

THE WEEK

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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.

Some excellent suggestions for preserving and perpetuating valuable documents bearing on the early history of the Province were made by Dr. Scadding, in his letter in our columns last week. We hope that they may receive the attention they merit. No one, we believe, is better qualified to speak on this subject than Dr. Scadding, as no one, probably, has done more to collect and preserve facts and incidents of local history than he. His proposal that a volume of carefully selected and edited documents be issued each year under the direction of the Government and Legislature seems to us well worth considering. Why should not a historical branch be added to some one of the existing departments of the Government, say that of Education or Agriculture? Scarcely less practicable and valuable is the suggestion that all such

volumes should be issued in octavo instead of in the forbidding quarto form. Indeed we are not sure that duodecimo would not be better still. Such a series of volumes, including gradually and systematically whatever of value has hitherto been, or may from year to year be published by voluntary societies, the County Councils, etc., would in course of time become invaluable to the historian and the archaeologist, and to all intelligent citizens interested in their pursuits and discoveries.

On the whole the great civic struggle in Montreal seems to have resulted in a decided victory for the friends of reform. The English vote was strongly in favour of the Mayor-elect, Alderman Villeneuve, whether simply on his merits, or as a matter of good faith with the French citizens, who claimed that under the tacit agreement for alternating French and English in the mayoralty, it was the turn for one of their nationality, we do not know. More than half the successful candidates for the Council are new men, most of them, we believe, in good standing, while a number of those who had been tried and found wanting were remanded to private life. The struggle in Montreal was but one of a series which have been in progress for some time past in most of the large cities of the continent. Good citizens are everywhere becoming tired and ashamed of submitting to the rule of incompetency and dishonesty in civic affairs, and are waging a vigorous warfare on behalf of pure and efficient local government. The battle is a long and hard one, but little by little the victory is being won. An influential and successful part in the Montreal contest was taken by the Volunteer Electoral League, whose existence and objects have been more than once referred to in these columns. We congratulate the members of the League on the measure of success they have gained. A debt of gratitude is due by the citizens to those who, at no small sacrifice of their own private interests, devote time, money, and energy in a disinterested effort to improve the personnel, purify the methods, and elevate the tone of civic administration.

The first-fruits of Minister Bowell's visit to Australia are very pleasantly manifest in the presence among us of Sir Thomas McIlwraith, ex-Premier of Queensland. There is every reason to hope, as he himself said at the luncheon given in his honor by the Hon. Frank Smith, that he is the precursor of many of our cousins who

will visit us from the Antipodes. Sir Thomas informed his hearers that this is his second visit to Toronto, he having been here fourteen years ago, though only for a day. Let us hope that half that time may not pass before he may visit us again to find the projects of an Australian-Canadian cable, lines of fast Canadian steamships crossing both the Atlantic and the Pacific and a brisk intercolonial trade fully realized. We surely may expect, too, that by that time the population of that wonderful country to the west of Winnipeg of which he spoke, and of the central and eastern provinces as well, will be counted by the million instead of by the thousand. May we not still further hope that the significant hint conveyed by Sir Thomas McIlwraith's assurance that his fellow-countrymen are ready to trade with us whenever we are ready to take their wool, may take root in the minds of Government and people, and that we may all become wise enough to know that in order to become the great manufacturing country which he thinks we should become, we must have not only cheap food but cheap metal, and cheap materials of all kinds, and that if we would enlarge our trade with other peoples on either side of the globe we must be prepared to give as well as to take. Meanwhile, Canadians will welcome our honored visitor and others who may come after him from far Australia, in the earnest hope of better acquaintanceship and increasingly close and cordial relations, both personal and commercial, in the near future.

The Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists in England never tire of challenging the Government to appeal to the people on the question of Home Rule, as defined by the Bill which was forced through the Commons and rejected by the Upper House. They are sanguine that the result would be dire defeat for the Gladstonians. It is quite possible that such would be the case, at the present juncture. All the forces of reaction would be at their best. The Government is no doubt wise in preferring to pass other of the radical measures outlined on the Newcastle programme and to make the issue between the Commons and the Lords as broad and distinct as possible, before going to the country. It is worth while to observe, however, that, read in the light of the fuller knowledge brought by the English papers, the result of the Horn-castle election is by no means so decisive as we were at first led to suppose. The statements of a leading Toronto newspaper, to

the effect that Mr. Torr, the Gladstonian candidate, was a very popular candidate and that in no other rural constituency represented by a Unionist could the Gladstonians have fought under so favorable conditions, are evidently quite wide of the mark. Such statements fail to take account of the fact that Mr. Torr was distrusted as a very mild Liberal at the best, and that he was an avowed opponent of Welsh Disestablishment. For this reason the Liberation Society openly refused to support him, and large numbers of the friends of disestablishment refrained from voting. Some very influential Liberal journals did not hesitate to say that they were glad that he was defeated. They hope that the result will teach the managers of the Gladstonian party a much-needed lesson. The subject may not be deemed of great importance at this distance in time and place. We refer to the matter of fact simply as showing that the Horncastle election cannot be relied on as foreshadowing the issue of the great contest yet to come. It hardly offsets Accrington.

We have before us a circular of the Children's Aid Society of Toronto, to which we gladly invite attention because we believe the work in which this Society is engaged is one which deserves the sympathy and aid of all good men and women. The Society is desirous of finding homes throughout the Province of Ontario and elsewhere, in which to place out children under its control. These children have either been deserted by their parents, or by reason of their parents' neglect have been committed by the courts to the care of the Society, which, in virtue of the Children's Protection Act, passed at the last session of the Provincial Legislature, is constituted their guardian until they become of age. No child is placed out which has not, after examination by order of a judge, been certified by a regular medical practitioner to be free from chronic or contagious disease. The ages of the children are from three to sixteen years, and they are said to be robust, bright, and intelligent, needing only a chance in life to become useful and respected citizens. They are placed out under regulations issued by the Provincial Government. Frequently the Society has also children for adoption. It has at present in its shelter several boys of tender years whom it would be glad to deliver over to the care of foster-parents whose references are satisfactory. The expense, necessarily large, of carrying on the work of the Society, is met solely by voluntary contributions, which are respectfully solicited. Whether regarded from the philanthropic, the sociological, or the patriotic point of view, we know no better work than that in which this Society is engaged—that of rescuing human waifs from lives of misery and vice, and rearing them up into respectable and useful manhood and womanhood. Its officers are:—The Manager of the Con-

federation Life Association, J. K. Macdonald, Esq., President; Rev. J. E. Starr, Secretary and Agent; J. Stuart Coleman, Assistant Secretary and Agent; A. M. Campbell, Treasurer. It is, of course, non-sectarian.

Some of the bold opinions expressed by Mr. H. S. Blake, at the annual meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Association, are worthy of fuller and more dispassionate consideration than they are likely to receive. Especially is this true of his remarks concerning what he is said to have stigmatized as "one of the most foolish farces of the nineteenth century," the system of sending prisoners to jail for drunkenness. It would not be hard to maintain, as a general principle, that any punishment which does not only fit the crime, but tend to the reformation of the criminal, is radically defective from both the economical and the moral point of view. The individual who has so far lost control of his appetite as to repeatedly reduce himself to a condition of drunkenness has become a nuisance and a menace to society. There could be nothing unjust or improper in depriving such a one of personal liberty until such time as he gave evidence of having gained his powers of self-control and so a right to regulate his own actions. It is but a corollary to this proposition that he should be placed under restraint amid circumstances and influences which would be directly curative. We have no doubt, too, that there is much truth in Mr. Blake's declarations of opinion touching the evil effects of admitting the general public to hear the disgusting details of many trials in the court-room, and of setting these details before them in the columns of the newspapers, though it is not so easy to point out the remedy in such cases. It is questionable whether anything in the nature of a secret trial, or of restriction of the freedom of the press, would not be more mischievous than the evil to be remedied. Publicity in such matters is the surest safeguard of justice and liberty. Probably the best that can be done is to trust hopefully to the improvement in the tone of the newspapers and in the taste of the people—an improvement which is certainly going forward in the case of the newspaper, at least. With reference to the courts we might have added, "and in the taste of such lawyers as delight to bring out the worst details of disgusting cases."

Some discussion has naturally grown out of the publication of Archbishop Cleary's reasons for objecting to the introduction of the ballot in the election of Separate School trustees, as recently given to a reporter of the *Kingston Whig*. Those reasons may fairly, we think, be summarized as follows: First. The ballot has not been asked for by the Catholics, the only persons directly concerned. Second. Those who are striving to deprive them of a right

which they wish to retain and to impose upon them a privilege which they do not want, are their enemies, and hence are to be resisted. Third. Under the ballot, noisy politicians would create disunion among Catholics. Political trustees would be elected, and the Separate schools would be in danger of becoming secularized. Whatever force there may be in the first argument rests upon the Archbishop's statement that it is a recognized principle in legislation that the established methods of organic action of any body or section of persons in the community are not to be disturbed by new legislation unless the measure be called for by those directly concerned. This contention can hardly be sustained. The main use of the ballot in any case is, we suppose, to protect those who would otherwise be unable to vote freely for fear of consequences. Such voters may be but a small minority of the whole class or section to which they belong. Even were they the majority they might be deterred from asking for the change for the very same reason which made it desirable that they should have it. Further, all citizens are interested in the efficiency of the Separate as well as the Public schools and have a right to a voice in regard to whatever impairs that efficiency, while the change asked in this case would deprive no one of any electoral right. The second reason is without logical force and is unworthy of a place in a serious argument. The third seems to imply the existence of the kind of compulsion or undue influence against which the ballot is designed to guard the voter. Hence it is a weapon which may easily be turned against the one who uses it and made effective on the other side of the controversy.

If our correspondent "Steady," will kindly refer again to our article on "Proportionate Representation" he will, we think, perceive that he is in error in saying that we favor Miss Spence's plan, if he uses the word in the sense of advocating it. Our intention was to point out, so far as our space permitted, its advantages and disadvantages, without attempting to strike the balance. The objections seemed to us very serious. But our main purpose was to direct attention to what seems to us to be a matter of the very first importance, if we are to preserve our representative institutions and make them genuinely successful. Our correspondent's suggestion has, so far as we are aware, the merit of originality. The end we have in view will, we think, be better promoted by leaving the discussion to others, who may have criticisms or fresh suggestions to offer. We may just say, however, by way of eliciting further information, that while it seems to us that the method proposed may have in it the elements of a real reform, it presents on the surface, as we understand it, one very grave defect, in that it would secure the represent-

ation of mere majorities and not of the people. That this is not a distinction without a difference, may be illustrated as follows: Suppose that of two members of the Commons, A, elected for a constituency of 5,000 electors, was returned by a vote of 3,000 to 2,000, while B, elected for a constituency of 10,000 electors, was returned by a majority of 5,050 to 4,950. Thus A's majority was 1,000 and B's only 100. A would, therefore, on the principle of representation of majorities, have ten votes on an important division while B would have but one, though the latter really represented more than twice as many electors as the former. Of course, if it be assumed that the majorities of the electors, in each case, would be in favor of the measure voted for by the member, and the minorities in each case opposed to it, the result would be all right. But this could not be assumed save in regard to distinctly party questions. Might not this plan, then, put a dangerous power into the hands of a few members, returned by specially large majorities, in case of some objectionable measure in which they or others might have a special interest, opposed to that of the country? Is it not conceivable that such a measure might be passed by members representing but a small minority of the whole body of electors? We merely suggest the objection as it occurs to us. Perhaps it is not valid.

The rumour of Mr. Gladstone's intention to resign at an early date, started and persisted in by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has, by the commotion it has caused, illustrated afresh the wonderful degree in which the whole machinery of British politics is now pivoted upon the state of health of one very aged man. Were the dread and hope of the overturn to which the rumour points based only upon the authority of a hostile newspaper, whose prophecies are not always verified by the event, there would be little cause for excitement. But it must be admitted that the cautious and guarded terms in which Mr. Gladstone's denial, if such it may be called, was couched, go far to confirm the rumour. They at last make it clear that Mr. Gladstone himself has been thinking on the subject, and greatly fears that he may be obliged to relinquish his leadership before the great work to which he has devoted the closing years of his illustrious career is completed. If there be any truth in the statement which Mr. Smalley has derived from a source which he thinks trustworthy, with reference to the condition of the Premier's eyesight, a reason for the characteristically qualified language of the latter's reply to his friend's inquiries, other than his well-known fondness for balanced statements, is at once apparent. Even those who have the strongest faith that the Grand Old Man's wonderful powers will be providentially preserved until his one great aim shall be accomplished, can scar-

cely deny that his own language is better adapted to prepare the minds of his followers for the event, than to remove their apprehensions regarding it. As to what would follow Mr. Gladstone's retirement, should that become necessary before the close of the coming session, it would be idle to conjecture. Though a great shock would result from the removal of his towering personality, it does not follow that chaos would immediately come. His regime differs from that of many great leaders. His policy has never been "after me the deluge." He has surrounded himself with able men, capable of forming a strong government. Even immediate dissolution might not be found inevitable. Home Rule would not necessarily fail, though some loss of time would probably result. The issue between Conservatism and Radicalism would be more distinctly joined, and one of the greatest internal struggles in the history of the Empire would almost surely be precipitated.

The uneasiness and distrust which are now even more than usually marked among the nations of Europe are a strange and by no means agreeable feature of our boasted Christian civilization. The disposition of the Russian army, near the Austrian frontier; the suspected machinations of the Russian Government in Serbia; the presence of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean; the strengthening of the French fleet in the same waters; the late disturbance in Sicily and the suspicion of French influence in connection therewith; the financial aid about to be given by Germany to bolster up the Crispi Government in Italy; the erratic course of the Khedive in Egypt, and the unwonted harshness with which the British Government compelled that childish monarch to apologize for what would under other circumstances have been deemed a trivial offence, and not only unsay his own utterances, but even say empty words of praise of the same regiments which he had criticised—all these and other similar signs go to show how unstable is the base upon which the peace of the European world now rests. They go far to justify the dread of impending war which hangs over the minds of rulers and people. Grant that all these suspicions are baseless; that Russia has no designs against Austria, and is carrying on no intrigues in Serbia; that the simultaneous gathering of French and Russian fleets in the Mediterranean is without mutual understanding or concert; that France had no hand in the Sicilian uprising; and that all other supposed indications of deep laid plots and warlike designs are equally imaginary—even so the strain of the situation is only partially relieved. The very fact of the existence of such suspicions is, in itself, an indication of a dangerous state of feeling among the nations. Amidst so many ele-

ments of danger, the best hope of peace is probably that which rests upon the unpredictable but surely terrible consequences of war under the unique conditions that now exist. Neither of the most aggressive nations can now enter upon it without realizing that national existence is the stake. "Thorough" will be the word, when the struggle is once joined. The political map of Europe will almost certainly be changed before the end is reached. Hence the would-be aggressors do well to take counsel with their fears as well as with their passions, before precipitating the conflict.

