline. But the regulation was something more than this, applied to a colony which, like Canada, was full of adventurers, and only saved from the letter of lawlessness because there was no law strong enough to make its spirit felt. In such a community, the presence of priestly authority, at once real and visible, was a matter closely connected with the public weal itself. Laval triumphed even over Louis the invincible; and his plan has straightened and broadened into the system he planned. What changes, both of authority and faith, has this system not survived! Nothing of what he knew, as he himself knew it—save the Church, whose first Canadian bishop he was—lives to-day. The map of the land which he had, in a prophetic spirit, decreed should be first Catholic, next French, next Royalist, is no longer New France—it is British America. The tongue which he loved to speak is not the language recognized by law at his Quebec or his Montreal. That Canadian world which, as father, he strove to rule to the greater glory of God, has turned topsy-turvy, with the *habitant* and his *curé* clinging to the bottom, and the savage child of faith nowhere. Yet this much must be said for the value of the Laval system as a living factor. Wrested, not aggressively, but through that force which lives in a masterful spirit, by Laval from Louis XIV., it has fulfilled his hope. Having escaped the political storms that have torn Canada from France, it has sent its message through to our end of the line. Such repose, in the midst of generations of unrest, might well have satisfied even the great first bishop.

The seminary—though given here the second place—should have been allowed the first. It was, in fact, the germ of the *curé* idea. Had it not been for the seminary, the other never would have survived in the form in which it exists. Under date of March 26, 1663, Louis issued a document prepared by Laval, "erecting in per-

petuity a seminary that will be conducted and governed by the superior that we, or the succeeding bishops of New France, shall there establish."

There was still another seminary, which received to distinguish it, the title of *Le Petit Séminaire*. This latter looked to educate the boys, both white and Indian, who might study to become priests. It was intended as a complement to the mother seminary, which prepared the men. It was the crystallization of what was, beyond doubt, one of the strongest feelings of the bishop—a feeling that had not needed the tonic of Colbert's wise and thoroughly sound injunction to "teach our language to the children of the savage nations subject to our authority, and to raise them in the same customs and way of living as the French

above all, if they have once entered our civil life, to join them in marriage with our colonists." For Laval had, from the first, loved the red man, not in pity for his native fierceness, but in abounding love for his spiritual possibilities. In his eye an Indian child was only one of St. Paul's young Gentiles revived. Thus the little seminary opened her doors as wide to the Indian boys as she opened them to the white. Probably, the teaching the former received bore but little book-fruit; but it followed them to their native wigwams, and, years after, fostered new alliances there.

"I have never until now sought the episcopacy," Laval wrote to the Propaganda in 1672; "but I have learned by long experience how little secure is the position of a Vicar-Apostolic against those who are charged with the conduct of public affairs."

Confronted by the delays which attended the confirmation of his title as Bishop of Quebec, he had made up his mind to go to France. "I have resolved to leave my charge," he said in this same letter, "and not to return to New France if the bishopric be not erected." Why were the bulls of the Pope in favour of so eminent an Ultramontane so long delayed? The answer is two-fold. The old Gallican fires had burst out anew. Louis, not yet over his irreverent triumph over Pope Alexander VII., and still true to his league with the French clergy, had made it a condition precedent, that the proposed bishopric should depend on the Archbishopric of Rouen alone. This condition Clement X., a pope stronger than Alexander VII., refused. Negotiations followed negotiations in the old rut of papal demands and royal evasions. Of a sudden—not by anything that he himself had said, not because his own case was stronger, but because the time was ripe for it—Laval found his battle over and won. Louis, in his orders of March 16, 1674, to his ambassador at the Vatican, the Duc d'Estrées, had commanded him "no longer to insist on the demand which you have made that the bishopric should depend on the Archbishop of Rouen, or any other of my kingdom. The Pope signed the bull October 1, 1674.

Laval himself was happy in this, that his long life was to close in matters widely apart from the wrangling of transient governors and the ferretings of flitting intendants. It was not that the governors were less truculent; but that he had ceased to care for the narrowing worldly issues of the colony. His old eyes looked from a loftier spiritual point over a broader horizon. He was always full of projects for the extension of the Church. He yearned to know, before he died, that her influence had spread over savage races, far to the West and to the South, roaming over forests and plains untrodden by the feet of white men. One of his latest active works in this direction was to aid Iberville's famous evangelizing expedition to "that part of the diocese of Quebec nearest the Gulf of Mexico." None knew better than he how frail was his hold on earth; but he took no care for his life. His zeal, like a sword in constant use, had worn away its scabbard; yet that scabbard, although in pieces, still held together. For thirty years he had kept by his side, as attendant, a lay-brother named Houssart. Houssart's reminiscences are a clever type of gossip, seasoned with devotion. From him it is clear that Laval never quite forgot the Bernières days. The difference between Caen and Quebec was simply that which makes youth unlike old age. At Caen his austerities as student had been in exaltation. At Quebec, as bishop, they were in expiation. During Easter week, 1708, the venerable bishop was on his death-bed. On May 6 he died, at the age of eighty-five years. Again, like Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, a prince of the Church in power, though in poverty, he had, at the end, "freely given away everything, so that he might have nothing on earth."

The mourners at the funeral of the first Bishop of Quebec were to be counted by the number of the village populations in 1708. All the villagers, supplemented by sorrowful recruits from distant Montreal, were in the snow-covered roads, not yet grown to the dignity of streets. For one day of sorrow, New France seemed to have forgotten Colbert. For that single day she had once more become a Mission.—*John Dimitry in Magazine of American History.*

QUEBEC BANK.—It is pleasant to note that in spite of a backward spring and the rather unfavourable prospects of the lumber trade, the statement presented by the Directors of the Quebec Bank, at the annual meeting of stockholders, is on the whole as satisfactory as of yore. It is to be observed that although the Profit account shows an earning slightly less than last year, the difference is really of little moment, as the loans now outstanding, payable on demand, are in excess of those of last year. Altogether the stockholders may fairly be congratulated upon a prosperous year and a good outlook. After the reading of the statement, the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Sir N. F. Belleau and Messrs. Smith, Withall, Young, Renfrew, Shaw and Ross.

THE LIMITS OF REALISM IN FICTION.

SO far as the Anglo-Saxon world is concerned, the experimental or realistic novel is mainly to be studied in America, Russia, and France. It exists now in all the countries of the European Continent, but we know less about its manifestations there. It has had no direct development in England, except in the clever but imperfect stories of Mr. George Moore. Ten years ago the realistic novel, or at all events the naturalist school, out of which it proceeded, was just beginning to be talked about, and there was still a good deal of perplexity, outside Paris, as to its scope and as to the meaning of its name. Russia, still unexplored by the Vicomte de Vogüé and his disciples, was represented to western readers solely by Turgeneff, who was a great deal too romantic to be a pure naturalist. In America, where now almost every new writer of merit seems to be a realist, there was but one, Mr. Henry James, who, in 1877, had inaugurated the experimental novel in the English language, with his "American." Mr. Howells, tending more and more in that direction, was to write on for several years before he should produce a thoroughly realistic novel.

Ten years ago, then, the very few people who take an interest in literary questions were looking with hope or apprehension, as the case might be, to Paris, and chiefly to the study of M. Zola. It was from the little villa at Médan that revelation on the subject of the coming novel was to be expected; and in the autumn of 1880 the long-expected message came, in the shape of the grotesque, violent, and narrow, but extremely able volume of destructive and constructive criticism called "Le Roman Expérimental." People had complained that they did not know what M. Zola was driving at; that they could not recognize a "naturalistic" or "realistic" book when they saw it; that the "scientific method" in fiction, the "return to nature," "experimental observation" as the basis of a story, were mere phrases to them, vague and incomprehensible. The Sage of Médan determined to remove the objection and explain everything. He put his speaking-trumpet to his lips, and, disdaining to address the crassness of his countrymen, he shouted his system of rules and formulas to the Russian public, that all the world might hear.

In 1880 he had himself proceeded far. He had published the Rougon-Macquart series of his novels, as far as "Une Page d'Amour." He has added to the bulk of his works since then, some six or seven novels, and he has published many forcible and fascinating and many repulsive pages. But since 1880 he has not altered his method or pushed on to any further development. He had already displayed his main qualities—his extraordinary mixture of versatility and monotony, his enduring force, his plentiful lack of taste, his cynical disdain for the weaknesses of men, his admirable constructive power, his inability to select the salient points in a vast mass of observations. He had already shown himself what I must take the liberty of saying that he appears to me to be, one of the leading men of genius in the second half of the nineteenth century, one of the strongest novelists of the world; and that in spite of faults so serious and so eradicable that they would have hopelessly wrecked a writer a little less overwhelming in strength and resource. Zola seems to me to be the Vulcan among our later gods, afflicted with moral lameness from his birth, and coming to us sooty and brutal from the forge, yet as indisputably great as any Mercury-Hawthorne or Apollo-Thackeray of the best of them. It is to Zola, and to Zola only, that the concentration of the scattered tendencies of naturalism is due. It is owing to him that the threads of Flaubert and Daudet, Dostoevsky and Tolstoi, Howells and Henry James can be drawn into anything like a single system. It is Zola who discovered a common measure for all these talents, and a formula wide enough and yet close enough to distinguish them from the outside world and bind them to one another. It is his doing that for ten years the experimental novel has flowed in a definite channel, and has not spread itself abroad in a thousand whimsical directions.

