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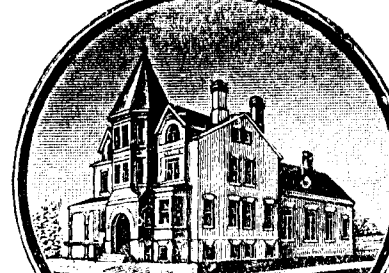
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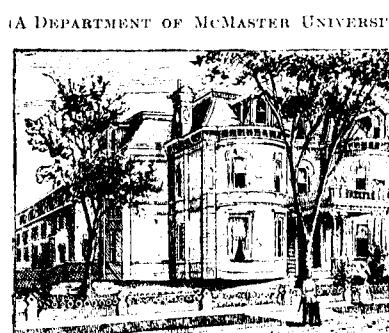
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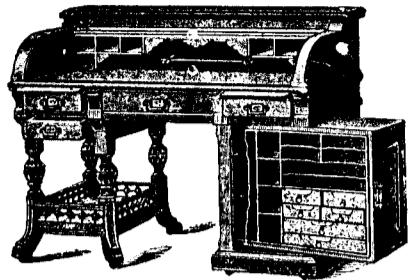
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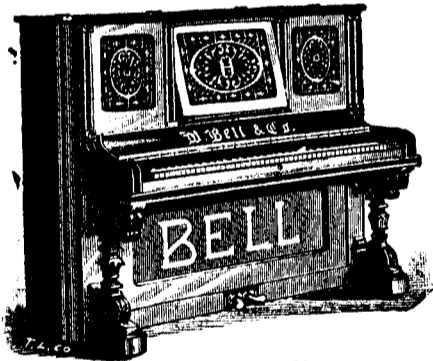
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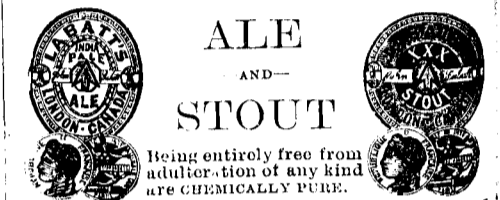
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

OVER one hundred MSS. have been received by 'THE WEEK' for its Short Story Prize Competition. These are now in the hands of the judges; but some time must necessarily elapse before their labours can be completed. The awards will be announced in these columns at the earliest possible moment.

CANADIANS have every reason to be proud of the deeds of true heroism which are being not unfrequently performed within her borders. Two of these which have lately been brought to public notice are especially worthy of mention. While the city of St. John is preparing to erect a well-deserved monument to the memory of the young man who lost his own life in a noble attempt to save that of another, the thrilling tale of the heroic Joe Birse who went to the bottom at Lachine the other day, with his hand on the throttle of his engine, in a desperate and successful effort to save the passengers entrusted to his care from an awful fate, comes to our ears. It is easy to say of such deeds that they were the result of momentary impulse, but the unpremeditated impulse which rules in a moment of supreme danger reveals the character of the man. The misfortune is that in the case of so many the reigning impulse at such a moment prompts to the saving of self rather than of others. With how many would the impulse of self-preservation have prevailed over the sense of duty or of sympathy which prompted the young man at St. John to plunge into the dark waters of the harbour to attempt the rescue of the perishing. In how many cases would the same impulse of self-preservation have made the engineer spring from his cab, forgetful at the moment of all others, instead of forgetting self in a stern resolve to do his duty and save his train if possible. Such deeds tend to elevate the lives of all whose hearts are thrilled by their recital and whose better selves are stirred with ambition to emulate them. It is well that the story of such deeds should be embalmed in history and song, and the memories of those who have done them perpetuated in marble or granite.

MUST the people of Canada wait until the meeting of Parliament to learn the exact truth in regard to the result of negotiations for the fast Atlantic steamship line? A cablegram from England the other day announced that the contract for building these vessels had been awarded to the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, of which Lord Hartington is President, but made no state-

ment in regard to the rate of speed stipulated for in the alleged contract. On the other hand, the *Empire*, which is naturally supposed to be deeper in the confidence of the Government than other papers of this city, reprinted on Saturday last an article from the *Glasgow Mail* of November 11th, congratulating both the Dominion and the home country on the contract which, it said, "has just been made with Mr. Bryce Douglas for steamers equal to twenty knots an hour, to perform the mail service to Canada by Halifax." The *Mail* proceeds to expatiate, as well it might, if persuaded of the correctness of its information, on the splendid results which must accrue to Canada from an arrangement which would enable her not only to compete with New York, but to offer to the Central and Western States a route quicker and more direct than any New York could give. The news is, however, we fear, too good to be true. If otherwise, it is strange that we should, in these days of cablegrams, be left to hear it first by the slow course of mail and through the columns of a Scotch newspaper. And yet, why should the *Empire* republish so glowing an article, if not authentic, when it could surely have learned the fact by a telegram to Ottawa? The result is to leave Canadian readers in a state of bewilderment, which in most cases will, we fancy, settle down into incredulity. Twenty miles an hour is certainly so high an average to be maintained throughout a voyage across the Atlantic, that we are unable to believe it attainable on any financial terms which the Government and people of Canada could afford to make. Again, had such a contract been completed it is hard to conceive that the Government itself would not have hastened to make known the fact that its negotiations had resulted in so great a success. On the whole it seems safer to believe that no definite contract has yet been concluded, however hopefully negotiations may be going forward, and it is very unlikely that the Government will fail to let the public know as soon as its efforts have been crowned with success.

RECENT gales on the Atlantic have caused an enormous loss of life amongst several cargoes of Canadian cattle on the way to England. The result is that certain Canadian steamships, found or believed to be unfit for the traffic, have been debarred by the British authorities from carrying cattle across the ocean. This action threatens disaster to those engaged in the trade, and is naturally causing a good deal of excitement and anxiety. It would be both useless and unwise to attempt to lay the blame upon the British authorities. The facts speak for themselves. The danger is that the circumstances may give such an impulse to the views advocated by Mr. Plimsoll and other humanitarians that measures may be adopted unnecessarily severe and disastrous to a traffic which, properly conducted, cannot fail to be profitable to both countries. The Ottawa Government seem to have taken up the matter with commendable, and we may add with characteristic energy and promptitude. The proper and the only way out of the difficulty is clearly to second the action of the Imperial authorities, so far as may be necessary, to prevent the abuses and cruelties which have resulted from shipments in unsuitable vessels, and without proper arrangements and safeguards. Instead of denouncing Mr. Plimsoll and his helpers for their praiseworthy anxiety to save the poor animals from suffering in consequence of the cruel carelessness or greed of cattle dealers or ship-owners, it behooves the shippers and all concerned to enquire carefully into the facts and to govern their action accordingly. It is evident that it is in the interests of all parties that the best ships shall be secured and the best arrangements insisted on, no matter at what cost, in order to free the trade from the suspicion under which it has unfortunately fallen of being fraught with horrible cruelty to the poor brutes. Nothing short of this can save it from danger of virtual prohibition. It surely must be possible to secure the transportation of cattle in comparative safety and comfort, even in stormy weather. The activity of the Government and the enlightened self-interest of the cattle-dealers may no doubt be relied on to effect this, and to see to it that no more shipments are permitted in any but the most suitable and seaworthy steamships, specially fitted up for the purpose.

A MEMORIAL recently presented to the Senate of the University of Toronto, by the lecturers in Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish, calls attention to a feature in the organization of the Councils of the University and University College which is, to say the least, anomalous. The statements of fact on which the memorialists base their appeal are that the departments named constitute a very large and important part of the Arts course of the University, whether account be taken of the numbers of students in these departments or of the difficulty of the courses prescribed in them; that the memorialists have sole charge of these departments, and are as entirely responsible for the teaching done in them and for their proper and efficient administration, as the professors in charge of other departments are for the teaching and administration of those departments; and that in the Councils of University College and the University of Toronto, questions of university administration and policy, directly and indirectly affecting the interests of lecturers and students in these departments, are discussed and disposed of, while in these Councils the aforesaid departments are without voice or representation. The first two of the facts stated are so well known to all who take an intelligent interest in the University and its work, that the very complete and convincing statistical evidence by which the statements of the memorialists are supported seem almost unnecessary. The third will be a matter of genuine surprise to those whose attention has not hitherto been directed to the matter. It is scarcely an assumption that representation of the various departments of instruction in the Councils of the teaching institutions is useful and desirable. It is clearly essential to the proper discharge of the functions of those Councils and to the very objects for which they exist. It is therefore not surprising that the memorialists should feel that the withholding of representation on the Councils relegates their respective departments to "an inferior and anomalous position," and is prejudicial to the interests of the University itself. It is difficult to conceive of any plausible, not to say sufficient, reason for the existence of this unfair discrimination. The explanation apparently hinted at in the memorial, viz., that the lecturers in question have not the professorial status, and are in consequence in receipt of smaller salaries than their more fortunate colleagues, cannot surely be the true one, seeing that it is about equivalent to holding that two acts of seeming injustice are to be considered as warranting for a third. We prefer to believe that the state of things complained of is simply the perpetuation of some custom adopted at an earlier stage of university development, when it may, perhaps, have been reasonable enough; that it has been continued under changed circumstances simply because the attention of the proper authorities has not hitherto been formally directed to its unfairness; and that with the memorial before them the Senate will give prompt heed to a complaint so well founded, and hasten to do away with an anomaly and injustice of long standing, but indefensible.

FEW persons in England or elsewhere seem now to doubt that General Booth will receive the sum for which he stipulates, as a condition of putting his great scheme of rescue in operation. If any one had predicted a few years ago that the Founder of the Salvation Army would one day write a book which would command the attention of the English-speaking world, and propound a project which would elicit the spontaneous sympathy and the liberal donations of men of every rank, class and creed in England, the prophecy would have been scouted as incredible and absurd. The explanation of the phenomenon is well given by an English Exchange. It is not that philanthropists and Christians have become suddenly enamoured of the methods of the Salvation Army, but that everybody who has any conception of the appalling depths of misery and degradation which General Booth so graphically describes feels "that something great ought to be done, and that the man who essays to do it deserves to be helped." Those, and their name is legion, who cannot admire either the religious teaching or the devotional ritual of the new order are bound to admit that Mr. Booth has displayed not only an almost unique genius for organization, but an understanding of the character and needs of the lower

classes in England and elsewhere such as few men, whether religious teachers or ethical reformers, have ever displayed. His scheme is, as the *Spectator* says, "a good, big, honest scheme for going down to the bottom and reaching the lowest residuum." Nevertheless had the same scheme been propounded by almost any other living man, no matter how brilliant his talents, or how fervid his rhetoric, who had not previously proved himself possessed of the art of ruling with strict discipline, maintained through a lengthened period, large masses of men and women of the class his scheme is intended to reach, not only in Great Britain but in distant countries, it would have been received with coldness or derision. It is, of course, easy to conjure up many seemingly insuperable objections to the scheme itself, and almost to demonstrate the impossibility of anything like complete success. Notwithstanding, the feeling prevails that it can do no harm and may do incalculable good to give it a trial, and, as above intimated, it is a relief to those who have long groaned under a sense of helplessness in the presence of an evil so enormous in its kind and dimensions, to know that something on a large scale is to be tried and that they may help in making the trial. It is no small tribute to the moral impression which General Booth has made that no one seems to have any doubt of his integrity and fitness to be entrusted with the control of the large sum of money for which he so boldly asks. On the whole, it is not too much to say that the grandest scheme of the century, if not of any century, for the rescue of the submerged masses is about to be put in operation, and that, that man or woman who does not at least desire to invest something in the experiment must be unenviably sceptical or callous.

THE fierce and prolonged struggle between Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites in the Irish Home-Rule Party has ended in a truce rather than a victory. The stronger and more reputable section has withdrawn its forces, leaving the minority, under its unscrupulous but wily and resolute leader, in possession of the sinews of war. The scene of conflict will now be transferred to thrice unhappy Ireland, destined seemingly by a malevolent fate to be the field of perpetual strife. There is always something savouring of the ungenerous in denouncing a great leader when he is down, no matter by what crime he may have wrought his own downfall, and had Parnell shown any elements of moral greatness, to offset in some degree the astounding moral turpitude which has amazed friends and enemies alike, we should be sorry to add the feeblest note to the chorus of a nation's condemnation. But his utter disregard of the interests of the cause which he was supposed to have so much at heart, the brutal unfairness with which he has used his position as Chairman to prevent the voice of the Party from making itself heard, and above all, his absolute insensitiveness, real or assumed, to the moral aspects of the question, all combine to raise him to a bad eminence as the most unscrupulous man in British public life. What the result of the struggle on Irish soil may be, it is useless to attempt to guess; yet upon that result depend the future relations of the Gladstonian Liberals to the Home Rule question, and to British politics. A renewed struggle for Home Rule under different auspices; a *modus vivendi* of some kind between the Government and the Parnell wing of the Irish members, with some modified form of Home Rule, or some enlarged scheme of land purchase as a substitute in the background; a re-union of the divided sections of the Liberal party, with Home Rule thrown overboard, under Gladstone, may be regarded as each among the possibilities of the near future. Meanwhile the long-suffering British people must be almost ready to welcome anything not really dishonourable which would promise a speedy end to the long blockade of Parliament by the Irish question. To them it must seem that a renewal of the struggle by a divided and weakened party, with the prospect of another five or ten years' contest on the floor of Parliament, would be about the greatest of all possible evils. All parties will wait the *denouement* with intense impatience. Meanwhile the one redeeming feature of the present affair is that the moral sentiment of the nation has so far prevailed, for, however interested politicians may attempt to deny or disguise it, it is clear that the moral convictions of British Nonconformists and other electors have, more than any other cause, or all others combined, forced both the Gladstonian chiefs and the Irish seceders to maintain the determined attitude which has led to the repudiation of Parnell by two-thirds of his Party in number, and nine-tenths of it in weight.

"ASIA on the Pacific and the Behring Sea" is the title of an interesting article, by Hyde Clarke, published originally, we think, in the *Asiatic Quarterly* and now laid on our table in pamphlet form. The first half of the article deals with the new routes to India and Australia which have been opened up by means of the American and Canadian transcontinental railways, and the bearing the new connection thus formed with the East is likely to have on Eastern relations, and on the policy of India in particular. A new course of policy, naval and military, is acquiring consistency, and greater safeguard is being established against Russia, which "has reached the Pacific only to encounter the Americans and the English." Though the States and Russia are on opposite shores of the Ocean, the inter-communication is small and not without materials for irritation arising out of the close Russian system and the attempts of individual American adventurers to trade with Russian settlements and in Russian seas. The flattering Russian courtesies which for a time told powerfully upon the feelings of Americans have lost their influence, while the American visitor now finds himself at home in the old country, claims a hereditary interest in its monuments and its great men, and looks upon the village or the hamlet from which his pilgrim forefather started as in a sense his own. The ties of blood are reasserting their power; the press, the telegraph, the novelist, the preacher, and the actor are all bringing to bear influences in the same direction, and the columns of the *Times* give evidence of the constant increase of inter-marriages on both sides of the Atlantic. But interesting as it is to follow the writer as he traces the development and trend of old affinities under new conditions, it is his historical sketch of the Behring Sea controversy which has drawn our attention particularly to this article. One cause of obscurity in connection with this matter is, Mr. Hyde Clarke thinks, the importation into geography of the new phrase Behring's Sea, adopted by the American Secretary of State for the special purpose of proposing it as a close sea. New Albion and Nootka Sound, the seat of the English settlement founded in the last century, have disappeared from the present maps. The former name was given by Drake to the countries he had discovered in that neighbourhood and of which he proclaimed Elizabeth Queen. This was the foundation of the British claims on that coast and on British Columbia, claims which were maintained not only against the Russians but against the Spaniards long before the advent of the Russians. We cannot follow the historical sketch of these struggles, but such details as the arrival of the *Sea Otter* and the *Nootka* in Prince William's Sound in 1786 show that the sea on the Eastern, which is now the Russian side of what it is proposed to term the close sea, was then free to navigation. In 1789 the seizure of two or three British vessels, with some valuable furs, by the *Iphigenia*, a Spanish warship, the hauling down of the British flags which had been erected by Lieutenant Meares of the *Nootka* the year before, and the hoisting of that of Spain in its place, very nearly led to a war, but the firm attitude of Pitt and the British Government brought about, after a long series of Spanish shufflings and evasions, the convention signed at the Escorial, October 28th, 1800. By the first article the buildings and lands seized by the Spaniards were to be restored, and by the second reparation was to be made, while the third secured that the subjects of both nations should not "be disturbed or molested, either in navigating or carrying on their fisheries in the Pacific Ocean, or in the South Seas." Article IV., indeed, provided that British subjects should not navigate, or carry on their fishery in the said seas within the space of ten sea leagues from any part of the coasts already occupied by Spain, but Article V. gave free access to the subjects of both nations in any settlements on the coast of North America formed since April, 1789. The drafts of the despatches in connection with this matter are said to be in Pitt's own handwriting.