Under the heading, "A Bootless Wrangle about Religion in the Schools," Professor J. H. Hyslop, in the *February Forum*, discusses the still burning question which his title suggests. There is an assumption of superior knowledge, a tone of superciliousness verging on contempt for the short-sightedness and narrow-mindedness of others, pervading the article, which seriously mars its effect, and even makes it in places unpleasant reading; nevertheless, some of the thoughts and opinions expressed are worthy of consideration. In showing the impossibility of giving dogmatic religious instruction in the schools, in view of the many conflicting sectarian views in regard to what should constitute such instruction, Professor Hyslop is treading ground familiar to all who have seriously thought upon the subject. He descants with strong emphasis upon the uselessness of the modicum of religious exercises now generally sanctioned in the schools. He insists, not without much force and truth, upon the formal and perfunctory character of these exercises as generally conducted, though, as we think, without just discrimination in favor of the many truly serious men and women who conduct these brief exercises with genuine and impressive devoutness. So, too, in maintaining the folly of hoping to make any serious moral impression in the few brief minutes given to these religious exercises, he fails to appreciate at its full value the depth and permanence of the impressions which may be made upon the minds of the young by the habitual, earnest, and reverent recognition of God at the outset of each day's labour. The strength of such impressions is by no means in proportion to the length of the exercises. But the general conclusion reached by Professor Hyslop is one which cannot be too earnestly pressed upon the attention of all who are interested in this great question. In order to the moralization of the schools, the mercantile and economic method must be abandoned for a moral one. We must seek "not for merely great scholars as teachers but also for those who know how to win the affections of students and to command their reverence for moral qualities." Public and private boards of education must

learn to regard schools of all kinds "as missionary agencies, not business corporations." Morality is not the result of intellectual and scientific teaching. "Personal example and personal affection are its true soil, and education must be organized upon that basis in order to be effective." When parents and boards and educators of every grade shall have come to see that moral training, character-building, should be the first and chief end of all educational processes, not a mere side issue or accompaniment, and when all who have to do with the training of the young shall be chosen on this principle and given ample scope for carrying it out in practice, then and not till then will the problem of religious instruction in the schools have been solved.

THE NEW N. P.

You cannot create power, is a maxim absolutely irrefutable. Power can be made, but not created, and it is the difference between making and creating which has led to so much confusion of thought among protectionists. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, is also a maxim which it is impossible to deny. This likewise has been bandied about with diverting inconsistency by worshippers of that great and glorious institution, the National (?) Policy. Let us look into this a little closer. By the first maxim we infer that, though we cannot create, we can make power. But what does the second maxim tell us? That to make one power requires an equal power with which to do it. This being the case, we see at once that to build up a nation by taxing its people is nothing more nor less than an attempt to create power by either imbeciles or interested and dishonest individuals, both in and out of the political world. The protectionist tells us that power is taken from the people in the shape of money, but that the power so taken goes to build up the nation. What pitiable idiocy! Whoever heard of taking power from a people to make them powerful. If power is taken from a people, in whatsoever shape, the people are just so much the weaker. To deny this is exactly the same as asserting that a part being taken from a whole, the whole remains.

Two questions are continually being asked: Where has all this money which has been taxed out of us gone? Why have we retrogressed during the last fifteen years, when we have had such a magnificent country to develop? In answer to the first question, I would point to Canadian millionaires, some of whom live in luxury in England and the continent of Europe upon the Canadian's hard earned money, and to our appallingly costly government. To the second I would answer, if we amuse ourselves by maintaining, and investing our savings in, an extravagant government and aesthetic millionaires, we can hardly expect to do more than hold our own; most certainly we cannot hope to progress as a nation. It is now time we looked thoroughly into our present situation. There is such a thing as taxing ourselves into annexation to the United States and out of an Empire which will be, ere many years pass by, much more powerful and respected by the world than even at present. The pro-

tectionist tells us that we are taxed as a preventive to annexation. He affirms that the N.P. is not a gigantic system of taxation, but a system of protection to our industries against, chiefly, United States competition. No wonder, indeed, that the advocate for tariff for revenue only and honest administration is tempted to despair of success when such as these arguments are put forward, so devoid of the most elementary conception of political economy. What is our democratic form of government but an administration for the people, by the people, and with the people? Are we not flagrantly ignoring the first principle of government when we countenance any administration which is bound to a policy of handing the people's money to one class?

The protectionist cannot answer this successfully, but informs us that what is right in principle is not always expedient—it would be more manly to use the politician's real excuse, *convenient*—in practice. Any thoughtful man can see that the unbridled use of this argument would lead to anarchy. I might ask, if we have no rule of right, what rule under heaven have we which we can follow with confidence and hope?

The protectionist tells us that protection is a necessary expedient to prevent our market being captured by the United States manufacturer. In other words, it is an expedient to prevent Canadians buying in the cheapest market. Before leaving this argument, I will tell a tale of not so very long ago, when the sugar manufacturing cities of Bristol and Greenock, Great Britain, were placed in trying circumstances by the bonusing by the French Government of the sugar industry in France. This assistance from their government enabled French manufacturers to place their sugar upon the English markets about twopence per lb. cheaper than the manufacturers of Greenock and Bristol could afford to sell at. These cities closed down their sugar mills and applied for government assistance. The case was pressing, as hundreds in both cities were thrown out of employment. The government, however, after careful thought and enquiry, came to the conclusion that it had no right to tax the whole people to sustain one class. It said that for every pound of French sugar the Englishman bought, the Frenchman made him a present of twopence! and that to interfere with such a satisfactory state of affairs for the sake of one class was not within the province of any government for the whole people. When asked indignantly what the unemployed in Greenock and Bristol were to do, the government answered, that, if for every pound of commodity bought by England, she were to receive a present of twopence, the whole people of Great Britain would soon be rich enough to do without work! That, as England was growing richer for every pound of sugar she bought, the unemployed of Bristol and Greenock would soon find employment more remunerative than the one they had been deprived of. Such was the government's ultimatum and time proved it absolutely correct in every particular.

This is precisely the position of Canada to-day. The United States bonus their industries enormously. Why should we not take all our neighbors are stupid enough to give us, throw the old N.P. overboard and boldly adopt a new one. The new national policy would contain the following clauses:

First, that religion and the state be

kept apart, and all public appropriations for sectarian institutions of any kind shall cease.

Second, taxation only for honest and economic government.

Third, unity of the Empire and early representation in the Imperial House.

The first clause is one which, at the present time, will meet the approval of all truly religious people of whatever religious belief. The present religious political excitement bids fair to swamp the real issue before the country—tariff reform—and, if unchecked by feelings of loyalty to our country, it is not impossible that civil war will result. That such a war might be productive of certain benefits ultimately cannot be successfully denied, but all true minded men will pray that both Protestants and Catholics will be guided by reason, and the elementary principles of common sense, and so avert the necessity. In British Columbia in the place of religious politics and schools, we have religious peace, and are well content. As a result, our educational system is of the highest possible order, and Protestants and Catholics live side by side as brothers and Christians. The principles upon which this western Province was founded, are worthy of imitation by all other Provinces even at great sacrifice.

Of the second clause I need not speak, as it explains itself to every rational man.

Of the third clause I have already written in THE WEEK, of 29th September, 1893, and not in vain, for it is now a live issue among the Toronto Young Conservatives.

This is a wide question, and one which has been subject to great misapprehension among colonials generally. The cause of this misapprehension was the preferential trade question which should never have been admitted into the Imperial Federation movement, for two reasons. First, it is an attempt to coerce weak commercial nations. Coercion is a policy which rarely fails to defeat its own end. We see this in McKinleyism, and are familiar with the result. Openly expressed hatred of the United States by more than one nation. The second reason, however, is the most important. It is in direct antagonism to laws of political economy, for, any preferential trade question will rarely depend upon the form of taxation the countries concerned in it adopt. If we consider this subject for a little, we find that no more flimsy manner of building up an empire could possibly be conceived. If, in a few years, Canada ceases to tax her imports altogether, where will her preferential trade with the Empire be? At present we have the protectionist and soon we may have the tariff-for-revenue advocate in power. Can we ignore the single-tax advocate? Though single tax and the millennium have been amusingly coupled together, there are now a great number of people who affirm that this is the only just form of taxation. As this is a municipal, and in some cases, provincial form of taxation, it will be understood, and come into force much more rapidly than any form of Federal taxation which can be proposed.

Some have asked the question, Of what advantage would Imperial Federation be to the colonies if there is no preferential trade policy? Imperial Federation is not so much a question of advantage as of necessity. Out west here we do not require to be told that if the English-speaking world does not

unite to civilize the Chinese, the Chinese will civilize us after their own peculiar fashion. However, ere long this question will do its own advertising, for anti-Chinese principles are spreading despite all opposition.

When we turn our attention to European affairs and the question of the efficiency of the British fleet, I have no hesitation in predicting that Imperial Federation will soon be discussed more as a necessity than simply as an advantage to the colonies.

THOMAS CHALMERS HENDERSON.
Vancouver, B.C.

PARIS LETTER.

Will Vaillant be pardoned, and to which of the many applicants will he leave the bringing up of his daughter and only child, Sidonie? As to the execution, opinion is equally divided; time will be in favor of the clemency party, and hence, why Vaillant has been well advised, to appeal against his judgment. These appeals are mere formalities; they do not present any other point than to ascertain if the trial has been according to law. The appeal rejected, the pardon committee will examine the expediency of recommending M. Carnot to exercise his prerogative of mercy; then M. Carnot will examine the whole question himself, and decide as to justice following its course. The jury was unfavorably impressed by the arrogance of the prisoner during the trial, and of his nonsense in alleging he only intended the bomb to wound, not to kill. A large section of the public has run away with the idea that because no body was killed, no capital punishment ought to be inflicted. Every year the guillotine denies that assertion. The jury perhaps concluded that in the case of Ravachol—according that scoundrel the benefit of extenuating circumstances, Anarchism did not, however, cease to indulge in its fantastic tricks. Ravachol was let off in Paris for blowing up a house, but he was convicted in the provinces for a brutal, cold-blooded murder. Perhaps neither the execution nor pardon of Vaillant will deter the Anarchists; they appear to gloat over the idea that a handful of reckless men can terrorize society; wretches who care nothing for their heads can kill their fellow creatures either *en bloc*, or singly. There has been quite a philanthropic steeplechase as to who would be given the right to bring up the condemned man's daughter; an old friend of his, a cabinet-maker, and a sympathetic anarchist, has won; he will rear the girl—who is pretty and intelligent, along with his own two children, and the Duchesse d'Uzes who claims to be in part a socialist, by practising good works among all who suffer, will see that the girl wants for nothing. Die tranquil, Vaillant; society heaps calms of fire on your head ere it be struck off.

The conversion of the public debt on which 4½ per cent. interest was paid into stock that will only carry henceforth 3½ per cent. interest, will be good for the Treasury, but unpleasant for the *rentiers* or stock-holders. The operation will effect about seven milliards of francs of the national debt, and will mean a saving of 68 million frs. in the shape of the total interest generally. But the retrenchment, according to M. Pelletan, will be of no immediate relief, since the saving must be applied to wipe out a few millions of floating debts. Those creditors of the state, who object to the reduction will be repaid their loan in full: but as

they have no opening in which to invest their withdrawals, they must accept the "sweet simplicity of three per cent." It means for this income one franc of revenue less yearly, for every 100 frs. they loaned the Government. Thus a bride, whose fortune, may have been 100,000 frs. and secured in 4½ per cent. scrip, will lose 1,000 frs. a year in pin money. That will necessitate a few bonnets and gowns less.

The financial strain in France is commencing to tell; it is becoming an herculean task to make the two ends of the budget meet, and then the system of allowing tacit annual deficits to accumulate, and then wiping them out every five years by a new loan, that is a fresh piling of Pelion on Ossa of the national debt. Saddling the current expenditure with the payment of the interest is a plan that has its limits. No financier has yet indicated how the revenue is to be increased; exports decline, and new taxes are next to impossible. Bloated armaments devour the national income in France, just as in Italy, only not so painfully as yet. Two grand committees of the Chamber, of 33 members each, and from all shades of politicians, will be appointed to investigate the stagnation of industry, of trade, of business, and to recommend the most practical solutions of the labor problems, as bearing upon old age pensions, relief in sickness and compensation in the case of accidents. The legislative task is positively leviathan.

In M. Waddington was lost a first-rate member for the—English Parliament. The greatest mistake he ever made in his life, was to turn a Frenchman. Yet he served his adopted country loyally and with zealous benefit, whether as a scholar, minister or diplomatist. But the general public never forgot he had the blood of the alien, of the hereditary enemy, in his veins. This was mercilessly exploited against him by adversaries and intriguers, during his successful ambassadorship to England, where his racial good sense and sterling uprightness, smoothed away many diplomatic asperities between the two neighboring peoples. But that success constituted his crime even. He was accused of ever caving in to the nation of his forefathers, though no proofs could be adduced. This told on his sensitive honor, and when a few days ago he was defeated in election for the Senate, as being too English, the verdict truly precipitated his death. Queen Mary is said to have had "Calais" written on her heart when she expired: M. Waddington's, if well examined, might have revealed "ingratitude." It is not now France will feel that loss. Even the press, that ought to have defended him against these calumnies, shirked its duty. He secured Tunisia for France, the only jewel among all her foreign acquisitions. The cardinal error made by the mass of the French on foreign questions is that foreign countries should always accept the views of France; that is a remnant of the fetichism of Louis XIV's reign, when not a gun was to be fired in Europe without his permission—*Nec pluribus impar* was then the acting motto of France. At one of the Elysee Palace balls, during the premiership of M. Waddington, I drew the attention of a well-known colleague, to note the strange isolation made around the Prime Minister, and in the midst of solely political friends; we followed him, as it were indifferently, through several of the promenade salons, and not a toady or a place-hunter stopped to button-hole him. We agreed to cross him, paid our respects

to him, and drew him out, respecting a strange assertion made by Renan touching Syria: he cheerfully threw a flood of light on the subject, and seemed delighted to have been spoken to. And we were happy our *ruse* made him so.

