

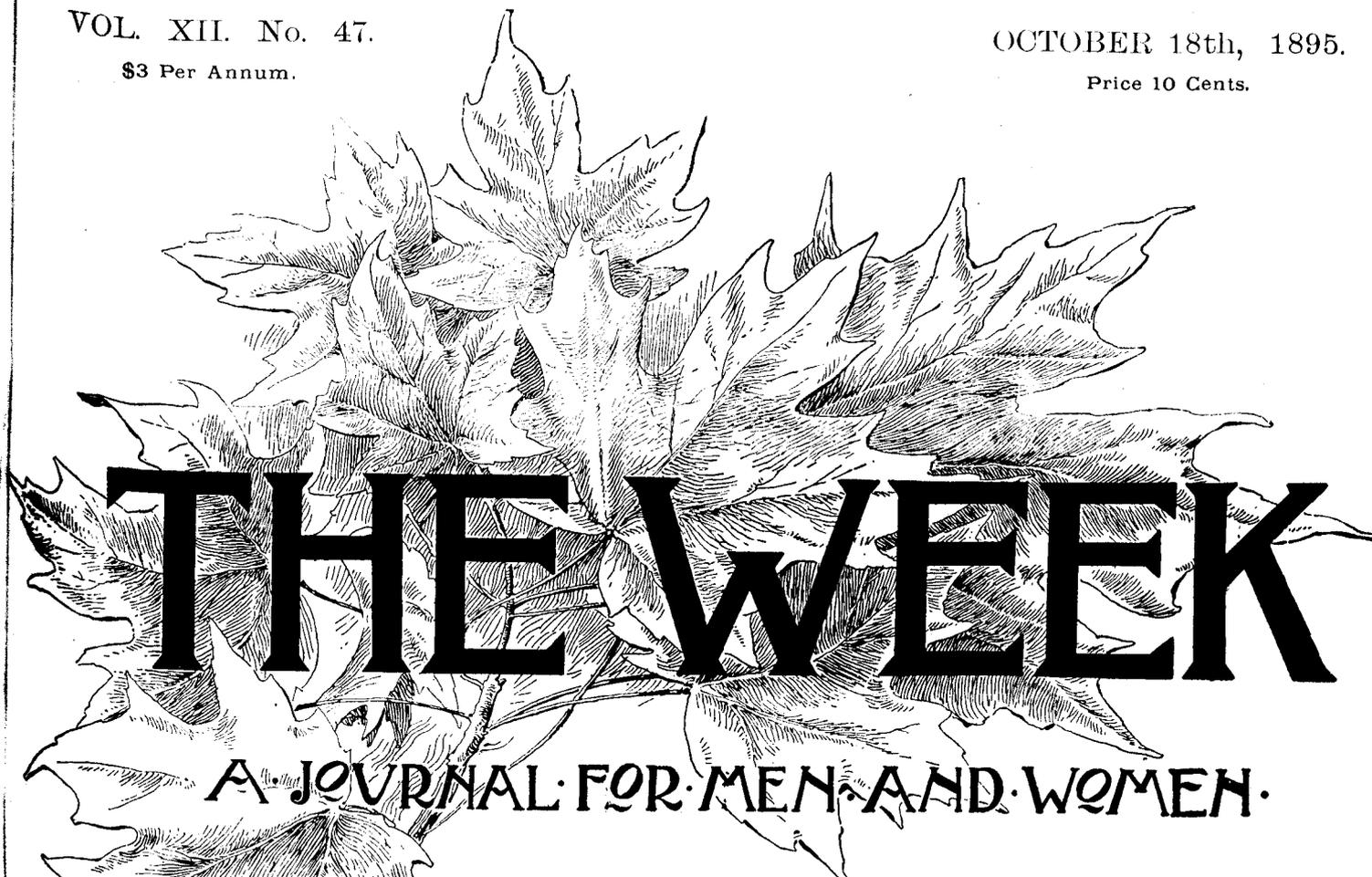
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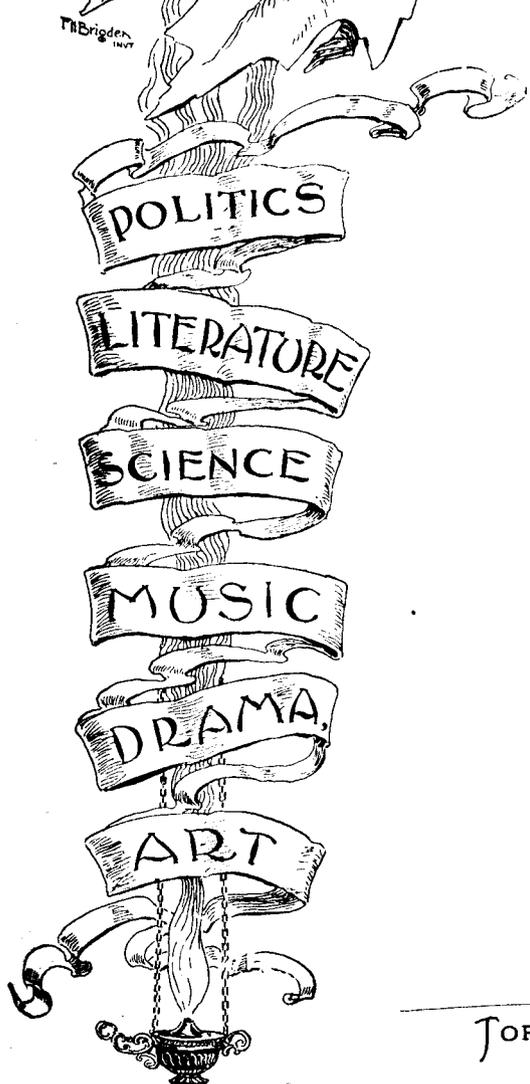
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, October 18th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

National Solidarity.

Principal Grant said many good and true things in the lecture he gave in Toronto recently on "Canadian Development." He put his finger on the weak point in Canadian national life when he said that everywhere but in the Dominion national solidarity is assumed, and the sooner it is assumed here the better. "Everywhere else it is believed that the past has settled something and that society evolves in accordance with the laws of continuity." In the fact that national solidarity is not assumed in Canada the Principal finds the explanation of the constant expectation on the part of the people that something extraordinary is about to happen and that the country is always on the eve of some crisis. It is clear that this idea has a stultifying influence on the political development of the Dominion. The possibility of secession from the great Empire, of which Canada is no mean part, should never be entertained. Such discussions can only weaken and impair our sense of national solidarity. Any change but that arising from a gradual strengthening of the ties uniting us to the Mother Country and the enlarging of our privileges and responsibilities in that direction, would be but to the everlasting hurt and injury of the Canadian people and the British Empire.

The River in the North.

Another great river has been discovered in Canada, and Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, is the discoverer. It is five hundred miles long, its average width is considerably more than a mile, it is very deep and is said to be, by Dr. Bell, the sixth of the great rivers of the world, five of which are to be found in Canada. This great river, which runs into James Bay, has three large branches, one of which has its source north of Three Rivers, another near Lake St. John, and the third near Lake Mistassini. The region through which this new-found river runs is altogether unexplored, and Dr. Bell and his companions were the first white men to traverse it. The banks are very heavily wooded with pine, spruce, tamarac, balsam, and white birch. The land appears to be of a rich clay loam, well adapted to agricultural purposes. Great stretches of the river would be navigable for steamers,

but towards James Bay there are successions of extensive rapids that cannot be ascended except with much difficulty. The importance of Dr. Bell's discovery it is difficult to estimate, but that it is one that may be of great value to our country cannot be doubted.

In its treatment of Manitoba, the Ottawa Government made the mistake of cutting before the point. Old To-morrow would never have done that, nor even Sir John Thompson. It made a mistake of the same kind in dealing with Newfoundland. Probably the terms it offered were adequate, and the delegates from the ancient colony demanded too much. But, in a case of difference of opinion, there is surely a wiser way than to break off negotiations abruptly, and to send the delegates home, with their overtures rejected. That was to make a break which is not likely to be closed soon. Newfoundlanders believe that Canada tried to take advantage of their necessities to drive a hard bargain, and until their sore heals no further overtures will be made to Ottawa. The occasion called for a commission to inquire into the undeveloped sources of the Island's wealth and the prospects of development consequent on Confederation. That would have given time, and confidential negotiations could also have been opened with Britain to ascertain what she would do in view of the French shore difficulty and the desirability of including Newfoundland in the Confederated Dominion. The present Imperial Government would have considered such a question more favourably than its predecessor, and Mr. Chamberlain is a bigger man than Lord Ripon. At any rate, there would have been no breach. The matter at the worst would only have been hung up, and it could have been taken down at the first convenient season. Twenty years ago ordinary men stood aghast at the price paid to induce British Columbia to unite with Canada. Who regrets it now? Well, Newfoundland, at any rate, did not demand a Pacific Railway. In dealing with large questions, statesmanship, and not corner-grocery cleverness, is required. But the giants have departed, and there is no one left to bend the bow of Ulysses. Relief will come in due time, for Canada abounds with virile men, and these—in spite of the difficulties interposed by party—will come to the front.

Lord Sackville's Disclosures.

Lord Sackville, who, as Sir Lionel Sackville-West was the English Minister at Washington during the years 1881-1889, has recently issued a little book. This little book was intended for private circulation only, but it has fallen into the hands of the newspaper people and its contents are now common property. It has set Uncle Sam by the ears, and, according to cable messages, John Bull is not too well pleased. The trouble is that the little book contains unpleasant truths. It gives an inside view of United States politics which is a very ugly view indeed; it shows the enormous power of the Irish vote and how completely the politicians are controlled by it; and it relates the chief facts

connected with the dismissal by the United States Government of Sir Lionel Sackville-West, the accredited representative of Great Britain at Washington. All that has hitherto been known touching this important international episode was that shortly before the Presidential election of 1888 Mr. Cleveland sent Sir Lionel his passports because of a letter written by him in answer to a communication received from one Osgoodly—who wrote under the name of Murchison and pretended to be an Englishman wishing for advice as to voting in the coming election. Sir Lionel was indiscreet enough to express a preference for Mr. Cleveland, and so fell easily into the trap. Osgoodly handed the letter to a Los Angeles paper and it was promptly telegraphed all over the country.

Mr. Bayard's
Sudden Change.

When Sir Lionel found he had been the victim of a political plot he hastened to the Secretary of State to explain, and Mr. Bayard cordially accepted his expression of regret at what had occurred. But the Irish took the matter up and clamoured for his dismissal. Thereupon the President, who at first was very ready to accept Sir Lionel's explanation, suddenly discovered that the English Minister had done a very grievous thing and must be recalled. Mr. Bayard made the same discovery. Sir Lionel comments on this sudden change of attitude with much bitterness, which, under the circumstances, can be easily pardoned. He charges Mr. Bayard with using language in the public press "unparalleled in diplomatic history." He accuses him also of flagrant misstatements of fact, of political trickery, and of duplicity. In their desire to please the Irish both the President and the Secretary of State did not hesitate to insult and humiliate the representative of a friendly power, a representative, too, with whom they had been for several years on the most intimate terms. There is some satisfaction in knowing that these frantic and disgraceful efforts to gain a temporary popularity with the Irish faction did not prevent a bad defeat at the election.

Opinions About
It.

As the cable messages which appear in Canadian newspapers come wholly through United States channels and are written originally for United States readers, very little reliance can be placed upon them especially in matters of international concern. We shall have to wait for the arrival of the English mail before it will be possible to pass judgment on Lord Sackville's extraordinary pamphlet. So far as we have been able to learn the truth of none of his statements has been called in question even by the most patriotic of American journalists. His pictures are most effective. Can there be anything more ludicrous than the sight of the President of the great American Republic posing as intensely anti-English, grovelling before the Irish vote, and full of windy words about retaliation and of schemes for twisting the lion's tail, and then writing privately to the Premier of Great Britain and requesting consideration and forbearance on the grounds that his official acts mean nothing and are born of political necessity? It is clear that the Irish are the dominant factor in the Republic, and that Canadians could never expect any restraint to be put upon them by the United States Government should they desire to invade the Dominion again. On the contrary both Republicans and Democrats would vie with each other in furthering the venture, hoping as a result to obtain the all-powerful vote. It is hopeless to expect fair play and consideration from the United States so long as the country is controlled by the Irish as it is to-day. The politicians are but their tools, and the President and his Cabinet tremble at their nod.

Queen's
University.

The University of Queen's College, Kingston, maintains the same steady progress which has characterized it for the last twenty-five years. At the public opening of the Medical Faculty this week notable advances since last session were reported; in particular, an operating theatre more completely equipped than any other in Canada; a Professor in Bacteriology and Pathology who is not to practise but to give his whole time to the duties of his chair; and a new Laboratory for Bacteriology for which the Principal made himself chiefly responsible and for which he asks contributions from the medical graduates of the University. It is not wonderful that the Freshman Class in medicine is large and has a larger proportion of graduates in Arts than usual when students see that new provision is continually being made for modern methods of teaching. On "University Day," or the day on which Her Majesty signed the charter, the Principal presided at the Autumn Convocation. A well deserved tribute was paid to Professor Fletcher, who has accepted the chair of Latin in Toronto University, his own Alma Mater, after having filled it in Queen's for many years with the greatest acceptance. The passage from one university to another, so common in Germany, is almost unknown in Canada, but in our opinion ought to be encouraged, as it must tend to that comity which ought to prevail in the republic of letters. When a man leaves one Church for another the rule is to say nothing good about him. That rule is not observed in Queen's, and let us hope that it will fall into desuetude in time in the Churches. The Principal was able to call attention to new Laboratories in Chemistry and Petrography, to enlarged class-rooms, to extensive additions to the Library, and to other improvements made since the last Convocation. It is very gratifying to be able to note the signs of vigorous life in almost every one of our universities.

A Good
Text-Book.

Several of our contemporaries, notably the Toronto Globe, and Hamilton Spectator, in the course of favourable reviews of Dr. Bourinot's new book, "How Canada is Governed," have strongly urged its adoption by the Collegiate Institutes and High Schools of this country, where so little attention is paid to the study of our institutions of Government. British Columbia has already set a creditable example in this particular, and the Protestant Committee of the Board of Instruction in Quebec are moving in the same direction. In the Province of Ontario, where there is assuredly a plethora of subjects, some relatively useless, room should certainly be made for a subject of paramount importance for the youth of this Dominion, on whose knowledge, ability, and public spirit the future of this country depends. Dr. Bourinot's book, confessedly on all sides, fills a public want by its clearness, conciseness, and accuracy, and, above all things, by its enunciation of those sound principles that every one should follow in the discharge of the duties of citizenship. The approval of the people at large is shown by the fact that the book is already in its second edition.

The Higher
Criticism.

It seems to be the mind of a good many among ourselves that it would be well to shelve indefinitely the question of what is called the Higher Criticism, or the Literary History of the Old Testament. And perhaps it would be as well if men who have no qualifications for such studies would leave them to those who have, and, in the meantime, would abstain from anathemas and denunciations. Practical Christians can get along quite well without being able to solve these questions, and in many cases discretion will be found the better part of

valour. It does not follow, however, that everyone, whatever his qualifications may be, should neglect or ignore these questions. Such a theory would have hindered the progress of knowledge in all ages, and led men to acquiesce in ignorance, however profound, and in superstitions, however abject and degrading. That men animated by the desire for truth, and equipped with adequate learning, should addict themselves to such studies is our best guarantee that the truth will be found. It is, therefore with interest that we note that, at the English Church Congress, now being held in the city of Norwich, the criticism of the Old Testament has been taken up and handled with boldness and with reverence. On the one hand, it was shown that the abandonment of certain traditional views in no way interfered with our belief in Divine revelation. On the other hand, it was brought out that the Mosaic age in the East was a highly literary one, and that the Israelites must have shared in the general literary culture of the time. The books of the Old Testament, Professor Sayce contended, are but a fragment of the Hebrew literature which once existed. It is quite likely that some of the advance guard in criticism may be going a little too fast; but they are nearly all in the right spirit—nearly all—in the love of truth and with a reverent regard for the sacred documents which they handle.