To a serious critic, then, who is not a partisan, but who sees how large a body of carefully-composed fiction the naturalistic school has produced, it is of great importance to know what is the formula of M. Zola. He has defined it, one would think, clearly enough, but to see it intelligently repeated is rare indeed. It starts from the negation of fancy—not of imagination, as that word is used by the best Anglo-Saxon critics, but of fancy—the romantic and rhetorical elements that novelists have so largely used to embroider the home-spun fabric of experience with. It starts with the exclusion of all that is called "ideal," all that is not firmly based on the actual life of human beings, all, in short, that is grotesque, unreal, nebulous, or didactic. I do not understand Zola to condemn the romantic writers of the past; I do not think he has spoken of Dumas père or of George Sand as Mr. Howells has spoken of Dickens. He has a phrase of contempt—richly deserved, it appears to me—for the childish evolution of Victor Hugo's plots, and in particular of that of "Notre Dame de Paris;" but, on the whole, his aim is rather to determine the outlines of a new school than to attack the recognized masters of the past. If it be not so, it should be so; there is room in the Temple of Fame for all good writers, and it does not blast the laurels of Walter Scott that we are deeply moved by Dostoevsky.

With Zola's theory of what the naturalistic novel should be, it seems impossible at first sight to quarrel. It is to be contemporary; it is to be founded on and limited by actual experience; it is to reject all empirical modes of

awakening sympathy and interest; its aim is to place before its readers living beings, acting the comedy of life as naturally as possible. It is to trust to principles of action and to reject formulas of character; to cultivate the personal expression; to be analytical rather than lyrical; to paint men as they are, not as you think they should be. There is no harm in all this. There is not a word here that does not apply to the chiefs of one of the two great parallel schools of English fiction. It is hard to conceive of a novelist whose work is more experimental than Richardson. Fielding is personal and analytical above all things. If France points to George Sand among its romanticists, we can point to a realist who is greater than she, in Jane Austen. There is not a word to be found in M. Zola's definitions of the experimental novel that is not fulfilled in the pages of "Emma;" which is equivalent to saying that the most advanced realism may be practised by the most innocent as well as the most captivating of novelists. Miss Austen did not observe over a wide area, but within the circle of her experience she disguised nothing, neglected nothing, glossed over nothing. She is the perfection of the realistic ideal, and there ought to be a statute of her in the vestibule of the forthcoming Académie des Goncourts. Unfortunately, the lives of her later brethren have not been so sequestered as hers, and they, too, have thought it their duty to neglect nothing and to disguise nothing.

It is not necessary to repeat here the rougher charges which have been brought against the naturalist school in France—charges which in mitigated form have assailed their brethren in Russia and America. On a carefully-reasoned page in the copy of M. Zola's essay "Du Roman," which lies before me, one of those idiots who write in public books has scribbled the remark, "They see nothing in life but filth and crime." This ignoble wielder of the pencil but repeats what more ambitious critics have been saying in solemn terms for the last fifteen years. Even as regards Zola himself, as the author of the delicate comedy of "La Conquête de Plassans," and the moving tragedy of "Une Page d'Amour," this charge is utterly false, and in respect of the other leaders it is simply preposterous. None the less, there are sides upon which the naturalistic novelists are open to serious criticism in practice. It is with no intention of underrating their eminent qualities that I suggest certain points at which, as it appears to me, their armour is conspicuously weak. There are limits to realism, and they seem to have been readily discovered by the realists themselves. These weak points are to be seen in the jointed harness of the strongest book that the school has yet produced in any country, "Crime et Châtiment."

When the ideas of Zola were first warmly taken up, about ten years ago, by the most earnest and sympathetic writers who then were young, the theory of the experimental novel seemed unassailable, and the range within which it could be worked to advantage practically boundless. But the fallacies of practice remained to be experienced, and looking back upon what has been written by the leaders themselves, the places where the theory has broken down are patent. It may not be uninteresting to take up the leading dogmas of the naturalistic school, and to see what elements of failure, or, rather, what limitations to success, they contained. The outlook is very different in 1890 from what it was in 1880; and a vast number of exceedingly clever writers have laboured to no avail, if we are not able at the latter date to gain a wider perspective than could be obtained at the earlier one. Ten years ago, most ardent and generous young authors, outside the frontiers of indifferent Albion, were fired with enthusiasm at the results to be achieved by naturalism in fiction. It was to be the Revealer and the Avenger. It was to display society as it is, and to wipe out all the hypocrisies of convention. It was to proceed from strength to strength. It was to place all imagination upon a scientific basis, and to open boundless vistas to sincere and courageous young novelist. We have seen with what ardent hope and confidence its principles were accepted by Mr. Howells. We have seen all the Latin races, in their coarser way, embrace and magnify the system. We have seen M. Zola, like a heavy father in high comedy, bless a budding generation of novel-writers, and prophesy that they will all proceed further than he along the road of truth and experiment.

A leading principle of the naturalists is the disinterested attitude of the narrator. He who tells the story must not act the part of Chorus, must not praise or blame, must have no favourites; in short, must not be a moralist but an anatomist. This excellent and theoretical law has been a snare in practice. The nations of continental Europe are not bound down by conventional laws to the same extent as we English are. The Anglo-Saxon race is now the only one that has not been touched by that pessimism of which the writings of Schopenhauer are the most prominent and popular exponent. This fact is too often overlooked when we scornfully ask why the foreign nations allow themselves so great a latitude in the discussion of moral subjects. It is partly, no doubt, because of our beautiful Protestant institutions; because we go to Sunday schools and take a lively interest in the souls of other people; because, in short, we are all so virtuous and godly, that our novels are so prim and decent. But it is also partly because our hereditary dulness in perceiving delicate ethical distinctions has given the Anglo-Saxon race a tendency to slur over the dissonances between man and nature. This tendency does not exist among the Latin races, who run to the opposite extreme and exaggerate these discords. The consequence has been that they have, almost without

exception, been betrayed by the disinterested attitude into a contemplation of crime and frailty (notoriously more interesting than innocence and virtue) which has given bystanders excuse for saying that these novelists are lovers of that which is evil. In the same way they have been tempted by the Rembrandtesque shadows of pain, dirt, and obloquy to overdash their canvases with the subfusc hues of sentiment. In a word, in trying to draw life evenly and draw it whole, they have introduced such a brutal want of tone as to render the portrait a caricature. The American realists, who were guarded by fashion from the Scylla of brutality, have not wholly escaped, on their side, and for the same reason, the Charybdis of insipidity.

It would take us too far, and would require a constant reference to individual books, to trace the weaknesses of the realistic school of our own day. Human sentiment has revenged itself upon them for their rigid regulations and scientific formulas, by betraying them into faults the possibility of which they had not anticipated. But above all other causes of their limited and temporary influence, the most powerful has been the material character which their rules forced upon them, and their excess of positivism and precision. In eliminating the grotesque and the rhetorical they drove more than they wished to lose; they pushed away with their scientific pitchfork the fantastic and intellectual elements. How utterly fatal this was may be seen, not in the leaders, who have preserved something of the reflected colour of the old romance, but in those earnest disciples who have pushed the theory to its extremity. In their sombre, grimy, and dreary studies in pathology, clinical bulletins of a soul dying of atrophy, we may see what the limits are of realism, and how impossible it is that human readers should much longer go on enjoying this sort of literary aliment.

If I have dwelt upon these limitations, however, it has not been to cast a stone at the naturalistic school. It has been rather with the object of clearing away some critical misconceptions about the future development of it. Anglo-Saxon criticism of the perambulating species might, perhaps, be persuaded to consider the realists with calmer judgment, if it looked upon them, not as a monstrous canker that was slowly spreading its mortal influence over the whole of literature, which it would presently overwhelm and destroy, but as a natural and timely growth, taking its due place in the succession of products, and bound, like other growths, to bud and blossom and decline. I venture to put forth the view that the novel of experiment has had its day; that it has been made the vehicle of some of the loftiest minds of our age; that it has produced a huge body of fiction, none of it perfect, perhaps, much of it bad, but much of it, also, exceedingly intelligent, vivid, sincere, and durable; and that it is now declining, to leave behind it a great memory, the prestige of persecution, and a library of books which every highly-educated man in the future will be obliged to be familiar with.—Edmund Gosse, in the Forum.

ART NOTES.

THE Ontario Society of Artists held their annual dinner at the Arlington Hotel, on Friday last, the President, Hon. G. W. Allan, in the chair. Speeches were made by Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Oliver Howland, and others, dealing with matters of interest to the Society.

