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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, April 12th, 1895.

No. 20.

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Current Topics.

Upper Canada College.
It is currently reported that notices have been served upon all the members of the staff of this old School to the effect that their engagements must terminate on the 1st day of July next. We understand that this is only preparatory to reorganization and retrenchment. The College finances have not been in a satisfactory condition for some years past. One reason for this has been that the endowment of \$100,000 was locked up in the old College site, known as Russel Square, now vested in the University of Toronto, and that it was unproductive. To give the College an income from this endowment, the bill at present before the Legislature provides that the University shall pay Upper Canada College the present worth of \$100,000 calculated at 4½ per cent. for seven years. If this bill passes the House, the College will be able to pay its debts, and its prospects of success will be better than they have been.

The Newfoundland Conference.
It is pleasing to note the hopeful tone of the speakers at the banquet given a few days ago to the Newfoundland delegates, at Ottawa. Both the Newfoundland and the Canadian members of the Conference spoke with what seemed to be almost an assurance of success. This relates, we suppose, only to the probability of financial and other terms between the two prospective partners being arranged on a mutually satisfactory basis, but it will be almost beyond the expectations of many, if agreement in regard to these purely business aspects of the question can be so speedily reached. But there can be no harm in saying that there was some reason to fear that the expectations of the Newfoundlanders and their delegates might be pitched on so high a key as to make a harmonious completion of the scale very difficult. It has, unfortunately, to be borne in mind that even supposing all difficulties to be

overcome in regard to the business part of the scheme, the baleful spectre of the French Shore question will still hover in the back-ground. But that is a matter which must, we suppose, be discussed with the Home rather than with the Colonial Government.

Political Methods.
An "Old Campaigner," writing to a leading Canadian newspaper, condemns and deplores the old methods of raising campaign funds, but despairingly asks how these funds are to be raised if Government contractors are not allowed to "divvy up" their enormous profits with complaisant politicians. One would naturally suppose such a question to be keenly ironical, but our contemporary assumes its seriousness and proceeds to answer it in good faith. Stranger still, in the course of its answer it actually deems it necessary to enter into an argument to prove that stealing is a crime, no matter how the money is to be used, and that squandering a hundred dollars from the public chest in order to get back five for campaign purposes is not only the worst kind of stealing but an act of incredible folly as well. A minister down in the Maritime Provinces, writing to his denominational paper, declares that church members and even church officers wink at, or openly defend, the buying and selling of votes at elections, some of them putting the act under the thin guise of payment for time spent in voting, others excusing it on the ground that it would be simply impossible to elect their man without it. It is now openly said that the Hon. (?) Thos. McGreevy, the man who was expelled from Parliament for dishonest practices as a Government contractor, who was prosecuted by the Government, found guilty and imprisoned for the crime, but soon pardoned because the prison did not agree with him, is to offer himself for re-election, with good prospects of success. Surely it is not so much the Government as the people of Canada who will be on trial at the coming election. If they are ready to condone corrupt methods, wink at the gross dishonesty of public servants, and show by the character of the members they elect that they care nothing for Parliamentary purity, they would be misrepresented should honest men chance to get into Parliament and Government. Like people, like representatives and rulers, is at least as true as its converse.

A Questionable Courtesy.
Not a few thoughtful electors will, if we mistake not, have read with not a little surprise some of the arguments which were urged in the Legislature, the other day, by members of both parties, against the passage of Mr. Haycock's bill to forbid the acceptance of railway passes by members. They must have been still more surprised to note the defeat of that bill by a majority of 74 to 13, in a House composed largely of the supporters of a Government which prides itself on being "Liberal" and "Reform." "The Bill," cries one, "is a reflection upon honourable members," and the remark is applauded. On the same principle every member should feel himself grievously insulted by the law which forbids members to hold contracts with the Government, and every other provision of the Independence of Parliament Act. And

then, have, not "free and independent" electors a right to be sensitive, as well as members. How every elector must be insulted by such laws as that which forbids a candidate for election, or his agents, to give a voter even a cup of coffee or a glass of beer, during an election contest. The idea that an elector could be influenced by so small a courtesy! Where may we be supposed to find a more honourable class of men than those who are selected to sit on the bench as judges, or in the box as jurors? How their cheeks must tingle at the indignity put upon them by Parliament when it forbids them to accept the compliment of even a small gift from some interested party during the progress of a trial. Things must have come to a pretty pass when the most high-minded men in the country are supposed to be capable of being influenced by such a paltry thing as a gift of a few dollars' value. This word "courtesy" which suggests about the strangest and the weakest defence of the present custom was used—*mirabile dictu!* by the venerable Premier himself. We wonder if Sir Oliver would be so narrow as to object to his steward's acceptance of "courtesies" of greater or less value, from the traders from whom he purchases the supplies for the household. Would he countenance the fuss that was made in the Dominion Parliament a year or two since over the acceptance by the managers of certain public departments of certain "courtesies" from those from whom they purchased supplies. Many, we dare say, still hold the old-fashioned prejudice against gifts of pecuniary value being offered or accepted as "courtesies," even from friends, to say nothing of corporations, apart from any question of business relations. Many solvent gentlemen would, we fancy, still regard it as a rather uncomplimentary "courtesy" should a rich stranger, or even a friend, proffer a twenty dollar bank-note or a bundle of lunch tickets as a token of respect either to the person, or to some official position which he might happen to hold.

Another Point
of View.

But there is surely another point of view in which it should not be difficult for the members and adherents of a "democratic" Government and Legislature to place themselves. There is, if we mistake not, a growing suspicion that the freight and passenger rates, especially the latter, on our railways, are altogether too high to be in keeping with the general tendencies of the times to cheapness, or even to be the most favourable for the railways themselves, from the business point of view. No one who gives the question a moment's thought can fail to see that the free bestowal of passes upon a large number of favoured individuals is one of the influences which are directly opposed to a lowering of rates for the masses. In other words, the railroads of the country are, to a large extent, public property, and it is one of the most important and responsible duties of our legislators to see that they are run in the interests of the people. It is further evident that the larger the number of individuals carried free by these railroads, the more difficult it is for them to lower the rates to suit the circumstances of the less wealthy citizens. Or, to put it in yet another way, it is demonstrable, though it scarcely needs demonstration to an intelligent man, that the passes distributed to members of Parliament and other favoured individuals, by the railway companies, are given, in the long run, at the expense, not of the railway companies, but of the patrons of the roads. The people really pay for the "passes" in higher rates for themselves. Hence if our legislators were actuated by a high and far-seeing sense of their duty to their constituents, they would be much more disposed to forbid the giving of free passes to anybody than to accept them for themselves. We feel very like joining Mr. Haycock in the prophecy that in a few years the

Ontario Legislature will see it in this light, and govern themselves accordingly.

A Practical
Scheme.

The proposal that the numerous lots of land now lying vacant and useless within the City of Toronto should be used, according to a plan which has been tried with considerable success in one or more American cities, by handing it over in small blocks for the cultivation of potatoes by the hundreds of men who are unable to find employment in the city, has much to commend it, and offers little ground for objection. The experiment is, to say the least, well worth trying. The cost to the city will be comparatively small. The underlying principle, that of putting a premium upon industry and thus stimulating self-help, is altogether sound. The relief afforded will, of course, be slow in coming, and care must, therefore, be taken that the scheme be not allowed to interfere with prompter methods of supplying the wants of those who may be in the meantime in absolute need. But, on the other hand, it will be no small matter for an industrious poor man to be enabled to raise by his own labour fifteen or twenty bushels of potatoes for the use of his family during the coming fall and winter, and to do this without injury or expense to anyone, save the small sum per head necessary either from the city or from private sources for ploughing and seed. By no means least of the incidental advantages of the plan is that it will tend in many cases, we may hope, to create a taste for the cultivation of the soil. While it might be only reasonable that some allowance in the matter of taxes should be made to the owners of vacant lots who ask it in the shape of remittance of a fair proportion of the taxes on the lands so used, care will be needed to prevent the scheme from being taken advantage of to obtain exemption for lands held for speculative purposes. Many of the owners will, no doubt, decline to accept any consideration for a kindness which will cost them nothing, and do their property no harm.

The University
Commission.

We have no disposition to put ourselves in contempt of court by commenting on the proceedings of the University Commission while in progress, but we take leave to say a word with reference to the report that the two Councils of the University have passed a resolution authorizing the employment of a solicitor to be paid from the general fund of the institution. The argument which has been put forward condemning this action on the ground that it is using the funds which in part belong to students, as including fees paid by them, is, of course, absurd, as the fees are paid for value received, and are, therefore, no longer the property of those who have paid them. But, on the other hand, there seems to be a manifest impropriety in the Councils' being permitted to use the money of the University, that is, the funds its authorities have in trust for educational purposes, for their own defence against charges of incompetence or misgovernment. If either the Faculty or the students feel the need of legal aid before the Commission they should surely procure it at their own expense. The Commissioners are appointed to make a general inquiry into the causes of the trouble between the University authorities and the students. It may be the most convenient and effective way of conducting the enquiry to permit the students to appear by Counsel as plaintiffs and the Faculties as defendants, if the former are willing to put themselves in that position. But it was clearly understood that the Commission was not created at the demand of the students, but in the interests of the University and the cause of higher education for which it stands. If the inquiry

is to be carried on as a trial, in which the Students are plaintiffs and the Authorities defendants, it would be obviously unjust to permit either to have a decided advantage over the other by being able to use public funds for its purposes.

England and
France.

The reply of M. Hanotaux, in the French Senate, to interpellations concerning the points raised by Sir Edward Grey's speech in the British Commons, which was waited for with so much anxiety, while both courteous and clever, was vexatiously indefinite. M. Hanotaux dexterously evaded the main point, which is whether the alleged expedition of a French exploring party into the region of the Upper Nile has or has not actually taken place, while he put his finger upon the weak spot in the logic of the British case, as hypothetically put by Sir Edward, by calling upon him to define the exact limits of the African territory in the Nile region claimed as being within the sphere of British influence. It is very true that the British Government may retort by saying that the claims of France and other Powers engaged in the partition are equally indefinite. But so long as these Powers do not attempt to warn other nations off from given districts they may reasonably enough maintain that they are under no obligation to define their claims. Great Britain, on the other hand, having given such warning to France, in distinct and unmistakable terms, the demand of the latter for a definition of boundaries becomes logical and pertinent. Were it not for the danger arising from the intense anti-British feeling which, from some cause not clearly understood, or perhaps from no definable cause, has of late taken hold of the excitable and mercurial French mind, the situation would be rather amusing. "It is said that you are poaching upon my preserves" cries Albion. "I do not believe the rumour, but if it is true, look out. I can't prevent it!" "If you will have the goodness to tell us where your preserves are and how far they extend I may be able to find out whether any of my brave explorers have crossed their boundaries," replies France, with one of her most graceful courtesies. It cannot be denied that the British Government is cleverly caught between the horns of the dilemma. It must either boldly claim the whole valley of the Upper Nile and face all the ugly issues which such a claim will precipitate, or decline with the best grace it may to follow up the warning conveyed in Sir Edward Grey's strong words.

Great Britain and
Venezuela.

Nothing could be more reasonable or conciliatory than the terms of the statement which the British Government is said to have made to the Ambassador of the United States, in respect to the Venezuela affair. No new territory is desired, no interference with Venezuela's rights or liberties contemplated, but redress is demanded for the hauling down of the British flag and the expulsion of a British Consul. Reparation for such an insult is one of the things which no nation can afford to dispense with. It is the pride of Britain, as it was that of ancient Rome, and has been that of all great nations, that the persons and rights of her citizens, and with even stronger reason, of her representatives, must be protected at all costs and hazards. The indemnity asked for will, no doubt, have to be paid, and paid as a preliminary to further negotiations of any kind. If there is any one kind of dispute which a great nation cannot afford to submit to arbitration it is an offence against the person of her representative or subject. In the presence of this frank and dignified statement, all rumours of aggressive boundary demands, or arrogant disregard in any way of the rights of a weak state, fall to the ground. Weak states are sometimes

tempted to rely upon their very weakness to save them from the consequences of their own misdoings in their relations to the more powerful. Obviously it would never do to overlook such misdeeds through a mistaken magnanimity.

"Tawdry and
Barbaric."

These are the terms by which *The Outlook* fittingly designates the policy, if it may be regarded as such, proposed by Senator Frye, in a speech in true Fourth of July style, made a week or two since at Bridgeport. Lest some of our readers may have failed to see this oratorical masterpiece, let us string together, for their amusement, a few pearls taken almost at random from the dazzling collection:

"For the last two months a member of the English House of Lords, backed by a substantial majority of the English House of Commons, has been in the halls of Congress, begging us in the future to refer all difficulties which may arise to arbitration. Would England have done this thirty years ago? Is she doing it now with Venezuela? No! She only does it with a nation she is afraid of."

"We received this nation of ours so far behind in industrial art that we could hardly see England. We restored it so far ahead of all others that we can see England only by looking back with difficulty through the dust raised by the wheels of our own progress."

"We will place our flag on all the seas of the earth, restore the merchant marine to its place, and will increase our white, strong-armed squadrons so that they shall command the respect of all nations. We will annex the Hawaiian Islands, fortify Pearl Harbour, build the Nicaragua Canal, and marry two great oceans. We will show people a foreign policy that is American in every fibre, and hoist the American flag on whatever island we think best, and no hand shall ever pull it down."

If these were the words of some half-fledged local politician, they would be, as *The Outlook* intimates, unworthy of comment. But they are the utterances of one who is a member of the highest legislative body of the country, and a leader of the party which may shortly come into power again. Hence they are worthy of a certain amount of attention and ridicule. The latter, it is reassuring to see, is being freely bestowed by influential and sensible journals in the United States. So far as the position of the man who uses them makes these inflated periods worth answering, they are well answered by the journal we have quoted: "The true way to maintain the dignity of the flag and command the respect of the world is not to set out upon a career of indiscriminate annexation; it is to make republican institutions synonymous with honour, honesty, and human happiness. We have been grossly unfaithful in our custody of the great idea of free Government. We have identified it in the mind of the world with corruption, inefficiency, and general wastefulness. Our first mission is to rescue that idea from the dirt in which we have trailed it. . . . Before we have acquired another foot of territory let him show us a sound government of the country we already control. Let him inspire his party to break the bondage in which it is now bound hand and foot to corporations in New Jersey, throw off the moral incubus which has crushed the moral life out of it in Pennsylvania, and unseat the boss of Albany, who is making a by-word of the party in this State. Let him show one American city honestly, economically, and efficiently governed, and then the country will be in a condition to turn its attention abroad." These are sensible words and it is well and hopeful that the rebuke is so promptly administered by the better class of journals of Senator Frye's own country that it is hardly necessary for those of other countries to add a word.

The Future of the Unemployed.

THE problem of the unemployed, which just now is so pressing and perplexing in many, perhaps we might say with safety, in all parts of the civilized world, is one of the most serious of present-day sociological questions. The widespread business depression of the moment is, of course, exceptional, and it would be misleading to base any calculations upon a state of things which is abnormal, or to draw general conclusions from facts the causes of which are temporary and passing. Yet to form a reliable opinion on the question to what extent the great amount of want and misery everywhere apparent at the present moment as the outcome of the utter inability of large numbers of men and women, able and willing to work, to find employment at living wages, is the result of temporary and to what extent of permanent causes and conditions is by no means one of the easiest branches of the complicated problem.

