

THE WEEK

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Vol. XI.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

In reply to an inquiry, Mr. Laurier, at Winnipeg, expressed himself in favour of the voting of an appropriation by Parliament for a thorough investigation of the question whether Hudson's Bay is navigable for a sufficient length of time during the season to justify the building of a Hudson's Bay railroad and an earnest attempt to open up a great northern route for the carrying of the grain of the North-West to Great Britain. In view of existing circumstances, it is not easy to see how the Canadian Government and Parliament can much longer postpone the settlement of this question by satisfactory observations made on the spot. If the reports circulated from time to time concerning the alleged poaching on the sealing preserves of that northern coast have any truth in them, the Gov-

ernment will be compelled to take some measures for the protection of this fishery. Why cannot the two birds be killed with the same stone? In other words, why cannot one or more suitable vessels be equipped and sent to cruise in those northern waters for one or more seasons, with instructions to examine and report on both questions?

If anyone had supposed that the doctrine of the divine right of kings was obsolete in European nations, save possibly Russia, he has only to read the cabled abstract of Emperor William's last speech, in the Saturday morning papers, to realize his mistake. The Emperor of Germany is nothing if not sensational. Some time had passed since he had made any startling public utterance, and it was time to expect something fresh from his restless brain. That expectation has been realized. In his speech at the State banquet which formed the sequel to the military manoeuvres, he proclaimed the doctrine of the first King of Prussia in the plainest terms, even adopting his motto: *Ex me mea nata corona*. He warned the members of the nobility who had incurred his displeasure by opposing his agrarian policy, that "opposition of Prussian nobles to their king is a monstrosity," and that "they are justified in forming an opposition only when they know the King to be at their head," whatever that may mean. Those who had an impression that the Germans have a limited monarchy and a constitutional government will find it hard to reconcile that notion with the quiet acquiescence of any class or body of the people in such pretensions as these, especially when such pretensions are accompanied with the scarcely veiled threat conveyed in the reminder: "How often have my ancestors set themselves against misguided members of that class, for the welfare of the whole community." Perhaps, however, it is only the nobles, whose privileges depend upon the influence and grace of the Crown, over whose judgments and consciences such absolute power is claimed. The sequel to this strong speech will be watched with interest, at least by outside observers.

Ignorance, like misery, loves company. It is comforting to believe that there are many who, like ourselves, having not hitherto felt it necessary to read Mrs. Besant's autobiography, will be astonished to learn that it has won the distinction of a lengthy review by Mr. Gladstone, in the *Nineteenth Century*. Not a few of us will, we dare

say, now find ourselves in a quandary. Shall we accept Mr. Gladstone's "pulverization" of the book as having made it certain that we have suffered no irreparable loss in not having acquainted ourselves with the work, though the author is worth being denounced by the greatest man of the age as inconsistent, vain, presumptuous, immodest, self-sufficient, ignorant, and otherwise deficient in the qualities which are necessary in an author to make his or her books worth reading? Or shall we rather feel it incumbent on us to satisfy, at whatever cost, our curiosity to know at first hand what is thought and said by a writer whose work merits so formidable an array of depreciatory adjectives. Different minds will no doubt reach different conclusions, according to idiosyncrasy and opportunity. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that so sound a theologian as Mr. Gladstone has ventured to put into words the question which many less orthodox thinkers have long been asking in vain: "Why should imperfections in belief be less compatible with the human conditions of the Christian dispensation, than imperfections in practice, providing, etc.?" Curiously enough, this is almost precisely the same question which was asked by a writer of more questionable theological standing, the author of "Ecce Homo," a quarter of a century or more ago, when he was unable to see why the churches should always be so much less tolerant of an imperfect creed than of an imperfect practice. Mr. Gladstone is addressing a much more tolerant age and audience, but it appears that even he cannot ask such questions with impunity, as he is already being met with the charge of heresy.

Time was, within the recollection of many, when the death of the head of the royal house of France would have been an event of importance in the history, not only of that country but of Europe. When, after a lingering illness, the Count of Paris breathed his last a few days since on British soil, the news produced scarcely a ripple in diplomatic circles, however sincere the regret which may have been felt by many personal friends and admirers in different lands, and the less disinterested grief of a small band of ever faithful loyalists in France. The personal history of the deceased Count was a somewhat chequered one. The first ten years of his life were passed in the Tuileries, where his grandfather reigned as monarch of France. Having been exiled by the Revolution of 1848, he passed the next thirteen years of

his life in England, where he received his education. He then spent the greater part of a year in the United States, during which he and his younger brother, the Duc de Chartres, served on the staff of General McLellan, in the war of the rebellion. The greater part of the rest of his life was spent in England, though for a time, during the presidency of Thiers, he was admitted to membership in the National Assembly. About the same time he tried for a time the role of a Republican. In 1886, in consequence of the futile conspiracies which were carried on in his name for the restoration of the monarchy, he was by law expelled from his native country. He spent his remaining years in England, interesting himself to some extent in literature and art. He wrote a number of books, the most important of which is probably his history of the American civil war, which is said to be, in some respects, especially in point of impartiality, about the best history of that great struggle that has ever been written. The Count of Paris seems to have been a man of considerable ability, and of an amiable, and modest and pleasing character. Had he not had the misfortune to be a hereditary prince, he might perhaps have become a distinguished and useful man.

By a notice recently issued in the official *Gazette*, the Government of Quebec has imposed discriminating dues upon spruce logs cut for the manufacture of paper pulp. The imposition of a tax on the logs cut in the Province is, of course, quite within the constitutional rights of the Province. The questionable feature of the tax is the provision that, while logs to be manufactured in the Province are to escape with a tax of only twenty-five cents per cord, the same logs, if to be taken out of the Province, are made to pay a tax of forty cents per ton. The *Mail* of Tuesday had an article strongly urging the view that such a discrimination is beyond the constitutional powers of the Province, since it is, in effect, an interference with trade, and is, moreover, a violation of the clause of the Constitution which provides that "all articles of the growth, produce, or manufacture of any one of the Provinces shall, from and after the union, be admitted free into each of the Provinces." The *Mail*, admits that, on the face of it, this clause applies only to import, not to export duties, but argues that the spirit of it is as much violated by an export as by an import duty. It would be quite too bad should it prove that Quebec is justifiable in thus initiating a policy which might be imitated in regard to other products and by other Provinces, and ultimately have the effect of greatly hampering interprovincial traffic. A still worse effect of such discrimination, if permitted, will be to give the United States authorities a still better plea for denying Canada the benefit of the abolition of the tax on lumber, on the ground that such

discrimination is equivalent to an export duty. We are afraid, however, that the *Mail's* argument will hardly hold water. It admits Quebec's right to impose dues on its spruce logs, to the extent of forty cents a ton, or any other amount, for revenue purposes, but maintains that a revenue-tax is necessarily an equal tax, and that hence the discriminatory feature of the tax in question proves that it has some other object than revenue-raising. But if the Province has the right to impose a revenue-tax of forty cents a ton on spruce logs, has it not also a right to give back to its own citizens, under certain conditions, fifteen cents per ton, or any other sum. That is, has it not a right, as in the famous Jesuits' Estates matter, to do what it pleases with its own money? We admit that the discrimination in question is in violation of the spirit of the federation compact, and hope that it may not be persisted in, or that it may be found unconstitutional, because we believe it to be wrong and mischievous in principle. We are merely questioning the conclusiveness of the *Mail's* reasoning.

"To evade a duty because the officials will never be any the wiser, is morally wrong. To evade a duty by open acts which in effect say, 'I defy you to show that any tax is legally due from my estate,' is quite justifiable." How far tax-dodging is morally defensible is, it appears, a question which is being widely asked in England, since the imposition of the death-duties provided for by Sir William Harcourt's budget. The above quotation from an article more than two columns in length represents the conclusion which the London *Spectator* reaches, as embodying the ethics of the question. The elaborate articles in the *Spectator* are, as a rule, so well written and so ably reasoned that it is a pleasure to read them, however far the reader may sometimes be from accepting the conclusions reached. But it is not often that we find one of its leader writers approaching so dangerously near to casuistry as seems to us to be done by the writer of this particular article. He uses as illustrations two ways of evading the death dues, which had been discussed by Mr. Labouchere in *Truth*. In the one case the property is personalty. "A has a son whom he intends to be his heir. He buys bonds to bearer. He cuts off the number of coupons that will probably last his life, and places the bonds in a box, to which he affixes a label bearing the inscription: 'This box and its contents are the property of my son.' If he predeceases his son, the box, being the son's, is handed over to him; if the son predeceases him, he tears the label off the box." In the other case, B, whose property is in realty, may adopt this plan: "Instead of giving his children allowances, he might give to each of them a mortgage on his estate, the interest on which would be equivalent to the allowance.

In this case, the estate of the father would, on his death, pay no duty on these mortgages."

Probably the unsophisticated reader will find it difficult to discover, unaided, any material difference in the morality of these two imaginary transactions. The intention is clearly the same in both cases—to evade the law. But for the law, neither device would have been resorted to. But to the lynx-eyed moral judgment of the *Spectator* casuist there is a very clear distinction. Briefly stated, it is this. In the one case, concealment is necessary, in the other it is not. A man must take care that no one knows that the bonds have been placed in the box with the label on it, else, we suppose, in the case of the son's dying first, the tearing off of the label might be deemed fraudulent. In the other case no such concealment is necessary, though it is to be inferred, we take it, that should the son predecease the father, the mortgage would be cancelled (the *Spectator* stipulates that they must not be burned), and the property would revert to the father, to whom it really was understood to belong all the time. The *Spectator's* curious ethical principle is stated thus: "In matters of positive civic obligation like tax-paying, things are either forbidden or they are not. If they are forbidden, it is immoral to do them. If they are not forbidden, it is not immoral to do them. In other words, laws which impose artificial obligations may be trusted to look after themselves. We need not worry to help them to do their work." And yet in a preceding part of the article, the writer says distinctly: "Since it is illegal for a man not to return the amount of income earned by him, and to pay income-tax thereon, a man is doing an illegal, and so an immoral act, who does not return his income because the income-tax collectors have never 'spotted him' and sent him a return to fill up." But why a tax-payer should worry himself to aid the income-tax collector to do his work, but need not worry himself to enable the death-duties law to do its work, is not very clear. According to this new ethics, the man who may have had no intention or wish to evade the law, but simply did not take the trouble to do the tax-collector's work for him, is guilty, while he who successfully worked a scheme to evade the known intention of the law, is innocent. On the same principle, we suppose, the lawyer who allows his client to escape conviction by failing to bring forward some damning evidence which he alone knows of, does a moral wrong, while he who clears the client whom he knows to be guilty, by some clever bit of legal strategy, is innocent. But we did not mean to argue the question, but merely to set before our readers who may not see the *Spectator* a curious sample of the kind of discussion which has been going on in some of the English papers since the passage of the Death-duties Act.

The self-imposed mission of Miss Ida Wells, the eloquent young colored woman who went from one of the Southern States to England some months since, to try to arouse public sentiment there against the lynchings of negroes in the South, seems to give promise of better results than most of us would have anticipated. The American people are peculiarly sensitive to foreign opinion, especially to English opinion. While, as was to be expected, many of the Southern papers and some of the Northern are denouncing as unpardonable impertinence the strong expressions of British journals, and the remonstrances of the British society which has been formed under influential leadership, it is pleasing to note that not a few influential Americans take quite a different view. They realize and frankly admit that the disgrace is in the existence of the thing itself, not in the expostulations of shocked Christians on the other side of the ocean. But whether they take the shape of angry retort, or of humiliated admission and regret, the articles which are appearing in papers of all kinds in all parts of the Union, are having the effect of turning the attention of the people to this foul blot upon their national character and history as hardly anything else could do. This cannot fail to do good. It will tend to strengthen the better sentiment of North and South—and it must in justice be remembered that there is a better sentiment even in the South—thus helping to create that state of public opinion which alone can work an effectual cure.

One serious difficulty in connection with a crusade of the kind above referred to, for the overthrow of a great iniquity, is in separating fact from fiction. Miss Wells, who was the editor of a newspaper in the South until her life was in jeopardy in consequence of the wrath aroused by her outspoken denunciations of the outrages on men of her own race, and she was obliged to flee, speaks mainly of that which she professes to know, and her allegations have not, so far as we are aware, been seriously impugned. Not so, however, with some of the sensational reports sent abroad by the press correspondents. For instance, the *London Spectator*, of June 16th, had an article denouncing in very strong words, as well it might, a reported brutal lynching and skinning of a negro, said to have been perpetrated in the State of Georgia. In the same paper, under date of July 28th, is a letter from a Mr. W. McKay, of Macon, Ga. Mr. McKay says that on reading the article he immediately sent a copy of it to the (then) Governor of the State, Mr. W. J. Northern, a gentleman whose acquaintance some of our readers may have made during his visit to this city as a delegate to the Baptist Young People's Convention, in July. Governor Northern immediately set on foot thorough investigations, both official and unofficial, and received reports from both sources which proved that the report

“was a pure fiction,” “that no such crime was ever committed in the county” (Pierce), “that no part of the horrible details had any basis of fact; that the whole of the report was absolutely untrue.” One cannot but wonder whether the detailed account in the papers, a few days since, of the shooting of six negroes who were in the hands of the constables on suspicion of having committed acts of incendiarism, belongs to the same category. Even if so, it is well to remind those who complain that these reports are not British fictions, but are sent out by American correspondents.

In any case it is impossible to doubt that there is enough, and a thousand times more than enough of truth in the general reports of abuses and mob murders of negroes in the South to justify all the moral indignation that can be brought to bear by other nations for its suppression. Nor are the poor negroes alone the victims of this savage racial or caste hatred. White sympathizers who are working for negro education and elevation, are not only exposed to social and even religious ostracism from members of their own denominations in the South, but in some cases are obliged to pursue their philanthropic work at the risk of their lives. There is now in Ontario a Baptist minister of good character and standing, who has for some time been teaching in a Negro college in Texas. He, a few months since, was seized at a railway station by a mob of unmasked white men, some of them well-known citizens of the town, dragged to a secluded spot and, after having his life repeatedly threatened with revolvers thrust in his face, was stripped, beaten unmercifully, and left, bruised and bleeding, to drag himself as best he could to the next town. His immediate offences were having taken refuge in the house of a respectable negro, when no other was available, during a violent storm, and having entered the negro waiting-room at the railway station to warm himself, after having vainly sought to have a fire kindled in the white men's room. Though the perpetrators were clearly identified, and one or two of them openly boasted of his share in the dastardly deed, conviction and redress were vainly sought in the town in which the outrage was committed. The case will probably be brought to the notice of the Canadian and British Governments. This incident strikingly illustrates the state of feeling yet prevailing in many parts of the South. Much is being done through the agencies set in operation by various societies in the North, for the education of the negroes, and with very encouraging results, so far as those who are reached by these agencies are concerned. But those thus reached are at most but a few thousands or tens of thousands of the millions who are still living, as we were a few weeks since assured by a gentleman who is director of the educational work being done for them by

one of the largest societies engaged in this good work, in a state of degradation and barbarism almost inconceivable. These educational agencies reach only the centres of population. This gentleman, who has travelled over the whole South, visiting the plantations where the great mass of the freedmen still live, describes the condition of the masses as absolutely worse than it was before the war. One-roomed cabins are in many places the rule. This means that six, or eight, or ten negroes, big and little, old and young, of both sexes, are huddled together by day and by night in a single room, without any attempt at partitions, or other means of observing the decencies of life. From this single fact, we may get a conception of what the negro problem of the Republic really is. Well may the sympathies of Christendom be enlisted on behalf of the oppressed and degraded race.

CHARACTER-TRAINING IN THE SCHOOLS.

As the wonderful nineteenth century draws to its close much is very naturally said of the marvellous progress that has been made since its commencement. It is, however, worthy of note that least is, perhaps, said in respect to what almost everyone will readily admit is the most valuable and vital of all kinds of progress, improvement in human character. Is the average character of men and women, in the countries in which the progress of which we are so proud has been most marked, distinctly higher than it was at the beginning of the century? The question is, of course, one which it is difficult, if not impossible, to answer with any degree of assurance. Very much depends upon the standard of measurement, and almost every individual has a standard of his own. Nor is there any uniform and reliable means of ascertaining and tabulating the facts, even were an universal standard agreed on. Still further, were these difficulties overcome with respect to the men and women of to-day, there would be great difficulty in obtaining reliable facts, and forming just estimates, in regard to the period with which the comparison is to be made. We view the past through a mist, which has the effect in some minds of dimming and distorting the features of those upon whom we look through the distance, in others, of crowning them with a halo of almost superhuman virtue, according to the temperament and mental habit of the observer. Probably the tendency on the part of most of those advanced in years is to the latter extreme. As in the days of Horace, they love to praise the times of their boyhood and to disparage the men as well as the things of the present. Probably Professor Virchow is somewhat influenced by this tendency when he says, as he is reported to have recently done, “What seems to us elders to be wanting is not in science but in the character of men, which

is decidedly deteriorating. It is painful to see that men of character are becoming even more rare."

The question, whatever may be its correct answer, is one of intense interest. It is a sorry outcome of all our scientific, inventive, and industrial progress, if indeed the character of men and women is deteriorating. While we are slow to accept so gloomy a view and prefer to believe that on the whole the tendency of character, as well as of science and culture, is upward, it may be worth while to inquire more closely and persistently into the fitness and efficacy of the means we are employing to insure that the average of character in each succeeding generation shall be higher than that of its predecessor. It will be readily admitted that this result depends upon the kind of character-training the boys and girls are receiving in the homes and in the schools, more than upon any other influence, or all others combined. With respect to the former, it is to be feared that, while there are many notable exceptions, as a rule the home-training in these days of intense devotion to business on the one hand, and to pleasure-seeking on the other, is but a broken reed upon which to rest our hopes for any great upward tendency in the moral character of the coming generations. But of that we do not now propose to speak.