Of the water-colours in the Ontario Society's Exhibition it may be said that the collection, as a whole, has never been surpassed or even equalled as an exposition of Canadian work, and the hanging and arrangement generally does the committee in charge of that department great credit. There are a few instances of scarcely merited prominence, but very few of undeserved neglect, and these latter are caused by the multitude of subjects to be shown. The first, perhaps, to catch the eye and attention are the brilliant examples of clever work sent by John A. Fraser, consisting, chiefly, of English and Scotch scenes, which, for decision of touch and knowledge of colour, show not only the old-time readiness of his practised hand, but an added refinement of execution and finish of detail adopted from the English school of water-colour. The two small haymaking scenes, numbers 5 and 6, have a wonderful out-door effect attained with apparent ease and simplicity. Excellent also are "On a fresh June Morning" (13), "Mid Rustling Leaves" (32), and "A Highland River" (38). "The Kitchen-garden" (14) shows great boldness of treatment, while the female figure looks as if its home was there and not as if introduced. "Meadow, Moor and Mountain" (18), though his highest-priced picture, is by no means the best to our mind, the laborious stippling being too evident. Mr. Fraser excels in the pure decisive wash, and is evidently an out-door worker by nature and choice. Quite as good in its way is Dr. Fowler's "Amherst Island Road" (70), with its cool, subdued tones of shadow; good, too, are his "What the Wind Did" (293), and "Warm Afternoon" (75); and also in his well-known masterly manner is the "Water Mill" (99), but not carried quite so far towards complete realization. We could wish to see once again, however, some of the flower groups with which Mr. Fowler was wont to gladden us, or some of the dead game whose form and texture were, of old, so well rendered.

Prominent among the exhibits this year are the works of M. Matthews, another old-timer whose subjects, chosen chiefly from the Rockies, show us what an immense field has been opened up to our artists in the far West. His "River's Birth" (36) leads us up a narrow valley towards inaccessible heights of mountains; "far with-

drawn" and his "Shadowed Valley" (11) has a fine bold snowy foreground, which contrasts well with the dark gloom of the distance. Of L. R. O'Brien's works, our favourite is "Clovelly" (10), a work carefully elaborate, and finished in detail. There is also a nice drawing, "The Pier at St. Ives" (17), in which a breezy, out-door effect is obtained that is very pleasing. The two sea shores (23) and (48) are cleverly treated, the effect of receding waves being well rendered. Of F. M. Bell-Smith's numerous examples we prefer "Mount Stephen" (59) and "Louise Lake" (3), although "Eagle Falls" (302) is a very taking subject. A small water-colour "The Close of the Day," and another, the sketch for the "Dulse Gatherers," are two clever little pieces which make a change from the numerous mountain scenes. T. Mower Martin shows a large study of a fox in the snow (21) and an owl holding a mouse in its clutch (51) both careful studies from nature; also a "Twilight on Muskoka Lake" (45); and J. T. Rolph has some quiet little pieces, good in colour and treatment, 96 and 97 being excellent examples of his work.

R. F. Gagen has a number of views of Southern scenery which are well painted, though the subjects do not perhaps appeal very strongly to our people who naturally look to see the beauties of their own country reproduced by Canadian artists. F. M. Knowles shows great facility in his treatment of the skies and water; his old pier (121) is a good realization of the subject. W. Revell has a very good flower piece, a line in which he excels and should, perhaps, make more of a specialty. F. C. Challenger exhibits a picture of geraniums (266), which is excellent and evinces great ability in its rendering of form and arrangement of colours. The solitary example of C. J. Way is a good specimen of his work and makes us wish for more of it. It would be well if he could find sufficient patronage to enable him to return to Canada and illustrate the mountains of his country instead of painting the Alps as he has been doing for many years. No. 91 is a good example of his work. C. M. Manly's "At St. Joseph, Que." and "The Waning of the Year" are good examples of his style, which is improving every year. Our old friend, James Griffiths, is best represented by "White Grapes" (125) and "White Roses" (273), but his backgrounds do not support his subjects as they should. E. L. Christie's "Bit of the Catskills" shows knowledge and facility; and G. Bruenech's "North Cape" (83) and "Cornish Coast" (118) mark a decided advance on his previous works; a good effect is shown in "Elizabeth Castle" (262) by this artist. A small picture, by E. May Martin, is quiet and harmonious; the larger one of a woodland road (294), though carefully painted, is too low in tone.

On looking through the Catalogue one is struck with the discrepancy in the prices asked for the various pictures and inclined to wonder when and where these pictures are sold at these prices since they evidently are not sold off the walls of the Exhibition. As it is almost imperative on wealthier members of society to buy pictures of some kind to furnish their houses, one would suppose it would take most, if not all, of the pictures at their annual exhibition to supply the demand, but when we consider for how small a sum cheap, but very good, reproductions of coloured works, etchings, engravings, and especially cheap reproductions of these latter, which are hardly to be told from originals, can be bought, it is not to be wondered at that in spite of the enormous increase in art patronage artists themselves are little better off than of old. The fact is that unless they can afford to sell for lower prices they cannot compete in future with the cheap reproductions. Almost the only reason for buying an original will soon be, if it is not now, the desire to possess the only specimen extant of a particular subject by a particular artist. This somewhat selfish desire will soon be the mainstay of art, but it may be that the benefit to the public will be considered by some a sufficient offset to the loss to the artist. Still it is difficult to see how in future art is to be sustained if some kind of public aid be not given to art institutions, and on the high grounds of public utility a claim could perhaps be made for such a body as the Ontario Society of Artists, a body which under the present régime is not half sufficiently appreciated.

THE Paris correspondent of the Boston Herald, writing of the Salon pictures, says: I find also the names of several Canadians in the catalogue. Perhaps the best of the lot is Paul Peel, of London, Ont., who shows two canvases, "After the Bath," and a portrait. In the first he depicts the delicate and nicely modelled backs of two naked little boys who are warming themselves before the stove after their bath. The reflection of the fire lightens up their little outstretched hands with a golden tint and shows their tender flesh superbly. The other Canadians are: Chas. Alexander, pupil of Boulanger, Lefebvre and Moreau, "Boys at Play"; William Edward Atkinson, of Toronto, pupil of Schmitt, "Farm of Lesdomini, Finisterre, in Winter"; Miss Harriet Ford, pupil of Merson and Blanc, portrait; John Forster, pupil of Bouguereau and Fleury, portrait; Miss Margaret Houghton, of Montreal, pupil of Bouguereau and Fleury, "The Eve of Life," and J. A. Reid, of Toronto, pupil of Eakins and Constant, who calls his picture "A Story." TEMPLAR.

REALLY, to enjoy a work of art, one should see it alone. Galleries are confusing like the buzz of a crowd. Titian elbowing Teniers is annoying. A dance of Satyrs is an impertinence beside a Holy Family. . . . To feel or understand a picture or a statue, one should be tête-à-tête with it. Silence and isolation are necessary.—Conversations in a Studio.

THERE ARE VOICES, RUSSIA, CALLING.

"Czar of all the Russias!" tremble!
Justice waketh in the land;
Nay! 'tis useless to dissemble,
Nemesis is near at hand:
Hark! those voices, Russia, calling
Through the mist of blood and tears,
Hear those solemn accents falling
Listen! shuddering Europe hears:

We are coming, "Little Father,"*
From the horrors of the Past,
Soon the eagles will foregather,
Vengeance seizeth thee at last.

We are coming from the highways
Of the lands of corn and wine,
From each city's streets and byways
From the foul Siberian mine;
From thy sterile shores,—Kamtschatka!
From the rude and frozen North,
From thy wooded slopes, Viatka,
Exiled hearts are hurrying forth.

We are coming, "Little Father,"
From the horrors of the Past,
Soon the eagles will foregather,
Vengeance seizeth thee at last.

Exiled fathers,—knouted mothers,
Doom'd "by order of the Czar;"
Outraged sisters,—murdered brothers
Harness Fate's avenging Car:
As great waters seeking Ocean
Increase, as they southward flow,
Swells the voice of our devotion—
Listen, Caesar, to its woe:

We are coming, "Little Father,"
From the horrors of the Past,
Soon the eagles will foregather,
Vengeance seizeth thee at last.

By Siberia's night of weeping
(O, dark night; O, useless Tear),
By the broken hearts—now sleeping
(God of Justice, Thou wast near),
By the Woes that vain beseech thee,
Dying Monarch,—living Lie,
By these signs we now impeach thee—
Tyrant! hear thy victims' cry:

We are coming, "Little Father,"
From the horrors of the Past,
Soon the eagles will foregather,
Vengeance seizeth thee at last.

HEREWARD K. COCKIN,
("The Blacksmith.")

Toronto.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE pupils of the above institution held a very successful *matinee musicale* in the Y.M.C.A. lecture room on Saturday afternoon, when the following programme was rendered in a very creditable and satisfactory manner: Piano, Sonata, F Minor, Op. 2, No. 1 (last movement), Beethoven, Miss Maud Hirschberg; Piano, Nocturne, A Flat Major, Buonamici, Miss Bella Geddes; Vocal, "Come to Me," Denza, Miss Mary Gunn; Piano, "Soirée de Vienne," No. 5, Schubert Liszt, Miss Annie Johnson; Vocal, "The Tempest of the Heart," Verdi, Mr. Wm. Watson; Piano, Military Polonaise, Chopin, Miss Julia McBrien; Vocal, "The Golden Threshold," Lohr, Miss Sophie Foad; Piano, Sonata, E Flat Major, Op. 31 (first movement), Beethoven, Mrs. J. L. Nicholls; Vocal Duet, "For Ever with the Lord," Gounod, Miss Annie Hawkins, Miss Kate Elder.