AS a consequence of the events above described, Captain Vancouver was sent out on a voyage of discovery in 1791. In 1792 he discovered the strait separating the Island which now bears his name, from the mainland. On the coast, apparently as far north as Nootka, Captain Vancouver found the fur trade established and a number of English and American vessels engaged in it. The chief fur at that time was that of the sea otter. In 1822 the Duke of Wellington was commissioned to the Congress of Vienna, specially charged to deal with North-West American matters. This mission seems to have arisen out

of an ukase of the Czar in 1821, claiming exclusive dominion over the Pacific, and a monopoly of a hundred Italian miles from land. Against these pretensions the British Government had immediately protested, as shown by letters attached to Lord Salisbury's despatch of August 2nd last. The United States resisted the pretensions with equal vigour and required Russia to enter into a convention. "In 1822 the Russians seized the Boston brig *Pearl* for whaling in Behring Sea within 100 miles of the coast line. The United States compelled the *Pearl* to be restored, and the damages of her owners duly paid." These facts are not new and the rest of the history is familiar, and is brought out in the Blue Book. Mr. Clarke comments, however, upon the strange fact that the officials of the American Department of State should have so studiously avoided, as if forgetting, well-known incidents in American history, as also the despatches of their own eminent statesman, John Quincy Adams. On the other hand he gives deserved credit to the many American papers, including the *New York Herald*, which have shown great fairness in dealing with the question. It is also curious, he thinks, that the British Colonial and Foreign Offices did not bring forward the despatches of 1822 and 1825 until the very last period of the correspondence, and failed entirely to avail themselves of the preceding circumstances in connection with the action of Mr. Pitt, which have an important bearing upon the question. Mr. Clarke also quotes, as suggesting comment, the clause at the close of Lord Salisbury's despatch in which he observes that "British Columbia has come into existence as a British Colony at a comparatively recent date," without reference to the previous history dating from 1787. He further makes a suggestion to the effect that seeing that the merchants and ship owners of British Columbia have been the chief actors in local events, it would have been better had the claim put forward been more prominently that of British Columbia, "which has its own Agent-General," rather than that of the Dominion, which he seems to think creates jealousy and ill-feeling; and adds that the Ministers of the Dominion of Canada have not themselves put forward in its full effect the case of British Columbia." We have elsewhere seen allusions to the fact that the intervention of the Canadian Government seems to have had an irritating effect on Mr. Blaine, as indeed was pretty clearly shown in one of his despatches. Those who suggest this view apparently forget that the negotiations are necessarily conducted by the British Government, that that Government does not communicate directly with the Provincial but only with the Federal authorities, and that, moreover, constitutionally all matters affecting trade and commerce come exclusively within the domain of the Government of United Canada, of which British Columbia, like every other Province, is now an integral part. "The impression made by the Blue Book is," says Mr. Clarke, "that the despatches of Lord Salisbury show great ability, as do the local despatches of Sir Julian Pauncefote, and that Mr. Blaine has not made a single point." Some of the American newspapers have admitted nearly as much.

THE passing of the International Copyright Act by the House of Representatives at Washington, and the virtual certainty of its early passage by the Senate, show that the United States is about to free itself from a reproach of long standing. For many years past many of the most honourable and high-minded men in the Republic have been strenuously calling for the passage of such an Act, in the name of simple honesty. The gist of the measure now about to become law is that foreign authors, in countries which extend similar privileges to American authors, may secure copyrights in the United States. The most onerous condition is the provision that, in order to secure such copyright, the work must be reproduced in the United States from type set up there. This clause, designed for the protection of publishers and printers in the Republic, will, we suppose, seem somewhat less burdensome, in view of the fact that the duty escaped will go far to cover the cost of reprinting. It has been argued that under this law American authors will be benefitted by the discontinuance of the cheap reprints of English works, while the printers will profit from the protection the new law affords in requiring reprinting of the foreign copyrighted works. But it may be questioned whether the competition in authorship will not be increased rather than diminished under the new Act. If not, the American printer must lose more by the falling off in the work of reprinting the pirated books than he will gain from the

reprinting of the foreign copyrighted works. Those are, however, but incidental and secondary considerations. A question of much practical importance to Canada is that of the manner and extent to which our own book trade will be affected. We see no reason to doubt that the reciprocal arrangement, if made between Great Britain and the United States, must apply to the Dominion. The United States will be sure to demand this, and it is very unlikely that the Mother Country, which has thus far withheld its sanction from our own Copyright Acts, will readily consent to depart from the principle hitherto maintained, that its Copyright Acts hold good throughout the Empire. Canadians, as lovers of fair play, cannot justly complain if their publishers are deprived of the power of reprinting American works without consent of authors or publishers, and also of the privilege of buying "pirated" reprints, on payment of a ten per cent. tax at the Custom House for the benefit of the author. It will, however, be a very great hardship if the Canadian publisher is bound hand and foot and left to be crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the reciprocal British and American copyrights. If both hold good in Canada there will evidently be small chance for Canadian republication of the books of either country, save by the aid of an almost prohibitory tax on those of both, in which case the cure would be even worse than the ailment. The Imperial Government is said to be now consulting with the various colonial authorities with reference to the granting of certain powers in regard to treaty-making asked by the latter. It may be hoped that, amongst other concessions, the Imperial Government will see the fairness of permitting Canada to make her own copyright arrangements with regard to both the Mother Country and the United States, thus giving her a chance to adopt such measures as will favour the republication of both British and American books in this country.

WHETHER the Messiah craze which is creating so much dangerous excitement among the Indians of various tribes and localities in the United States culminates in the horrors of Indian war and massacre, or not, and whether the ghost dances give rise to trouble with our own North-West Indians, or not, this episode in Indian history contains material for profitable reflection for the people on both sides of the line. One of the most suggestive features of these strange demonstrations is the apparent incongruity between cause and effect, or rather between the reported teachings of the semi-mythical Messiah and the results which they produce on the Indian mind inflamed by them. Although nothing definite seems to be known about the character or locality of the so-called Messiah, all accounts agree in representing his teachings as eminently peaceful, and yet their first swift effect seems to be to stir up the passion for war and revenge. However strong his faith in the supernatural agencies by which his deliverance is to be wrought, the Indian enthusiast seems quite indisposed to wait the tardy movements of those agencies, or to leave to them to avenge his wrongs and vindicate his righteous cause. There is nothing new historically in the appearance of such a wave of religious excitement among a superstitious or semi-barbarous people, but it is only when such excitement acts upon a slumbering sense of wrong and outrage that it can threaten the peace of the community or nation. Herein, it seems to us, is the lesson for the nation which now finds it necessary to hurry military re-inforcements to the Indian reserves, and to face the possibility of a series of petty but still terrible struggles. Is it not a shame and reproach that a nation which boasts itself the freest and most enlightened on earth has, during a century of marvellous growth and prosperity, utterly failed either to civilize the aboriginal tribes, or to satisfy their sense of justice, or in any way so to attach them to its people and institutions as to prevent the perpetuation of a rankling sense of wrong and passion for revenge, ready to be set on fire by any passing excitement? We say nothing of recent shameful violations of treaties, such as the immense shortages in the supplies of provisions promised by the Government, or of such glaring but characteristic mistakes as the recent discharge for purely political reasons of some of the most capable and trustworthy agents on the reserves, and putting in their places new and inexperienced men. These are but special items in the long catalogue of crimes against the Indian, which have made the present danger possible. Happily the Canadian, or perhaps we should rather say the British, mode of dealing with the Indians has been far more just and honourable, our neighbours as well as

the Indians themselves being judges, than that of the great Republic, and we have consequently much less to fear from their revengeful impulses. And yet it is true of the majority of our own Indians as of theirs, that they are yet in a state of ignorance and barbarism, such as makes them ready dupes of any scheming adventurer, or half-crazed impostor, who may choose to operate amongst them. The United States is at length becoming sensible of its long injustice and folly, and is taking measures for the universal education of the Indians, and for conferring on them the rights of citizenship. The new policy, if fairly carried out, can hardly fail to render the repetition of such an alarm an impossibility a score of years hence. Our own Government is, by means of various agencies, doing a good deal for the education of the young Indians, but, although money is freely spent, we have not yet boldly grappled with the question of universal, compulsory education, short of which all methods and schemes are radically incomplete and defective. Is it not too clear for argument that the time has come when neither nation should be content with any scheme or policy which aims at anything short of making the next generation of Indians intelligent and self-reliant men and women, sharing all the duties and rights of citizenship?

REFERRING to the horrible revelations which have been made concerning the Stanley expedition, we expressed the opinion last week that this should be the last of such purely volunteer enterprises, and that the Government of a civilized people should find some means of preventing a repetition of such atrocities by subjects of the nation. We are glad to see that the *London Spectator* takes in effect the same ground, maintaining that all African explorers should be placed under "a system which shall make the statute, 24 and 25 Vict., cap. 100, which we had overlooked, and which would have made Jameson liable to trial, practically operative. If it cannot be done without appointing a Protector of the Negroes in each port, with judicial powers, it must be done that way; but we should think it sufficient to invest each Governor of a settlement and Consul-General with that function." We do not recall the provisions of the Act referred to, but the outraged sentiment of the nation will, we can scarcely doubt, compel some action of the kind suggested for the governing of future expeditions. Meanwhile, it remains to be seen whether Parliament will acquiesce in the conclusion of Lord Salisbury, that the Government has no power to enquire into the conduct of, at least, the British officers who have achieved so unenviable a fame in connection with the Stanley expedition.

THE LAMBETH JUDGMENT.

THE recent judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln is of interest in a special way to the whole Anglican Communion; but it is not without interest to those other communions which have either derived their existence from the English Church, or have grown up beside it. Anyone can see that almost every Christian denomination in Great Britain, the Colonies, and the United States has been in no small degree affected by the three great religious movements which have taken place in the English Church during the last century and a half; and many persons are hoping that the time may not be far off when approaches may be successfully made towards the re-union of Christendom, or at least of its reformed portions.

The Archbishop's judgment has already been charged with compromise. It is not, we are told, the utterance of men who are simply endeavouring to ascertain what is legal: it is rather a kind of eirenicon, giving something to each side, in the hope that both will be thankful for such mercies as they receive, and will henceforth be at peace.

When we say that we see no evidence whatever of any such intention, we are writing from an absolutely neutral point of view, without any wish to favour either party; but with a simple desire to understand the grounds on which the judgment has been given, and to discover whether those grounds are justified in law or in history.

Our readers are probably aware that the Archbishop and his assessors have given several decisions at variance with those previously put forth by the Privy Council. We say the Archbishop and his assessors; because all the five bishops associated with his Grace agreed with him on every point save one, and on that one point there was only one dissident. When we consider that these five men were of different schools—High, Low and Broad, as

they are called—this agreement is certainly very remarkable.

The decisions at variance with those of the Privy Council are those which (1) justify the use of lighted candles at the altar, even when they are not wanted for purposes of lighting, (2) the singing of the *Agnus Dei* in the Communion Service, (3) the taking of the Ablutions after the Celebration. Besides, it is held that water and wine may be mixed for the Sacrament of the Altar, although not during the service—ritually, as it is called; and, further, that the Eastward Position may be taken not merely at the Prayer of Consecration, but throughout the whole of the Communion Service, whilst Bishop King is censured for hiding the manual acts from the people. The only point in which there is an absolute condemnation of the Bishop is in regard to his making the sign of the cross in saying the Benediction and the Absolution.

The Archbishop justifies the departure from the decisions of the Privy Council, on the grounds that fresh historical information had been furnished, and that he, being compelled to try the case, was bound to give his decision according to the facts and arguments presented before him. Certainly the Church Association will have no right to complain of his doing so, since they practically forced him to judge the case.

It will be observed that one main point of difference between those who represented the Church Association in this and other cases, and their opponents, had reference to the question, whether omission implied prohibition. It was argued by Counsel for the Association that wherever any rubrical direction is omitted in later editions of the Prayer Book, it was intended to prohibit the practice or act which had hitherto been ordered; and it would appear that the Privy Council took this view of the case. On the contrary, the representatives of the Ritualists contended that where a thing was not absolutely forbidden it was allowed.

Both contentions were palpably absurd. It might easily be shown (to anyone who was open to conviction) that a good many ceremonies, concerning which directions were no longer given, were intended to be left optional. It was equally clear, in other cases, that when the order to do a certain act was removed, it was intended that it should be omitted. So long as these extreme views were taken by the combatants, it was quite obvious that no agreement could be arrived at. The Archbishop and his assessors have taken the more moderate and wiser course of viewing every practice in the light of history, and ascertaining how far, on the one hand, a change of expression led to a change of practice, and, on the other hand, how far any changes of practice resulted from a change of law or from mere disuse. Our readers will be able to refer to the arguments and authorities connected with the judgment; and we can assure them that, apart altogether from the ecclesiastical issues, they will find the document to be one of great interest.

There can be no doubt that the Archbishop has, in various respects, corrected the *obiter dicta* of the Privy Council, whatever opinion may be entertained of the judgment, in whole or in part. For example, when the Privy Council condemned the ritual mixing of the water and wine in the Holy Communion, they went on to remark that it was hardly worth while considering whether the mixing in any other way was lawful, as this would not be a matter of interest to anyone, and so they condemned the mixing altogether. These were truly astounding statements to anyone who knew either the customs of the early Church or the practices of the English clergy since the time of the Reformation; and the Archbishop comments upon them in a very complete and convincing manner. As far as we can judge, his decision is absolutely right and is justifiable in every point.

With regard to the Eastward Position, the Church Association has obtained a confirmation of the decision, that the manual acts at consecration must be seen; but they have also got something that they did not at all expect, namely, the sanction of the Eastward Position during the whole of the service. If our readers will remember that the "North Side" of the Holy Table meant the side, not the end, of the Table, when it stood East and West, they will see the ambiguity of the phrase, and understand that the North End or the Western Side may each plead for tolerance.