What of the schools? The chief reliance, so far as the masses are concerned, is undeniably on these. What are nine-tenths of the public schools of the day doing for the development of a high type of character? What provision is made in the crowded programmes for direct ethical, as distinct from intellectual culture and development? No one will, we presume, doubt for a moment that the moral nature is quite as susceptible of cultivation as the intellectual. No one will doubt that it is quite as well worth cultivation, in view of every higher and really worthy end for which the schools exist? And yet is it not the fact that while provision is made in the school programmes for the study of almost every subject which is supposed to bear more or less directly upon the cultivation of the intellectual powers, no such provision is made for the cultivation of the moral faculties? The time-tables may be searched in vain for a half-hour which is to be devoted to the discussion of questions of motive and conduct. No text-book is prescribed, dealing with ethical questions. No exercise is specially adapted to develop the sensitiveness or confirm the supremacy of conscience, or to leave the impression upon the youthful mind that the question of the right and wrong of things is the first and greatest of all questions, and should have precedence over every other.

An instructive article bearing upon this general subject appeared in the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, from the pen of John Dewey, professor of Philosophy in Michigan University. Feel-

ing the importance in ethical discussions of finding out as nearly as possible what is going on in the minds of the students themselves, Professor Dewey, among other devices, hit upon the following method: He asked each student to state some early typical moral experience to his own, relating, say, to obedience, honesty, and truthfulness, and the impression left by the outcome upon his own mind, especially the reason for the virtue in question. Some specimens given from the mass of material gathered by this process are curiously suggestive of the looseness which prevails in the minds of very many parents in regard to the bases and sanctions of morality. Professor Dewey sums up the results of his analysis as follows:

"Nine-tenths of the answers may be classified under one of the following heads: The impression left by the mode of treatment was that the motive for right doing is (1) found in the consequences of the act; (2) fear of being punished; (3) simply because it is right; (4) because right-doing pleases the parent, while wrong-doing displeases; (5) the religious motive. In number the religious motive predominates; next to that comes fear of punishment. In many cases, of course, several of these reasons were inculcated.

In concluding his article, Professor Dewey says: "Everyone will admit without dispute that the question of the moral attitude and tendencies induced in youth by the motives for conduct habitually brought to bear, is the ultimate question in all education whatever." This is, of course, true. But it would, to our thinking, be a fatal mistake to infer that it is essential to the efficiency of moral training, in home or school, that a clearly outlined theory of ethics be reached and formulated before such instruction is attempted. If it were so; if, for instance, the battle between the empiricists and the intuitionists had to be brought to a finish before anything could be done in the way of direct and positive moral training in the schools, the outlook for the improvement of character in the twentieth century would be dark indeed. We do not know that Professor Dewey holds this view, or that he fails to perceive that each one of the five classes of motives above tabulated may be in itself good and effective, so far as it goes.

The practical conviction which it seems to us essential to have embedded in the mind of every parent and teacher is that the normal child has an innate sense of *right* and *wrong* in actions, or to speak more accurately, in motives; that he either instinctively feels, or is so constituted that he may most easily be made to feel, that he is under supreme obligation to do what he believes to be right and to refuse to do that which he believes to be wrong. With profound questions as to the nature of right and wrong he need have little to do until he reaches maturity. The first and great thing in all moral training is to deepen the sense of obligation to do the right and shun the wrong, and to establish the habit of re-

garding this obligation as above all other objects and incitements, no matter what the origin of the notions of right and wrong, or the ground of the distinctions between them. The second step is to put the child in the way of finding the best means of distinguishing what is right from what is wrong in the thousand and one cases which are of constant occurrence in daily life. In doing this, different criteria, such as those derived from the probable consequences or tendencies of the action, may be applied. But why should it be difficult to apply in every case in which the action in question is related to others than the doer, the one crucial test which has been given by many philosophers, but which found its most concise and forcible expression in the Golden Rule, as laid down by Christ, "Whatsoever ye would," etc. Taken, not as an authoritative religious dogma, but as a test of motive, it is difficult to conceive that any parent could or would, object to such a rule being inculcated as a law of life, for every individual, young or old. It is easy to see that such a rule, while immediately applicable as a test of motive, could be made the basis of a course of most interesting and profitable ethical study, for youth and adult, seeing that it involves in its sweep, not only the individual immediately affected, but all to whom those effects may be in any way related, and so covers the whole science of sociology. But the great and obvious benefit of such a study, with a suitable textbook, or under a competent teacher, in the improvement of character, would be in the habit thus formed of making the moral the first consideration. In other words, it would tend to develop that "moral thoughtfulness," which Arnold of Rugby rightly deemed of so much importance in the training of youth.

CHRISTIANITY AND GERMAN CRITICISM.

Professor Ramsay's "The Church in the Roman Empire" (Hodder & Stoughton), of which the eagerly expected new edition has appeared, is perhaps the most important contribution in our language towards the solution of those critical problems originally raised by the Tubingen School in Germany regarding the origin of Christianity. It is now fashionable to speak of the Tubingen School as dead. But while it must be acknowledged that the extreme positions once taken up by the leaders of this school are no longer tenable, it is not the part of wisdom to ignore the fact that many of the main presuppositions—dangerous, and as we believe false presuppositions—of this school still survive and vitiate the critical conclusions of many German scholars, who, while they disclaim the name are still enslaved by the spirit of Tubingen. If any one questions these statements, let him compare "The Apostolic Age," by Professor Weizäcker, an acknowledged leader of the

Tubingen school of to-day, with "The Church in the Roman Empire," and we think the importance and value of the latter work will be abundantly evident.

Professor Ramsay's work must be ranked with the best of English critical work. It is not a work of the same character as the late Bishop Lightfoot's work on "The Apostolic Fathers" which worthily closed a great controversy by establishing the genuineness of the Ignatian letters. Neither is it a monument of critical effort such as Westcott and Hort have reared up in the field of textual criticism. But if the value of a critical work lies in the number of conclusions which it questions, in the number of new and important issues which it raises, and in the new direction which it gives to critical enquiry, then this work is of even greater critical importance than those already named. Professor Ramsay, who is a disciple of Lightfoot and Mommsen, was educated in the Schools of Classics and History at Oxford. He then turned his attention to Asia Minor, the scene of S. Paul's first labours, the last home of S. John, the country of Ignatius and Polycarp, the real centre and stronghold of the Church in the first century. He has made himself acquainted with the geography of the country. His researches as an archæologist have led him to study the evidence of monuments and coins, and the customs of the people of that day. He has also made himself master of the Roman Imperial system, and especially of the Imperial policy and Roman administration in the Provinces in general and in Asia Minor in particular. To-day he is the greatest living authority on these matters. Meanwhile, Professor Ramsay devoted himself to the study of German Biblical criticism. "If I reach," he writes in his preface, "conclusions very different from those of the school of criticism whose originators and chief exponents are German, it is not that I differ from their method. I fully accept their principle that the sense of these documents (the books of the New Testament) can be ascertained only by resolute criticism; but I think that they have often carried out their principle badly, and that their criticism often offends against critical method. True criticism must be sympathetic; but in investigations into religion, Greek, Roman and Christian alike, there appears to me, if I may venture to say so, to be in many German scholars (the greatest excepted) a lack of that instinctive sympathy with the life and nature of a people which is essential to the right use of critical processes. For years, with much interest and zeal, but with little knowledge, I followed the critics and accepted their results. In recent years, as I came to understand Roman history better, I have realized that, in the case of almost all the books of the New Testament, it is as gross an outrage on criticism to hold them for second century forgeries as

it would be to class the works of Horace and Virgil as forgeries of the time of Nero."

We have now to point out the grounds upon which we base our conviction that Professor Ramsay's work marks an epoch in the history of the controversy, which for the last fifty years has centred round the early history of Christianity and the historical trustworthiness of its sacred books. And we shall give in the second place some account of the conclusions to which Professor Ramsay has been led by his historical and archæological researches.

I. The critical movement which is associated with the names of Baur and Strauss, was an attempt to explain Christianity without reference to the supernatural. Strauss attempted to apply his principles to the gospel history. Baur saw that it was impossible to apply the Mythical theory to the gospel history, without first offering a criticism of the *documents* which form the *sources* of the history. German Biblical criticism has been busy ever since with the problems as to the date and authorship of the books of the New Testament. If the books of the New Testament were for the most part written in the second century, as Baur and his disciples tried hard to show, then the long tract of years which intervened between the death of Jesus Christ and the writing of His history, left room for that growth of myth and legend which Strauss maintained had grown up and obscured the person and life of the man Jesus. But if, on the other hand, the books of the New Testament could be shown to be productions of the first century, then Strauss' attack fails. Thus it came about that critical questions concerning the date and authorship of the Gospels and Epistles were invested with an interest which has no parallel in history. The result of this great critical enquiry has been slowly but surely tending to establish the historical trustworthiness of the New Testament, to bring one book after another within the limits of the first century, and to undermine Strauss' legendary account of the Christ by leaving no time for the growth of legend or myth between the death of Christ, and the enshrining of a true account of His life in written documents. One chief difficulty in deciding the questions in debate has been lack of evidence. Hence for the most part the discussion as to the date of any particular Gospel or Epistle was carried on by an examination of the internal evidence of the book itself. One interpreter took one view, another took an opposite view. There was no evidence, or very little, from outside, no other witnesses besides the books themselves by which to check the conflicting theories of rival schools. The result of this was the growth of most precarious theories. These theories often had no foundation in fact. They were in many instances the offspring of an imagination too often unscientific, unhistorical, uncritical. At this stage in the history of the great debate, Professor Ramsay, traveller,

archæologist, and historian, appears upon the scene, bringing several new witnesses, each of whom has a story to tell. His book exemplifies the method of critically applying archæological, topographical and numismatic evidence to the investigation of early Church history and early Church documents. The effect created by this work is like the stir produced in the court room during the progress of an important case when several new and unexpected witnesses are called and the whole complexion of the case is altered. The science of New Testament introduction will be largely revolutionized. Many of our books, especially the German ones, will have to be re-written. Asia Minor has waked out of her long sleep, and her words are clear and startling—"John I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" Her witness is the witness of history against surmise. The questioned conclusions of an arbitrary and subjective criticism can now be refuted by an appeal to fact.

II. We have left ourselves but little space to describe the actual conclusions which Professor Ramsay raises, but the book, which is intensely interesting and easily written, must be read to be appreciated. Professor Ramsay has himself travelled over the greater part of Asia Minor. His first contention is that S. Paul conceived the idea of making Christianity the religion of the Empire. This theory, which suggests the title of his book, he finds borne out by an examination of S. Paul's journeys. He maintains that S. Paul uses territorial names in the *Roman* sense and not in the popular *Greek* sense. He then points out that Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe are in the Roman Province called Galatia. Granting this, the Acts and S. Paul's letters harmonize, difficulties disappear, and the historical accuracy of the Acts is redeemed. All these positions are established by a splendid and convincing argument, and supported by the most minute circumstantial evidence.

In the second part of the work, by a careful examination of the Roman policy, and attitude of the Empire towards the Christians, a new touchstone is provided for testing the dates of many of the New Testament books, and, as it happens, especially of those books which German criticism has most suspected. We cannot go into his arguments, but it may suffice to say if Professor Ramsay is right, his arguments go far to prove, if they do not actually prove, the early date and historical accuracy of almost all of the New Testament books.

For two reasons, then, we regard this book as of the highest importance. In the first place, because of the depth of its note of revolt against many critical conclusions, till recently assumed to be axiomatic, and in their turn made the basis of fresh conclusions now shown to be the illegitimate fruits of voided marriages; and, in the second place, because of its alliance to great ends, having for one of its main results the establishment of the historical accuracy of large portions of the New Testament, and serving therefore to strengthen the trust of the nations in the faith of Christ.

NOTES ON BURNS.

There is hardly any poet to whom we approach with prepossessions so strong as those with which we come to the study of Burns. To those who are able to understand his language without difficulty he appeals with irresistible force; and many have found it worth their while to undergo the labour of understanding his language in order that they might come to a more perfect comprehension of his poetry.

There will always be differences of opinion—perhaps rather differences of feeling—about the character of Burns. His generosity and nobility, his hatred of insincerity and hypocrisy, the affectionateness and sympathetic kindness of his disposition can hardly be ignored by any. The darker side of his character is, alas, only too conspicuous. If he was never, in the full sense of the word, a drunkard, he was not unfrequently guilty of intemperance. It has been urged that, in this respect, he was no worse than other men of his day. It has also been urged that the hypocrisy of many of the professing religious people about him drove him to extremes in the other direction. These pleas may be urged as extenuations for weakness, they can hardly be regarded as defences or apologies.

Although Burns had little knowledge of his great contemporaries, and, comparatively, no connection with them, yet he belonged to a great age, and could not have been uninfluenced by the currents of thought which moved around him. Cowper was born twenty-eight years before him, and died four years after him. Goethe was born eighteen years later, in 1749. Wordsworth in 1770, Scott in 1771, Coleridge in 1772, and Southey in 1774. Burns was born in 1759 and died 1796.

As regards the poetry of Burns, there is hardly, and there has hardly ever been, a difference of opinion. Its excellence was recognized in his own country at once. Up to the present time there has been no interval in which it has been neglected or depreciated, as has been the case with many other poets; and we may safely prophesy perpetuity and immortality to his fame, unless his language should be forgotten. Even in that case attention will be given to the obsolete dialect for the sake of the poetry which it enshrines.

If we must call him the very first of Scottish poets, we must also give him a high place among the lyric poets of every age and nation; and it is to this class that his poetry principally belongs, although "Tam o' Shanter" shows that he was not incapable of epic poetry.

It is curious to notice the vicissitudes of Scottish, and even of British poetry. Between Chaucer and Surrey there was hardly any English poetry, whilst there was Scotch poetry of considerable excellence, notably ballads of a very high order. After the Reformation Scottish Song was almost silent. When we remember the period in the life of Milton—between the earlier poems and the *Paradise Lost*—the period of the Commonwealth in which he produced religious and political pamphlets instead of poems, we may be able to understand how the religious movement in Scotland absorbed all the literary energy of the people and left them none for the cultivation of the muses.

The eighteenth century was nowhere productive in works of imagination, and in Scotland was given up to the study of history, philosophy, and economy. A country which can boast of the great names of

Hume, Robertson, Reid, Stewart and Adam Smith, need not be ashamed of its place in the Republic of Letters. Of poets before Burns—belonging to post-Reformation times—there are only two worthy of mention, the greater light, Allan Ramsay (1685-1758), whose "Gentle Shepherd" is still worthy of perusal. Ramsay himself thought it superior to the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, a question which we need not decide—the lesser light, Robert Ferguson, born 1750. A later contemporary, Tannahill (1774-1810), completes the circle.

In these brief notes it may be convenient to take the life of the poet in periods, marked by his successive residences:

I. ALLOWAY. 1759-1766 (till 7 years of age).

Burns's father who spelt his name *Burness*, came from Kincardineshire, his native place, and after several vicissitudes, settled in Ayrshire in 1750, and took seven acres of ground in the parish of Alloway. Here he built the "auld clay biggin" in which his son was born. In 1757, then aged 36, he married Agnes Brown, of Maybole, in Carrick. Gilbert was his first son, Robert the second. It was from his mother that Burns derived his wonderful eyes which so impressed Walter Scott when he saw him in Edinburgh. Of Burns's father, Murdoch, the poet's teacher, declares that he spoke English well, and that he was a man of "stubborn, ungainly integrity, and of headlong, ungovernable irascibility."

II. MOUNT OLIPHANT. 1766-1777 (Aetat. 7-18).

Burns's father removed to Mount Oliphant in 1766, and lived here in great poverty, his boys helping him on the farm. Gilbert and Robert were taught ordinary subjects by their father, and French by Murdoch. Poor as they were, they were better circumstanced in regard to literature than many more wealthy children. The father was fond of books, and Robert relates that he read a good many books in his boyhood, the "Vision of Mirza," with great admiration, Addison's Hymns, the life of Hannibal, and that of Sir W. Wallace. Later on he read Pope's Homer and other works, the works of Richardson, Smollett, Locke, and Shakespeare—not a bad beginning for a poor boy. Afterwards, Shenstone, Thomson, Ferguson, Sterne, Ossian (!), Milton, and above all the Bible. He also learned to dance in opposition to his father's will.

III. LOCHLEA 1777-1784 (Aetat. 18-25).

With the removal to Lochlea, in 1777, we come to a period of greater importance. His early poems were of little account. But here we find him in love with a girl named Ellison Begbie, who is celebrated by him under two names, Peggy Alison and Mary Morrison. The first three years at Lochlea were fairly prosperous. But on New Year's Day of 1782, their house was burnt, and in 1782 their father died. During this period his poetic genius began to display itself in such compositions as "John Barleycorn" (1782), the "Lament for Mailie" (1782), "Rigs o' Barley," "My Nannie, O," and "Green grow the rashes, O!" (1783). In these charming poems we have specimens of Burns's manifold genius—his love of nature, his devotion to women, his rich humour (here he is like Scott, and unlike his countrymen in general, who have a good deal of sharp wit, but little humour), his remarkable power of expression, the simplicity, directness, and richness of his thought and language.