* * *

Good Municipal Government.

IN a note last week we alluded in unflattering terms to the composition of the Toronto City Council. Our remarks attracted instant attention and have apparently appealed to the sense of heavy tax-paying citizens. The line we proposed was that these taxpayers should unite and select from themselves candidates to protect their interests. We are aware that there is a so-called Ratepayers' Association. It has not been a success and has been used as a stumping ground by "cranks." Moderate businessmen have not joined it, or if they have, have left it in disgust. Work of the kind wanted cannot be done at public meetings. Organization and work without talk is what is wanted. We have had sent to us a book from New York called "Club Book of Good Government (Club A)." This book contains the history, constitution and by-laws of a Club in New York. This constitution contains suggestions which might be adopted here in Toronto and in other cities in the Dominion suffering like Toronto from the effects of municipal mismanagement.

It is necessary to premise that the control of Democracy over public affairs must be reckoned with as a permanent matter. This control will grow more powerful in the future. It is here to stay. Like other huge unruly powers if it cannot be controlled it must be guided. There will be a struggle between the respectable classes and demagogues. At present the latter are in the ascendant. Nowhere is this struggle fiercer than in the United States. In Canada we are on its threshold. In the States, in self-defence, the better part of the community have rallied and united, and one experiment they have tried in this Club. Now, to see how it operates:

"Its foundation was the first crystallization of a new idea in municipal government, which had been long working in the minds of political reformers, but which, while long exemplified in Europe, was entirely without practical application in America. This idea, briefly stated, is that city government is business, not politics; that municipal officers should be elected or appointed with regard solely to their personal integrity and fitness for the municipal service, without reference to their national party politics; and that the pernicious system of national party dictation of local candidates calls for the united action of all good citizens to rescue American cities from its thralldom."

Club A was incorporated February 28th, 1893, and a club house secured. Several hundred members were enrolled within a year. Its first campaign was in November, 1893, and it very nearly elected its candidate in spite of Tammany Hall and the Republican machine. In May, 1894, the Club united with the famous Committee of Seventy and put in Strong as Mayor and Goff as Recorder. In September, 1894, to get rid of the abomination of Tammany the Club united with the Republicans in this way. The Republicans accepted the Club's candidates and the alliance knocked out Tammany Hall. Thus its influence has been immediate and powerful. The Club is called Club A so that other clubs can be formed on the same basis in other cities. The first letter of the alphabet indicates that it is only the first of a series which it is hoped will follow. The initiation fee is one dollar. The dues are six dollars a year, payable monthly or annually. No member can be under eighteen years of age. Up to twenty-one years he pays half fees only. A candidate for election to membership in the Club must be proposed and seconded by members able from personal knowledge to vouch for his respectability and fitness to be a member. Juniors cannot vote, but otherwise have club privileges.

The formation of this Club is a proof that in New York, at all events, the better classes are tired of misgovernment. They see that organization is necessary. It pays them better to unite and keep up a Club like this Club A, and thereby have a permanent centre than to see their property stolen from them. Each man taxes himself his membership fee to save himself from being taxed by the rascals who have hitherto done the business.

The selection of candidates and the discussion of municipal questions can, in such an institution, be carried on in a reasonably calm manner.

In the consideration of all schemes of municipal reform it must not be lost sight of that, as we have said, Democracy is here to stay. It is after all the saving principle of society. An educated Democracy is the only salvation from anarchy on one hand and Despotism on the other. The Anglo-Saxon race is developing this principle. What is wanted is what we have not got yet. Organization of the better elements. The worse element has been well organized. The political parties in Canada are just as bad in their small way as the political parties in other countries. What the ordinary citizen wants in municipal matters is a man who can say "a plague o' both your houses." This Club idea has this advantage. It is open to all theoretically. Practically notorious schemers, faddists, and cranks would be ostracized. The decent members would leave them in the cold where they ought to be. Those who belong to the Club would get, besides, some value for their money. Properly and economically managed it could be made to pay. The younger men could be attracted and learn the science of fair government instead of joining hostile political clubs where they are taught the most approved methods of log-rolling.

At all events whether this Utopia is ever arrived at the time has come in Toronto when the better classes must unite. Unless they deliberately prefer to see their city ruined, they must agree to take turns to mount guard. To save the rest of their property they must sacrifice their time and a little of their money. It is their fault that things are as they are. They themselves are the sufferers. What is property in Toronto worth to-day? Look at the local tax rates. The public school system as conducted is legalized robbery. Unless our merchants and bankers and tradesmen wish to continue to keep a horde of greedy suckers they must join hands, organize, select men for each ward—canvass and plump for them—and thus make a beginning to get the neces-

sary responsible element into the Council. The respectable working men are just as anxious to be well-governed as the ablest banker or the richest capitalist. The trouble is they have been and are the tools of demagogues. Show them by example what is right and they will be only too glad to throw over their ward bosses whom they really dislike as much as any Rothschild could. The party press dare not speak out. The evening papers rather like the sensation of publishing the accounts of public meetings. So the abuse continues. How long is it to last?

* * *

Canadian Poets.

WHETHER our Canadian poets are deriving any material benefit from their productions is, we fear, a little doubtful; but at any rate they are attracting notice from others besides Canadians. One of the magazines published in New York recently published a careful estimate of our principal singers, English reviews treat them with respectful recognition, and it is to be hoped that, before long, Canadian ladies and gentlemen may be induced, in a larger measure, to recognize their importance by placing their volumes on the same shelves with their favourite English and American authors.

We have before us at the present moment an excellent and well considered article in the Catholic World, published in New York, on "Canadian Poets and Poetry," written by Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., himself a Canadian poet of no mean powers. To this article we gladly draw attention, because it is not only the result of a good deal of careful study on the part of the writer, but is written with perfect candour and freedom from the jealousy by which poets are sometimes supposed to be infected. Dr. O'Hagan declares of Canadian poets generally that "their songs are racy of the soil, charged with the very life-blood of the people. Canadian poetry is full-blooded, hearty, healthful and hopeful in its tune."

Among the pioneers of Canadian poetry he places Alexander McLachlan, "who is justly called the Burns of Canada." Pierre Chauveau, "universally recognized as the *doyen* of French-Canadian literature, Charles Sanger, the Canadian Wordsworth in his love and reverence of nature," Charles Heavyside, the author of the tragedy of "Saul," considered by Longfellow the best since the days of Shakespeare—rather a hard saying! To these he adds Louisa Murray, whose poem, "Merlin's Cave," is "characterized by great beauty of thought and diction."

The performances of the Canadian singer of to-day, Dr. O'Hagan remarks, are marked by "scholarship, refinement, a keen appreciation of the artistic with a certain boldness of wing"; and he rightly observes that his contemporaries show more of the influence of Keats, Tennyson and Swinburne, than of Scott, Wordsworth and Burns.

Mr. Charles Roberts is placed at the head of the band, and the place will not be contested, even although others of the company may appeal more strongly to individual tastes. "Roberts is a virile writer, and possesses in an eminent degree that even wedding of thought and language so essential to the production of a first-rate poem."

Mr. Wilfrid Campbell is declared to be one of the most original and bold among the younger Canadian poets. He is said to have "a keen sense of colour and form," and "has, at times, a great deal of strength and resources of melody which might well be matched against the best music of Shelley and Swinburne." We may hope that this ungrudging testimony will be pleasing to Mr. Campbell's friends who thought him slighted in a recent article. It might be well also if Mr. Campbell himself would meditate the kindly criticism of Mr. O'Hagan, which, however, need not be quoted here.

To Mr. Lampman and Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, we are happy to see, Dr. O'Hagan does justice ungrudgingly and cordially. Mr. Lampman's charming volume, "Among the Millet," secured for the author "a pre-eminence among the younger poets of Canada. Lampman is an artist in every sense of the word." Mr. Scott, he says, "has a delicate and refined touch and a quaintness of fancy all his own. He never beats out the ore of his thought too fine, but links jewel to jewel with an artistic skill gives surety of the high-

est form of workmanship." Of another poet of the same name, the Rev. F. G. Scott, he says, he is "a poet of great spirituality, much earnestness, sinewy strength, and a certain boldness of conception which borders at times on the sublime." The London Speaker, he tells us, has pronounced Mr. Scott's poem, "Samson," to be the best American poem that has been published for years; and Dr. O'Hagan quotes the poem entire.

Of Mr. Bliss Carman, he says that he is by many regarded as the strongest of our Canadian poets; and he certainly has a note and a very charming note of his own. Justice is also done to Mr. Bengough, whose charming volume, recently noticed in these columns, is said to place him "at the very head of Canadian poets as a writer of tender and graceful elegies." We are happy to add that some verses of Mr. Bengough's, published since "Motley" appeared, testify that there is no failing of his poetical powers.

Several other contemporary poets are mentioned in the article. Among the French, Dr. Frechette and others; among the English, Miss Machar, Miss Pauline Johnson, Mrs. Harrison and others. Does Dr. O'Hagan know Prof. George Murray's "Verses and Versions?" They contain real poetry of a high order. The Rev. Duncan Anderson should also be mentioned as having caught the spirit of Burns and Tamsill in a very high degree.

We have drawn attention to this excellent article, not merely because we agree, for the most part, with its contents, but because we wish Canadians to know better than they do now the wealth of poetic genius which they possess.

WILLIAM CLARK.

* * *

Can the State Afford to Support a Purely Secular Education?

THE satirical commendation of Gallio contained in the Reverend G. Low's recent article in THE WEEK might almost have deceived an unwary reader into imagining that the worthy satirist really admired the type of character of which Gallio stands out as a representative. We know, of course, that the reverend gentleman really is far from admiring the worldly, indifferent Proconsul, to whom, no doubt, a Roman banquet, with its lampreys and peacocks' tongues and Falernian wine, was of vastly greater importance than an unintelligible dispute between despised Jews concerning "the Resurrection and the Life," and who was not likely to show himself as susceptible to the eloquence of Paul as were even the Procurator Felix or King Agrippa. Doubtless, too, Mr. Low wished to hint that we are never without our Gallios, plenty of them, with less excuse than the original one, and also perhaps a trifle less logical. We hear from a good many of them in the present discussion on the vexed question of religion in our public schools, and they invariably confuse religion with doctrinal theology.

But was Mr. Low still satirical when he defined the object of the State in educating its children as that of making "intelligent citizens." If not, he must have used the word "intelligent" in a larger sense than the usual one. For surely, if the State undertakes the education of the people at all, her object and aim should not be less than that of making useful citizens, or good citizens, in the sense in which that expression is generally understood. And it is becoming increasingly clear that the cultivation of the "intelligence" alone will not necessarily make a "good citizen." It may, in fact, simply turn out an accomplished villain, all the better fitted to pursue a career of cunning wickedness, of the possibility of which we have lately had certain striking examples, calculated to make us consider this matter somewhat seriously.

Moreover, recent writers on "Social Evolution" and "Industrial Evolution" have forcibly pointed out that the intellect alone cannot be morally regulative, since it cannot supply any rational basis for that self-control and self-denial necessary for man to practice, in order to maintain the very existence and well-being of social life. To this end there must be moral training, enforced by "supernatural," that is, religious sanctions. This, many of us believe to be emphatically true, and, therefore, we cannot accept what we regard as the dangerous fallacy that a public school education which has for its *raison d'être* the training of good and useful

citizens, can be made purely secular, and yet discharge its most important functions aright. Religion, we believe, in its broadest and truest sense, is the binding force which binds man to man, as well as man to God, the cohesive factor of human society, and it can no more be safely ignored in the ordinary education of children than in the maturer life of men and women.

"But," say some who differ from us here, "we grant most fully the need of religious training for children, but it should be left to the Churches and Sunday schools." To this we would suggest some grave objections:

First.—The contact of the Sunday school or the Church with the actual life of the children is both too brief and too slight for anything that can properly be called *training*. The Sunday school, as a rule, holds its pupils for, on an average, one hour in the week, in which, indeed, a little teaching can be and often is done, but how much training is possible, even under the best teacher? The day school holds them for thirty hours as against the one; its training acts day by day, hour by hour. If it be purely secular in character, must it not necessarily swamp the Sunday school, which can scarcely hope to counteract, in one hour, the secular tendency of the whole week?

Secondly.—The State has no security that the teaching of the Sunday school, necessarily brief and desultory as it is, will be at all adequate to what is required for the training of good citizens. Sunday schools and Sunday school teachers are anything but uniform in their character and methods, and, of course, cannot be in any degree responsible to the State, which can send no inspector there. Sunday school teachers are at best a somewhat vague and irresponsible body. They have, it is to be supposed, been trained in the Sunday school themselves, and conscientious clergymen are, of course, careful in their selection, but it is often impossible for the latter to secure anything like ideal teachers, and they have perforce to take such as they can get. It seems only too certain that, in a large proportion of cases, Sunday school teaching is deficient in what is of the greatest practical importance—it fails to supply the missing link between the more doctrinal or theoretical teaching and the actual conduct of daily life, an omission only too common in the teaching of the pulpit, as well, with the natural results, in the lowering of the tone of our social and political life, only too visible to every thoughtful observer. In the Sunday school the brief lesson time is too often entirely occupied with more or less satisfactory "explanation" of the lesson for the day, with, at best, a little admonition as to religious duties, but without any application of the teaching to the conscience and the ordinary practices and temptations of the pupil's life. Too often what is taught falls on unheeding ears, and, whether from the fault of the teacher or that of the pupil, or both, the latter has no idea, an hour or two later, what the lesson was about. This the writer has repeatedly tested by experiment. Can such a mere smattering of religious teaching be accepted as in any wise an adequate training in the duties of Christian citizenship? It does not seem to be equal even to restraining such common juvenile delinquences as orchard-robbing, petty street assaults, etc., offences which are far too easily condoned by unwise parents, who do not see that such "peccadilloes," as they are often styled, are all in the way of educating their boys for more serious offences against law and order as their powers and their opportunities develop. The disorderly conduct of too many boys on their way home from Sunday school, — of which we had not long ago an extreme instance in the almost fatal injuries inflicted by one young child on another, almost at the church door, — are enough to suggest the question, how much real practical Christian instruction such children have received during the hour just over. Teachers, however, may reasonably plead that, in their brief intercourse with the children of careless parents, they can do but little to counteract the utter lack of moral training at home. This is emphatically true, and makes our position all the stronger. The day school teacher has, at least, thirty chances to the Sunday school teacher's one!

Thirdly.—The large proportion of children who most need the moral training of the school, because of the carelessness or incompetency of the parents to give such training at home, are precisely the class from whom it is most difficult, if not impossible to secure any regular attendance at Sunday school, which, of course, can have no provision for

compulsory attendance. Consequently the chances of Sunday school influence, so scant, at best, are greatly lessened in regard to the very children, who, left to wretched home influences, are tolerably sure to grow up rude and lawless, anything but the good and useful citizens we require. It is just from this class of children neglected at home, irregular and inattentive at Sunday school, that the dangerous and criminal classes of the community are continually recruited. For such, the only hope of better things lies apparently in the public school. As has been already shown the church and Sunday school have, from the nature of the case, only the very slightest hold upon them. The State, however, can compel their attendance at the public schools it provides. It should do this, and also secure, as far as possible, that they there receive such a moral and religious training as may promote their development, not merely into "intelligent," but into good and useful and law-abiding citizens. If it realizes the situation, indeed, it cannot afford to do less.