GILMORE was, of course, the event of last week, although the attendance at the matinees was not so large as it might have been, the elections probably being to blame. Taking the four concerts as a whole the most noticeable numbers for the band were the "Semiramide" overture, Delibes' "Valse Lente" the scene from "Les Huguenots," the "Freischütz" and "Tannhäuser" overtures. The quality of the brass was very fine, which is rare enough to be a matter of special commendation. The movement for the horns in Rossini's overture was particularly well given. Of the remaining instrumental pieces Mrs. Blackstock's "Scherzo" attracted some attention and was fairly played; a lack of rehearsal being evident, and consequently full justice was not done to it. It is attractive, contains some clever writing and will bear repetition. Mr. Torrington's chorus sang with commendable fullness of tone and precision of attack. The solo vocalists comprised Ida Klein, a dramatic soprano of fair ability, Miss Evelyn Severs (Toronto), W. J. Lavin, tenor and Edward O'Mahoney, basso. Lack of space prevents us from noticing the remaining items.

THREE "Invitation" concerts of recent date are deserving of more than passing mention. The first in date was that given by Miss Nora Hillary and her Ladies' Choral Club, assisted by Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Nicholson, for the

*The Russian peasant usually alludes to the Czar as "Little Father."

benefit of the Sick Children's Hospital. This interesting and very creditable performance took place in the bright little theatre of the Normal School, graced by the presence of a numerous and fashionably-attired audience, Miss Hillary having had printed on one corner of her invitation card the legend "evening dress." The auditorium was, therefore, conspicuous by the absence of dress hats, a yard or so of Gainsborough in lace or muslin crowned with monster *marguerites*. The conductress, Miss Hillary, used the *baton* with marked skill and alertness and her pupils sang with much clearness of enunciation and precision, although a little more force and attack would have made a couple of numbers much more satisfactory. The introduction of an organ "effect" was marred by the earnestness with which the vocalist counted her bars. The best number was undoubtedly "Gipsy Life," by Schumann, given with much fire and sympathy. The alto section appeared unusually strong. Mrs. Caldwell's singing, both of bravura and of legato passages, was really remarkable although her rendering of ballads always leaves one cold. In Mrs. Nicholson's passionate song by Meyer Helmund there was a warmth which so often goes with a sympathetic *mezzo* and which frequently atones for defects of style or intonation. The accompaniments were admirably played by Miss Hillary, and her accomplished sister, Mrs. Dick. We congratulate the Ladies' Choral Club on so good an initial performance. The Charity netted, we understand, one hundred dollars by the concert so generously given in its favour.

MISS MAUD HARRIS' pianoforte recital at Messrs. Newcombe's rooms also attracted a good audience. The *beneficiare* played to the best of her ability and displayed correct *technique* and acquaintance with the great writers for her instrument. Miss Carter, vocalist, was in good voice and other items on the programme were equally enjoyable. Miss Harris is a young Torontonian who has had great advantages in being able to prosecute her studies both in Germany and in Boston, and her methods are no doubt such as should make her a very successful and popular teacher. At one of her concerts the late lamented Dr. Maas appeared.

THE concert by the senior pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, given June 2nd, in the lecture-room of Association building, Yonge street, proved a great success and source of enjoyment to those privileged to attend. The result of Mr. Harrison's conscientious work must have been eminently pleasing to himself and his pupils, for over half-a-dozen pianists of distinctly high rank appeared as executants and interpreters of the best class of piano compositions. Miss Hart, Miss Ketchum, Mrs. Peterson, Miss McCarthy and Miss Smyth all really displayed uncommon gifts of *technique* and expression, while the Misses Lightbourne, M. Jopling, and A. M. Taylor were not far behind. Such an appearance of virtuosity had most of these young ladies on the platform that it was indeed difficult to recollect that they were but students. Mr. Blight and Miss Hillary each gave valuable assistance, receiving vociferous encores.

MINNIE HAUK has bought the villa Triebtschön on Lake Lucerne, which was Wagner's residence when he composed "Siegfried."

JOHN BARNETT, one of the most prolific composers of his day, died at Cheltenham, England, April 17. Mr. Barnett was born in 1802, and at a very early age developed a talent for composition. While still a boy he wrote two masses. His "Lyrical Illustrations of the Modern Poets," brought out in 1834, gained him a world wide celebrity. He withdrew from public life in 1841. Mr. Barnett leaves many unpublished songs, and several operas, one of which is written to a libretto of Sheridan Knowles.

THE musical intercourse between France and Russia tends almost daily to become closer and closer. We read that M. Colonne has paid an extraordinarily successful visit to Moscow, where he not only conducted at the Opera and the concerts of the Conservatorium, but also gave a concert at which he produced a great number of works by French composers. M. Rimsky Korsakoff, an eminent Russian musician, already well-known in France, is about to give a concert consisting entirely of Russian music.

JUBILEE HONOURS TO A GERMAN ACTOR.—Herr Ludwig Barnay, the distinguished German actor, recently celebrated at the Berliner Theatre the fiftieth year of his career on the stage. Almost all the leading German theatres were represented, and numerous present and congratulations came from abroad. Among the addresses presented was one signed on behalf of the great body of British actors by Henry Irving, S. Bancroft, Thomas Thorne, George Alexander, John Hare, Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, Edward S. Willard, and Augustus Harris. To this Herr Barnay replied in English. Subsequently there was a public banquet of about 400 covers, at which it was announced that the Emperor had, in an autograph letter, conferred on Herr Barnay the Crown Order of the Fourth Class, a decoration which has never yet been given to any German actor. The Czar conferred the Order of St. Stanislas on the eminent actor, while the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the Prince of Reuss of the younger line presented him with their gold medals for Science and Art.

DR. COWEN's opera of "Thorgrim" contains some fine writing, but the story and the characters are exceedingly lacking in strong and genuine human interest. The plot is laid in Norway in the tenth century, and the characters are thoroughly pagan. If there is one calculated to excite any sympathy it is the heroine Olaf, who is to be forced into a marriage with a man she dislikes. It cannot be said, however, that the one she prefers is a very attractive sort

of hero from a modern and civilized point of view. In the first act he murders on the spot a man who insults him, without even giving him the chance of fighting a fair duel. In the second, without any adequate cause he insults and forswears allegiance to his king, and turns pirate; whilst in the fourth, he challenges his half-brother to mortal combat merely because he will not yield to him his promised bride; and when the challenge is not accepted, carries her off by force. It is, in its dramatic character, far in advance of the works of Balfe and Wallace, and with a better story to illustrate. I have little doubt that Mr. Cowen could produce something better than "Thorgrim." At the very opening the king comes up the river in a boat and is received by a chorus of welcome from those who have been looking out for him, which reminds one of the arrival of Lohengrin. In the third act there is a love duet for Thorgrim and Olaf in a forest, which is interrupted by the arrival of Olaf's betrothed, which recalls the garden duet of Tristan and Isolde and the appearance of King Mark. In the fourth we have a bridal procession recalling the second act of "Lohengrin" and at the end Thorgrim's vessel is seen sailing away, which parallels the close of the last-named opera. The characters, moreover, bear a certain superficial resemblance to Wagner's creations. Thorgrim himself of course falls far below the Knight of the Grail in true dignity; but his half-brother, Helgi, stirred up to envy and jealousy by his mother, may be compared to Frederick similarly tempted by his wife; the mother, Arnora, may be compared to Ortrud; the King Harold to the King Henry, and the persecuted and soliloquizing Olaf to the falsely accused and dreamy Elsa. This is a pretty fair number of parallelisms to Wagner to be found in a poem written by an author who throughout his literary career has been opposed to him.

THE HUMOUR OF MUSIC.

J. S. BACH showed humour especially in his "coffee cantata."

BRAMMS displays a sense of humour in the Academy Overture.

IN the past, musical riddles have been much in vogue among composers.

ALL great composers have had some sense of humour, not predominant, but present.

HUMOUR in music existed in most early times, as may be seen in Aristophanes' burlesque of Socrates.

THE scherzo of Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony is full of dainty fun. The overture of "Midsummer Night's Dream" is full of the finest humour.

HAYDN was humorous in the very essence of his south-Austrian nature. The "Surprise Symphony" and the "Toy Symphony" are plainly practical jokes.

MOZART's sense of humour was largely developed and he gave all the gambols of music from the daintiest to the coarsest.

DURING the middle ages the intense seriousness of life crushed out all sense of humour; the English, Scotch and Irish were the only peoples to show any humour in their music during this time.

BETHOVEN's humour was naturally affected by his great deafness. His note-books are full of jokes, however, and he was fond of practical joking of a very rough type. The humour in the eighth symphony is very fine, and is at its height in the sixth.

LIBRARY TABLE.

COPY: Essays from an Editor's Drawer. By Hugh Miller Thomson, D.D. Fourth edition. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

These essays, originally editorials in the old *American Churchman and Church Journal*, still continues to be in demand, and that a fourth edition is called for seems to sustain Bishop Thomson's statement in the preface to the original edition that though he may have to plead guilty to hasty writing, yet he can never confess to hasty thinking.

THE FAIRYLAND OF FLOWERS. A popular illustrated Botany for Home and School. By M. L. Pratt. Boston: Educational Publishing Company.