As regards Lights, it is much to be hoped that the clergy will not, to any great extent, use the liberty accorded by the judgment, since the lighting of candles in the day-time would be widely offensive; and the Archbishop seems to throw out some such suggestion. At the

same time, there are two undoubted facts, namely, that the Candle-sticks have always been part of the Altar ornaments in many English cathedrals and churches, and that instances of their being lighted are by no means infrequent. As regards the singing of the *Agnus Dei* in the Communion Service, the Archbishop rightly held that it stood exactly on the same ground as a hymn sung at any other part of the service where it is not ordered. The making of the sign of the cross was distinctly forbidden.

It is now apparent to everyone that the Church Association has attempted too much, and has thus failed to do what it might have done. There can hardly be a doubt that it had a case against the Ritualists. They had innovated in the rashest manner; and it would have been easy to procure conviction on certain points. But the assailants determined to make a clean sweep; and they did it with a vengeance. They procured the condemnation even of black stoles, and as a consequence this part of the judgment has been ignored even by Low Churchmen. At first they gained a condemnation of the Eastward Position, and to this the Anglicans paid no sort of attention. How could it be wondered if the Ritualists held that they were no more bound to obey than the others?

We have not yet heard whether the defeated party will appeal, and there are manifest difficulties connected with such a course, but we must leave the subject for the present.

PARIS LETTER.

THE French press has spoiled a very courteous, though a business act on the part of the governmental Bank of France, in its selling 75,000,000 frs. of gold to the non-governmental Bank of England for three months, at 3 per cent. per annum, thereby making a profit of 555,000 frs., while being safely guaranteed by a security like *Cæsar's wife*, "above suspicion." Over this commercial transaction, the French press seems to have lost its head, and proclaims *urbi et orbi*, that France has actually saved England from financial ruin, by heaping coals of fire on the head of *perfidæ Albion*.

The Bank of France loaned the money ungrudgingly, not for nothing, but at 3 when it might have charged 5 per cent., and not without security. It is a pity the matter was not allowed to rest there—"do the good by stealth, and blush to find its fame." The financial transaction brings some *à propos* facts to the front. The Bank of England is the only bank in Europe where you can obtain five sovereigns for its five-pound note. This is not so at the Bank of France; it has the right to cash its notes partly in gold and partly in paper; hence it is able to keep its cellars well filled with gold. However, if there was a demand on its coin, it would have to bar the run by raising its rate of discount, as America, England, and other countries do under similar circumstances, plus a more liberal issue of paper, of no value—save at a discount—outside of France.

Portugal, Peru, Honduras, Panama, the Union Bank, the Comptoir d'Escompte, etc., have taught the French prudence in matters of speculation. Foreign companies or bubbles ever solicit subscriptions in France to their *El Dorados*; they are God-sends for journalistic advertisements, puffs, and posters, but not a franc is obtained. The fact is, that for three years past the French have been quietly getting rid of all foreign scrip, and investing proceeds in their own funds and home state-guaranteed securities. This explains why the collapse of a speculation in Argentine, or other stocks, finds France smiling. The Bank of England in the autumn of 1889 purchased nearly three millions of francs in gold from Uncle Sam, who regarded the business as he would the sale of pork or cereals, not the philanthropic salvation of British finances.

In 1839, England, to meet a deficient harvest, wanted a temporary accommodation to the extent of 48,000,000 frs. Paper for that amount was drawn on French banking houses, and that the Bank of France discounted without the usual three backers on bills, the Bank of England guaranteeing the advance besides, by lodging sufficient 3 per cent. stock. And France herself, in the famine year of 1846, was "cornered"; the Bank of France raised the rate of discount to 5 per cent.; she could not obtain gold; a smash was inevitable, till Russia came to the rescue by lending France stock for 50,000,000 frs., and sending the necessary cereals, so that they were the consumers of the wheat that repaid the Russian advance. In October, 1870, it was England that negotiated the loan of 250,000,000 frs., when French rentes were down to 52½ frs., and that enabled France to prolong her resistance against the invaders. Again, of the 200,000,000 frs. indemnity levied on Paris, in February, 1871, the half of that amount was paid by bills taken up by London bankers. All these loans were simply—business—and if the aid helped to pull France through, that was not due to philanthropy or sympathy—such do not exist in business, but to the belief that she would be able to repay.

But there was philanthropy when London sent relief to suffering Paris, and when M. Jules Favre wrote to the

Lord Mayor in February, 1870, thus: "It was reserved to your intelligent country to give to the world this example of solicitude for misfortune. I have taken charge of the first part of your magnificent and fraternal gift. The city of Paris expresses to the city of London its profound gratitude. In the extremity of its misfortunes, the voice of the English people has been the first that has been heard by it from outside with an expression of sympathy. The citizens of Paris will never forget the circumstance, and, if the souls of two peoples are united, we shall have faith in the future." The inundations in the south of France a few years later again brought the Lord Mayor's philanthropy into play.

Whether London, Paris, New York, etc., bankers, purchase from or sell to each other gold, the more they are *solidaire* when any are in a pinch the less they will themselves suffer. The Bank of England showed its sound judgment by seeking hard money where it was accumulated, and the Bank of France displayed equally shrewd comprehension of the cosmopolitanism of the issues, by lending a few of her stored up millions at a low rate and on first-class security. Small-souled patriots here blame the accommodation to wealthy England, while not doing the same to the necessitous humble. When Louis XV. established pawn-offices, only the Upper Ten were privileged to "My Uncle's" relief; hence the proverb, "One lends only to the rich." The Bank of France will not hesitate to cash any home papers sent in, provided it be endorsed by three faultless names. If the Bank of England had to raise its rate of discount much higher, general commerce would have suffered; merchants, etc., in order to pay their way, would have to realize their savings as represented by Stocks and Scrips. And since English foreign investments represent about the one-third of the total of the Stocks and Scrips of Europe alone, to realize these terrible "drops" would ensue on all the exchanges. Not runs, but stampedes would follow; the Bank of France would then have to raise its discount, and so trouble her own commerce and drain her bullion chests, till she fell back on a forced currency of her notes, as she did in August, 1870. Both the Threadneedle-street Old Ladies of Paris and London are to be complimented.

Scientists here are on the tip-toe of expectation awaiting the disclosure of Dr. Koch's anti-cancer, anti-phthical elixir. The majority of professional men, remembering, that Professor Koch's experiments have never been found inaccurate, hence the confidence placed in his next to his present "immortal discovery." Among the guesses at the composition of the solution is that made by the eminent Dr. Dujardin-Beaumont; he believes it to be a lymph prepared from the toxic secretions of the microbes, and a cyanuret of gold. Imagine facial cancer and lupus being cured in a few weeks by injecting under the skin between the shoulders, that elixir of life. As one-fourth of the deaths in Paris are due to consumption, the Koch rescuers of society may count upon being kept busy till the combat will cease from want of combatants.

M. Edmond Planchut observes in his study on Tunisia, that his countrymen there have 100,000 acres under cultivation, and capital to the amount of 50,000,000 frs. invested. Bizerte ought to be made, he adds, into a harbour for the French Navy, and a bank should be established to lend money at 5 per cent., and so cut out the usurers, who charge 20 per cent. The elimination, measured but persistent of foreigners from Tunisian State employment, for the profit of the French, is also as he lays down a necessary change.

M. Albert Rivière asserts that Tonkin is the natural penal settlement for France, where so many roads, harbours, etc., await construction. He would relieve the "congested districts" of New Caledonia of its plethora of idle criminals, where from their numbers they cannot be effectually guarded, and hence the insecurity which there reigns.

SONNET TO DREAMERS.

DREAMER of blissful Hour-haunted bowers
And azure isles in amethystine seas,—
Nepenthe shed from fair immortal trees
Awaits to drowse thy soul and dull thy powers,
Lethæan waters woo the fleeting hours
To fill thy days with fleeting phantasies:
Yet cease to dream, and all Life's mysteries,
Unveiled, will fade as sun-parched thirsty flowers;
Cast off the chains of Fancy's sorcery,
Heed not the siren voice of high desire,
Allay thy soul's deep thirst for liberty,
Nor let thy thoughts to other worlds aspire,—
And thou art but a drift-song of the sea,
And not an anthem sung by Heaven's choir.

RUYTER S. SHERMAN.

Brantford, Ont.

A VERY remarkable appearance of the first satellite of Jupiter has been noticed with the twelve-inch telescope at Mount Hamilton. A line of light was occasionally distinctly seen separating the satellite into two nearly equal parts. A white belt on the satellite parallel to the belts of Jupiter would, perhaps, satisfactorily explain it. Otherwise "there is no alternative but to consider the satellite actually double."

IN THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE last letter I sent to THE WEEK was from the Kingdom of Fife; this I date from Ayr—than which, writes a partial and immortal pen, "nae toon surpasses, for honest men an' bonnie lasses." I don't know so much about the "bonnie lasses," but judging from the general appearance of the town, its fine esplanade stretching over a mile along the tawny beach, its handsome public buildings, its clean well-paved streets, and as clean alley-ways and closes, it is evident that the management of the municipality, at least, is in the hands of honest men. The town of Ayr, more than any other I have seen in Scotland, has a distinct individuality of its own, a rare combination of the past and the present—low-browed, thatched cottages, with little attic windows, relics of the olden time, in rows and at intervals, side by side with the less picturesque but more comfortable and hygienic modern dwellings. Through the middle of the town, dividing it into two portions, the Ayr flows down into the Clyde, and is spanned at short intervals by three bridges—the Auld Brig, the New Brig, and a railway bridge called the Cage Walk.

The Town Hall is a handsome edifice, handsome within and without; a rather ecclesiastical-looking building, with a clock-tower, topped by a high and delicately tapering steeple, seen many a mile away, one of the land-marks of the shire.

In the middle of the High Street stands a stout old tower of the Norman build, with a statue of Wallace in a high-placed niche in front. In front of the County Buildings, which have a façade of Corinthian pillars, is an enclosed square, in which are two fine monuments in granite, statues of the Earl of Eglintoun and General O'Neil.

I attended service one day in the old church of Ayr, in the very church where Burns, the cynosure of grave and disapproving eyes, was wont to sit, while the minister of that day of double verse gave them out four, and the precentor "skirled up the Bangor." After service I wandered about the old graveyard, deciphering as best I could, in spite of moss and decay, the quaint old epitaphs on the crumbling stones. The first I made out struck me as being sour-tempered and cynical.

How much valued it matters not,
By whom beloved, by whom begot,
A heap of dust is all remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.

What a difference between this and the cheery, nautical ring on the stone opposite:—

Though Boreas blast and surging waves
Has tossed me to and fro,
Yet at the last by Heaven's decree,
I anchor here below.
Where at an anchor I do rest,
With many of our fleet,
Hoping for to set sail again,
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

Ship ahoy! brave old mariner. "According to thy faith so be it unto thee." Some one wants the songs of a people to judge them thereby. Very good, but as illustrations of the spirit of the age in which the "inhabitants below" lived read also their epitaphs. For instance, look at this very modest stone: "Erected by the trades of Ayr, A. D. 1814, to the men who suffered martyrdom at Ayr, 27 Dec., 1666, for their adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's covenanted work."

Here lye seven martyrs for our covenants,
A sacred number of triumphant saints,
Pontius McAdam the unjust sentence past,
What is his own the world will know at last,
And Herod Drummond caused their heads affix.
Heaven keeps a record of the sixty-six,
Books, thumbkins, gibbets, were in fashion then,
Lord, let us never see such days again.

Amen! oh ye "trades of Ayr!" And yet, after a lapse of two centuries, does not this revengeful innuendo, as to the punishment of the wicked Pontius McAdam, sound awfully unlike the spirit of "Father forgive them for they know not what they do!" as unlike, indeed, as the annual venom exchanged between Protestants and Catholics in our own Canada here in A. D. 1890.

A delightful change of spirit, a passing into a sweeter atmosphere is felt standing before this carved tablet set in one of the walls. It is a lesson to all who contemplate matrimony, a charming home picture. It tells of a deputy sheriff and his good wife who had obtained her desire not long to outlive her beloved husband, she having finished her course in August, while he died in June of the same year. "They lived in the most uninterrupted conjugal friendship for upwards of thirty years, and during all that time they never knew what it was to eat their morsel alone, and in them the poor had welcome helpers."

What a beautiful, blessed record! *Nota Bene*: It is not conjugal bliss, or conjugal happiness that is recorded here, but (lay it to heart, all would be Benedicts) conjugal friendship. The moral herein contained might also be a pointer in marriage reform, essentially differing from Mr. Grant Allen's unspeakable scheme of casting out devils by Beelzebub.

So much for sermons in stones. From the dead we turn to the living. In Ayr, as in Ceylon, only man is vile, and as this is no article of fiction the truth must, though with regret, be spoken. In proportion to the size of the town and the population, Ayr is certainly the most addicted to drink of any town I have yet seen. It looks as though the people, despairing of attaining to the poet's nobility of virtues, had taken to imitating his vices to the extent of caricature. Almost every alternate door on the principal business streets is a tavern, and drink is also sold without

BIRTHDAY TRIOLETS.

OCTOBER is a pleasant time
 Though violets are far away.
 Around the fire at evening chime
 October is a pleasant time;
 And falling blythely in its prime
 Your birthday makes the season gay.
 October is a pleasant time
 Though violets are far away.

Love's messages ring through the year
 And birthday voices give them speech;
 With happy music, sweet and clear,
 Love's messages ring through the year;
 In friendly greeting—kindly cheer—
 With all the meanings Love may teach,
 Love's messages ring through the year
 And birthday voices give them speech.

You know what daring words may dwell
 Among the things a year may say;
 When all your kindred wish you well
 You know what daring words may dwell
 In some one's heart as in a cell
 Imprisoned till a festal day;
 You know what daring words may dwell
 Among the things a year may say.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Toronto.

PICTURES IN RED.

THIS is not a learned treatise on the history and future of the Indian race. It is simply a few rough sketches of what is to-day to be seen on the reserves of the United States.

THE RESERVE.

Like no other place in the whole world is the United States Indian Reserve. The advancing white man found the roving Indian a great hindrance to his nation building, and, not worrying himself about after consequences, cast about him for the best means of tying the redman down to certain limits. Pow wows were held and tempting offers were made to the Indian if he would settle down to a definite region. So it came to pass that to-day vast blocks of land appear as blanks on the map, the spot bearing only the words "Indian Reservation." All reserves are not alike, but I will attempt to describe a typical one.