IV. MOSSGIEL 1784-1788 (Aetat. 25-29).

Burns and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, which, like Lochlea, his previous residence, was near Mauchline—all in Ayrshire. This is often (and probably with truth) said to be the best period of Burns's life; since he was not only, at this time, characterized by temperance and frugality, but produced here some of his best work. It was here that he met Jean Armour, his future wife. It may be sufficient in regard to their relations, to observe that a private Scotch marriage had been celebrated between them in 1785, which her parents managed (quite illegally) to annul in 1786. The reader should remember that the Scottish Church of the day and the Presbyterian bodies generally, represented two different tendencies, the pietistic and the liberal. Gavin Hamilton, Burns's landlord, and the poet himself were on the side of the liberals. Neither school seems to have been quite satisfactory.

During this period Burns produced (1785), "Holy Willie's Prayer"—a composition of tremendous energy, if not quite to be justified, the "Holy Fair," the "Jolly Beggars," which Carlyle places in the very first rank of his poems—followed by Mrs. Oliphant. We admit the wonderful energy and versatility of these songs and verses; but we cannot put them before "Tam o' Shanter." "The address to the diel" is of the same year.

To the year 1786 belongs the somewhat mysterious episode of "Highland Mary." Burns, disgusted at the conduct of Jean Armour's parents, gave himself up to this new flame—the only other in his life which seems to have been real and strong. He and Mary became betrothed on May 14, and intended emigration. Difficulties came in the way; but all were ended by her death from fever, October 12.

To the years 1785-6 belong the humorous poem "Death and Doctor Hornbook," the delightful "Twa Dogs," the "Cotter's Saturday Night," the two "Epistles to Davie, a Brither poet," "Hallowe'en," "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy." These poems alone would serve to immortalize any writer. The first epistle to Davie is in every way remarkable for its genuineness of sentiment, for its quick transition of thought, for its illustration of the manner in which Burns employs the languages of England and of Scotland to express different kinds of sentiment. The poems to the mouse and the mountain daisy are full of the tenderest feelings for all created beings.

All the poems named, with the exception of the "Jolly Beggars," appeared in Burns's first volume of poems, which was published in July, 1786, and took Scotland by storm. Of an edition of 600 copies only 41 were left at the end of a month, a very remarkable success, when we consider the contracted area to which he appealed. Towards the end of this year he wrote the "Brigs of Ayr," and the "Lass of Ballochmyle."

V. EDINBURGH. 1786-1788 (Aetat. 28-30).

The visit of the poet to Edinburgh soon after the publication of his first volume was, in most respects, successful. He was made much of. He was introduced into the best literary society, and produced a most favorable impression upon all whom he met. His deportment was gentle and dignified. His voice was pleasant, his conversation animated and humorous, and his wonderful eyes were never forgotten.

Not merely social advantages, but com-

mercial also, resulted from this visit. A new edition of his poems brought him £500, part of which he gave to his brother Gilbert, who was struggling with his farm, and out of which he defrayed the expense of a tour in the Highlands. About the same time he became a contributor to Johnson's Museum, for which he wrote about 180 songs and to Thomson's Melodies of Scotland, which had from him about 100, some new, some re-cast.

To this period belong the episode of Clarinda, the wife of a Mr. McLehose, who had gone to the West Indies. An attachment sprang up between the lady and the poet, leading to a high-flown correspondence which is preserved, but adds nothing to Burns's literary reputation. Of whatever quality or depth this attachment may have been, it was not of long duration, for in 1788 Burns again met Jean Armour and the old love revived, and at the age of 29 he married her, now in public and with the consent of her people. Soon afterwards he was appointed to a post in the Excise, receiving £50 a year, afterwards raised to £70. This post he held during the last seven years of his life. We can hardly regard such an appointment with satisfaction. We remember Carlyle's bitter remark about providence having sent to the world one of its most brilliant children, and they sent him to gauge ale-barrels! Alas!

VI. ELLISLAND, 1788-1791 (Aetat. 30-33).

Soon after his marriage Burns removed to Ellisland where he united farming and the discharge of his duties as Excise officer. These duties, such as they were, he fulfilled in a creditable manner, but it is apparent that he was overworked and greatly unfitted for his own proper business. Yet some poems produced during this period are equal to anything he ever did. For example, we have that most sweet and perfect song "Of the airts the win' can blaw," written during his honeymoon. The second part of this song, some times printed in the works of Burns, was added by John Hamilton, with remarkable success in spite of its audacity. In the same year were written "I ha'e a wife o' my ain," "Auld Lang Syne," much improved from an older song, "Go fetch to me a pint of wine."

In the following two years he wrote not only "Kirk's Alarm" and "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," but three pieces, each of which must stand at the head of the class of compositions to which it belongs—"John Anderson, my jo" (1789) and "Tam o' Shanter" and the "Elegy on Captain Henderson" (1790).

VII. DUMFRIES, 1791-1796 (Aetat. 33-37).

For the last five years Burns lived at Dumfries for the first time out of his native county of Ayr, although not far from its borders. It was neither town nor country, that is to say, it had all the disadvantages of each, and was the very worst place for Burns to live in. Yet even here the divine singer was not mute, and to this period belong the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," the "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn," "Ae fond kiss," a lyric extolled by men so different as Byron, Scott, Carlyle and Matthew Arnold (1791), "Duncan Gray," "The diel's awa' wi' the Exciseman," "Ye Banks and Braes and Streams around the Castle of Montgomery" (one of the sweetest of farewells), all of 1792. "Scots wha ha'e" (1793). But his poetic work became less and less. In 1795 he wrote "A Man's a Man for a

that." In January of 1796 he caught a chill through exposure, which brought on rheumatic fever. During his last illness he wrote "O wert thou in the cauld blast" for Jessie Leuchars, who nursed him. The last finished offspring of his muse was "Here's a health to one I lo'e dear."

These are but notes, almost without comments. It would be difficult to comment without greatly transgressing our limits. Let the reader only go over the pieces indicated above, and he will learn to know Burns for himself. The best edition of his works is that of Paterson, Edinburgh, but the Globe edition is excellent and cheap. Lockhart's Life is perhaps the best.

WILLIAM CLARK.

MONTREAL LETTER.

Labor Day was pretty generally observed in this city. The procession was well organized and very large, and all along the route bunting was flying and at various points were gay arches. Thousands upon thousands viewed the procession as it passed along and enthusiasm ran high. There was a monster picnic at the Exhibition ground and every man, woman and child was happy. There was no disorder.

The detective force has for some time past been of so little use to the community that public opinion has demanded an investigation and reorganization of that body. Burglaries have been and are being committed almost daily and little or no effort is made to bring the perpetrators to justice. This is not as it should be and a searching investigation will be made and it is hoped good will result therefrom.

The question of extending the harbor by building a dock at the east end was discussed at a meeting of the Corn Exchange recently and severely denounced. There is at present sufficient harbor accommodation and quite enough for many years yet. Then extensive improvements are being carried on and these should be first completed before any other matter in relation to the harbor should be brought up. The cost would be enormous and the benefit insignificant as long as the warehouses are situated in the west end. It is important to make the port charges as light as possible and this cannot be done if a large debt is created. The business community is strong against the scheme; the property owners in the east end are in favor of it.

Lord Swansea is the owner of some of the largest ore mines in England, and he is largely interested in nickel mines at Sudbury. It is in respect to the latter that he came out to Canada, and on his journey he stopped over in Montreal for a day or two. Lord Swansea knows something of English politics, too, but is rather guarded in his expression of opinion. He joined Gladstone on the Home Rule question, but would say nothing on the situation excepting that it was a question for the people of England to decide. The matter of the abolition of the House of Lords was a pretty broad question with him, yet he would say that the Lords should be brought into closer touch with the people. This is intolerable that the Lords should thwart the will of the people as expressed by their representatives in the Commons. He, however, had no scheme to bring about a better understanding between the Lords and the people. As to the Intercolonial Conference, he thought, if nothing else, it would be productive of benefit in the sense of promoting good feeling amongst the colonies.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy was here last week and he spoke of his own party and political matters generally. With the Liberals, the Conservatives, the Patrons and the Third party he expects an enormous shaking up at the next general election; the Government will not likely appeal to the country till after the next session, next September, perhaps, and in the meantime some of the grosser scandals may be forgotten. The voters' lists are not ready and the Government is not anxious to go to the people in a hurry. His party has an organization in nearly all the electoral districts of Ontario. He expects to make a good showing, but he believes the Patrons will elect a majority in the next House. The Patrons will be an independent party, but will lean more or less to the Liberals in the matter of the trade policy. The Patrons hold the idea that the manufacturers have had things their own way long enough; that it is time the farmers had a change and that the National Policy is ruinous to the mass of the people. He believes in British connection. Close trade relations with the United States would be a good thing; but we cannot regulate the tariff in the United States and we can regulate our own. The Democratic party will never give us reciprocity and the Republican party will never make Canada the back door, by which foreign goods can enter the United States. We must have closer relations with the Mother Country, and the sooner the better. He does not agree with Mr. Laurier on his North-West policy. Separate Schools should be abolished because, with the exception of an insignificant fraction of two per cent. the entire population is English. The fast line service is utterly unpractical, utterly unreasonable, one which all practical men say can never be made to pay and something which the Government knows nothing about. The Intercolonial Conference was a good thing, although immediate practical effects may not result therefrom. He doubts whether the trade with Australia will ever be great on account of the distance and the similarity of the products of both colonies. The steamship service and cable will undoubtedly be a general benefit to the Empire. These are Mr. McCarthy's views.

The Grand Trunk Railway has adopted the rule by which travellers must show their tickets before admission to the platform of the Bonaventure station can be obtained. This is an old rule in the railway stations in the large cities of England and the United States, and although seemingly inconvenient at times for the travelling public, yet the railway companies are forced to adopt it for their own protection. It is much satisfaction to know that one's beloved friend is safely aboard the train and that bags and parcels are stored away properly and everything made comfortable for the journey, and it is jolly good fun to pelt rice through the car window at the newly married couple and to put fog signals under the wheels, and it is pleasant for the "boys," to march down the platform in a mass and give their comrades a hearty cheer as the train passes out and there are other occasions when one would like to be on the platform. But it must be remembered that on the average it takes about ten people to see one off and these so crowd the platform that the baggage men are much hindered in their work and frequently trains are delayed a few minutes in consequence. This is one reason why their rule is to be enforced, but there is another and a more potent reason

The rule is adopted in the interest of revenue. There are many dishonest people in the world and the railways suffer much by them. The Grand Trunk, on investigation, found that it was losing considerable money by people who get on the trains for short distances and jump off without paying their fare. This is their constant practice and it has been going on for a long time. Now everybody must show that they have a ticket before being allowed on the platform. It is not pleasant, is this new rule, but if all people were honest it would not be necessary. Of course, the company will not be so strict that it will not allow friends to see such persons off as are old or invalids, and there may be other exceptions to the rule, but, generally speaking, the rule will be well enforced.

A. J. F.

CANADA YET.

When challeng'd by a trump of fame
That hopes to hit the spheres,
We turn to read a nation's name
Writ fair across the years
Then haste we back to greet our own
Here high in honour set,
And proudly cry, with flashing eye,
"It's Canada, Canada yet."

When vaunts a land her sunny skies,
Green fields and waters clear,
Unfolding beauty's sweet surprise
Each day through all the year,
Nor envy wakes within our hearts,
Nor grief nor wild regret,
But carol we from sea to sea,
"It's Canada, Canada yet."

When lauds a bard the maidens fair
Who grace a foreign shore,
From gleaming foot to sunlit hair
Heart-rich in love's sweet lore!
To lights of home we fondly turn
Till each our queen have met,
Then murmur low, while souls o'erflow
"It's Canada, Canada yet."

Though you bold nation's proud and great,
Though that is fair and true,
Though both together, spite of fate,
May stoutly dare and do,
Still we, surrounding Freedom's throne
On craggy mountain set,
Must say our say and come what may,
"It's Canada, Canada yet."

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghmore."

A TRIP TO A TERMINUS.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, really Clare, I think you ought to go. It is hard that Douglas should have been so long away from home, and not able all these years to see any of his relatives."

"Why, of course, I would go directly if we did not live in so inconveniently big a country, that you have to give up six months of your time, and a perceptible part of a limited income to accomplish a visit that would bear any proportion to the magnitude of the preparations necessary. Just think. There's the railway fare each way to start with; then I should require outfit for two seasons."

"Oh! come now, I am sure you have quantities of nice things without buying any more."

"Yes, and what sort of a figure should I cut in my becoming crimson plush, out on a ranch in British Columbia? And who is to wash my white lawn and those pretty prints? And how am I going to —"

"Now, what is all that in comparison to poor Douglas' disappointment, and the loss of a trip that would do you a world of

good? Clare tosses her head, and snips off with much emphasis the piece of ribbon with which she is trimming her hat.

"Oh, bother! you are always right so I do not see the use of arguing any longer. Well, I shall write and say that I accept Douglas' kind invitation, and that I may be expected by the last boat in September." So the point was decided.

The speakers were two sisters, the elder, Mrs. Rogers, a widow of middle age, who retained much of the attractiveness of her youth, and whose lovable characteristics exercised a sort of attraction of gravitation upon the family in general, so that they had begged her, upon becoming a widow, to make her home near her father's house. Her sister, much younger than herself, was of medium height, dark complexion, and with a face that never made a good photograph, but was crowned with an abundance of wavy brown hair, and which was so often lighted up with the radiance of the intelligent and witty soul within, that one speedily forgot that Miss Athalstane considered herself very plain, and had decided that she would be an old maid. She was at this time engaged in various practical studies, such as short-hand and languages, in case the fates turned very treacherous, and that she might be obliged to earn a living, in accordance with the severe spirit of independence that is requisite to the self-respect of a young lady of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The discussion upon which the sisters had engaged was the result of a letter, by no means the first of its kind, received from their brother Douglas, a rancher in British Columbia. He had left his home many years before, rich in health and strength, and in the practical knowledge that is early developed in the sons of the soil, but otherwise a seeker after fortune rather than the possessor of it. The vicissitudes of ten years had at last fixed him on one of the best ranches of a section of country known as the Kootenay District, and now, with his ranch, and the profession of a civil engineer, besides extensive interests in mines that were always "expected" to turn out something wonderful, Douglas Athalstane had all that was necessary for happiness and content, except the wife and family that would have given him a home.

His letter was as follows:

"Dear Clare,—We have finished building the addition to our house, and now, just as it is all ready, the Wentworths say they will not be able to come and visit Frank until next year. Isn't it too bad? We are all so much disappointed that it does not seem to console Frank and Kenneth in the least to learn that the grant has been given for the new railroad, and that Digwell mine has a very good show of silver ore in sight. But I am not going to be done out of my social efforts altogether if I can help it. There is a Mrs. Ellis here, a nice English woman, whose husband is not succeeding very well, and I have asked her if she will consent to keep house here for us this winter. She has agreed, and now I urge you to join us, as you have half promised to do over and over again. I long for the sight of a home face, so do come and see a little of western life, which has its charms even for the civilized.

Your affectionate brother,

"DOUGLAS ATHALSTANE."

The Athalstanes were the descendants of Colonel Howard Athalstane, an English gentleman of good family. In the early days of colonial settlement many such

had been given grants of land in Ontario and Quebec. Some had never been able to adapt themselves to their new surroundings, and, as time went on, their property changed hands, and their families degenerated and were scattered and forgotten. Others, and Colonel Athalstane among them, had struck their roots deep in the new soil, had flourished, and had lived to make the country's interests their own, transmitting to their descendants that love of refinement and culture which had not been found incompatible with the sowing and reaping, baking and butter making, which were the important factors in their success. The present Mr. Athalstane, the owner of "Fairfield," was a guileless, kind-hearted gentleman, healthy and happy at seventy years of age, and his delight was, at Christmas and Easter, to gather children and grandchildren round him at the old "home" and tell them of the days when game was plentiful, and there were no railroads, and when all the settlers agreed to cut their timber and draw it to the first mill, to be sawn into building material for the church in which they still worshipped.

But we must not digress too far, for if Miss Athalstane has really made up her mind to go away for the winter, there are many preparations to make and plans to complete. From youth she has had to take her share in the dairying, sweeping and dusting, cooking and needlework that form the eminently successful technical school of a country girl's education. And since her mother's death she has kept her father's house, so that she now stands before you a maiden who has but little time for "maiden meditation, fancy free," but who rather, having conceived an idea, proceeds to act upon it immediately. In accordance with this disposition, she is revolving in her mind that the jam must be made, and the house-cleaning done, and her father's wardrobe overhauled before she can leave home. And last but not least, Joe must be talked into acquiescence with the projected scheme. Joe is the "chore-boy," still so denominated in spite of advancing years, and Joe thinks very meanly of any scheme that he does not originate himself, and considers himself interfered with if other people do things that are out of the common, instead of going on in a smooth groove like his own.

"Well, Joe, I am thinking of going away for the winter, to pay a visit to the young gentlemen out at the ranch."

Joe stops his mowing in the middle of the lawn, and the cessation of its cheerful clicking proclaims that he is ready for a discussion.

"Is it up west thar? Why that's whare McMurdy went, and kem back agen larst month. He don't think nothin' of that country. They grows grain and ain't got no cattle to eat it. And the storms is orful," he adds, with a dramatic lowering of his voice.

"Oh, but Mr. Douglas' place is quite different from that. He has large herds of cattle, and they feed out all the winter, and don't require housing or fodder at all!"

"Umph! I wouldn't think that a very good way to keep hanimals. If I didn't get up hearly now and cut grass extry for Peggy, she wouldn't give no milk at all scarsly sence Jenkins went and put all them sheep in the pasture."