This little work is intended to simplify the study of Botany, so that children need not wait till they can follow the Flora with the intricate headings and subheadings and subdivided references. The book is got up attractively and seems to fulfil its mission.

THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Whatever exception may be taken to the form of Mr. and Mrs. Ward's book, and it will doubtless, to the disadvantage of both, be compared with another well-known Biblical novel, there can be no question of the vivid colouring and sustained interest of the story. The descriptions in several places rise to an eloquence which is rare, and the human interest of a love story running throughout lends a tenderness to the somewhat harsh outlines of the principals. The dialogue is often wanting in the stateliness which as a rule characterizes orientals; indeed, in several places, the sublime comes dangerously near the ridiculous by the degeneration of a stately sentence into a very modern, commonplace phrase. Yet, with all its blemishes of style, the book is intensely attractive and exciting. Daniel is well drawn, though the explanation of his wisdom

had been better left alone; and the same remark applies to the lunacy of Nebuchadnezzar.

BARBARY CORSAIRS. By Stanley Lane-Poole. "Story of the Nations" Series. New York: Putnam's; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Lane-Poole, with the collaboration of Lieutenant Kelley, of the United States navy, has treated his subject exhaustively. He has surveyed the whole ground from the time Ferdinand the Catholic drove the Moors out of Granada in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and saw them in revenge pursue organized piracy until he was forced to build the Penon de Alger to hold them in check, to the final suppression of Algerian corsairs in the early part of the present century. The book, however, concerns itself chiefly with the period of the Barbary corsairs, who first migrated to that part of the Mediterranean about 1516 at the invitation of the expelled and chafing Moors. Under the leadership of Uruj Barbarossa, the Lesbian buccaneer, the Corsairs established themselves firmly, and despite the Genoese and Charles V. continued their depredations with scarcely varying success. In due time came the alliance with Turkey, natural enough seeing that Barbarossa's men were chiefly Turks, and thereafter the struggle with the Genoese and other Christian powers developed into a religious war between the Cross and the Crescent. The history is vividly told, and with much useful but not tedious detail.

THE "Outing" number of the *Christian Union* is very full and interesting, well printed, and in a neat cover printed in green on old ivory-tinted paper. It contains papers on "The House-boat on American Rivers" by Charles Ledyard Norton; "Down the Thames in a Row Boat" by a "Yankee Oarsman"; and on various other reasonable subjects.

WE have received from John Lovell a volume entitled "Brighter Spheres." The author declares in the preface that he dictated it from the spirit world. It was written by a medium bearing the initials A. T. S. at a summer seance in 1889, and the invisible dictator assigned half the profits of the sale of his book to go to the poor. The book may be readable enough to those who like such *pabulum*.

THE current issue of *La Revue Francaise* contains an idyll by Zola somewhat in the style of his novel, "The Dream." It is entitled "Love in a Garret." Also the first act of a poetical drama in five acts by Bornier—"Mahomet." Various others papers, and poetry by Jules Bois and Leconte de Lisle, with a short story by Melchior de Vogüé, the well-known traveller and Academician, complete the number.

THE *Methodist Magazine* for June, in addition to the usual paper on "Canadian Tourist Party in Europe" and the "Vagabond Vignettes," gives another instalment of Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage." Other papers are "A Diamond in the Rough"; "Sam Hobart"; "With the West Central Mission"; and the poetry is by Matthew Richey Knight, well known to readers of THE WEEK, and Janet Carnochan, whose sonnet, "Fort Mississauga," here republished, appeared in our issue of May 2nd. Editorial articles on "An Impartial View of Federation" and "Ministers' Institutes," with the serial and usual departments bring up the rear.

THE June *Outing* opens with two papers on American Athletics—the first, "America's Place in Athletic History," by the editor, and the second, "History of the Manhattan Club," by G. A. White, the former being really an introduction to the latter. The great English race meetings of "Epsom and Ascot" are pleasantly written of by "Merlin," and Lieutenant Leary contributes "The National Guard of Vermont." Samuel M. Bayliss, a well-known name to readers of THE WEEK, has a pleasant little paper entitled, "A Canadian Ramble with Rod and Tent;" and "The Wisconsin Lakes" by A. R. Mosher, an interesting paper on "The Great Dane or German Mastiff" by Edwin Morris, together with some verse and other short papers complete the issue.

THE *Arena* for June contains the closing chapters of W. H. H. Murray's extravagant idyll, "Ungava," and the most attractive paper of the issue is that on "Henry W. Grady, Editor, Orator and Man." Dr. Bixby has a thoughtful essay on "Tennyson and the Quickenings of our Age," while Hamlin Garland speaks approvingly of "Ibsen as a Dramatist." A portrait of the Hon. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge is the frontispiece; and a paper on the "Race Question" is supplied by that gentleman. Number four of the "No Name" series is entitled "Wandering in the Dark;" and the vexed subject of Eternal or Aonian Punishment is discussed by Rev. Charles Kidder. Poetry by Edgar Fawcett and a paper on "The Gap Between Common Schools and Colleges" by President Eliot, of Harvard, with Hiram M. Stanley on "The Marriage Problem" serve to make up the number.

THE last issue of the *Dominion Illustrated* is rich both in portraits and in local scenes. The fine view of the *Abyssinia*, as it arrived at Victoria, B.C. is seasonable and sure to be appreciated. The portraits of the Newfoundland delegates mark an event which is of historical importance, as the present crisis in the island colony, with which their visit was associated, is certain to be memorable in colonial annals. In the views of the exterior and interior of King's College, Windsor, N.S., we are reminded of the dawn of higher education in what is now the Dominion—King's being the oldest of our universities. The Colling-

wood scenes are admirable, and the cricket match between Lennoxville and McGill will be enjoyed by younger readers. Altogether a fine number. The next number will be entirely devoted to Victoria—especially in connection with the royal visit.

IN the *Forum* for June Roger Q. Mills points out to New England manufacturers that it is their interest to support a reduction in the tariff on raw material. Dr. Behrends in "Culture and Current Orthodoxy" expresses the opinion that modern culture and criticism are being won over as allies to Christianity, and deprecates dogmatic discussion in the pulpit. W. H. L. L. begins a series of autobiographic articles of the foremost minds of the age by a paper on "Formative Influences" in which he considers such thinkers as Butler, Whately, Buckle. "The Limits of Realism in Fiction" find a definition at the hands of Edmund Gosse, while Henry S. Sanford sends a timely paper on "American Interests in Africa." Other papers too numerous for notice are by Professor Ward, Henry Lea, Professor McGee, Bronson Keeler, Wood Davis and Cyrus Edson, the most notable, perhaps, being that by Henry Lea on "Fetichism in American Politics."

STANLEY'S article on the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition" is the *pièce de resistance* of the June *Scribner*, and is well illustrated from original photographs. The tale of suffering is well nigh incredible. Russell Sturgis has an illustrated paper on "The City House," and Duncan Campbell Scott, well known to readers of THE WEEK, contributes a quaint little poem entitled, "The Magic House." The new serial "Jerry" concerns itself with the decay of a western town, which becomes the centre of an intricate speculation. T. H. Bartlett contributes a very readable illustrated paper on "Barbizon and J. F. Millet," while Harold Frederic continues his serial "In the Valley" with an exciting instalment. President Seth Low presents the "Rights of a citizen as a user of public conveyances," and compares old and new world usage to the latter's disadvantage, and Charles P. Sawyer writes attractively on "Field Athletics." Barrett Wendell has a poem, "Rosamond," and "The Point of View" closes both the issue and the seventh volume of this standard magazine.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ZOLA'S next book, it is said, will deal with the Paris Bourse.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has in preparation a volume of the correspondence of Sir Robert Peel.

A CHEAPER edition of Dr. Salmon's work on "The Infallibility of the Church," may be expected shortly.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER was seventy years old, April 27, and Mr. J. A. Froude has just celebrated his seventy-second birthday.

"SARREPTA" a well known contributor to THE WEEK has an interesting article on "Roman Sonnets" in the last *Dominion Illustrated*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce a third edition, revised, of Professor Mahaffy's "Greek Literature: Prose Authors."

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP AND SON are going to bring out "Travels in South-West China," by Mr. A. Hosie, H. M. Consul at Wenchow.

A CONTINUATION of Professor Mahaffy's "Greek Life and Thought," dealing with the period from Polybius to Plutarch, may be looked for in the autumn.

THE stories written in collaboration by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins for *Household Words* are to be reprinted in one volume by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME, author of "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," which has just reached its hundredth edition, is engaged on a work in a similar vein.

A UNIFORM edition of the works of the English humorist, F. C. Burnand, is contemplated. "Very Much Abroad" will be the first volume. It will be amply illustrated.

THE third volume of "Cicero's Correspondence," edited by Professor Tyrrell and Mr. Louis Purser, is just ready for publication as one of the Dublin University Press series.

THE third volume of Ibsen's Plays is nearly ready and will contain: "Lady Inger of Astrat," "The Vikings at Helgeland," "The Pretender." Volume four, completing the set, will follow shortly.

THE autobiography of James Berry, the public executioner of England, is to begin with an edition of 50,000 copies—or so it is said. One chapter of this choice work will be entitled "Men and Women I Have Executed."