M. Clemenceau promises to be as terrible for Ministers as a journalist as he was when a Deputy with a phalanx of Fifth Monarchy men colleagues at his back, or heels. His practical articles have a snap about them that goes right into the mind of those who have any mind. His principal specialty is the navy, and he exposes its weak points, not by Boulevard assertions or Chauvinistic statistics, but by the confidential circulars of the Navy Department itself. So the *Times* commissioner who saw all *colour de rose* at Toulon will have the lesson of his visit strengthened by the confessions of French admirals themselves, only intended for official ears. Every effort is being made to crack the country up to strengthen the fleet and develop the coast defences. All this means more millions; possibly these will be voted, and hence the timeliness of England acting on her programme, that if she wishes to maintain her supremacy on the sea, she will have to out-build France and Russia in cruisers, not on paper; the day for navies on paper has gone by. This will compel the French to consider if they can continue to burn the candle at both ends: keep pace with the output of English dockyards and the land forces of the Triple Alliance. Mr. Gladstone's assertion that any steps to induce a general disarmament would be useless, has deepened the prevailing gloom.

It is asked, what would England do, in case of a collision with the Russo-French fleet in the Mediterranean, for dock accommodation? She would, says a writer, be afforded the use of all the Italian dockyards; that of Taranto alone rivals Toulon. Wideawake people keep an eye on Russia at Vladivostock. The union of China and Japan to exercise a dual control over Corea is a check in advance for the Muscovite; he will not be allowed to take that coveted "Hermit Kingdom." Of course England and the United States can only rejoice at the action of the Japs and Celestials; they likely suggested it, to secure open trade with Seoul and other ports. The Coreans are the Dutch of the East.

That there is much misery in France, in Paris, as in other countries and capitals, is but too true. The newest plan proposed to remedy the evil is for the state to become purchaser of all the grain, cattle, butter, etc., and give every citizen a certain amount of credit in the form of "credit account notes," which latter, also, the farmers would be forced to take as payment. In return the Government would artificially fix a remunerative price for their outputs. But farmers might decline the notes, and the public also. So the new paper would be soon valueless as historical assignats. To lower the custom dues, abolish the legion of petty taxes and fix an impost on revenue would be better. In any case the times are truly hard. People ask, where has the money gone, to where has the business vanished? Have we yet arrived at the bottom of the hill, at the commercial nadir; have we turned the corner?

Michaux, who popularised velocipedes in France as rapidly as did formerly Parmentier the potato, is to have his statue. The Minister of Finance wishes the movement Godspeer, as the wheelers' tax brings

him in two million frs. this year. There are 35,000 foreigners who decline to register themselves at the Prefecture of Police; they can for disobedience be ordered to the frontier within twenty-four hours. In the meantime the penalty of 50 frs. will be inflicted on them; that will bring in a wind-fall of one and three-quarter million frs.

DOM PEDRO.

[Earth brought from Brazil at the time of his banishment was placed in Dom Pedro's coffin.]

Rest, Pedro, on the soil thy hand made free
While yet it swayed the sceptre, prouder far
Of that poor handful thus entombed with thee,
Than if thou wert a Caesar whose draped ear
Might traverse zones his sword had won in war
Through conquered hordes that bent a slavish
knee.

Thy little empire, which no blooddrops mar,
Hath couched thy kingly corse right royally.

Rest, noble heart, whose ashes ostracised
Would find too mean and cramped a burial
place

Even the wide realm of Amazonia's flood,
Retained o'er craven subjects terrorized,
Or cursed with labor of a fettered race,
Or bought, a base Aeeldama by blood.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

A PLEA FOR SOCIALISM.

Not a favorable time is this at which to speak a kindly word for Socialism; with the air still echoing with the brutal bomb of Vaillant, with the world still shuddering with righteous horror at that dastard deed; with the pretty openly expressed sympathy of certain Socialist sections with the aims and methods of Anarchism; with all these, I am well aware, one might have chosen a more propitious moment at which to propound even the mildest form of Socialism. And yet truth is always truth, however much it may be wounded in the house of its friends. The evils of the present condition of society are no less grim and great because fools and fanatics seek for them frantic and frenzied remedies. From responsibility to heal the growing hurt of modern life, no earnest man can hide himself behind the madness of criminals and cranks. Granted the reality of the evil, the gravity of the danger, no fault of others will relieve the earnest thinker who loves his country or his race from making some effort to avert the incidence of the manifold perils which confront our modern social and industrial life.

What are these gigantic evils from which we must seek relief in some shape or form? In the first place, whether we regard England or America, the distribution of wealth appears to be monstrously uneven. When we consider the colossal fortunes which have grown up in the United States in the last quarter of a century, and when we place side by side with them the startling number of the unemployed which every severe winter, every pinch of hard times brings palpably to the surface; when we think of the positive slavery which must be endured by tens of thousands, ground down to the lowest point of bare subsistence in order that the Goulds and Vanderbilts may pile heavenward the Babel-towers of their enormous wealth; when we fairly face these unquestioned facts of our modern life, we may well ask: Is it well with us? Is this the kind of thing God meant for man? Is this a healthy or even safe condition for any nation? To judge from history this is a terribly unsafe condition for a people. It

was the uneven distribution of wealth which was one of the most marked features of Roman life immediately before the decadence of the Empire. This concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, becomes at once a menace to public liberty and a weakness to national life.

It is a menace to liberty by the facility it affords for the centralization in the hands of a tyrannous plutocracy of all the real power commercial, political, journalistic which ought to be diffused through the whole state. It is a menace to liberty by the opportunity it furnishes for the crushing out of individual enterprize and the consequent extinction of what is always the very backbone of a nation—a vigorous and self-respecting middle class.

And again, concentration of wealth is a weakness to national life because it sets up an utterly misleading conception of what constitutes real national prosperity. We point with pride to the palaces of our merchant princes, and talk with satisfaction of the enormous fortunes which they have amassed; as if, forsooth, it was the number of millionaires the land could breed that proved its true fertility and strength. But it is not so. It is not the maximum of wealth, but the minimum of poverty which constitutes the real power and prosperity of a people. It is not the gleam and brilliance of the apex of the pyramid which makes its real strength and its capacity to outlast the ages, but rather the firmness and solidity of the broad base on which it rests. If you want to judge of the real prosperity of a nation, do not visit only the mansions of the millionaires and lose yourself in wonder at their lavish magnificence; visit rather the homes of the peasant and the artizan; see how they are clothed and housed and fed; see whether they are getting enough to live on, not as slaves or mechanics but as men; see whether they are getting time enough to cultivate family and social life, and money enough to get some comforts about them and to educate their children, and recreation enough to give some zest and gladness to life. Consider all these things and then you will see whether a nation is really prosperous or not.

The second evil, consequent on the first, is the widening gulf which is opening between great classes of the community. How can a nation remain permanently great which witnesses such internecine warfare as the Homestead strikes in the United States or the recent coal miners' strike in England, where all sense of common interest seems lost, where capital seeks to crush labor down to bare starvation point, and organized labor loses no chance, fair or otherwise, of hitting back at capital, and where, as between the upper and nether millstones, the community at large has thus to suffer irrademable loss. Where this kind of thing is perpetually in the air it does not need a Cassandra to prophesy imminent disaster for the nation which suffers this cleavage of classes to go on and even to increase. And this sundering of classes is the logical and inevitable result of the unchecked operation of the law of supply and demand, that same law which makes possible the upbuilding of immense fortunes. Prof. Walker well says in his "Political Economy," "the tendency of purely economic forces is to widen differences existing in the constitution of industrial society, and to subject every person or class who may, from any cause, be put to disadvantage to a constantly increasing burden."

The third evil that calls aloud for radi-

cal redress, is the practical slavery of large masses of the population bound in the fetters of continuous and grinding toil. England and America, speaking politically, are both grandly free, but industrially and socially they are crammed with masses of slavery. No man is really much better than a slave who is bound like Ixion of old to the ever-revolving wheel of ceaseless and grinding toil. Are the shopmen and shopwomen of the great cities free who have to keep on their feet for thirteen, fifteen, or even sixteen hours a day till the very heart is worn out of them by the unreasonable demands of heedless or heartless customers. Is she free who, to save her children from starvation, or herself from shame, has to ply the needle of the seamstress far on into the night. Is the "Song of the Shirt" the song of the free, or is it not rather the wail of the slave, as hopeless and heartbroken as ever went up from the cotton fields of Georgia to the listening ear of a pitying God. Is it freedom or slavery that you see as you watch the lean, wan-faced, weary crowds of the unemployed who, from three o'clock on a winter's morning, besiege the dock gates of London on the mere chance of one day's work. But you say all this may be sadly true, but it is the inevitable result of the principle of competition, the universal and therefore God-given law of supply and demand. Now by the very act and fact of these iniquitous results, the law of supply and demand must be called into serious question. The law that achieves such results I hold at least in its extreme incidence to be not God-given but devil-given—the very apotheosis of selfishness. And it is right here that the principle of true Socialism intervenes. It pleads for the interweaving with social and economic forces of a far higher law than that of competition, a law which says "the weakest shall not go to the wall, and there by the feet of intolerant success be trampled downward to ever deepening degradation and despair." The brotherhood of man is not a myth or a mere sentiment; it is a great fact graven on the very constitution of our being, a principle buried deep in the eternal truth of things. That the individual has rights against society was the truth won for the world by the religious and intellectual reformation of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but individualism has run to ruinous extremes in our own day, and it is time for society to reassert some of the power which by abuse it lost three hundred years ago. It has long ceased to be a question whether or not society has a right to interfere with the operation of the law of supply and demand. It has interfered with it again and again. Factory laws, shipping laws, laws for the protection of the miner—all such legislation has made concrete the abstract principle which lies at the base of moderate socialism, namely, that society has the right to interfere for its own preservation or for the protection of its weaker members and so to regulate and restrain the harmful operation of such economic laws as that of supply and demand.

But I can well imagine that the very name of Socialism may be enough in the minds of many to check the outflowing of their thought and sympathy in the direction towards which the fundamental principle of this article would point. With the earnest and moderate Socialist it is indeed a case of "save me from my friends." The extravagant views as to the confiscation of property, the truly unnatural and impossible attempts

to level what can never be levelled, that is human ability and character, the wild visions of Utopian communities, the legislating out of existence of distinctions written upon the protozoa, these grotesque forms of Socialism have seriously regarded the wide acceptance of principles which are true and which might be made infinitely helpful. But what great, true principle ever yet got itself woven into human life and history without struggle, without misrepresentation, without harmful and even hideous exaggeration? We Protestants think the Reformation was a splendid onward move, the restoration of individual liberty of belief and, therefore, direct personal responsibility to God; but can we for a moment forget or ignore the great excesses, the wild extravagances, the narrow intolerance, the brutal fanaticism which stain the pages of the history of that great movement. The modern world suns itself in the light of a political liberty never known before in the history of man, but have we forgotten the Reign of Terror, the horrible butcheries, the wild anarchy of the French Revolution. No; there can be no birth without travail. As it was with religious liberty, as it was with political liberty, so it is bound to be with social and industrial freedom, for which the masses of our people are yearning and struggling now. You cannot avoid extremes, you cannot prevent visionary theories being put forward: they are the necessary shadows cast by the brightening and broadening sunlight of any great movement for the advancement of the race. But what you can help, what every earnest and thoughtful man who feels the responsibility of the present hour ought to help, is the miserable cowardice that will allow itself to be pushed back on the do-nothingism of the *laissez faire* policy, simply because of the distorted forms that every great principle must assume ere it can at last get itself made concrete as a forceful factor in actual life. And this brings me to what I may call the practical moral of this article. I believe that a supreme duty lies upon all men who have any knowledge of social questions, all men who look beneath the surface or beyond the present hour, all men who are in any way bound to think for the nation and for their fellow men, a supreme duty, I say, lies upon them in the present industrial crisis. And what is that duty? It is, in the first place, to recognize the evils of the present industrial system and in the next place to search earnestly, bravely, patiently, for a remedy for those evils. Briefly to recapitulate, the evil seems to me to consist in the increasingly uneven distribution of wealth through the operations of industry carried on on that large scale which our great combinations render at once possible and necessary. This plan of conducting industry on a large scale "has multiplied the vicissitudes of trade and made the laborer much more likely to be thrown out of employment." By crushing out small enterprises it has consigned the laborer for all time to the abiding position of being a mere wage earner; it keeps the rate of his wages on the ragged edge of possible starvation; it does this while all the time the education of the masses, the progress of civilization, the increase of general comfort make a higher status an increasing necessity for him, and one which his whole nature and circumstances more and more imperatively demand. And in this view even political liberty becomes more of a mockery than a blessing; "to confer the

status of freedom upon workmen merely to have them overwhelmed in an unequal struggle with capital is to make their freedom a farce."

Such, it seems to me, are the evils with which our Anglo-Saxon civilization is faced. I plead, then, that thoughtful men, men of light and leading, should frankly and fully recognize these evils; and I further plead that they should clearly see that the lower, *mechanical* law of supply and demand must be regulated and supplemented by the higher *ethical* law which lies at the base of socialism; the law that recognizes the mutual obligation of man to man above and beyond all calculation of interest and advantage. The individual has rights, to deny this would be tyranny; society has rights, to deny this would be anarchy. The re-assertion along moderate lines of man's social as against his individual rights and obligations, such seems to me the true solution of the vexing and pressing problems of the day. Call it socialism if you like—hard names never killed the truth yet—but if some careful and moderate application of these social principles is not soon found and brought to bear very widely upon our legislation, then I cannot but feel that the gravest danger, aye, it may be even dire disaster, awaits that Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the common pride and glory of the two great peoples of England and America.

J. D. O'MEARA.

WALT WHITMAN, POET AND PROPHET.

"The hero can be poet, prophet, king, priest or what you will, according to the kind of a world he finds himself born into," says Carlyle.

The past year has taken from us a hero who was both prophet and poet, though many of us perhaps fail as yet to fully realize how true and marvellous a voice is silenced with the passing of Walt Whitman.

There are no gloomy threatenings in this prophetic voice, but promises innumerable, of grand, lofty and glorious destinies, to be fulfilled without failure or possibility of failure. But it is of the hero as a poet we would speak just now.

Poet he was, in the deepest and truest sense of the term; and though sometimes his singing may sound strangely harsh, or passages taken alone appear uncouth and tuneless to unaccustomed ears, yet, listening a little longer and a little more intently, the full power and beauty of the song is heard and understood.