And he turns to his mower and is about to escape, so Clare feels that she

must make a desperate effort either to propitiate or to coerce.

"I want to get away about the middle of September, if you think we can get the white-washing done and the chicken-house repaired, and leave things so that I shall know they are all right while I am away."

"Well, miss, according to that, thar's no use in me beginning to draw gravel on tew the front drive, nor to fix them sheepskins fur Miss Rogers. I can't do everything to on'ct."

"I see you haven't any time, Joe, of course, so the only thing that can be done is to send Peggy and the rest of the cows up to Mrs. Jenkins, at the farmhouse, and then, when I haven't any dairying, I can hire a man and go round with him and show him what to do."

Now Peggy was a cow that belonged to Joe, having been raised by him from a neglected calf, and an insult to Peggy was an insult to himself. So a perceptible tone of conciliation was introduced into his next remark.

"Wa'al, mebbe, if the Master'ud turn them two colts into the pastur' whar thar's a good fence, so as I needn't spend so much time runnin' arter them, I might make out to git round to the chicken-house next week, I s'pose."

This knotty point being settled, other preparations for departure went briskly enough. The vast difficulties about an outfit were found, when brought to a practical test, reducible to the purchase of a new ulster and riding-habit, and a pretty serge travelling dress, besides a few etceteras, which though too trifling to enumerate, gave finish to Miss Athalstane's tasteful costumes.

CHAPTER II.

In a few weeks after the receipt of her brother's letter, Clare Athalstane was rumbling along over the prairies on the Canadian Pacific Railway, having bid adieu at Winnipeg to the last familiar face, and feeling herself most truly the smallest of units in a vast universe as the first glimpse of mountain scenery came into view. Can a description ever do justice to the majesty of the everlasting hills? Are we not always moved to silence when we come under the influence of their eternal grandeur? Is it a sermon they preach to us through the emotions they excite in our innermost being, bidding us consider our own insignificance before we rush upon theories that would efface a Creator from the works of His creation?

Such were the reflections of our heroine, as the train rose higher and higher on the trestle-work, and moved deeper and deeper into the gorge below, and then curved and slacked and speeded down to meet the capricious Columbia River at Golden City. Here Douglas met her, and we will not dwell upon the joyful re-union of a brother and sister parted for so many years—so long, indeed, that in the meantime she had blossomed into unrecognizable womanhood. The popular captain of the little steamer *Duchess* welcomed them both on board, and as they steamed and struggled with difficulty along the now shallow waters of the Columbia, tales of the past ten years divided their interest with the novelties of the passing scenery. At last the landing-place was reached, and a drive of fifty miles brought the travellers to their final destination, a western homestead denominated the "Highlands."

"Just look at Frank's expression of beaming delight," says Douglas, as a rather short, thickset figure comes down the trail to meet them.

"Welcome to the wilds, Clare! A hundred times welcome! How could I ever have teased you or played tricks on you? My conscience is smitten with the deepest remorse, and I bind myself to be propriety itself, if only you will stay now that you have come!"

"Well, Frank! is it possible that you are really supporting existence, cut off from the charms of female society, ever to you so dear?" And a cheery laugh and a twinkle in her eye are understood to mean that she does not think that Frank Wentworth is cut out for ranching—but Frank is an old friend, and I am not sure but that, among the other unconventionalities that were forcing themselves into the situation, he did not receive a more affectionate greeting than would have been granted him two thousand miles further east.

However it was, he heaved a sigh, and answered: "Ah, Clare, it's all right now that you have come to cheer us up. Let me introduce to you my cousin, Kenneth Willascroft."

At these words Miss Athalstane raised her eyes, and they encountered those of a tall, handsome, rather shy-looking young fellow, who lifted his hat, with a pleasant smile, as he "hoped she was not over-fatigued with the journey," and said he was afraid she would find things very rough at the "Highlands."

By this time they had all reached the house, a long, low, one-storied building, with no pretensions to architecture, but yet picturesque, because in keeping with the surrounding scene. It was built of rough-hewn, squared timber, and from its gable-end towards a group of other farm buildings there stretched a substantial fence, making part of a large enclosure which was the "corral." The door of the house stood open, and within appeared a lady—Mrs. Ellis (with whom the reader has become acquainted through the medium of Douglas Athalstane's letter)—who came forward and gave the visitor a kindly greeting in a pleasant English voice, and forthwith carried her off to change her dusty clothing, expressing at the same time an unbounded delight at the prospect of social intercourse that was opening on her horizon; "for you know, my dear," she said, with a pathetic tremor in her voice, "I do feel lonely sometimes, all this long distance away from England, and everything so different from what I have been accustomed to hitherto."

The morning sun shone brightly in at Clare's window when she awoke and collected her thoughts to a realization of the many miles that separated her from her eastern home, and the newness of the experience awaiting her. "The boys," she thought, must be already beginning their daily avocations, for there were sounds of voices and of opening and shutting of doors, and an odour suggestive of breakfast came in with the morning air. So she rose and proceeded with her toilet, while mentally she engaged herself upon a diary which she had made up her mind to keep. The thick curly tresses were twisted and bound to the accompaniment of reflections such as these:

"Douglas impresses me as quite the 'boss.' I am really thankful that he keeps himself and the house so neat; I suppose it must be the unsuccessful settlers who are

said to become so rough and untidy. Frank's cousin is very handsome and looks nice. Frank should have taken my advice and stuck to civilized parts. I don't think I shall mind anything except having to do my own washing"—etc.

At last she emerged into the breakfast room, looking fresh and bright and not a bit tired. Her dark crimson flannel dress, most becoming in itself, afforded an artistic point of color among the very simple furnishings of the homestead, and she was greeted with effusion by all the waiting company.

"Here's your place, Clare," began the officious Frank; "I am putting you opposite to myself so that I may be able to look at you and thereby impart a necessary relish to western fare."

"Don't begin to disparage our western fare before Miss Athalstane has had even time to judge of it for herself," says Mr. Willascroft deprecatingly.

"No, indeed!" continues Douglas, "for so much depends upon digestion to keep people in good humor. You see Mrs. Ellis, that a great responsibility rests upon you as head of the commissariat department to keep us from quarrelling with one another during the next few months."

"Oh! Mrs. Ellis, I must let you know," bursts in Frank, "that cold meat has disagreed with me from a child; but I am allowed quantities of jam tart at any time of the day, and the doctors prescribe buttered toast for breakfast."

"Perhaps," responds Mrs. Ellis, while a hearty laugh proclaims that at any rate so far the digestions must be satisfactory, "you had better each write out a list of favorite delicacies, and then, when we have marked off the many unprocurables, I can proceed to compile a cookery-book, to which I may occasionally refer when anybody is inclined to be cranky."

"Perhaps it may be a relief to your overtaxed mind, Mrs. Ellis," says Clare, "to learn that I am really fond of cooking and so if I share your labors, no one will know whether to blame you or me for the disagreements. But you have not given me any cream in my tea," she adds in the most placid of tones. "Cream!" bursts simultaneously from all sides. "Why, we have not any milk and how could we possibly get cream?"

"No milk with all those cows? And Clare proceeds to make a mental note in her diary to the effect that the first principles of dairy farming are unknown in Kootenay.

But she is soon enlightened by Douglas' explanation that all the cattle are more or less wild, and that the taming of even one cow is attended with considerable inconvenience and does not always result in a supply of good milk.

Frank's gallantry, however, comes to the fore, and he is "sure they can bring in a cow." "You can go and look through the herd, you know, Kenneth, while I show Miss Athalstane round the place."

But Mr. Willascroft, in his capacity of general factotum, has discovered that Miss Athalstane has brought a saddle among her effects, and he considers Frank's evident intention of monopolizing the company of this charming young lady must be nipped in the bud.

"Miss Athalstane, I see you have a saddle. Would you not enjoy a ride this lovely morning? I should be delighted to show you the pastures, and I could look for a cow at the same time."

"Oh! I *should* enjoy a ride," answers Clare with great alacrity,—“and we could have our walk any day, you know, Frank.”

Mr. Willascroft is triumphantly conscious of having scored one, and he proceeds to emphasize his victory over a fallen foe, by reminding Frank, who is the carpenter, that a part of the fence needs repairing before the tamed cow will be persuaded to remain within bounds.

"I see you are well accustomed to riding Miss Athalstane," began Kenneth, as they cantered along over the plain. And he mentally admired her firm seat and graceful carriage, for Clare looked, perhaps, better on horseback than anywhere else.

"Yes," she replied, "it is my favourite recreation, at home; but there I am obliged to ride a great deal alone, so that you see a companion into the bargain makes the enjoyment all the greater." Like a flash of lightning Kenneth remembers that Frank is no horseman and does not care for riding.

"You and Frank have known each other for a long time and seem very intimate."

"Why of course. Did you not know that Frank had stayed with us for several months when first he came to Canada. And to stay in the house with a person is the surest way to promote intimacy."

"I suppose I did know, but probably it did not occur to me to give it a thought until I had seen you together. Frank, you see, has plenty of money, and a man like that is always a welcome guest, and pays visits in all directions."

Clare was aware of the faintest possible inflection in her companion's voice, that suggested disparagement of Frank and his ways.

"Then, you, I suppose, by the tone in which you speak, have no money, and by a similar process of reasoning, no one invites you on a visit, and intimacy is out of your reach. Well now, do you know, I think it rather a good thing for men not to be born to an inheritance of wealth. They have to work then, and it gives them more self-reliance and manliness."

No longer did Frank appear to be born under a lucky star, as Kenneth continued: "It is not often that one of your sex takes that view of the question, Miss Athalstane. I assure you I am very well initiated into the politely repressive attitude that society maintains towards the young man who is not eligible for matrimony."

"Oh! If it comes to marrying, I suppose one must see that there is enough for the butcher and the baker. I am too well experienced in the details of house-keeping not to know that, having kept my father's house already for some years."

A half-conscious dream of love in a cottage was all that poor Kenneth had ever allowed himself in the line of castles-in-the-air. Now the cottage was inhabited, and a charming figure with smiles of welcome was standing on the threshold to welcome him to the portals. But its gate was barred to him by a brigade of fortune-favoured youths, of whom Frank was commander-in-chief. Kenneth Willascroft was no stranger whatever to the industry and self-reliance which Miss Athalstane professed to admire in the male sex. Indeed he might be considered an embodiment of the theory that she had propounded, for as the eldest in the family of a clergyman of small means, he had early been made to understand that he must make the best of the few advantages within his reach. Even his earnings

had been required to assist in the education and outfit of one and another of the younger members of the family, and he was twenty-eight years of age before he felt that, with some of these claims removed, he might at last venture upon a business move that could be dignified by the name of enterprise. So he joined his cousin on a ranch, with a salary as cow-boy, and a promise of interest in mines and properties upon conditions, feeling at the same time certain that in the western field, he might hope to make his lucky hit as well as any other man.

And now the equestrians had come to the top of a sloping plain, or bench as it was called, and below them was the river, and the herd of cattle, sleek and fat, grazing over the abundant pasture, and giving life to the lovely scene.

"How exquisitely beautiful!" Clare exclaimed, after a moment or two of silent admiration; and as she raised her eyes to her companion's, she suddenly became conscious that it was not the landscape upon which either his looks or his thoughts had been bent. A moment of embarrassment—and with feminine tact she brought the practical into the place of the contemplative, and broke the spell.

"I hope, Mr. Willascroft, that you will be successful in your quest, so that I may not be obliged to break to my father the terrible announcement that I have to take my tea without cream."

So they rode round and about, and Kenneth pointed out to her a cow that had once before been subjected to domestic training, and might therefore be expected to take to it kindly again.

"I will bring a man with me to-morrow and drive her into the corral," he said.

"And why should not I help you to do it now?"

Kenneth turned quickly, overcome with the boldness of the suggestion, and ready to make a decided objection. But his fair companion sat there, firm and steady on her saddle, and looked as if she could do it, and straightway the undertaking did not seem so very difficult.

"Well, Miss Athalstane, it is certainly a bold thing for a lady to attempt, but we will try it if you like. Keep near me at first, and we will drive all the herd before us until they begin to scatter, and then we can separate one or two from the rest."

Presently Bossy was seen to strike out in a line of her own, and the two equestrians cautiously avoiding any attempt at hurrying her, managed to drive the rest of the herd on a backward track, so that she might be tackled by herself. And now began a series of curvettings, and halts, and canters, on the part of man and beast that left the victory uncertain for some time. Clare lost all thought of danger, and the excitement of the chase brought the glow into her cheeks. Kenneth watched her with admiration, not unmixed with fear as the cow turned and faced her enemies, and seemed for a moment too vicious to be overcome. But at last they got her into a sort of track, along which she was guided till they came in sight of the corral. The corral had a fence on either side meeting in a point or corner, so that poor Bossy became at last the victim of man's ingenuity, and gracefully succumbed to the inevitable. But just as they thought their victim safe, and had relaxed somewhat of their vigilance, Douglas and Frank appeared round the corner of the buildings, and the sight of them caused the cow to swerve, and make a sudden turn. She struck with such force against the legs of the horse that

Kenneth was riding, as to cause the animal to fall, the rider of course with it, and horse and cow and man in a second were all rolling together on the ground. It was but for a moment, and Clare seeing that Kenneth was able to jump up and recover himself, by vigorous efforts kept the refractory beast from escaping, until the other boys came up and finished off the work.

Hot and dusty she dismounted, tied her horse to the fence, and went towards the house, wondering that her companion had disappeared, and not waited to pay her the chivalrous attention that ladies are wont to exact of their squires. Could he be hurt? She quickened her pace at the thought, and from heightened colour her cheeks turned to deadly white, as she observed a motionless figure lying across the threshold of the door. Hurrying into the house for assistance, she soon returned with Mrs. Ellis, and the two bending over the injured man, sought to make out what the injury might be. As far as they could discover, there was a swollen ankle which was most likely a sprain, and so while one relieved it from the pressure of the boot, the other applied restoratives, which taking effect quickly proved that the state of unconsciousness was merely a faint from the effect of pain.

"How could I have been so foolishly nervous?" said Clare to herself when the patient had been comfortably bandaged and tucked up for the night. "At home we do not seem to mind a bit when people are ill and have to be nursed. I suppose it must be that we are so far from help—a hundred miles from a doctor." And her heart beat again at the apprehension of danger, though she knew it to be remote.

Consciousness having returned, who shall tell the panacea for pain and weakness that comes to the bedside with the smiling services of a bright graceful girl? The flutter of apprehension had subsided, and Clare, conscious of her patient's eager welcomes, was now rather bent upon a little teasing. "I could not come and read to you this morning, Mr. Willascroft; Frank and I went fishing. Or rather, we began by fishing, but the air was so lovely and the water so tempting, that we thought it would be nicer to row up the river, and then float down and have a good talk."

"Frank will have to talk in his sleep before long, I think; he seems to have so much to say. Jokes never sound very amusing when you hear them through a partition wall, and I am always wondering what the point of his many jokes can be."

"Oh! you mean to-day at dinner-time. He was just grumbling away at having so much to do now that you were laid up, so Douglas and Mrs. Ellis cross-examined him, and it turned out that yesterday he spent an hour and a half sewing two buttons on his flannel shirt, and the rest of the afternoon sketching a picture of me, and carving a bracket to set it upon."

"I wish I could boast of some of cousin Frank's many accomplishments. All the good things seem to go to him."

"Goodness! surely you don't want to imitate his last diversion of playing the flute? Douglas has been advising him to take a little trip down as far as Winnipeg, and get a few lessons before he inflicts any more practising upon us. I wish he'd stick to the banjo, for it is a treat—isn't it?—to listen to his songs. How few people have a soul for music like Frank! Did you like our duet last evening?"

"Shall I say what I really think?"

"Not if it is not nice, because I shall

suppose that you are growing dyspeptic, and I am so interested now in nursing that I long to experiment with all the medicines I brought up in my chest."

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased; fair doctress, may I ask?"

"Do you know I have been thinking that you must have something on your mind and the doctors say it seriously retards recovery not to have the mind at rest. Why don't you tell Douglas? I am sure he would gladly arrange any business matter for you."

"I do not think your brother would understand, or rather, he might understand too well, because—because—shall I tell you? I am engaged in a dangerous speculation, and the stake that I have placed upon it is no less than the happiness of a life."

Silence for a few moments was more eloquent than speech, and then a look of confident trust revealed itself in Clare's face, but she replied, half flippantly, "hope then for the best and go to sleep and dream of success." And hurriedly gathering up the remains of a dainty little supper that had seeded but appetite for a sauce, she left the room.

"Is it true—can it be true, that he will be my lover?" And the thought made her step bound and her voice ring, and the perplexed lover listened to her joyous song as it died away in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

The weeks wore on, autumn was deepening into winter; Kenneth and Clare had enjoyed many rides together, they had moralized over all things in heaven and earth, as is the wont of young souls to whom the vista of life seems long and themselves part of a living dream. She knew full well whence came to her hand the dainty box of bonbons—the latest novel—the newest song, but the word that would have taken the weight off her heart had never been spoken yet. So she sought diversion in rambles with Frank and in the art over which they were both so enthusiastic.

Kenneth heard their voices blending in sweetest accord, as they sang to one another with rare expression the passionate words that had their truest echo in his own heart. "I will not stand in the way of her marrying Frank," he said. "They would be happy, and I—I have nothing to offer her." So he bore his pain in silence, bitter as it was—to outward seeming cold and dispassionate, but in truth that of a man whose nature it was to be too fervent a lover to bring harm to his beloved.