MR. J. CASTELL HOPKINS, so well-known to readers of THE WEEK from his able papers on Imperial Federation topics and other subjects, is about to leave Toronto, having been appointed accountant at the Galt Branch of the Imperial Bank.

MESSRS. WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS announce: "The Sale of Goods, including the Factors' Act, 1889," by his Honour Judge Chalmers; and "Moore's Handbook of Practical Forms relating to Conveyancing and General Matters," second edition.

"THE Pearl Series of Select Old English Texts," comprising the best specimens of pre-Tudor literature, is in preparation by Mr. David Nutt, under the editorship of Mr. Gollancz, of Cambridge. "The Pearl," probably the most

beautiful of Middle English poems, will be the first volume of the series, the text being accompanied by a translation and illustrated with *fac similes* from old MSS.

MR. JOHN HODGES has in the press two volumes of "The History of the Popes," from the close of the Middle Ages, drawn from the secret archives of the Vatican and other original sources, by Dr. Louis Pastor, translated by Mr. Frederick Antrobus.

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON, the latest translator of "Flowers from a Persian Garden," discovers Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" in the Talmudic description of Rabbi Simon, as Sir Monier Williams had found it much earlier in the writings of Bharbharhi, the Hindoo sage.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS are about to issue a new series, "Heroes of the Nations," under the editorship of Mr. E. Abbott. Among the early volumes will be "Lord Nelson," by Mr. W. Clark Russell; "Hannibal," by Prof. Freeman; "Alfred the Great," by Mr. York Powell; and "Pericles," by the editor.

THOSE whose autumn would lack its quota of happiness if it did not comprise "A Ramble with Rod and Tent" will read in *Outing* for June Mr. Samuel M. Bayliss's article on a Canadian trip with pleasure if not with envy. The St. Lawrence and Quebec *en route*, the French Canadian peasant's home, the *charette* ride across country, and the camp-spread and fish, are enticing enough to enable one to appreciate the enthusiasm of those whose time permits them to indulge in them.

IT is thought that Talleyrand's memoirs will at last see the light. The *Revue d'Histoire Diplomatique* publishes, by permission of the Duc de Broglie, a number of letters written by Talleyrand to Mme. de Staël in the years 1793 and 1794. Talleyrand would not allow the publication of his memoirs during his life, and he entrusted the task to M. Andral. The latter, for one reason or another, failed to execute his trust, and left it to the Duc de Broglie, whom he appointed his heir. In French literary circles it is thought that it is now about to be carried out.

MISS SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN, well known as Garth Grafton, is rapidly winning a reputation in England, where she has been for many months past engaged in literary work. The publishing firm of Chatto and Windus will in a few weeks bring out her first book, "A Social Departure," and meantime she is writing some very interesting sketches, entitled "An American Girl in London," for the *Lady's Pictorial* and the American edition of *The Illustrated London News*. Miss Duncan will be in Canada sometime during the summer.

THERE is said to be no more confirmed "bookstaller" than Mr. Gladstone. When engaged in book hunting he does not like being mobbed, and "the seediest of coats and hats are usually brought into use." Mr. Gladstone has been a book-collector for three-quarters of a century. He kindly informs me (says Mr. W. Roberts, in *The Bookworm*) that he has two books which he acquired in 1815, one of which was a present from Miss H. More. He has never sympathized to any considerable extent with the craze for modern first editions, but "I like a tall copy," is his reply, made with all the spirit of the true *connoisseur* to an enquiry on the subject.

OLIVER BELL BUNCE, who died in New York on the 15th May at the age of 62, had done much worthy literary work. He was well known as a journalist and dramatist also. He was editor of *Appleton's Journal* through its career, and wrote successful plays in which J. W. Wallack, Laura Keane, and other prominent actors took part. He wrote various novels and juveniles which had a fair vogue in their day, and his share in the "Picturesque America" and "Picturesque Europe," among the most successful books of the kind ever produced, added much to the triumph of those enterprises of Messrs. Appleton. His little volume, "Don't," a manual of rules of conduct, was perhaps known to a larger circle of readers than any other of his works.

FROM the *Dominion Illustrated* we quote the following: "I see," says The Rambler in THE WEEK, 'the *Dominion Illustrated* accords Mr. Mercer Adam praise for Professor Goldwin Smith's recent classical translations. This is even unusual stupidity; an act of inadvertence of which the editor is, no doubt, by this time fully aware.' Yes. That would be stupid, indeed. But we never dreamed of such a thing. On the contrary, after quoting at some length from the 'learned author's Introduction,' we mentioned distinctly that it was signed by 'G. S.' and dated from 'The Grange, Toronto.' All the praise that we gave to Mr. Adam was an acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending us a copy of the book, for which we take this opportunity of again expressing our gratitude to him."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is, just at present, the unknown quantity in the literary problem. Amid the cloud of reports and rumours and conflicting opinions concerning this gentleman's personality and genius, one is embarrassed in the attempt to reach a conclusion. We have seen some verses of his which are certainly doggerel and some others which appear to contain the germ of unusual power. His stories have promise, if not something more, and when a journal like *The Athenæum*, seriously, though with careful reservations, suggests that in Mr. Kipling we have a second Dickens, it is time to examine the new candidate for public favour with at least respectful consideration. There have been several broad smiles at the proposal that Mr. Kipling should succeed to the laurel of Lord Tennyson, but this is an age when strange things happen. Perhaps we had better smile cautiously and tentatively, as it were.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE THREE TROOPERS.

INTO the Devil Tavern

Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splashed
With the mud of a winter road.
Into each of their cups they dropped a crust
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords, and roared for a toast:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The 'prentice dropped his can of beer,
The host turned pale as a clout;
The ruby nose of the toping squires
Grew white at the wild men's shout.
Then into their cups they flung the crusts,
And showed their teeth with a frown;
They flashed their swords as they gave the toast:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The gambler dropped his dog-eared cards,
The waiting woman screamed,
As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,
On the wild men's sabres gleamed.
Then into their cups they splashed their crusts,
And cursed the fool of a town,
And leaped on the table and roared a toast:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
And the troopers sprang to horse.
The eldest muttered, between his teeth,
Hot curses, deep and coarse.
In their stirrup-cups they flung the crusts,
And cried as they spurred through the town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free;
Their scabbards clashed; each back-piece shone—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cup that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords:
"God send this Crum-well down!"

—George Walter Thornbury.

MR. SWINBURNE ON THE BRONTES.

I WILL venture to avow my humble conviction that they may, with no great show of unreason, be expected to outlive the works of some few, at least, among the female immortals of whom the happy present hour is so more than seasonably prolific; to be read with delight and wonder, and re-read with reverence and admiration, when darkness everlasting has long since fallen upon all human memory of their chief scientific, their vulgar erotic, and their voluminous domestic schools; when even "Daniel Deronda" has gone the way of all waxwork, when even Miss Broughton no longer cometh up as a flower, and even Mrs. Oliphant is at length cut down like the grass. It is under the rash and reckless impulse of this unfashionable belief that I would offer a superfluous word or two of remark of the twin-born genius of the less mortal sisters who left with us for ever the legacies of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights." . . . Perhaps we may reasonably divide all imaginative work into three classes—the lowest, which leaves us in a complacent mood of acquiescence with the graceful or natural inventions and fancies of an honest and ingenious workman, and in no mind to question or dispute the accuracy of his transcript from life or the fidelity of his design to the modesty or livelihood of Nature; the second of high enough quality to engage our judgment in its service, and make direct demand on our grave attention for deliberate assent or dissent; the third, which in the exercise of its highest faculties at their best neither solicits, nor seduces, nor provokes us to acquiescence or demur, but compels us without question to positive acceptance and belief. Of the first class it would be superfluous to cite instances from among writers of our own day, not undeserving of serious respect, and of genuine gratitude for much honest work done and honest pleasure conferred on us. Of the second order our literature has no more apt and brilliant examples than George Eliot and George Meredith. Of the third, if in such a matter as this I may trust my own instinct—that last resource and ultimate reason of all critics in every case and on every question—there is no clearer and more positive instance in the whole world of letters than that supplied by the genius of Charlotte Brontë. . . . The final expression in verse of Billy's passionate and inspired intelligence was to be uttered from lips already whitened, though not yet chilled, by the present shadow of unterrifying death. No last words of poet, or hero, or sage, or saint were ever worthy of longer and more reverend remembrance than that appeal, which is so far above and beyond a prayer to the indestructible God, within herself: a psalm of trust so strangely (as it seems) compounded of personal and pantheistic faith, at once fiery and solemn, full alike of resignation and of rapture, far alike from the convictions of vulgar piety and the complacencies of scientific limitation; as utterly disdainful of doctrines as of doubt, as contemptuous of heresy as reverent of itself, as wholly stripped and cleared and lightened from all burdens or bandages and all ministrations of creed, as it is utterly pervaded and possessed by the sublime and irrefutable passion of belief.—Algernon Swinburne in "A Note on Charlotte Brontë."