Let us premise that we are not pessimists. We do not believe that the proportionate number of the abject poor is increasing, or their state becoming more wretched. Quite the contrary. "There are no more moans in the sunbeam than in the rest of the room." Many are prone to mistake increasing knowledge of evil, for increase of the evil itself. A few years since the question was mooted in some of the leading journals of London, whether the state of the lapsed masses in that great world of sin and suffering was better or worse than in former days. A flood of light had, within a few years, been thrown upon the dark places of the great metropolis by newspaper reporters, Parliamentary committees, missionary workers, and other agencies. By those means the exceedingly "bitter cry" of tens of thousands of famished and degraded outcasts had been brought to the ears of well-to-do citizens, many of whom had previously had no conception of how the other half of their fellow-citizens lived. Hence an idea had become prevalent that the city must be growing worse and worse, so far as the condition of its poverty-stricken and degraded quarters was concerned, and that the terrible misery brought to light must, therefore, be the product of present-day causes. Happily for our hope of the future of our civilization, this view was promptly shown to be a mistaken one. One after another of the aged and middle-aged citizens who had been in a position to know something of the state of things in the city thirty or forty years before, came forward and testified that, bad as the condition of the teeming denizens of those shunned districts confessedly was, it was, all things considered, a vast improvement on that which had obtained in corresponding districts in the younger days of the writers. It was, in a word, shown that there was good reason for believing that a decided change for the better had been and was being gradually but surely wrought in the social and moral condition of the outcasts. One thing was certain then, and is certain in a much greater degree to-day. Never before was so much being done for the amelioration of the lives of the poor and wretched and for uplifting them to higher levels of comfort, intelligence, and morality, as is now being done by the multiform civic, philanthropic, and religious agencies at work.

Admit all this, as we most gladly do, and yet the hard fact meets us at every street corner, stares us in the face in our busiest hours, and haunts us in our quieter moments, that hundreds and thousands of our fellow-citizens are utterly unable to find employment even of the humblest and most menial kind, and many of them, no matter how proud in spirit, or how willing to work, are obliged to accept help from the hand of charity. Could we be sure that the distress is due mainly to temporary causes, and will shortly pass away

with the disappearance of the abnormal state of affairs which produces it, we might be satisfied with temporary and makeshift methods for meeting the emergency. But after making all due allowance for the operation of such causes, is it clear that the main source of the evil will not remain? One source of very much poverty and distress, be its effects temporary or permanent, is unquestionably the progress of scientific discovery, resulting in new practical applications, and the invention and improvement of labour-saving devices, which follow close in the footsteps of such progress. No thoughtful person, not even the intelligent mechanic who is thrown out of employment by some tireless, wantless bit of mechanism, now objects to this progress, or would prevent its labour-saving applications if he could. All perceive that the process is beneficial to humanity, on the whole, whatever temporary hardship it may work to individuals or classes. The man who discovers some new source of power in nature, or invents some new method of hitching her giant forces to machinery for the doing of work hitherto accomplished by human drudgery, is, in his way, a benefactor to the race.

But are those who are the immediate sufferers by the loss of their occupation very far astray in the feeling which is taking possession of the minds of many of them, more or less dimly, that it is unfair that upon them alone should fall the burden of loss which is the inevitable price to be paid for the improvement which is to redound to the benefit of the whole community? May they not fairly argue that the sacrifice which is the price of the gain should be shared by the whole body who are to share that gain? In plain English, ought not the community to see to it that those who are thus the victims of the changes which are working out the common good, should be supplied with some other employment, whereby they can earn an honest livelihood for themselves and their families? Or, as it would be manifestly impracticable to ascertain in every individual case whether the applicant had a just claim on the ground that his living, that is, his trade or employment, has been taken from him—confiscated, so to speak, for the public good—the question assumes the larger form. Ought not the community, for its own highest welfare, and as a means of securing the fullest benefit of all the producing power of its citizens, as well as in justice to the individuals composing it, to adopt some means whereby an opportunity for honest and productive industry should be given to every honest and able-bodied citizen? There would be, of course, innumerable difficulties in detail to be overcome. The question is whether the general principle, which seems to be held in a more or less dimly and undefined shape by many, is sound; or has, at least, "something in it."

A thousand arguments, pro and con, crowd upon the mind, which there is no room here even to state. If it be objected that any such scheme would involve the taking of one citizen's property for the benefit of another, it might be replied that this right is admitted in every public charity. No civilized community now hesitates to take by force, if necessary, some part of the property of one citizen to keep another from starving, or dying for want of medical attention, etc. Nor would it be difficult to construct a pretty strong argument to show that in view of the waste arising from the overlapping of existing charities, from the loss of individual productive power, from the pauperization of those who might have continued to be useful citizens, etc., some arrangement of the kind in question would be the best economy as well as the justest division of the opportunities for labour. Should it be asked in what form the productive industry now unemployed could be turned to account without unfair competition with other producers, the reply is obvious, or at least might be made so had one sufficient space

and time, that it can, under existing conditions, be found in one direction only, that is, in the cultivation of the soil, or in food-production in some form.

We may be permitted to add, in closing, knowing how much there is in a name, that the acknowledgement and application of such a principle would not be socialism or communism, but might, perhaps, be made a most effective means of counteracting both. The unoccupied lands of countries like Canada are practically unlimited. The market for food products is world-wide, and is less liable to be affected by competition than that for any other products of industry. Admit the opposite, or admit the impossibility of the small farmer with his few acres of land and hand cultivation, competing successfully in such markets with the great producers, it is yet true that the industrious cultivator of the soil, with an acre or two of fairly good land at his disposal, need never want for the necessaries of life for himself and family, and the possibility of finding in some system of land cultivation the general principle for the solution of this great problem is granted.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—VIII.

AT ST. JAMES' SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

WHEN Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., pastor of the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, leaves the screening shelter of the reading-desk and comes out from it a step or two on one side or the other, as he does occasionally throughout his sermon, you see that he is a man in the prime of life, and every inch an ecclesiastic. To look at, he is the beau ideal of a churchman, and nobody would ever suppose him anything else. Cultured correctness is in the calm and placid expression of his strong face—clean-shaven, with a well cut nose and a determined chin—in every contour of his compact head, with its short, very closely-brushed, iron-grey hair; in his smile, which like his usual speech, shows a set of perfect and gleaming teeth. The churchman-like *tout ensemble* is added to by the gown and bands he wears, which are like you see in pictures of three hundred years ago. The black silk gown reaches to his feet, and has voluminous sleeves, which are very effective when the preacher raises his arm as he did on Sunday night when he pointed out over an imaginary door of hell, Dante's words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." He pointed out each word as he uttered it so that his hearers saw, in thought, the lurid announcement, duly spaced out over the gloomy portal. The black gown is a very striking background for the immaculate white bands, and as Mr. Jordan possesses natural dignity, and has a high idea of his office, he looks as though he might be anything from a dean to an archbishop. He is a strong, definite man; no dreamer; no poet; no doubter; no mystic. He has a facile and ready delivery, and he cuts off compact chunks of very definite theology and tenders them to you as clearly as if they were axioms in Euclid. You may take them or leave them, but there is no doubt as to what he means by them. The fancy takes you that if he painted pictures they would be sharp and clear, like photographs in which every detail had come up; there would be no nebulous uncertain distance, or shadowy mist. All of which is of the clerical, clerical. It comprehends a good deal of assertion which is left as assertion and nothing more. It comprehends, too, a greater certainty about God, human nature, and the issues of life, than many people are able to feel.

Mr. Jordan has a clear, firm voice, but his pronunciation of certain words is so peculiar that it takes a few moments to become accustomed to it. He has a method of his own in using the vowel sounds a and i. Henry Irving has the same peculiarity, and it is a blemish; though as Mr. Jordan uses it it does not sound uncultivated. "Wayside" sounds, when spoken in this way, something like "wah-sahd."

There are preachers who leave their congregations to infer hell and the devil. Mr. Jordan does not. They are, with him, positive teachings. His sermon last Sunday evening was a special one to young men; the subject of it was "Voices that Misperlead," and the text was from the Book of Proverbs. It might almost more fitly have been, "Your adversary, the devil, goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." I have not for many years heard a

sermon in which there was so much of the Prince of Darkness. He was presented to us not as a mere vague personification of evil. It was Satan himself the preacher was talking about, and no mediæval monk could have presented him with more clearness—the malignant, pervading, subtle enemy of mankind, almost as powerful as God apparently, and accustomed to greet the struggles of humanity toward the right with "peals of mocking laughter." The discourse opened with a description of the devil tempting Eve in the Garden of Eden. This was given so realistically as to bring the matter within the purview of everyone present. "Listen to what the tempter said to Eve." An attempt was made to bridge the thousands of years that are supposed to have elapsed since the Fall. The idea given us of Satan was anthropomorphic. Mr. Jordan's Satan, like Milton's, was simply a very Iago-like human being with extended powers. But that he was a being, a personality, a real malign intelligence, able to go through all worlds and make a sad ruin of the work of the Creator, was what Mr. Jordan would have us believe. He went on to say that when young men were to be tempted to their everlasting ruin the devil did not appear in his own proper person. He spoke to the young man through the guise of one of his friends, one to whom, perhaps, the young man looked up with respect and confidence. It was very natural for young men when they had done their day's work, and done it well, to be anxious to get out to something amusing. The life of the average young man, during business hours, was spent under a roof, and it was the custom of most young men, when they had hurried through their evening meal, to escape to the freedom of out of doors. He (Mr. Jordan) had found this in his attempts to visit young men. When he had devoted an evening to visiting he found that in nine cases out of ten it was impossible to meet with the young men of his congregation he wished to see. Consequently he had set apart Friday evening as a time when he should be glad to see any young man who called upon him, and he was pleased to say that a number of them had responded to his invitation. Well, now, supposing a young man in the condition mentioned: business over and the evening to spare, perhaps the friend said: "You have done well to-day, you have performed your tasks with assiduity, now, to-night, you need recreation, you must have something exciting, something to take your mind off business—you must let yourself go a little, etc." Perhaps he suggested a place of questionable amusement. The preacher did not say the theatre, but that was what naturally occurred to every one's mind. If the young man valued his soul's safety he must regard this suggestion of his friend as inspired by Satan. Or the young man might be fond of music, one of the most elevating and soothing of the arts. But here the Prince of Darkness was present again, and suggested music with unholy associations. The opera was not mentioned, but it was evidently what was in the preacher's mind. Sometimes the devil tried ridicule, sometimes persuasion. When he had tempted a young man astray he was given to displaying his amusement at the unfortunate being's attempt to get back again to the path of reformation and rectitude. Sometimes there was a young man of more than common strength of purpose who made up his mind that come what would he would go back, but, oftener, the victims of temptation, when they heard the demoniac peal of laughter with which the Enemy of souls met their efforts at reformation, went deeper and deeper into sin, and endeavoured to drown the voice of conscience in dissipation.

As this lecture was one of a course, it would be unfair to judge of it irrespective of those that preceded and those which will follow it. Taken by itself, however, it left a gloomy impression upon the mind. It presented the devil as a being of such power and subtlety that it was next to impossible to escape his clutches. He was painted as inspiring our friends, and inspiring us; and very little of the discourse was devoted to telling us how to escape him. We were given the arch-fiend, pure and simple, in all his mediæval dreadfulness, but without the holy water and the sign of the cross to bid him avaunt with. Step by step the personality of the devil was developed until we seemed to see him brooding with his dark wings over all the world. It was he who was waiting for the young man when he had done his day's work well. It was not the Christ who was waiting for him at his rooms, but the devil. Not for him the kindly expression of human sympathy; it was the devil who was behind his friend's companionable smile. There was a net spread

about the young man's feet, the meshes of which it was difficult to escape, and if he got clear of that there was another net, the net of God's judgments. Gloomier and gloomier grew the prospect as the preacher went on. To one who had not for many years heard such a presentation of Satan's all-mastering and next to omnipotent and omnipresent power, it seemed that the only fit conclusion would be for the congregation, if they believed these things, to shrink away in silent terror, for the world was no longer God's but the devil's. They did not do this, however. On the contrary they stood up and sang with great heartiness and vim, that bright and hopeful hymn of the Anglican church:

Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers homeward
To their home on high.

And Mr. Jordan sang with as much heartiness as anybody else. Looking back on his sermon I think it shows that he is a master of the art of preaching. All that he says is put clearly, decisively and definitely. There is no muddle. Every word has its due place and every word tells. The consequence is that his discourses are easily remembered. He is deeply imbued with the traditional theology of his communion, and it is not likely that any doubt will be expressed as to his complete orthodoxy. A kindly man and a strong, who finds in the Bible a sufficient rule of faith and practice, and who is entirely unswayed by the speculations of these later days, and who will not swerve from declaring what he believes to be the "whole counsel of God."

The congregation, though not crowded, was large and eminently respectable, people of a high and intelligent type, who are accustomed, to judge from their appearance, to plain living and high thinking. Living the higher life of self-restraint and faith in God leaves its mark on the outward appearance of men and women just as every other sort of life does, and you may remark that as you look around the pews of the St. James Square Presbyterian Church. There is no ornate singing—the quaintly paraphrased psalm at the beginning of the service, and plain, old-fashioned, but well beloved hymns, with a voluntary and interlude on the organ while the collection is being taken up, make up the musical part of the service. The church is a handsome building and the acme of compact comfort. There is but little colour in its decorations, but it has much architectural beauty and fitness. The thought occurs to you that it was designed by an architect who loved gothic, but had been brought up a Presbyterian. I went to hear Mr. Jordan preach there some time ago, on a Sunday morning, but his place was occupied by a stranger. In the pew before me, on that occasion, I noticed Sir Oliver Mowat, who, I believe, attends this church.

J. R. N.

Religious Education in Schools.—II.

THE advantages of giving religious education in separate or denominational schools are obvious. There a definite creed can be taught to those who are willing to accept, to children whose parents consider themselves bound to have their offspring instructed in the faith to which they themselves adhere. Could not this system be further extended? This is the question which naturally occurs to the mind. And some proposals were made, a year or two ago, in the Anglican Synod, with a view to obtaining for members of the Church of England in Canada the same privileges which are enjoyed by members of the Church of Rome. There is very little doubt that if Anglicans could agree among themselves, and if they were as resolute in demanding denominational education as the Romans have been, they could get it. But these conditions are not likely to be fulfilled. The Church of England boasts of her comprehensiveness, and she has some right to do so; but she must also pay the penalty. She has "the faults of her qualities."

Then, with regard to the other reformed communions, there is not the least prospect of their demanding or wishing for separate schools; since the great mass of them—all, in fact, except the Unitarians, and perhaps the Baptists—would be contented with the same kind of school, their religious opinions not being so far different as to necessitate separate instruction for their children.

Since, therefore, there is small prospect of the extension of the denominational system, the question comes as to what should be done. That this subject is worth considering few

will deny. Doubtless there are many quite convinced that nothing more can be done. There are even some few who believe that nothing more ought to be attempted. But few, at least, can be satisfied with the present state of religious knowledge among the young. The condition of things is better here than in the United States. Of this statement the truth seems to be absolutely certain, judging from the testimonies which come to us from men of all shades of opinion in the American Republic. But very few will allege that the knowledge of the Christian religion possessed by the children attending our public schools is anything like satisfactory. Most of them do not possess a superficial acquaintance even with New Testament history, to say nothing of Old.

Now, it can hardly be contended that the history of the origin of the Christian religion is a matter of indifference. Shall children be taught the story of the American Revolution, and the English Revolution, and the Great Rebellion, and learn nothing of events which not merely revolutionized states and governments, but which lie at the foundation of all reforms and beneficial revolutions? Christianity is part of the history of the world, and the most important part, and should certainly not be ignored. Something more should be done, therefore, than is now done, and it should be done more regularly and systematically. But how?

In the first place, it is quite obvious that no one would wish to impose religious instruction of any particular kind, or at all, on children whose parents disapproved of it. But it is equally apparent that such children should be put to study some other subject during the time of religious instruction. The children who are taught the elements of Christianity should not be made to feel that the hour or half hour appropriated for this purpose is taken out of their play-hours, and that there is a penalty to be paid for being a Christian.

In the second place, the time given to religious instruction should be at the beginning of the day, in the first half hour of the morning's work, and not at the end of the forenoon or afternoon when the child is fagged and his attention must be languid. On every account this is desirable; not only because of the freshness of the children's minds, at the beginning of the day, but because the very contact with such subjects may be expected to prepare the scholar for more conscientious attention to the work to be done afterwards.

So far, perhaps, there need be no great difficulty. But it is different when we begin to ask what shall we teach, and how shall it be taught? Let us begin with the Bible, and herein with the "Scripture Readings for use in the Public and High Schools of Ontario." The revised edition of this book now lies before the writer; and it is not only better than the first edition particularly in giving references to the books from which the extracts are made, but it is a very good book indeed. It is absurd to complain that it has extracts only, and not the whole Bible. Every church follows the same course. The English Church and the Roman Church have selections in their office books; and the communions which have no Liturgies practically follow the same course. Anyone who really knew the contents of this volume would have a very good knowledge of the Bible.