At last the Christmas fire blazed cheerily on the hearth of the ranchers' sitting-room, cosily hung with buffalo robes, and luxuriously furnished with hammocks and cushions and one arm chair. The ladies had donned their most fashionable attire, Mrs. Ellis in black satin, Clare in a pretty tea-gown of sage-green and pink; the merry jest passed round; the guitar and the banjo had been brought into requisition, and Frank had even made sufficient progress with the flute to be able to play a waltz that they might culminate their merry-making with a dance.

And then they talked of home and far-away friends and were taking a turn towards the melancholy, when Douglas suggested a song.

"You were practicing something very pretty yesterday, but I did not catch the words. Won't you sing it again Miss Athalstane?" said Kenneth, as he brought over her guitar.

She passed the broad ribbon over her shoulder, while a slight hesitation might have been observed in her manner, but finally she complied with the unanimous request. "It is called 'A Woman's Love Song,'" she said.

With jubilant merry laughter
And singing a joyous song
One came, and my life thereafter
Grew strangely brave and strong,
And yet it was but the ringing
Of love's sweet challenge bell
And the sound of his low voice singing
The call that he knows so well.

Though rough is the garb he is wearing
And hard with toil his hand,
The road where his steps are faring
For me is the best in the land.
And out from the surging masses
Of earth's manhood came my knight
To where amid blossoms and grasses
I stood in the morning light.

Stood watching for one whose loving
Would bring to my waiting life
The glory and gladness proving
How regal the name of wife,
And now in the radiant weather,
Aglow with beauty and light,
We face life's pathway together,
And give no thought to the night.

Thanks and criticisms successfully veiled the glow of feeling that had been stirred in the breasts of two of the little company, and which they strove to conceal from each other and from the general ken. At last the party broke up, and Kenneth and Clare were left alone.

"Before I wish you good night, Mr. Willascroft, I have a great piece of news to tell you. We have been such good friends during my stay, that I wanted particularly the pleasure of telling you myself."

If Kenneth had felt a throb of wondering exultation as she sang her love-song straight into his heart, it beat now with a far different anticipation. Quick as lightning he knew that the words might, with equal appropriateness have been meant for his supposed rival, and now she was going to tell him so herself. He felt that he must be turning into stone as he responded,

"Does this mean that you are going to cut short your visit, Miss Athalstane?"

"I am ashamed to confess to a childish fit of home-sickness. But you won't miss me, you will all be so exultant at my news. I had hard work to prevent Frank from blurting it all out before I could tell you myself."

Kenneth could stand it no longer. "Do not tell me! Do not tell me!" he cried passionately; "is it possible that you cannot see how your gain will be my loss?"

"Gain! Loss! Why, it is all gain! Dig-well mine has been sold for three hundred thousand dollars."

The still waters run deep. The heart that from an unselfish motive could hide its grief so long, found it almost as difficult to express its rapture.

"Do you remember Clare that I once mentioned a speculation in which I was engaged? I think you understood me then—and you told me to hope for the best—will you share my newly found fortune as my wife?"

Quietly, tenderly as she yielded to his embrace, came the words: "I had rather have shared your poverty too." "But," she added, with a trustful gaze into his honest eyes, "my knight did not come after all, and I am happy."

Needless to say that Clare Athalstane did not suffer from home-sickness, though

she did carry out her plan of an early departure from the "Highlands." But it was only to return a happy bride, and to gladden permanently with her presence the mountain home that would ever be dear to her from its tender associations. For Kenneth was as yet by no means a millionaire, and they had agreed that while they were young and strong they would willingly face together the few hardships of western life, since they would be amply compensated by the counter experience of that revealed love that had brought Clare's trip to so happy a terminus.

BLANCHE AYLMEYER.

Richmond, Quebec.

THE ETHICAL ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.—I.

ETHICAL VALUE OF SUBJECTS.

Without attempting to decide at what point in the school courses, the formal teaching of ethics should begin, I am convinced that there should be regular lessons in morals; and especially that the ethical aim should be paramount and kept consciously in view—and that, therefore, all methods of instruction and all subjects of instruction, pre-eminently history and literature, should make for this supreme end. Every subject has its value even for moral discipline. I still cling to the doctrine of formal discipline, though not perhaps in its extreme form. I believe that different subjects according to the relations with which they deal, may have different values as instruments of training, and especially as means of moral training. I see, for instance, that mathematics, a process of extreme simplification, dealing only with space and time relations, is simpler than physics, physics than chemistry, chemistry than physiology, physiology than sociology, sociology than philosophy; and I cannot convince myself that each of these departments has precisely the same effect in intellectual and moral discipline. I will not, at any rate, believe that all subjects are alike for purposes of moral culture. The solution of a differential equation, or a difficult chemical analysis, while sharpening and strengthening the intellect, leaves no increase of humanism in the heart; these subjects have no direct bearing upon human relations. But the study of some heroic deed as recorded in literature, or of a profound analysis of some universal human passion, touches the moral element within me and reveals my kinship with the race. In the one case there is mere intellectual identification with the physical world; in the other, there is both intellectual and sympathetic identification with the world of humanity.

THE ETHICAL ELEMENT IN LITERATURE—INTELLECT AND WILL.

Literature develops the intellectual factor but pre-eminently the emotional factor of the will. Every subject that demands the exercise of the fundamental activities of the intellect contributes to the training of the will, and so far aids in the development of character. Voluntary attention depends upon the will, is the will controlling the movement of ideas for definite ends. And every realization of a conceived end is but a series of external acts controlled by the will, and paralleled by an antecedent movement of ideas. The power to drive one idea or series of ideas from the

* From an address on The Ethical Aim in Teaching Literature, delivered by J. A. McLellan, M.A., LL.D., before the National Educational Association of America, at Asbury Park, 10th July, 1894.

field of consciousness, and to put another idea or series of ideas in full possession, is the essential phenomenon of WILL, and an indispensable requisite in the growth of character. For the development of this essential factor, literature in all its forms is a powerful means. No one subject, it may be admitted, is capable of producing the best possible all-sided culture; but if compelled to confine myself to one subject, I should, without hesitation, give the preference to literature. More thoroughly than any other subject, it trains memory, imagination, thought and last, but not least, expression, the necessary complement and co-ordinate of all these, and, therefore, secures a more extensive as well as a more intensive culture of mind. Literature deals with something higher than mathematical relations and material phenomena; its subject matter is the complex moral and spiritual phenomena, which make up human life and human history, and which even give meaning to the physical world. And so, e.g., the intellectual and artistic analysis of a noble piece of literature affords as good an exercise of mind as mathematical demonstrations, or physical experiments, while it far surpasses both, in culture of the æsthetic and moral sensibilities.

LITERATURE AND THE EMOTIONAL FACTOR IN WILL: ETHICAL IMAGINATION.

Literature introduces the student to a world—or to worlds—of human action and interests, of social and moral phenomena infinitely enlarged beyond the narrow world of his experience, and habituates him to a sympathetic and therefore humanizing reconstruction of such a world. In the study of geography he starts from his concrete experiences at once narrow and ill-defined, and by means of maps and models, narrations and descriptions, his intellectual imagination constructs a large, free, reasonable idea of the actual world, which gives a new and richer meaning to his life and his environment. So in literature: starting from his little social and moral world, at once meagre and all but meaningless, moving out into enlarged scenes of action, the whole world of human relationships and their interactions, his ethical imagination sympathetically reconstructs a larger, freer, grander, mightier human world, which powerfully reacts upon his own personality, giving a new and richer meaning to life through the recognition of his relations with his nation, with his race and with mankind. In other words, he starts out from himself shackled by the merely sensuous, with feelings but little removed from pure animal sympathy: I am for myself alone, or at most for my family alone: he returns to himself a freeman whom the truth has made free with the divine sentiment, "none of us liveth to himself;" I am not for myself alone, or for my family alone; or for my country alone, but for mankind; or, as the old Latin poet has it: I am a man and therefore all human interests are my interests. Thus the peculiar, enlarging, liberalizing, ethical effect of literary and historic studies, is due to increased realizing and idealizing power of the intellect and the imagination and to the reaction into character of the world of human life with a fuller and richer meaning of its various factors.

LITERATURE AND THE IDEAL SELF.

Literature not only forms a sympathetic imagination for the world of human relations and interactions in general, it helps to

widen, strengthen and purify desire through the presentation of nobler self-ideals. We know what we are by the imagination of what we are not; and when we know what we are, we are in fair way to realize what we ought to become. The strongest impulse to improvement, whether intellectual or moral, is a divine dissatisfaction with the actual in comparison with the ideal. This ideal self is no impotent shadowy thing; it is the soul's consciousness of its possibilities, the necessary condition of determined choice and persevering action. The great ideals with which literature abounds may be made personal object lessons far more potent than the reality to awaken dissatisfaction with present attainments and an all-conquering desire to leave the things that are behind and stretch out towards the things that are before. The great heroes of the past, as well as the humbler heroes whose lives were perhaps a richer blessing, are brought vividly before us, and our hearts are filled with silent worship of the great and good of old, the dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns. The elements of their mighty strength fill and thrill us with a divine love of truth and goodness and a strong desire to realize them in acts of truth and goodness. Therefore through literature let our youth be filled with "noble pictures of human relationship and duty, of elevated character," of justice, friendship and love; let them dream lofty dreams and see inspiring visions, and their dreams shall be prophecies.

LITERATURE AND THE SYMPATHETIC IMAGINATION.

I have but time for a cursory reference to what is probably the most direct effect of literary studies, the cultivation of the emotional nature in general, and especially of sympathy, the source of the moral feelings. Among all subjects literature, and especially poetic literature, stands pre-eminent for the culture of the sympathetic imagination. The poet artist is all aglow with love of truth and beauty in nature, and in human life and action, and the student is made a sharer in this enthusiasm for nature and humanity. With imagination touched by the imagination of the poet he beholds the divine ideas which are clothed in visible forms around us; he is not only thrilled in presence of the sublime in nature—the sovereign mountain "uncrowning its majesty to the heavens"—but he sees beauty and truth and pathos, and life-lessons in the daisy, in the small celandine, in the common dandelion, in "the meanest flower that blows;" and with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy he sees into the life of things; he has a vision of the physical world as embodying the thought and the imagination of God. And this is but the prelude to the higher sympathy for humanity which is born of literature. In the world of human life and action as set forth in literature is there anything great and elevated in sentiments of truth, goodness, beauty; in deeds of patriotism, self-sacrifice, moral heroism? These things too, all that is good and great in them, are an embodiment of divine ideas. We study these, and with an "eye made quiet by the power of harmony" and the deep power of human love, we see into the moral and spiritual "life of things." For awakening enthusiasm for humanity the study of literature is unique among human studies; it, and it alone, arouses in us that divine sympathy which gives us an insight into the signifi-

cance of human life and a yearning for its progress towards a divine ideal—an insight and a yearning which is the vision of God. Blessed are the pure in heart, i.e., blessed are the loving in heart for they shall see things unseen by other eyes.

Gods fade, but God abides, and in the heart of man
Speaks with the clear, unconquerable cry
Of energies and hopes that cannot die.
We feel this sentient self, the counterpart
Of some self vaster than the stargirt sky;
Yea, tho' our utterance falter—tho' no art
By more than sign or symbol can impart
This faith of faiths that lifts our courage
high—

Yet are there human duties, human needs.
Love, charity, self-sacrifice, pure deeds,
Tender affections, helpful service, war
Waged against tyranny, fraud, suffering,
crime:

These, ever strengthening with the strength of
years,
Exalt man higher than fabled angels are.

LITERATURE AND MORBID SENTIMENTALITY.

It will besaid that there is a possibility of too great a culture of the emotions as such; that it is possible to arouse the emotions beyond the point of normal stimulus to action; to form emotional habit without corresponding activities—producing unreal, morbid sentiment. This is possible, but not probable, under existing conditions: for in general the teaching of literature is too lifeless and unimaginative, unemotional. We need be under no apprehension regarding an evil that is never likely to arise. But at all events, this culture of the imaginative and emotional elements is absolutely essential to the growth of character. Next to actual and intimate association with great or noble men, is intimate and profound familiarity with great ideas. Ideas are behind all action and sentiment behind all ideas. Saturate a youth with right ideas and noble sentiments and he is in a fair way to become a noble man. As St. Paul has it: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." To feel resentment against oppression of the weak, horror of cruelty, stern satisfaction in the just punishment of guilt; to have admiration for true heroism and noble self-sacrifice; to love the true, the beautiful, the good, the generous; to have pity for the sorrowful, compassion for the unfortunate, tenderness for the penitent; to have contempt for all deception, hypocrisy and shams; to have abhorrence for the low, the mean, the selfish, the impure; to have all this, is in the main to be all this; is to have that beauty of the inward soul and that outward action in harmony with it, which are the flower and fruit of human culture.

A woman's college has just received a unique gift, in the shape of a large collection of photographs of babies of university women. The object of the collection is to prove, by the well-fed and well-cared-for look of the youthful subjects, that the higher education does not necessarily unfit women for their chief and most important duty as mothers, and that the cultivation of the feminine brain is not detrimental to the rearing of sound and healthy children. The idea of such testimony is a novel one, but, if the collection represents a fair percentage, it is a conclusive argument.—*Baltimore American.*

THE MORNING SPREAD UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

Into the morning land we ride—
Morning spread on the mountain tops,—
Stand at gaze, and the vision stops
Only at last when the level tide,
And the lengthened line of the foothills
drops
To the far horizon's circle wide.

These are the gates of the mountain land
These are the adamantine doors
Built from the canon's rocky floors,
That silently open on either hand
And silently close us in behind.
Here where the eagles and the wind
Alone may winnow the steep expanse,
We climb and follow—ascending slow,
While the pines recede in a stately dance—
Row behind row in the gorge below—
Rank behind rank as we advance.

The sullen roar of the cataract
Dull in the distance seems to die,
And the glacier's broad aerial tract
Falls like a river out of the sky,—
A lovely river of rose and pearl
With cloud-hewn bridges of sapphire spanned,
And piers and arches of onyx and beryl,
For the passing pilgrims of sunrise land.

Billows of mist beneath are curled
Like the flags of a vanquished and flying foe,—
(Spirits of evil might vanish so.)
As we behold from the mountain height—
The meeting place of the day and night—
The finite and the infinite—
The top and pinnacle of the world !

KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

Kingston.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

In my "Glimpses" at the transmigration of jokes I mentioned a Canadian paper which had localized the old tale of a man speaking to a widow (whose husband he fancied to be alive), of the hot place where her better half resided. I am told that the idea was still more recently adapted in *Life* some few months ago. I am also credibly informed that the epigram,

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below,
A spirit of love and a spirit of woe ;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
But the spirit below is the spirit of wine,"

is of Scotch authorship; and that it was originally provoked by the storage of liquor in the basement of a church in Aberdeen.

Mr. Goldwin Smith observed in THE WEEK of August 31, that a Canadian author of note appearing in Canada would (and should) seek the larger market of England or the United States, or both. Just after reading his remarks I received from Mr. G. R. Parkin one of the fiftieth thousand of his excellent little book, *Round the Empire* (Cassell & Co., London). As the date of this edition is 1893, while the first edition was issued only the year before, it is likely that several additional thousands have been sold since. The success of this book not only illustrates Dr. Goldwin Smith's statement, but also disproves the rash assertion that Imperial Federation is dying out. For, though not expressly a treatise on that great subject, *Round the Empire* from its first page to its last favours and suggests the unification of our Empire.

Before its preface stands, in old English type, the memorable prayer of John Milton :
"Thou who of thy free grace didst build up

this Britannick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her Daughter Islands about her, stay us in this felicitie."

It ends with a stanza of another great Imperialist :

"We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state :
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great."

These utterances of Tennyson and Milton have often done service before. They used to alternate with each other before the editorials in the organ of the Central Imperial Federation League, which committed suicide for fear that the differences of the committee might lead to strife. Yet I could suggest no more effective motto or "envoy" to a work on the consolidation of the Empire saving only one. It is a quotation from the Hon. Joseph Howe, and I should prefer it partly from its wideness of thought and its stately structure and partly in the hope that the warning voice of a broad-minded champion of colonial rights might awaken his countrymen to the perils of "the policy of drift." I quoted Howe's utterance last week, but please let me quote it once again :

"If there are any communities of British origin anywhere, who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain where and who they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation now, in a season of tranquility, when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality."

It is unfortunate that this striking period, as well as the sentence preceding it, has been very inaccurately quoted in Mr. Parkin's *Imperial Federation: the Problem of National Unity* (p. 76).

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

PARIS LETTER.

Four questions are ranked as belonging to the "burning" order—Morocco, China-Japan, Siam and Central Soudan. In political circles here, the first is considered to be most pregnant with immediate danger; the French caution the Spaniards to beware of England; they return thanks for the warning, while hinting they keep an argus eye at the same time on the Gauls. France has now her railway system of Algeria connecting with the frontier of the Sultanate, where there is a zone, a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground, that the French assert is a nest for Kroumirs. Hum! France has her forces ready to cross the border at the first favorable moment, and to occupy the oasis of Figig. She will also send a warship or two to Tangiers—the other European powers doing the same. But Spain will be the first to land troops in reply to any forward march of France. Then the European concert will commence. Every Western power has an axe, it seems, to grind in Morocco, and a "poly" is no more workable than a "dual" protectorate.

Until a wholesale first blood be drawn between China and Japan, opinion must remain in the realm of guess as to possible results. As a disciplined and scientific power, Japan has sterling advantages in her favor, but then China is such a mass of inertness and limitless apparently in natural resources. She is likely to "keep pegging away," and time will thus be gained to lick her raw levies into shape. If the Japs

score the commencing innings, it is suggested that an arrangement might be effected to give Formosa to Japan and erect Corea into a kind of independent protectorate with China for figure-head, and some of the leading trading powers for sponsors. Russia will not be allowed to seize the Hermit Kingdom and she will not acquiesce in any other power having the prize. In the Far East it is accepted that Germany and England will go hand-in-hand.