But the religious teaching which is inseparable from true moral training is not necessarily doctrinal or theological teaching. The sphere in which our ecclesiastical differences separate Christians into so many apparently different, or at least not always friendly, camps are always more or less theoretical questions of system or detail. With such questions our schools need and should have nothing to do. It is for the churches to see, as they best can, that their children are established in what each for itself considers "sound doctrine." For this the Sunday school, properly used, would afford sufficient opportunity, and the higher the tone of teaching in the day school, the more likely the children will be to profit by the teaching of the Sunday school. Our public school teaching, in order to be practically religious in its character, needs simply to recognize the great Christian verities, which, with a few exceptions, we are as a people at one in accepting. The responsibility of all to "fear God, and honour the king"—to revere and obey a God of love and justice who commands love and justice in us, and to submit to constituted authority,—the duty of man "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God," the Golden Rule, and the summary of the moral law inculcating love to God and to our neighbour "as ourselves," such truths as these, forming the basis of all true ethics, our public school system has a right to take for granted and to base its practical training thereon, even though an extreme agnostic here and there may object. For such recognition is a matter of vital importance to the common weal, like our laws for Sunday observance, which have not to do with the individual duty or the individual conscience, but are necessary to preserve to our working classes, the inestimable privilege of a day of rest, which, without some legislative barriers, the press of competition in trade and the greed of employers would soon wrench from them. As it is, it is a question whether we do not need, from the merely humanitarian point of view, more stringent legislation on behalf of certain classes of the community, who are far too heavily taxed, not merely for their own physical well-being, but for the very safety of the travelling public.

And that we need more, instead of less, religious training and influence in our public schools can hardly be denied by any thoughtful observer of a growing lawlessness and insecurity of property and life which is undoubtedly too much in evidence, even in this "moral and religious" Province of Ontario. Some of our highways are beginning to acquire a character not so very unlike that of the road which ran between "Jerusalem and Jericho" of old. The criminals are in most cases young men, who, but a few years ago, were or ought to have been pupils in our public schools, at the most susceptible period of their lives. Does not this fact suggest that more might have been done, at that period, to set the boys on the right track? The reading of selections from the Scriptures (for, of course, there are necessarily many portions unsuited for this purpose) seems to appropriate, even from a purely literary point of view, that it is not easy to see on what grounds any one can object to readings which are not only so fine as literature, but which admittedly place before the children the loftiest ideals of life and thought. The repetition of the grand and comprehensive as well as simple prayer, common to the whole Christian Church in all ages, is also so distinctly appropriate, that we can afford to overlook the objection of an exceptional Christian, as we do those of the Seventh Day Adventists, in

enforcing the sacredness of the day of rest. The good of the whole community must overbalance the prejudices of the few. As for our Roman Catholic citizens, if they will not fall into line, they have their constitutional remedy in the separate schools, which they would not be in the least likely to abandon, if we made our public schools secular to-morrow, for the very sufficient reason that it is more religious teaching and not less which they want, and will not be satisfied without.

But we also want more religious teaching than simply the opening of the school with "religious exercises" which may be more or less of a mere form, if their connection with the whole conduct of the school and of the pupils is not perpetually impressed on the pupils by the teacher. We should like to see our teachers prepared for their office under a more distinct sense of their responsibility in this direction. We should like to see their periodical conferences more occupied with the most important of all educational questions, how to bring a strong ethical training to bear on their pupils in order to make them before all things good and useful citizens. And we should like to feel sure that this would be kept in view by them as an aim paramount even to the "passing" of the children at the "exams," which at present seems to be the chief end in the estimation of both teacher and pupil, and to the accompanying "cramming," of which we see so many bad and so few good results. Is it too much to ask, from state-supported schools, that the making of good citizens should be the primary object?

To the teaching and influence of the teacher, which must always be the main source of ethical training, several useful adjuncts might very easily be supplied. Why, for instance, should we not have the Golden Rule, as the basis of practical morals, hung up in every schoolroom. At present there are too many children—despite our Sunday schools—who have apparently never heard of it, if one may judge from examinations in two places, which elicited some curious replies. Then why should we not have also hung up on the wall placards containing copies of the statutes touching the offences which boys are perpetually committing, often in ignorance, that they are violating laws, and exposing themselves to penalties? And why, moreover, amid our numerous text books, may we not have one setting forth in brief and simple terms, the duties of *good citizenship*, in such a manner as should impress every pupil with the true ambition of rendering efficient social service and filling an honourable and useful place in the community? There is no reason why the fathers of our future men should not be impressible with such an ideal, and if they are allowed to pass the most plastic period of life without forming it, the social well-being must necessarily suffer.

We hear enough and see enough of commercial and political corruption in Canada to-day to press this question very forcibly on our attention. There can be little question that the neighbouring republic is suffering, as well as ourselves, from the general neglect of "training up a child in the way he should go." And the critical character of the age in which we live makes the need of a remedy the more urgent. If ever there was a time when the importance of a religious and moral training for the youth of a community was undervalued by thoughtful men, that time is not now. We have already referred to recent writers on social questions. So Dr. Dyer, writing on "Industrial Evolutions," refers to "the necessity of an education in citizenship." "A healthy civic and social spirit must be engendered by improved education and by all the other intellectual and moral means which can be employed." A well-known French writer, Leroy Beaulieu, is quoted by him as saying in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, four years ago, "In order to reform society, we must reform the rich, reform the poor, reform the workman, and reform the master, and give back to each of them what is at present lacking equally in each of them—Christian spirit." And the best way to bring about this desired end is to begin with the Christian training of the young. Have we not enough of common sense and enlightened Christian feeling in Canada, to enable us to lay aside our denominational differences—small in comparison with those great religious verities on which we are all united—so far as to insist that a practical training in Christian ethics shall be a recognized and prominent part of our public school system? Surely this is the interest of all religious divisions of the community, for every good citizen must, as a citizen, deem it no less important to secure such a training for the children of other religious

bodies, than for those of his own, and it is only through our public schools that this can be assured for all. Surely we in Canada should be able to do this, when we find that even in what we are too ready to call "irreligious France," thinking men are coming back to recognize the immortal truth: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding."

FIDELIS.

* * *

A Song of Triumph.*

Ye tempests that sweep o'er the deep, heavy-browed with the cloud
of the rain,
Assemble in wonder with thunder and bellowing voice of the main,
With the roar that comes forth from the North when the ice-peaks
roll down to the sea,
And the dream of the gleaming, white silence is hoarse with waves'
laughter and glee;—
Yea, gather ye tempests on wings with the strings of God's harp in
your hands,
And your choruses raise in the praise of the Lord of the seas and the
lands
Sing the triumph of Man, who began in the caves where the waves lay
asleep,
In a cradle made green by the sheen of the sunlight that smote on
the deep,
When the ages were young and the tongue of the universe sounded
its praise,
Over the dismal, abysmal, dark voids where God went on His ways
To crown His creations with nations of flowering and animate life:—
Implanting a germ in the worm that would grow to His image
through strife.

The jungles that spread on the bed of the plain, where the rain and
the snow
Came down from the mountains a river to shiver in torrents below,
Were alight with the bright coloured snakes and the tigers that lurked
for their prey,
While the bird that was heard in the boughs had a plumage more
splendid than day,
But the lord at whose word all were humbled was Man who in majesty
came;—
Immortal as God and who trod with his body erect as a flame.

Let the praise of Man's form by the storm be outrolled to the gold of
the West,
To the edge of the ledge of the clouds where the sun marches down
to his rest.

For out of the rout of fierce famine, of warfare and hunger and
strain,
Man's body was fashioned and passioned in frenzy of fury and pain,
He goes with his face upon space, like a god he is girdled with might,
His desire is the fire of a star that illumines a limitless night.

His love is above and beneath him, a mountain and fountain of fire,
In his blood is the flood of the tiger and claws of its hate and desire;
In his thought is the speed of the steed as it courses untrammelled
and free,
With its sinews astrain on the plain where the winds are as wide as
the sea;
But his soul is the roll of the ocean that murmurs in darkness and
day,

A part of the heart of creation that lives while the ages decay.
It mounts upon wings through the rings of the night that is bright
with the stars,
Till at length in its strength it has broken the chains of the flesh and
its bars,
And waits for the hush and the flush of the dawn of which God is the
sun:—

The dawn that will rise in the skies when the night of our warfare is
done;
When Man shall behold, in the gold of the firmament passing in heat,
The face of the Proved and Beloved who descends with the stars at
His feet.

Then the past shall be cast like the sand that a hand may throw out
to the sea,
Shall be cast out of sight into night, and our manhood resplendent and
free
Shall wander in dreams by the streams where the waters are silent
as sleep,
Or winged on God's errands shall soar through the roar of the fathom-
less deep,
When the lightning is brightening our course and the thunder-clouds
roll in our face,
For the soul that is pure shall endure when the planets have crumbled
in space.

Ye tempests that sweep from the deep which the night and the light
overspan,
Assemble in splendor and render the praise of magnificent Man;
In his hands are the sands of the ages, and gold of unperishing youth,
On his brow, even now, is the shining of wisdom and justice and
truth;
His dower was the power to prevail, on the lion and dragon he trod,
His birth was of earth but he mounts to a throne in the bosom of
God.

Drummondville, Quebec.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

* Read before the Royal Society at Ottawa, on May 17th, 1895.

John Burns as I Knew Him.

WHEN I first knew John Burns there were very few other persons that knew him. That is to say, he was in no sense a public man. He was working at his trade, at the engineering establishment of the Messrs. Brothers, in Lambeth, London. Burns then resided in one of the artisans' model cottages on the Shaftsbury Park estate, Battersea. He had not a whole cottage to himself, but the two upper rooms only, with use of the kitchen for cooking, etc. For this accommodation Burns paid three and sixpence a week rent. Any one who knows anything about rents in London will realize what a humble abode this must have been. The rooms were very small, but they were cosy enough for Mr. Burns and his wife (they have no family). The little domicile was furnished more with a view to comfort than elegance. The most noticeable feature in the parlour were some shelves that bridged across a small recess at one of the corners, and on these were ranged two or three scores of books, all by standard authors and chiefly treating of history, political economy, and socialism. In front was a small desk, and this corner was John Burns' study.

I became acquainted with John Burns through politics, about the year 1884. It was in this way. Battersea was not then a borough, as it has since become (by the last redistribution of seats bill); but was a portion of an electoral division of the county of Surrey. On account of its populousness, however, it was the key of the constituency. Whoever polled the Battersea vote was elected member for the division. A rich city magnate, Mr. Sidney Stern, had fought the division and had been defeated. He was, however, "nursing" the place, with the intention of fighting for the seat when it became a borough. By "nursing," I mean he was subsidizing the place. He subscribed to all the charities, all the institutions, and kept a staff of paid agents and organizers continually at work. One of the institutions was the Battersea Liberal Club, of which I was a member. I noticed that the Club was not self-supporting; that every monthly balance sheet showed a deficit, and that that deficit was regularly paid by one of the agents of Mr. Sidney Stern. I protested against this. I urged that it was neither dignified nor proper that we should compromise ourselves to the first man who dangled his money bags before us. In the end a batch of us seceded, and we started the Battersea Radical Association, dependent entirely upon the subscriptions (one shilling a quarter) of its members. I was elected the president, and one of the first to enroll himself on the books was John Burns.

This was Burns's entry on a public career. Hitherto he had been known only as a member of the Battersea Parliamentary Debating Society, in whose discussions he took part. The new association, however, was in such a "small way of business" that this start on a career by Burns can hardly be said to be public. Indeed we were chiefly the object of sneers and jeers, as a batch of nobodies who were "traitors to the Liberal cause" and "false to the Liberal party." When, therefore, we passed a resolution that "no candidate in whose selection we had no voice would be acceptable to the Association," we were laughed at as the "three tailors of Tooley street." We went on working, however, growing in strength and numbers, and at last "official Liberalism" brought down Joseph Arch, to give a public address. The idea was that this would crush us, but Arch, who did not understand the position, gave a stirring address that quite justified all we had done. One sentence of his became memorable: "If," he said, "the Liberal party cannot stand the strain of radicalism without splitting, let it split." We at once adopted that declaration as the motto of our Association, and thus Arch, who had been called to curse, remained to bless.

An opportunity soon and suddenly presented itself of showing our strength, and in putting this forth, Burns played an important part. The sitting member resigned his seat, and we were in the throes of an election. Sidney Stern was at once announced as a candidate, and the threat of the Radicals above announced was laughed at and scorned. We had no man to bring forward, and we had no money. We determined, however, to be true to our resolution. We got printed, secretly, small hand-bills, on which we printed a manifesto calling upon the electors not to vote, and giving reasons for that advice. The night before the day of polling

each member of the Association undertook to put a copy of this manifesto under every door in the district assigned to him. Burns had allotted to him the Shaftesbury Park estate, on which he resided. That night, much to the consternation of the watchman, figures were seen flitting about putting a slip of paper under every door. Next morning every voter had a copy of the manifesto. Whether it were the suddenness or dash of the *coup*, or the merits of the manifesto, I know not, but Sidney Stern was ignominiously defeated; and defeated, too, not by the votes polled for his opponents, but by the persons who did not vote at all. There were more abstentions than there were voters who polled, and, as was said at the time, Mr. Stern had been defeated by Mr. Nobody. The defeated candidate withdrew his subsidies from the constituency, and Battersea knew him no more. He has since tried the same tactics elsewhere, at Ipswich and in Devon, but as yet without success, which shows that money cannot do everything, however much those that have it may think it can.

At this time I became very intimate with John Burns. Almost every night, after the doors of the Association were closed at eleven o'clock, four of us used to stay behind for a quiet conversation on questions of the day. These four were James Tims, secretary of the Association, who afterwards became representative for Battersea on the London County Council; an Austrian refugee, a Nihilist, whose name I forget; John Burns, and myself. Whatever subject we started to discuss we always drifted to Socialism, for, with Burns, this was the "question of the day" *in excelsis*, the aim and object of life *de profundis*. In some respects we were a typical quartette. Tims was one of those men who readily grasp the ends to be attained without at all comprehending the principles that lay underneath. The Austrian was a "physical force" man, and associating with but few who did not agree with him; he saw not beyond his *entourage*, and, therefore, believed the world to be on his side—all except governments, whom he regarded as enemies to everybody but themselves. Burns, too, was a "physical force" man, but only on one condition, viz., success. Force, he would admit, was no remedy, but he still regarded it as a strong argument. And, indeed, although he would not resort to force as an initiative, unless success were assured, yet he considered that on all occasions it was justifiable to resist force by force. It was the practical application of this view that finally landed him in jail, as will be shown below. As for myself, I could not, nor can I, regard practical socialism other than as the system of more equitable production and distribution. I cannot see that a socialistic state can exist except by the annihilation of selfishness and other sins. Socialism is based upon affection, and until we can socialise the emotions, and for that matter, the intellectualities as well, a socialistic state cannot be. This view, however, was too academical for Burns, who is pre-eminently practical.

The electioneering tactics above described caused our little Association to feel its feet. Other persons recognized this, too, and cheques were sent to us from persons who wished to join us. We returned the money with an intimation that nothing could be received beyond the usual subscription, one shilling a quarter. Our success, however, gave us courage, and we decided to extend our operations.