The book, however, is a somewhat costly one; and therefore it is suggested that only the teachers should have copies; and that the children should be provided with copies of the complete Bible, which can now be had for almost nothing. If any human being is so constituted that it would hurt his conscience to have Bibles supplied free, as grammars and geographies are supplied, it would be quite easy to provide copies of the sacred volumes at the expense of the churches.

But now we come to a more difficult question, and perhaps it will be necessary to return to this again. Few will be contented with the mere reading of Scripture extracts, and how is it possible to supply instruction in doctrine? Different methods have been suggested, all presenting certain difficulties. But it is not proved that these difficulties cannot be surmounted.

In the first place, it might be possible to draw up a statement of Christian doctrine which no ordinary Christian would object to, and the extraordinary one might be provided for by a conscience clause. The Nicene creed will be accepted by all Christians, Roman Catholic and Reformed, except Unitarians. And, if that were not approved, some other Formula of Concord might be agreed upon.

Another way would be to get clergymen and laymen to give instruction to the young of their own communions on certain mornings in the week. We believe that this is actually done at the present time in several schools throughout the province. The ministers of the different communions get together the children belonging to their own denomination and instruct them in its doctrines before the secular teaching begins. Surely there need be no great difficulty about this. How many Christian ministers are there in Toronto? How many of them would object to giving one or two half hours in the week for this most necessary and useful work? And then there are the laymen belonging to the different guilds and brotherhoods—to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, to the Epworth League, and other societies—many of whom could and gladly would assist in this work. So much is here offered by way of suggestion, and whether these or some better ways shall be adopted, there is at least need that something should be done.

WILLIAM CLARK.

Easter Hymn.

Christ arose!
On the first day's early morning,
With no trumpet note of warning;
Calmy spurning hellish foes,
Silent victor, Christ arose.

Christ arose,
Where the loving hands had laid Him
Still in death, ere they had paid Him
Earth's last rites, ceased this repose;
Forth to meet them Christ arose.

Christ arose,
Soaring up with angel pinion
From the depths of hell's dominion,
Never more on Him to close,
Once for ever Christ arose.

Christ arose,
Death's cold clutch from off Him shaking,
Soul and body newly waking;
King of Terrors, to oppose,
Vainly struggled. Christ arose.

Christ arose,
When the spirits long in prison,
For the welcome "He is risen"
Had been taught to harken. Those
To deliver Christ arose.

Christ arose!
He has spoiled sin of its wages,
And with sinners now engages,
All to free from coming woes
Who rejoice that Christ arose.

Christ arose!
So shall all our loved ones sleeping
Rise to life that knows not weeping.
Death is life to him who knows
That as man the Christ arose.

Christ arose,
And the fatal time is nearing
Of this endless reappearing,
Heaven's great secret to disclose,
For whose rising Christ arose.

Christ arose!
So we keep our Easter morning,
Waiting till, the clouds adorning,
Blast of trump the archangel blows,
"Rise ye dead, since Christ arose."

C.

Tariff and Colonization.

It is strange that although population and capital, which follows population, are recognized as the two main desiderata of a new country, in the reported speeches of the present political campaign, we have seen no direct reference to the relation that the tariff question bears to the all-important interests of colonization.

It has frequently been observed that the tide of population throughout Western Civilization has for some years been steadily flowing from the country to the cities. The growth of this movement appears to have been cotemporaneous and parallel with the spread of education and the increasing

facilities of communication, the one affording the desire, and the other the opportunity. At the same time the movement has been further stimulated by the fall of price in the products of the farm and the consequent lowering of the profits to be made in the occupation of farming.

In Canada we find no exception to this rule. In 1881 the urban population composed 22.8, in 1891, 33.2 of the total population of the Dominion. It is well known that work is not nearly so plentiful in the cities as the applicants for work: it is evident that, with the continued spread of education, the movement to the cities must increase and the standard of ability necessary to ensure success must be constantly rising. At the same time, all will admit that the man, who is only so far successful as to make a bare living, enjoys a more healthy and pleasant life in the country than in the crowded back purlieus of a great city.

This is indeed the great problem of the age. We may try to ignore it, we may try to defer the consideration of the question to a more convenient season, but some day it must be faced—and solved. We have a sharp reminder every year in the demand upon our charity. It is safe to say that in the last two years hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in charity in both Montreal and Toronto. While in New York, it has been stated that the enormous sum of \$22,000,000 was expended during the winter of 1893-4 in the maintenance of the unemployed. In Canada, as we are well aware, the movement has a further significance, for it is chiefly from the surplus population of the cities that our citizens drift to the United States.

We cannot change human nature; the speculative possibilities of city life must always have an attraction to a large number of men. It is evident, then, that we must first find employment in the cities, which will again stimulate the industry of the farm, and we must further supplement this by the publication at regular intervals of the real condition of the labour market and the spread of accurate information respecting employment in the cities side by side with the education of the young, by the scientific conduct of home colonization among our own people and the intelligent improvement of both the social and profitable sides of country life, in which field indeed, if we may believe the reports of the experiments lately made at Halle, in Germany, electricity would seem in the near future to be destined to work a transformation. These are as yet unexplored fields, but it is gratifying to note that under the protective policy of the Canadian government, between the years 1881 and 1891, the amount of wages paid increased over \$40,000,000, while the number of men employed in manufactures increased over 112,000, a population which, it must not be forgotten, directly or indirectly, gave employment to a host of merchants, artisans and professional men.

On the other hand free trade, we are told, will give us activity in the carrying trade, cheap living, low prices and low wages. Activity in the carrying trade will bring additional profits to the stockholders, mostly foreign, of our railway companies; cheap living will be appreciated by our salaried citizens, but it will facilitate the movement from the country to the cities in search of occupation without affording employment. Low wages and low prices will, we submit, through change of mind or of country, gradually empty the Dominion of many of the advocates of free trade.

What draws a man from one country to another? What leads young Canadians to go to American cities? The prospect of a higher wage or a higher commercial profit. Not one man in ten ever calculates on the cost of living, although this, indeed, is recognized by our Canadian Banks who make an extra allowance to the clerks in the branches in the American cities. And so, with increased high wages under a high tariff Government in the United States and the lowering of prices in Canada, we may expect that country to draw more young men from Canada and to attract a greater proportion of the emigrants from Europe.

Another feature appears to have been overlooked by our political economists: While under free trade the markets of Canada will be thrown open to the world, the tariff wall of the United States still remains unlowered, unless, indeed, the people of the United States, who have not been persuaded by the public spirited example of Great Britain, should be so impressed with the intelligence or magnanimity of the Canadian voter, as to follow his example. Just as, under the stress of the McKinley Bill, many of the manufacturers of England,

who are largely dependant upon the American market, came across the Atlantic to make arrangements for the transfer of their factories and men to the United States, and as under a Canadian protective policy, American manufacturers have in late years established branch factories to catch the Canadian trade, a movement which is gradually growing as the Canadian market becomes appreciated, so, under a free trade policy, it will pay the Canadian manufacturer to move his establishment over the border, in order that he may have access to the markets on both sides of the line, and the ambitious border towns in the United States will gladly pay a bonus to cover the cost of moving. If the farmer's son, educated at the public expense, now finds it difficult to secure employment in the nicer occupations in Canada and is inclined to look abroad for a means of livelihood, he will then be able to hesitate no longer, for, the factory hands following their employers, they again must be followed by the merchants and professional men, who are dependant upon them for a living.

The existence of parties appears to be necessary to carry on the Government of the country. The rough hewing and shaping has been completed, and in a country with no foreign policy and an eminently democratic Government, little remains to be done, but the work of development and administration. The Opposition parties, therefore, both in the Dominion and Provincial Houses, find it difficult to discover any public question, outside of questions of expenditure and religious strife, which they can make a party issue. To this we must attribute the persistent and protean character of the tariff policy now presented to the country. With a revenue tariff, annexation to the United States, and Commercial Union already rejected by the people, and free trade as it is in England, now placed before us, every phase of the question would appear to have been exhausted. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is no force which, in late years, has retarded the prosperity and development of this continent so much as the uncertainty of tariff, and there are few questions of public interest more complicated and more difficult for the masses, or, for the matter of that, for the most educated to understand, which is, indeed, amply demonstrated by the vacillating character of popular sentiment in the United States. So long as tariff remains the great party issue, there must always be a leaning towards extreme views, arising from the Opposition of parties and the natural tendencies of popular Government, and, consequently an ever present danger of a radical change in the policy of the Government at each general election. It would be the greatest boon both to Canada and the United States if this question could be eliminated from the domain of party politics, if some general outline could be accepted, and the details settled by a committee representing both of the great political factions.

It is not within the scope of our subject to dilate on the impossibility of raising a sufficient revenue in Canada without a protective tariff, on the absence of analogy between the conditions of England and of Canada, on the distinction between Free trade and Fair trade, and on the growing feeling in England in favour of protection, first evidenced by Lord Salisbury's well-known utterance in the Midland counties, when he told the impatient manufacturers of Great Britain who found their markets cut off by the McKinley tariff of the United States, that it seemed that the time had come when nations would have to fight and defend themselves by the tariff; but it is a circumstance, not without a peculiar significance that there is less to be said for free trade than for any of the other policies which have been placed before the people, and, if the electorate of Canada give substantial evidence of the recognition of this fact at the approaching elections, it is not impossible that this desirable end may in the not far distant future be attained. Not only would manufacturers and capitalists be reasonably secure then in making investments, but the valuable time and thought which has hitherto been lavished upon the tariff question and the energies which have been devoted to the discouragement of immigration by publicly decrying the country, its Government and resources, in order to further party ends, might be concentrated upon the equally, if not more, important and urgent problems of scientific colonization, the intelligent cultivation of the soil and the development of the vast natural resources of the country.

ERNEST HEATON.

The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

A STRANGE senses taking. The editor of a Berlin political publication has sent a question paper to the French editors, and Frenchmen of mark, as to their present views and feelings, in a word, their "State of Soul" respecting Germany, since Emperor William has of late given so many proofs of esteem and cordiality towards France and her people, and above all, in sending an invitation to the blow-out at Kiel. It is to be hoped that the innocent German will publish a selection of the replies in all their beauty. The responses of Madame Adam, of Messrs. Rochefort and Deleronde, for example, would be worth reading. Next July will be twenty-five years since France declared war against Germany, and has since kept the peace. There is no reason why another quarter of a century or two ought not also to be peaceful. We have had in history wars of one hundred years. Why not peace for a similar period?

This is the age of amalgamations and concentrations. The projected marriage of the Duc d'Aceste, nephew of the King of Italy, and the Princess Helene, sister of the Duc d'Orleans, will unite the families of the two pretenders, who have the fewest phantom chances to the French throne, viz: the Prince Victor Napoleon, who leads a life of the mouse in a Dutch cheese, at Brussels, and the Duc d'Orleans, more fussy and fidgety, but not an inch nearer the goal, who roams England and the continent—France excepted. The Princess is madly in love with the young Duke, who is very handsome, very wealthy, and a dashing young artillery officer; he returns the passion of the Princess. Love laughs at locksmiths, at political and even religious barriers. His Holiness has been the first to take pity on the lovers by declaring that although the royal family of Italy be excommunicated, that does not prevent King Humbert's nephew and heir presumptive—after the Prince of Naples—to the Italian crown from wedding the girl he loves. Her grand-uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, will settle three millions of francs on her—she is his favorite niece. All the lovers have now to do is to pray to the gods to annihilate time and space, to make them definitely happy.

Premier Ribot has advanced, theoretically at least, socialism a good peg or two, by clothing in elegant and official language, the application of "equality" in the relations between capital and labour. Ordinarily that limb of the democratic *triplice*—fraternity, liberty, etc.—figure as a fly on the facades of the public buildings. In all contracts between capital and labour, employers and employed, one man, M. Ribot maintains, is a good as another, and both sides ought to bring to bear a kindly and generous spirit in their mutual relations, reciprocal liberty with reciprocal respect. The employer ought not to exercise any despotic authority when discussing conditions of contract with his operatives; both must be *ex equo*. The State is an employer of hands, to manipulate tobacco and to fabricate lucifer matches. A strike in connection with the latter drew M. Ribot, and hence his declarations; he put them in practice, too, as the engineers of the State, and worker's delegates met on equal footing to investigate griefs and to apply kindness, etc., to arranging the quarrel.

The Omnibus Company's servants have not been so fortunate. They had a very long list of abuses against their Council Board. The conciliation project of kindness and generosity, etc., quickly experienced a shrinkage, as the Board simply told the delegation, from their hands, "to be off." Nothing would be examined or conceded, hence only 5,000 omnibus employees have voted the strike. M. Ribot's Sermon on the Mount social economy has thus not immediately permeated capitalists. The bottom of the dispute is this: The Omnibus Council Board is a little too oligarchic; their servants would like to see the busses not a private monopoly but municipalized—and citizens are of that opinion also; the servants would be better paid, the public cheaper transported, and provided with better facilities. If the men hold out for a week, the Municipal Council can declare the Buss Company's monopoly annulled, as one clause so decrees it, in case the company ceases to run its vehicles three days in succession. To obtain new drivers and conductors within a week is impossible; and the Prefect of Police would be slow to grant a license to an improvised driver, charged with a jugnault buss and 54 passengers—*au com-*

plet, to say nothing of the citizens in the streets liable to be jellied.

M. Octave Uzzane is a book worm and has been sent to Egypt by the *Figaro* to look around and make a Joshua report of the country so as to bring water to the mouth of the nations, not in possession of the land like the British. M. Uzzane's observations are original. He admits that since the English cleared out Araby Pacha they have materially developed the country and fixed up the finances, thanks to the assistance of France. That will be news to Lord Cromer who is said to be a most humorous man with all whom he comes in contact, the Khedive excepted, whom Lord Cromer apparently never visits without bringing the birch with him. The correspondent does not believe the English have the slightest intention of evacuating the country; every year they remain clinches their permanent grip more and more. He recommends France to take a leap in the dark and compel John Bull to retire. It is the first time that solution has been proposed; there is nothing to prevent France trying it—save the consequences. One power can declare a war but it requires two to make peace.

The weather at last commences to supply proof that the end of the world, by refrigeration, as some philosophers predict, is not yet at hand. The sun, in addition to shining and smiling, radiates heat. Gardeners commence to part with their sepulchral looks—I am aware of three who acted as coal porters during the winter—and farmers are less droopy. Coals have fallen in price and wheat has an upward tendency, which is better than to be on the down grade. Merchants and traders discount the signing of peace between China and Japan. It is no harm to hope for that result, especially if it will open up the Chinese Empire to trade. The Son of Heaven would be wrong to expect that even when he fixes up the quarrel with his cousin, the Mikado, the Western powers will remain silent onlookers, should he resume the old tactics of boycotting foreign devils. The prestige of China is destroyed. Only in commercial and industrial efforts can she expect to win forbearance and to merit success; her resuscitation is at that price. Dismemberment, henceforth, throws its shadow across her chamber door.

The Communists of all shades, and their name is legion, celebrated the "18th of March, 1870"—birthday of their plan for the regeneration of France, especially by "fire"—which purifies everything—with plenty of gaiety. There was nothing fee-faw-fummish to make even a squeamish monarchist or a bloated capitalist uneasy. The troops were not consigned to their barracks, nor were extra squads of police held in leash. The anniversary meetings were numerous. The "upper ten" communists feasted and *fêted* in hotels, but the rank and file were invited to come to meetings and to bring their own creature comforts with them—that avoided discussion of bills of fare. Picnic people never start into insurrection. The trysting places—inside, of course—displayed fewer red and no black flags; instead, the walls were ornamented with the names of the heroes of the Commune who died for the cause. Some of the survivors have feathered their nests; one is a millionaire in America, another is Senator, some are deputies, one even is a French Ambassador. All the guests drank, but not in solemn silence, to the 35,000 Communists mowed down by Thiers, MacMahon, etc., etc. Plenty of poetry was recited, short plays acted, and on the stroke of midnight, with Cindarella punctuality at all the meetings, the *carmagnole* was sung—quite a jolly jig air and then danced to. The meetings formally voted resolutions condemning the presence of the French fleet at Kiel. Deputy Janies, the very able leader of the socialists and a born orator, seized the occasion at one of the midnight picnics, to declare that the socialists had no confidence in the promised reforms of the Government; the *proletariat* will construct itself, step by step, the ladder that will assure its accession to supreme power.