The French sniff in the diplomatic atmosphere an instinctive coming change in English policy. It will be more decisive and definite, will eschew practical "soft sawder," and the "bless ye my children" unctuousity. The occupation of Chautaboun by the French, that is to say, of Siam, is the card being played against the English occupation of Egypt—two unlikes and so the more dangerous for good fellowship. There is nothing to prevent England from "protecting" the King of Siam, as France does the Bey of Tunis, and the Mekong River being unsettled with England and China. France cannot be comfortable in Upper Tonkin and its hinterland, if the latter geographical expression exists in that region. The grave *Journal des Debats* proposes the occupation of the Kerguelen Isles, not only for a convict station, but as a maritime arsenal, and sheltery, where corsairs, if necessary, could dart in and out and cut commercial communication, as is alleged, between Europe, Australia and Asia. With the Kerguelen, and Diego-Suarez Gibraltar, the writer maintains, France would hold the keys of the Indian Ocean.

The English Ministry having very plainly intimated, *urbi et orbi*, that for the future its foreign policy would be less lamb-like, the French are quite prepared to hear of England's indulging in some audacious *coup*—a national trait which takes the breath away. In this sense, it is Central Soudan that is expected to open the ball, and then Siam. France, by her energy and resolution and knowing her own mind, has marched in "seven-league boots" across the Dark Continent; she merits what she has won. Nambypambyism succeeds neither in social nor political life. The question may be asked, as a philosophical curiosity, Is France adding to her strength by adding segments of continents to her realm? Prevost Paradol, forty years ago, claimed all Northern Africa to convert into a "New France." He was considered a day-dreamer. Only that he was in a hurry to quit life, he might have seen his Utopia a reality, and been able to chant his "*Nunc Dimittis*."

Poscher is an Austrian, who came to Paris during the 1889 Exhibition, to seek his fortune. He set up as a commission merchant, and then brought his wife and family from Vienna. He is 36 years of age, the wife 38; the family consisted of 6 children, the eldest, a girl of 18, lately died of consumption—a relief for the father: the youngest child is aged 3½ years. The husband turned out a drunkard, gambler, and profligate, and led his uncomplaining wife the existence of a martyr. On 2nd July last he decamped with a woman of loose manners, leaving unpaid debts to the amount of 125,000 frs. His furniture, etc., was sold off, and the wife and her five children left desolate. All that could be pledged was parted with. But the moment came when starvation entered; the distracted woman knocked at every charitable institution; she was repelled, as being a story-

teller, or "disqualified by the rules" for aid. Two days ago the mother sent her children to take a little walk in the street, but to come back soon. When they returned a chorus of shrieks rent the house; lodgers flocked to know the cause; there lay the mother, dead, covered with blood, having shot herself through the head, and the five children kneeling round her in sobs and tears, imploring "mamma" to say she was not dead. But mother's sorrows were ended. The children being now "qualified" for relief obtained it.

Theatrical and lyrical critics and manager have at last come to daggers drawn. The latter will give no more full-dress rehearsals for the convenience of the press—rather the manager and his friends, who number 1,000 at these side gatherings, while never more than 50 press men attend. The representation of a new play, or first night, rarely finishes till between one and two in the morning, so that critics can have only 30 or 40 minutes to write a stop-press article. This they will refuse to do. The whole system is unsound; you can never judge of a play till you can "observe" the judgment of those other critics, the paying and independent public. Let critics pay for their seats and theatres for their advertisements.

If the "Anti-Shake-Hand" Society existed in 1871, after the Franco-German war, old Marshal MacMahon would never have almost re-kindled the strife by his pig-headed refusal to shake hands with Baron de Manteuffel who came to pay an official visit to MacMahon. The incident gave Thiers the fits; at last MacMahon knuckled down, wrote an apology, and said his refusal was to be taken in the Pickwickian sense. The delicate affair was not so secret, as the documents now divulged allege. It was a rumour at the time, that MacMahon had sent a challenge to the German commanding at Versailles, but it was hook-and-eyed to the canon that Thiers had called out Bismarck.

At Cempuis, in the department of the Seine and Oise, is an orphanage that present several peculiar features. It is under the control of the Prefect of Paris, because it is supported out of the city rates by a grant of 200,000 frs. a year. The establishment—founded in 1883—accommodates 150 orphans, 75 of each sex, and between the ages of 6 and 18. It is strictly laical, that is, no religious instruction is imparted, only natural morality is inculcated. The inmates might be set down as "Fire Worshipers," as their daily "Psalm of Life," is a hymn, dedicated to the sun, and that Zoroaster would not disown. But the principle of the institution is, to rear up the two sexes together, as is the children of one family. The boys and girls attend the same classes, take their meals at a common table, play and promenade together, and where the trades taught allow, work in common. The director, a very able gentleman, M. Robin, attests, that this plan of educating the sexes together has produced the most happy results, in the formation of character. The orphanage has been sneered at and calumniated, but the male and female inspectors, backed by the Prefect of Paris assert, that immorality is unknown in the institution and no case of such has ever been proven. In studying medicine, law and the sciences, the students of both sexes work together—and correctly.

"Interviewing" was the subject selected for newspaper threshing this "silly season." It did not last long, and the results were meagre. The French have never taken kindly to that modern institution. As a

rule, the reporters were unequal to using the Torquemada screw, even when the latter was of the "twin" type, by organizing a double-barrelled interview. If an event occurred in any part of the world, the press man only deired to find some one who had been in the region, though only a bird of passage. Sarah Bernhardt having been in the States, was once interviewed on the Silver Bill; because Madame Loyson is an American, her husband, the Reverend Père, is pounced upon, to explain all about "General Coxey and his Salvation army," the McKinley tariff, and the "Tammany Municipal Council." A Frenchman suspects the interview to be a compound of the assassin and the highwayman, and his timidity is such, that his denial of the interview often appears simultaneously with its publication. The most interviewed man was the poor ex-"Grand-Francais"; he never repudiated a word of what was printed respecting him—nor ever read the article. The editor of a leading magazine once called on me, stating he had come to Paris to interview M. de Lesseps, and could I arrange a meeting. Nothing easier; we jumped into a cab, and drove to the office of the Suez Canal Co. Knowing the private secretary of M. de Lesseps, he was ready to do the needful at once, merely adding, the old gentleman had been "that day already three times interviewed." My friend was amazed; I suggested that a fourth Philistine within twenty-four hours, let loose on the patient, would be cruel, so postponed the visit till next morning. But my visitor left Paris that night in disgust. When you called on M. de Lesseps, he was in the Council Room, surrounded with half a dozen clerks; he beckoned you to a chair beside him; indulged in a smile or a broad grin when a question was popped, nodded to a secretary, who gave the required information. If satisfied you were not a detective or a "bloated capitalist"—what a compliment to a press man—Louise Michel would grant an interview; but you should sign your copy, and leave her a duplicate.

Mademoiselle Laure Bernard is "the broth of a boy." She was born in 1870, when the war was raging, in a village of the Upper Alps, and registered as belonging to the female sex. Her family is very respectable—brothers, doctors and notaries. She was partly educated in the local girls' seminary, and partly in the convent. At the age of 19, she opened an academy to cure stammering, and visited the country round, charging a modest fee, to remove impediment in speech. Of affable and winning manners, she was a general favorite; was the confidant of many girls' love secrets and arranged several happy marriages. As a "bridesmaid" she was in general request, as her presence brought luck. She refused several eligible offers, and had a trunk full of love-letters; but she confessed, that while liking the other sex—she would never take a husband—and kept her word. She saved up 40,000fr., and was able to study medicine at Grenoble. She recently retired to Geneva; set up as a doctor, but now wore men's clothes—ladies are sometimes capricious. She had no beard, only a slight moustache; but in France that is not uncommon with the fair sex. She resolved now to marry and wrote to her native village for a certificate of her baptism, reminding the registrar that by error she had been entered 24 years ago as a female, instead of a "male" baby—begged the clerk would correct the blunder, as "he" was now going to be married—since accomplished—and claimed the rights of his sex. The amended certificate was forward-

ed, as well as an invitation that "Monsieur Bernard" would be good enough to return to France, and serve his three years in the army.

The house-porters in Vienna turn off the gas, and go to bed at ten o'clock; they have not the ingenious plan for opening, like the Paris janitors, the street door, by pulling, though in bed, a bobbin. They must turn out, when a lodger enters at the small hours. But for this disturbance each late arrival must pay the sum of five sous—a "won't-go home till morning" tax, or remain "out in the cold."

AUTUMN.

See! How the shadows throw
Their lengths—how sly they creep
Across the place, where once
Sunbeams their court did keep.

From out the west how fast
Day fades! The stars on high
Keep watch, where twilight rays
Sufused the evening sky.

And many a mournful sound
The wind sobs through the trees
Which sway, and bend, and nod
Their heads into the breeze.

In shadow deep the blue
Far overhead is cast,
And birds 'neath summer skies,
To sport, are winging fast.

H. HELOISE DUPUIS.

Kingston, Ont.

ART NOTES.

Sir John Millais, R.A., is engaged upon a large religious picture entitled the "Stoning of St. Stephen." It will be exhibited at the Royal Academy next year, and then pass into the collection of Mr. Tate.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has lately finished a group of fine family portraits for Mr. Joseph Flavelle, of Toronto. Mr. Sherwood has never done better work in portraits, the flesh color is excellent and we understand the likenesses are faithful, especially in that of Mrs. Ellsworth the work is spontaneous and the effect that of solidity.

The Louvre has just bought for 10,000 francs a little wooden statue of a woman, dating from the eighteenth dynasty, which in the opinion of M. Maspéro, is the most remarkable bit of sculpture found in Egypt during the century. It represents a woman of the period in a transparent gauze robe. It is in a marvellous state of preservation.

The famous painting of "The Blacksmith," which excited so much interest while it was on exhibition in the window of the Canadian Society of Artists, has been purchased by ex-Alderman Frank Galbraith, late local manager of the society. It has been in the collection at the Fair, where it drew the usual admiring crowd it always has whenever shown.

Such a number of old friends look down upon us from the walls of the art gallery at the Industrial Fair, some we like well to see again and yet again, while of others we have had enough. Looking about generally we first notice the larger pictures—Mr. Reid's "Harvest," Mr. Cruikshank's "Breaking a Road," the famous "Forgeron," Mr. Atkinson's "Mill on Avon," two of Miss Muntz's delightfully sketchy canvases, a face we recognize, but for the name of the artist have to consult the catalogue; another, we are sure, is from no other brush than

Mr. Forster's, Mr. Bell-Smith's "Evening," and then over the entrance is a large canvas, very dark, very valuable (so the placard says), but scarcely interesting in proportion to its size, called "Challenged." But again, as we slowly follow the railing around the room, there is much to discover. We find that Mr. Bell-Smith has taken a new departure and shows three portraits, two life size, one of them the familiar face of Mr. Matthews, and a splendid likeness. In the lights the flesh tones are good, but rather dead in the shadows and the backgrounds flat. Mr. Sherwood, besides much else not new, has two bright little landscapes in 270 and 274 just a little hard in treatment. Surely Mr. Challenger's portrait, 306, is new; there is something very solid about the painting of the gracefully posed head, much character in the face, and the purity of color throughout is characteristic of this artist. "An Arab Chief," 281, loaned by Mr. Reford, is a strong piece of work. Miss Samuel has a charming bit in "An Old Farm House," 218, showing in her style the influence she has been under, as we all show the influence of what we most admire. The centre pedestal is ornamented with a quantity of very beautiful art pottery from the Pantechnethca—beautiful in its way. A number of the pictures hung here, as also elsewhere on the walls, are loaned by William Reford Esq., and among these we noticed a landscape by Alizong with heavily loaded brush work, branching trees against a wintry sunset, that was most effective. Another winter scene by F. C. V. Ede, shows two hunters in watchful attitude with the purple woods in the distance. It is difficult to believe that 412 and 413 by T. M. Martin are from the same brush, so different are they in manner. The latter, a pastoral scene, is dull in color and lacks atmosphere; in the former, "Toronto Bay and Old Stone Wharf," there is much tender feeling in the softly blending purples and yellows of the ships against the sky—it is Toronto idealized. High up on the entrance wall, placed where they will do the least possible harm, perhaps, are three pictures that would certainly attract a good deal of attention and many expressions of horror, if better seen. The wave of ultra-impressionism has been long in reaching us, but it has come at length. We would be farther behind the times, surely, than we desire, if we were without even one example of this sort, and those artists who most dislike it will have the benefit of it as a foil to their own work and as adding to the variety of the collection. In "Tuning Her Violin" the high lights on the piano strike us as very spotty, the young lady with the wiggly hair not very well drawn, but half close your eyes and see if the lamp-light effect on the drapery is not good. From the same brush is "Summer Afternoon at Wiarton," and here Mr. Kidd has succeeded in giving a brilliant out-of-door effect—the hot glare of a summer's afternoon. In very great contrast is "The Lily Pond, Central Prison," 417, that hangs near. Very carefully drawn and with much detail this is given, but had the greens been less crude and the whole given with a freer touch, the effect would have been more pleasing. There is promise in D. A. Shaw's "Art Student," 411. Miss McConnell has been ambitious in her portrait of the late Hon. Alexander McKenzie; the likeness may be good, but the attitude is stiff and the hands wooden. We would like to have seen Mr. Thompson's "The Settler's Lullaby" hung lower where it would have better told its weird, dreary

story. O. R. Jacobus' "Gipsy's Dancing" will be new to many. Mr. Paul Wickson's portraits of "The Grey Mare" and "Mikado" will be interesting apart from the good workmanship shown. It is often as profitable to watch the people and hear their remarks—to see the pictures through the eyes of others—as to look at them yourself. "Isn't it lovely," said two very young girls as they turned away from looking at "Awaited in Vain." "Does the fire trouble you?" said one well-dressed young lady to another with a despairing gesture, referring to the "Blacksmith," and we privately sympathized in her "trouble." One witty youth objected to the "Hod Carrier" working on Labor Day, and a young man who was evidently acting as showman to his companion, stopped in front of Mr. Bell-Smith's "Evening" and explained that "that was in the last exhibition—had a great big woman in it, but I guess he has taken her out." And a little girl's remark to her father about the "Blacksmith" of "Isn't it plain and real?" was but the echo of the thought in the minds of most of the onlookers. Of the great picture of the crucifixion and of a number of others, principally the water-colors, we shall speak another time.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. and Mrs. Klingefeld; purpose giving a concert shortly in St. George's Hall, the date of which will soon be announced.

Mr. Harry Field and Miss Field have returned from their trip to Germany; as has also Miss Veals, of Miss Veals' Boarding and Day School for young ladies, and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the tenor.

The energetic and efficient musical worker and organizer, Mr. S. T. Church, will hereafter devote himself exclusively with his profession, he having severed his connection with the Orchestral School. Mr. Church has been a most enthusiastic worker, and his services have been of the greatest value. It will be difficult to find another to take his place.

In speaking of vocal societies, we almost forgot to mention the Toronto Vocal Club, which we believe was organized last year, and which, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, did such splendid work, is arranging for this season's concerts in right good earnestness. One or two meetings have already been held, and a remarkable amount of enthusiasm seems to exist among the members. The club's specialty will be the singing of unaccompanied part songs. Rehearsals will begin on the evening of Oct. 1st, in McBean's Hall, corner of College Street and Brunswick Avenue. The following ladies and gentlemen compose the committee: W. E. Orr, President; J. S. McCully, Secretary; Miss A. Fletcher, Mr. John Alexander and E. Shirley.

The annual calendar of the Toronto Conservatory of Music has reached us, and is most complete in the information it affords to the music student and parent. The success of its seven years of existence has been remarkable, students attending from all parts of Canada and the United States. The chief aim of the Conservatory has been to afford the opportunity for a thoroughly sound and broad musical education, on modern principles of study. The several departments of instruction comprise piano, modern principles of study. The several departments of instruction comprise piano, wind instruments; a full theoretical course,

harmony, counterpoint, composition, musical history, etc., besides, ensemble playing oratorio, conducting, choir training, oratory, elocution, Delsarte and Swedish gymnastics, languages, etc. Many free advantages are likewise to be had by the pupils, such as sight-singing, elementary harmony and other important subjects. Pupils appear in many concerts throughout the year, and have also the access to a splendid musical library. Scholarships, diplomas and certificates are awarded to industrious, talented and successful pupils. All departments of work are under the general care and direction of Mr. Edward Fisher, to whose excellent professional abilities, as teacher, organizer and conductor, is largely due the success of this celebrated educational institution. The staff of teachers numbers over 60, and includes such well-known names as Mr. Edward Fisher, Sig. d'Auria, A. S. Vogt, W. O. Forsyth, J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac.; J. D. A. Tripp, J. W. F. Harrison, Guisepe Dinelli, H. N. Shaw, John Bayley, E. W. Phillips, S. H. Preston, W. H. Hewlett, V. P. Hunt, Mrs. d'Auria, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Webster and Miss Denzil.