He has earned the title over and over again. It is a poet's voice and none other that sings in "The Song of Myself:"

"I am he that walks with the tender growing night,
I call to the Earth and the sea half held by the night.
Press close bare-bosomed Night—press close magnetic, nourishing Night!
Night of the south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still, nodding Night—mad, naked summer Night!"

And again, where the bird cries out through the night for its lost mate:

"O, madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O, I think it is heavy with love,
with love.

* * * * *
"Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols:

Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols.

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-nois'd sea,
For somewhere I believe I hear my mate responding to me."

But to be understood, the bird song must be read entire.

It is easy to say, "Let us talk of Walt Whitman," but we might as well say, "Come, let us talk about the growth, gropings, hopes, fears, passions, sympathies, heights, depths and hidden yearnings of a human soul." The one is about as possible as the other. In speaking of his book he says:

"Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man."

Perhaps the charm that is first felt by the reader is our poet's unwavering trust and belief in all that is. His intense sympathy reaches out to the ends of the earth, glorifying the meanest and most sordid things of life. Truly with him "nothing is common or unclean." He believes in man and in the destiny of man. He will have no despair, failure or hopelessness. For him such things do not exist.

"Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad,
turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,

* * * * *
They go! they! I know that they go, but I know not where they go,
But I know that they go towards the best—towards something great."

His belief and love for his fellows enfolds them from birth till death and then beyond.

Though he spoke so often and so lovingly of the great mystery which he has so lately solved, our hero had no morbid yearning for death. While life was his, he revered it as a sacred and glorious possession. He not only lived in the best and noblest sense of the word, but rejoiced and exulted in the power that was within him.

"Joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough merely to be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!"

And again,
"It seems to me that everything in the light and air ought to be happy,
Whoever is not in his coffin and dark grave let him know that he has enough."

He was indeed "in love with life and raptured with the world." Yet, with all his praising of this glorious life he seemed to rest upon the thought of something more beautiful, more satisfying, more to be desired. And this was death. It had for him no terrors, nothing but the further unfolding and revealing of a perfect plan. Nothing repulsive, dark or fearsome. He tells us:

"No array of terms can say how much at peace I am about God and about Death."

And,
"Do you not see, O, my brothers and sisters,
It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan,
It is eternal life, it is happiness."

In speaking to "One about to Die" he ends with the words,

"There is nothing to be commiserated,
I do not commiserate, I congratulate you."
It was Sir Edwin Arnold, I think, who

named Whitman's "Carol to Death" as one of the most perfect poems in the language.

"Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate around the world, serenely arriving,
arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and know-
ledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise!
praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool, enfolding
death.

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft
feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above
all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must in-
deed come, come unfalteringly."

Surely the "dark mother" was never greeted so cheerily and fearlessly. Joy rings through every line at the thought of death's inevitableness. Surely if the spirit of this Carol could enter the hearts of a million men, driving out the morbid fear of death which has dwelt there all too long, the happier time of which our prophet dreamed would be hastened in its coming.

There is no room for regret in the death of Walt Whitman. He has finished his appointed task, given to the world the message which was his to bear and turned with a sigh of content to sleep in the bosom of his beloved earth, "the mother of us all."

MARY E. FLETCHER.

THE GHOST OF EDUCATION.

"ET TU, BRUTE!"

I make no pretence in this paper to any very great originality of thought, sequence of method or exhaustiveness of treatment. I simply intend to advance a few suggestive propositions, "tell you that which you yourselves do know," or should know, and what many have been knowing, seeing, and not a few publishing abroad at various times, in various ways, from various platforms. I come, indeed, not to praise Cæsar but to help bury him, or that part of him at least, which, being practically defunct and of no further service in the economic plan of practical purpose, should receive decent and immediate interment.

To the more thoughtful who may read this, I am not sure whether, in the presence of facts, a funeral oration be even necessary. I might simply point to dead Cæsar's body, "show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths," and "bid them speak for me" and for themselves; but, unfortunately, as is not uncommon in cases of murder, Cæsar's ghost survives, and some nineteenth century theorists and casuists are so obtuse and impractical, especially if influenced by politico-scholastic preferment, etc., that confounding the shadow with the substance, they do, in very presence of the august departed, refuse to accept Cæsar's dead body as a corpse, *de facto*, and so withhold consent to its decent burial, which they will continue to do until convinced by self-interest, through the channels of public opinion or political expediency, that the spirit divine has indeed fled, and left the mere husk, the barren shell, a monopoly on our hands.

But public opinion is as difficult to convince or coerce, as obstinate and irrational

in its way, as political expediency itself, although, truth to tell, its mistakes are less frequently the outcome of craft and selfishness than of prejudice and ignorance. It is not, indeed, until times are very ripe, nay, almost rotten, for change, that the unthinking masses can be brought to see that change is either desirable or possible. Then there is a crisis, a political and social chaos, like the French Revolution, or an unnatural internecine hiatus, like the American Civil War. The majority of people are so accustomed to let others do their thinking for them, whether political, educational, or theological, that it is quite sufficient to elevate a Borgia, a Rousseau, or a Torquemada to the purple of dignity, for millions to fall down and worship the hero of the hour, if only an enthusiast can be got with party backing and a long pointer to apotheosize the hero, and illustrate his virtues by aid of the magic lantern of a specious and often ignorant pretence, upon the white sheet of popular gullibility.

The masses in Canada have so long been taught by lecturers, politicians, and school-magnates to look upon their system of education as the most unique and perfect system in existence, its methods the most progressive and utilitarian, and its results utterly beyond compare, as contrasted with anything else of the kind on the habitable face of the globe, that they have actually come to believe it, so much so, indeed, that whenever any wight has heretofore had the temerity to assume to himself an unauthorized edition of magic lantern and long pointer, to issue forth as a solitary and unpopular exponent of an opposite opinion, the educational and educated (*sic*) masses have been ready to stone him as a hobby-breaker, or carry him out, feet first, as a second and greater Ananias.

Luckily, thought, which is simply the rational principle reduced to a formula, as well as the schoolmaster, is abroad, and well it is for the people of the Province, that it is beginning to shuffle off the swaddling bands of an irrational and too long protracted infancy to peer forth and ascertain for itself that educational principle and method, as theorized over and practised in this fair Canada of ours, is not all "that fancy painted it," indeed, is neither "lovely nor divine."

We have lately unearthed some queer specimens of the genus *vulpes vulgaris* in our quarterings and searchings over political hunting-grounds. We have given the death-blow to many a hydra-headed ogre of theology and ecclesiasticism, with its fee-fi-fo-dum of arrogance and dogma. It remains for a few, bold, unshrinking intellects to dare the blatant spirit of insolent pretence in yet another direction, and beard the Cerberus, Education, at the very gates of his stronghold, where he guards the way to the banks of that inky Styx of obfuscation, in which are being annually dipped by thousands and tens of thousands our too-confiding youth, who passively suffer the immersion, without even the poor satisfaction of being restored as invulnerable in any one particular spot.

This Cerberus, like his namesake, is a three-headed monster, and his jaws are ever open to the sops which may be thrown him by those who fear or desire to ingratiate him. With one eye upon sectarian principle and prerogative, a second upon political expediency and preferment, he keeps his third rigidly fixed upon the lay and lower masses, and fattens upon the morsels thrown him from their direction in the shape of

state aid, compulsory school attendance, and a warped and ill-directed egotism, fostered by alien short-sightedness, or selfishness and diseased personal ambition; that egotism which it has been the misfortune of a new country to engender, of modern politics to pamper, and of a pseudo education to corrupt, whose aim is universal levelness, whose legend is "I am as good as you are, indeed, something better," and whose direct outcome is the colonial "gent" and "lady," a poor plagiarism of the *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, of the French Revolution, without the sharp corrective of the guillotine to save it, by its very excesses, from committing mischief, which, too late, may be found to be irreparable.

Lest it should be thought that I am but a mere Quixotic theorist, who, mounted on the Rosinante of his own crotchety deductions, has entered the lists to try a joust with the blunt-headed lance of a specious casuistry against some wind-mill of self-erected prejudice and conceit, let me premise what I have further to say, first, by a statement, and then by a quotation. The statement is this, that I have been, however unworthy, at least an earnest, conscientious instructor of Canadian youth for a period of sixteen years, and that I have taught in every grade from the rural single-room to the academic hall. The quotation, necessarily fragmentary, bearing upon my subject, is from an article entitled "Sham Education," from the pen of a no less distinguished scholar and teacher than Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. Speaking of promiscuous education in the British Isles, he says: "The theory of the millennium of happiness to be produced by the spread of education can fortunately be discussed, partly at least, on practical grounds, for the incipient stages must indicate what the future is likely to bring to us."

"The results, as stated above, seem to point with certainty to this conclusion: that the progress of the race, though real, has not at all kept pace with the outlay of the treasure and toil in public instruction and competition. Our youth is not more vigorous or perfect, though it may be taught many more things. The quantity of teaching, both in hours and subjects, is damaging the quality; instruction is impeding education. In fact, the main feature of the modern system is hurry, and hurry is fatal to all good training.

"So far, then, the theory, as put into practice, is not verifying the loud promises of the theorists, and there is even a possibility, which some would call a hope, that human nature will some day rebel against this terribly increasing burden of our youth, and abolish it, as our Government has abolished the fêtes of Juggernaut in India."

"The most frequent criminals are probably the ignorant; the greatest criminals are generally those who have had their intelligence sharpened by some exercise. There is no panacea for human ills; certainly not this—the favorite one with modern theorists."

"The second point established by the foregoing argument is this, that if we make haste with our instruction, we are sure, not only to spoil it, but to destroy the education which it ought to convey; moreover, we create a new crop of physical and mental evils to take the place of those we are striving to remove. Take the clearest case. Is it a good bargain to have a boy or a girl highly instructed and eminently successful?

in the competition of life, but shattered in health, and resulting in a splendid failure? Let it be remembered that there may be innumerable cases not so signal, and yet of the same kind—young people damaged in sight, still more damaged in insight, entering the world weary and dull of mind, with all their vigour and elasticity gone. They may get their school scholarships at fourteen, their college scholarships at nineteen, a brilliant degree at twenty-two; and then they sink into the rank of some profession, having gained no useful habit but to drudge at books.

"Is this the way to build up the great English race, called to direct the fortunes of a world-empire? Is this the way to preserve that splendid type which foreigners criticise and ridicule, only because they envy it? Or do we indeed desire the next generation to pose as second-hand Germans? God forbid! We all think ourselves very jealous of our liberty; are we not in real danger of losing it? Is it not being filched away from year to year by those pestilent theorists who are enslaving our youth under the false pretence of intellectual discipline?"

What is the lesson to be learned from these fragmentary remarks of the distinguished professor? I wish I could quote his whole paper, for an article always suffers by being mutilated. Simply this, that, with our fore-bears across the sea, compulsory education at high pressure is not turning out to be the fine thing it appeared in the dawn-light of a first venture, and that, already, earnest and thoughtful minds are beginning to detect and expatiate upon its errors and consequent evils.

Will the result, think you, be much different with ourselves?

Let us, in endeavouring to answer the question, be at least honest, fearless, and outspoken, without a trace of cant, or a suspicion of that levity of humbug, which, like a corroding canker, eats at the heart of modern society, and precludes, by its determinedly suicidal tendencies, all possibility of an antidote that shall be at once universal, palatable, and effective. Let us be true to truth, spite of consequences. Ajax, defying the lightning, however impotently, is by far a nobler spectacle than truckling Judas betraying his Master and his conscience with the kiss of sectarian expediency or political silver and servitude.

Sixteen years ago, I, too, thought this system of education, especially higher education, a good one. I felt for the masses, their equal, their ignorance, their crassness, their ignoble prostration beneath the wheels of the hereditary Juggernaut of birth, wealth, and fashion. I thought indiscriminate popular education a fine thing, a panacea for the world's dire sickness, a leavener and leveller, while, at the same time, it might be a stimulant and elevator. Thanks to my long apprenticeship in Canadian schools, I have outworn much of my juvenile precocity and revolutionary gush, and, to-day, am more in love with the good old times than ever before, and I trust a truer and better conservative in the best sense of the term than of yore. I have thoroughly learned with sagacious Max O'Rell that "tyranny from above is a sore, but from below it is a pestilence." It is bad enough to be a serfing of the gods, who do not at all times seem to be a particularly sympathetic or consistent set, but to be ruled by the presumptuous and vulgar Ixions of common-place, simply because they have, through the force of circumstances, obtain-

ed ingress to the Olympian hall of liberty, to have to put up with their assumption of equality, nay, superiority, because they have been permitted to break bread in the presence of the Queen of Heaven, is so magnified an evil as compared with the first, that the comparison need be carried no farther than to warn all pretenders and sciolists of the fate of their legendary prototype.

Education is a means, not an end; for, practically, there is no end to the educative principle. But, though limitless in the direction of its possibilities, there is a direct outcome to the process, which is, or should be, attainable by all, and is its legitimate, temporal conclusion, as far as anything infinite in possibilities can be temporal in its result. That direct outcome then is not book lore, but refinement.

Where is refinement to-day among the so-called educated masses of the Canadian young; reverence for age, worth, and ability; true altruistic love for beauty of converse and elevation of soul; just appraisal of scholastic, literary, or artistic excellence; the culture which makes the true gentleman, not gent—the true gentlewoman, not lady; the inner morality which sublimates the grossness of the flesh and raises the spirit, irrespective of bible-class bankrupts and professing hypocrites, a step nearer the Divine?

Ask in the churches, at the shop-counter, the factory, the streets on any Saturday night, the political rostrum, the law-courts, the schools themselves for an answer.

Personally, looking back upon the last twenty-five years of my life, which years have been spent almost unintermittently in the class room, in travel, and at literary pursuits, three very good educators when judiciously applied, I am forced to the conclusion, when contrasting the past with the present, that the world to-day is coarser, more irreligious, more usuriously grasping, more disloyal, and more aggressively presumptuous, vulgar, and illiterate than it was twenty-five years ago. It is moreover less reverential and less honest.

Hanging has not cured murder. Hell has not delivered a soul from sin, and education has failed signally on its own ground, and with every advantage in its favor, for forwarding the millennium.

Thirty years ago, many were prigs with the excuse of ignorance; to-day many more are prigs *plus* a little *jography*, *arithmetic* and *grammer*, both the last spelled with an *e*.