Early on a sharp November morning I found myself in a stage coach driving toward the Agency, which was in the heart of the reservation. The road at first led across mound-shaped, round-topped hills, such as one sees in Catlin's pictures; the prairie all around appearing barren and desolate. Then we passed through a sparsely settled region, with a few poor corn-fields and small settlers' cabins. The road next took an abrupt turn, and we descended into the river bottom. Passing in and out of the scant timber, which grew in patches along the bottom, we encountered clouds of dust blown from mid-river sand-bars. Over the river itself hung a dense cloud that looked like mist, but which, the driver said, was blown sand. How the wind swept down the valley, and how the sandy dust bit into the flesh. The driver beguiled the way by describing how the bottom looked during a memorable flood, when ten feet of water concealed the road we were then travelling. Settlers' houses grew fewer and fewer, until fording a rapid stream, as high as the wheel hubs, the driver announced that we were on the reservation. There were no houses of any description for some distance, and those we first met with differed but little from the homes of the white settlers, and that difference chiefly lay in the roof. The huts were of round logs, laid in the usual fashion, but the roof was formed not out of boards and shingles, but of boards laid from eaves to ridge-pole, and covered with about three inches of chalk-stone rubbish. This is kept from rolling off by a raised border on eaves and gable. The stove pipe projected from the ridge, and disdained the idea of protection from a chimney. As we approached the heart of the Reserve, little hamlets of these small houses became more frequent, interspersed with teepees with their brownish white cones; cones that are white at the bottom, and gradually shade into a deep black at the apex through the action of the smoke of the fire within. Evidences of civilization were not wanting. Here and there were little patches of Indian corn, and occasionally a few potato hills, while frequent small, black stacks of hay showed that the cattle would have something to eat during the approaching winter. The stables are even more curious than houses and teepees. They are made of poles and hay. A double row of poles is driven into the ground around the desired space; hay is pressed tightly down between them, horizontal poles being laid in at intervals; poles are laid across the space and covered with hay, and the whole is complete. An opening is of course left for the door, which is made in the usual manner; windows, so far as I am aware, are unknown in hay stables. Many of these odd-looking structures are fairly

large, and will hold quite two dozen animals. Ventilation is of course perfect, and, should fodder become scarce in spring, the thrifty drover can remove the poles with which the inside is protected, and literally allow his stock to eat their way out into summer. Now and again we passed a waggon drawn by fair looking horses, and containing wood or hay. Seated on top, dressed in white man's attire, was the red owner of the team, his long flowing hair proclaiming that he had not yet become wholly converted to the white man's ways. Walking along the road were bright shawled squaws of all ages, some with burdens, some with children, all bareheaded. The wondering little face looks out over the mother's shoulder at the passer by, but seldom shows its surprise or fear in anything more than looks. Other squaws drive waggons rapidly and dexterously along the rough road, while here and there may be seen a waggon filled with material for a new house, logs or chalk-rock rubbish. Life has its phases here as elsewhere. As we passed on we noticed several young men making homes for their prospective wives; while at several places groups of old squaws, seated upon the ground, told that scandal was as rife as in any gossip-cursed eastern village. In front of many of the houses, and generally some few steps from them, was a shade made of poles laid upon forked sticks, the whole covered with hay. Here in sultry summer days, armed with a turkey-wing fan, the elders of the household sit at ease, while the children gambol about them.

Several times across our road passed a strange cavalcade. Fifteen or twenty boys mounted on saddleless ponies galloped up and down over the hills, shouting and laughing. This pastime is indulged in when stray ponies come within reach, and is especially to be noticed toward evening as the herders begin to come in. We were nearing the Agency and the scene became more spirited. Old men staid as Quakers, yielding but little to modern ideas, stalked about with an air of great importance. They were enveloped in a single blanket of blue, falling in graceful folds almost to the ankle, one corner nearly sweeping the ground. From beneath this peep out embroidered moccasins and leggings. The head is swathed washer-woman fashion in a red bandana, while the whole is surmounted by a high-crowned felt hat, the band of which is a marvel of colour. Children had not been wanting along the road, but as we advanced the number increased. Little boys, hatless, and with long braided hair, vied with little girls equally fleet-footed in racing after our waggon. Larger boys are throwing lithe wands along the ground with a peculiar skipping motion, or else by a dexterous twist, causing them to strike against the ground and then fly upward, reminding one strongly of the Australian boomerang. Waggons were more frequent, and the number of shot guns carried shows that game is not by any means extinct. One looks in vain for the novelist's ideal Indian beauty. There are good faces now and again, good eyes, good teeth, good complexion, but there is a lack of carriage in the figure and vivacity in the countenance, which we have learned to look for in the white woman. Girls of fourteen and fifteen sat in picturesque groups near their homes, a bright shawl forming about them a cone of colour from near the apex of which peeped out dark inquisitive eyes. Dogs formed a sort of background for the whole picture. It seemed as if some great souled city had gathered up all its worthless, mangy and distempered curs, and sent them out here. They are not given to barking during the day, but have a most unpleasant fashion of sneaking about with a cold nose uncomfortably close to the calf of the leg. At night, however, the silent creature of the day howls most dismally, and must, I think, be one of the missionary's heaviest crosses.

But we had got on, and now the wire fence of the Government school farm was beside our track, and the great barrack building of the school had become a prominent feature of the landscape. On further, and the school was close at hand, looking the more ugly than before. Soon we were in the village about the agency. Here is the square bulky form of the Issue House, near it the Indian Office, the Agent's office, surmounted by a bell, the licensed trader's store, the Agent's house, the wooden jail, iron-bound like an ancient strong box, the Agency shops with high smokestack, and off to one side the modest mission church, backed by the mission house and school. Most of the buildings are of wood, painted white or yellow, and are thrown together as it pleased the builders so that the main thoroughfare is vague and winding, and there are throughout patches of common on which children play and ponies graze. Before the village is the rapid, shallow river with sandy bluffs on the opposite shore, while behind rise rounded hills upon the top, of which gleam the white fences of grave plots, and here and there a long blanketed bundle on a raised platform tells that some Indian has died a heathen, and been laid to rest after the manner of his fathers.

THE ISSUE.

While the "Issue" is not unknown on Canadian Reserves, still it has been kept down to as low a point as possible, but on many reserves of the United States this pernicious, pauperizing scheme has got such a footing that it will be very difficult to get rid of it. It arose simply because the Indians confined strictly to a small reserve, and, knowing nothing of farming, would have starved had not the Government issued provisions at regular intervals. This is now generally termed "the issue." Let us try then to get a mental picture of this Western Pension

Bureau. Imagine a great square stone building, bare as a jail, its architecture that of a huge packing box. Near it is a smaller building of wood in which is kept annuity goods, which are issued just before winter sets in. Between these is a level space upon which in ordered ranks, are set reapers, mowers, hayrakes and one or two threshing machines used on the reserve.

The frequency of issue varies, but usually it takes place once a week. Long before daybreak, Indians have begun to drive in to get the miserable dole that the Government grants. As I walked through the Agency about ten o'clock, the little village was alive with Indians. Waggons were standing on the strip of ground along the river, and horses and ponies of all grades were eating from the waggon boxes, or picking up food at large as best they could. Indians were everywhere. Indians in civilized dress; Indians in blankets and paint and feathers; Indians in shawls, and Indians almost in the garb that Adam wore, shivering in that chill October blast. It seemed as if a fair and a funeral were mingled. There was plenty of colour and liveliness: there was enough and more of rags and sorrow. Around the Issue House door were gathered a crowd of women, some shrivelled, hardened, impudent; some simply old and resigned; some middle-aged and looking half ashamed to accept dole; and some young and modest, erect and comely, endeavouring to escape the observation of all but the necessary officials. Crowding through the wide door, I found myself in a great square whitewashed room. I say whitewashed, but its original colouring could now only be seen high up on the rough stone walls. Cobwebs graced the dusty windows and the beams of the ceiling. Across the opposite side of the room was a long wide counter, and the right half of this was guarded by a railing after the manner of a bank counter, save that the delicate bank railing was replaced by a rusty iron picket fence. Behind this stood a weary, dust covered young man, the Issue clerk, and before him were spread out the lists containing the names of every head of a family on that reserve. Beside him stood a native policeman in uniform, another leaned against the wall. A withered old woman approached the loop-hole in the fence and handed the clerk a greasy tag, such as is used in shipping merchandise. This is the "ticket"; upon it is the name and number of the holder, and the quantity of rations each is to receive. We have reached the stage of numbering men. But to return, the clerk took the ticket, tapped the holder's hand with his pencil as a sign that she had touched the writing instrument, and then put a mark against the printed name. The tickets were put down in pile, from the bottom of which another clerk, seated near a scale, took one at a time, giving out the name in a sonorous monotone. Listen to the names: Wee-na-tong-ka, Israel Running Rabbit, Crover Cleveland, Mary Yellowdog, and so on through a list of Indian names unpronounceable, and English names, wonderful. As the name was called, the clerk shifted the weight on the scale bar to the proper number of pounds; the person named came forward and handed a small bag to an Indian worker standing over a great flour bin at the other side of the scale. Long practice had given him the power to calculate to a nicety, and from his big scoop he dropped just the quantity required. The scale balanced, and, with a full-arm swing, the bag was tossed across the counter to the woman. In the meantime, the clerk at the scale, by simply holding up his fingers, had signified to another Indian how many rations of beef are required for the person at the counter, and while the flour was being weighed, he hooked up a piece of beef from one of several tables, and threw it with a dexterous jerk upon the counter near the flour bag. The person for whom it was intended put the beef in another bag and retired to make room for Henry Irving, or Iron-legged Bull, or whoever it may be whose ticket lay next on the pile.

Let us look at the man at the flour bin. He was a grand specimen of the old red man; prominent nose, high cheek bones, braided hair down his back. At his side in a fanciful case was an ugly looking knife, used in opening flour bags; but one felt as he looked at it, that in earlier days it had a very different use. The meat-slinger, if I may so term him, was almost a giant; but he had not, despite his bloody clothes, the determined look of the old man.

And so this thing went on hour after hour, from early morning until late afternoon. There was that same silent collection of human beings outside the bars in all stages of misery, shame and wretchedness. Inside the bars there was the same monotonous routine, the same calling of long drawn names, and the same machine-like swinging of flour bag and meat hook. No tongue, no pen can do justice to that scene. Once looked upon, it is indelibly stamped upon the memory. Just fancy an intelligent human being having his food thrown at him as it were to a dog. Can we wonder that the Indian gives trouble? Who would not rather know that the Indian's spirit galled under such treatment, and that he desired to get away from it rather than, like a hardened pauper, he preferred to live an object of a more brutal, more degrading feeding system than the cattle in the Government barn.

THE GODLESS GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

The United States secular Indian boarding school has many champions, and for the benefit of those who may never have seen one, I shall describe a real school, and one that is not by any means the worst that might be picked upon.

Everything that the United States makes for the

Indians, seems to come out of the same shop. It is ugly, ostentatious, loud and coarse. Its only redeeming feature is that it is usually big. The building of which I speak is a clapboard structure resting on a stone foundation. I climbed up a great wide pine stairway to the front door, noting as I did so the general untidiness of the yard. Articles of half-worn clothing, old boots, tin cans, coverless school books, packing boxes and general rubbish disputed the ground. I rang the bell, and a very untidy man, collarless and in slippers, came to the door. This was the Superintendent; he showed me into his office, being engaged in another part of the building, so I had leisure to view the apartment. The floor had once been matched, but the shrinking of the scoundrelly contractor's lumber had unmatched it, and the cracks gaped half an inch wide. In one corner was a very rough ladder used as a rack for hanging garments upon. In another was a pile of old maps, torn school charts, etc. On a table at one side were two very oily and dirty lamps, and under the table was a rubbish heap containing old bottles, slates, books, picture frames and other things past recognition, while the whole hall and office, so to speak, saturated with a peculiar smell which words cannot represent. Presently the Superintendent returned and expressed his willingness to take me over the building. First we went up into the dormitories, the Superintendent explaining that he had just begun to get things back into shape after his predecessors had let them run down. His predecessors were numerous, four in one year; three of these had been dismissed, one had been promoted. In the first dormitory in the second storey were about twenty-five iron beds, scarcely single and yet not double beds, but my conductor informed me that two pupils slept in each bed. He had originally intended to allot one pupil to each bed, but as they were always creeping into one another's beds, he had about decided to let them sleep "two-a-bed."

I looked around, the classes had just been let out and several dirty and untidy boys with hats on raced up into the dormitory to see the visitor and to hear what was to be said. The Superintendent did not appear to notice them, did not check them. The beds were passably clean, save that the hair mattresses had been in use steadily for about ten years. The coverlets which could not well be washed, being imitation eider down, were in a filthy condition, and it was the custom in this school to receive a new supply of these from the Government every fall, whereupon those in use were sunk in the river or burned. The new supply had not yet come. The vile smell was not so thick here, but the boys who had tired of the visitor enlivened matters by fighting in the hall, their boots scraping paint and plaster unmercifully. The Superintendent got past them and we went to another part of the building, where some labourers and older scholars slept. It was a large room containing a number of beds, the foot boards of which were decorated with discarded clothing. On the bureaus were small heaps of rubbish and three dirty stable lanterns. The bureau drawers were also open and overflowing with clothing, while boots and hats were thrown upon three or four trunks placed irregularly in various parts of the room.

Then we went into the store-room, some boys following us (talking in Indian which I knew was prohibited by the Department), but the Superintendent did not appear to hear them. The store-room looked as if some one had stood at the door and thrown things in promiscuously. Near the door was a pile of partly worn boots that had never been repaired, and, I learned, never would be. There were also about two hundred pairs of new shoes on shelves. The vile smell already mentioned was in the room, the boys were leaning against the door frame and they seemed quite willing to bear out my guide, when he averred that those shoes were the worst turned out of any factory in the United States for they would skin a boy's feet in a week. Besides this, at the time, all he had in stock were either too large or too small for any of his pupils. On a shelf near by were six handbells, eight or nine thermometers, about as many school globes and generally the place looked as if everything good had been removed while everything useless had got stranded here. There were shelves full of school books, the authors of which have long gone over to the majority—got rid of no doubt by some scheming publisher at a good figure.

Down again we went, this time to the school-room on the ground floor. This was a large room with good hardwood desks and other furniture, including an organ. At this latter an Indian boy of about eighteen was seated, wearing a large felt hat, stuck cowboy fashion on the back of his head. He was pumping away vigorously and the organ, originally a good instrument, was giving forth a volume of discordant sound. The superintendent grinned and bore it but said nothing. The work on the boards was confined to a few verses such as "Thirty days hath September." The head teacher, a weak and worried woman, was introduced. She did not look as if she enjoyed her work and I was not surprised when she said so. Next we visited the dining-room, the smell growing much stronger. This room was supplied with about six long tables covered with coffee stained cloths, and by them were comparatively new chairs, many broken by rough usage; crumbs lay about in several corners. We went into the kitchen, and here we found the source of the smell in the shape of something burning or heating. A very untidy dressed woman, who was engaged in doing some darning, welcomed us with a nod. At the far end of the room two or three Indian girls, "helpers,"

were engaged in peeling potatoes. The range was large but decidedly rusty on the side and greasy in patches on top. Along the back shelf of the range were a number of battered and dull looking coffee tins. Upon the table were the loaves just taken from the oven. On going into the pantry we found three bread-mixing pans left with the dough sticking to them just as they had been used. On a shelf were two or three bowls half full of molasses and flies and there were broad streaks down their sides showing how the molasses had been got from them. All this time the Superintendent kept pouring into my ears a tale of the improvements he had made over his faulty predecessors. Yet he was so afraid of rivals that he dared not give the children any religious training, though he longed to do it. The most he could do was to gather them in the school-room at night, read a psalm or scripture lesson, sing a selection and repeat the Lord's Prayer. On Sunday the children went either to the Episcopal or Presbyterian Sunday schools and to church in the afternoon or evening. As a matter of fact they never knew their Sunday school lessons and I have no reason to believe there were any Bibles on hand from which they could read. Many of the children were heathens on coming; few were even nominally Christian, and as no attempt was made to give them a better standard than their own—things were in a very bad way. During former *regimes* pupils had been encouraged to go home on Saturdays so as to free the staff on Sunday, while the extent of loose living was something awful. The Superintendent assured me that three out of four of his predecessors had been discharged for immorality, and during one summer no less than five pupils had given birth to children. Wastefulness characterizes every department, and so it happens that these people, who so much need to be taught morality and thrift, have before them the worst possible example. Half worn boots thrown away, dirty counterpanes sunk in the river, teachers discharged for lasciviousness. The farms attached to such schools are generally not half worked, and the whole thing is looked upon by the officials as a bit of child's-play on the part of the Government to keep the Indians quiet, to gain the goodwill of honest Easterners and to provide them, "the officials," with a good living.