After a period of some seven or eight weeks, during which time we have idled away the languorous summer days in restful ease, listening to the musical waves of northern waters, the winds toying through the branches of warm-scented singing pine-trees, and to the sad night song of the whip-poor-will in lonely solitudes, we again return to our weekly review of musical events and happenings, and to the sterner duties of an active musician's life. At the present time musicians have all returned and are making their plans for a busy season, many concerts are being discussed, and soon will be in preparation, and the prospects already point to a bright and busy winter. During the summer there has been organized a new vocal society which has for its name, "The Mendelssohn Choir," and which will present to our musical palate unaccompanied glees and part songs. Mr. A. S. Vogt, the popular organist and choir director of Jarvis St. Baptist Church, has been appointed conductor, and a happier selection could not have been made, as Mr. Vogt's work in this direction has never been surpassed in this city. Eminent solo talent will be engaged to give artistic variety to their concerts. The Toronto Male Chorus Club, under the baton of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, will also give two or more concerts during the year, and will soon be busy with rehearsals. We have not heard anything regarding the work of the Toronto Vocal Society (Mr. E. W. Shuch, conductor), nor what the intentions of the Society are, but suppose it is still in the field, and will be heard from when the proper time arrives. Reports in circulation are to the effect that we will have many foreign artists visit us throughout the year, some of whom are: The Seidl Orchestra, Ceasar Thompson, the great violinist; Arthur Friedheim, the eminent pianist in recitals; Paderewski (towards spring), Melba, the distinguished soprano, and many others whose names at the present moment we do not recall. During the present week the Russian Imperial Court Orchestra are performing nightly in the Massey Music Hall, assisted by several local singers and players, and are having considerable success. Good sized audiences are in attendance, who are much pleased with the programme offered.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE FLOWER OF FORGIVENESS. By Flora Annie Steel. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Of Mrs. Steel's literary work we have already spoken in terms of warm commendation. "Miss Stuart's Legacy" will not have passed from our reader's recollection—a capital novel of East Indian life it is. Here this clever authoress has gathered for her readers a charming collection of short stories, some of which will be remembered as having been seen elsewhere. The fifteen short stories included between "The Flower of Forgiveness" and "The Village Legacy," and filling some 350 beautifully printed pages afford as fine a book of recreative reading as can be found in a day's search. Mrs. Steel presses Kipling closely for literary honors in the Indian field. Strong in characterization, charming in description, with no ordinary dramatic power, she is thoroughly at home in treating Indian subjects—perhaps it would be well were she to remember that all her readers are not equally well informed. These stories well illustrate the vast resources for literary work afforded by our world-wide British Empire and how well one part of the field is being appreciated by this gifted Englishwoman.

A MODERN BUCCANEER. By Rolf Boldrewood. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

The Australian author who has won for himself an honored place in the world of fiction under the pseudonym of "Rolf Boldrewood," has in this tale "followed the sea." It were only natural that having told his willing hearers such excellent tales of adventure ashore of the great island continent of the Southern Sea, he should be minded to take them afloat for a season. And so he makes that stalwart, manly, young Australian, Hilary Telfer, full of a craving for the sea, ship for their benefit on the old barque *Clarkston*, bound from Sydney to San Francisco, via Honolulu, and fill for them some 230 pages with his graphic story of peril by land and sea. The most striking character of the book is the man who gives it its name—William Henry Hayston, captain of the brig *Leonora*, a character from real life. We hardly think our author is quite as successful in his sea as he has been in his land tales. But the book is strongly and ably written, and it illustrates the versatility of its writer. The character of Hayston, in particular, is admirably drawn. Were it only to know what Boldrewood can do with a sea story the *Modern Buccaneer* is well worth reading.

BÆDEKER'S GUIDE TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, WITH A TRIP THROUGH ALASKA. Leipzig. 1894.

All who have travelled in Europe are as familiar with Bædeker's Guide as with "household words." Their fulness of detail, systematic arrangement, compactness of form and excellent maps and plans have rendered them essential to every traveller and enabled sight-seers to wander through unknown regions with safety and ease. The series has been gradually extended beyond the boundaries of Europe, and the volume on the United States, which appeared last year, is now followed by one on Canada and Newfoundland. This much wanted addition to our guide books begins with the fullest information as to the methods of reaching the Dominion, of the means of travel through the country, and of the working of its hotels, telegraphs and post. These are followed by valuable introductory articles by Dr. Bourinot, on the constitution of Canada, Dr. Dawson, on its geography and geology, and Messrs. Fuller and Chambers on its sports and pastimes. The topographical information follows the lines of railroad and steamboat from Newfoundland to British Columbia. Every town and village is mentioned and every object of interest pointed out. Little escapes the attention and note of the editor and the information when tested is singularly correct. An excursion to Alaska adds completeness to

the western portion. Ten maps cover nearly the whole country and are supplemented by plans of the principal cities. The editor Mr. J. F. Muirhead, is to be complimented upon the success of his labours.

PERIODICALS.

Florence Marryatt heads the list in the September number of *Storiettes* with the short story "Butterfly." Madge Robertson follows with "A Personally Conducted Trip." There is the usual complement of tales besides those mentioned.

Pastor Kneipp's notable method for hardening the constitution is being discussed in the *Journal of Hygiene* for September. A second paper is to follow. Some other important topics are treated in this number by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Rene Bache and others.

"Prehistoric man in Utah" is the subject of an able and well written paper in the *Archæologist*, of Waterloo, Indiana, contributed by Professor Henry Montgomery, formerly of Toronto. The learned professor writes on some recent remarkable discoveries made in that State. The paper is fully illustrated.

"Sportsmen's Stories" is the review caption of an excellent review article in the *Onward and Upward* for August by Hulda Friederichs. The Badminton books on "Big Game Shooting" contain the "stories" and the king of modern sportsmen, William Cotten Oswell, is mainly considered. A tale which has been read by many an interested reader, "Their Eldest Lassie," is concluded in this number, which also has the report of the annual meeting of the Council of the Onward and Upward Association.

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, a famous English poet of the end of the last and beginning of the present century, is the subject of a pleasant sketch in *Temple Bar* for September, entitled "Poet, Parson, and Pamphleteer." Bowles exercised no little influence over his generation though he is but little read to-day. "Louisa Marchioness of Waterford," a noted beauty, is the subject of a sketch by W. M. Hardinge, and "Alexander Lord Pitaligo" also receives biographical attention. This number has a well sustained serial and most readable short stories, poems, and other matter.

Electrical Engineering in the August and September numbers contains much useful and important matter on its own special subject. The contents of these numbers well illustrates the practical character of the magazine and the ability and experience of its contributors. We shall, for instance, refer to two articles, one on "The Evolution of the Telephone Switch Board," by A. V. Abbott, C.E. (Chief Engineer) of the Chicago Telephone Co., and the other on "The Application of Fuel Oil to Steam Generators," by C. O. Billow (late Assistant Mechanical Engineer World's Fair).

Philip and his wife reaches the 29th chapter in the September *Atlantic*. This is followed by one of Edith M. Thomas' delightful prose and poetic sketches, entitled "Rus in Urbe." Duncan Campbell Scott has a graphic sonnet "The Onondago Mother and Child." Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Graham R. Tomson, and Bradford Torrey will be found among the contributors. The two last articles are most readable: that of Leon H. Vincent on "A Reading in the Letters of John Keats" and Kuno Francke's paper on "The New Storm and Stress in Germany," which is strong and striking.

We have received the August and September numbers of *Music* and both are filled with a variety of excellent articles upon many phases of musical study. Where all are good, instructive and interesting, one can scarcely say which are the most noteworthy, as individual tastes have to be considered, but one can read the following with much pleasure and profit: "Music as a University Study," by Wald S. Pratt; "Cause and Effect in Piano Playing," by H. S. Kelso; "Music in Norway," by A. Von Eude; "Chinese Music," by

In the Matter Of Watches

Our stock is very complete just now. It is an "eclectic" stock—we confine ourselves to no one maker, but carry the desirable lines of MANY makers. Our LADIES' GOLD WATCHES are worthy of special notice. We have had manufactured for our own trade a beautiful line with DIAMONDS INLAIN in the cases, both in single stones and various artistic designs, such as "Fleur de Lys," "Trefoil," "Dove," "Butterfly," "Star," etc. Exceptionally handsome—and reasonable as handsome.

RYRIE BROS.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Mary A. Simms; "The Value of Mechanical Aids," by J. S. Van Cleve; and "Useful Musical Books," by Carrie Della Hosmer. Many other articles are in these two numbers, and Miss Worthington's letters regarding her music study in Berlin, are not by any means the least interesting. Music Magazine Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Bruce Crane's "Indian Summer," which is one of the color plates of September's *Art Amateur*, is very charming in its color of purple haze, soft browns and greens. The most interesting article of the number is one on this same artist giving a sketch of his career, accompanied by many examples of his vigorous work in pen and ink. Mr. Crane thinks that "Monet has by no means said the last word in the direction of light and atmospheric effect. He is undoubtedly sincere, and he has struck a new note, . . . but we may confidently expect some one to arise who will carry out his ideas more logically and to better results than he does himself." The second of Mr. Henry Ranger's papers on the private collections in Montreal is especially interesting to us Canadians. The description of the National Gallery, London, is continued and we have Mr. Bruce Crane again in his suggestions on landscape painting and sketching. These are invaluable as coming from one who knows whereof he speaks.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL

Though General Longstreet has grown somewhat feeble during the last few months, he is still working hard on his memoirs.

Pierre Loti, the famous French novelist who saw Li Hung Chang when in China a year or two ago, describes him as a tall, slender, bony, distinguished-looking man with a beard and long mustache. When on horseback it would be difficult to imagine a man more dignified in appearance.

The late President Carnot, of France, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, according to French papers, was never baptized. He belonged, it is said, to the Theophilanthropists, founded by La Revilliere-Lepaux. Among the original members of the sect was Lazare Carnot, grandfather of the President.

Stopford Brooke's Lowell lectures this year will be on modern English literature. It is possible that he may give a shorter series elsewhere on the American poets. It would be interesting to hear the views of so

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refined a critic on this topic. Most English critics do not seem to recognize that we have had any poets except Poe and Whitman.

Dr. J. A. McLellan's able address on the ethical aim in teaching literature, from which elsewhere we publish an extract, evidently produced a marked effect on his hearers. The *New York School Journal* says it "was inspiring" and quotes a deeply interested listener's expression, "That is what I call hearing the soul of an educator speak."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce publication of the following books: The Diary of Anna Green Winslow, a Boston Girl of 1771, edited by Alice Morse Earle; poems, new and old, by William Roscoe Thayer; English and Scottish popular ballads, edited by Professor F. J. Child; a group of books covering important epochs in the history of several European nations, and, "Come Forth," a novel by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward.

It is a pleasure to note Canadian enterprise—especially enterprise in Canadian journalism—and we beg to offer our able contemporary, *The Monetary Times*, our best congratulations on the enterprise ever noticeable in its management. It is not long since that journal came out in a new, clear-faced type and a superior paper. Like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, we were moved to remark on beholding it, "My! how nice you look!" And now comes a special holiday number of many pages, handsome cover, and varied contents. It is a credit alike to the genial editor, Mr. Hedley, and to his editorial and mechanical staff.

Macmillan & Co. are about to publish a new and complete concordance of Shakespeare, by the well known compiler of "Familiar Quotations," Mr. John Bartlett. This new and great work of Mr. Bartlett has been some twenty years in preparation and is said, on good authority, to be far more elaborate, complete and satisfactory than any work of the kind heretofore published. Mr. Bartlett is especially qualified for such an undertaking, and it will no doubt be found that he has not only earned the gratitude of all Shakespearian students, but of the lay reader as well, in completing this *magnum opus*, which, we understand, contains no less than 400,000 entries.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A NEW ELEMENT.

The new element, described at the British Association by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay, has excited great interest. Though it has been facetiously suggested that it is sewer gas, it has also been thought that it is really not a new element, but an allotropic form of nitrogen. Oxygen shrinks up into a denser form, known as ozone, and this new gas has approximately the density corresponding to a molecule consisting of three atoms of nitrogen. The condensed form of oxygen is anything but inert, but it may be possible that as nitrogen is trivalent it forms more staple triple-atom molecules. The supposed new element was discovered by passing electric discharges through air. The nitrogen and oxygen combine, and the compound and the uncombined oxygen are absorbed, leaving the inert gas behind. We must wait until we hear more before chemists will be able to say definitely whether a really new element has been discovered or not.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.

Many persons, says Dr. W. T. Cathell, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness, and general weakness we so often meet. Physiology teaches that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is therefore logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emaciation and lower degree of vitality; and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation, and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor are the results.—*Maryland Medical Journal*.

THE STORY OF AN ELEPHANT.

"That monstrous pachyderm, the elephant, is a difficult animal to understand. It is no trouble to him to work, yet he prefers to be idle. If he wants to knock a house down, or pull up a tree by the roots, he just does it, but at the same time he objects to being compelled to labour a moment longer than is necessary. In the timber-yards of Rangoon he is employed in digging timber out of the Irrawadi river and piling it in huge heaps for exportation. A bell rings at certain hours for meals, or as a signal to knock off work for the day, and if an elephant has a plank partly out of the water, the moment he hears the bell he just leaves the plank where it is. The best mahout in Asia cannot get him to budge an inch when time is up. Elephants are not fed in India on buns, and biscuits, and cigar ends; they get more solid and wholesome fare. A couple of big chupatties, or unleavened loaves, are doled out to them when on the march with troops, and I can vouch for the following incident having occurred during a big gathering of the clans in the Punjab. Two hundred elephants did the furniture shifting for the artillery and commissariat, and in the evening they were drawn up in two long lines to receive their cakes. It happened that the first pair of loaves were lighter in weight than usual, so after the leading elephant had balanced them in his trunk he passed them on to the next. The process was repeated until the two chupatties had gone the round of the two hundred, and the last of the second row handed, or trunked, them over to No. 2. This latter gentleman weighed them again with the utmost care, and then hit his attendant with them on the head, taking such sure aim that the man was felled to the earth."—*The Idler*.

THE HAMILTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

One of the most delightful trips from Toronto is that by the fine, staunch and speedy boats of the Hamilton Steamboat Company. Built like ocean steamers, they are models of strength and speed. Under the able management of the genial and efficient Fergus Armstrong, this line has become most popular, not only with passengers but freighters as well. We can say nothing but praise of this line which is a credit to the Ambitious City, and is winning the success which wise and well directed energy and enterprise always command.

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GOLDEN-ROD.

Ripe grew the year. Then suddenly there came,

With the significance of a smile of God,
O'er all the edges of the world a flame,—
The mild apocalypse of the golden-rod.

Charles G. D. Roberts, in *September Lippincott's*.

SOME USES OF CHLOROFORM.

Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell, suggests that chloroform should be used freely to relieve the victims of railroad accidents. With an axe, bar, and saw at one end of every passenger car should be a tin can of chloroform, the mouth closed with soft metal, easily cut with a knife, the whole being placed in a box lined with absorbent cotton. In a disaster, one or two tablespoonfuls upon a handkerchief held near the nostrils would lessen sensibility very soon. An otherwise inaccessible sufferer could be supplied by means of a cane, umbrella, or fence-rail. For years, says Professor Wilder, I have carried a flat two-ounce vial of chloroform in a hip pocket. It has not yet been needed in a railway wreck, but it has often served as a speedy counter-irritant for the relief of inward pain. It is ready to dash in the face of an assailant, biped or quadruped, and has been emptied repeatedly to put out of misery some homeless cat. Finally, emptied upon their nostrils, it has induced several ferocious dogs to stand not upon the order of their going but go at once. As a canine pacificator, chloroform is prompt and potent, and emergencies might arise when it could profitably replace the dangerous club in the treatment of human recalcitrants.

HEROINES OF RECENT FICTION.

From Dickens and Thackeray to George Eliot what a tremendous leap we take, as regards characterization! It is to me highly significant that it is to a woman we owe the first really convincing and authentic portraits of women in English fiction. I ought, perhaps, to limit that statement by saying good women. For Becky Sharp and the Campaigner have no lack of distinctness; and they are alive in every nerve and fibre. But what becomes of Laura in "Pendennis," of Amelia, of Rose MacKenzie, when confronted with Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss," or Rosamond Vincy or Dorothea Brooke in "Middlemarch"? I cannot quote the descriptions of any of these heroines, because they are scattered through several volumes and are altogether too long. The fact is, they grow upon you like actual acquaintances, and there is no sort of pretence that they were transcendent, perfect, supremely adorable. It is in their struggles, their blunders, their imperfections, their blindly groping aspirations, that the author endeavours to enlist your sympathy. They belong to that noble class of heroines in which the pulse of our common humanity beats warmly; which may be the friend and companion of man—a better and safer fate, indeed, than to be his ideal. Women like Dorothea, Rosamond, and Maggie contribute a definite individuality for good or for ill to the lives of the men whom they marry, and though they may wreck the marriage by demanding more of it than in our imperfect condition it is likely to yield, they are more instructive, more typical, more supremely interesting in their failures than any ideal heroine, of the romantic kind, in her fictitious success.—H. H. Boyesen, in *Lippincott's*.

PUBLIC OPINION.

St John Globe: Less than one-half the strikes which occur can be called successful, and even when success is gained it is often but temporary. If the strike has been of extended duration years must sometimes elapse before the increased rate of wages can compensate for the loss of time spent in idleness.

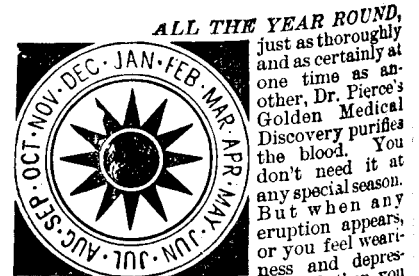
Vancouver News-Advertiser: Now, among the lessons which may be learned from the events of the past twelve months, we think there is one, which, on more than one occasion, has been brought very conspicuously under notice—the absolute necessity there is for reaching a better understanding between employers and employees.