Thirty years ago, many were in humble circumstances and knew their place; to-day, many more are in humble circumstances, *plus* pretentious conceit, disgusting egotism, and aggressive effrontery.

Thirty years ago, many were poor and contented; to-day, thanks to education, many more are poor *plus* wants, aspirations and longings which their fathers never knew, and which their descendants have no means of gratifying, save by illicit channels and dishonest and therefore immoral practices.

It has been the mistake of ill-balanced philanthropists, backed by specious theorists and crafty political parasites, to suppose that the uneducated masses are unhappy or even discontented with their lot. They are only unhappy when tyrannised over by the church, the state, or the school; and only discontented when idle, which, thanks to protection and education, many thousands and tens of thousands now are. Men who are at work have no time to waste upon Henry Georges. Men who

are in earnest, and really desirous of progress, have no spare minutes in which to scatter dynamite or hatch sedition. Show me the one, who,

"Tolling, rejoicing, sorrowing,"

sees some sparks of Divine purpose fly from the anvil of even his humble lot, and you shall show me, provided he be left alone, an honest man and loyal subject. Show me a loafer at a street corner, with a smattering of education, who believes, or pretends to believe, that Divine purpose erred in making him a cad instead of a prime minister, and, ten to one, you shall show me a future Socialist or Anarchist or some other survival of the fittest, who wills to govern his fellow before he has learned to govern his own gross, vulgar and animal instincts.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," and education has brought a curse instead of a blessing to many a homestead, to many a hearth, and many a heart. I receive letters sometimes from the young. They are not the letters of youth and happiness, they are the effusions of world-worn serfings, striving after the flesh-pots of Egypt, but finding themselves on the barren wastes of a quailless, mannaless desert. Money, position, display, are the things deemed needful by humanity in its teens, that should be stringing daisy-chains in the sunshine, and hearing a benison in every bird-note and breeze—whisper among the maples, the lilacs, and the chestnut-blooms; buzzing with the bee from flower to flower, and falling asleep only in some twilight—dream of innocence and peace, to tread with Hans Andersen and Grimm the fairy meadows of yet another fairer realm of blossom and light.

Education of itself will make men neither happy nor good; least of all, mis-directed education. I use the term education here in its popular sense and in that alone, the sense in which it is construed by the masses to-day, not with that inner, deeper meaning, which is its true interpretation and soul, but which appears to be understood, or at any rate appreciated, by a few only.

Education engenders wants, desires, aspirations, ambitions. How are they to be satisfied?

How many educators think it worth their while, when instilling the elements of Euclid or Latin or French or Anglo-Saxon or drawing or book-keeping or chemistry, to supplement their instructions with the exhortation that these things are worthy of themselves, and because worthy, desirable? How many of the educated leave their class-rooms daily, hourly, filled, saturated, with this consciousness? How many suppose these high-sounding themes mean mere money and advancement? How many deem them lovely of themselves, as vestures of a potent yet portionless nobility? How many receive them, with wry faces and distaste at their hearts, as drastic tonics, disagreeable in themselves, but necessary to the advancement of professional health and wealth and strength? How many suffer the dew of instruction to fall gently on their willing spirits, because, being not strained, "it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," being twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes? How many at the end are satisfied? How many disappointed?

Would it not indeed be better instead of putting so much faith in books and book-lore, educational expediency, state-aid, *ics*, *onomies*, and *ologies*, which often only confound without enlightening, and multiply

the supply without increasing the demand, to devote half the week to the directing of the young intelligences into altogether alien and divergent channels; to convince the neophyte that a man may be a book-man and yet a charlatan, an educated man and yet a cad, a pretentious, over-dressed female and yet a vulgar woman; to teach many lessons and point many morals that might prove of incalculable use in the pupil's after life, and among them the following: that high position, fat salary and fine clothing should not be the *Ultima Thule* of the true spirit of man, the portion that lives not by bread alone; that nature is an abler educator than all the schoolmen, plus the schoolwomen, put together, and her students, humble, lowly, diligent workers, are happier than kings upon their thrones, more contented than even legal luminaries in mortgaged mansions, or merchant princes behind bankrupt stocks; that books and dogmas and methods are fallible, —alas! how fallible!—but that honest labor is always true, strong, self-respecting and respected; that gentleman and gentlewoman are born so by divine right, and may be seen now on the throne and now in the tenement, but that they cannot be made from coarser material, any more than a blush-rose can be forced from a potato tuber, or the song of the thrush proceed from the throat of the raven; that "the sunshine is a glorious birth," and shines on all alike; that clouds shadow even the portals of the great, indeed, most frequently do so; that contentment is a sovereign balm for every earthly ill; that discontent sits, ghoul-like, a very Caliban of dread and deformity, at many a fireside, which warms the palsied hands and hearts of the envied of earth; that ranks, classes and conditions of life must be as they have always been; that education, so-called, can never level them, nor manufacture equality in the long run; above all, that labor is the universal lot, and being omnipotent, it should therefore be honest; and, finally, that it is no disgrace to be humble and poor, as it is no dishonor to consider another better than one's self.

What nonsensical sentimentality has been wasted over the mute, inglorious Miltons that perished and went down to the grave unknown for lack of opportunity! As if the great Orderer of events did not know best what was good for the world and the mute, inglorious Miltons, as regards opportunities. For my own part, I am thankful that Miltons are so few. The world would doubtless have been as well without him and his arch-angelic legions, pedantic compounds of Homer's Iliad and Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, and far better without Dante and his infernal Inferno. Such minds are diseased, and are better both mute and inglorious. Instead of dreaming of aerial flights, they should have been employed breaking stones to macadamise the roads of earth, then their digestions would have been in better order, and their nightmares less frequent and diabolic. But what was, was probably for the best, things could not have been otherwise than they were. All the Miltons that were to sing, have sung, and not even a school-board of 19th century trustees, nor so august a functionary as a modern specialist, could have conjured another either from the womb of silence, or the womb of a Canadian school curriculum. Club-swinging in corsets has not been productive of a second Hercules or Antæus. Homers are as blind and mythical as ever, nor has that

Jove-like creature, a political High School inquisitor, been able to evolve from his sapient brain the faintest resemblance of a modern Minerva, although the female element seems to be a potent factor in his code of educational tactics.

Standing at the street corner of a populous city, close to one of its public schools, whose name is legion, watching the floods of juvenile humanity pour forth from between its open portals, what are the predominant sentiments that engage the mind of the casual onlooker—here again I mean the thoughtful, reflective onlooker? Are they jubilant, hopeful, or even pleasurable? Crowds of ill or over-dressed, hard-featured, rough-mannered, often sickly, hungry-looking boys and girls file, eddy, and surge by him, or even over him, if he do not show some agility of movement himself. Each precocious Sinbad has his or her especial old man of the sea upon his back or under her arm, the inevitable leather bag which proclaims the fad of the hour. That the old man is a hard rider, and not always a congenial one, is manifested by the pale faces, attenuated physiques, and lack-lustre eyes of many of the bearers. Some, certainly, seem to enjoy the ordeal. It affords means for social gathering, unlimited mud and marbles, gossip and display. Others look upon it as a desirable release from home supervision and chores. But, take a hundred youngsters at hap-hazard, who have not had exceptional advantages at home, and enquire what education is making of them. It is certainly not cleansing some of them bodily, nor dressing others of them becomingly, nor toning yet others down mannerly, nor elevating them aesthetically. In bearing, rude, rough, unkempt, and uncultured, in any true sense of the term, are many of them. They lounge, whirl, or scamper by, a crowd of human waifs charged with the cheap clap-trap of memorial services at the shrine of rote, but destitute as ever of a single trait that marks the true evolution of the species as a whole; intellectually better informed, possibly, than their grandfathers on subjects not worth a doit to the majority of them, physically degenerate, in nine cases out of ten, with the canker of school-room care lurking in their eye, rather than the blush of the sun-beam reflected from their cheek; poor, pale, morbid, loud, noisy outpourings from the mephitic close, where, hour after hour, innumerable sets of lungs have been exercising their abnormal functions in an atmosphere not seldom impregnated by exhalations and odours that would not be out of keeping with the Jews' quarter at Houndsditch or the tenement dwellings of St. Giles.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Around the growing boy."

But if this can be said by the poet of universal boyhood in the once comparatively unfettered freedom of youth, and in a land where muscular Christianity has ever held a prominent place in school discipline and ethics, what shall be said or sung of the prematurely immured votary chained to the desk of an arbitrary and uncongenial task-master, at the very time when he should be making bone and muscle, perchance, for his country's future welfare?

"The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free"

than is the average Canadian, according to the average Canadian political clap-trap of the day; but, look on this picture and on this,

and compare the Spartan boy and his legendary fox with the sixteen-year old maiden of to-day—the mother of our future heroes—and her fox, her uncompleted mid-night task.

Education, the panacea, like Holloway's pills, is failing to make the world either wiser or better. It is making it harder to live, harder to succeed, harder to die.

It is making it harder to live.

Ask the tens of thousands of so-called educated men and women in Canada, who have received certificates, diplomas, and degrees, what they are doing, and what are their respective salaries in this, that, or the other profession or calling.

It is making it harder to succeed.

Ask the ordinary school teacher when he expects preferment, the ordinary doctor when he expects a retiring competency, the ordinary lawyer, when he expects a lucrative practice, by simply disinterested, truly morally legitimate means.

It is making it harder to die.

Ask the average man and woman who has been educated, has wrestled, fought, and failed, in his or her sense of the word, what reward is truly expected from the Hereafter, after having by physical and mental abuse and unrequited toil shortened his existence possibly by a decade, more or less, on this terrestrial sphere. Ask such an one how many times he has heard the birds sing in his maturity, how often he has seen the dawning paint the sunrise on nature's canvas, how frequently the opening day-flower has held up its chalice of dew to his parched and thirsty heart, appealed to his panting struggling soul; paved the thorny path of his every-day life with something of beauty and something of fragrance, towards that dread universal dwelling-place, whose portals he knows must some day open to receive its silent incumbent. All that many men know of the sunrise is that it is the herald of another round of toil and moil, of wearing anxiety and carking care; of bloom, that it lies upon the coffin-lid, may, perchance, one day on their own; of dew, that it falls in the churchyard upon many a grassy grave.

The destruction of a race is due more frequently to internal than to external causes. The germs of the fatal disease are self-sown rather than imported by alien interference. Her victories and self-indulgence were the death knell of Rome. The arrogant strength and pride of the Armada proved its own destruction. The reckless, bloodthirsty brutality of the French populace paved the way to the second empire; the second empire perished with the dagger at its own throat. The effeminacy and internecine disunion of the Greeks obliterated Sparta and Marathon. May not misdirected education be itself a factor in the destruction of the race that advocates it? May not the durance vile of the school-room and the task-master prove the insidious foe and ultimate destroyer of a healthy, strong and independent people?

A. H. MORRISON.

Lately there have been two practical jokes with sad endings. One victim died from fright and the other is hopelessly insane. The class of people who indulge in the idiotic practice of perpetrating practical jokes are possessors of weak or unbalanced minds. In these two cases the jokers will endure a mental punishment lasting until death, but the example may not be worth anything to the class they represent. If it should lead to a reformation of universal extent the lesson, though costly, would be of great value.—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

EVOLUTION.

At the present day the question of man's origin, and the formation of nature from chaos, and especially the development of the various forms of life, receives a large degree of attention from every thinker.

It is argued that, since we see orders of beings rising in rank one after another, each differing not very much from its nearest neighbors, and as animals, and, in a more marked degree, plants, placed in new environments undergo a wonderful change in color, habits and organs, therefore the one is evolved from the other by gradual transformations in the lapse of ages.

All beings, then, according to this theory, may have originated from a simple cell or germ, the only direct creation necessary.

A number of the leading biologists favour this theory of evolution, at least in part. On the other hand, Sir J. W. Dawson, in his "Story of the Earth and Man," says: "As applied to man, the theory of the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, though the most popular phase of evolutionism at present is nothing less than the basest and most horrible of superstitions. It makes man not merely carnal, but devilish. It takes his lowest appetites and propensities, and makes them his God and Creator. That men of thought and culture should advocate such a philosophy, argues either a strange mental hallucination, or that the higher spiritual nature has been wholly quenched within them. It is one of the saddest of many sad spectacles that our age presents."

With this latter view we are inclined to agree, while we endeavour to give our readers a fair view of both sides.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN GENESIS AND EVOLUTION.

EVOLUTION.

The first of all things vapour dark,
A cloud compact fills space immense,
Innumerable atoms whence
Have sprung all things. Though seeming stark.

Inanimate, yet holds within
A hidden life, a secret force
From which unfolds in Nature's course
Whatever is or e'er has been.

The world in all its features fair,
The rolling main, the limpid brook,
The floweret blooming in a nook,
Reveals the beauty hidden there.

The feathered flocks that cleave the breeze,
The roaming life of field and wood,
The sporting tenants of the flood,
The cornfields and the verdant trees,
Are incarnations of the germ
Of life in matter darkly hid
Which, formed when certain causes bid,
Disorganize however firm,

When fails the plastic force innate.
A cloud-dart red, a hurricane,
An avalanche, a gentle rain,
A Samson wrestling with a gate,
The planets speeding in their course,
The heart-throbs of a burning world,
The angry ocean's tresses curled,
Are but exponents of the force
Unseen locked up in all we see.
Nor need we wonder if we find
These particles without a mind
Unite in perfect harmony

To form a world, for may we see
The silvery painting on the pane,
The stem and branch, the leaf and vein,
Formed by the frost-king silently!

And molecules of matter dead
When liquids into solids change
In order so themselves arrange
By inborn force within them led,

That naught that man can e'er devise,
In beauty or in order fair
With common charcoal can compare
Whene'er its atoms crystallize.

And if upon a minor scale
Such noble work by force is done,
Who wonders if around the sun
The circling planets yearly sail!

Asleep a thousand silent years
The life within the seed may hide,
But heat and moisture once supplied,
A leafy stem it quickly rears.

So, when conditions are fulfilled
In matter 'neath the new-born sea,
Life seized the atoms silently
In haste a tenement to build.

And forming first a cell minute,
The wigwam in the wilderness,
Evolved the greater from the less,
Until, though motionless and mute,

A plant uprears its flowery head.
And in succession then appear
The moving life the waters rear
By sponge-like forms in order led,

The reptile, apt alike to crawl
The yielding clay or swim the deep,
The pinioned birds, that deftly sweep
The waves or perch the pine-tree tall;

The denizens of hill and plain,
In order next upon the scene,
Whose tasks and horns from danger screen,
Or aid rich sustenance to gain.