INDIAN AGENCY WHITES.

The whites on an Indian Agency may be roughly divided into Government officials and missionaries. Let us get an idea of the Government officers; it is not always possible to see a United States Indian agent on his reserve. That is nominally his place, but he must be about the business of the party that puts him there, and so he goes up and down the State (or the next state if it be Indian territory) seeing the "boys" and keeping things in tune. You would like to know him; picture to yourself then, a man of average height, wearing a stylishly cut suit of new but unbrushed clothes. He wears a cotton shirt, the breast and collar of which is generously dotted over with horseshoes or other fitting emblems. His necktie is vivid and startling and is tied in such a way as to allow the ends to project over the lapel of the coat. His hat is the customary soft felt, worn with the front of the brim bent over the eyes, and last, but not least, there is the half-smoked cigar always in dangerous proximity to the rubicund nose. There are variations in the Indian agent, some are bad, some are worse, but the recent decision of the political parties that local men must have these places has brought things to such a pass that good western agents could be counted on the fingers of one hand. What the agent knows about the Indian question is this: Some Indian tribes can vote and some can not, and it is his duty to see that those who do vote, vote "right"; and those who don't vote are made ready for party purposes. There have been grand men in the United States Indian Service, but any who were unwilling to lower themselves to bribery, intimidation and wholesale corruption are naturally quickly weeded out. It is not to be supposed that Indian Department officers remain during the life of the Government; every political exigency at Washington makes wholesale havoc with the heads of these poor people.

The Agency doctor is usually some raw graduate of a doubtful college or else a broken-down practitioner whose sins have driven him from the outer world. In no place in the world are greater sacrifices required of a medical man than on an Indian reserve where there are no clocks and where few people know anything about nursing; and yet many a busy city physician gives much more time to patients from whom he never expects anything than do these men to these poor people whom they are paid to look after. Indians are especially shy and sensitive; they would die rather than be laughed at; and it takes years to understand them and to gain their confidence. Fancy then Indian women going to such a man as this. They simply don't go; in the most deadly diseases they work with disease in their own crude way, and die.

Generally the lower officers on the reserves are more suitable than the higher, but it is well not to examine too closely. There is, however, another set of men on the reserve, who by liberal expenditures in the proper direction are allowed almost permanently to prey upon the Indians; I mean the licensed traders. The privilege is so valuable that outwardly all the requirements of the law are strictly adhered to, but there is a vast amount of law-breaking behind the scenes; the trader's store is usually in the heart of the Agency. It is usually an oblong room with a high counter around three sides; there are no seats and the goods are all stored back out of reach. Since the Govern-

ment gives the necessities the trader sells the luxuries of life, silk handkerchiefs, bright scarfs, penknives, ribbons, tawdry jewellery, cheap millinery, perfumes, candies, etc.; what things are sold after dark it is hard to say. Behind the counter stands a middle-aged man, dressed loudly, wearing a slouch hat and smoking the inevitable cigar. His face, aye and even his blotched and pimply neck, tells too plainly how he has lived upon the reserve. His time is not usually given to present customers; he is more actively engaged in looking out for those who according to his books owe him half their crop of corn or hay. His son, the leading spirit in the retail department, has arrived at man's stature and is a son worthy of his father; but he has nearly always lived in this atmosphere and has not had the physical chance that his sire had; he is trying to imitate his father, but will not live as long, for young as he is his life is telling heavily upon him. He is in his shirtsleeves; his shirt is of pink flannel with broad collar, under which is a flaring red and blue silk tie; a slouch hat is set cowboy fashion on the back of his head, and in the corner of his mouth is a cigarette. He is the pattern for the foolish young Indians of the reserve who go about in cowboy style and with cigarettes. Look at the mental abilities of this trader's son; I do not think he could read an ordinary newspaper article; it is exceedingly doubtful if he could write even an intelligible letter. Slang and profanity are the only arts he cultivates and unfortunately, as I have hinted, these are not the worst traits in his character. We wonder that the Indian does not grasp his opportunities and rise; yet here is a young man, the son of professedly Christian parents, who is intellectually and morally very little above the brute, and taken as a whole I feel sure that the average missionary would rather undertake the Christianization of a band of heathen Indians than to attempt to turn the whites on a U. S. Government Agency into people who lived pure lives.

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY.

I have referred frequently to the Indian Missionary, and perhaps it will be well to sketch him. His house was at the edge of the village, and near the little church. It is a frame structure with unmistakable signs that from time to time changes and enlargements have been made as funds and the strength of his arm would permit. It is not an artistic place. It is scarcely comfortable, still you feel that it is a home, the home of a man who had determined to remain in it during his life's natural course. In response to my knock a man in ministerial garb opened the door and invited me in. The room seemed to be a combination of sitting-room and study. The walls were of painted wood, as also was the rather low ceiling. A few pictures were on the walls, and in a book-case of home manufacture were a number of theological works and missionary periodicals, and a well used Shakespeare. The floor was also of painted wood, but there were a number of rag rugs and the sun-tanned skins of wild animals. The missionary is a man of perhaps forty-five, slight, yet not delicate, his clothing was not new, but it had been carefully worn. It is hard to describe the countenance of a missionary at his post; there is a peculiar mixture of resigned sadness and joyful hope that cannot be put into words. It seems as if the magnitude of the work, the fewness of the labourers, and the many discouragements had toned down his younger enthusiasm, and yet as if the results he saw from his own imperfect labours were sufficient to give him cause for hope and thankfulness. He is a scholarly man in the direction of language. He knows the language of his people thoroughly, and has reduced it to writing for them, and translated into it the Gospels and Psalms. Folk lore too has been one of the favourite studies of his few leisure hours. He has his own plans for the elevation of the Indian from savagery into civilization, but is very loath to condemn the plans of others, provided the attempt is made in earnestness. He has given himself to be a missionary, and he does not envy his city brother, except perhaps (and all missionaries feel it) that here he has no facilities to educate his children, and as yet missionary societies do not provide scholarships for them. However, having provided for this long ago out of his scanty salary, he is now one of the most contented of men, and does his daily labour happily and thoroughly, as one who labours for no perishable reward.

THE MISSION SCHOOL.

Having spoken of what the Government is doing, let us now see how it is with missionary organizations. The mission school is located upon gently rising ground, and its brick walls and trim garden have in them a note of solidity and taste that is denied the more costly Government schools. As I approached the gate a small boy playing near opened it, and saluted me with "Good morning." He is not in uniform, and his clothes are patched, but all about him is clean. How different from the tobacco-stained, filthy-looking Government school boy, whose only answer to repeated enquiries is an unintelligible grunt. There were other boys at work in the garden as I passed on to the school; they were gathering vegetables in before winter came. The Superintendent was out looking after some work on the farm, but the matron showed me into a little carpeted room, in which were the books and records of the school. So soon as it was understood that I wished to see the school, the matron proceeded to show the building. First we looked into the dormitories. Here were beds with ticks recently filled with hay, and with tasty counterpanes and clothing. The floor was painted and clean, two or three good pictures were on the walls, and the windows were raised to allow of a free cir-

culatation of air. Next we went into the store-room. Here, in one part, were articles of children's clothing in use, tied in separate bundles; in another part were stores for future use, all neatly parcelled and labelled. Thence we went into the wash-room, in which were long troughs supplied with numerous basins all-a-row, while mirrors and combs and brushes, not forgetting towels and soap, were in their places. In the kitchen we found a number of small Indian girls (scholars) busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. All were supplied with large clean aprons, and were moving about cheerfully and briskly, all being directed by a cooking instructress. Everything was fastidiously clean, the more so because these people know so little of order and cleanliness in their own homes. Near this were the store-rooms for flour and other supplies, all being neatly arranged with suitable shelves and tables. In a few moments the Superintendent came in and invited me to take supper with the family. I noticed that in most mission schools they did not say "scholars" or "pupils," but "the family," and really each school was an enlarged Christian family. The preparatory bell had already struck, and as the supper bell rang two files, one of boys and one of girls, entered the dining-room by different doors, keeping step to a march played by one of the teachers on an organ in the room. When all were in place behind their chairs the Superintendent raised his hand and all sang grace, after which everyone sat down to supper. The large tables for the children were placed on the three sides of the room, and toward one end was a smaller table for Superintendent, matron and teachers. The tables were covered with clean cloths, and the children at the end of the table served the food for the rest. No one waited on the others. All took part in table management. There was no unseemly haste, no roughness. The meal finished, the matron tapped a bell, all rose, and at another tap they filed out of the room. I stayed some-time longer; there was no sadness, no talk about fear of expulsion if the children were given religious teaching, no fear as to the ultimate good to come of the work. Its great difficulties were known and felt, but the directors felt that they had also the power to conquer.

Such are a few of many pictures of Indian Reserve life in the United States.

IOTA.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.*

THE work of Canon Isaac Taylor on "The Origin of the Aryans" deals with a singularly interesting controversy, in reference to which a popular *résumé* may not be uninteresting to the readers of THE WEEK. There stands against one of the four great piers under the dome of St. Paul's the statue of the eminent Indian jurist, Sir William Jones, to whom the scholars of Europe were indebted for their first knowledge of the Sanskrit, the language of the Vedas, the sacred scriptures of the Hindoos. In the first volume of the "Asiatic Researches," he set forth his views on the remarkable discovery of an ancient language familiar to the Brahmins of India long before the time of the Macedonian Alexander, of the same type, but more perfect in structure than the Greek, more copious than the Latin; of greater refinement than either, yet bearing an unmistakable affinity to them. The scholars of Europe were enraptured at the novel discovery. It seemed to them as though the mother tongue of the cultured languages of Europe had been recovered, near to the Edenic cradle of the human race. The German poet Schlegel followed up the work of his brother Frederick, "The Language and Wisdom of the Indians;" and popularized the study of Sanskrit in Germany, by his "Indische Bibliothek."

To this, and the subsequent labours of European scholars in the same direction—and foremost among them, the brothers Humboldt—we owe the modern science of comparative philology. But the fascinating aspect of the discovery of the great Indian jurist was that here, in the remote East, was an inflexional language, more perfect in its grammatical structure than classic Greek; revealing a close affinity in its vocabulary, not only to the classic, but to the Teutonic, the Slavic; and, as Pritchard by and bye showed, even to the Celtic languages of Europe. The numerals were the same, the names of the metals corresponded. In many ways the affinities were unmistakable. Grimm's epoch-making "Teutonic Grammar" was one fruit of the disclosure. Pott's "Philological Researches" followed; and then came the discovery that the Zend, the ancient sacred language of Persia, belonged to the same group of Indo-Germanic, or, as they came to be styled, Aryan languages.

This name Aryan is a very significant one. As a Sanskrit word it is equivalent to *noble*. In the hymns of the Veda it is specially employed to indicate the true worshippers, the believers, as opposed to heathen who had no faith in the gods of the Brahmins. But finally the etymologist reaches the verb *ar*, to plough; *arya*, a tiller. In fact, the Aryans were the civilized, agricultural race; and hence an Aryan came to signify a landed proprietor, a noble. Starting from the seductive premises thus brought to light beyond the Indus, it was natural, if not inevitable, to find in them a proof of the Asiatic origin of the civilized races of Europe. It coincided with all preconceived ideas of the eastern origin of the human race, and seemed rather to invite elucidation and expansion than controversy.

*"The Origin of the Aryans." By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. London: Walter Scott.

But the last ten years have witnessed a revolution in the opinion of scholars as to the cradle land of the Aryan clan. In Germany a succession of scholarly philologists have entered the arena, challenging the long accepted opinion, and claiming for some European centre the birth-place of the Aryans. They are, however, by no means agreed as to the precise centre. Penka looks to Scandinavia; Poesche turns to the South Germans for a primitive Aryan stock; Geiger and Lindenschmidt look more favourably on Northern or Western Germany; whilst others would revive, under new modifications, the old idea that the Celts, with their Druid order, not unlike the Brahmins of India, are the oldest of all the civilized races of Europe, and the primitive ancestors of the whole Aryan stock.

Whencesoever the "Original Aryans" came, Dr. Taylor recognizes, as others have done, that they must have had forefathers from whom they were developed, and his interesting volume aims at answering the question: What could have been the race from which they were evolved? He finds, as he conceives, evidence of their origin in the Ugric, or Uralian race of North-Eastern Europe and Western Asia. The Tchudic branch of the Finnic family seems to him to approach most nearly to what may be assumed to have been the primitive Aryan type. But when we turn to the philological basis of the argument, it has to be noted that the Uralian languages belong to a very comprehensive group of tongues, extending eastward over the greater part of Northern Asia. The ancient Accadian of Chaldea belongs to the same group, so that thus we return to the old East, though by a new route. But, instead of the idea of an Aryan clan, or tribe, in Central Asia, or on the Persian Gulf, from whence successive wanderers hived off, westward and southward; it is suggested that transalpine Europe, from the Rhine to the Vistula, was occupied by a Finnic race; and that the ethnic and linguistic peculiarities of a higher type, now common to all so-called Aryan nations, were developed by one or more of the southern and south-western members of this Finnic stock.

To all who are interested in the comprehensive ethnical and philological questions involved in the final determination of the origin and primitive seat of the Aryans, Dr. Isaac Taylor's work furnishes a valuable and attractive digest of evidence, in addition to the Author's own special argument. Above all, when the evidences of physical type are studied, it becomes apparent that the community of race assumed for the Indo-European or Aryan family, is, like that of the so-called Anglo-Saxon, far more of a linguistic than a purely ethnical one. But this, by proving the predominance of one special language, with its common numerals, names of metals, etc., no less than its common grammatical structure, throughout that vastly older world of Europe than the era of earliest classical history, proves how comprehensive are the issues involved in this reopening of the question of "The Origin of the Aryans."

PRESCIENCE.

"In summer days they'll wake," she said,
As o'er her cherished pansy bed
She watched the white flakes swirl and lie,
Till closed each gold and purple eye.
The gruff year heard the little maid,
And faster shook his frosty head:
"Not every eye by snows o'erspread."
He croaked, "shall wake with skies to vie
In summer days!"

O hoary prophet! all too true
Thy presage of her eyes of blue;
O winter that so long has stayed!
O summer-time so long delayed!
They yet shall wake unwist of you
In summer days!

M. A. MAITLAND.

Stratford, Ont.

ART NOTES.

JAMES BAIN AND SON, of Toronto, have had prepared a modelled profile in plaster of Sir John Macdonald, mounted on an appropriate card over the Premier's signature, in the form of a bas-relief. The resemblance is admirable, the finish excellent, and we are not aware of a better available memento of our great and genial Premier.

WE are glad to be able to say that a taste for art is being gradually developed amongst our people; no better sign of this can be found than in the efforts made in our schools and colleges to give it prominence. Moulton College may be mentioned favourably in this regard, where the Art Department is open to those who wish to avail themselves of it exclusively. The instruction afforded is comprehensive and thorough and the College faculty deserve credit for their artistic enterprise.