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

THE intellectual quality in which woman is strongest is undoubtedly the intellectual quality nearest allied to the emotions, namely, intuition. And this is also the quality most peculiarly present in those high and exceptionally valuable individual organisms that we call geniuses. The genius is akin to the woman in this, that what he guesses and jumps at is almost more important than what he deliberately reasons and sees. His very *differentia* as a genius, indeed, is most often this: that he clears at a bound what other men would take long marches to get over. Laplace's mind cleared at a bound the "obvious" intervening steps, which genius of a somewhat less exalted type could only slowly and cautiously creep over. That is exactly what we call intuition—the power of seeing implications, one knows not how. And it is this sort of intuition, coupled of course with high masculine qualities—knowledge, application, logical power, hard work—that gives us the masterpieces of the world's progress; that gives us steam engines and locomotives, telegraphs and telephones, Hamlets and Richard Feverels, Newton's "Principia" and Spencer's "First Principles." Whence does humanity derive this extremely important and especially progressive gift? To a large extent, I believe, from its feminine half. The most averagely masculine men are not remarkable in any way for intuition. On the contrary, the common male way of going about anything—the safe, ordinary, business-like way—is the way of direct observation and strict reasoning, the matter-of-fact way, the way that proceeds wholly upon known methods, a step at a time, and arrives at comparatively familiar results. It is as far removed as possible from the feminine intuitive way—an unsafe, precarious, unsatisfactory way, when ill-employed in incompetent hands; but a fruitful and sometimes almost miraculous way, when guided by competent knowledge, balanced judgment, logical ability, and critical acumen. And why have women this gift of intuition at all? Well, its origins are not single or simple; they go down a long way into the past of our species, and depend upon many converging factors. In the first place, woman's intuition is a variety of instinct; and instinct is the common endowment of all animals possessing nervous systems at all. From a certain point of view, we may regard it as a survival in humanity—a partially one-sided survival, affecting chiefly a single sex, though extending in its outlying modes to a portion of the other. Intuition in women is the instinctive, immediate, and unreasoned apprehension of certain implications of the facts presented. But it is not necessarily unreasoning because unreasoned, any more than the born mathematician's faculty is unreasoning because it proceeds by great bounds where slower thinkers in that particular direction proceed by cautious steps and inferences. On the contrary, intuition, when you can get it, is better than reasoning. Nor is it perforce low because woman shares it with the lower animals; on the contrary, it is rather a noble common endowment that man, as male, has largely lost through the gradual evolution, training, and discipline of his logical faculties. It is well known that "counting boys," if they learn the accepted arithmetical methods, lose thereby their extraordinary natural and instinctive power of arriving at the solution of problems intuitively. In the same way, man, the male sex of humanity, in acquiring his high intellectual development, has lost to a great extent his instinctive intuition. But this is not necessarily all gain; quite otherwise; we may compare it to that short-sightedness which comes with too much "poring over miserable books"—a thing that nevertheless is no real advance upon the keen vision and quick perception of the bookless savage. The second main root, I take it, is to be looked for in the domestic affections. Woman leads, and has always led, an almost wholly social life. Hence this prime endowment, dwarfed and shrivelled in man, has expanded in her with use and exercise till its extreme manifestations sometimes strike the cumbrous and slow-going male intelligence dumb with astonishment. Man has specialized himself on logical intelligence and practical handicraft; woman has specialized herself upon the emotions and intuitions, the home and the family. To say this is no more to belittle woman, than saying that a man is a sculptor or a poet is putting him on a lower rank than a manufacturer or an engineer. Furthermore, I believe that in the highest minds a certain intermixture of this feminine element of intuition with the masculine element of pure reason is always present. Great wits jump; that is to say, they are essentially intuitive. They see at a glance what plodders take years and years to arrive at; they catch instinctively at principles or generalizations that the solid business man could never compass. And this ability, it seems probable, comes to them largely from the female side of their ancestry. There is, indeed, in all genius, however virile, a certain undercurrent of the best feminine characteristics. I am thinking now, not merely of the Raphaels, the Shelleys, and the Mendelssohns, but also even of the Newtons, the Gladstones, and the Edisons. They have in them something of the womanly, though not of the womanish. In one word, the man of genius is comprehensively human. As he always results from a convergence of many fine stocks upon a single point, so also, it seems to me, he often results from a convergence of male and female quality.—Grant Allen, in *The Forum for May*.

RIVER water was substituted for spring water in one of the quarters of Paris several times last summer. In every instance, according to the *Semaine Medicale*, an increase of typhoid fever was observed.

QUEBEC BANK.

Proceedings of the Seventy-second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Quebec Bank held at the Banking House, Quebec, on Monday, 2nd June, 1890.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their usual Statement of Assets and Liabilities of the Bank as at the close of its financial year on the 14th May last, also Statement of Profit and Loss account. They report that the net profits of the past year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and after deducting all charges connected with the management,

Amount to \$223,009 66
The balance of profits from last year is brought over 48,580 30

\$271,589 96

The half-yearly dividend of 3½ per cent.

paid in December last amounted to \$87,500 00

And a half-yearly dividend at same rate is

payable on 2nd of June 87,500 00

175,000 00

Leaving a balance at credit of Profit and Loss \$96,589 96

The Rest remains unchanged at \$500,000 00.

The business of the bank, since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the shareholders, has been prosperous, and although the Statement of Profit Account shows a less amount of earnings, as compared with the Statement of last year, the difference is more in appearance than in reality, inasmuch as the existing loans, payable with interest, on demand, are in excess of those of the previous year.

Our merchants engaged in the timber trade disposed of their stocks last year to advantage; but this year, although the arrival of deep sea tonnage is larger than it was last year, the prospects of disposing of the stocks now held are not so good as they were in 1889. An unusually backward spring season has retarded agricultural operations, and all descriptions of produce are firm with a tendency towards a rise in price.

Business at the several branches has not been marked by any manifest change. The custom throughout has been well maintained and the Directors are not apprehensive of any falling off in the general business of the bank.

The charter of this bank under "The Bank Act," R. S., chap. 120, Vic. 49, terminates on July 1, 1891. In view of this event, a new Act was passed during the last session of the Dominion Parliament, which will come into force on that day, continuing the Charter of this bank for another period of ten years. The provisions of the new Act are sufficiently liberal to admit of the business of banking being carried on with advantage to the shareholders and the commercial community throughout the Dominion.

The Head Office and all the Branches have been duly inspected by Mr. Dean, the Inspector of the bank, and found in order.

The Directors have pleasure in expressing their satisfaction with the manner in which the several officers of the bank have discharged their respective duties.

All which is respectfully submitted.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ROBERT H. SMITH, *President*.

STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE BUSINESS OF THE BANK FOR THE YEAR ENDING 14TH MAY, 1890.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 15th May, 1889 \$48,580 30
Profits for the year ending 14th May, 1890, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts 223,009 66

\$271,589 96

Dividend 3½ per cent. paid 2nd Dec., 1889 \$87,500 00

" " payable 2nd June, 1890 87,500 00

175,000 00

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward \$96,589 96

REST ACCOUNT.

Amount of credit \$500,000 00

GENERAL STATEMENT, 14TH MAY, 1890.

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock \$2,500,000 00
Rest \$500,000 00
Reserved for interest due depositors, &c. 97,606 75
Balance of profits carried forward 96,589 96

\$694,196 71

Unclaimed dividends 4,219 26

Half-yearly dividend, No. 136, payable

2nd June, 1890 87,500 00

785,915 97

Notes in circulation \$615,255 50

Deposits not bearing interest 496,256 73

Deposits bearing interest 4,461,563 46

Balances due to other banks in Canada 51,896 89

" " Agts. in the United Kingdom 130,306 20

5,755,278 78

\$9,041,194 75

ASSETS.

Gold and silver coin current \$70,580 07

Government demand notes 432,183 00

Balances due from other banks in Canada 12,238 31

" " Agts. in foreign countries 46 059 53

Notes of and cheques on other banks 148,932 86

\$709,993 77

Loans and bills discounted, securities and other assets \$7,998,017 30

Debts secured by mortgage or otherwise 99,190 42

Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for) 13,490 04

Real estate (not bank premises) and mortgages on real estate 50,669 44

8,161,367 20

Bank premises and furniture in Provinces of Quebec and Ontario 169,833 78

\$9,041,194 75

JAMES STEVENSON, *General Manager*.

Quebec Bank, Quebec, 14th May, 1890.

The scrutineers subsequently reported as the result of the ballot the following gentlemen elected as Directors for the ensuing year:—

Sir N. F. Belleau, K.C.M.G., and Messrs. R. H. Smith, W. Withall,

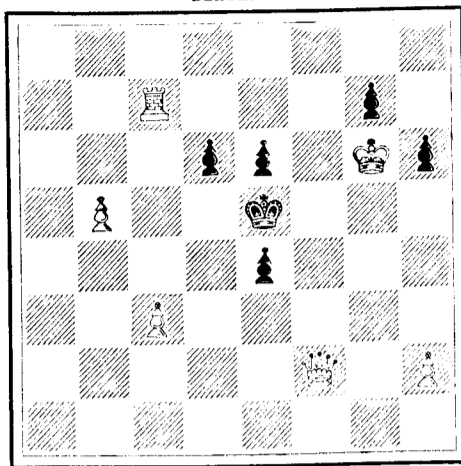
J. R. Young, G. R. Renfrew, S. J. Shaw and John T. Ross.

Moved by John Laird, Esq., seconded by W. R. Dean, and resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are hereby given to the scrutineers for their services. Carried.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 469.