The result was the Radical Federation which is now such a power in London. I was its first president, a position I held for two years. The official Liberals sought to woo us at the time, and members of the Reform Club asked for admission to our conferences. I had to ask them to retire unless they could show that they had been sent as delegates. We made it to be distinctly understood that we did not wish our platform to be garnished by notorieties. John Burns was one of the delegates, but he soon resigned the position, and this discovers a unique trait in his character. Burns is no good as a committee man. His strength lies in his power of direct appeal to the people. There must be no barrier between him and those with whom he works. He rests entirely and solely upon the hearts of the people. Do not misunderstand me. Burns is not an autocrat as was Bradlaugh (with whom also I had much to do); or, if he be so, he does not know it: for never yet, I think, was a man so single-minded, and, who with the one object of his life constantly in view, does not realize or even understand any of the minutiae or workings, or even conventionalities that surround organizations. He sees his point and goes straight

for it, caring nothing for delegations, committees, societies or organizations.

And what is his object? Burns is undoubtedly a Socialist of the most advanced type. At the same time no man realizes more clearly than he does that the socialistic state is impossible of realization until a dim and distant future. This, however, does not prevent him from seizing every opportunity of pushing on socialism step by step, however small the steps may be. Hence it is that he never was very hearty with the Fabians, though he frequently attended their meetings and took part in their discussions. The Fabians may be described as the intellectual socialists. They do not agitate: they discuss, and their idea is that by educating the people to socialism, the socialistic state will come as a matter of course. Fabius won his victories by waiting, and they hope to do the same. Hence the Fabian Society. Burns, however, as soon as he sees a socialistic brick rushes off with it to the rising temple, places it *in situ*, fixes it firmly there, and then rushes off again to find another. He does not expect to see the structure completed, but he is doing his level best and trusts to others to carry on the work hereafter. And right well is he succeeding. Take three of his bricks: trade union wages for all Government work; eight hours as a day's work; and no sub-letting of contracts. As a member of the London County Council he succeeded in inducing that body to accept all three points. In the House of Commons he has succeeded in persuading the Government to do the same, persuaded them by the sheer force of the logical position that Government should be the best employer of labour, not the worst. Hence Lord Salisbury said: "We are all more or less of socialists now."

In the eyes of some people Burns's weak point is his strong language. There can be no doubt that his earnestness often carries him away. When addressing the unemployed in Hyde Park he stretched his hands towards the mansions of the West end and declaimed: "If they will not find us bread we must give them lead." For this he was prosecuted and taken to trial. The indictment, however, was for the most serious charge the Crown prosecution could construct, and this, coupled with the fact that the obnoxious sentence above quoted was explained away, secured an acquittal and Burns became more popular than ever. He was not so fortunate, however, in his next encounter with the officials, and the circumstance showed his views on "physical force." The London populace are fond of meeting in Trafalgar Square. Lawyers disagree as to whether they have the right so to meet, and the way the people seek to have the question decided is by constantly meeting there in defiance of the authorities. The authorities, however, have never yet dared to take the question to a superior court. I do not think it would matter much if they did, because if the authorities won the day the people would still go on meeting in Trafalgar Square. When there are laws obnoxious to the British workingman he has a peculiar way of getting rid of them. He goes on breaking them until they are amended or repealed. I cannot say whether or not this is proper, but I know that it is effective. It was at one of these "Trafalgar Square fights" that Burns got a second time into the hands of the police. He was alongside of Cunningham Grahame, M.P., an aristocratic socialist. All the approaches to the square were thronged with people, but the square itself was empty, being so kept by a double cordon of police at every access with armed cavalry in sight. Burns took hold of Grahame's arm, and with a "Now for it," the two rushed on to the police, broke through the cordon, and were in the square. Several others followed. The square, however, was quickly cleared and Burns and Grahame were taken to trial. They were sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The speech delivered by Burns from the dock to the jury was perhaps the finest he has ever made.

It is interesting to note how Burns entered upon his propaganda. It is customary in London for various missions and societies to send preachers and lecturers into the parks on Sundays to address the persons that go there for exercise. Thus there are preachers from the different sects, lecturers from the atheists, teetotallers, anti-vaccinators, vegetarians, spiritualists, and so on, as well as cranks and faddists of every description who are not from any societies, but simply advocate their own personal crotchets. Burns imitated these last. Every Sunday morning and evening he would go to Battersea Park alone, find the stump of a tree, or a big boulder, or some rising ground, and thence he would "cry

unto the people." And they heard him. It was no longer the few strollers or park idlers who paused to listen and then with a shrug passed on. His fame spread, and thousands upon thousands went from all parts, not to see the beauties of the park, but to listen to John Burns. He was entreated to visit other parks and he did. The proletariat soon recognized him as their apostle, and he has become what he now is. His oratory is indeed most effective. He marshals his facts and arguments with wonderful skill. Language flows from him like a Niagara of words, leading up to a smart epigram, sometimes sarcastic, sometimes witty, always effective, and as this takes place at every paragraph the enthusiasm of his listeners increases with every period of his oration.

It is not Burns's oratory alone, however, that gives him his power. It is his earnestness and sincerity. Not only is he incorruptible, but he is above suspicion. It is difficult to describe his child-like singleness of purpose. He is superior to all conventionalities. With him the conduct of life is his religion, and this conduct is natural to him, so that his actions, like his language, are all unpremeditated. He has been offered a cabinet position, and these positions are highly paid in England. He refused it, and when a public subscription was being made to afford him an income for life, he stipulated that it should not exceed in amount the wages he would earn at his trade. And this is all he now has. It goes without saying that he is against all boodling. Indeed, he is opposed to patronage even, in all its forms. An English M.P. has very little patronage now, but woe betide any man who asks Burns for an appointment. If he have an appointment to give, he will select the best man for the office, irrespective of politics, creed, race, or personal friendship. Would that Canadian politicians would do likewise! On one occasion only has there been any attempt to traduce Burns, and then he had the laugh at his traducers. He appeared in a new suit of clothes at a time when he was out of work, and some persons asked how did he get it. The truth was that Tussauds had placed Burns's effigy in their wax-work exhibition, and they wanted to clothe it in the identical suit in which he conducted the dockers' strike. They offered to buy it from him, and would doubtless have paid him a handsome price. Burns replied that it was the only suit he had, but said they could have it if they bought him a new suit. They did so, and hence Burns's new clothes.

When I last saw Burns in 1889, he was out of work, and he had no income, unless, indeed, his trade union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and his friendly society, the Antiquated Order of Buffaloes, allow their members anything when out of work. He had been dismissed from Brotherhoods for talking socialism during the dinner hour to his fellow workmen. He had then got employment at Woolwich arsenal, where he pursued the same policy. If Brotherhoods would not stand this, much less would the Government, and Burns was soon "fired" from the arsenal. He was, therefore, when I last met him, actually one of the unemployed whose cause he was advocating; and the two dismissals invested him with a sort of halo, as one who was suffering for his opinions. I left for Canada shortly after this interview, and Burns's sudden rise into prominence has taken place while I have been in this country. It was a sturdy set with whom we were associated. Wm. Saunders, Dr. Clark, C. A. V. Conybeare, J. C. Durant, and some lesser lights, all became M.P.s.; others got on to the County Councils, School Boards, and other municipal bodies; while the one who eschewed politics and left us, Lohmann, has become celebrated as a cricketer.

No notice of John Burns would be complete without a reference to his wife. Mrs. Burns was a frequent listener to the discussions of the quartette mentioned in this article; not a patient listener either, for often did I notice her feet petulantly tating the floor, and often she said to me: "Married men should not be politicians." And she had cause for uneasiness. Our conversations frequently continued until the streaks of dawn were in the East, and John had to be at work at 6 a.m., after a walk there of some miles. Mrs. Burns, however, soon discovered that John had "a mission" and has proved herself in every way a helpmeet to him. She is considered a handsome woman, and dresses with elegance and taste, though rather stylish, in keeping with her own appearance. As she sits amid the rank and beauty of England, listening to the Parliamentary debates, she is admired by those around her, who, while enjoying her costumes, can hardly realize that she makes them herself.

Regina, N.W.T.

WM. TRANT.

Parisian Affairs.

PASTEUR'S EARLY LIFE—HIS TASTE FOR NATURAL SCIENCE, MATHEMATICS, AND CHEMISTRY—HIS FATHER'S TAN-YARD AND THE OLD SIGN-BOARD—HIS FIRST PROFESSORSHIP—THE BEGINNING OF HIS EXPERIMENTS—THE PART PLAYED BY MICROBES IN CONTAGIOUS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES—HYDROPHOBIA—FERMENTATION—THE STERILIZATION OR PASTEURIZING OF MILK—THE THEORY OF SPONTANEOUS GENERATION—LORD SALISBURY'S TRUMP CARD.

ARBOIS is a small village in the Jura mountains, of 5,000 inhabitants. After the Napoleonic wars, an old soldier without home or fortune, and but recently married, removed to the village in question, about 1819, and opened a very humble tanning factory. On 27 December, 1822, a son was born, and baptized "Louis." The lad grew up like other village boys; he had a marked taste for rod-fishing, drawing and painting. Being very poor, he could purchase no canvas, so he made his pictures on wood. He mixed his own colours—when he had them. Thirteen of his pictures still exist in Arbois, chiefly the portraits of the big guns of the village. Louis had also a taste for natural science; had a weakness for mathematics and chemistry. His father helped him to get off his home lessons for the common school. There is an old college in the town; the father said he would die happy if Louis could become a professor in that humble institution. He passed his examination for a sizarship in the college, and then qualified to compete for a higher sizarship in the College of Besancon, and where he took out his B.A. degree. Next he returned to the old College of Arbois, where he was appointed an assistant professor. The father of Louis had his wishes fulfilled; Louis made him also happy by repainting and re-touching the sign-board he originally painted for his father's tan yard. A few days ago Louis died in the 73rd year of his age; France weeps over his remains. Science deploras the loss for Louis was Pasteur.

In 1868 Pasteur had a paralytic stroke, but the immediate cause of his death was blood-poisoning. He has been an invalid since a quarter of a century, and anxiety respecting his vast and varied experiments, and the wear and tear of having to defend them against opponents, told in his health. In 1887 he went to Bordighera to pass the winter and enjoy repose, but hardly had arrived when an outbreak of earthquakes compelled him to return to Paris, and obtained rest—by renewed working. During his fatal illness, Pasteur was cared for by his celebrated pupils—all eminent physicians and scientists now; turn by turn, they watched the expiring lamp. When all was over they dressed the remains in tomb toilette. He reclines calm in death; his massive head looks more massive still; but death has developed a wonderful expression of resolute energy. He died at Garches, near St. Cloud, where the Municipal Council of Paris fitted up an old cavalry guard-house for the carrying on of his experiments. It is in a quiet, healthy spot, overlooking the one estate of Marshal Sault; there is stabling for one hundred horses and each stall is at present occupied by horses, reared and cared for the preparation of Serum, the preservative vaccine against diphtheria. Above the stables were Pasteur's summer apartments. His town rooms were in the Pasteur Institute, that establishment raised by the subscriptions of nations to the discoverer of the cure for hydrophobia. Only one picture is in his private residence, and that in his bed-room; the sign-board he painted when a lad for his father's tan yard. He will ultimately be interred in the court yard of the Institute.

A résumé of his life-work, and that may be taken up when he ceased to be a provincial professor and was nominated, in 1857, Scientific Director of the Ecole Normale in the Me d'Ulm. Then commenced his experiments. Many conclude that he was a politician, on account of his unobtrusive chauvinism; he ever accepted that while science had no country, savants had; it was thus, that when the Prussians, in 1871, during the sieges, bombarded the Zoo gardens—whose animals starved citizens had long previously devoured, and gratefully, with famine appetite—he returned the diploma of honour conferred on him by the University of Bonn for his discoveries. The University replied in begging Pasteur to accept "the expression of its most profound contempt." But Virchow and Molsen had previously attacked France,

but in time were pardoned. In honour of the Kiel rejoicings, Pasteur also returned a decoration Emperor William sent him. Pasteur never graduated in medicine; he was a physiological chemist, wholly given up to experiments; he would rise in the middle of the night, or stop up all night, to supervise an experiment; he would remain days in his laboratory and take a bite of food at the corner of an operating table. It was by the employment of chemical processes to medicine, that he discovered the part played by microbes in contagious and infectious diseases. He isolated these microbes by successive "cultures" that purified them, that eliminated the *petits*, till he obtained the nourishing liquid the microbes sought. That exacted imagination, judgment, and perseverance, the constituents of scientific genius, which Pasteur possessed. He attenuated, turned the virus of disease, and rendered the vaccinated refractory to malady. In discovering the vaccine against human hydrophobia, Pasteur sealed his triumphs and glories. He paid every homage to the anterior work of Jenner, but the latter was not the chemist proceeding upon methodical principles. Pasteur demolished the old theories of fermentation, that of Liebig included, by showing that ferment was caused by microbes, minute beings, that developed and multiplied at the expense of the fermentable substances; these microbes he designated *anaerobia*, the only new term Pasteur invented to define the *petits* that lived without air, that is, without oxygen. Thus two and a half pounds of leaven will decompose two hundred and twenty pounds of sugar, converting it into alcohol and carbonic acid, and wholly excluding air. They are the dust and germs in the atmosphere, that contain the microbes of diseases. Pasteur also showed that it was a ferment—microbes—which converted the sugar of milk into lactic acid or sourness, and that by heating the milk, these microbes that produced so many infantile disorders, were rendered harmless. That process is called "sterilization" or "Pasteurizing" the milk, and which has saved thousands of infants lives. It is the same process that Pasteur employed, that of heat, to prevent beer and wine becoming sour. It is prepared vaccine that has prevented millions of cattle and sheep from being carried off by anthrax and malignant pustule; it is a vaccine that has conquered hydrophobia. Pasteur fought during ten years to demolish the theory of spontaneous generation, but it may be said to have given us the science of hygiene, by demonstrating that the germs of infection exist in the air, and hence the necessity to destroy them by disinfectants in the case of clothes, furniture, bedding, and apartments when polluted by contagion. It was owing to ignorance about the nature of the microbes, by employing no disinfectants that so many surgical operations hitherto failed. The surgeon who would now operate without disinfecting his instruments and hands would be tried for attempting to commit homicide. Before Pasteur's discovery, 33 per cent. of the patients in the maternity hospitals died; thanks to the employment of antiseptic processes, the death rate at present is almost nil. Such is the life-work of the great deceased. A state funeral or a private pantheon, seems poor rewards for such benefits to his fellow creatures; every new rescue from disease, will be the daily souvenir-list of Pasteur's glory. What subscription lists could be filled up, to erect a monument to his humanity, did only the thousands of lives saved or enriched by his genius only contribute a mite.

By sending the British fleet to Nankin—forgetting to ever call them back—Lord Salisbury has played a trump card; he chastises China most effectually, and restores the prestige of England. Nankin is the heart with all the vital arteries of the Empire. Hong Kong commands Canton, and Shanghai is a common head centre. After making the Son of Heaven do *Katow* to the Union Jack, and to indemnify the families—on the broad gauge basis—of her murdered missions' subjects let Britain compel China to undo the part of the treaty she made with France, handing over to the latter the Shan states she conditionally allocated to John Chinaman, and to rest at Nankin till that be accomplished, making the Celestials pay for the expenses, too, of the blockading squadron. That will give new work to Russia to discover more cash. The Muscovite must be in a terrible brown study at present seeing himself cast into the shade by the stalwart policy and admirable trap baited and laid by the British premier. If the Japs ever laugh, now is the moment for them to split their sides.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XVIII.*

AT THE METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH.