WE may say of Mr. Reid's Exhibition at the rooms of the Messrs. Matthews, 95 Yonge Street, that no better illustration of the upward tendency of Canadian art can be afforded than by these paintings. A very pleasant and instructive half hour can be spent before them; we cannot refer to them at length but we may say that a view of No. 9 on the catalogue, "Sea and Sky," alone would amply repay a visit. It is a beautifully soft, dreamy view of the ocean; it may be just before the dawn or at the unfolding

of evening's shadows. The gently undulating sea seems to move before the eye as it looks over its waters through the misty distance to where it is merged in the far horizon. The cloud treatment is pleasing in the extreme and Canadian art may well be proud of the artist of such a picture.

PRANG AND COMPANY, of Boston, are always welcome visitors at the Festivals with their delightful popularizations of art. Amongst the many beautiful issues of this Company for the Christmas season we observe with pleasure a chaste and charming treatment of the immortal song "Home! Sweet Home!" by John Howard Payne, with sketches from the home of the author by L. K. Harlow.

MME. HENRIETTE RONNER was born in Amsterdam in 1821 and, displaying much taste and talent for drawing while still of tender years, she was destined for the artistic profession by her father, Heer Knip, who superintended her education himself and enforced his principles with quite unusual severity. Undeterred by the misfortune of his blindness, which overtook him when his child was but eleven years of age, he steadily continued in his purpose and, keeping her at the easel from sunrise to sunset, chiefly in the open air, he insisted on a couple of the mid-day hours being passed in total darkness, lest she, too, might suffer the most terrible of all afflictions of an artist. The day's work was cheerfully undertaken by the girl. Gifted with qualities that would have made her eminent in the broader path of promiscuous subject-painting, she devoted her attention to cat, dog and still life, till at last she has achieved the position of acknowledged rival of M. Lambert. But the way was long and hard. In turn she gained awards at all the principal exhibitions to which she contributed, in Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal and America.—*The Magazine of Art for December.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

WE went to the Grand last night with the intention of reading a certain recently published novel between the acts, but the spirit of "Faust" was too strong for us—and we like Mr. Morrison! We say this at once, for if we are not going to curse, neither are we going to bless altogether. As a first criticism, we shall always be of the opinion that "Faust" can only be entirely successful as an opera, and we have never seen it successful as that. Capoul is the "Faust" we can remember who was not weak or ridiculous, and "Valentine" or "Siebel" invariably succeeded in being a farce. In speaking of "Faust," we do not wish to throw stones at Mr. Murray who is the "Faust" of the company at present playing at the Grand. If he has to appear as an impossible and uninteresting "Jason" from a painted vase, it is the fault of the author, and of the tradition which has apparently aimed at making "Faust" such an utter ass, that it is a marvel to all mankind that "Marguerite" or any other woman could fall in love with him. No, Mr. Murray is an average "Faust," but we wish he would not scurry off the stage with the stride of a pantomime-policeman making tracks after the clown. We trust that neither Mr. Morrison nor Mr. Sheppard will be hurt if we characterize the Brocken scene as at least laughable. We cannot recall the supernatural in "Faust" or "Don Giovanni" as having ever been anything else. And really the Brocken scene is awfully good fun. When the curtain rises, we discover a lady, apparently clothed in a sanitary-wool under-shirt and a scrubbing petticoat, who stirs up soup in a cauldron. Circumstances lead us to conclude that she burns herself with the soup or the ladle, for she suddenly rushes like mad across the stage and back again, for the which proceedings we cannot assign any other reason. But we shall not attempt to describe the whole of this delicious scene which winds up with a game of tag, indulged in by many coloured imps among great tombstones. However, it is not to see the Brocken that we recommend you to go to the Grand this week, but to see Mr. Morrison, for Mr. Morrison is very good, and he made a very pretty speech complimenting the audience on their attention and their quickness in seizing "points," and thence the stalls scoffed and the gods howled delight—and thereon we beg to differ with Mr. Morrison. It is our impression that a considerable portion of the audience were not educated in the story of "Faust." They quite missed the power and repose of Mr. Morrison's acting when he describes the magic circle between him and the students after the wine-drawing in the second scene of the first act, to our mind one of the best things that he did. They did not seem to appreciate the delicacy and restraint of Miss Roberts' acting as "Marguerite." We do not venture to say that Miss Roberts is possessed of any great tragic power; we have no grounds for judgment one way or the other, but she makes a wondrously sweet "Marguerite," and her quiet pathos and perfect naturalness in the scene of the image of the virgin brought tears to the eyes of at least one old play-goer. We do not think this is a small commendation. As "Mephisto," Mr. Morrison takes his audience into his confidence. He is a very jolly devil; not by any means too diabolical, and the gods enjoy him most consumedly. And we—well we are very glad that we went to see him, for he is a good actor; his facial expression is often very fine, and the delivery of his words excellent. He does not, we think, possess the power of the terrible; that awe-inspiring touch of genius that we have only seen in Mr. Faures' face in "Mephistopheles" and "Don Giovanni"; and only heard in Mr. Irving's famous "give

me the key" in the "Lyon's Mail." Yes, Mr. Morrison is very good and well worth seeing. We shall go to see him again.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A FAIRLY large house greeted the Hecker children at the Academy on Tuesday, and seemed to take pleasure in the performance. The entertainment does not call for special criticism. We would suggest, however, that we have lately heard and seen too much of infant prodigies. We do not mean this as a reflection on the Hecker children. If we are not mistaken, their playing on Tuesday night was spoiled by chilled hands.

THE TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE second concert of this society is announced for Tuesday, December 16, at the Pavilion. Of its able conductor, the N. Y. *Philharmonic Journal*, in 1880, said: "We maintain that Dr. Leopold Damrosch and Sig. D'Auria are the only two men in the country to-day, known to us, who at all approach the rare combination of qualities which can alone command the respect alike of both public and musicians." This was high praise indeed.

THE LAMBETH CHOIR.

WITH all the proverbial hardness attributed by unsympathetic critics to the Scotch, they are nevertheless a musical people. The songs of the country are characteristic; they exemplify the patriotic, the pathetic, and the humorous sides of Scottish life. This was made evident at the Toronto Auditorium last week when the famous Lambeth Choir gave their very attractive concerts. The first on Friday evening was mainly though not exclusively devoted to Scottish minstrelsy. The audience, considering the many attractions elsewhere, was remarkably good. As Glasgow city organist, Mr. Lambeth has a national reputation. The high expectations previously formed were fully realized. Although the principal soprano-soloist, Miss Lambeth, was absent through indisposition, the programme was splendidly sustained. The part singing was as perfect as fine voices, thorough culture and excellent management can achieve. The shading was exquisite, and the expression faultless, bringing out in a manner seldom equalled the spirit and meaning of the songs that have met with world-wide appreciation. On Friday evening, Miss Kate Sherry was the leading soprano-soloist, and she won golden opinions from her Toronto audience. All she did was well done, and it is unnecessary to particularize. She was encored every time, and it may be mentioned that in one of these, her rendering of "The Land o' the Leal," brought out the touching pathos of the song in a style it would be difficult to equal. The varied power of Mr. James Moir's finely-cultured tenor was evidenced in "Mary of Argyll," "Macgregor's Gathering," and "Gae Bring to me a Pint o' Wine." The full company did ample justice to all the pieces they sang, particularly the opening and closing numbers, "Hail to the Chief," and Bishop's "Now Tramp." Sullivan's "Oh, Hush thee my Baby," and "Scots wha hae," were given with admirable effect. As a whole, this well-sustained concert was thoroughly enjoyed and highly appreciated as was indicated by the constant though possibly inconsiderate fervency of the encores.

RHEA will appear as "Josephine" at the Grand next week.

"BLEAK HOUSE" is billed for the Academy next week.

BARTHOLOMÆUS SENFF, of Leipsic, published recently a new ballot for tenor voice with piano accompaniment entitled "The Buried Song" (words by Rudolf Baumbach), composed by Anton Rubinstein. It is broadly conceived, and contains a good dramatic climax, while it is at the same time well written for the voice.

It is stated in the Italian papers that the once eminent violinist Sivori, who has for a long time lived in France, proposes soon to make a fresh artistic tour of Italy. The foreign papers thereupon print a criticism of Sivori sixty-two years ago. Sivori was born in 1815 and was a pupil of Paganini and Costa.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

GYMNASTICS. By A. F. Jenkin. London: George Bell and Sons.

The "All England Series" gives us this volume, and it is well worthy of a place in the library of all who are interested in athletics, and its small price brings it within reach of all. The book is written so as to appeal to a learner who wishes to become a fine gymnast, and so that the reader may be able to set about learning a variety of exercises with a clear idea of what he should try to do. The horse, horizontal and parallel bars are separately and well treated of, and a number of illustrations assist not a little in making the book pleasant reading. The training and care of the body by these methods is much thought of nowadays, and a really good work on the subject such as this is, should be welcome.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Illustrated. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This volume is an addition to a well-known series by the same author. Those who have accompanied "The Boy Travellers" to the continents of Europe and America

will gladly join them on a tour through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the adjacent islands. Mrs. Barrett and Mary, the mother and sister of Frank, add additional investigative zeal to the party. We rejoice when the route diverges from the path of the ordinary tourist, and we visit fields new to the majority of American travellers. How charming is the visit to the Isle of Man, still the possessor, in spite of changed rulers, of remnants of old Scandinavian customs. Our minds are gratified by more than fabled tales of three-legged men, and a superabundance of tailless creations in the animal world, and we steam away to Liverpool with refreshed memories of Manx life—regretfully thinking of the gradual, yet sure annihilation of old-time customs and relics, by that fell-destroyer of antiquity—the summer tourist. "The Boy Travellers" are animated by the true spirit of exploration and their unflagging interest leads them on ground comparatively little known to the ordinary visitors. For those who long to wander over the lands and homes of their forefathers, the history, and anecdote of many a noble building renowned in song and story, of church, of cottage, of fortress are graphically told, and act as side lights to the attractive scenes so skilfully depicted. Literary celebrities, new world industries, and old world customs, each and all find a niche within the covers of this captivating book, and many hours of profitable and cosy travelling may be passed with the aid of its pages and the accompanying maps. The volume is written in the United States' style, and will possibly on that account be chiefly attractive to U.S. readers.

SIDNEY. By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This story is by no means equal to John Ward, preacher. It is however a very pathetic tale and deals with the same kind of metaphysical and religious questions. Mortimer Earl, whose life has been blighted by the early death of his beautiful wife, determines to save his daughter, Sidney, from love and its consequent sorrow. Religious ideas are delusions, and she is studiously prevented from learning them. She grows up an agnostic. She is warned to avoid love, and is brought up with the determination not to marry. Nature however is too strong. She falls in love with Alan Crossan. At the deathbed of her saintly Aunt she grasps the problem of life: "What is this which beckons to the stars, or lifts the sweetness from the flowers? What is this which makes the thought of Alan flash into her brain? What is this which moulds the rain into a drop in the heart of that rose, and brings the instant remembrance of Miss Sally's love of roses to burn Sidney's eyes with tears and lays upon her heart the burden of regret? All working together; all one; and eternal—what? Force? All these were force, and force is one, and force is the energy of a cause. . . . It did not make life less terrible; it only filled it with confidence and peace. It made it worth living, if it were lived struggling for oneness with the eternal purpose, of which sorrow was as much a part as joy, death as life." Her father comes into the room; he stopped an instant at Miss Sally's side, and touched her hand; the look upon his face turned Sidney white. "Father?" "My darling," he said in a whisper, "she is dead."

He would have taken Sidney in his arms, but she put her hands upon his breast and breathed rather than spoke. "No, not dead—there is no death. Life and death are one; the eternal purpose holds us all, always. Father—I have found God."

She has evolved pantheism, and it is a disappointment that the story closes and leaves her on this comparatively low level of truth. She does not grasp the idea of God as revealed in His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY: Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sydney Lee. Vol. XXIV. Hailes-Harriott. Price \$3.75. New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson.

If the interest of the names dealt with in the present volume hardly rises to the average, there are at least a good many of great importance, and the style of treatment is as high and as thorough as ever. Among the early names in the volume we meet with the two Haldanes, James Alexander and Robert, whose religious influence in Scotland and in Switzerland, and even indirectly in England, was long and deeply experienced.

A figure of more permanent interest is that of Sir Matthew Hale, a man who lived through the time of the Commonwealth, as lawyer and judge, serving in a state of things which he disliked, without compromising his principles or his position. A man who could gain the respect of the Protector without losing the confidence of the royalists was certainly a remarkable personage. From Sir Matthew Hale we pass over a good many pages to the "ever-memorable" John Hales of Eton, an earlier contemporary of the foregoing, described by Andrew Marvel as "one of the clearest heads and best prepared breasts in Christendom."

An article of unusual interest to us Canadians is one on Judge Haliburton, our immortal Sam Slick, who is perhaps less known to young Canada than he ought to be. A vast array of Halls meets us, and some of them are persons of very considerable interest. Among the more modern names, we have the recently departed Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Among the older, there is Joseph Hall, the famous Bishop, first of Exeter and afterwards of

Norwich, the preacher at the Synod of Dort, and the author of the admirable "Contemplations." Between these comes the Baptist Robert Hall, the friend of Sir James Mackintosh, whom some not unskilled judges regard as the greatest preacher whom England has produced in this century. Of the numerous sermons published on the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, Hall's was considered the best.

A very excellent memoir is given of Henry Hallam the historian, and a brief but sympathetic account of his brilliant son, A. H. Hallam, the subject of "In Memoriam." We have more than a hundred pages of Hamiltons of all degrees, from Marquises and Dukes down to philosophers and persons far below these. Those who take an interest in the second of these classes will turn to the excellent article on Sir William Hamilton of Edinburgh, which gives us exactly what a book of this kind ought to supply, the biographical and historical, rather than the critical. Scientifically minded persons will get the same kind of information about Sir William Rowan Hamilton; whilst the general reader will probably feel more interest in the story of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's Emma (her name was really Amy, by the way): it is told with care and good taste. Certain points are not yet quite cleared up, and there is no need to clear them up. Professor Laughton has done the work as well as it could have been done.

But we must not linger among the Hamiltons in spite of the attractiveness of many of the names. We next light upon a capital account of the great Anglican, Henry Hammond. How many of our young divines of any of the churches know anything about him? And yet he was not only, Charles the First declared, the most natural preacher he ever heard, but a genuine theologian, not a very common thing. Not far from him comes John Hampden, eleven years his senior, belonging to a different school, moving in a different sphere, destined to leave his mark upon English history. Besides him stands another Hampden, now almost forgotten, who, not many years ago, convulsed the University of Oxford and the Church of England, or rather was the occasion of such convulsion.

One great name which appears in this volume is English only by adoption: it is the name of George Frederick Handel. Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Barclay Squire have handled the subject fully and completely. They share in the modern tendency somewhat to depreciate this great master. Whether they are right, posterity must decide. If those are right who tell us that Wagner's is to be the music of the future, we can quite believe that Handel, if not forgotten, will be depreciated. We hear of Lord Nelson's Hardy, but not of the hero's last words to him. Are these to be relegated, like many of our *souvenirs*, to the region of myth or legend? We hope not. Again we hear of the Hares, and of the most learned of them, Archdeacon Julius Charles, one of the first to make us acquainted with German Theology to any large extent.

A number of Harleys, some of them, as the reader must know, deserving more than a passing mention, must be let alone; and only one other name must be noted, coming near the end, but one of the greatest in the volume. It is Harold, the King of the English, one of the wisest in counsel and the mightiest in battle. All the materials for the period of the conquest have been so completely brought within our reach in Dr. Freeman's great work, that there is no longer any difficulty in arriving at the mere facts. But there is always room for a fresh attempt to make the facts more intelligible, and Mr. Hunt has told, in our judgment, the story of Harold better than it has been told before; and, when we remember that his predecessors were Mr. E. A. Freeman and Mr. J. R. Green, this is high praise indeed.