Inscribed to Chess Editor of THE WEEK by
J. B. HALKETT, Ottawa.
BLACK.

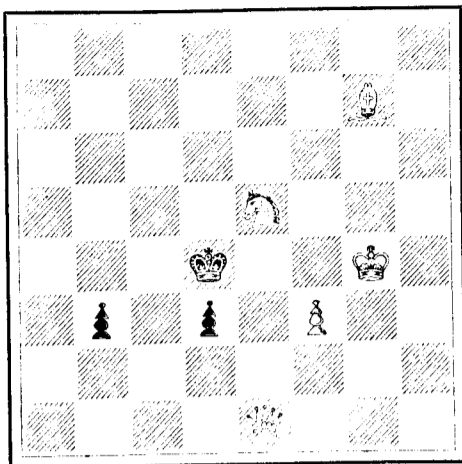


WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 470

By RED J. JESPERSON, Denmark.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 469.

- White. Black.
1. Kt-Kt 4 1. R x R
2. B-Q 5 2. moves
3. Kt-Q 6 mate
if 1. R x P
2. R x B 2. moves
3. B or R or Q mates
With other variations.

No. 470.

- White. Black.
1. R-R 5 1. P-Q 5
2. B-B 7 2. K-Q 4
3. Q-B 5 mate
This problem has another solution,—B 1. B
anywhere except B 3, 2. Q-B 8, etc.

In Problem No. 468 there should be a white K on KB 5 instead of a white Kt.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. B. H., Ottawa.—Many thanks for Problem.

GAME IN THE JUDD-SHOWALTER Match.
(From St. Louis Republic, May 20th, 1890.)
ROY LOPEZ

J. W. SHOWALTER.

MAX JUDD.

J. W. SHOWALTER.

MAX JUDD.

- White.
1. P-K 4
2. Kt-K B 3
3. B-Kt 5
4. B-R 4
5. Castles
6. P-Q 4
7. B-Kt 3
8. P x P
9. R-K 1
10. Kt-Q 4
11. P-QB 3
12. Kt-B 3
13. QKt-Q 2
14. Kt-B 1
15. B-K 3
16. Q-B 1
17. P-QR 4
18. P x P
19. R x R +
20. Q-R 1
21. Q-R 7
22. Q-R 1
23. B-Q 2
24. B-B 2
25. B x Kt
26. P x B
27. P x P

- Black.
P-K 4
Kt-QB 3
P-QR 3
Kt-B 3
Kt x P
P-QKt 4
P-Q 4
Kt-K 2
Kt-QB 4
Kt-K 3
P-QB 4
B-Kt 2
P-Kt 3
B-Kt 2
Q-B 2
P-R 3
B-QB 3
P x P
B x R.
B-Kt 2
Castles
Kt-KB 4
P-Q 5
B x Kt
P x B
P-KB 5
Kt x P

- White.
28. Q-Q 1
29. P-R 3
30. K-R 1
31. Kt-R 2
32. B-B 3
33. R-Kt 1
34. R-Kt 2
35. R x R +
36. P-Kt 4
37. Q x Q
38. B x B
39. P x P
40. Kt-Kt 4
41. P-B 6
42. Kt x KP!
43. Kt-Q 3
44. Kt-Kt 4
45. P-B 7
46. Kt-Q 3 +
47. Kt x P
48. K-Kt 2
49. Kt-K 2 +
50. Kt-Kt 3
51. Kt-K 4
52. Kt-B 5 +
53. Resigns.

- Black.
B x P
P-B 3
Q-Q 2
K-R 1
Q x P
Q-B 4
R-KKt 1
K x R
Q-QB 7
Kt x Q
P x B
K-B 2
K-K 3
Kt-Q 5
K-Q 3!
Kt-K 3
K-B 4
Kt x P
K-Q 5
P-Kt 5
P-Kt 6
K-B 5
P-Kt 7
K-Q 6
K-B 7

NOTES.

TIME—Judd, 3 hours; Showalter, 3.05.
The latest report gives the score,—Judd, 4; Showalter, 3; Draw 0.

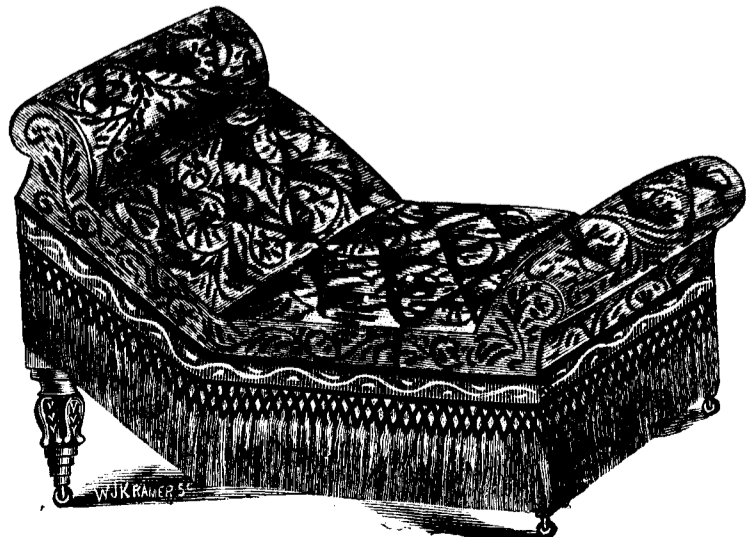
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Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

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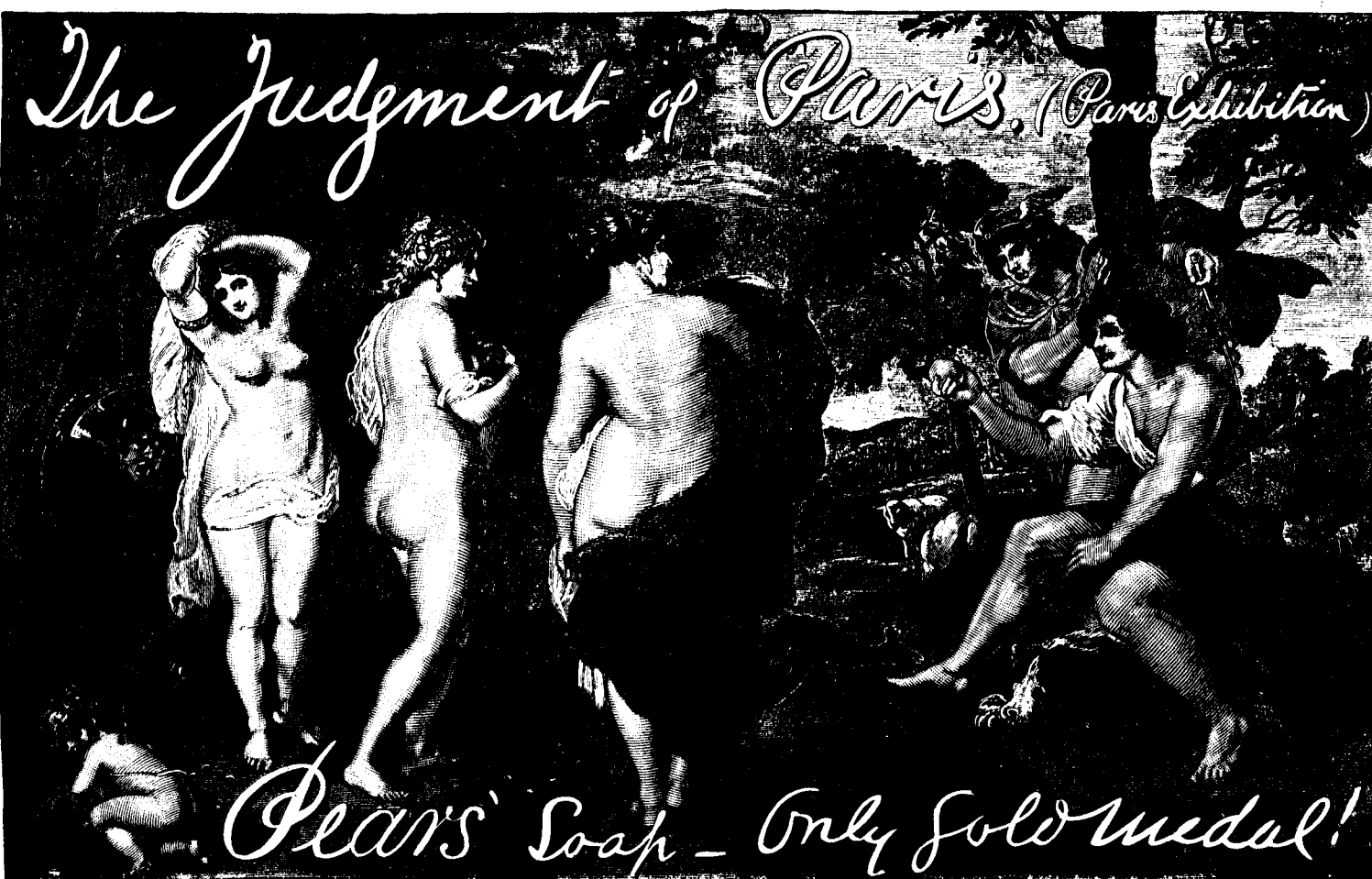
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