SUNDAY morning the thirteenth of October seemed to extend an invitation to people to turn their footsteps to the House of God. The autumn sunshine with all the glory, but scarcely the ardent glow of previous months, poured down out of a sky of clearest blue on Toronto's unparalleled avenues, bordered with their splendours of changing foliage. The chestnut burr fell pattering to the sidewalk, and, bursting, the brown and glossy nut ricocheted merrily over the pavement or planks. The air was delightfully balmy, yet crisp; it was neither too warm nor too cold. It was no wonder that what time the church bells filled the air, a multitude of people in their go-to-meeting clothes crowded the streets leading to popular tabernacles. When I got to Church Street, a thoroughfare the name of which seemed quite appropriate, I found myself in the midst of a stream of people who were going towards the Metropolitan Church. It was evidently worth the while of a student of the church services of Toronto to join them in a visit to a building so evidently popular had there not been the history and prestige of that church to urge his going. And not only were there pedestrians, but more than two or three smart carriages and pairs dashed up in approved style—harness shining and chains rattling—and deposited their occupants at one of the gates of the church grounds. Very beautiful that ample expanse of turf and walks and shrubbery looked in the bright sunlight. The church has the advantage of standing in the midst of a magnificent square, the value of which, from a real estate point of view, must be very great, but which, in that position, is most precious as a breathing place and lung. How green and smooth the turf looked! The flowers of course were mostly over, so the ornamental beds were not very attractive, but they had been, in their season, a suitable adornment of what I must perforce regard as the finest site for a city church I know of. One stands on the wide plateau of painted wooden slats in front of the church, elevated a few steps above the ground, and looks over a spacious garden which seems to keep the city at a distance. The building itself is a notable example of church architecture in the gothic style, and its tower and many pinnacles and finials give importance and conspicuousness to a fine and important specimen of church building, while the spacious school rooms and other church offices to the north of it give an air of imposing completeness to the costly and commodious pile. The interior of the church is very comfortable and pleasing. The light comes gently through the stained glass of the pointed arch windows, the aisles are softly carpeted, the pews are upholstered in crimson cloth, the backs of them being also covered with that material, so that despite its great spaciousness it looks just the church for a cold Canadian winter day. As you sit in the centre of the body of the church you cannot fail to be impressed with the architectural beauty of the interior. Before you—above the preaching platform, a well-designed piece of woodwork quite in harmony with the building—is a large and very ornate organ. But it does not, like some church organs in Methodist and Presbyterian churches, look too large for the church. Its comparative unobtrusiveness is helped by the neat and tasteful character of its decoration which is entirely in harmony with that of the general interior, combining, as it does, the softest and most gently blended drabs, greys and pinks, with a use of ornament which gives an effect of richness without gaudiness. Instead of being richly gilt and standing out in a striking glory of aureotint, its pipes are diapered in neutral tints and stencil work, and so

is its front. The larger groups of pipes terminate above in small pinnacle roofs carried on diminutive pillars, as if the instrument were actually a building within a building, to be looked at as a separate architectural construction. At the base of the organ there is a gallery, which, on Sunday last, contained no fewer than sixty choristers, the sex being about equally divided. In the centre is a screen of gothic woodwork which somewhat hides Mr. Torrington, the well-known organist, from the view of the congregation. Large and deep galleries are on the sides and end of the church. The central ceiling is of the form of a pointed arch, and is carried on slender iron columns with ornamented gothic capitals. The groining over the galleries is very beautifully designed, giving a series of pointed arches on either side. On both sides of the organ the end walls are decorated with fine frescoes of angels bringing crowns or blowing praiseful trumpets. Around the arch above the organ goes a conspicuous inscription. Angels find places too in various points of the soaring curves of the roof, and the whole scheme of decoration has been carefully thought out and exceedingly well executed. From all this it will be gathered that the Metropolitan is an ornate and beautiful church. It is a sort of cathedral of Methodism. I do not know what John Wesley would say to it, but I cannot help thinking that he would be very much astonished at it if he could see it.

There are always two ministers at the Metropolitan church, Mr. Torrington at the organ board being one, and the minister who occupies the pulpit being the other. Mr. Torrington may be called the permanent vicar-choral of this ecclesiastical establishment. His choir is under his perfect control, he has imbued it with his spirit, and it forms an important and integral part of the church organization. Its ministrations balance those of the pulpit. A minister cannot feel that he has the entire responsibility of the service on his hands when an assembly like Mr. Torrington's choir stands up behind him and begins to sing. The choir in a measure dominates the place, and with the organ, forms a combination that welds the entire service together, though I cannot say that I was struck with any massiveness in the purely congregational part of the singing. It might be that on the day on which I attended the services the hymns did not happen to be calculated to bring out this feature. But the anthems and the solo singing were very impressive and beautiful. This part of the service was a sacred concert, worthy of anybody's attention. It gave one the idea of very considerable musical and vocal gifts consecrated to the service of the sanctuary, and I am of opinion that the excellence with which the choral work is done has much to do in attracting the vast congregation that fills this noble church.

The edifice is too large for anybody to be very conspicuous, but as one looked over the well-filled pews it was easy to recognize a large number of our foremost citizens. The congregation is exceedingly well-behaved, devout and quiet; in its way fashionable, and very correctly dressed. On Sunday morning last the regular minister was not present, his place being taken by Rev. ———. The people crowded in to the music of a pleasing voluntary—very well played—that seemed to get quieter and more placid as the minutes went by. When the minister appeared there was a slight pause, and a verse of the Old Hundredth was rather rapidly performed. Then the whole congregation stood up and sang the Doxology. After this there was a short prayer, and then, I think, we sang a hymn. Mr. ——— is a good reader, with a flexible and pleasant voice, and his reading of the Scriptures showed the meaning of the words. I may say that the introductory invocation was followed by the Lord's Prayer, repeated by the entire congregation, and that the second reading of the Scriptures began with the 46th Psalm, read responsively, verse by verse, alternately by minister and people. An anthem, "God be merciful unto us and bless us," by ——— formed part of the introductory service, and while the collection was being taken up, a soprano solo was sung with much force and expressiveness, by a young lady, her voice easily filling the church, the acoustic properties of which seem to be very good. As the words, "I cling to Thee, my Saviour," came again and again into the stream of the sacred song, one thought that it was the voice of a soul trilling forth to exquisite music its most intimate spiritual experiences. The piety of the utterance gave it an impersonality that lifted it above the

* The articles which have already appeared in this series are:— I. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Feb. 22nd. II. The Jews' Synagogue, March 1st. III. A proposed visit that was stopped by fire, March 8th. IV. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, March 15th. V. St. James' Cathedral, March 22nd. VI. The Bond Street Congregational Church, March 29th. VII. Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 5th. VIII. St. James Square Presbyterian Church, April 12th. IX. At the Church of St. Simon the Apostle, April 19th. X. Rev. W. F. Wilson at Trinity Methodist Church, April 26th. XI. Rev. Wm. Patterson at Cooke's Church, May 3rd. XII. St. Peter's Church, Carlton Street, May 10th. XIII. At the Friends' Meeting House, May 17th. XIV. At the Unitarian Church, Jarvis Street, May 24th. XV. At Holy Trinity Church, May 31st. XVI. At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Jarvis Street, Sept 27th. XVII. At St. Paul's Anglican Church, Bloor Street East, Oct. 4th.

character of a mere musical performance, and carried the message of the words to the heart. The deepest silence pervaded the congregation as they listened with rapt attention to the singer. Indeed, after listening in this way to words of this kind, wedded to sweetest sounds, it seemed that one almost needed an interval of silence before it was possible to listen adequately to the ordinary and conversational tones of the preacher. The sermon, without being distinctly eloquent, was a good one. Mr. _____ is a well-endowed and unpretentious man who, though perhaps not a prophet, is a "workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." His discourse was a little diffuse, but it was interesting, and was evidently the word of a thoughtful, educated, and sincere man. If it lacked the fire of the earlier Methodism, there was nothing about it that could be taken exception to by the most captious critic. Neither was there anything that stuck in the mind with a barbed point, or came home to one like a warm living word, hot from the mint of another's personality. Some sermons are like a landscape that one is focussing on the ground glass of a camera—amateur photographers will understand the metaphor. The colour and the general features of the scene are all there, but it wants a little adjustment to get the picture sharp and real. Otherwise there is a vagueness, and in photographs as in sermons vagueness is to be striven against.

I attended the church again in the evening. It is an edifice that "lights up" remarkably well and the scene from the south gallery, where I sat, was quite imposing, as a great assembly nearly always is. The service was conducted by Rev.—Bishop, who has a massive voice and an uncompromising manner, as though he were sure of things. Among other things he is sure of an everlasting hell, and preached it. He spoke of those in this city who, in the nature of things, "must have their part in the lake that burneth." He also told us of several cases in which people died, respecting whom "there was not a vestige of hope." I have been going about to the different churches of Toronto, and this is the first time I have heard the doctrine of an everlasting hell preached. I do not think that dogma has any hold on the people of today, and as a rule the preachers relegate it to the region of those matters respecting which there is a mysterious uncertainty. The thought came to me that if half what the preacher said were true we ought not to be sitting there enjoying the fine music and the beautiful, decorated church. We ought rather to be mourning in some crape-hung wailing place. Immediately after the service, however, a woman's sympathetic voice rang out over the hushed congregation in the words of the hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," and in the sequence of the sweet cadences, the dread gloom of the preacher's utterances was forgotten.

J. R. N.

Art Notes.

AS a designer of compositions of noble theme Watts reaches epic heights. His work ranks with that of the best periods of Greece and Italy. Less prone to exaggeration than Michael Angelo, his pictures have an impressive air of grandeur without lapsing into the grandiose. His designs have, to my mind, more of the Grecian spirit than the Italian, although the fact that his means of expression is painting more frequently than sculpture, leads to comparison between his paintings and Titian's, when a closer parallel might be found in the sculptured gods of Phidias. Such a picture as "Time, Death and Judgment," has, it is true, the gorgeousness of Veronese, Titian or Tintoretto; but the super human types of face and form, the sublimity of the whole conception, seems to me to lift it to a higher plane than the sensuous products of Venice, and to place it beside the Theseus and the Venus of Milo. The frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto, as examples of pure allegory of the highest form, are not comparable to the works of Watts because, like the pre-Phidian sculpture, they exhibit the archaisms of a school whose ideas are obscured by an undeveloped means of expression; whereas the English allegorist is a consummate master of form and colour; so much so, that even those to whom his exalted themes but little appeal, are moved by the majesty of his idealized men and women, the beauty of his disposition of line, the drawing of flowing

draperies, hands, arms, feet and all the other adjuncts to a masterly picture.

Some one said of Watts' work that it "breathed a spirit of impersonal melancholy"; and it is hard to recall a single instance when he has painted with anything approaching to joyousness. This is distinctly un-Venetian. But, inasmuch as he generally paints a passionate or fervidly religious theme, he may be said to be equally un-Greek. His "Time, Death and Judgment"—the three figures of the Nemeses of human life—affects you as does an approaching thunderstorm—you are haunted for long after leaving the picture by a sense of impending calamity. The "Orpheus and Eurydice"—the moment chosen being the fording of the fatal river, when the loved form fades from Orpheus' grasp—is conceived in the spirit of what may be called the higher pessimism—the pessimism of the author of "Beauchamp's Career" and the "Ordeal of Richard Feverell."

The picture "Love and Death" is not less sad than the "Orpheus," but, being pitched in a less sombre key, does not produce such a gloomy effect on the mind of the spectator. On the steps of a narrow, rose-entwined portal, Love—a beautiful stripling, not the baby Eros of a French ceiling—meets the approaching figure of Death, who stands with his back to the spectator, shrouded in heavy drapery, his right hand up-raised. Love falls backward, his many-coloured wings being crushed against the lintel; and the petals fall from the rose. Watts has done nothing more moving than this design, and nothing more beautiful in colour. The pervading hues are light—greys and pinks predominating. His "Paola and Francesca" is a work of great passionate force. The lovers, locked in one another's arms, with commingled draperies half obscuring them in swirling folds, are disappearing into darkness.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Music.

MR. W. J. McNally, organist and choirmaster of West Presbyterian Church, was recently presented with a gold mounted umbrella by the choir of Beverley Baptist Church. Mr. McNally formerly held the double position of organist and choirmaster of the latter church, and the presentation was an acknowledgment of his past services, and is naturally highly appreciated.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews' magazine, *Music*, for October concludes the eighth half-yearly volume, and has many articles of special interest to the amateur, student and musician. Indeed it should circulate freely among music lovers, for topics are continually being discussed, representing almost every phase of musical thought, by writers of talent and culture. The Editorial bric-a-brac, written in Mr. Mathews' breezy and interesting style, is always refreshing, and, speaking for myself, I turn to it with delight and read it first of all. Mr. Mathews is a great admirer of Dr. Mason. In fact, it may be said the latter has no greater champion and admirer in this country, popular and esteemed as he is by all musicians. His touch and technic is made the text of many sermons, and the so-called two-finger exercises and pressure touch, form the basis of no end of remarks and technical calculations. Through this medium and Mr. Presser's publication "The Etude," pressure touch has been lauded and praised to the skies, as if it were the beginning and end of everything pertaining to beauty of touch and tone. I do not think so. As a fundamental principle pressure touch is both mischievous, misleading, and injurious. It destroys perfect naturalness, and looseness of finger action, and abnormally develops the muscles of the wrist and lower arm. This touch should be sparingly used, if at all, until the hand has attained great finger independence and suppleness in the performance of scales, chords, arpeggios and light-springing octaves. When the hand has been thus cultivated the clinging pressure touch under certain conditions might be advised for those lyric melodies which require to be sung on the piano with richness and sonority, and the player will thus know how and when to use it with artistic discretion and judgment. There is so much that is good in Dr. Mason's Touch and Technic, it seems a pity this principle is continually insisted upon and advised, because it absolutely forbids and prevents the fingers from gaining that agility and lightness, necessary to play with silvery clearness and rapidity, those passages which are not primarily melodic,

but brilliant and sparkling. I have read so much, and see the results so frequently of this ill-advised and much-abused touch, that I have imposed upon myself the duty of thus criticising it. No touch should become a habit, but the hand should be perfectly cultivated to produce any nuance of tone *without effort*, consequently using freely and naturally any variety of touch at will to effect that end.

Miss Lillian Russell and her splendid Opera Company have been playing "Tzigane," De Koven's comic opera, to crowded houses during the first four evenings of the week. At this moment I have not heard the work, but will give my impressions in this column next week. I understand the charming star artist is as fascinating and brilliant as ever, no doubt a good thing for the popular and talented De Koven and his clever collaborator, Mr. Smith.

The celebrated violinist Emile Sauret, formerly the husband of Madame Carreno, the American pianiste, will make his reappearance in this country at New York some time in January. The last time I heard Sauret was in Leipzig, when he was not himself, for on receiving an enthusiastic recall, he attempted to play something as an encore, stumbled, stopped, commenced again, with the same result, and amidst confusion and cheers retired to be seen no more that evening. He is a great player, however, and has a beautiful tone which seems to come from the violin as if alive, it is so warm and appealing, so real. Yet, Sauret of late years has not, so far as I know, achieved any very great successes. Perhaps there are reasons.

W. O. FORSYTH.

There was an abundant display of musical blossom in Toronto last spring, and rumour and the daily press prepared us for a good harvest. Some fair fruit has been developed, but that delicate bloom known as the "permanent orchestra," has withered once more and our hopes are crushed. If any misunderstanding exists as to the real difficulty which has thus far prevented the formation of a good and permanent orchestra in Toronto, it is well that the matter should be clearly stated, especially as a somewhat similar condition of affairs exists in other Canadian cities.