Coquelin, the actor, had been cast in his suit with the Comédié Francaise theatre and has to pay costs, plus a fine of 500 frs. for every time he plays without the consent of the Comédié Francaise. He acts all the same at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre and his fee, 500 frs., is seized every evening he is on duty and lodged in court till his appeal be heard. The latter has no chance of success, because it is really the state that prosecutes Coquelin for breach of contract.

Bad business in all professions in many countries appear to synchronize. There is one that merits more than a passing notice, that of the theatre. The poor actors appear to have no law, and less justice on their side, and it is to be hoped that the Emperor of Germany, who has taken the matter up, will succeed in his projected reforms for the evils are also common to France, and the remedy as needed. No artist can be engaged at a theatre, save by the services of a theatrical agent, who has the first bite out of the actors wages. Even should the latter contract an engagement directly with a manager, he must pay the agent, whom he does not even know, all the same. And that fee is deducted even should the manager become bankrupt after a few representations. Henceforth, in Germany, no manager will be allowed to open a theatre or engage a troupe unless he gives solid security for the rent, gas, and salaries of his artists. There is yet another iniquity to remove; artists, whether German or French, if engaged for a month, can be dismissed summarily at the end of a fortnight, without any compensation. It is to be hoped that a deputation from the sock and buskin world will wait on Premier Ribot, and claim his help, to apply the principle of "equality" between two high contracting parties to be established. In the height of the season, an actor may be sent adrift from an Antwerp theatre, for the abuse exists in Belgium, and by the end of the season may find himself stranded at Marseilles, having wandered over France seeking employment. Emperor William ought to issue a sumptuary decree, regulating the stock of wardrobe glories of an actress; the gaudy costumes cover often defective talent, for fine feathers do not make fine birds. Sardou has made bankruptcy permanent in theatres by his scenes, fitted up and out with artistic upholstery, and dresses to match ruinous staging.

The cab fare difficulty does not yet appear to be resolved; the drivers dislike the experiment of one franc per first 15 minutes. Then the horo-mile measure is not yet the one thing needful, it lacks simplicity and surety, and will require a calculating boy to work the clock machinery. Each apparatus costs nearly 100 frs.; that for the 5,000 cabs of the "general" company's vehicles, means an expenditure of half a million of francs, and result, uncertain.

The pictures that are now most admired, and that fetch the artists most money, are those whose subject is a group of celebrities, in their best known attitudes. After all the greatest study of mankind is man, save woman. A young painter had next to finished, for the coming Salon, a group of the leading "Ladies of the Republic." There was much negotiation employed to engage them to consent to be painted together. At last a triangular duel ensued between three of the beauties, and the artistic party was broken up. But the painter will not suffer any loss; each of the dissidents has offered to pay his bill, on condition that he will destroy the canvass. Such iconoclasm was never known since Mrs. Mackay, wife of the Silver King, burned her portrait, as painted by Meissonnier, or since Mr. Whistler washed off the head of his Lady Eden.

Mashers had better beware of mantraps in Paris. One, quite a won't-go-home-till-morning swell, had a row with a cabman a few days ago, at 2 a.m. A policeman was called to decide, but feeling unable to give a Solomon decision, invited both of them to follow him to the Commissary of Police. The latter was none other but M. Goron, the ex-chief of the detectives. He heard the case for both sides. "I think I have seen you before at the Central Police Office," said he to the Masher, with the gold eye glass, kid gloves, and smelting of musk and insolence. "Impossible," replied the Masher. "Your address?" "At Colombes." "Have you any identity papers on you?" "None." "Then I arrest you till I ascertain who you are." M. Goron drove to Colomber; found the Masher had a splendid apartment, etc., but discovered a vast correspondence; the Masher was the head centre of a society of forgers, swindlers of stolen values, etc. Goron then brought the Masher to have his head and ankle bones measured; his identity was soon established; he was a recidivist, had put in three years in prison, and had been sentenced eight times for thefts. Important arrests in the capitals of the world will follow that "find."

The Telegraph-Cable Commission has been "two years at work," studying how to cut out English companies. Result of its labours, recommending the laying of a 30 mile cable at Obock! And when the cable, Marseilles to Tonkin, direct?

At Street Corners.

ONE of the anomalies of this city is discovered by a journey to the top story of the Canadian Institute. There, in a room that is but little visited, is one of the finest ethnological collections in the world. It comprises Indian relics gathered from all points in Ontario and from places far beyond Ontario's boundaries. There are fragments of ancient pottery and priceless whole specimens of pottery. There is a splendid collection of Indian pipes, Indian weapons, Indian tools. There is a unique collection of Aztec remains.

This collection is the work of years of loving research on the part of Mr. David Boyle, one of the best known ethnologists of the continent; a man who is in correspondence with the foremost ethnological scholars of the world. He has toiled in season and out of season to make this collection what it is. Considering its value from an historical point of view it ought, as a matter of course, to be set out in cases in a proper museum. If it were it would be an attraction that people would come miles to see; that would give interest to this city and raise it in the eyes of the world. It is such a collection as Paris, London, New York, Philadelphia or Chicago would be delighted to possess.

The anomaly is that there is not enough public spirit on the part of the city of Toronto to take hold of it. There is not a member of the Ontario Government who would lift a finger to keep this unparalleled set of relics from going to destruction by fire, or from being lost by carelessness. The Canadian Institute recognizes its value and has spent some money in making the collection, but it has not sufficient funds to place it where it ought to be in a properly appointed museum.

Surely these illustrations of the past history of Canada are worthy of preservation. Some day when the fire bells ring and the top story of the Canadian Institute is seen in flames, we shall all come to the conclusion that if ever there were fools in the world we are they for suffering a collection which, for variety and excellence, will really compare with anything of the kind in the world to be so badly housed.

A friend of mine had been living comfortably in his rented house for more than a year when he was confronted the other day by a peremptory demand for taxes due by the landlord and amounting to a sum equal to several months' rent. This same landlord had always taken particular care to collect the rent promptly, but had given my friend no inkling of the fact that he was short of money and could not pay his taxes. When told of the circumstances he simply said he had no money.

My friend was contemplating removing his residence. He now saw that unless he went on living in the house he would have no chance of recouping himself, supposing he paid these taxes that the landlord owed. While he was thinking what was the best thing for him to do, "lo and behold," a bailiff was put in the house and signified his intention of sending for an express wagon and carting off my friend's furniture if the taxes were not at once paid. And on investigation my friend found that there were other dues for ground-rent for which his furniture was liable to be seized. The abominable injustice of the situation is manifest. It would appear that unless we, who live in rented houses, make constant enquiries as to whether city taxes are paid by our landlords we are liable to an instant demand for perhaps hundreds of dollars that we never owed.

The street-corners are cleaner now than they were, so that it is a little pleasanter to linger about when a friend heaves in sight and has a word or two to say. The only people I try to avoid are the quidnuncs who have nothing to do but exist, who have a comfortable income, and who come down town every day just to see "what's on" and to bore busy people.

These people are always trying to get some sensation into their jelly-fish personality by drawing on your stock of vitality. They say "Well! what's the best word?" and immediately compose themselves for a long gossip. They are wandering stars, slow-bellies, excrescences on busy life. They never did anything for me and if they want conversation let them go and get it with those of their own sort. I like to see old buffers talking to each other, but they

should know better than to seek to cast their flabby tentacles around live and busy men.

Mrs. Langtry's portrait as plastered around the city on walls and boards seems to be an admirable presentation of the characteristics of that much talked of woman. But I have seen many washerwomen whose faces were far pleasanter to the discerning eye. Why don't we plaster drawings of these on our vacant spaces? I stand up for the good old hardworking washerwomen.

Adieu for a time to posturing aestheticism and the senseless cant of art. Philistinism is a thousand times better, bad as Philistinism is. But do not let us lose sight, in our panic, of the art that is pure, and honest, and sane, and consolatory. Let us send hysterical whims to Hades and cherish only the healthy and virile. DIOGENES.

* * *
Letters to the Editor.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Hitherto we have had only expressions of opinion from publishers and politicians in the hunt for votes, and the vital point at issue has been completely ignored.

It is not a question whether a wrong has been done to Canada by not allowing her to legislate as to copyright, nor whether United States publishers are to be allowed to flood the Canadian market with British authors' works printed in the United States, but the crucial question is, whether the authors, engravers, printers, sculptors and photographers of the country are to be deprived of the vast benefits of the Berne Convention at the bidding of a few clamorous publishers. When a cause is bad, false issues are always raised. It does not matter one iota to the public where the books are printed and bound, provided they are cheap and good, and it must be conceded that we can get a cheaper and better class of work from Europe and the United States.

Last year I had the privilege of paying Canadian publishers about \$1,100 for a limited issue of a work on the Patent Law of Canada, some of which has been sold in European countries, as well as in the United States, and my attention has been drawn to copyright matters, both as a lawyer and in my daily practice as a Solicitor of Patents, and my firm, Ridout & Maybee, is even now procuring Canadian and European copyrights for a client for a work of universal interest; so I claim to be better posted generally than the public who are ignorant of the rights which are being thrown away to obtain this mongrel Act of 1889, by the passing of which our membership in the Berne Convention is severed, and our privileges destroyed. By simply obtaining a Canadian copyright the protection of the courts, without further registration, is obtained throughout the United Kingdom and all its Colonies and possessions, also in Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Luxembourg and other places. In the recent case of Harfstengel v. Baines & Co., 1895, I.A.C., p. 20, "The Empire Theatre Living Picture Case," the right of suit in British Courts was conceded to a German copyrighter, although no registration had taken place under the British Copyright Act. The only condition precedent to obtaining copyright in the foregoing countries is that the formalities prescribed by law in the "Country of Origin" must be complied with—ten years are allowed within which translation may be made, and authorized translations are protected the same as original works.

By the British Act of 1842, copyright was obtainable covering all the Colonies, etc., provided the work was first (or simultaneously) published in the United Kingdom, and it was immaterial whether it was printed in the United Kingdom or whether it was written by a British subject or not; this has ever since been the policy of British statesmen who aimed at the benefit of the masses and the encouragement of art and literature in the country; printers and publishers could not dictate the policy of the Government to suit themselves as unfortunately has been the case both in the United States and Canada. Why should Canada at the bidding of publishers, printers and a portion of a noisy press pursue a policy of isolation and make this country take a step backward of fifty years towards the Dark Ages to pander to a few who will never benefit much by the Act of 1889, if it ever should become law. There have been International Copyright Acts in the United Kingdom, 1844,

1852, 1875, with the principal countries of Europe: the Berne Convention was merely an enlargement and consolidation of these Acts. No literary man or artist who understands the matter and the privileges which are being thrown away, has asked to have the foolish Act of 1889 become law: indeed, it would be folly to suppose so. Canada and the United States are both far behind Europe in art, science and literature: reputation and progress among the nations of the world do not count when the Almighty Dollar steps in. The United States, however, have separate international treaties with all the foreign countries named of the Berne Convention (except Spain and Luxembourg) and also with Denmark and Portugal, which are not members, while poor Canada, with suicidal folly, will, by the passing of the Act of 1889, be completely isolated, and will not retain even the reciprocal advantages granted us by the Imperial Act of 1886.

The Act of 1889 imposes impossible conditions on British authors, whose property is to be taken without their leave, and, besides that, is so badly drawn as to embody several glaring mistakes, so that lawyers will be able to derive the traditional "coach and four" through it in the usual manner; on a future occasion I may take this up.

The official returns from the *ad valorem* duty of 12½ per cent. on reprints of British works hitherto collected in the Canadian Customs since December, 1850, for British authors and now happily ended, show what a farce the collection has been, and arouse grave doubts whether much of the beggarly ten per cent. royalty provided for in the Act of 1889 would find its way to the pockets of the British author.

JOHN G. RIDOUT.

103 Bay Street, Toronto, April 3rd, 1895.

DR. GRANT'S ULTRAMONTANISM.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR.—In your issue of March 15th, Mr. Herbert Symonds reviews Principal Grant, of Kingston, and says that the following is an "illuminating passage:"

"According to Ultramontanism, revelation is the opposite of reason . . . according to Christianity, revelation is the complement of reason."

One wonders if either author or reviewer ever read an Ultramontane, that is, a Catholic book, with understanding—with "a meeting soul." That hint might be impertinent, if Cardinal Newman's words were not literally true that there is nothing absurd enough for wise Protestants to think about the Catholic Church.

May a correspondent humbly suggest that another word of Cardinal Newman's is worth calling to mind, viz., that so many arguments are useless because people do not agree about the premises? That is applicable—is it not?—to Catholic and Protestant discussions where "Faith" is concerned. For, to quote the same writer again: "Faith was—in the Catholic sense—an intellectual act; its object, truth; its result, knowledge."

That leads to some quotations—almost at random—to illuminate the illuminating: but such might be found in any Ultramontane book. These ones following are from Father Hecker, the New England "Transcendental" convert:

"If Christianity be presented to men in such a way as to leave but the one choice, either to become fanatics or to profess no religion, where is there one who possesses a spark of reason, or has a manly feeling in his breast, that would not rather stand aloof from all religious sects, and pay such worship to his Creator as accords with the dictates of Reason and the inward convictions of the soul? Reliance on the rational convictions of our nature is the first of all duties." [*The Aspirations of Nature*, 5th ed., p. 27].

"Endowed with Reason, man has no right to surrender his judgment. . . . The assent of Reason to truth is not the subjection of Reason, but its sublimest assertion. . . . Let the light of Truth be our guide. Let Reason be our Authority. We fear not to follow where they point the way. What contradicts Reason, contradicts God." [Ib. pp. 33-34.]

"There is no degradation so abject, as the submission of the eternal interests of the soul to the private authority or dictation of any man, or body of men, whatever be their titles." [Ib. p. 40].

And these from the other New England wanderer, Brownson:

"In becoming a Presbyterian I abandoned the use of reason; in becoming a Catholic I used my reason. In the one case I submitted because I despaired of reason, in the other, because I confided in it. . . . All the objections usually urged against believing on authority, were valid against my act of submission to Presbyterianism. But my act of submission to the Catholic Church was an intelligent, a reasonable act. . . . Presbyterianism contradicted reason; Catholicity was above reason, indeed, but still in accordance with it, and therefore credible without violence to reason or nature. In becoming a Presbyterian, I had to surrender common sense, and give up my natural beliefs and convictions; in becoming a Catholic, I had very little to reject of what I had previously held. I have found, on reviewing my past life, hardly a single positive conviction I ever held that do not still hold, hardly a denial I ever made that I would not still make if divested of my Catholic faith. I fell short of Catholicity, but in no instance where I faithfully followed reason, did I run counter to it." [*The Convert*, chap. XIX.]

Or as a Jesuit writer says: "Far from us be those (Protestant) declarations, which in the name of God and of the human race, demand the dethronement of reason." [Fr. Russo. *The True Religion*, Chap. III.]

But then these Ultramontanes do not find the Protestant notion of original sin as a doctrine of the Catholic Church *plus* the goodness of God.

Surely it is time for Canadian intelligent Protestants not to be behind the age; but rather to begin to be able to take Catholics at their word, as to what is, or is not, "according" to their faith. Else they must be objects for Mark Twain's question: "What is the use of knowing so many things that are not so?" W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

University of New Brunswick, Fredericton,
April 2nd, 1895.

The Confessions of an Agnostic.*

THE intellectual conversion of Mr. G. S. Romanes, from a position of reasoned scepticism to an attitude of reasoned belief, is an event in the history of the thought of our time. The volume before us is edited by Charles Gore, the well-known editor of *Love Mundi*. It is admirably done. The preface of the editor contains a summary of Romanes' agnostic positions. Then we find two papers which mark the movement of his mind, and finally the "Notes" which are, but imperfect fragments of a projected work whose aim would have been not unlike that of Mr. A. J. Balfour, in his recent remarkable work "The Foundations of Belief."