Halifax Chronicle: If the protective duties on farm products enable the farmer to sell those products for a higher price than he would be able to do if there were no protective duties imposed, then to that extent the farmer is benefited so long as he is selling; but when he comes to apply the proceeds of his sales to the purchase of goods required in the house and on the farm, he makes an important and startling discovery.

Montreal Star: It is a true instinct which makes the Conservative press fear Mr. McCarthy more than Mr. Laurier and his host. Mr. McCarthy has no entangling alliances. While it is true that his attitude on the Manitoba school question and the dual language question has estranged a certain section of the population, it is equally true that his attitude on these questions and his motives have been absurdly misrepresented both by friends and foes. Above all, it is evident that Mr. McCarthy represents two principles which are popular from end to end of the Dominion—"British Connection" and "Tariff Reform."

Hamilton Herald: No, religious feeling is not decreasing, it is steadily increasing, and the fact is to the credit of Canadians. Whatever views people may hold on religious matters, it cannot be denied that the teachings of the church are all for good, and if people would only live up to their professions and to the timely truths told them from the pulpit the millennium would soon arrive. Considering the conditions under which we live and their tendency to develop all that is mean and selfish in human beings at the expense of the sweeter and more lovable qualities of mind and heart, the churches are doing wonderful work in the world. That they may grow and prosper is the wish of all who hope for the dawning of a brighter day.

The Colonies and India: Vice-Admiral Sir John Hopkins, at a banquet given the other evening to the officers of the warships visiting Montreal, urged that the Canadians should not give up the last Atlantic service. In the course of a conversation afterwards, the Admiral said that all the difficulties of the St. Lawrence route were at the Straits of Belleisle, where fogs were frequent, causing a few hours' detention. This was balanced by the shorter distance compared with the New York route. The difficulty would be overcome if buoys could be placed off the Straits of Belleisle as they were placed off Halifax Harbour, which the *Blake* had twice entered without seeing land. Inside the Gulf of St. Lawrence there were practically no obstacles to navigation, and the channel could be navigated



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independently of fogs, being excellently buoyed and lighted. Warships came up to Quebec without the help of a pilot.

STRAWBERRIES VERSUS GOUT.

Strawberries have for a long time had a well-established reputation as a remedy for the gout. Dr. A. George, in the *Annales de la Societe Horticole de l'Arabe*, tells us that in the last century the great botanist Linnæus, who was gouty, had much cause to extol the action of the fruit in this disease. At this epoch, when uric acid was unknown, he had the prescience that the chemical cause of gout was identical with that of gravel, and he expressed himself in a picturesque manner to one of his friends when he wrote to him: "I have the gout and you have the gravel; we have married two sisters." The only method that Linnæus found of easing his gout was by an abundant use of this fruit, to which he has made a graceful acknowledgment in his writings.

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Following the example of St. Louis and other cities, Brooklyn has begun to use trolley-cars built exclusively to carry mails from one part of town to another.

An electric brake for street cars in St. Louis works in this manner: There are two heavy coils of copper wire so placed that when energized with a current the soft iron cores inside, which are thus magnetized, attract each other, and have enough endwise play to apply the brakes.

A hollow shoe-sole filled with air, so as to form a cushion, is the latest novelty in human foot gear. The soft feeling which it gives to each step is said to resemble the sensation of walking on the richest carpet with a good lining. The sole is made of tough paper, and, of course, is air-tight.

David Logan, of Meadville, Penn., has invented an alarm-clock attachment to an aneroid barometer, so that at a certain low reading, previously determined upon, a storm signal will be given. It is hardly possible though to fix upon a point on a barometer-scale which shall be an invariable sign of danger.

It is said that Professor Alexander Graham Bell is now engaged in experiments looking to the perfecting of a machine harnessing electricity to light, so to speak, so that it will be possible for one's vision to be extended to any distance desired. Professor Bell insists that the fact has already been demonstrated, and that it only remains to construct the apparatus necessary to bring the possibilities of the discovery into actual and practical use.

Schunk, Knecht and Marchlewski, three German chemists, as reported in the *Journal of the Chemical Society*, have obtained from brown vine-leaves gathered in autumn a dye that colors wool mordanted with chrome and tin respectively brown and yellow. The substance was obtained primarily as a brownish yellow, partially crystalline glucosid. When boiled with sulphuric acid, this yields sugar and the coloring matter, which is obtained as a reddish-brown powder.

Electric headlights for locomotives, which have been tried on several railroads though more powerful than oil lamps are not as popular with engine drivers as might be supposed. They complain that the light is blinding and confusing, especially on passing engines, and interferes with the reading of signals and the lights on switch targets are less distinct than with the old form of headlight. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern tried the electric light some years ago and abandoned it.

"Why not send a balloon up twenty miles," asks a *Tribune* correspondent, "and study the sun, moon and stars from that elevation?" There are two or three difficulties in the way. Owing to the increasing rarity of the atmosphere, one cannot breathe and remain conscious at a height more than six or seven miles. Glaisher and Coxwell nearly died as a result of their famous ascension to that distance from the earth. Furthermore, a large telescope cannot be mounted in a balloon so as to be steady enough for astronomical observation. Even though there be guys, the balloon would rock more or less, and four twenty-mile guys would weigh a good deal.

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Reference kindly permitted to the Lord Bishop of Toronto.

For particulars, address, The Rectory, Uxbridge, Ont., or E. A. Meredith, Esq., LL.D., Toronto General Trusts Co., Toronto.

A submarine diver went down into a flooded mine shaft at Short Mountain Colliery, Penn., the other day. He made four trips. The first time he reached a depth of only 20 feet below the surface of the water, and this liquid he reports having a temperature of 108 degrees at the top. Next time he went further, and found it cooler. The third time he reached the disabled pumps, and the fourth he set one of them working. He says he never wants another such job.

Aluminum horseshoes were tried on a horse weighing 1,000 pounds by an 8th Cavalry officer several months ago, and a report on the result is at hand. The shoes were set on February 22nd, and re-set on March 22nd. One on the hind foot broke on April 21st, and the whole four were then removed. In the two months the horse had travelled over 140 miles. The front shoes had bits of steel in the toes and wore better than the hind ones. The former could have been used a little longer, though reduced in thickness.

May 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,
 J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,

Principal of Collegiate Institute,
 St. Catharines.

COUTTS & SONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Emperor William can use only one arm in handling a gun, but he shot 385 rabbits in two hours recently.

The Russian novelist, Grigorovitch, aged seventy-one, celebrated recently the fiftieth anniversary of his first publication.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse is seventy-three years old. She takes her baptismal name from the Italian city in which she was born. For fully twenty years she has lived a life of seclusion.

The English admirers of Gilbert White of Selborne, have erected a queer monument to him in that village. It is a hydraulic ram that forces water into a reservoir which supplies the village with water.

The new Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is tattooed much in the same way as his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexis; while his nephew, the Duke of York, has a couple of crossed flags upon his forearm.

Emperor William of Germany uses a rowing apparatus daily in his rooms to limber up and harden his muscles. It was constructed especially for him by a Berlin physician. He finds it of great benefit to his health.

Rosa Bonheur is still painting in her quaint study near Fountainbleau. She is now an old woman, small, sunburned and wrinkled as a peasant. The gray hair is cut short and is still thick. As she wears a blouse she dons a cloth cap.

Miss Margaret Rogers, a twenty-three-year-old girl of Monterey County, California, has already made a fortune in the horse and cattle business. She rounds up cattle, breaks horses, can plow, sow and harvest, and is withal a refined woman who abhors loudness. She is a charming hostess, a good performer on the piano, and has an excellent education.—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Abbey of Villers, where Queen Victoria first saw the late Prince Consort—the occasion of their meeting being a court picnic given by Leopold I.—is being placed in such a condition as to preserve it from further decay. The work is being intelligently carried out by M. Licot, who has devoted several years to studying the details of the splendid ruins, and the Queen of the Belgians is taking a very active interest in the work.

The Art Institute of Chicago, has received from Harriet Hosmer the cast she made in 1853 of the clasped hands of Robert Browning and his wife. This is the cast of which Hawthorne wrote in the "Marble Faun": "It symbolizes the individuality and heroic union of two high poetic lives." The autograph of "Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rome, May, 1853," is on the wrist of one; "Robert Browning, Rome," on the wrist of the other. Miss Hosmer refused in England an offer of \$5,000 for this unique cast.

The Queen of Greece is the only female admiral in the world. She has passed the regular examination and is able to navigate both sailing vessels and steamships with the greatest ease. The Princess of Wales is colonel of Danish regiment of cavalry, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha colonel of a Prussian regiment of grenadiers and of a Russian dragoon regiment, and the Duchess of

Connaught is commander of a regiment of Prussian infantry. The Empress of Russia is colonel-in-chief of four regiments.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Of the Paris papers, *Le Petit Journal* has a circulation of 700,000 to 800,000 copies, and on Sundays and on special occasions of over 1,000,000. *Le Petit Parisien* has a circulation of 200,000, and *L'Intransigeant*, the journal edited by Rochefort from his London exile, 150,000. Next in popularity come the *Soliel* and the *Autorité*. The issues of *Figaro*, *Le Temps*, *Le Matin*, and the *Journal des Debats* cost more money. However great their success among those who can afford to pay for them, no paper costing more than a sou (one cent) can ever be popular with the masses in Paris.

Last year, alone, says *The Daily News*, London, the British and Foreign Blind Association embossed 8,500 books in English, French, German, Latin, Greek and other languages for the use of blind readers. About 250 seeing volunteers are, we are informed, engaged in writing out the first copies of books in Braille for this association, and seventy paid blind writers are employed in making copies. Besides these, the Association continues to publish its own magazines for the blind—*Progress*, started by the late Dr. T. R. Armitage in 1881, and *Playtime*, a magazine in uncontracted Braille for children, which made its first appearance last summer.

Henry Mueller, who celebrated his 100th birthday in the New Jersey soldiers' home at Kearny, June 24, was a German of Brunswick, who enlisted in Napoleon's service when seventeen years old, and went through the Moscow campaign; he was in the field again in the Hundred Days, and wound up that part of his career with Waterloo. Then, coming over to America, he enlisted in the United States Army, served through the Seminole and Mexican wars, and then was discharged. When the rebellion broke out he was in California, sixty-seven years old, and straightway enlisted in the sixth infantry, but closed the war as a member of the thirteenth independent company of New York artillery.—*Springfield Republican*

TAKING A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

MR. THOMAS ADAMS TELLS THE HAPPY RESULT THAT FOLLOWED.

He Was Suffering From a Severe Attack of Rheumatism—Would Have Given Anything to Secure Relief—How a Cure Was Brought About.

From the Brantford Courier.

A brief statement in respect to the recovery of Mr. Thomas Adams, of St. George, will no doubt be of considerable interest to suffering humanity in general and particularly to those who may profit somewhat by the experience hereinafter set forth. Mr. Adams is a stone mason by trade and resides about a mile east of St. George. At present he is operating the Patten Mills and is well known and respected in the neighborhood. In order to gain all the information possible concerning the circumstances of the cure, a representative of the Courier proceeded thither to investigate the case. Mr. Adams was found at work in his

mill. He is a man of about thirty-five, healthy and vigorous, a man whom one would not suspect of having had any ailment. When interviewed he cheerfully made the following statement:—"About three years ago when at work at my trade I contracted, through over-exposure, a severe attack of muscular rheumatism, which confined me to the house for three weeks, during which time I suffered the most excruciating pain, being hardly able to move. I was so bad that I could not lie down, had to just let myself fall into bed. When attempting to rise I had to turn over upon my face and crawl up, there being only one position from which it was possible to rise. I would have given anything at this time in order to secure relief. My first thought was to call in a regular practitioner, so I procured one of the best physicians in the neighborhood, but he did not seem to get control of the malady. After treating me for some time he left of his own accord saying he could do nothing for me. About this time a friend of mine persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Finally, I decided to give them a trial, I soon experienced a decided improvement and was mending rapidly, the terrible pain left me and I had considerable relief and was able to get around with the use of a crutch. After the further use of the Pink Pills I was so far recovered as to be able to resume work and since that time have been free from the complaint. I do not now feel any of the soreness and stiffness of the joints, I can get right up in the morning, and go off to work without any feeling of uneasiness whatever. I have every confidence in Pink Pills and heartily recommend them. I believe them a good thing to take at any time to get the blood into good condition and if I felt any illness coming on I would, instead of calling a doctor, send at once for a box of Pink Pills."

When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape), at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company at either address.

A Copenhagen paper reports an interesting archaeological find on the island Falster—two bronze trumpets, such as were used at sacrifices 2,500 years ago. They are two yards long, and highly adorned.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

She: Yes, I am exceedingly fond of pets.
He: Indeed! What, may I ask, is your favorite animal? She (frankly): Man.

"You have forgotten something, sir," said the waiter, as the diner was leaving. "Keep it for your honesty," said the generous man.

Ethel: You don't think I am growing old, do you? Edith: Not at all. You have been twenty-five for the last eight years, to my certain knowledge.

Elderly but coquettish widow: And this, Baron, is a portrait of me when I was a girl.
Baron: Oh, indeed! And by one of the old masters, I presume.

Husband: This crying youngster is enough to drive me distracted. Wife: Wait a moment and I'll sing it to sleep. Husband: Oh, I'd rather hear it cry.

He: You loved me once. She: Yes, when I was young and foolish. He: And you rejected me. She: Um—then I couldn't have been so very foolish after all.

"You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." "No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

"Bifkins can't get over his old draper's habit now that he is in real estate." "What has he done now?" "Sold a man a house the other day, and asked him if he wanted it sent."

"Uncle," said a little girl, "why do little birds always agree in their little nests?" "Why do they agree?" said the uncle reflectively. "Why, because it would never do for them to fall out, you know."

Mrs. Jaspar: I shall never send for Dr. Veriswell when I am ill. Mrs. Jumpuppe: Why not? Mrs. Jaspar: Because he is so excessively polite that if he found me at death's door he would hasten to open it for me.

"I hear that your friend Jack, who stutters so, didn't get out to see you last Sunday?" "No. He reached the station just two minutes before the last train left, but he stuttered so that he couldn't tell the agent in time where he wanted his ticket for."

Brown: Old Cobwigger is remarkably superstitious for a man of his intelligence. I saw him pick up an old horseshoe the other day.
Merritt: Yes. He nailed it over that \$100 vase in his library. Brown: Did it bring him good luck? Merritt: It fell down and broke the vase.

"Henry asked me to be his wife last night," she told her chum. "Oh, I'm so delighted, Gertrude. And how did it happen?" "Well, he asked me and I said 'yes,' and then he just stood up and folded his arms." "What! He was no more interested than that?" "Oh, but you see I was in them."

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who is one of the great orators of the Roman Catholic Church, enjoys a joke at his own expense. His hair is very red, and when the red hat was conferred on Archbishop Gibbons he remarked to a friend: "Well, well, I suppose I shall never get the red hat. But no matter; I have a beautiful red head."

She ordered a fowl for a grand dinner and made the cook bring her purchase for her inspection. She examined it, tossed her head discontentedly, and said: It is a poor looking thing. "Oh, mum," said the cook, "when it is stuffed and served up with truffles it will look entirely different. Just like when you put on your diamonds, mum."

Doctor: Your husband, madam, is suffering from nervous prostration. Madame: Yes, sir. Doctor: And he needs something to quiet him. What is his business? Madame: He is a policeman, sir. Doctor: Well, slip a quarter into his hand, when he isn't looking, every two hours during the night, and I'll call again in the morning. Good day.

The company are seated at the dinner table. Enter Baptiste—a servant—haggard,

excited, and exclaiming: Quick, quick—a glass of wine! People stare at each other and at last the wish is complied with. Baptiste drinks off a glass of wine which has been poured out by the mistress of the house, who inquires what has happened. "Oh, madame, I've been dreadfully upset! Ah, that wine has done me good! I feel better now. Only fancy, I have just managed to break both the large Sevres china marmalade dishes!"

SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

The matured investment policies of that excellent financial institution, the North American Life Assurance Company of Toronto, Ont., have given the holders highly satisfactory results.

The following communication was lately received by the company:—
To the North American Life Assurance Co., Toronto.

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The results are exceedingly satisfactory, and are in excess of the estimates given me on my policy.

Thanking you for the kind treatment that I have received from your company since insuring, and wishing you every success in the future.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

GEO. LIPSETT.

Peterboro', Aug. 25, 1894.

Some time ago a temperance association in Germany sent a circular to seventy prominent physicians asking their opinion as to the custom prevalent in that country of giving small quantities of beer and wine to very young children. With the exception of two, all the physicians condemned the practice as injurious.

IT'S DANGEROUS GROUND

that you stand on—with a cough or a cold, and your blood impure. Out of just these conditions comes Consumption.

You must do something. In the earlier stages of Consumption, and in all the conditions that lead to it, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a certain remedy. This scrofulous affection of the lungs, like every other form of Scrofula, can be cured by it. In severe, lingering Coughs, all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections, and every disease that can be reached through the blood, it is the only medicine so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Nervous prostration and debility are conquered by it.



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Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allay inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

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DR. RADWAY—With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and at times to both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away. Although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather, I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, GEO. STARR.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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- Rev. Jas. Brown, Presbyterian Chaplain, Melbourne, Australia, for Spinal Complaint.
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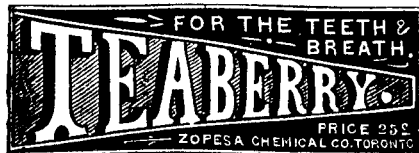
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