For the foundation and maintenance of an orchestra certain factors are essential: the players, the conductor, the music hall, and the audience must be available. We have enough instrumentalists for a good orchestra of about thirty pieces. Beyond that it might not be safe to go. A very fair beginning could, however, be made with that number. A conductor and a suitable hall can also be easily obtained, but what can be said for the audience? There lies the difficulty. High class orchestral music is not popular. A foreign orchestra may be able to draw a large audience for one concert—especially if it be the only orchestral concert given in Toronto in two or three seasons—but the fact remains that it would be extremely difficult to draw a fair audience, even at moderate prices of admission, to listen to the performance of classical music, several times every season, by a local orchestra.

Now it must not be forgotten that very few of our best players could afford to give up one or two evenings a week for the whole season without receiving some substantial remuneration for the time and energy expended; and a cheap orchestra is usually worse than none at all. The best players and only the best should be employed, and there should be an abundance of rehearsals. All this means a heavy expense on the management: expense which the receipts would not cover. In time there might be a change, but, first of all, the public must be educated.

Meanwhile a large guarantee fund is needed. Without it no good work can be done. A loss of from five hundred to a thousand dollars must be expected on each concert; and unless such loss is provided for in advance, the "permanent" orchestra will not live through one season. It is not to be supposed that our Canadian people would be slower than others to appreciate their opportunities, but large losses have occurred in nearly every case where an orchestra has been established in the cities of the United States. In Chicago, for instance, tens of thousands of dollars annually have been paid out of the guarantee fund for several years. But we need not aim so high as our neighbours. A well-drilled orchestra of thirty performers producing, in one of our smaller halls, the leading symphonic works of the great

masters might not be an ideal condition of affairs, but would be of very great educational value; and it is as an educational movement that the matter should be regarded.

Let no one suppose that our amateur organizations are being lost sight of. They are doing good work, but they are not able to render the larger orchestral compositions in a satisfactory manner, and their work is valuable rather to the players themselves than to the audience. The best professionals we can get are not too good for the highest class of orchestral work.

The time will come, no doubt, when some citizens of Toronto, with broad minds, large hearts and heavy purses, will guarantee two or three thousand dollars a year for the purpose of maintaining an orchestra here; but until that day arrives, though there may be rumours and promises and hopes and blossoms, there will be no permanent orchestra.

Among the new musical compositions recently performed in England a setting of Gray's poem "The Bard," by Prof. C. Villiers Stanford, and a church cantata, "The Transfiguration," by Frederic Cowen, have received favorable mention from the critics. The latter work, especially, is said to be original in style and to contain some fine solos and choruses. It is the first work of any importance by Mr. Cowen which can properly be classified as sacred music.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society has resumed its usual weekly rehearsals under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington.

It is expected that "The Creation" and some other oratorio will be given during the season in addition to a Christmas performance of "The Messiah."

C. E. SAUNDERS.

Recent Fiction.*

MR. STOCKTON is best known as the writer of short stories, and the author of Rudder-Grange and Pomona, and some of these tales might almost be called classical, at least the characters are known in every reading household. In the book before us he has followed a little in Robert Louis Stevenson's footsteps. It may be of interest to recall what Mr. Gosse says in the Century for July with regard to the appreciation of that celebrated writer for Mr. Stockton:

"When I was going to America to lecture, he was particularly anxious that I should lay at the feet of Mr. Stockton his homage, couched in the following lines:

My Stockton if I failed to like,
It were a sheer depravity;
For I went down with the 'Thomas Hyke,'
And up with the 'Negative Gravity.'

He adored these tales of Mr. Stockton's, a taste which must be shared by all good men."

The scene of the present volume is chiefly laid beneath the Southern Cross though we are also carried to San Francisco, Paris, and elsewhere. The finding and carrying off by a shipwrecked party of a treasure buried on the Peruvian coast by the Incas is the starting point for a series of exciting adventures. The description of the way this treasure is hid is very elaborate and yet realistic. The whole story is in Mr. Stockton's best manner and all suspicion that any thing is unnatural is for the time quite excluded from the reader's mind. Captain Horn displays an American shrewdness, combined with a self-command which we usually associate with John Bull, and we feel that he would be a difficult man to outwit, or to compel to let go his hold on the treasure. A love story runs through the book, and the heroine is an American girl whom we can readily admire and esteem. Granted the postulate of the opening adventure with its wild fancifulness, the rest of the story is worked out so logically, the characters act in such a common sense way that we forget

* "The Adventures of Captain Horn." By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895. Price \$1.50.

"A Business in Great Waters." By Julian Corbett. Methuen's Colonial Library. London: Methuen & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"In Deacon's Orders." By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Naulahka." By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price 50c.

it is a dream or remember it only to find in it an additional charm. Though once and again the Captain falls into a tight place, he is not kept in it long enough to ruin our patience or destroy our nerves. Altogether it will prove a delightful story to all who like to read of adventures well told.

Another rattling story of exciting events by land and sea is "A Business in Great Waters," a historical romance of the time of the French Revolution. The scene is laid in the north-west of France and the south coast of England, and among the incidents is an account of the failure of the Quiberon expedition through the generalship of Hoche and the miserable jealousy of the French émigrés. Lucile, the heroine, reminded us several times of Mlle. de Vire of the "Gentleman of France" fame, and all the chief characters have a strongly marked individuality of their own. Col. Poocke, the American, is portrayed in a light not very flattering to the pride of Cousin Jonathan and the hero, Curtis, is almost too good—though nothing could be too daring we suppose—for a navy captain of the last century. However, we find out incidentally that he can swear "with a polish and precision in his attack that saved it from vulgarity and compelled admiration. It was a gentleman who swore, and it was a high occasion." There are many strong scenes in the book, such as the wedding of the Countess to save her children's lives, the mutiny on the French frigate with the description of the Captain's laugh, and the return of the *Retribution* chasing the French *Chûte des Rois*, which we quote, as it gives one of the most vivid descriptions of a shipwreck we have ever read:—

"The darkness gathered, and the wind sobbed by, as they shrank speechless with expectation. The English frigate had kept her sails so full that she had already almost reached athwart hawse of the *Chûte des Rois* and in the effort was bearing as it seemed dead on the outermost breakers. . . . The watchers held their breath; it seemed already too late when the smoke of a broadside belched out of the English ship, and was torn away in rags towards the breakers. Hardly had the dull sound of it reached them when they saw the Frenchman's jury-rig toppling to leeward. The other was hauling her wind, and as she stood out to sea in triumph, the *Chûte des Rois* fell hopelessly away. . . . To weather the point was now impossible, she was heading far inshore of the extreme breakers, and, going as she was, must be flung in ten minutes on the naked face of the cliff. . . . Even as they watched, Lucile gave a little gasp of admiration. The *Chûte des Rois* had veered, and was standing boldly for the beach. In the gathering gloom, with her colours still flying, she came plunging on magnificently straight for the roaring breakers—a sight no eyes could ever forget. They saw her strike, lurch on with a living effort and strike again; her foremast went by the board, and a white avalanche of spray buried her from stern to stem. She looked so dark when she showed again in the hissing boil about her. Sea after sea rolled up, and passed with a leap of riotous triumph, as though to show those that yelped after them where the carcass lay. Black spots began to dot the surface; and away to seaward the lesser frigate was weathering the point gloriously and melting into the moving waste of sea and sky.

In "Deacon's Orders" is the first of a collection of short stories, by Walter Besant, one more evidence of the popularity of that class of fiction. This first one is most unpleasant reading, and the character seems almost impossible. He is a hypocritical scoundrel and scarcely deceives anybody, except at times himself, but Mr. Besant claims him as a victim of Religiosity. We sincerely hope it may never be our lot to meet the original. Some of the other stories are much more cheerful, but they vary so much in the way they turn out that we can never be sure beforehand. "Peer and Heiress," based on an unfortunate double practical joke is pretty. In "The Equal Woman," the author satirizes unmercifully the crazy æsthete who fancies he can criticize anything and anybody, and set the world right, and who is satisfied with nothing except himself. We enjoy the process of snubbing from the woman he has decided to be his "equal" and the well-deserved end his suit comes to at her hands. One scene we quote:

The girl sang a song, a lovely song; her splendid voice rang clear and loud: she sang it with so much feeling that when she finished the people caught their breath. Then he advanced boldly. "Thank you," he said, murmurous. "That song appeals to the Inner Soul. It reveals the inexpressible. I was afraid you might be going to sing Schubert."

"That is Schubert," she replied coldly.

The popular novelist stood by and heard it with a twinkling eye. Paul retreated, feeling very weak.

"The Naulahka," to which the name of Kipling is attached, is too well known to require description or comment. The book before us is a new and cheaper edition in Macmillan's Novelist's Library in paper cover, but the workmanship

and general get-up is good, like all that firm's books. The verses with which Kipling heads the chapters are by no means up to the standard of his "Ballads," but some of them have a captivating swing, i.e.,—

"Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of a fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."

* * *

Bishop Hefele's History of the Councils of the Church.*

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY PROF. WM. CLARK, TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

PROFESSOR CLARK'S translation of this great work has now reached the fourth volume, and he mentions in the Preface that the fifth will bring the history down to the close of the seventh council, the last acknowledged as œcumenical by the whole church. The work is one which no student of church history or of theology—if theology is to be studied according to the modern historical method and in the light of the principle of evolution—can afford to be without; and English readers owe a large debt to Professor Clark for the unwearied labour and literary taste and judgment which he has bestowed on the translation. Some people are inclined to underestimate the work of a translator, but, if we are to judge by the few good translations that we have, the qualities which it is necessary to possess are rarely possessed by any one man. The difficulty is not so great with French books, for almost every Frenchman who ventures into the field of literature has the gift of lucidity of expression; but with German philosophical and theological works the difficulties are sometimes all but insurmountable. The translator must know English and German thoroughly, and the respective habits of thought of both peoples; he must know the subject treated of by the writer, and he must have the requisite literary power to get behind the form of the original and give us its substance in idiomatic English. All British and American critics—so far as I have seen—acknowledge that Professor Clark has done his work admirably, and that in selecting Hefele's *magnum opus* he chose wisely, and with a view to the necessities of the great majority of English students. Dean Stanley's life-like sketch of the Council of Nicea made thousands eager to learn something of the succeeding Councils; and they could have no safer guide than Hefele, a true German so far as research and scientific investigation of the original authorities are concerned, though destitute of the historical imagination and fascinating style of the great Dean of Westminster, and destitute also, it must be added, of the heroism of his own great teacher and friend, Dr. Döllinger. Of course Döllinger was not a prelate of the church and Hefele was. That must always count for something, when a step has to be taken which involves breaking away from a church, which represents to the man immediately concerned the kingdom of God on earth. In such a case, even a Strossmayer keeps silent, and only a hero like Döllinger can calmly take up the position, "Does God need my lie?" It is said that when Manning left the Anglican Church, Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, was asked indignantly, by a highly exalted personage, how he could have ever recommended such an unsafe personage for a Bishopric, and that the answer was to the effect that, if his recommendation had been heeded, Manning would probably not have verted. It is quite conceivable that such a remark was made by him whom the irreverent were wont to designate "Soapy Sam," though, of course, it is impossible to produce chapter and verse for it. The volume before us, like its predecessors, gives abundant evidence that Christian Emperors, Popes, Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops and Bishops, even when good men, were only men at best; and as it was in former days so it is still, in spite of the grace of God and the disguises of

* "A History of the Councils of the Church," from the original documents, by the Right Rev. Charles Joseph Hefele. Vol. IV. A.D. 451 to A.D. 680. Translated from the German, with the author's approbation, and edited by William R. Clark, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C., Professor in Trinity College, Toronto. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., Yonge Street.

pompous titles. But if the sceptical remark were made, I am inclined to think that the Bishop, instead of correctly diagnosing Manning, simply judged him by himself; for Manning was a thorough-going logician and he had sincerity enough to go wherever he was carried by his logic. In that case the Government acted wisely in not being in a hurry; for great as was the scandal when Newman, Manning and their friends "went over," at any rate none of them was a Bishop.

When we think of the immense importance of the great Councils in the history of thought and the history of the church, it is strange that greater interest should not be taken in them, and that Professor Clark should actually have to say, in the Preface to this the fourth volume, that the publication of the fifth and "final volume of the English translation must depend upon the demand for that which is now issued." The whole Christian world waited with breathless eagerness for the decisions of the first œcumenical Council. The same may be said of almost all the others. In the middle ages it was thought that all the disorders of the church would take end, if only a general council were summoned. Luther's cry was for a Council. Did he fancy that, if it had been convened and had decided—as it would have decided in the 16th century—against his doctrine of justification by Faith, he would have yielded? No more than Zisca and the Bohemians yielded, when the Council of Constance decided against John Huss and burned him, in spite of the safe-conduct of Sigismund, *Super Grammaticam*. But the word Council was in everyone's mouth, and it was something to appeal to of greater authority than his own interpretation of Scripture and the response of the individual conscience. In the seventeenth century, too, the British world waited for the decisions of the Westminster divines, and Scotland gave up its own national covenant for the new Confession of Faith. So, too, in the nineteenth century, the whole Roman Catholic Church hailed the advent of the Vatican Council and believed that its decisions would put an end to the troubles of society and the schisms of the body of Christ. But the days of Councils are over. The œcumenical reason and conscience is too vast to be embraced by any council of prelates, priests or presbyters. The reception given by the Protestant world to the Synod of Dort, by England to the Westminster Assembly and by the Roman Catholic nations to the Trent and Vatican Councils, compared with the instantaneous and world-wide impression made by the first councils, proves this sufficiently. None the less, the general indifference to the history of the councils is a symptom not altogether flattering to the age in which we live; for it is impossible to understand the history of the church without studying the Councils; and as our civilization is an outgrowth of Christianity, one would think that intelligent men would feel impelled to obtain an accurate knowledge of the history of the church of Christ.

It is quite true that whatever interest is felt must always be directed largely to the first four councils, and—as Professor Clark admits—students do "experience a relaxation of interest when they have passed the great Council of Chalcedon." The effort, on which the human mind had spent its strength for four centuries, of rationalizing the great fact of deity incarnate, was at length completed. We are often told that such speculations are vain, and that we should simply rest in the revelation itself, as an ultimate metaphysical fact beyond which it is impossible to go. But the human mind will not rest satisfied at any arbitrary limit. No Pillars of Hercules with "ne plus ultra" inscribed on them, will arrest its thinking, any more than its search for new worlds. Least of all could the Greek mind be content, until it had defined the exact meaning of that Person who was the corner-stone of the new faith. The Council of Nicea decided that He was Divine, of the same substance as the Father. The pendulum having swung to one extreme, in was necessary in the next place, to assert His perfect humanity, or that he had a true body and reasonable soul. This was done, fifty-six years later, by the Council of Constantinople. Inevitably, the next question that arose was this:—Seeing that He is both God and man, is He not two persons; and in A.D. 431, the Council of Ephesus decided that He was and is one person. But if one person, must he not have only one nature? No, answered the Council of Chalcedon, He has two natures. The dogmatic product thus finally arrived at, after four centuries of Christian life and thinking, "represented simply and faithfully, in language supplied by the

Greek philosophical schools, the original Apostolic creed in Christ the incarnate Son of God." "What the Church borrowed from Greek thought was her terminology, not the substance of her creed." (Gore's Rampton lectures, pp. 89, 101). The ultimate decisions were, indeed, only arrived at with violence and with an immense amount of anathematizing, or, in plain language, cursing; and the Church then got into the bad habit of cursing every one who differed from her, a habit which has survived to the present day, though the ferocity of the language is somewhat muffled by the Latin which it is customary to use. Arius was condemned by the first Council; Apollinaris by the second; Nestorius by the third; Eutyches by the fourth, and the fifth Council was necessitated by the Emperor Justinian pronouncing a three-fold anathema on Theodore of Mopsuestia and his writings, on the letter of Bishop Ibas, of Edessa to the Persian Maris, and, finally, on writings of Theodoret, which had been put forth in defence of Nestorius, and against the Council of Ephesus. These anathemas provoked the controversy of "the three chapters," which is detailed in the present volume at great length and in a very suggestive and interesting fashion.