And last in Evolution's plan,
The noblest, wisest and the best,
The joint production of the rest,
The peerless "form divine" of man.

Who, ages past, the desert trod
A hairy ape, alert and quick,
Well versed in every monkey trick,
Nor dreamt of angel or of God,

But ate the produce of the wild,
The tender leaves and juicy fruit,
And lived like any other brute
Of gentle mien and aspect mild,

Until a stern grim icy clime,
Displaced his flowery summer calm,
Destroyed his coconuts and palm
And left him cheerless for a time.

But learning from his fiercer peers
The art of preying on the weak,
His waut-worn form grew quickly sleek
And vanished all his former fears.

And forced his powers to exert,
In cunning and in skill he grew,
His prey with rocks and cudgels slew,
And in the art became expert.

And, sleeping in a rocky cave,
With moss and branches neatly lined,
The first rude tenement designed
The winter's stinging blast to brave,

He dwelt secure. And when at last
Returning summer's gentle rain,
Brought back his tender dates again
The bitter wintry cycle past,

His leisure led him to invent
New arts. And some convulsion grand,
Met'oric flash or unique brand
Of cloud-bred flame or mountains rent

Awake a certain sacred awe
That latent in his bosom lay,
Winged aspiration's mystic ray
Which sought what potent fancy saw.

Unfolding thus in Nature's plan
Increased the subtle simian mind,
Until, completed and refined,
We lose the monkey in the man.

GENESIS.

God willed, and heaven and earth appeared.
Then chaos ruled, in darkness clad,
Moved by His Spirit, till He bade
The clear light shine, and then appeared

The shining clouds at His command
Their fleecy forms against the skies.
He bade the continents arise,
Above the sea arose the land.

He bade the dull earth dress in green
To match the fine blue mellow skies,
And herbs and verdant trees uprise
To greet the light's resplendent sheen.

He bade two great lamps flame in space.
The greater shone on endless day,
The lesser with serener ray
Shed silver on night's sable face.

The surging flood at His command
Begot her countless forms diverse,
The mighty whale, the minnow terse,
And birds that soar above the land.

He bade the earth to life bring forth.
The earth brought forth each creeping kind
Endued with feeling, sense and mind,
That treads the land from south to north.

Then God said: "Let us form a man
To rule the earth, the air and sea,
In our own image let him be
And heaven and earth unite in one."

In six successive cycles stood
Creation, from when chaos rolled
Till Adam trod the flowery mould
And God saw all was fair and good.

ALEX. D. MACNEILL.

Queen's University.

JANUARY AND ROSES.

Long before one's eye becomes accustomed to the beauties of Los Angeles and its environs the olfactory sense is straining every nerve to get acclimatized. The perfume from many aromatic shrubs, added to the peculiar spiciness of bruised pepper and burning euclyptus wood, makes a mingling of odors which forms one of the not least pleasant experiences of the Northern traveller to the South.

The mountain-girded, garden-dotted city lying on the slope of the Sierras is, as viewed from the neighboring heights, a scene not soon forgotten. Much has been written of the place itself and of this section of the country; but much more remains to be told, were we not already deluged with guide-book accounts abounding in high-sounding adjectives. But guide-books notwithstanding, we each in turn drink in the beauties of the South as they first break upon us.

Despite the regiments of broken-down, consumptive-looking men and women whom one meets here, the Goddess of health and prosperity seems to have taken up her abode in Los Angeles. No city west of the Rocky Mountains can in any way correspond with it in the rapidity and solidity of its growth and improvement. The local authorities spare no expense in public works, and the miles of streets paved with Belgian blocks and concrete add much to the beauties of the town. White pavement, however, only accentuates the national complaint, and the visitor, if a woman, has no slight difficulty in steering an ordinary length of skirt clear of pavement decorations. How the native to the manner born manages I cannot say, as I did not think of investigating until too late, and the lady members of our party refused to give any information which could be called reliable.

The climate of the place is, to say the least, peculiar. It is unnecessary to vary the weight of underclothing during the year, and frequently a dip can be taken in the ocean from Redondo Beach or Santa Monica, as comfortably on New Year's Day as on the first of July; but if, late in Janu-

ary for instance, one wishes to take a day's outing, it is necessary to change one's covering three times between breakfast and "suppah." The early morning is very cool; at ten the temperature is perfect; at twelve it is not warm, but *hot*; and in the afternoon, when the sun has turned the corner, one is quickly chilled to the bone if caught without a top-coat. Night then comes down so quickly and unmistakably, so evidently in a hurry to get away to perform her duties elsewhere, that for a moment the stranger is convinced that the sky gave the pavements a sudden slap. A local saying has it that "night comes audibly."

To get from Los Angeles to Santa Monica—the place of perpetual summer,—where fruits ripen and flowers bloom in every month of the year, one may go by rail, the way lying for the greater part of the fourteen miles, after leaving the city's suburbs, through orange-groves varied by occasional orchards of sturdy walnut or pink-tinted apricot trees.

The near presence of the ocean is made known by the occurrence of sand-dunes and salt marshes. Arrived at the modest little station we find ourselves within one minute's walk of the limitless Pacific. American-like, there is here a fine hotel, sufficient in itself to induce patronage, and from its broad verandah one commands a view of the wide driving-beach which stretches along the bay for fifteen miles, only apparently terminated by the rocks to the left and on the right by the final taking-off point of the mountains which here make their plunge into the sea.

On the cliff above the beach is a mile of double avenue of eucalyptus trees, ragged, when seen in detail as is the wont of the eucalyptus, but when viewed in a mass making a fitting arbor to crown the bluff. Here, in their shade, I spent my New Year's Day, the sound of the breakers ever in my ears, thinking the while of those at home with their ice-bound rivers, and of a certain room where the warmth and flickering light came from the leaping flames of maple logs.

Ostriches are much the same all the world over, but it comes within the scope of the whole duty of man to visit those gentle birds domiciled near Santa Monica. I was lucky enough to arrive just as one vicious old male, hooded and doubly panned, was about to be shorn of his plumes, and the operation which ensued was sufficiently lively to break the threatened monotony of a sea-side visit.

Could an ostrich fully realize his appearance when in the act of persuading a large-sized apple to perform a zig-zag tour down his neck, he would surely henceforth refresh himself in private. His fondness for bright objects is proverbial; but, for the moment forgetting his demonstrative manner, I allowed my attention to stray to the farther end of the pen, when a sounding peck at my waist-coat recalled me suddenly. There are pecks and pecks. After a hurried step backward, one of the keepers informed me that Gray Tom had taken a fancy to the bright buttons of my garment, and advised me not to wear on my next visit to him anything calculated to catch the glint of the sun. One keeper told me of a man who, wearing an eye glass, had been within an ace of having his eye pecked out.

The sportsman who wishes to recruit his health need not find time hang heavy, for good sea-fishing lies ready to his hand;

there is abundance of water-fowl in the neighboring lagoons, and larger game abounds in the mountains.

The town of Santa Monica is of minor importance, and, with the exception of Sunday, when it is filled with the overflow from the city, displays little life. The townsite bears a local historical interest, comprising as it does a part of the famous rancho San Vicente, which, with the Boca de Santa Monica, made the two large Spanish grants of that district, covering 36,000 acres of ground. American travel and traffic are so altering the face of the land that, ere long, the foreign picturesqueness of the place must give way to the sway of all things modern.

Stratford, Ont.

K. M. LIZARS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EFFECTIVE VOTING.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir, — I should like to suggest a means for effective voting, though I hardly expect to deserve the title of "benefactor of his country," which you think ought to fall to any person who can bring forward a method of voting which shall secure proportionate representation and render the "gerrymander" useless. Your article on this subject in the issue of the 26th inst. favors Miss Spence's plan, of which you give an example. I do not know how her method might succeed in Ontario, but I am quite certain that for this Province (of Quebec) it is far too complicated. If any ordinary elector here had presented to him a dozen names of candidates selected over, say, half-a-dozen of our present constituencies, ten out of the twelve would be entirely unknown to him, and consequently he would be incapable of voting intelligently for six.

My suggestion is this: Leave the elections for constituencies as they are at present, but cure gerrymandering and disproportionate representation in the following manner: When a vote is taken in the House, permit a fixed number (say twenty) of the representatives in the Commons to demand that the vote be taken by *majorities*. Each member who votes must then have recorded opposite his name the majority he represents from his poll, and if one member had a majority of 500 at his election, let his vote count as 500 to 100 against a member who had only a majority of 100. By this system the *majority of the electors* in the country would rule, members representing electors instead of territories. Gerrymandering would be useless, because what was taken off one constituency and tacked on to another would all revert to the aggregate vote.

As your article clearly points out, the present system is unfair in its result, but my proposed plan would give the correct representation of the whole country, because the *number of representatives* of either party in Parliament would be immaterial, all depending upon the *number of electors* that each one represents.

Side issues of importance may be noticed in this connection. The incentive to win an election in a doubtful constituency at all hazards, even by illegitimate means, would be shorn of its greatest temptations. Where, at present, it seems a hopeless task for the minority, be they Conservative or Liberal, to turn the ever-recurring monotony of defeat, they would be awakened to fresh interest by the hope of reducing the majority of the victorious party.

A further argument in favor of the plan I propose is, that it might be put into practice immediately, without disturbing the existing arrangement of constituencies. I commend it to the consideration of your readers.—
Yours truly,

Richmond, Que., 29th Jan., 1894.

STEADY.

Truth should be the first lesson of the child, and the last aspiration of manhood.—
Whittier.

THE ICE AGE IN CANADA.*

"There haint many things stronger than hica," was the remark of a farmer of English birth, who, living on the shore of one of our lakes, was familiar with the peculiar phenomena they occasionally present in the spring of the year. Winter has set his icy grip upon the lake's swollen waters that cover beaches strewn with cobblestones and boulders, and, as the frost descends, it encloses these within the solid cake. Then, when spring comes round, the sun honeycombs the surface ice, the tributary streams pouring down beneath make fissures and rents in the mass, and the strong wind blowing on shore drives the grating, grinding fragments before it, carrying away in that progress all flimsy artificial structures, and depositing their mineral contents far up beyond the margin of the beach. If the boulders thus carried up be large enough, and the force by which they are impelled be strong enough, they will make deep furrows in the sand or soil over which they are driven, and should the surface they travel over be rock, it will not escape without some scratches. What the modern observer notes on a small annual scale took place in a former geological period on a very large scale. Thus: in the Queen's Park in Toronto there are large boulders of gneiss that must once have travelled from the Laurentian formation, that begins on the north bank of the Severn at the end of Lake Couchiching; and in the Montreal mountain, at the height of 750 feet above sea level, similar boulders are found, which must have come from the same Laurentian belt running somewhere within fifty miles to the north. The ice action which deposited the latter boulders has also left upon the summit of Mount Royal sea sand and marine shells.

The common theory that sought to account for these peculiarities was the glacial hypothesis of an ice-cap which, from five to twenty thousand years ago, according to different computations, was supposed to have covered the arctic zones of the two hemispheres. This cap when partially broken up, was supposed to have descended southwards in the form of an immense glacier, which, disregarding all laws of gravitation and inequalities of surface, grooved the exposed rocks, cut out watercourses large and small, and deposited its burden of organic and inorganic matter along the whole of its course. Sir William Dawson does not deny the existence of ancient glaciers on Canadian mountain slopes, moving in different directions, but he laughs to scorn the ice cap or universal northern glacier as a figment of the imagination, which by no means fulfils the conditions of the case. He believes in a period when climatic influences were less favourable than they are now in the Dominion, but not in an ice age. To account for the appearance of travelled boulders and marine shells in elevated regions, he supposes alternate depressions and elevations of portions of the earth's crust brought about by many causes. The canyon-like nature of the country in the vicinity of Lake Ontario, taken along with the fact that fresh water shells are found on the summits of its canyons or broad valleys, serves to indicate that instead of the small streams which now traverse these valleys, large bodies of water filled them to overflowing, and were arms

* "The Ice Age in Canada." By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. etc. Montreal: William V. Dawson. 1893.

THE ROCKS BESIDE THE RIVER.

A REVERIE.

Where rolls the beautiful St. Lawrence,
Down through the sunless channels deep,
Sweeping the pure and silent currents
Through summer isles that lie asleep ;

Where eastward glides the untroubled river,
With all the secrets of the west,
Down to the sea to hide forever
Still unrevealed beneath her breast ;

'Tis sweet to watch, at morn or even,
From the brown rocks upon the shore
White flocking craft, as they are driven
Over the water's shining floor.

From the green dewy banks, arising,
Reach back the pleasant fields of wheat,
And leafy orchards, yet enticing
With golden harvest apples sweet.

Down by the river-road, long builded,
Still run the mossy walls of stone,
By a thick hedge of hawthorn shielded,
And vines and fragrant brier o'ergrown.

Up the green path a court of flowers
Fills full of sweet the summer air,
Locust and maple tree embowers
An old stone farm-house hidden there.

Out past the orchard's heavy shadow
Runs the green lane towards the wood,
Daisies are growing in the meadow,
By spirit fingers gently strowed.

But down beside the river ever,
Through the old field of Indian corn,
Down to the rocks beside the river
Wander my feet at eve or morn.

Ships come and ships go, softly laden,
Just as they did so long ago ;
But never more returns the maiden
Who dreamed amid the rocks below.

Still blush the roses in the gardens,
Still burst the apple blossoms sweet,
But round my heart the iron hardens,
While the river murmurs at my feet.

EZRA H. STAFFORD, M.D.

ART NOTES.

The Library of the Toronto University is soon to be enriched by a portrait of the Hon. Edward Blake, on which Mr. E. W. Grier is now at work.

The Louvre has received three new pictures of interest ; a fine portrait by Cranach the Elder ; a Crucifixion, by Patenier ; a "Portrait of a Lady," by Hoppner.

It seems we have had an art discovery in our own city. We will be interested to know the decision of those capable of judging, concerning the merits of the picture belonging to Miss Annie Lackie, 58 Shaftesbury avenue, which is supposed to have been the work of Raphael.

Miss Harriet Ford, who has recently returned from Paris and taken a studio in the Janes Building, is soon to give an exhibition of her work at Roberts' Art Gallery, 79 King street west. From what has been seen of this artist's work already, and from what has been heard of her ability, we expect a treat.