WITH all its prejudices the *Canada-Français* is doing very good work. The November number alone contains no small amount of matter which will be, and indeed now is, of great value to the Canadian historian. For example: M. N. E. Dionne's *La Traité des Pelleteries sous Champlain*; M. Benj. Sulte's *Le Pays des Grands Lacs au XVIIe siècle*; M. J. Edm. Roy's *Notes sur le Gresse et les Greffiers de Québec*; and perhaps above all the *Documents sur l'Acadie*. *Canada-Français* must pardon us the employment of the word "prejudices" if it will print sentences like the following: "*Le Canada est aux Canadiens français avant tout, car ils sont été les premiers possesseurs du sol; et s'ils cherchent à amener chez eux du sang français, nous avons le droit d'y applaudir avec enthousiasme!*" The exclamation point is our own; the sentiment neither merits nor requires more definite comment.

M. D. CONWAY, Julian Hawthorne, Joaquin Miller, G. P. Lathrop, Louise Chandler Moulton and Edgar Fawcett are the stars of chief magnitude in the index to volume V. of *Belford's Magazine*. The December number is, from the point of view of variety of contents, a highly successful one; gay trips after grave in the most fantastic manner. The allusion must be apology for the adjective. The editorial department, however, is serious and sensible. It is also outspoken, as the following sentences suffice to show: "The truth is that the McKinley Bill . . . was really the production of a lobby representing the manufacturers who had paid the Republican expenses of the previous political campaign." "The McKinley statute . . . is not merely a failure; it is a demonstrated fraud." It is a treat to read in an ultra-American periodical such bold criticism of measures American.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE seventh volume of the transactions of the Nova Scotia Historical Society is in the press and will appear early next year.

"CURIOSITIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE," by Laurence Hutton, just published by Harper and Brothers, is a most important contribution to the history of drama.

THE "Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley," by Mr. James Hannay, of the *St. John Gazette*, is now going through the press. Mr. Hannay has also in preparation a new history of the war of 1812.

IT is proposed to amalgamate the Natural History Society and the Historical Society of Montreal, and by taking in one or two other local societies thus form an influential organization with a good library of Canadian literature which is sadly wanting in Montreal.

THE December *Quiver* has the announcement of the name of the author of that much read book, "How to be Happy though Married," which we find signed to a sketch from his pen called, "Eyes Right." The Rev. E. J. Hardy is his name, and he is chaplain to Her Majesty's forces.

CAPTAIN KING'S novel "Between the Lines" has won high praise from the foremost military authorities in Great Britain. Lord Wolseley, Lord William Beresford and General Fitzwygram, all assert that "the description, in that novel, of the cavalry fight at Gettysburg is the most perfect picture of a battle in the English language."

MR. J. N. LAWRENCE, of St. John, the author of some historical notes on New Brunswick published under the title of "Fort Prints," has just completed a series of biographies of the old Judges of the Maritime Provinces. The Chief Justice and another leading judge of New Brunswick have pronounced high opinions of the historical value of the work.

By the bye, why did M. Frechette assert recently that he is probably the only Canadian who met Victor Hugo face to face? But that is another story, as Mr. Kipling says: "We are credibly informed that other Canadians than M. Frechette have personally confronted the illustrious Hugo. Are not monopolies sometimes as objectionable as combines?"

MR. BLACKBURN HARTE is doing active work in the field of magazine literature in the United States. We have observed articles over his name in *The Forum*, *The New England Magazine*, *The Commonwealth Magazine*, of Denver, and in *Belford's Magazine*. His energy we understand is to overlap the year by a Canadian story to appear in *Drakes*, for January, 1891.

THE McClure Syndicate, of New York, has engaged Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa, as a regular editorial contributor to its Youths' Department which appear simultaneously in a number of papers in the United States and elsewhere. Mr. Oxley recently won the first prize of \$100 offered by this department for the best article on Household Games, and has contributed other articles and stories to its source. We congratulate Mr. Oxley.

THE publishers of *Saturday Night* deserve great praise for their admirable Christmas number. The letter press and illustrations are very good indeed except for the plagiarism in the story supplied by a United States' syndicate and promptly acknowledged to have been published unwittingly by the proprietors of the paper. The contents of the number reflect credit upon the ability of the contributors and the enterprise of the publishers. The supplements are worthy of all praise.

JUDGE MORSE, of Amherst, N.S., who has contributed several historical papers to the Historical Society of Nova Scotia, is preparing a history of the Counties of Cumberland, N.S., and the adjoining New Brunswick county of Westmoreland. The judge has in his possession, handed down through four generations of his ancestors, documents and papers of great value concerning the history of these two counties, whose records date farther back and contain more of the romance of history than almost any other section of the Dominion outside of Quebec. Among others is a map—the only one in existence in Canada—made by the French in the 17th century showing the villages, roads and trails of the isthmus as they existed before the English occupation.

MR. ANDREW LANG is a sort of critical Alexander the Great sighing for fresh worlds to conquer. Not content with his achievements in the northern hemisphere, he must needs subdue the southern as well. He has contributed a signed article to a Melbourne journal on "Twenty Years of English Literature." He reviews the past two decades, and in the domain of fiction unhesitatingly awards the palm to Robert Louis Stevenson. "I never can lay down a book of his till I have finished it, so well does he tell his story. Whether Mr. Stevenson can or cares to write a modern novel of modern life remains to be seen. Perhaps the strain of the fantastic in his genius is too strong, and one may doubt whether he will ever draw a lifelike modern woman." George Meredith is referred to as having harmed his popularity by his "wilful obscurity, his too eager search for points and epigrams, and the leaps and bounds of too agile a wit."—*Star*.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN (says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner*) is correcting the proofs of the new book which his friend, Louis Stevenson, has written at Samoa. It is called "The South Seas; a Record of Three Cruises," and consists of a series of letters, each complete, dealing with adventures, economics, cannibalism,

criticism, ghosts, dancing, and the language, manners, morals, and customs of the dusky peoples whom the author has visited, and among whom he has elected to live. The serial publication will commence in England in the new illustrated weekly, *Black and White*, and the letters will be profusely illustrated in that journal with drawings made from a mass of most curious and novel material supplied by Mr. Stevenson himself and his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osborne, who is now in London superintending the work. It is likely to prove one of the most singular books of travel ever published.

"OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO," writes Mr. J. Cuming Walters in the last number of *Igdrasil*, "a stranger came to Caerleon, and without giving his name or stating his errand took up his abode at the Hanbury Arms, facing the Usk, one of the oldest hostels in the kingdom. 'Quiet and unobtrusive to a degree,' said a local chronicler, 'he soon attracted attention from his very reserved and seclusive habits. It was soon recognized that the stranger was fond of long walks, and there was not a hill in the neighbourhood up whose sides he did not climb. For a time no companion or friend seemed to notice him, but occasionally a letter arriving at the post-office was delivered to him. At first the name attracted no attention, but at length 'Alfred Tennyson, Esq.,' inscribed on successive missives, seemed to have a special interest for the local postmaster. Some few of the inhabitants still remember the poet residing there, and at the Hanbury Arms the chair which he chiefly occupied in his apartment overlooking the Usk is still pointed to with some pride.' Tennyson's visit to Caerleon (unrecorded by his biographers) is important (says Mr. Walters), inasmuch as it offers a further exemplification of the poet's scrupulous care in studying details; and it adds to the interest of reading the Arthurian poems to know that he obtained from the *genius loci* both inspiration and enlightenment.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Adams, Chas. Francis. Richard Henry Dana, Jr.: A Biography. 2 vols. \$4. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Austin, Jane G. Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Canadian Almanac. 25c. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Champion, John D., Jr., Bostwick, Arthur E. The Young Folks Cyclopaedia of Games and Sports. \$2.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Cuyler, Theo. L., D.D. How to Be a Pastor. 75c. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.
- Griswold, Hattie Tyng. Lucille and Her Friends: A Story for Girls. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.
- Higginson, T. W., Bigelow, E. H. American Sonnets. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Lowell, James Russell. Lowell's Poetical Works. 4 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Mowat, Hon. Oliver. Christianity and Some of Its Evidences. 50c. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Perry, Norah. Another Flock of Girls. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
- Reid, T. Buchanan. Sheridan's Ride. \$2. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Sellar, Robert. Hemlock: Gleaner Tales. 50c. Montreal: F. E. Grafton & Sons.
- Skeats, Wilfred S. The Song of an Exile and Other Poems. \$1. Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Sienkiewicz, Henryk. With Fire and Sword. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
- Wiggin, Kate Douglas. Timothy's Quest. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Wiggin, Kate Douglas, Smith, Nora A. The Story Hour. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A REMINISCENCE OF VICTOR HUGO.

I NEVER see or hear the name of Victor Hugo without feeling a certain remorse that we could not take him more seriously and treat him more *en heroes*, we Paris students of ten or fifteen years ago. *Le pauvre grand homme* was, on one occasion, the innocent cause of the grandest burst of Homeric laughter that it has ever been my luck to hear. We had met at some theatre, I forget which, in 1878, to celebrate the centenary of Voltaire. The students had been invited in a body, and we rather more than filled the *parterre*. Voltaire's bust was on the stage, laurel crowned. M. Spuller, who was then Gambetta's private secretary, opened the proceedings with a very sensible and fairly eloquent speech. Victor Hugo followed him with a written address in his usual style—laconic and full of poetic anti-thesis. Poor Voltaire! The eulogy of him was very fine, but, from the Christian point of view, the eulogized traits of his character were well calculated to condemn him to abide in the bottomless pit; and the theatre must have realized, as a whole, that he was more likely to be below than above. While this was our condition of mind, it happened that M. Hugo, in urging us to do something or other for the sake of freedom, etc., etc., thought fit to encourage us by suggesting the pleasure M. Voltaire must feel. "If you attain to this," said the Poet of the Age, with a sweep of his arm towards the ceiling, and a glance that seemed to pierce through it, and to the sky beyond; "If you attain to this, Voltaire, *la haut dans les astres, sourira.*" Well, this sudden apotheosis of Voltaire was too much for us; this marvellous transition from Hades to Heaven. Our laughter shook the house and upset the remainder of the poet's speech. He could not see the joke, *le pauvre grand homme!* J. R. W.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

WHAT is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
That, when no star from out the darkness born
Gives promise of the coming of the morn;
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which tear-blinded eyes no way can see;
When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn,
Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,
And proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be?
I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth; if "dust to dust,"
Shall be the end of love, and hope, and strife
From what rare land is blown this living breath
That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust
And tells the lie—if 'tis a lie—of life?

—Rev. Minot J. Savage.

DEGAS IN HIS STUDIO.

ONE morning in May, a friend tried the door of Degas' studio. It is always strictly fastened and, when shaken vigorously, a voice calls from some loophole; if the visitor be an intimate friend, a string is pulled and he is allowed to stumble his way up the corkscrew staircase into the studio. There are there neither Turkey carpets nor Japanese screens, nor, indeed, any of those signs whereby we know the dwelling of the modern artist. Only at the further end, where the artist works, is there daylight. In perennial gloom and dust the vast canvases of his youth are piled up in formidable barricades. Great wheels belonging to lithographic presses—lithography was for a time one of Degas' avocations—suggest a printing office. There is much decaying sculpture—dancing girls modelled in red wax, some dressed in muslin skirts, strange dolls—Jolls, if you will, but dolls modelled by a man of genius. Degas was anxious for breakfast. He permitted his visitor to glance at the work in progress and hurried him away to meal with him—but not in the café. Degas has lately relinquished his café and breakfasts at home in an apartment in the Rue Pigalle, overlooking a courtyard full of flowering chestnut trees. Like white candles the blossoms stand amid the shadowy enchantment of the leaves. Chestnut trees flowering in the May sunlight of a courtyard—how characteristically Parisian! As they entered the apartment the eye of the visitor was caught by a faint drawing in red chalk, placed upon a sideboard; he went straight to it. Degas said: "Ah, look at it! I bought it only a few days ago; it is a drawing of a female hand by Ingres; look at those finger-nails, see how they are indicated! That's my idea of genius—a man who finds a hand so lovely, so wonderful, so difficult to render that he will shut himself up all his life, content to do nothing else but indicate finger nails."—*From Degas the Impressionist, by George Moore, in The Magazine of Art.*

MARVELS OF SURGERY.

So life be left in our bodies, no matter if they be hacked or hewed or maimed or broken, the surgeon will set hopefully about the work of repair. The process of grafting animal tissue is now carried to such extent that the deficiency of one creature is made good by taking a piece or part of another. A disfiguring birth-mark on the face of a child was recently neatly cut away, and a patch of skin taken from the arm of the mother was transplanted to cover the wound. A man so frightfully burned as to lose the greater part of his epidermis was successfully re-covered with frog skin. Recovery will have a double meaning henceforth for him. Oculists have taken the corner from the eyes of rabbits, cats and dogs, to replace and make the vision of human beings. That wonderful fibre, the nerve, has also yielded itself to the skilful touch of science. The nerves may be patched and pieced. The nerves of brutes have been successfully joined to the stumps of severed nerves of men. Baldness may be cured by grafting. A New York physician has recently repaired ravages of this kind by first taking grafts from the patient's own scalp, where time had spared his locks, and afterward eking out the supply by portions taken from the head of another person, doubtless selecting hair of the proper colour. "These grafts were cut up by means of a punch, and included not only the thickness of skin, but also subcutaneous tissues beneath, which left them fully a quarter of an inch thick. Holes corresponding in size to those left after the removal of the grafts were, of course, made in the scalp for their reception. All the grafts united well, without suppuration or untoward results, and bore hair luxuriantly." Even the bones, where they have been splintered by accident or destroyed by disease, may be replaced with better bones and become incorporate with the complete osseous structure. In the light of such surgical achievement the mysterious creation of woman in the Garden of Eden loses a part of its incomprehensibility. The hurts and ailments of our poor humanity are helped and healed with a skill that approaches magic. As Prospero could set his goblins at work to grind the joints of his enemies with dry convulsions, and to shorten their sinews with aged cramps, so the good magicians of the scalpel can now undo the demonic work of the goblins, who apparently have never left off grinding men's joints and shortening their sinews. In these days of wonderful scientific discovery the surgeon easily keeps step with advancing knowledge.—*Philadelphia Record.*

PAIN and pleasure, like light and darkness, succeed each other.—*Sterne.*

ARMY RIFLES.

AN Aldershot correspondent states that something like a sensation has been caused at Aldershot by the receipt of an order from the War Office that the whole of the new magazine rifles, which have been issued within the last few months to the infantry battalions at home, are to be withdrawn from the regiments proceeding on foreign service, the new arm being replaced by the residue of the Martini-Henrys which were some time ago returned to the Ordnance stores. The order was carried into effect recently, when the First King's Royal Rifles, who are under orders for India, returned their magazine rifles, which have never been popular, exchanging them for the old weapon, which has always been a great favourite with the troops. Whether the order is a permanent one or not is uncertain.

TOBACCO RENDERED HARMLESS.