G. M. GRANT.

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The Wild Flowers.*

THIS is a very long way from being a school text book. So that those who have an examination in botany impending and want a short cut to get there, and those who know all about it and feel critical in consequence, need not send for it; but to the ordinary reader it will be found an interesting book to take up and read, especially if the reader ever goes out to spend a few hours in delightful idleness on the Humber, say, or in High Park. In one of R. L. Stevenson's Fables an inhabitant of some other planet came to the earth and was taken round by a man. When he came into a wood he said: "These are very well-behaved people, do they never talk?" and was much more impressed by the green people of the wood than the living men in the town. Now, the big green people we most of us know and appreciate, but the little people with white, pink and blue faces, who live there too, many folk have hardly been introduced to; they pick them sometimes and take them back to town, but hardly know the names of more than two or three, and that cannot be called much more than a bowing acquaintance. It is really a thing to be ashamed of, not to know more about the beautiful things that are spread before our eyes continually, and it does make the time spent in the open air far more interesting when we do know enough to notice what meets us every day. When High Park has been blue as the sky with lupine, one has heard three or four people in a party confess to not knowing what it was. The first symptom of awakening interest in the flowers is a desire to know their names, and when their names begin to be known it is wonderful how many there are in a few square yards, and what a pleasure it can give to see them again.

Mrs. Dana's book is just the one to excite such an interest and to show how to gratify it. There is enough of technicality in the introduction to show how to identify the various parts of the flowers and leaves, and a short but charming description of the *reasons* for the various arrangements of the blossoms, for their colour and for their smell. They are intensely practical creatures for all their beauty; fertilization is the main object of all their schemes, and beauty only a secondary consideration, necessary though it be in a creation which was pronounced by its Maker to be "very good." "When a flower is fertilized by the wind it has never a gaily coloured corolla. Fragrance and nectar are usually denied these sombre blossoms. Such is the occasional economy of that at times most reckless of all spendthrifts—nature!" "When attracted by either of these significant characteristics—colour or fragrance—the bee alights upon the blossom, it is sometimes guided to the very spot where the nectar lies hidden by markings of some vivid colour. Thrusting its head into the heart of the flower for the purpose of extracting the secreted treasure, it unconsciously strikes the stamens with sufficient force to cause them to

* "How to Know the Wild Flowers." By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

powder its body with pollen. Soon it flies away to another plant of the same kind, where, in repeating the process just described, it unwittingly brushes some of the pollen from the first blossom upon the pistil of the second, where it helps to make new seeds. Thus, these busy bees which hum so restlessly through the long summer days, are working better than they know, and are accomplishing more important feats than the mere honey-making which we usually associate with their ceaseless activity." No scientific table of plants is given, but several "notable plant" families are described. There is an illustration, very well drawn, on every other page, but they are not printed in colours; this, however, is not without its advantages, as coloured pictures of flowers, unless they are exceedingly well coloured and proportionately costly, are often more hard to recognize than plain ones. Moreover, the flowers are arranged according to their colours; first all the white ones, which form the largest group, then the yellow, then pink, and so on, which helps to obviate such difficulties. That the book is not a mere dry catalogue will be seen from a specimen taken at haphazard:—

"MARSH MARIGOLD. *Caltha palustris*. Crowfoot Family. Stem, hollow; furrowed. Leaves, rounded; somewhat kidney-shaped. Flowers, golden-yellow. Calyx, of five to nine petal-like sepals. Corolla, none. Stamens, numerous. Pistils, five to ten; almost without styles. 'Hark, hark! the lark,' etc. [quoted from *Cymbeline*]. . . . We claim—and not without authority—that these 'winking mary-buds' are identical with the gay marsh marigolds which border our springs and gladden our wet meadows every April. There are those who assert that the poet had in his mind the garden marigold, *Calendula*, but surely no cultivated flower could harmonize with the spirit of the song as do these gleaming swamp blossoms.

"We will yield to the garden if necessary

'The marigold that goes to bed with the sun
And with him rises weeping'—

of the 'Winter's Tale,' but insist on retaining for that larger, lovelier garden in which we all feel a certain sense of possession the 'golden eyes' of the mary-bud. . . . The plant is a favorite 'pot-herb' with country people, far superior, I am told, to spinach; the young flower-buds also are considered palatable. The derivation of marigold is somewhat obscure. In the 'Grete Herball' of the 16th century the flower is spoken of as *Mary Gowles*, and by the early English poets as *gold* simply. As the first part of the word might be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *mere*, a marsh, it seems possible that the entire name may signify *marsh gold*, which would be an appropriate and poetic title for this shining flower of the marshes."

This is rather a longer notice than most, but even the short ones abound with interesting bits of information. The book is, of course, intended for New England readers, but out of its 156 wild flowers a great number will be found here equally, while a cursory turning over of the pages shows us many of our old friends such as the Dogtooth Violet, the Trillium, and *Cypripedium*.

* * *
BRIEFER NOTICES.

The Revolution of 1848. By Imbert de Saint-Amand, Price \$1 25. (New York: Scribner, 1895.)—There are still many men alive, who are not very old, that can remember the shock with which the world received the intelligence of the second French Revolution. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world was there a revolution so unexpected, so unnecessary, so mischievous. Louis Philippe was not a great man or a great king, but he did his best to govern France in a constitutional way, and would probably have done this more completely, if his constitutional ministers had allowed him. The story of the revolution of 1848 has been told a good many times notably by Lamartine, one of the chief actors in it. It could hardly be better told than it is in the volume before us, which comes as a continuation of the series of the "Famous women of the French Court," several volumes of which have already been noted in these pages. The story begins with the death of the King's Sister, Madame Adelaide, on the last day of 1847. Then no one, unless perhaps it was the Queen, had the slightest apprehension of danger; yet within two months the House of Orleans had ceased to reign, and France had become a republic. Nobody had planned this, nobody knew exactly how it came to pass. Even Lamartine says he can hardly account for it. Not a twentieth part of the population of France desired

anything of the kind, and yet it was accomplished. We partly understand the secret as we read these pages, which, although they contain nothing that is new, yet present effectively the facts of the story. Undoubtedly a good deal is due to the proud obstinacy of Guizot. The concessions demanded by the opposition were not considerable, and might have been granted without any prejudice to the authority of the Crown, nor can it be said that the opposition behaved badly; but M. Guizot managed to make himself most thoroughly unpopular. Then there was the irresolution of the King, caused partly by his horror of bloodshed. If Louis Philippe had been as much of a man as Queen Marie Amelie, or as his daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans, or even as his little grandson, the Count of Paris, his throne need not have fallen. But it was always too late to do the thing which he did. One feature of the revolution of 1848 is mentioned as distinguishing it from that of 1830. Whilst there was vandalism of a shocking kind in the sack of the Tuileries, there was no sacrilege. Religion had reasserted itself, and Church and State were on better terms. It is interesting to compare the flight of Louis Philippe with that of Louis XVI., and there are many incidents almost identical belonging to 1792, 1830, and 1848.

* * *
Letters to the Editor.

THE FRENCH POPULATION.

SIR,—In a recent issue I see it mentioned, in the course of an article on Copyright, that "Canada has a population of five millions, of whom *two millions are French*." This statement is frequently made elsewhere, and it is important for the welfare of the Dominion that the impression should be corrected. Instead of the English being to the French in the proportion of three to two, their actual relation is now much more nearly three to one. Two out of five would be 40 per cent. But by the census of 1891 they were found to be only 29 per cent., a decrease of 2 per cent. in the decade then ending. Presuming the same causes to have continued (I believe they have increased rather than diminished) they now form only about 28 per cent. They have besides lost immensely in power during the last few years, except in the Province of Quebec, and the indications of the future are increasingly in the same direction. This process will, within a time not far distant, settle the French question in a natural manner and lessen its use as a bugbear in such discussions as that on copyright. ALCHEMIST.

SIR CHARLES AND MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

SIR,—Much as we dislike Professor Goldwin Smith's published opinions with regard to Canada, and sorry as we are to see Her Majesty's representative at Washington accepting the hospitality of a man who is doing his best to dismember the Empire, we feel bound to say that in the Copyright discussion between Prof. Smith and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper the Professor is right and the Minister is wrong. The English Government has so far delayed in ratifying the Dominion Act of 1889, not because there is any doubt of our power to legislate, but because the result of our legislation will be to prevent England from protecting us with the other members of the Berne Convention and with the United States. Sir C. H. Tupper says we have the right to misgovern ourselves if we choose. This what is vulgarly called "talking through your hat." The Minister of Justice should not descend to claptrap. It is unworthy of his ability. It appears to us that Sir C. H. Tupper has not sufficiently weighed the advantages we will lose if we forfeit our position under the Berne Convention and Chase Act. The state of things existing in 1889 is entirely altered. The Minister ought not to deliberately insist on a policy of isolation. If it served to build up a *bona fide* Canadian industry in a legitimate line of enterprise we would be willing to agree with the Minister of Justice. The reverse is the case. The only persons who are agitating the question are a very few jobbing publishers who want to reprint cheap novels at starvation rates. The respectable and solid publishing houses are not party to the movement at all. What we fear is that the Minister, having without due reflection committed himself, will find it hard to eat his words. We hope he will have the manliness to acknowledge straightforwardly his mistake and not attempt to lead the country in this matter on a totally wrong path. Toronto, Oct. 16, 1895. K.

Exhaustion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Overworked men and women, the nervous, weak and debilitated, will find in the Acid Phosphate a most agreeable, grateful and harmless stimulant, giving renewed strength and vigor to the entire system.

Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Me., says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.

Periodicals.

William James, of Harvard University, contributes the opening article of the new volume of the International Journal of Ethics. In "Is Life Worth Living?" Professor James makes a careful study of pessimism, which he terms an essentially religious disease, arising in some natures, as readily as optimism does in others, from the craving for understanding and communion with the "total soul of things." After a scholarly treatment of the causes and cure of pessimism, the writer sums up: "This life is worth living, we can say, since it is what we make it from the moral point of view, and we are bound to make it from that point of view, so far as we have anything to do with it, a success." W. Mitchell, of the University of Adelaide, writes on "Reform in Education," having especial reference to the condition of education of England. He outlines a course, which, if teachers had to take it for a year, would be the means of establishing a general system of education through the schools. "The Referendum and Initiative" is the subject of a paper by A. Lawrence Lowell, in which the writer shows their relation to labour in Switzerland and America, pointing out the greater need in the former country of a veto in the hands of the people. William W. Carlile, in an extremely interesting paper on "The Conscience: Its Nature and Origin," deals with the question in mainly a Kantian light. It is only when the Categorical Imperative, the inner law, "Thou shalt not," appeals to one, and enforces its edict without any hint of consequence, that one is animated, in the true sense, by the sentiment of moral obligation. When one is actuated by any thought of consequences, the motive is far distant from a pure sentiment of duty. In "The Difficulty of Taking Sides on Questions of the Day," W. L. Sheldon strives to account for the existence among thoughtful men of this difficulty. He finds it in a variety of causes, in human nature itself, in a lack of enthusiasm arising out of increasing culture, in an inability to get at facts, in the absence of true leadership. All these causes are more or less at work, making thoughtful minds hesitate from coming out with an open declaration of the stand they take on any question of the day. Among the other

contributors to the number are J. Mark Baldwin, Frances Emily White, and J. H. Hyslop.

The October number of the Magazine of Poetry and Literary Review has been received. It contains several short articles on various poets with extracts from their writings. Among these may be mentioned articles on Henry David Thoreau and Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Henry A. Van Fredenberg writes concerning the use of alliteration. A new department of the Magazine, beginning in this issue, is a series of biographical sketches of living writers, accompanied by half-tone engravings. Poems are contributed by Ann. S. Stephens, D. J. Danahoe, Harriet Ford, and others.

Canadian Fire, Light, and Water, a new Toronto publication, issues its first number this month. This periodical deals entirely with the three elements in their relation to the municipal departments of the Dominion, and is well worth the perusal of those interested in municipal affairs. The recent break in the conduit is commented on, and, in speaking of the necessity of filtration, the paper remarks:—"Whatever course may be determined upon in reference to the future mode of supply, it is clear that the first consideration must be that of providing for a thorough filtering of the water at the intake pipe, for without this precaution there can be no future safety." Mr. Mansergh's recent appointment as consulting engineer to the Toronto Waterworks is remarked upon favourably. There is a short notice, with illustration, of the new water tower recently purchased by the Toronto Fire Department. There are also brief articles on "The Provincial Board of Health," and our "Water Supply," "Incendiarism," "Progressive Communities," and a "Fire Record" for the month of September.

* * *

The People Marvelled.

AT THE RESCUE OF MR. METCALFE OF HORN-
ING MILLS.

Badly Crippled With Sciatica and an Intense Sufferer for Years—For Two Years Was Not Able to Do Any Work—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores Him to Health.

From the Shelburne Economist.

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Horning's Mills, by Messrs. John Metcalfe and W. H. Marlatt, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the Economist the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Metcalfe, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Metcalfe was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and unable to work. While not altogether bedfast, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobbled about the streets of Horning's Mills excited universal sympathy. The trouble was in one of his hips and he could not stand or walk erect. His familiar attitude, as the residents of Horning's Mills can vouch, was a stooped over condition, with one hand on his knee. Mr. Metcalfe says:—"For about two years I was not able to do any work. Local physicians failed to do me any good, and I went to Toronto for treatment, with equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail. I returned home from Toronto discouraged, and said that I would take no more medicine, that it seemed as if I had to die anyway. My system was very much run down and the pains at times were excruciating. I adhered for several months to my determination to take no more medicine

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ings, Etchings, Etc.

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but finally consented to a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strongly recommended by a friend. Before I had taken them very long I



"Walked in a stooped position"

felt a great deal better, my appetite returned, and the pains diminished. After using the pills for some time longer I was able to stand and walk erect and resume my work, in the full enjoyment of health and strength. People who knew me marvelled at the change, and on my personal recommendation many have used Pink Pills. This is the first time, however, that I have given the facts for publication."

On being asked if the sciatica had ever returned, Mr. Metcalfe stated that once or twice, as the result of unusual exposure, he had experienced slight attacks but he always kept some of the pills at hand for use on such occasions, and they never failed to fix him up all right. Mr. Metcalfe, who is 52 years of age, is in the flour and provision business, and, as proof of his ability to do as good a day's work as he ever did in his life, we may state that the most of his work connected with the erection of his six miles of telephone line was performed by himself. Mr. Metcalfe also mentioned several other instances in which the users of Pink Pills derived great benefit, among them being that of a lady resident of Horning's Mills. The Economist knows of a number of instances in Shelburne where great good has followed the use of this well-known remedy.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes, said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a large profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy that can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's

Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. Pamphlet free.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

Personal.

At Association Hall last Monday evening Mr. Frank Yeigh entertained a large audience for upwards of two hours with a new picture lecture, "The Highways of Europe." During the evening about one hundred views were shown, including scenery, architecture and statuary, considerably adding to the pleasure of the evening. Starting from London, the great metropolis, the lecturer wandered through Holland and Belgium, travelled down the Rhine, lingered a few minutes in Switzerland, the scenes around Lake Lucerne proving especially attractive, passed through the Cathedral cities of Italy, Milan, Venice, Florence, and Pisa, visited Rome, started north again by way of France, and ended in Norway among the great fjords. During the evening Miss Leonora James, accompanied on the organ by H. M. Fletcher, sang two solos, both of which were well received by the audience. Cornish's orchestra played several selections before the lecture.