Mr. Romanes is well-known as the author of several works bearing on Darwinism. He occupied a distinguished place in contemporary Biology. His mental history is quickly told. In 1873, at the age of twenty-five, he gained the Burney prize for an essay on "Christian Prayer considered in relation to the belief that the Almighty governs the world by general laws." Three years later he published, under the pseudonym, "Physicus," a work entitled "A Candid Examination of Theism." This work showed that in the interval his mind had moved rapidly and sharply into a position of reasoned scepticism as to the existence of God. The remarkable passage in which he sums up his position, will serve not only to make clear what that position was, but also to reveal what manner of man Romanes was.

"So far as I am individually concerned, the result of this analysis has been to show that, as regards the problem of Theism, it becomes my obvious duty to stifle all belief of the kind which I conceive to be the noblest, and to discipline my intellect with regard to this matter into an attitude of the purest scepticism. And forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although from henceforth the precept 'to work while it is day' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. For whether it be due to my intelligence not being sufficiently advanced to meet the

* "Thoughts on Religion." By the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Charles Gore. M.A. Canon of Westminster, (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1895. \$1.25.)

requirements of the age, or whether it be due to the memory of those sacred associations, which to me, at least, were the sweetest that life has given, I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in those words of Hamilton: Philosophy having become a meditation, not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept *know thyself* has become transformed into the terrific oracle to Oedipus.

'Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art.'

The confessions of the man who can write like this will be worth reading.

At what date George Romanes' mind began to react from the conclusions of the "Candid Examination," it is difficult to say. The Rede lecture of 1885 marks a change in his frame of mind. This lecture on "Mind and Motion" is a severe criticism of the materialistic account of the gradual evolution of mind. Some time before 1889 he wrote three lectures for the *Nineteenth Century*, on the "Influence of Science upon Religion." These lectures were not published. But as they contain an important criticism of serious errors in the very foundations of the "Candid Examination of Theism," they exhibit very clearly a stage in the mental history of their author. In these papers, two of which are here published for the first time, Romanes examines the line of demarcation which ought to separate the Province of Science from that of Religion, and his conclusion is that "In their purest forms, science and religion, really have no point of logical contact . . . for it must be admitted that behind all possible explanation of a scientific kind, there lies a great inexplicable, which, just because of its ultimate character, cannot be merged into anything further, that is to say, cannot be explained."

This naturally leads to an examination of the "Doctrine of Design" in nature. We must refer the reader to the second paper where this question is examined with all the knowledge of the biologist, the skill of a metaphysician and the candour of an earnest seeker after truth. The result reverses the decision of earlier years: "In view of these considerations, therefore, I think it is perfectly clear that if the argument from teleology is to be saved at all, it can only be so by shifting it from the narrow basis of special adaptations to the broad area of Nature as a whole. And here I confess that to my mind the argument does acquire a weight, which, if long and attentively considered, deserves to be regarded as enormous." Having come to the conclusion that the order of nature points to mental agency in creation, Romanes frankly confesses that there is "an apparent absence in Nature of that which in man we term morality." As a result the witness of Nature and the witness of the religious instincts conflict. Accordingly Romanes closes this page of his mental history with these words:

"With reference to the whole course of such reasonings, we have seen that any degree of reasonable probability, as attaching to the conclusions, is unattainable. From all which it appears that Natural Religion at the present time can only be regarded as a system full of intellectual contradictions and moral perplexities."

Romanes now devoted himself to a study of a great number of books on "Christian Evidences" and began to plan a work to be entitled "A Candid Examination of Religion," as an answer to the work of his youth:

"I have since come to see that I was wrong touching the basal argument for my negative conclusion. Therefore, I now feel it obligatory on me to publish the following results of my maturer thought, from the same standpoint of pure reason. Even though I have obtained no further light from the side of intuition, I have from that of intellect."

Romanes at this point raises the important question, "Has God spoken through the medium of our religious instincts?" This inquiry leads to the following interesting confession:

"When I wrote my earlier work, I did not sufficiently appreciate the immense importance of *human* nature, as distinguished from physical nature, in any inquiry touching theism. But since then I have seriously studied anthropology (including the science of comparative religions), psychology and metaphysics, with the result of clearly seeing that human nature is the most important part of nature as a whole, whereby to investigate the theory of theism. This I ought to have anticipated on merely *a priori* grounds, and no doubt should have perceived, had I not been too much immersed in merely physical research."

We cannot go into the splendid sections on "Causality" and "Faith," and the important distinction which our author draws between "Pure Agnosticism" and "Popular Agnos-

ticism," though these are the pivot points of his argument and constitute the *raison d'être* of his work. One criticism we venture to make: Romanes does not appear to be alive to the debt which he owes to Kant. He censures Kant for teaching "that there is nothing objective in the relation of cause and effect,"—Did Kant teach this or only that we cannot have any "*knowledge*" of it?—and then proceeds to develop an argument which certainly appears to us to be substantially an appreciation of Kant's contention as set forth in the preface to the "Critique of Pure Reason." Indeed, for some time it has seemed clear to us, that if we had given more heed to Kant's claim that his criticism would put an end to "dogmatic unbelief" by division of territory, the great conflict between Science and the Faith would never have arisen. However this may be, and whether or not he is indebted to Kant, we are grateful to Romanes for reminding us that we may safely allow science to bring the universe under the Empire of Natural Causation, and that then it is open to move the ulterior question—what is the nature of natural causation? And only faith can answer whether it is mechanical necessity or the freedom of God, which accounts for the kosmos.

So far it will be clear that two lines of thought operated in the conversion of Romanes' mind to Theism, (1) the evidence of Intellectual agency in Nature, (2) increased respect for the moral and spiritual nature of Man. It remains to note that a third line of thought gradually drew him towards a position of faith in the Christian religion. The objective evidences in favour of the truth of the Christian religion more and more impressed themselves upon him. This cannot be better stated than in his own words—which may prove a mirror for many minds:

"Moreover, in those days, I took it for granted that Christianity was played out, and never considered it at all as having any rational bearing on the question of Theism. And though this was doubtless inexcusable, I still think that the rational standing of Christianity has materially improved since then. For then it seemed that Christianity was destined to succumb as a rational system before the double assault of Darwin from without, and the negative school of criticism from within. Not only the book of organic nature, but also its own sacred documents, seemed to be declaring against it. But now all this has been very materially changed. We have all, more or less, grown to see that Darwinism is like Copernicanism, etc., in this respect; while the outcome of the great textual battle is impartially considered a signal victory for Christianity. Prior to the new Biblical science, there was really no rational basis in thoughtful minds, either for the date of any one of the New Testament books, or, consequently, for the historical truth of any one of the events narrated in them. Gospels, Acts and Epistles were all alike shrouded in this uncertainty. Hence the validity of the eighteenth century scepticism. But now all this kind of scepticism has been rendered obsolete, and forever impossible. . . . An enormous gain has thus accrued to the objective evidences of Christianity."

George Romanes having recognized that it was "reasonable to be a Christian believer" returned before his death to full communion with the church of Jesus Christ which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego. In his case the "pure in heart" was, after a long period of darkness, allowed, in a measure before his death, to "see God."

We regret that we have not found room for many of our author's fine remarks on the subject of the world regarded as a school of moral probation, and also as to the reasons why faith and not reason ought to be the test of divine acceptance. Pascal and Butler have evidently been laid under contribution and the disciple is worthy of such teachers. We cannot forbear from one more quotation in which Romanes reminds us that St. Augustines' *confessions* are but the classical expression of the eternal needs of the human heart—

"Which is miserable without God. Some men are not conscious of the cause of this misery. This, however, does not prevent the fact of their being miserable. For the most part they conceal the fact as well as possible from themselves, by occupying their minds with society, sport, frivolity of all kinds, or, if intellectually disposed, with science, art, literature, etc. This, however, is but to fill the starving belly with husks. I know from experience the intellectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation, and artistic pleasures; but am also well aware that even when all are taken together and well sweetened to taste, in respect of consequent reputation, means, social position, etc., the whole concoction is but a high confectionary to a starving man. He may cheat himself for a time—especially if he be a strong man—into the belief that he is nourishing himself by denying his natural appetite; but soon finds he was made for some altogether different kind of food, even though of much less tastefulness as far as the palate is concerned."

Andrews' History of the United States.*

AMERICAN critics differ very widely with respect to the value of this new history of the United States. But those who favour the book appear to be somewhat at a loss when trying to give grounds for their approval. We have found the work distinctly disappointing. The author's literary gifts are few and feeble, and his sense of proportion poor and uneven. He is most painstaking and fair-minded—except when dealing with foreign matters—but he never rises above the recording secretary style, never imparts dramatic interest to his story, and seldom displays any feeling in what he is writing. Judging from this history we should suppose President Andrews to be possessed of a strong rather than a fine intellect, and to have very little imagination. He tells a straightforward story with some terseness and vigour, but he has not the qualifications of an historian. He is an annalist.

It is claimed in the preface that this history utilizes more than any of its predecessors the many valuable researches of recent years into the rich archives of the United States and other countries. The claim is justified. President Andrews corrects several errors made by his predecessors, he having had access to materials of which they had had no knowledge. He is justified, too, in claiming accuracy in all references to dates, persons, and places, "so that the volume may be used with confidence as a work of reference." We have not found a single error in these particulars. But when President Andrews speaks of his "scrupulous proportion in treating the different parts and phases of our national career, neglecting none and over-emphasizing none" we at once begin to quarrel with him. His most favourable critic has ventured to hint that the author's sense of proportion is not all it should be. Some important events are described with every attention to detail; others equally important are passed over with a touch both light and uncertain. A Canadian reviewer naturally expects to find some explanation of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. But no explanation is given, though large space is devoted to discussing the Treaty, and the effects of its abrogation in Canada and the United States. The author does not appear to know who took part in negotiating the Treaty of Washington for he mentions no names. So little is said of the Behring Sea Arbitration and its causes that the subject might have been omitted for all the information the sentence or two contains. One smiles at the descriptions given of sea fights and battles, the point of view is so very American. Especially is this the case when writing of the war of 1812. He magnifies the achievements of American warriors, devoting many pages to recounting their bold and valiant deeds, but has not a word to say concerning the several defeats which they suffered. It is all very high and mighty and great—but it is not history. It is buncombe. President Andrews is very funny when he dilates on the "wrongs" suffered by American fishermen at the hands of cruel Canada. And what were these "wrongs"? The fishermen were not permitted to regard Canadian harbours as their own private property. It is very pathetic. Altogether, the fish business is a sore topic with the author of this book. He gets a little cross about it. Perhaps that is why he is not always consistent when writing of the settlement effected by the Washington Treaty.

The Boston *Literary World* reviewed President Andrews' book a few weeks ago. The reviewer expressed his regret that he "found himself unable to read every page of a narrative so firmly handled. . . . so copiously illustrated by pertinent details." He did not say why he was unable to read the book. He leaves that to our imagination. *The Literary World's* reviewer was very discreet.

* * *

Miss Stoddart's biography of Professor Blackie is now almost ready for publication, although some delay may be expected while the Professor's correspondence, which has been placed in Miss Stoddart's hands, is gone through for material.

* "History of the United States." By C. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. With maps. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. \$4.

Recent Fiction.*

IN the Year of Jubilee," by George Gissing, is, or rather aims to be, a description of the life of the lower middle class in the great metropolis. It is, however, rather a caricature than a description. The book contains hardly one respectable character, and is certainly not written *virginibus puerisque*. The characters are mostly half educated people, frivolous, mean and sordid, without a single high or elevated idea among them. We believe the book to be a libel on the class it attempts to depict. Having said this, however, we hasten to add that in many ways the book is the most powerful we have yet had from Mr. Gissing's pen. If the characters are caricatures they are remarkably well drawn. One or two of them are worthy of Dickens himself. One especially, Mr. Samuel Bennett Barnby—"the Prophet," as his enemies nickname him—is a joy to the reader where ever he appears. Let him speak for himself, as he escorts two young ladies to view the illuminations on the day of Jubilee.

"I shall make this the subject of a paper for our Society next month—'The Age of Progress.' And with special reference to one particular—The Press. Only think now of the difference between our newspapers, all our periodicals of to-day, and those of fifty years ago. Did you ever really think, Miss Morgan, what a marvellous thing one of our great newspapers really is? Printed in another way it would make a volume—absolutely; a positive volume; packed with thought and information. And all for the ridiculous price of one penny!"

He laughed, a high, chuckling, crowing laugh—the laugh of triumphant optimism. Of the man's sincerity there could be no question; it beamed from his shining forehead, his pointed nose; glistened in his prominent eyes. He had a tall, lank figure, irreproachably clad in a suit of grey; frock coat, and waistcoat revealing an expanse of white shirt. His cuffs were magnificent, and the hands worthy of them. A stand-up collar of remarkable stiffness kept his head at the proper level of self respect.

"By the bye, Miss Lord, are you aware that the Chinese Empire, with four hundred million inhabitants, has only ten daily papers? Positively only ten."

"How do you know?" asked Nancy.

"I saw it stated in a paper. That helps one to grasp the difference between civilization and barbarism. One doesn't think clearly enough of common things. Now that's one of the benefits one gets from Carlyle. Carlyle teaches one to see the marvellous in everyday life. Of course, in many things I don't agree with him, but I shall never lose an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Carlyle. Carlyle and Gurdy! Yes, Carlyle and Gurdy; those two authors are an education in themselves."

He uttered a long "Ah!" and moved his lips as if savouring a delicious morsel.

"Now here's an interesting thing. If all the cabs in London were put end to end,"—he paused between the words gravely—"what do you think, Miss Morgan, would be the total length!"

"Oh, I have no idea, Mr. Barnby."

"Forty miles—positively! Forty miles of cabs!"

"How do you know?" asked Nancy.

"I saw it stated in a paper."

The girls glanced at each other and smiled. Barnby beamed upon them with the benevolence of a man who knew his advantages, personal and social.

Then there is Luckworth Crewe, the pushing advertising agent, and Jessica Morgan the awful example of the results of cramming for examinations—and many others. All the characters are clearly drawn and stand out well.

The two chief characters, hero and heroine we suppose we must call them, are Lionel Tarrant and Nancy Lord.

* "In the Year of Jubilee." By George Gissing. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Peter's Wife." By Mrs. Hungerford. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Beyond the Dreams of Avarice." By Walter Besant. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. London: Chatto & Windus.

"Old Brown's Cottages." By John Smith. Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Rubies of St. Lo." By Charlotte M. Yonge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Sphinx of Eaglehawk." By Rolf Boldrewood. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"A Man of Mark." By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Far from the Madding Crowd." By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan's Colonial Library. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

They marry early in the book for reasons sufficient if not creditable. Lionel leaves Nancy in a way which almost amounts to desertion; they come together after the usual misunderstandings and complications; and start married life again on lines which the author, no doubt, means us to take as the example of what married life ought to be. He is unfortunate, however, in his selection of examples.

Readers of Mrs. Hungerford's stories know what to expect. Certain stock characters and certain stock situations appear in all her books. There are the young girl brusque and hoydenish, and the man of position sober and sedate. He discovers her in an awkward position, sitting up a tree or with bare feet, and she vows to hate him ever afterwards. Later on he saves her from being tossed by a cow or caught by the tide, and they get married, sometimes early in the story, sometimes late. "Peter's Wife" is no exception to the rule. These two parts are played by Nell Prendergast and Sir Stephen Wortley, and as Mrs. Hungerford has a bright and pleasant way of telling her story her numerous readers will enjoy the history of their love affair. Still they are not Peter and his wife. Their story is a sad but usual one. Peter's wife, who is Nell Prendergast's sister, has been separated from her first lover by her matchmaking mother, and thinking she has been deserted by him has married Peter. After a year or two the original lover turns up. Explanations follow. She is on the point of eloping with him, but is prevented by Nell. Then she confesses all to Peter, who is very angry. Next her lover dies and Peter softens. She falls very ill and Peter forgives, and all ends well.