J. C. Arter, one of the American artists in Paris, has had the honor of placing one of his pictures in the gallery of King Humbert at Rome. The King has sent him the Cross of Savoy in diamonds, surmounted by the royal crown and the royal initials. Mr. Arter is a pretty constant exhibitor at the Salon in Paris. He held an exhibition in New York last winter.

Probably the smallest painting ever made is the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicts a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stands

the present time in Germany, is well set forth by Dr. Flint, of Edinburgh, in a prefatory note to the present translation. "It strives to represent Christian faith as its own sufficient foundation. It seeks to secure for religion a domain within the sphere of feeling and practical judgment, into which theoretical reasons cannot intrude. It would keep theology independent of philosophy, free from all contamination of metaphysics. It would rest it entirely on the revelation of God in Christ. It claims to be thoroughly evangelical and Lutheran, it aims steadily at the promotion of piety, the satisfaction of spiritual wants, and the furtherance of the practical work of the church. It is intensely sincere and alive."

The work falls into two great divisions, the first on Ecclesiastical Dogmas, and the second on the Proof of Christianity. Under the first he considers the origin of dogma, which he finds in the Logos idea of the Greek philosophy ; he then considers the development of theology under the influence of reason and authority, and further on, the breaking up of ecclesiastical dogma and the judgment of history. Under these heads we have much that is fresh and suggestive, on the influence of the fathers, the schoolmen, and the reformers, some excellent remarks (i. 273) on Pietism and Rationalism and on the historical development of Christianity (p. 316).

Under the second division he discusses knowledge and the primacy of practical reason, as a good Kantian might be expected to do, and under this head there is a good deal which is most valuable, which might be accepted by those who were not prepared to go all lengths with the author. After criticising further the traditional speculative method, he proceeds to give the final proof of Christianity in the last chapter. We think that the writer makes too little of the ordinary methods of apologetics, which, if they have not been faultless, yet have had much that was good and have done valuable service to the faith ; at the same time the experimental evidence, which is substantially that of Kaftan, must ever hold a high place.

This book is by no means easy reading, partly because German Protestant theology is not famous for the lucidity of its style, partly because ordinary English readers are unfamiliar with the writer's mode of thought. If we might offer counsel to intending readers who wish to grasp and retain the author's thought, we would recommend them to begin with a careful perusal of the conclusion, occupying about ten pages. When this has been clearly estimated, it will be a kind of guide post to the reader through the whole work. Our space has forbidden a criticism of special points ; but we hope we have said enough to show that we have here a work which no real student of theology can afford to neglect.

The good man quietly discharges his duty, and shuns ostentation ; the vain man considers every deed lost that is not publicly displayed. The one is intent upon realities ; the other, upon semblance. The one aims to be good ; the other, to appear so.—Robert Hall.

More bounteous run rivers when the ice that locked their flow melts into their waters. And when fine natures relent, their kindness is swelled by the thaw.—Bulwer Lytton.

There is this important difference between love and friendship ; while the former delights in extremes and opposites, the latter demands equalities.—Mme. de Maintenon.

of a lake many hundred feet higher and hundred of miles larger than that which at present exists. When this great body of water, with its vast connections in the west and north, burst its way eastward to the sea, by way of the Thousand Islands, the Falls of Niagara were created and the farming land of Central Ontario was drained. Also, when this and similar changes of a geological nature took place, ice was a large factor in the results produced.

Sir William thinks that we who live in Canada, owing to our peculiar privileges, are far better qualified to judge the action of ice in antiquity than those scientific men who rarely see it thick enough to skate on. We do not need to investigate the geological record for proofs of an ice age, since we have one of our own every winter. Certainly, our people, even those whose scientific lore is only equal to that of the man who believed in the strength of "hicc," are more able to appreciate intelligently Sir William's reasoning by analogy from the present to the past than those who are practically ignorant of present ice phenomena, however geologically educated. Still, we would not like to trust the veteran geologist's volume in the hands of our "hicc" friend. After reading a little of it with much approbation because it would coincide with his own experience, he would become impatient, even angry, though a fairly moral man, and would anathematize the venerable author as "a hold himage yaw can't make nothink hout of." St. Clement of Alexandria wrote a book treating of so many subjects that he called it Stromata, which is the Greek for a patch-work quilt. Sir William's book, as he frankly admits, is a conglomerate, made up of many treatises which he has from time to time contributed to scientific journals. It is too scientific in form, too minute in its details, too full of quotation, to be of interest to the unscientific reader, who would speedily lose his way in its pages. But these qualities render the volume all the more valuable to the votary of science in the regions of geology and physical geography, whether he be a professional or an amateur. The ice age in Canada is replete with the most valuable scientific observations, for the collection and preservation of which students owe Sir William a debt of gratitude. It is written with all the learned Principal of McGill's former vigor and acuteness, and will doubtless be ranked among his most worthy memorials. In mechanical execution it is fully equal to the best productions of the Canadian press.

KAFTAN ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.*

Whatever we may think of the principles or the conclusions of this work, it is one the importance of which cannot be ignored. The author succeeded Dorner in the University of Berlin, which by itself would show that he has a right to a hearing. He is also one of the most distinguished members of the school of Ritschl ; although the present writer cannot profess to belong to that school, yet it has its own work to do and Kaftan is one of the principal doers of that work.

The general attitude of the Ritschlian theology, said to be the most living and powerful of theological movements at

* The Truth of the Christian Religion. By Julius Kaftan, D.D. 2 vols. 16s net. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. Toronto : Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

are a horse and cart, and on the road leading to it several peasants are shown. The picture is beautifully finished, and every object in it very distinct, yet it is so amazingly small that its surface can be covered with a grain of corn.

Appropos of Mr. J. S. Sargent's recent election as Associate of the Royal Academy, along with several others, the art critic of the *London Public Opinion* remarks: "Mr. Sargent, though still among the younger men, has so long deserved his laurels, and deserved them in vain, that his election has the character of an event. It will do more good to the Academy than even to Mr. Sargent. He is at once the most brilliant and the most scholarly painter of his time. We use the word in regard not to his choice of subjects, but to his knowledge of the structural laws of his art. With him every picture is a problem of the most daring effects. He is perpetually skating along the thin hair line, but he never fails to reach the Paradise of success and admiration that lies beyond. Such things as he attempts would be the very worst things in art, if they were not the best; and he could never hope to find any hiding place for his faults in obscurity. The Academy has had some prejudices to conquer in giving him this first instalment of justice. He must, we suppose, be called a foreigner, since he is an American, and more especially as the inspiration of his art is purely French."

It is a delightful illustration, says the *Chicago Interior*, of the assurance of our art instructors that we have in Mr. W. W. Story's "Conversations about Art," not long since published. The words of a man who has been for many years a successful sculptor are apt to be taken as Delphic Oracles. And, indeed, there is far too much of authority and far too little of independence in matters supposed to be so recondite as those pertaining to art. In the first of his "Conversations," Mr. Story gravely assures us "artists were inspired" as they looked upon "the most beautiful girls in Athens who went nude along the shore and bathed in the sea." There was, he said, "no immodesty in this. It was a religious rite." Mr. Story could have gone a good deal further and still have found that "it was a religious rite," had he not chosen to stop just where he did; and no one knows the fact better than himself. But he mourns and laments that "There is neither dignity nor beauty in our dress, and the outward shows of life are vulgar and ugly." One would have naturally supposed from this supremacy of the nude in beauty and expressiveness, that when he came to treat of official life he would give us a picture of that famous dream of the satirist, "a naked member of parliament addressing a naked House of Lords." Logically, that is the outcome of his theory; but, quite the contrary, when he has to deal with the bench, he says: "I am a believer in wigs. On an official head a wig is something imposing. Dress is as necessary for the body as language for the mind. In America, it is a great mistake that the judiciary have no official robes." And so our art instructor becomes a peasant to the satyr, blowing hot and cold from the same lips. It is evidently the decision of our artist of today that the modern woman wears too much clothing and man too little; we must disrobe the one and bewig the other, all in the name of art. We were about to say that it ought not to be forgotten, but we would be more correct to say, that few know that the female form was never portrayed nude by any artists of the world until the decadence of art had set in and the moral life of the world was in its decline. "The golden age of the arts in Greece," says Winckelmann, "were the days of republican liberty," and during the days of republican liberty a nude female figure was as unknown to the Greek as to the Puritan. It was only in that "latter day when passion agitates the marble," as Victor Duruy says, "that the decline of the sculptor's art begins."

The highest conceptions of the sages, who, in order to arrive at them, had to live many days, have become the milk for babes.—*Bal-lanche*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Tripp has been appointed conductor of the recently organized Glee Club at Victoria University.

Etheibert Nevin, the young Boston composer, has been obliged to go to Algiers for the benefit of his health.

Edward Lloyd will make another tour of Canada and the United States next season, and will sail for this country in October.

Walter Damrosch has completed the first act of his new opera "The Scarlet Letter," and it will be given without scenery or costume, at the latter end of the present month.

Hamish MacCunn, the Scotch composer, has completed his first opera, "Jeannie Deans," with the exception of the orchestration, but does not expect to have it produced before next season.

The celebrated humorist, Bill Nye, will give one entertainment in the Pavilion on Thursday, Feb. 15th. The subscribers' list is now open at Nordheimer's, and the plan will be opened on the 12th inst.

Mr. Kleiser's Star Course entertainment, in which James Whitcomb Riley again delighted a Toronto audience with readings from his own poems and Mr. Douglas Sherley shared the honors of the evening with his clever stories and recitations, was an unqualified success. The next star in the course will be Robert Burdette, who is sure to command a crowded house by his genial and searching humor. Mr. Kleiser deserves the thanks of the community for his enterprise and energy and his success as an impresario is well merited.

It was with regret we learned of the death of Mrs. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson, which occurred in New York a week or so ago. It seems but yesterday since she was with us, singing in the "Fencing Master" at the Grand Opera House, although it must be now nearly two months ago, and she was then the very picture of health and good looks. Her life has apparently been a romantic and interesting one; she had sung all over Europe and America, had made many friends, and gained a high reputation, and was just in the prime of her life and beauty.

Toronto is being favored with many organ recitals this winter. Mr. W. E. Fairclough, we believe, started the ball rolling two seasons ago, when he began his monthly organ recitals in All Saints Church, which have now become so popular. Besides these recitals, of which the fifth was presented last Saturday afternoon, Mr. J. Lewis Browne, the newly appointed and excellent organist of Bond Street Congregational Church, has already played in his own and in other churches, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist of Carlton Street Methodist church, and Mr. Arthur Blakeley, organist of Sherbourne Street Methodist church, have each given three or four recitals to interested audiences. And the season is not more than half through!

Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, the well known violinist and teacher, has organized a Ladies' String Quartette, of which Miss Grassick plays first violin, and Miss Lena Adamson, the second. We do not know the names of the other young ladies who play the viola and the 'cello, but they make their first appearance this Friday evening at the Knox College conversation, performing a quartette of Haydn's. Mrs. Adamson has also organized an orchestra from among her pupils, of some twenty-three members, who meet at her house once a week for practice. We are glad to learn of the interest this talented and enthusiastic musician is awakening among her students for the study of classical compositions, and compliment her on her success, which we hope will be continuous and lasting.

We have read with much pleasure Mr. J. Humfrey Anger's excellent essay on "Church Music," which he read before the Canadian Society of Musicians at their recent convention in the Normal School, and which can now be had in pamphlet form at any of the music

shops. In this instructive and interesting article of some sixteen pages, Mr. Anger shows wide knowledge of his subject, and traces its history from the beginning of the Christian era up to the present time. The pamphlet is nicely printed, and is well worth perusal, for it contains many facts not generally known, and is, quite apart from its instructive character, most interesting reading. Mr. Anger, who is professor of Harmony and Composition at the Conservatory of Music, has recently been appointed lecturer and examiner in music at Trinity University, succeeding Mr. E. M. Lott, of London, Eng., who held the position for some two or three years previously.

In an excellent and timely editorial in the last number of the *New York Musical Courier*—which by the way is a superb edition and a credit to artistic journalism—entitled "Certain Modern Tendencies in Art," the writer deplors the fact that composers, painters, poets and sculptors, are nearly all endeavoring to present with finished art, the most wholesome and disheartening subjects possible. He goes on to say, and correctly too, that nearly all of the recent important musical creations treat of the purely morbid, or are almost incapable of decipherment, owing to their complexity and polyphonic character, and even then the musical essence is not of a joyous nature, but more or less depressing. What we want is sunshine, brightness, cheer, healthy music, purity of subjects which will stimulate our senses, and enrich our minds with truth and happiness. We want music which has the fragrance of the fields and woods, and the exhilarating odors of the sea. Or, as the *Courier* says: "Give us sunshine in art! Good, healthy music, healthy literature, healthy painting and all this can only come from healthy men and women."

Mme. Adelina Patti sang in the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last to an overflowing house, and as usual gave the audience the chief songs of her repertoire, which she has been singing for the past thirty-five years, "Home Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," and one or two other special favorites. Patti ought to learn two or three more, and if we are patient she probably will. But speaking seriously—is it not too bad that an artist, gifted as she undoubtedly is, does not present to the public some of the many beautiful songs which have been written in recent years, or study some new operatic roles by our great romantic writers. It is questionable whether these rare singing birds, who flit hither and thither, warbling out their sunny bright melody, for \$5,000 a performance, ever do any lasting good of their audience, and then only sing what they know will produce the greatest effect. Had this rule been followed by great pianists, we would go to piano recitals, and listen to Henri Herz's vapid, insipid variations, or the show pieces of Thalberg or Gottschalk, and would not have advanced one iota in this respect, from the empty, shallow school of piano playing in vogue some forty years ago, when the highest aim of the performer, with few exceptions, was to produce an effect upon the uncultivated, sensuous-loving public.