Chess Corner.

J. Geo. S. - Q xQ not good. Cardinal Damiano to the erring Bishop of Ostia (1061) - "Is it right and consistent with thy duty to sport away thy evenings amidst the vanities of chess, and defile the hand which offers up the body of the Lord, the tongue which mediates between God and man, with the pollution of a sacreligious game." Fancy any one calling chess "sacreligious" in this day. - Home Chess for Novices (10 cts.).

ECHOES FROM HASTINGS.

Our game 711 shows how the English champion defeated the champion of the world - viz.:

Table with columns: LASKER, BLACKBURNE White, Black. Moves 1-14 listed with algebraic notation and commentary.



Table with columns: Moves 15-22 listed with algebraic notation and commentary.

(K5R1, 1PPRIQIP, F5N, 1m1P1P1)

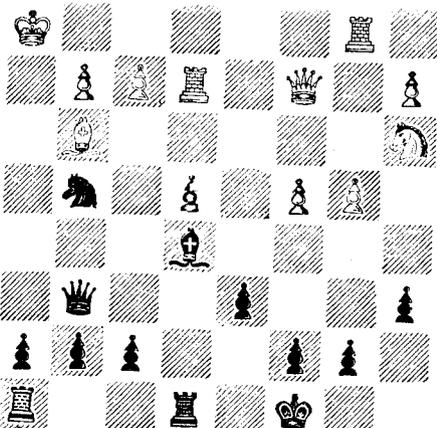


Table with columns: Moves 23-39 listed with algebraic notation and commentary.

(2K5, 1R5P, n1P5, 1Q6)

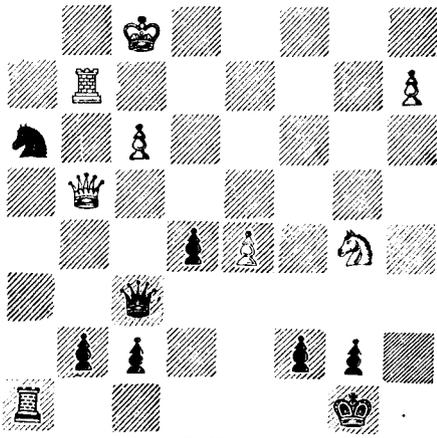
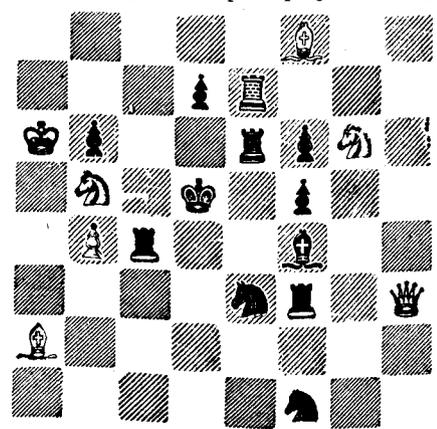


Table with columns: Moves 40-45 listed with algebraic notation and commentary.

PROBLEM 711.

By H. Hosey Davis

10 Black - 7 pts (5B2, 3pr3, Kp2rpN1, 1N1k1p2)



1PR2b2, 4nR1Q, B7, 5n2) 9 white + 7 pts. 711. White to play and mate in 2 moves

Call It a Craze.

AN ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

HOW BAD HABITS ARE FORMED.

The New York Tribune says: "The habit of taking 'headache powders' is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders as their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, cocaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually begin taking them to relieve a raging headache and soon resort to the powder to alleviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally like the morphine or opium fiend, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose."

In nine cases out of ten, the trouble is in the stomach and liver. Take a simple laxative and liver tonic and remove the offending matter which deranges the stomach and causes the headache. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are composed entirely of the purest, concentrated, vegetable extracts. One Pellet is a dose; sugar-coated, easily swallowed; once used, always in favor. They positively cure sick headache and remove the disposition to it.

Mr. E. VARGASON, of Otter Lake, Lapeer Co., Mich., writes: "I not infrequently have an attack of the headache. It usually comes on in the forenoon. At my dinner I eat my regular meal, and take one or two of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets immediately after, and in the course of an hour my headache is cured and no bad effects. I feel better every way for having taken them - not worse, as is usual after taking other kinds of pills. 'Pleasant Pellets' are worth more than their weight in gold, if for nothing else than to cure headache."



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FRENCH LANGUAGE. VTE DE SALLMARD.

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London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company.

22ND ANNUAL MEETING.

The twenty-second annual meeting was held in the offices of the Company, 103 Bay street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 9th day of October, 1895, at noon. Among those present were the following:—Sir W. P. Howland, Sir C. S. Gzowski, Rev. Dr. Moffatt; Rev. Dr. Warden, Montreal; Dr. Larrett W. Smith, Q.C., Col. Sweny, and Messrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Thomas Long, James Henderson, George Robinson, Thomas Paterson, Bowmanville; James Campbell, William Gordon, T. R. Wood. David Higgins, C. S. Gzowski, C. C. Baines, John Aitken, F. C. Taylor, Lindsay; M. O'Donnell, Henry Lamport, J. G. Ridout, F. J. Stewart, Frank Arnoldi, Q.C., R. W. Boyle and H. L. Hime.

On the motion of Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, seconded by Mr. M. O'Donnell, Sir W. P. Howland was appointed Chairman, and Mr. J. F. Kirk, Secretary, of the meeting.

The following report was adopted:—

The directors beg to submit the 22nd annual report of the company, together with accounts for the year ending August 31st, 1895.

Applications for loans were received during the year to the amount of \$879,232 on property estimated as worth \$1,780,973 and loans were approved and effected to the extent of \$266,282.09 on property valued by the company's own appraisals at \$546,870.

During the year debentures and certificates have been issued and renewed amounting to \$301,370.83 and debenture stock issued \$42,303.02

While the amount of debentures and certificates paid off was.....	\$703,673.85
606,908.16	
Making an increase of.....	\$96,765.69
since last report.	
The revenue account, after all interest and charges have been deducted, and all ascertained losses written off, shows a balance of.....	\$61,427.47
From which, deducting two half-yearly dividends, amounting with tax thereon to.....	56,903.18
There remains a balance of.....	\$4,524.29

Which is carried forward at the credit of "revenue account" to next year.

A committee of the board was appointed to investigate and re-value the securities of the company, keeping in view the depreciation which has existed for some time, and still continues, materially affecting the values of all real estate. The result of their labours, extending over a period of some months, has decided the board to set aside the sum of \$210,000 out of the reserve fund, which, by the company's charter, is created for the purpose of meeting contingencies and equalizing dividends, being equal to 30 per cent. of the paid-up capital of the company, to rest account, investing this sum in first-class municipal debentures out of the debentures owned by the company, and leaving the balance, \$200,000, as a provision, believed to be adequate, to cover the probable shrinkage caused by the depreciation in the assets of this company, a depreciation suffered in common with all others institutions and persons engaged in the business of lending money on the security of real estate. With returning prosperity your directors hope that such a contingent fund may not all be required, but, in the meantime, they consider it wiser and safer to mark the limit of contingent loss on the present basis of value.

Your directors have found good loans at remunerative rates very difficult to obtain, and instead of accepting any securities, except of the best class, have preferred to restrict their operations.

Repayments on mortgages, both in Ontario and Manitoba, have been satisfactory and encouraging. In Manitoba, which the President, with the chief inspector, visited as usual, the results of the harvest were found most satisfactory, an unusually large crop of excellent quality having been secured in good condition. Your directors feel justified in the expectation that this condition of prosperity will redound to the advantage of the company.

It will be observed that the issue of £100,000 debenture stock has been nearly all taken up in Edinburgh.

Since last annual meeting the company

has been deprived of the services of an active and faithful director by the death of Mr. C. E. Hooper. His place has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Long of the firm of Messrs. Thomas Long & Bro. of Collingwood. He has a large interest in the company, and his high standing and business experience will be of great value to the company.

W. P. HOWLAND.

Toronto, Oct. 3, 1895. President.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

To the President and Directors of the London & Canadian Loan & Agency Co., Ltd.:

Gentlemen,—We have completed the annual audit of the books and accounts of the company for the year ending August 31st, 1895, and have found them correct, and the cash balances to agree with the bankers' books.

We have also examined the company's statement of assets and liabilities and revenue account, have compared them with the ledger balances, and found them correct.

The mortgages, debentures and other securities have been carefully examined. They agree with the schedule submitted to us, and with their respective entries in the ledger.

The loans on calls or short date on debentures and securities have been valued at their respective market prices, and we find that the amounts advanced on them are fully covered. We are, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

DAVID HIGGINS, }
J. J. WOODHOUSE, } Auditors.

Toronto, October 3, 1895.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES, 31ST AUGUST, 1895.

ASSETS.	
Loans on mortgages and interest.....	\$3,768,415.86
Properties account.....	
Company's offices and buildings in Toronto.....	75,000.00
Company's offices and buildings in Winnipeg.....	45,000.00
Other real estate vested in the company.....	86,054.01
	\$3,974,469.87
Municipal and other negotiable debentures.....	502,043.20
Loans on call or short date on debentures and securities.....	278,086.97
	780,130.17
Sundry debtors.....	1,194.95
Cash in hand—	
With company's bankers in Canada.....	27,368.67
	\$4,783,163.66
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock subscribed.....	100,000
shares at \$50 each, \$5,000,000.	
Capital stock paid up—14 per cent.....	\$ 700,000.00
Rest account (invested in municipal debentures).....	210,000.00
Reserve fund (to meet contingencies, etc.).....	200,000.00
Debenture stock.....	446,443.68
Debentures and certificates payable at fixed dates.....	3,097,369.14
Reserved interest accrued on debenture stock, debentures and certificates to date.....	25,174.65
Sundry creditors.....	28,675.49
Due to company's agents and bankers in Britain.....	42,976.41
Dividend No. 44, payable 15th September, 1895.....	28,000.00
Balance at credit of revenue account carried to next year.....	4,524.29
	\$4,783,163.66

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST AUGUST, 1895.

Dr.	
Cost of management.....	\$ 21,119.51
Commission on debentures issued and loans effected during the year, and agency charges.....	24,362.16
Debenture and certificate interest paid and accrued to 31st August, 1895.....	\$165,582.57
Less amount reserved last year for interest accrued on debentures and certificates.....	23,101.66
	142,480.91
Dividend No. 43, 4 per cent., paid 15th March, 1895.....	28,000.00
Dividend No. 44, 4 per cent., payable 15th September, 1895.....	28,000.00
Municipal tax thereon.....	903.18
Balance at credit of revenue account carried to next year.....	4,524.29
	\$249,390.05

Cr.

Balance at credit of revenue account, 31st August, 1894.....	5,052.06
Less amount voted to President and auditors at the last annual meeting.....	2,300.00
	\$ 2,752.06
Net interest, etc., received and accrued to 31st August, 1895, after writing off all ascertained losses.....	246,637.99
	\$249,390.05
1895.	
August 31—By balance carried to next year.....	\$ 4,524.29

J. F. KIRK, Manager.

The scrutineers reported these gentlemen duly elected directors:—Sir W. P. Howland, Sir C. S. Gzowski, Sir Donald A. Smith, Don-

ald McKay, Dr. L. W. Smith, Q.C., Sandford Fleming, C.E., C.M.G., G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., James Henderson and Thomas Long.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected board Sir C. S. Gzowski was elected President and Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Vice-President.

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Literary Notes.

The next volume of the "Iris Series" is called "Where Highways Cross," and is by J. S. Fletcher, the author of "When Charles the First was King."

"My Japanese Wife," by Clive Holland, is a delightful little idyll of Japan, and it is published by Macmillan & Co. in a guise that is thoroughly Japanese, with its illuminated parchment covers and dainty illustrations.

Mr. John La Farge will publish at once, through Macmillan & Co., a book, made up of the lectures given in the year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New York, under the title of "Considerations on Painting."

Macmillan & Co. have just published a work on "Hedonistic Theories from Aristippus to Spencer," by John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, and author of two well-known works on the philosophy of Kant.

Among the educational works to be published immediately by Macmillan & Co. are "An Elementary Text-book of Physical Geography for High Schools," by Ralph S. Tarr, B.S., F.G.S.A., Assistant Professor of Geology at Cornell University; "A Laboratory Course in Experimental Physics," by W. J. Loudon and J. C. McLennan; and "The Elements of Geometry," by George Cunningham Edwards, Associate Professor of Mathematics in the University of California.

Mrs. Molesworth's annual story for children will be published in October by Macmillan & Co. It is called "The Carved Lions," and is quite up to the level of her former work. A C. Swinburne, by the way, wrote in The Nineteenth Century in regard to children's writers: "Since the death of George Eliot there is none left whose touch is so exquisite and masterly, whose love is so thoroughly according to knowledge, whose bright and sweet invention is so fruitful or so delightful as Mrs. Molesworth's."

The Funk & Wagnalls Company are about to issue an edition of the New Testament in Broad Scotch. This Scottish version has been prepared by the Rev. William Wye Smith, of St. Catharines, Ont., who has come to the front of late years as an authority on Scottish language and literature. This is an excellent opportunity for the numerous and increasing Scottish Societies in the United States and Canada to foster an undertaking which must appeal to the heart of every one possessing Scottish blood or cherishing Scottish memories. The price of the volume will be one dollar.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston) published on Saturday last the following books: "The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning," issued in one volume, New Cambridge edition. This one volume edition, for which there will undoubtedly be great demand, contains fragments not included in any previous edition of his works. Also "A Singular Story," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, which has been running in the Atlantic Monthly; "The Life of Nancy," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "Over the Teacups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "Sobriquets and Nicknames," by A. R. Frey, and "Two Years Before the Mast," by R. H. Dana.

Mr. Frank Barrett has been very successful in finding a fresh and original scheme of action for his delightful story, "A Set of Rogues," just published by Macmillan & Co. The scene is laid in the England of the Elizabethan dramatists, and the tale deals with the fortunes of a band of strolling players, who, cast adrift by the closing of the Red Bull Theatre because of the plague, wander about the country in search of employment and fall into the mischief Satan proverbially has in store for the idle. The account of their adventures from the time when they act Ford's "Broken Heart" before the people of Edmonton to that of their escape from Barbary reads like a modernized version of one of Heywood's plays, and is, moreover, full of a most human interest and charm.

Messrs. Way & Williams, of Chicago, will shortly issue, jointly with John Lane, London, "The Death-Wake; or Lunacy," a Necromant in Three Chimeras, by Thomas T. Stoddard, the author of "Angling Songs," and various essays on the subject of contemplative man's favourite recreation. Mr. Andrew Lang has written an Introduction for the book, in which he says, among other things, that "the extreme rarity of the 'Death-Wake' is a reason for its republication, which may or may not be approved of by collectors. Of the original edition one author says that more than seventy copies were sold in the first week of publication, but thereafter the publisher failed in business. . . . The Death-Wake is the work of a lad who certainly had read Keats, Coleridge, and Shelley, but who is no imitator of these great poets. He has, in a few passages, and at his best, an accent original, distinct, strangely musical, and really replete with promise. He has a fresh unborrowed melody and mastery of words, the first indispensable sign of a true poet."

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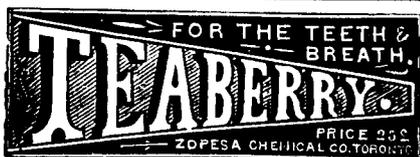
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D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
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- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York St. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.
A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.
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- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.
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- Stocks & Bonds** { Æmilius Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.
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- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
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