A new book by Walter Besant we always take up with eagerness, though not perhaps with the same eagerness as when he had Mr. Rice as his partner. "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" is his latest book, and exhibits the intimate knowledge of almost forgotten districts of London and the didactic purpose for which we now look from him. It tells the story of a gigantic illgotten fortune which carries with it the curse of its origin. On the death of the last owner it would naturally fall to a young doctor, who has been brought up in ignorance of the possibility of his coming into such an inheritance. When he learns of its existence he learns also of the way in which it has been amassed. At first he resolves to have nothing whatever to do with it. The absence of an heir and the immense amount of the fortune soon gets abroad. Claimants, who can prove some connection with the family appear in shoals from all parts of the world. In bringing these before us Mr. Besant shows himself remarkably skillful, as also in making clear the varied degrees of relationship to the last possessor of the fortune. These claimants belong to every class in life, but on them all has fallen the shadow of the curse which the inheritance ever brings with it. Lucian, the young doctor, now resolves that, if he does not take the fortune, nobody else shall, and from that point it is an easy step to resolve to take it himself. From the very beginning his wife has refused to have anything to do with a fortune so tainted, and on this resolve, to which he comes despite her entreaties, she leaves him. This is a heavy blow to him, but the desire for this great wealth is too strong to be resisted, and he proclaims himself the heir. For a very brief space of time he enjoys the sensation of being the wealthiest man in London, when suddenly all his dreams are shattered by the discovery of a will, by which he is deprived of every cent of the fortune. For a moment he is crushed, and then he realizes that a great temptation has been removed. His wife returns to him, and everything is as it was before he was carried away by his desire of wealth. There is not a great deal of movement in the story, and the stage is somewhat crowded with actors, but Mr. Besant succeeds in keeping them distinct, and in his descriptions of them lies the chief interest of the work.

"Old Brown's Cottages" by John Smith is the latest volume in the Pseudonym Library. It is a series of short sketches of village life in England. The inhabitants of each cottage are in a few words vividly brought before us, and the book gives us a clear idea of their manner of life. The sketches are supposed to be written by a lady who is the district visitor, and she, though a somewhat shadowy personage, is the connecting link between the six cottages. There is a good deal of insight, power, and human interest in the book, slight though it is.

In Macmillan's blue and gold series we have a charming little story by Miss Yonge, "The Rubies of St. Lo." It is a

domestic story, such as the author has for so many years been successfully writing, and will find many readers, especially among girls. It shows the same knowledge of girl life, and the same deep religious feeling, which have always marked Miss Yonge's work.

In the same series we have "The Sphinx of Eaglehawk" by Rolf Boldrewood. Mr. Boldrewood here tries his hand at imitating Bret Harte, and not without success. It is the story of a lady, who, for reasons disclosed in the narrative, for a time takes the position of barmaid in a rough inn in an Australian mining-camp. There is plenty of excitement in the book—abduction, robbery, and murder, and it ends in the triumphant marriage of the heroine with a baronet.

"A Man of Mark" is not one of Anthony Hope's best stories, but yet it is good enough. Most novel writers would be glad to have produced it, and most readers, though they may recognize its inferiority to the Dolly Dialogues or the Indiscretion of the Duchess, will still find enjoyment in reading it. The Man of Mark is the President of a South American Republic, and the story is told by the young manager of the branch of an English bank establishment in the capital of the Republic. We are not going to tell the story, which is of the usual very modern type for which we look from Mr. Hope. Suffice it to say, that the politics of Australand are sufficiently exciting, and the complications and extractions therefrom are distinctly Anthony Hopeian.

We have also received "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy. We are glad that Messrs. Macmillan are not restricting themselves in their Colonial Library to new works, but are republishing the works of our modern novelists. Those to whom Bathsheba, Gabriel, and Sergeant Troy are old friends will be glad to welcome them again in this excellent edition, and to those who know them not we say, "Hasten to make their acquaintance."

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BRIEFER NOTICES.

Chocorua's Tenants. By Frank Bolles. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. The Riverside Press: Cambridge. Price \$1.00.)—Chocorua is the name of a mountain and the tenants are its birds. A natural scientist, we suppose, could tell from their names where the mountain is, but as there is no direct statement on the part of the author and the birds of whom he sings are not of any uncommon species, we are left to our imagination. But stay—"The Maryland Yellow-throat" may be a clue to the locality. Be that as it may, the poems are all written in the Hiawatha metre, and there is a similar intermingling of Indian names. Perhaps the best of them are on the "Log-Cock," apparently a species of our common wood-pecker, the whip-poor-will, and the kingfisher. The author has evidently made a study of the habits of the birds. There is no "Ode to a Skylark." The following is a specimen of the way he can at times present a picture; he is speaking of the kingfisher and one can almost see the actions described:—

Flash! a jet of white and azure
Leaves the sandbank, clips the water,
Rises to a blasted maple,
Drooping o'er the Bearcamp eddies.
Hark! Again the forest quivers
To the harsh and jarring challenge,
And again the fish are startled
By this plunge beneath the waters.

The publishers have left nothing to be desired in the general appearance of the book and some very pretty views are interspersed throughout.

Greek Studies. A series of essays by Walter Pater, late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. (New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison. \$1.75.)—The extended review of the English edition of this important collection of essays which appeared in a recent number of THE WEEK renders a mere mention of the American edition all that is necessary. It is uniform in style with the other works of Pater so well known to American and Canadian readers. Like all the books which come from the great firm whose impress it bears it is faultlessly printed and excellently bound. We have a decided weakness for these red-bound books of Macmillan. THE WEEK is indebted to Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchison for this copy of the book.

Periodicals.

Music for April contains several articles of genuine interest to musicians and amateurs, notable among which being "Music and Mysticism," Chopin's Last Concert, "Johannes Brahms," by W. S. B. Matthews, "Musical Progress in America" and "Women in Music." Besides these are the "Practical Teacher" and "Editorial Bric-a-Brac" which every one reads. On the whole the magazine is more than holding its own, and promises better things for the future.

In *The Expository Times* for April a very interesting discussion occurs in the Notes of Recent Exposition, on the celebrated text, "Thou art Peter;" and various devices are resorted to. We agree with the editor that the theory of interpolation is the most possible and renders the anti-Papal side suspected. Taking the words in connection with New Testament history they present no real difficulty. Among the other articles in this number we may mention Miss Jourdain's on "Dante's Use of the Divine Name," W. Woods' "Hebrew Prophecy and Modern Criticism," Rothes' "Exposition of I. John." The reviews are excellent and the short notices nearly all of value.

The pleasant pages of *Ontiny* for April are filled with illustrations and bright sketches from far and wide. From India are "A Tiger Hunt," "The Fallen City of Theebaw," and "Lenz's World Tour"; Japan yields a sketch of its mountaineers; Illinois, "Number 58," and "The National Guard"; Mexico, "A Bullfight"; Honolulu, "Duckshooting in a Crater"; Athabasca, a poem; Jersey, "Cycling in the Pines"; Italy, "Spring in Rome"; New York, "Rigging and Sails"; California, "How Greyhounds Hunt"; Wisconsin, "Jacking for Pickerel"; Michigan, "The Conversion of Trapper Lewis"; Maine, "Spring Birds"; Scotland, "The Piper of Crag Ailsa," while the scope of editorials and records covers sport the world around.

The April *Arena* opens with a paper on "The Higher Criticism as Viewed by a Liberal Scholar," the author being Mr. J. H. Long, M.A., LL.B. He writes with force and precision; and is both tolerant and reverent. Those who are interested in Oriental philosophy will find food for reflection in Dr. Hensoldt's paper, "A Plea for Pantheism." Mr. John Ransom Bridge, who knew Madame Blavatsky intimately, furnishes some interesting pen pictures of her, and his portraiture can not be said to be flattering. But Madame Blavatsky remains one of the most puzzling personages of the age. If a humbug—which we think she was—she was a very intellectual one. It is a relief to turn from Mrs. Peeke's discourse about the "mission" of practical occultism to Mr. Pepperell's paper on the Hon. Thomas B. Reed. It is as sharp as you please, and much to the point. Professor Frank Parsons begins a series of articles outlining the scope of the New Political Economy, the first paper dealing with "The People's Highways." It should be read by all who feel the importance of a settlement of the railway problem. There are other good articles in the number.

We always take up *The Atlantic Monthly* with pleasure. It is wholly free from the wild sensationalism and screams for popular notice which characterize too many of Uncle Sam's periodicals. It is dignified in tone, and is conducted with great good taste and discernment. The April number contains installments of the two serials now running: "A Singular Life," by Mrs. Phelps Ward, and "The Seats of the Mighty" by "our" Gilbert Parker. Mr. George Birkbeck Hill contributes the first of his papers "A Talk over Autographs." If the rest of the papers are as good as this first one the readers of *The Atlantic* have a treat in store for them. There is much that we should like to quote did space permit. A delightful article on "Flower Lore of New England Children" is a timely contribution from Alice Morse Earle. Mr. J. J. Greenough and Prof. Tolman have papers of much educational interest, and Mr. J. F. Kirk supplies a study of Macbeth. One of the most appreciative tributes to Robert Louis Stevenson which has yet appeared comes from the pen of Mr. C. T. Copeland,

and is printed in this number, together with a short memorial poem by Mr. Owen Wister. Amongst the reviews is a notice of Shaw's "Municipal Government in Great Britain" which was commented on at length in *THE WEEK* immediately on its publication. Some good poems and the usual excellently edited departments complete the issue.

The complete novel in the April issue of *Lippincott's* is "Alain of Halfdene," by Anna Robeson Brown. It is a sensational tale of the sea of the days when Washington ruled. A paper on "Cheap Living in Paris" by Alvan Sanborn is of considerable practical value. Some of the statements will astonish those unfamiliar with this side of Paris life. One can live much more cheaply in Paris than in Toronto. "Bucolic Journalism of the West," by Mary Stickney, is immensely amusing, especially to pressmen. The specimens given are worth preservation. Mme. Melba, the Australian, one of the chief attractions of to-day's lyric stage, writes pleasantly of "Grand Opera." She wishes to impress upon laymen that the salaries of opera singers are not at all too high when one considers the amount of cultivation required. "Woman's Lot in Persia," is described at length by Wolf von Schierbrand. She seems to have a very stupid and dull time of it, poor soul. Professor Charles G. D. Roberts contributes a quatrain. Here it is:

"Penning his Comedy called 'Man,' the Master

Who shapes his word in symbol and in trope
Made love a gay enigma of disaster,
And life an epigram on the tomb of hope."

The Ladies' Home Journal for April—a very good number, indeed—contains an excellent article on "The True Mission of Woman." We quote the following paragraph with approbation:—"But whatever certain adventurous women may think about it, it is sufficiently clear that Nature has certain pretty decided opinions of its own on the matter, and that Nature has so wrought its opinions into the tissue of woman's physical constitution and function that any feminine attempt to mutiny against wifehood, motherhood and domestic 'limitations' is a hopeless and rather imbecile attempt to escape the inevitable. All the female congresses in the world might combine in colossal mass meeting and vote with passionate show of hands that woman's sphere is coincident with the sphericity of the globe or even of all the heavens; but the very idiosyncrasy of her physical build and the limitations essentially bound up in it will sponge out her mass meeting resolutions as fast as she can pass them. It is well enough for her to say that she wishes she were a man; but she is not, and till she is, she might as well succumb to the fact that God and Nature had very different intentions for her from what He had for her brothers, and that He recorded His intentions in a way that He has taken some pains to prevent her being able to forget. I am really sorry for those women that wish they were men; I wish they were, it would be such a relief to the rest of us, as to them."

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Literary Notes.

The next volume of Mrs. Garnett's translation of Turgenieff will be "On the Eve."

An interesting book on "The History of the Fan," in course of preparation by Macmillan & Co., will include chapters on fan-painting, by Miss A. Flory, and one on fan-collecting, by Mrs. Frederick Rhineland Jones. Many fans have been reproduced for it by Mr. Bierstadt by the artotype process, some from photographs, but the majority from the original fans belonging to such well-known collectors as Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Butler Duncan and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

"Tryphena in Love" is the quaint title of a new story by Mr. Walter Raymond, whose "Love and Quiet Life" is now the sensation of the day in England; it is full of the freshness and life, of vivid touches of local colour and picturesque details, yet written with the tenderness and sympathy and artistic discernment that made his first work so justly famous. It forms the first volume of the dainty

linen-covered "Iris Series" of illustrated modern novels, published by Macmillan & Co., among the future volumes of which are promised works by Jane Barlow and John Davidson.

In February last Mr. W. R. Eastman, Secretary of the New York Library Association, sent a list of 237 of the leading books of 1894 to the librarians of New York and other States, to obtain from them an expression of opinion respecting the best twenty-five books of 1894 to be added to a village library. When the lists were returned, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" was found to be easily in the lead, followed closely by Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution." It is interesting to note in this connection that Macmillan & Co. have just published cheap editions in paper of these books.

J. M. Dent & Co., in England, and Macmillan & Co., in America, are about to publish an edition of Balzac's works which, as a thoroughly excellent edition in respect both to translation and to press-work, will supply a great want for English readers. It will be under the direct editorship of Mr. George Saintsbury, who, in addition to writing a full introduction to the series and shorter introductions to each novel, will supervise carefully the entire translation. The illustrations will be in the form of etchings, and will be fully up to the standard of excellence maintained throughout.

Macmillan & Co. will publish shortly "Select Passages from Ancient Writers Illustrative of the History of Greek Sculpture," by Mr. H. Stuart Jones, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. It will contain, of course, much information as to works of art which are either lost or known only by copies executed in later times. The author begins with ancient opinions about the beginnings of Greek sculpture. He then passes to the record of archaic and transitional sculpture, the age of Pheidias and Polykleitos, and sculpture in the fourth century B.C. The schools of Pergamon and Rhodes are dealt with in an appendix.

"Lord Rosebery," writes the *London Spectator*, "has conferred a pension of £100 a year on Mr. William Watson, on whom, we think, he might well have also conferred the Laureateship, without risking the condemnation of any judgment worth considering, unless Mr. Swinburne's earliest plays, "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Erechtheus," should be set against Mr. Watson's noble lyrics and odes. Even then what Mr. Swinburne has achieved in fire, richness, and melody would not outweigh the lofty and singularly crystalline beauty of Mr. Watson's elegiacs, and the delicate humor of his more familiar verse. It does Lord Rosebery great credit to have singled out Mr. Watson's for this honour, all the more so that the general drift of his verse, whenever it touches, as it sometimes does, the fringe of political events, indicates a tone of thought and feeling with which the Gladstonian party would not be in perfect sympathy. But political distinctions are lost sight of in the glory of all true poetry."

Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, author of "Early Missions in Western Canada," a work of much erudition and research, has arranged with William Briggs for the publication of his forthcoming volume "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula." This interesting work, the publisher announces, will be a valuable addition to the general history—as it is, of course, more particularly to the Roman Catholic history—of this Province, and will add materially to the already established reputation of the author. Beginning with the Franciscan friar Dallion, who, in 1626, visited the great neutral tribe, whose hunting grounds stretched from the Genesee to the Detroit narrows, the Dean traces, with his characteristic skill and accuracy, the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the Niagara peninsula down to the present day. His description of the Neutral tribe, known as the Attiwandarons, the archaeology of the nation, their domestic habits and forms of government, is, perhaps, the most complete extant. The book will be profusely illustrated, and will, no doubt, have a large sale among those who are interested in the history of the primitive tribes of the Dominion. The publisher has done wisely in putting the subject matter

into large, clear type, similar to that in Parkman's works and Mrs. Edgar's "Ten Years of Upper Canada."

* * *

Music.