"VERY few smokers realize the extent of the harm done to the mouth, heart, and nerves by tobacco," says a well-known physician in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, who has just returned from the Berlin Medical Congress. "When I was in Europe, I learned of a simple and effective method of rendering tobacco entirely harmless without destroying its aroma. The method was discovered by Dr. Gantrelet, of Vichy, and it should be regarded as a priceless boon to smokers. It consists of a small piece of cotton wool, steeped in a five or ten per cent. solution of pyrogallic acid, inserted in pipe or cigar-holder. This will neutralize any possible ill-effects of the nicotine. In this way, not only may the generally admitted evils of smoking be overcome, but cirrhosis of the liver, which is sometimes caused by tobacco, and lighter effects of over-indulgence, such as headache and furring of the tongue, may be avoided. Citric acid, which was recommended by Vigier for the same purpose, has the serious disadvantage of spoiling the taste of the tobacco."

PROBABLY the most striking sight in Europe to-day is the annual inspection of the Paris catacombs; yet for all that, underground London is far more wonderful than underground Paris. Take, for example, its 3,000 miles of sewers, its 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, its 4,500 miles of water mains, its 3,200 miles of gas-pipes all definitely fixed. What can be more marvellous than the harmony of these things as viewed when a street is up and one is permitted a furtive peep at the bowels of London? Yet not even these compare with the vast collared area beneath the feet of the pedestrian. In Oxford and Regent Streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140 acres.

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Widening the Scope of its Operations—The Daily Receipts of Funds Steadily Growing Larger—Good Demand for Loans—The Directors Meet Weekly from this Date.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. G. W. Ross, Toronto, Ont., Minister of Education; A. Burns, J.L.D., Hamilton, Ont., Vice-President Federal Life Assurance Co.; J. B. McWilliams, Peterboro', Ont., Crown Timber Department; J. R. Stratton, M.L.A., Peterboro', Ont., Publisher; W. H. Miller, Toronto, Ont., Manager American Trust Co.; T. B. Darling, Hamilton, Ont.; W. Barclay Stephens, Toronto, Ont.

The Dominion Building and Loan Association directors owing to increase of business have commenced weekly meetings in place of monthly meetings, as heretofore. At the Wednesday meeting at the head office, 54 Adelaide Street East, loans to the extent of \$23,000 were approved, making altogether \$47,000 put out in loans since the inauguration of the Association in July. Funds are coming in steadily in increasing volume and are being placed out on loan without delay, thus securing the largest earning power. According to the popularity of the methods, as evinced by the amount of stock subscribed—nearly \$600,000 since July—and the large number of applications for loans, the Association seems destined to a career of unqualified success.

This Association differs materially from loan and savings institutions. It is both a loan and saving society, combining the best features of each, together with the principles underlying the building societies, which have had such marvellous growth in England and the United States. It is a saving society, and claims to give better inducements to depositors than any institution of the kind in operation. It bases this claim upon the method adopted. Thus, instead of preferred shareholders absorbing the earnings of the loans, the stockholders themselves—that is, the depositors—receive such profits. The depositors thus get the interest allowed as in the banks, plus the earnings of the banks, which are always considerable. In this way small savings and large savings alike are made to earn the largest returns. Subscriptions for stock can be made for almost any amount, payments being down as low as 60 cents a month.

Security for the money is first-class viz.: First mortgages on approved real estate. The Trust and Loan Corporation of Ontario are the trustees of the Association. All moneys are held by this corporation and none are paid out until an approved application for a loan, accompanied by a first mortgage on real estate, is received. The real estate is appraised by members of the Board, who are stockholders themselves, and who no doubt give a conservative valuation. Loans can only be made up to 70 per cent. of the cash value of the property.

Borrowers may obtain a loan either on first mortgage on real estate or upon that together with paid-up stock in the Association as collateral.

Profits are made by the *continual use* of the money. No money is allowed to accumulate and lie idle, and thus the funds are compounded several times a year. Other sources of revenue are profits from advanced payments, fines and portions of profits left by withdrawal lapses.

Already the Association has many branches. These branches forward their funds direct to the Trust and Loan Corporation, so that the risk of defrauding is reduced to a minimum. Prominent citizens in the various towns and cities have become identified with the Association. Following is a list of the places where Associations are already organized, together with the names of the officers of local organizations:—

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT BRANTFORD, ONT.

R. Ashton, president, Principal Collegiate Institute; John McGeary, secretary-treasurer, capitalist; E. Hart, dentist; James Grace, insurance agent; William E. Winkler, physician; W. S. Brewster, solicitor.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT BROCKVILLE, ONT.

George Hutcheson, president, dry goods merchant; H. F. J. Jackson, secretary-treasurer; George A. Allen, architect; E. E. McCannon, physician; J. A. Hutcheson, barrister; R. Junkin, insurance agent; E. Worthington, gentleman; Hutcheson and Fisher, solicitors.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT BERLIN, ONT.

I. E. Shantz, president, merchant; A. E. Renshaw, treasurer, express and telegraph agent; A. L. Bowman, secretary, collector of customs; A. G. Lackner, physician; L. K. Master, cabinet-maker; P. E. W. Moyer, publisher; J. S. Anthes, manufacturer; Caspar Hett, printer; C. K. Hagedorn, wholesale merchant; J. B. Betzner, accountant; W. Jaffray, postmaster; W. B. Clements, salesman; W. H. Becker, stationery; W. R. Travers, bank manager; A. Mueller, teacher; R. D. Lang, merchant; August Frank, coal merchant.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT BRUSSELS, ONT.

H. R. Ronald, president, engine builder; W. M. Sinclair, secretary-treasurer; J. Tolbert Pepper, solicitor; W. B. Dickson, solicitor; Thomas Fletcher, jeweller; A. McKelvey, physician; H. Dennis, saddler; Henry James, gentleman; M. Cavanagh, dentist; R. L. Taylor, barrister; W. N. Sinclair, solicitor.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT CLINTON, ONT.

W. R. Lough, president, teacher; Horace Foster, secretary-treasurer; A. H. Manning, solicitor; W. Jackson, merchant; James Scott, barrister; T. R. Hodgins, merchant; John Kendall, merchant; J. A. Griffin, teacher; W. N. Manning, accountant; H. B. Combe, druggist; I. Rattenbury, gentleman; H. E. Hodgins, merchant; A. O. Patterson, G. T. R.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

C. Smith, president, mill-owner; John Turner, treasurer, agent; H. Palmer, secretary, accountant; G. A. Payne, solicitor; D. Kerr, hotel-keeper; P. S. Gillespie, merchant.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT DELHI, ONT.

William Pemberton, president, publisher; William Cable, treasurer, baker; H. S. Pettit, blacksmith; Thomas Price, cabinet-maker; David Wade, live stock dealer; T. White, hotelkeeper; William Lambert, butcher; Jacob Lambert, butcher; R. S. McLeod, joiner; R. J. Williams, builder; T. B. Trimble, minister; Edward Conlin, tanner.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT ELMIRA, ONT.

Peter Jansen, president, gentleman; Augustus Werner, secretary-treasurer, druggist; William M. Behrens, salesman; Menno Weber, merchant; Solomon Tschinger, merchant; J. V. Luckhardt, harness-maker; A. H. Erb, merchant; Alfred Jeanneret, watch-maker; D. L. Walmsley, physician; H. Winger, manufacturer.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT GALT, ONT.

G. P. Sylvester, president, physician; A. W. Falconer, secretary-treasurer; Turnbull & Barrie, solicitors; Joseph Stauffer, salesman; James Hill, builder; Charles Cumming, merchant; James Bond, sale stable; D. M. Shiel, salesman.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT GUELPH, ONT.

H. Gummer, president, publisher; D. L. Schultz, secretary-treasurer; T. P. Coffee, solicitor; C. Klopfer, hardware dealer; N. Higginbotham, registrar; Samuel Broadfoot, accountant; J. McD. Campbell, Inland Revenue Department; R. Gemmel, agent Canadian Express Company; J. J. Kelso, printer; J. H. Keel, veterinary surgeon.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT HAMILTON, ONT.

R. H. McKay, president, merchant; George McKeand, secretary-treasurer; Biggar and Lee, solicitors; W. Philip, physician; J. J. Anderson, physician; J. Lafferty, physician; W. T. Bell, baker.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT HESPELER, ONT.

R. McIntyre, president, physician; J. N. Cober, secretary-treasurer; C. R. Hanning, solicitor; G. D. Forbes, manufacturer; George Martin, merchant; A. H. Wittinaak, merchant; James Pringle, jeweller; Edward Roos, livery-keeper; Anthony Ochs, physician; J. D. Conway, stationery; A. T. Panabaker, stationery.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT INGERSOLL, ONT.

A. McKay, president, physician; J. C. Hegler, solicitor; T. H. Burne, secretary-treasurer; J. McKellar, traveller; Walter Mills, superintendent gas works; D. Secord, druggist; J. B. Jackson, barrister; John Podmore, agent.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

L. Clements, president, dentist; J. P. Oram, secretary-treasurer; J. L. Whiting, solicitor; T. C. Wilson, livery; J. C. Connell, physician; E. Hooper, physician; J. B. Reid, architect; J. McLeod, manufacturer; C. Livingstone, merchant tailor.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT LONDON, ONTARIO.

G. Taylor, president, mayor; A. M. McEvoy, treasurer, county treasurer; A. A. Campbell, secretary, real estate; Hon. David Mills, M.P., councillor; John Mills, merchant; W. H. Moorehouse, physician; W. M. Spencer, oil refiner; W. Gerry, builder; J. L. Fitzgerald, merchant; H. A. McCallum, physician; J. G. Dodd, builder; W. B. Minhinick, customs department.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

A. Ewen, president, proprietor of cannery; S. T. Mackintosh, secretary-treasurer; Forin & Morrison, solicitors; B. Douglas, saddler; D. Drysdale, cannery; E. S. Scoullan, merchant; H. Hoy, contractor; David McNair, mill owner.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT OTTAWA, ONT.

Thomas Birkett, president, hardware merchant; E. A. Selwyn, secretary-treasurer; Perkins & Fraser, solicitors; Peter Whelen, lumber merchant; J. W. McRae, forwarder; George May, merchant; Gregg Neelin, merchant; James Davidson, accountant; M. C. Edey, architect; Thomas Workman, hardware merchant.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT PRESTON, ONT.

Dr. Mulloy, president, physician; C. Nispel, secretary-treasurer; C. R. Hanning, solicitor; F. Clare, manufacturer; Fred. Fischer, hotel-keeper; August Johnson, blacksmith.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT PETERBORO', ONT.

McFarlane Wilson, president, merchant; A. V. R. Young, secretary-treasurer; Stratton & Hall, solicitors; F. J. Jameson, manager; F. J. Bell, clerk of court; W. A. Sanderson, jeweller; A. E. Yelland, physician; J. J. Hartley, builder.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT STRATFORD, ONT.

E. T. Dutton, president, woollen mills; Alexander Dow, secretary-treasurer; Mabee & Gearing, solicitors; J. R. Kilburn, architect; A. J. McPherson, merchant; J. Dow, merchant.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

George Burch, president, manufacturer; W. J. Robertson, vice-president, principal Collegiate Institute; J. J. Banfield, secretary-treasurer; J. C. Rykert, M.P., solicitor; T. H. Taylor, manufacturer; W. S. Downey, physician; W. H. Collinson, manufacturer.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Rev. B. F. Austin, president, minister; G. K. Morton, treasurer, broker, etc.; Andrew Grant, solicitor; S. Shepard, grain merchant; W. May, barrister; S. O. Perry, agent; E. H. Millington, railroad superintendent.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT STRATHROY, ONT.

D. M. Cameron, president, merchant; Hugh McColl, treasurer, postmaster; J. H. McIntosh, secretary, editor; John Cameron, barrister; David Evans, publisher; F. F. Evans, publisher; W. B. Lindsay, physician.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

L. M. Lefevre, president, physician; John Wulfssohn, treasurer, banker; J. W. Weart, secretary; McPhillips & Williams, barristers; A. B. Johnston, real estate agent; John Rounsfell, real estate agent; C. S. Douglas, real estate agent; J. T. Carroll, physician; W. J. Wayte, M. engineer.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT VICTORIA, B.C.

N. Shakespeare, president, postmaster; F. J. Claxton, treasurer, real estate agent; J. W. Winnett, secretary; Eberts and Taylor, barristers; W. Dalby, real estate agent; D. R. Ker, merchant; G. I. Milne, physician; W. F. Mullon, iron founder; W. P. Sayward, sawmill owner; C. G. Ballentyne, real estate agent.

DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT PERTH, ONT.

H. Taylor, president, merchant; G. R. McCarthy, secretary-treasurer, merchant; F. A. Hall, solicitor; J. M. Walker, publisher; J. W. Wurtele, general agent; J. A. Allen, solicitor; B. Warren, manufacturer; R. H. McCarthy, merchant; D. Hogg, furniture dealer; H. Moorehouse, manufacturer; F. Hanna, physician; John McCann, contractor.

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D. F. Wood, president, barrister; Ogle Carse, secretary-treasurer; John R. Lavell, solicitor; Michael Healy, contractor; L. N. Allyn, contractor; M. Ryan, contractor; H. Layne, merchant; John L. Perrin, carpenter; A. W. Chester, harness-maker; T. H. Johnston, machinist; H. I. Phillips, carpenter; John Miller, machinist; B. E. Sparham, solicitor; J. L. Coleman, express agent.

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DIRECTORS OF THE LOCAL BOARD AT NANAIMO, B.C.

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D. McGillivray, president, merchant; Samuel Mellard, treasurer, solicitor; S. A. Cawley, secretary; S. Mellard, solicitor; Henry Kipp, farmer; G. R. Ashwell, merchant; J. C. Henderson, merchant.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT,

and time and money too precious, to be frittered away in the trial of uncertain means of cure, when one is afflicted with any lingering or chronic ailment of the liver, lungs or blood. Now, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is such a positive remedy for all such ills, as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, on condition that if it don't do all that it is recommended to, the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. There are a great many blood-purifiers advertised, but only the "Golden Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce could sustain itself and be sold under such trying conditions. To sell any ordinary medicine under such a guarantee would bankrupt its proprietors, but with the "Golden Medical Discovery" all that is asked for it is a fair trial, and if it don't do all that it is advertised to, the manufacturers will cheerfully and promptly refund all money paid for it. By this singularly peculiar method of business, alike liberal to the purchasers and exacting to the manufacturers, the invalid can be sure of getting the value of his money, which is not true of any other medicine. All diseases arising from a torpid liver, or from impure or poisoned blood, are conquered by the "Golden Medical Discovery." Especially has it manifested its marvellous potency in curing Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Psoriasis, Impertigo, Erysipelas, and all skin and scalp diseases, no matter of how long standing. Scrofulous affections, sores and swellings, as Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease and kindred ailments yield to its positive, purifying, strengthening and healing properties. Lung Scrofula (commonly known as Consumption of the Lungs) also yields to it, if it be taken in time and given a fair trial. Contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to ferment and impair digestion; as wonderful in its curative results as it is peculiar in composition. Don't accept any substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

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"A RACE WITH DEATH!"

Among the nameless heroes, none are more worthy of martyrdom than he who rode down the valley of the Conemaugh, warning the people ahead of the Johnstown flood.

In the same way is disease lurking near, like unto the sword of Damocles, ready to fall, without warning, on its victim, who allows his system to become clogged up, and his blood poisoned, and thereby his health endangered.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROATS, INFLAMMATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INFLUENZA.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY.

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera, Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

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Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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A SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA. Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists \$1 a bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S PILLS For DYSPEPSIA and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY & Co., Montreal.



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Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

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