Mr. Heinrich Klingenfeld's Orchestra gave its first concert in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, April 2nd, and, it is gratifying to be able state) with a great deal of success. In the comparatively short time the orchestra has been in existence, the musical effects produced under Mr. Klingenfeld's direction shows the nature of his training, and the skill he possesses as a drill master. The *crescendos* were wonderfully well done, and although the band did not always play together, and that sometimes the intonation was uncertain, yet, for all this, one felt that these were faults arising from immaturity and inexperience on the part of many of the players, and is moreover natural to all amateur organizations. But these can be easily overlooked when one remembers the vim and dash with which some numbers were played, notably: Suppe's "Overture" and Strauss' Valses "Morning News," although the remaining selections (which I, however, did not hear,) Gounod's Faust and Mendelssohn's Athalia March received likewise commendable interpretations. The soloists were Miss Ethel Burnham, violiniste; Miss Florence Marshall, pianiste; Mrs. Klingenfeld, soprano; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Mr. Fabiani, harpist. These all had well merited successes, chief among which, however, being that achieved by Miss Marshall and Mr. Hahn. The former played Beethoven's C Minor Concerto, with the difficult Rheincke Cadenza, in a style reflecting the highest credit on her skill and ability. The apparent ease with which she overcame the numerous difficulties and the beautiful quality of tone she elicited from the piano was marked by everyone present, who applauded her most enthusiastically when she had finished. She then came out and played Mendelssohn's Spring Song, in a clear, cut, brilliant style. For her years her self-assurance and energy is quite remarkable. Mr. Hahn is genuinely musical and has the talent to become a most excellent artist. He played Goltermann's Romance with such purity of tone and warmth of expression that an encore was demanded and good naturedly responded to. Mr. Hahn is young and I for one predict a brilliant future for him. Mrs. Klingenfeld sang effectively and also received an encore. Miss Ethel Burnham draws a good bow, is a clever young lady, but seemed to be a little overweighted with her number "De Beriot's Fantaise de Ballet; a less pretentious selection would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory all round. The audience was fairly large and appeared to thoroughly enjoy the evening.

W. O. FORSYTH.

NOTES.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's seventh organ recital in All Saints Church was given by the skilful organist last Saturday afternoon, and again the programme contained only works of the highest character. These were, Bach's Chorale "Valet Will ich dir geben," S. S. Wesley's "Andante" in G, Best's "Fantaise" in F. Salome's "Offertoire" in D flat, Mendelssohn's "War March of the Priests," and a couple of numbers by Guilman. In the matter of organ playing Mr. Fairclough has done excellent work, his recitals being most comprehensive and singularly interesting, not only because so many choice works have been presented, but because of the brilliant and artistic manner in which they have been performed. Every organ student in the city should not fail to attend these recitals, always given on the first Saturday afternoon in the month; the last one for the present season to be given the first Saturday in May at 4 p.m.

Mr. A. S. Vogt has removed to 64 Pembroke Street.

The eleventh in the series of weekly piano-forte recitals by pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher was given in the presence of a musically-cultured audience in the Music Hall of the Conservatory, on Thursday evening of last week. This recital was by Miss S. E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., F. T. C. M., a young lady of high ability and attainments, a successful teacher of piano

and organ at the Conservatory of Music and organist of the Central Presbyterian Church of this city. The compositions she played were selected from the works of Chopin, Grieg, Paderewski, Jensen, Saint-Saens, Rubinstein and Liszt, and embraced three double numbers, a triple number and a trio for piano, violin and violincello. In rendering these exacting numbers Miss Dallas displayed well-developed technic, mature expression and delicacy of touch and treatment, giving unmistakable evidence of careful artistic training. In the trio Miss Lena M. Hoyes and Signor Dinelli rendered the parts for violin and cello, respectively, playing with much taste and finish. Enjoyable vocal selections were contributed by Mme. d'Auria and pupils of Signor d'Auria, Miss Eldred Macdonald and Mr. Oscar Wenbourne. A double number by Signor Giuseppe Dinelli on the cello was most enthusiastically received. During the performance of the programme Miss Dallas was the recipient of a handsome bouquet and a large basket of beautiful roses.

* * *

Art Notes.

The New English Art Club, to which I referred last week, has been a potent lever in the elevation of English Art; and it is much to be regretted that the favour which it has gained in the estimation of the cultivated few has not won for it a wider popularity, nor placed it in a position of financial security. The Art of England has long been a subject for scoffing on the continent; and one shudders to think how completely it would have fallen into abatement and low price if the Academy had been its only theatre. Fortunately there has always been an exhibition or two which has served for the display of work by those men who have been infidel in relation to the traditions of Frith; and England has never been quite without a genius who has gained recognition albeit he was at variance with Burlington House. The Academy, slow as it is to perceive the early evidences of the artistic gift, is often ready to echo the applause which the talented "outsider" has won from the world at large or from the prominent critics; and it is only too ready to still further inflate its swelling popularity by enrolling in its membership the man whose genius it was unable to discover. But this is sometimes done too late. Fred Walker wore the laurels for about a year only before he died; and Burne Jones, after accepting membership, and exhibiting one picture, decided to have no more dealings with the Philistines. Clausen made his name without the help of the Academy, and we watch with interest to see what will result from his alliance with that august body.

The New English Art Club has held its exhibitions in various galleries; and on one occasion tried the experiment of hanging its pictures in rooms having the side-window illumination of an ordinary house. But the experiment was hardly a success, as the visitor felt the same discomfort in looking at the works on the walls as he endures when looking at the family portraits and "undoubted" Turners, in the houses of his friends. There was the same annoyance of fleeting sunlight, and the same tiresome reflection on the varnished surface.

There is a considerable aggregation of talent in the Club, but little genius. The followers of Whistler are there to a man. When "Jimmy" ruled the Society of British Artists his faithful band of admirers (not to say imitators) covered the blushing walls of the most sedately dull gallery in London with the latest freaks of impressionism, the inspired *motifs* of the *habitués* of the music halls. Roussel, Starr and Sickert were there; and they all immortalized one another in little pictures which served to record not only their physical beauties but the fact that each was the owner of an evening dress. But Whistler's reign in Suffolk Street was short, and when he resigned the office of President of the Society his little band of disciples occupied themselves with building up the new Club; and with the aid of such forcible painters as Guthrie, Lathangue, Fred Browne, Olsson, Furse and Melville, they have made it about the freshest, cleverest, prettiest exhibition in London. It will never, however,

be a great financial success. Its visitors are select rather than numerous. The uncultivated Britisher, accustomed to the *bourgeois* exhibitions of pictures "which tell a story," of pretty babies, fox terriers, and portraits of city magnates, is vaguely troubled by modern excursions in the field of decorative art, and by pictures which have for their *raison d'être* some subtlety of colour or of line.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Two pupils of the School of Applied Design for Women, Misses Alice J. Hands and Mary Nevan Gammon, have made a very promising beginning in the field of architecture. Their work has been hung at the Architectural League's exhibition (the first time, we believe, that women's work was shown there), at the World's Fair and at the California Midwinter Exhibition, among their successful plans being that selected for the Florence Sanitarium in San Francisco. Their most important plans, thus far, have been those for a model tenement, the first of several to be erected in this city by a gentleman who proposes to show that six per cent., plenty of air and sanitary plumbing are not incompatible conditions. Other plans drawn by them are for a woman's hotel, also in course of erection, and they have orders for churches in two Pennsylvania towns.

A coming event which should interest the votaries of art is the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy. Our readers are probably aware that the exhibitions of this body are held yearly in Ottawa, Montreal or Toronto: that is to say triennially in each town. It opens this year in the Academy of Music in Toronto; and the preparations which are at present being made, the efforts of the Academy as a body and of the artists individually promise a very fine result. It is regrettable that we have no better gallery than that of the O. S. A.; but there seems some hope that the scheme for building a really good gallery for our annual exhibitions may eventuate in something creditable to the town and to the Dominion.

Prof. Chandler's lecture on "New Photographic Processes," delivered on March 28, before the Columbia College Photographical Society, dealt mainly with new color-printing processes, and was illustrated with some hundreds of examples. The most artistic were French and German prints in which seven or eight plates were used, but the work in three printings from negatives obtained with orthochromatic screens, though not quite satisfactory, was very promising. These were the work of a New York firm. The course continues every Saturday during the month of April, and will include a lecture on the "Photographing of Prints," by Mr. S. E. Day (April 23), and a lecture by Mr. Ives, on "Orthochromatic Photography," on a date not yet assigned.

The National Academy's exhibition recently opened in New York, seems planned to capture all tastes. Do you care for subject or for treatment, for "handling" or for "values" do you like a joke or a poem in paint, or are you content with a picture?—in any case you are certain to be suited. There are paintings by veterans like Cropsey and Brown, by men who were once upon a time innovators and revolutionists, like Shirlaw and Mosler, by advanced impressionists, like Twachtman and Childe Hassam. And, lest there should not be enough of the literary sort of thing in the paintings, the Catalogue Committee has thoughtfully filled half the catalogue with "art essays." Better yet, there are good things of every sort, and the chances are that whatever the visitor admires he will find of really admirable quality.

Among the designers of posters in Paris, Eugene Grasset stands with Cheret in the

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95 YONGE STREET,

Importers of High Class Works Art, Engravings, Etchings, Etc.

FINE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Latest Designs. — — — Good Workmanship.

front rank—the two artists differing widely, however, in method and theory as to the effect to be obtained. Grasset's posters are, above everything, decorative; in fact, this is the key-note of his success in all he undertakes—book-covers, boarders, head and tail pieces, playing-cards, stained-glass, furniture—everything is adapted in line and colour to its *milieu*. Among Grasset's best known posters are one for Sarah Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc, and others for the Librairie Romantique and Les Fetes de Paris. The leading features of his work are matters of principle, not of manner. His posters are invariably pictorial; they always present an idea with point and picturesque-ness, but they are always conventionalized and, if not strictly decorative in arrangement, are rendered sufficiently so through the employment of a heavy line, suggestive of the leads in a stained-glass window, which preserves the decorative note.

At the regular meeting of the Woman's Art Association, held last week, it was decided to hold the exhibition in May, beginning on the 15th, pictures to be sent in from 1st to 4th of May. The Advertising, Press, Selection, Hanging and Catalogue Committees were appointed. The agenda for the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, to be held here on the 27th, 28th and 29th of May, was submitted to the association and approved. A resolution was passed in sympathy with Miss Gormley, the retiring Treasurer of the W.A.A., on the death of her father. The following committees were appointed:—Advertising: Mrs. J. Tilley, Miss McConnell, Mrs. R. I. Walker, Mrs. Geo. C. Campbell, Mrs. Scals, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Drummond, Miss Carty, Mrs. Farrer, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. T. W. Howard, Miss Hay, Mrs. C. J. Holman. Press Committee: Mrs. W. Cummings, Miss Wetherald, Mrs. J. K. Fairburn, Mrs. Geo. Dickson, Mrs. J. S. Willison. The Patronesses of the association were appointed to act with the Entertainment Committee as a Reception Committee.

Personal.

We regret to learn of the serious illness of Mr. G. F. Marter, M.P.P.

The *Canada Bookseller and Stationer* for April, publishes a good portrait of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, with a brief sketch of his life and work.

Dr. Roddick, of Montreal, has just returned from an extended tour through the Mediterranean and Egypt in which he was accompanied by Mr. R. G. Reid.

Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau left Montreal on Sunday night for New York, en route for Florida, where he will spend some weeks for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P., left Winnipeg on Wednesday for Haldimand, where he will take part in the election contest. Attorney-General Sifton will also go to Haldimand.

In the Slovan mining district of British Columbia they are shortly expecting a visit from the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is said Sir William has a scheme for connecting the principal mines by electric tramway.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Teachers' Association was held in the "Women's Christian Guild Hall, on Thursday, April 11th. Miss Harriet Johnston, President, presided. Some important business was transacted, and officers elected for the ensuing year.

The third annual meeting of Trinity Medical Alumni Association was held on the 8th, in Convocation Hall, Trinity University. Papers on professional matters were read by Drs. Daniel Clark and Chas. Sheard, Toronto; Joseph Price, Philadelphia; A. H. Ferguson, Chicago, and Roswell Park, Buffalo.

Sir Henry James has introduced in the House of Commons a bill imposing a penalty for the utterance of any false statement regarding the character or conduct of any candidate for election to Parliament. It would be well to have such a bill introduced in our House of Commons. Would it pass?

Before the recent meeting of The Baptist Ministerial Association, Rev. W. J. Shannon read a paper on "Machine-Made Milleniums," in which he dealt with the theories of Henry George and Edward Bellamy. The ridiculous

theories of Henry George have caused a great deal of mischief in the world.

The cable dispatches have announced the death of Rowland Clegg Hill, third Viscount Hill. By his death his son, the Hon. Rowland Richard Clegg Hill, at present a resident of Paris, Ont., and at one time the proprietor and editor of *The Star-Transcript* of that town, inherits the title and estates.

It is expected that the Macdonald memorial now being erected in Dominion Square in the city of Montreal will be consummated on the 24th of May next. This is an event which is looked forward to with much satisfaction by the members of the Sir John A. Macdonald Club, inasmuch as the movement for the erection of the memorial was inaugurated by that Club.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton, Attorney General and Land Commissioner of the Province of Manitoba, is now on his way to Ontario. It is said that he will take an active part in the coming election contest in Haldimand. But the principal object of Mr. Sifton's visit is to consult with Mr. D'Alton McCarthy on Manitoba's position with respect to the remedial order in the school case.

Sir Herbert Murray, British Commissioner who arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, by steamer *Grand Lake*, on Friday last, was interviewed at the Government House, where he is staying. He says briefly his mission is strictly non-political. He comes solely with a view of relieving any existing distress. He brings a sum of money with him for that purpose, but will not distribute it until he knows the state of affairs from actual observation.

The annual meeting of the Sir John A. Macdonald Club, of Montreal, held on Saturday last in the Windsor Hotel Club room was the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held by the Club. The Secretary's report was considered a very satisfactory one, and eighty-six new members were enrolled. The elections proved interesting. The first office to be filled was that of Hon. President, which resulted in the unanimous election of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, while the Hon. Vice-Presidencies were filled by Sir Donald A. Smith and Hon. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P. Messrs. D. S. McLennan and D. A. McCaskill were re-elected President and First Vice-President respectively amid great applause. Mr. M. C. Foley was elected to fill the office of Second Vice-President made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Crankshaw. The Secretary, Mr. Joseph H. Jacobs, was unanimously re-elected, and Mr. Austin Joseph reluctantly accepted the office of Treasurer. The Club will shortly entertain the Premier at a grand banquet.

Another Prosperous Year.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY'S REPORT

FOR THE 48TH YEAR OF THE BUSINESS OF THE COMPANY—A SATISFACTORY DIVISION OF PROFITS—RESERVES VOLUNTARILY INCREASED BY OVER \$800,000.

The annual meeting of the Canada Life Assurance Company was held on April 1st, at the head office in Hamilton, when the following report was submitted:

The past year, 1894, being the forty-eighth of the company's history, and the termination of a quinquennial period, when the surplus of the five years falls to be ascertained and distributed to the policy-holders, the occasion is of more than usual interest, and the directors are highly gratified in being able to present another record of that continued success which has attended the operations of the company.

The applications for assurance during 1894 ere 3,678 for \$8,259,501, of which 3,438 for \$7,708,801 were accepted. The sum of \$550,700 upon 240 lives, which the Board did not consider it desirable to accept, was declined, and 246 for \$495,744, not having been carried out, the new business of the year was \$7,213,057 of assurances, under 3,192 policies, with a new premium income of \$246,310.59. The year's addition to the business made the total amount of assurances and bonus additions \$66,807,397.25, upon \$22,696 lives, under 30,868 policies.

The total income of the year was \$2,661,985.74.

The year's claims by deaths of assured, and by payments to assurers under endowment policies which matured during the year, amounted to \$651,618.58, under 330 policies, upon 247 lives, and after payment of these and of all other outgoings, the assets of the company were increased to \$15,607,723.49.

As was pointed out five years ago, the gradual fall in the rate of interest obtainable upon satisfactory investments made it prudent and desirable that a lower rate of interest should be assumed for the future than the 4 1-2 per cent. upon which the legal reserves of life companies had been based, and to add to the safety and security of the policy holders the 4 1-2 per cent. basis has been changed by our company to a future assumption of 4 per cent. By that change the company has voluntarily increased the reserve for its policy obligations at the present time from \$12,233,399.45 to \$13,075,777, thereby setting aside for the further security of its policy holders no less than an additional sum of \$842,377.55, and the fact that it has been able to do so without materially affecting the surplus cash bonuses to be paid to the policy holders is a striking evidence of the sound and satisfactory position occupied by the company.

The accompanying statements show that the total assets amount of \$15,607,723.49, and after deduction of all liabilities therefrom, there remained a surplus of \$2,282,827.43 available for distribution, and out of which 95 per cent., \$2,168,686.06, has been allotted to policy holders, giving bonus additions at the rate of \$20 per annum for each \$1,000 assured under ordinary policies and to endowment policies, the equivalent value of life bonuses at the rate of \$22.50 per annum for each \$1,000 assured.

To meet the cases of policies becoming claims by death before the next division of surplus in 1900, prospective or intermediate allowances will be made at the rate of a bonus addition to 1-4 per cent. per annum upon ordinary life and endowment systems. Where the surplus is taken otherwise than as bonus addition, the equivalent value of that rate will be allowed. For ordinary endowments maturing by survivorship before the next division of surplus in 1900, an allowance therefor will be paid at the rate of the equivalent value of a life bonus addition to 2 per cent. per annum.

To the stockholders an allotment of one-twentieth (5 per cent.) of the surplus has been made, and the amount is \$114,141.37, which enables a bonus of \$25 per share to be declared.

As required by the company's charter, the following directors retire by rotation at the present time: John Stuart, Adam Brown and William Hendrie, of Hamilton; his Honour Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, of Toronto, and A. G. Ramsay, of Hamilton, all of whom are eligible for re-election, as is also the Hon. Senator McInnes, of Burlington, who filled the seat of the late Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G.

A. G. RAMSAY, President.
R. HILLS, SECRETARY.

The Canada Life Assurance Company, Hamilton, Ont., March 25th, 1895.

The following is a summary of the financial statements:

FINANCIAL ABSTRACT	
Premiums received.....	\$1,933,673 37
Interest and other receipts....	728,312 37
	<hr/>
	\$2,661,985 74
Paid policy holders.....	\$ 998,522 48
Expenses.....	356,920 95
Other payments.....	77,958 26
	<hr/>
	\$1,433,401 69
ASSETS.	
Mortgages, debentures, stocks and real estate.....	\$10,106,203 61
Loans on Policies, etc.....	4,333,831 10
All other assets.....	1,167,688 78
	<hr/>
Total assets.....	\$15,607,723 49
LIABILITIES.	
Net re-assurance reserve (4 per cent.) and all other liabilities.....	\$13,324,896 06
Surplus over all liabilities...	2,282,827 43
	<hr/>
	\$15,607,723 49

A Glengarry Miracle.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO THOUGHT
DEATH WAS NEAR.

Her Condition That of Many Other Young
Girls — Heart Action Feeble, Cheeks
Palid, Easily Tired and Appetite Almost
Gone—How Her Life Was Saved.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

Nothing in this world is more distressing, and unfortunately it is too common in this Canada of ours, with its extremes of climate—its almost arctic winters and summer days of tropic heat—than to see a young life fading away like a blighted vine. Its early days have been full of promise, but just when the young maiden becomes of a loveable age with everything to live for, or the young man evinces signs of business aptitude, they are suddenly stricken down and too often in months, or it may be weeks, there are empty chairs at the fireside and sore hearts left behind. Not always is this the case, however. Fortunately science has discovered remedies to check the ravages of decline, when it has not gone too far. Recently, a case of this kind was brought to our notice, and the circumstances were so notable and attracted so much attention in the neighborhood that we felt impelled to inquire into them more fully and give them the benefit of as wide publicity as possible.

Henry Haines, who has for several years past acted as farm foreman for Mr. Daniel Currie, of Glen Walter, Glengarry County, has quite a large family, among them one daughter Mary, now about 18 years of age. Until her 12th year she was much as other children, fairly rugged and without sickness of any kind. Then of a sudden she became delicate and as the months went on her parents were afraid she was going into a decline. Her heart beat feebly; she was feverish and flushed, slept badly and had but little appetite. Doctors were consulted, who talked about growing too fast, and such common places, and prescribed different medicines, none of which, however, appeared to be of any permanent benefit. A year or so ago the young lady, hoping a change of air might accomplish for her what medicine could not, went to Fort Covington, N. Y., where she had some relatives, and engaged as a nurse. Even this light employment, however, proved too much for her and in the spring she returned to her parents a perfect wreck, with nothing to do but die, as she thought. But when least expected aid was at hand. Mr. Haines had been reading of the marvelous cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and reasoned within himself that if they had cured others they might save his daughter's life. On the next visit to Cornwall he bought a half dozen boxes of Pink Pills. It may be easily imagined that Miss Haines required little persuasion to try the much talked of remedy, and well for her it was that she did so. In the course of a week she felt an improvement. By the time she had taken two and a half boxes she realized that she was experiencing such health as she had never known before, and her friends began to remark and congratulate her on the change in her appearance. Still persevering in the use of the pills, she found herself when at the end of the fifth box in perfect health and able to engage in all the work of the household and the amusements from which she had up to that time been debarred. She had an excellent appetite and no one could wish to feel better. Hearing of the marvellous change her sister from Fort Covington came over to satisfy herself, and could hardly be persuaded that the robust, happy looking girl was indeed her sister whom he had never expected to see alive again. Miss Haines says she cannot say enough in favour of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills, to which she feels assured she owes her life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

Indigestion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Is the most effective and agreeable remedy in existence for preventing indigestion, and relieving those diseases arising from a disordered stomach.

Dr. W. W. Gardner, Springfield, Mass., says: "I value it as an excellent preventative of indigestion, and a pleasant acidulated drink when properly diluted with water, and sweetened."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.

QUICK CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

GIVES HEALTH BY NATURAL MEANS
KEEPS THE THROAT CLEAN AND HEALTHY.
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WORKS CROYDON ENGLAND

At the usual monthly meeting of the York Pioneers, held recently in the Canadian Institute, Mr. D. B. Read, Q.C., read a paper by the President, Rev. H. Scadding, D.D., entitled "A Prelude to the Story of Castle Frank, Toronto." Interesting particulars were given of the Simcoe family, especially of young Frank Simcoe, after whom the house was called.

Sir William Van Horne has agreed to the proposition laid before him to carry 100 poor patients per annum free of charge to some point along the line of the C.P.R. where a suitable site may be selected for the building of a Home for Consumptives. It is further proposed to give half rates to all other patients who may be sent out from the local Consumptive Hospital in Toronto to the Western Hospital.

Mr. William Court Gully, who is the Government candidate for the Speakership, is a distinguished member of the English Bar. He is a leading counsel on the Northern Circuit, and for several years he has regularly attended Carlisle Assizes, where he has been engaged in many important cases. He became a student at the Inner Temple at the age of 18, in 1853, was called in 1860, took silk in 1877, and was appointed recorder of Wigan three years ago. He is the second son of the late Dr. J. M. Gully, formerly of Great Malvern, and he was born in London. His grandfather was in his youth a well-known pugilist. Mr. Gully graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was President of the Union. After twice making a valiant but vain attempt to oust Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck from the representation of the neighbouring borough of Whitehaven, he was, in 1886, returned for Carlisle, and has sat for that constituency ever since.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M. D.,
EYE AND EAR SURGEON,
Has removed to 223 Church St., Toronto

MR. V. P. HUNT,
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Public Opinion.

Hamilton Herald: What Grant Allen's
 mind needs as much as anything else is a
 bath.

Ottawa Citizen: Women are hereafter to
 be eligible to practise at the Ontario bar.
 Provision should be made for having female
 juries, else we may suffer from the partiality
 with which twelve good men will hear a soft
 voice pleading.

Montreal Herald: The Government, if it
 is not to destroy itself completely, must aban-
 don its present discreditable role and show its
 true colours. It must say whether it is for or
 against interference with Manitoba. There
 is no alternative.

Winnipeg Tribune: The Liberals in On-
 tario can have no difficulty in declaring them-
 selves. They have always stood on the solid
 ground of provincial rights. Let them waver at
 this crucial moment in the upholding of
 that sound and historic doctrine and they are
 lost.

Winnipeg Tribute: Commissions of in-
 vestigation and all other proposed compro-
 mises need only be mentioned to be dismissed.
 It is no time for compromises. The National
 schools must be maintained in their integrity,
 or the strife that is now raging will be intensi-
 fied and perpetuated.

Toronto News: There is no getting away
 from these two facts: (1) That the Dominion
 Government has practically ordered the Legis-
 lature to re-establish separate schools; and
 (2) that the Government was not bound to
 make such an order, but might have rejected
 the prayer of the minority altogether.

Ottawa Free Press: It is time this com-
 paratively isolated community were taken
 from their present condition and granted
 opportunities of development not at present
 afforded. From a commercial standpoint the
 entry of the island into the confederation
 would be of great value to this country.

Montreal Gazette: A political party, like
 a man, is to be judged by works. Talk, with-
 out action to back it, like faith without
 works, is dead. The words of the Liberal
 party are well enough, but their works give
 them the lie. The Conservative party, with
 all its weaknesses, can invite comparison with
 the Liberals in the matter of dealing with
 electoral corruption.

Toronto Globe: There is something ridi-
 culous about this pretence of securing an early
 verdict on the Ministerial policy of protection.
 The Ministry has never given evidence of hav-
 ing even a clear conception of that economic
 fallacy. It is no reflection that a Government
 cannot devise a good protective tariff. The
 feat has never been accomplished; and while
 men exchange goods for mutual advantage it
 never will be.

Montreal Star: Still we are ready to pay
 the half million for a session of Parliament.
 The business of the country must be attended
 to. But we are not willing to pay a fraction
 of it for a farce. If the wage-earners and the
 farmers—the two classes who will pay most
 of it—find that this session has only been
 called together to let certain needy politicians
 grab their \$1,000 indemnity, there will be
 trouble ahead for the perpetrators of the
 transparent swindle.

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 turbances, or the general health not good,
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THACKERAY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

The literary career of William Makepeace Thackeray has not a few special features of its own that it is interesting to note at once. Of all the more eminent writers of the Victorian age, his life was the shortest—he died in 1863 at the age of fifty-two, the age of Shakespeare. His literary career of twenty-six years was shorter than that of Carlyle, of Macaulay, Disraeli, Dickens, Trollope, George Eliot, Froude, or Ruskin. It opened with the reign of the Queen, almost in the very year of "Pickwick," whose author stood beside his grave and lived and wrote for some years more. But these twenty-six years of Thackeray's era of production were full of wonderful activity, and have left us as many volumes of rich and varied genius. And the most striking feature of all is this—that in these twenty-six full volumes in so many modes, prose, verse, romance, parody, burlesque, essay, biography, criticism, there is not one which can be put aside as worthless and an utter failure; not one that falls from his consummate mastery of style; not one that is irksome to read, to re-read and to linger over in the reading.

This mastery over style—a style at once simple, pure, nervous, flexible, pathetic, and graceful—places Thackeray among the very greatest masters of English prose, and undoubtedly as the most certain and faultless of all the prose writers of the Victorian age. Without saying that he has ever reached quite to the level of some lyrical and apocalyptic descants that we may find in Carlyle and in Ruskin, Thackeray has never fallen into the faults of violence and turgidity which their warmest admirers are bound to confess in many a passage from these our two prose-poets. Carlyle is often grotesque; Macaulay can be pompous; Disraeli, Bulwer, Dickens are often slovenly and sometimes bombastic; George Eliot is sometimes pedantic, and Ruskin has been stirred into hysterics. But Thackeray's English from the first page of his first volume to the last page of his twenty-sixth volume, is natural, scholarly, pure, incisive, and yet gracefully and easily modulated—the language of an English gentleman of culture, wit, knowledge of the world, and consummate ease and self-possession.

And what is a truly striking fact about Thackeray's mastery of style is this—that it was perfectly formed from the beginning; that it hardly ever varied, or developed, or waxed in the whole course of his literary career; that his first venture as a very young man is as finished and as ripe as his very latest piece, when he died almost in the act of writing the words: "and his heart throbbled with an exquisite bliss." This prodigious precocity in style, such uniform perfection of exact composition, are perhaps without parallel in English literature. At the age of twenty-six Thackeray wrote "The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the great Hoggarty Diamond." It was produced under very melancholy conditions, in the most unfavourable form of publication, and it was mangled by editorial necessities. And yet it can still be read and re-read as one of Thackeray's masterpieces, trifling and curtailed as it is (for it may be printed in one hundred pages); it is full of wit, humour, scathing insight and fine pathos in the midst of burlesque, as is "Vanity Fair" itself. It is already Thackeray in all his strength, with his "Snobs," his "Nobs," his fierce satire and his exquisite style.

This exquisitely simple, easy, idiomatic and nervous style marks all Thackeray's work for his twenty-six years of activity, and is equally perfect for whatever purpose it is used, and in whatever key he may choose to compose. One is tempted to enlarge at length on the merits of Thackeray's style, because it is in his mastery over all the resources of the English language that he surpasses contemporary prose writers. And it is a mastery which is equally shown in every form of composition. There is a famous bit of Byron's about Sheridan to the effect that he had written the best comedy, made the finest speech, and invented the drollest farce in the English language. And it is hardly extravagant to say of Thackeray that, of all the Englishmen of this century, he has written the best comedy of manners, the best extravaganza, the best burlesque, the best parody, and the best comic song. And to this some of his admirers would add, the best lectures and the best critical essays.

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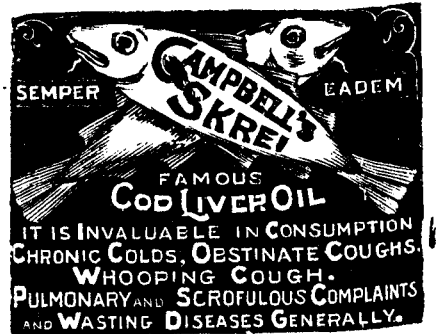
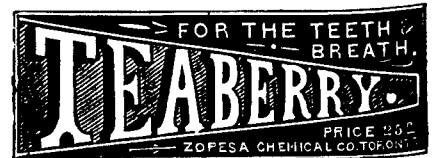
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"Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie Aristotle yet?" "No, but I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup."

"So the insolent fellow refused to pay his rent." "He did not say so in words, but he intimated it." "How so?" "He kicked me down stairs."

Whoever tries to hypnotize
A man to pay his bill,
Will doubtless find the weakest mind
Develop strength of will.

"There's a good deal that is swell about Cholly Cadkins," said one girl. "Yes," replied the other; "the only trouble is that most of it has gone to his head."

"A designing man I hate," cried Nell,
With scornful head erect,
And yet within a year she loved
And wed an architect.

"What is old Closefist growling about now?" Photographer: He's objecting to paying full price for his pictures. "Why?" Photographer: Because they were taken side view."

Is betting a disease? Not long since a Norwich man on his deathbed made a bet with his nurse that he would live two weeks. He won the bet and lived two days longer to enjoy the victory.

Uncle: Well, Joe, have you been right up at the head of the class to-day? Joe: Er—well, pretty near. Two fellows was home sick with the measles, one played hookey, and that left only six boys ahead of me.

A rather good headline appeared in an American paper the other day. A Senator named Vest was accused of some actions, and finally decided, the report said, "to make a clean breast of it." The headline was "Unbuttoned."

Mamma: You and your little visitors are doing nothing but sitting around and looking miserable. Why don't you play something? Little daughter: We are playin'. Mamma: Playing what? Little daughter: We is playin' that we is growed up.

"My," said the shoe clerk boarder, "but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from my tailor when I had to stand him off again. Still, I rather think I deserved it." "In other words," girkled the Cheerful Idiot, "you deem his remarks both cutting and fitting."

"Here is some angel food I made myself," she said. He paled. "Thank you, darling," he faltered, and partook. That night the painter dreamed, whereat he rose and in feverish haste painted an art poster, which brought \$756. Then he kissed his wife fondly, called her a brave little woman, and wondered what he would do without her.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."

The poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen, known otherwise as "Florence Percy." It is a general favourite for it is a sweet little touch of home life. But there is another side to the picture. Many a mother rocks her child to sleep who can neither rest nor sleep herself. She is always tired, has an everlasting back-ache, is low spirited, weary, nervous and all that. Thanks be, she can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription will do the work. There is nothing on earth like it, for the "complaints" to which the sex are liable. Once used, it is always in favour.

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