A private letter from Ann Arbor, Mich., gives an account of some extraordinary experiments in hypnotism which have been performed there by a clever young doctor who has just got back from Germany with his head full of modern science and Wagner. After working through the ordinary experiments, he turned his attention to music. He took for his subject a man of ordinary capacity, who had never heard any Wagner, and after putting him into a hypnotic trance played the "Ride of the Valkyries." The man exhibited the greatest excitement and even terror, and when questioned as to the effect upon him he began to relate the story of Tam O'Shanter's ride as what best expressed his impressions. Then the doctor played a part of the "Götterdämmerung," in which the death motive occurs. The man became pale and rigid, his pulse dropped to 40, his respirations became fainter and he seemed on the edge of dissolution, so that

the doctor had to bring him out of the trance at once. This state the man described as being one of utter desolation and blank misery, which he said was like the impression produced by one of Shelley's sonnets, though it is more likely that he meant the lines:—

That time is dead forever, child,
Drowned, frozen, dead forever,
We look at the past and stare aghast
At the pale specters, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river,

or some such cheerful stanzas, for none of the sonnets exactly expresses the mood in question. These experiments are highly interesting and suggestive, but one would like to know how much of the effect produced is due to the direct influence of the music, and how much is caused by hypnotic suggestion. It is a matter of common knowledge that the mesmerist can make his patients laugh, weep, play on a broom and think they are drawing divine music out of a violin, take off their clothes and wash them on the back of an overturned chair for a scrubbing board, and do a hundred other absurd freaks, all at the simple volition of their master. The test would be much more convincing if music were played with which the hypnotizer was also unfamiliar. It would certainly be a remarkable discovery should these experiments prove that a person in a hypnotic state is much more keenly sensitive to musical effects than other persons. The next step would be to discover whether the same music produced similar effects upon different patients. Of course it would be too much to expect the subject to discover for himself any such erudite similes, or that the opening phrase of the Fifth symphony is like Fate knocking at the Door, but if the doctor's theory is sound, the alternations from gay to grave, from grave to gay in the music, must be followed by similar states in the mind of the hearer. Here is a new field open for hypnotism. Why not mesmerize the audiences at classical concerts? It is well known that not more than one in ten of the hearers has the faintest notion as to what it is all about, or derives any pleasure from the entertainment except from the relief when it is finished. How easily all this could be changed by hiring a "professor" to stand in the ante-room and make a few passes as each hearer came in, and then we should see audiences roaring with laughter after a "Humoresque," or shedding tears of grief as a Beethoven adagio died away, instead of clinking their watch-cases and pulling on their goloshes. If this Michigan doctor's theories are correct he has a great future before him. He should next, however, turn his attention to the problem of hypnotizing an amateur pianist through a thin lath partition. Then will the world indeed rise up and call him blessed.—*Springfield Republican.*

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HIGHER BUDDHISM IN THE LIGHT OF THE NICENE CREED. By the Rev. A. Lloyd, M.A. Tokyo: Type Foundry. 1893.

The author of this interesting and well written pamphlet has had large knowledge and experience of the Buddhist system and deals skilfully with its principles in their bearing on the gospel and the Christian faith. Starting with the statement that Buddhism is a philosophy more than a religion, and that it denies the existence of a personal Creator, he points out that the Buddhist theologians teach a doctrine of the Trinity, having distinct points of similarity to the Christian doctrine, only that the Christian teaching is simpler and more consistent. From the nature of God, he goes on to the work of God in creation, and again shows that the Buddhist's teaching is confusing, and finds its clear and consistent outcome in Christian teaching. Then in regard to human life, the simple and practical teaching of the gospel is contrasted with the ambitious and abstract teaching of Buddhism. The same process is applied to the teaching on salvation. Professor Lloyd expresses his admiration for much of the teaching of Shaka, but gives reasons for refusing to be his disciple. There is a slight erratum on p. 4:

"These three form God as He is revealed to us. They are distinct and yet divided. They are three and yet one." The word *divided* should be "united." This unpretending essay will be of great value alike to Christians and to Buddhists.

TOM SYLVESTER. By T. R. Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1893. \$1.50

In this neat volume of 428 pages Mr. Sullivan, if we mistake not, makes his first attempt at the novel proper. Of his previous essays at short story writing it has given us pleasure to speak approvingly. There is a lack of coarseness and crudeness in this author's literary work, which, to our mind, is not the least of his merits. It should certainly be no discredit to a man that his writing shows evidence of taste and culture, or even of a just pride in his own country. The chief character of this book gives it his name. The son of a clever rascal—who before Tom knew him left his gentle wife in her quiet New England village home, and thereafter pursued a career of infamy in Paris—Tom first proved his worth in commonplace surroundings. His cousin Marmaduke finds him a position in a private banking house, in which he is interested, in Paris, and there he tastes the life of the gay French capital. In time the dark shadow of his father falls across his path and his life is by no means lacking in trial, temptation, and trouble. How he fares in the battle, and its ultimate result, is fairly well told. Among the characters of the story we have a bad French nobleman who marries, to his, not to her gain, a rich American girl. Our hero himself does not escape the gentle passion, nor is he seriously burnt by its flame. Life in the quiet New England village, and in Paris, is not at all badly described. The author moralizes for the benefit of his fellow country-men and women, who are tempted to desert their native land. The shrewd typical New Englander, Jonas Buck, who should not be overlooked, is racy of the soil. This is by no means a bad attempt at a novel, and Mr. Sullivan has our best wishes for his future efforts.

HISTORY OF DARTMOUTH, PRESTON, AND LAWRENCETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA. By Mrs. William Lawson. Edited by Harry Piers. 175—1893. Halifax, Nova Scotia: Morton & Co. 1893.

The Pioneer and Historical Society of several counties in Ontario are meditating the publication of their collection of early documents and memoirs. They could not do better than take as a model to follow, Mrs. Lawson's account of the first settlement of Dartmouth, Preston, and Lawrencetown in the Province of Nova Scotia, here presented to us. This work was originally a prize essay. After the decease of its author, it was edited and slightly re-arranged by Mr. Harry Piers of Stanyan, Halifax. It consists of narratives, several of them quite pathetic, connected with the first clearings in the townships referred to, and the first establishment of industries, churches and educational institutions, with some notices of natural scenery and Indian local names. Included is a peculiar episode in the history of the region, namely, the transfer of a large body of so-called Maroons from the Island of Jamaica to Nova Scotia, whence it appears the authorities were only too happy afterwards to ship them across the ocean to Sierra Leone. The volume is a fine specimen of typography, and does credit to the Halifax Press. Whenever the Ontario Government shall decide to bring out its suggested annual volume of Provincial Archives, a considerable portion of its contents will consist doubtless of selections from reports of general summaries similar to that now before us, and there is probably not one member of our Legislative Assembly who would not have great pleasure in seeing the locality in which he or his father before him had been born and bred up, as faithfully described and as fully illustrated in the minute details of its early history, as are the townships of Dartmouth, Preston, and Lawrencetown, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, by Mrs. William Lawson and her editor, Mr. Piers.

ONWARD AND UPWARD. The Journal of the Onward and Upward Association. Edited by the Countess of Aberdeen. Vol. III. 1893.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE. Edited by Lady Marjorie Gordon and the Countess of Aberdeen. Vol. III. 1893. London: Partridge & Co. Edinburgh: George Duncan & Son.

No doubt some of our readers were familiar with the above excellent periodicals before the advent of their gracious editors to Ottawa. The objects aimed at by them are foreshadowed by their titles. That of the first is the beneficent one of helping the women of the country "Onward and Upward." The second seeks to do for the children what the first purposes for adults. It is indeed a good and noble work in which the Countess of Aberdeen and her daughter, the Lady Marjorie Gordon, are engaged. Through the medium of these popular and engaging publications, they seek to scatter far and wide in the homes of all classes the seeds of kindness, gentleness, intelligence and goodness. Let us glance for a moment at the beginning of this volume of "Onward and Upward," and first we observe its very attractive cover with the dove flying heavenward beneath the graceful arch of the title scroll, while below lies a scene of peace and promise. The warm and friendly greeting which meets the eye on the first page, by its very heartiness and sincerity is at once a token and evidence of good things to come. Then follows a sweet Christmas hymn. "One Little Life," a touching and beautiful story by Mary Lowe Dickinson, engages the attention to the fortieth page. We have now passed the threshold of the volume, and find ourselves face to face with the first number. The editorial notes are short, clear and sympathetic. Then comes an announcement as to prize papers and stories, followed by a graceful poem entitled "Christmas Cards." The letter from the president of the Onward and Upward Association abounds with wise, affectionate and disinterested advice. But we cannot linger over the most interesting Tennyson paper by W. Lethbridge, the engaging portraits of the aged poet and of Lady Tennyson, or the other appropriate poems and papers of the number, save to remark that the information for wives and mothers, the notes and Bible readings and the questions on biblical, historical, literary and other subjects are all of the most useful and instructive character. This is but a cursory sample of the various numbers which make up the 308 pages of the "Onward and Upward" volume.

"Wee Willie Winkie" provides some 236 delightful and instructive pages for Wee Willie's bairns. We may here remark that both volumes abound in appropriate and pleasing illustrations. We have already remarked in a prior issue, in noticing the last number of "Onward and Upward," how well it was being adapted to its new locality and surroundings, and we now express the hope that throughout our broad Dominion the good Countess of Aberdeen and her winsome daughter may find a most cordial welcome for "Onward and Upward" and "Wee Willie Winkie" in thousands of Canadian homes.

PERIODICALS.

Somewhat similar to *Cassell's Magazine*, but adapted to Sunday reading, is the *Quiver*. The February number has a pretty frontispiece of a sweet-faced maiden enjoying the scent of a rose. There are serial instalments and some twelve interesting papers in this issue, including two from the Bishop of Ripon and Rev. A. R. Macduff respectively.

"Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier" is the first of the eleven review articles which together make up the 266 solid, thoughtful and well written pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, for January. Among the other subjects dealt with, may be mentioned "The Poetry of Rural Life;" "Popular Literature of Modern Italy," and "Addresses of the late Earl of Derby."

An excellent and well varied number is that of *Cassell's Magazine* for February. Three.

good complete stories, instalments of two serials and twelve miscellaneous papers provide their quota of interesting, instructive and recreative reading in this capital and well-named "family" magazine. We observe at the end of "The Gatherer" a paragraph on our "Algonquin Park."

A felicitous and exceptionally well judged and written article on "Mr. Goldwin Smith's Recent Works" prefaces *Book Reviews* for February. The writer evidently well knows the man and well estimates his work. It is a model of its kind. This paper is followed by an appreciation of that important work, the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The notes and reviews are as usual good.

A pretty conceit is that of beginning the *Overland* for February with a number of illustrated poems descriptive of beautiful scenes in Oregon and Washington. There are, as well, two pleasant descriptive papers. The first, by F. F. Victor, has for its subject "Northern Seaside Resorts," and the second takes the reader "Up the Columbia in 1857." Other papers, including stories and poems, will be found in the number.

"Anarchist Literature" is the forbidding title of the first review article in the *January Quarterly*, and "The Peril of Parliament," the title of the last of the number, is no less suggestive of anxiety. But between these millstones come such pleasant literary browning as is indicated in some of the following titles: "History and Fable," "Church Missions," "Old English Cookery," but we surely have said enough to stimulate an appetite for the *January Quarterly*.

The *Expository Times* for January is full of useful practical matter, of great value to preachers and Bible-class teachers. Among the papers in the present number we would note some good remarks on Professor Sanday's Bampton Lectures on Inspiration, a continuation of "Keswick at Home," some comments on debated subjects, such as the Hour of the Crucifixion and the relations of Euodia and Syntyche. The great text commentary deals with I John ii. 1, 2. There are a number of good short notices of the "Books of the Month."

"Tiger! Tiger!" is the taking title of Rudyard Kipling's new short story in the February *St. Nicholas*, and a strong weird little story it is, and there will be many a young sleep-shouter from the reading of it. Mark Twain continues the wonderful travels of Tom Sawyer abroad; Dr. Eastman gives more recollections of his wild life. Brander Matthews writes of Benjamin Franklin; W. T. Hornady makes long tailed monkeys almost leap through the pages. But we really cannot tell all the attractions of this bright number of *St. Nicholas*.

That serviceable magazine encyclopædia, the *Review of Reviews*, in its issue of February, covers a great deal of ground in noticing the progress of the world, and conveys in this department and that on current events much important and helpful information to the busy reader. The notice of national budgets is good reading in finance. The three following papers deal respectively with the proposed new national park in Washington Territory, Professor Tyndall, and relief measures in American cities, and are contributed in order by Carl Snyder, Grant Allen and the Editor.

One is always sure of some good descriptive writing in the *Methodist Magazine*. The editor begins the February treat, in the tent life in Palestine series, and how well he tells of the interesting points by the way of Bethlehem and Bar Saba, readers will find out for themselves. Then comes "Zurich and its Memoirs" in second instalment from the pen of Waldemar Raden. Both papers are profusely illustrated. A timely article is that by Rev. Wm. Galbraith on "Hard Times, their Cause and Cure." Archdeacon Farrar, Sir Robert Ball and other famous writers also appear as contributors in this issue.

A grave, earnest, intellectual face is that of Professor David Starr Jordan portrayed in the *Popular Science Monthly* of this month; of

whom an appreciative sketch appears from the pen of Professor M. B. Anderson. Professor Andrew D. White continues the warfare of science series in an able paper on "The Visible Universe." A contribution of Canadian origin is that by Miss Blanche L. Macdonell entitled "Superstitions of the French Canadians." Both timely and interesting is Miss E. A. Youman's article on "Tyndall and his American Visit" which is enriched by letters which were written by that noted scientist. This excellent magazine has other important and well varied papers. The departments are excellently well filled.

The February issue of *Scribner's* opens with a careful study of Edward Burne-Jones from the pen of Cosmo Monkhouse. George W. Cable's "John March, Southerner," reaches the fifteenth chapter. James Baldwin contributes the seventh article in the series on "Men's Occupations," entitled "The School-master," and renders adequate justice to this interesting type. Some pretty verses by Arthur Sherburne Hardy are called "A Night Song," a most interesting article on "The Prayer of the Humble," painted by Jean Geoffroy, is contributed by that distinguished critic, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, which, together with the study of Burne-Jones, already referred to, would in itself make the February issue a strong one.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Nearly a hundred letters from Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble have just been purchased by Bentley, the London publisher. Their publication will be waited with interest.

The second part of Lewis Carroll's ever delightful "Sylvie and Bruno" is now almost ready. In this book Mr. Carroll has given voice to many of his most serious views of life, as well as to his most delightful nonsense.

Perhaps the most attractive portrait of Mr. Watson is that to be found in the new and enlarged edition of his poems published recently by Macmillan & Co. Its strong likeness to the mask of Pante has often been commented upon.

Professor George Von Wyss, the Swiss historian who died recently at Zurich, was president of the Swiss Society of Historical Research from 1854. He was a member of many foreign societies, and was almost seventy-eight years old at the time of his death.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel is to have a heroine instead of a hero. Her pictures of Rose and Katherine in "Robert Elsmere," and of Louie, Lucy, and the young French artist in "David Grieve," are forecasts of her ability to portray a woman and make one expect this full-length portrait with lively anticipation of pleasure.

A pen picture of Labouchere describes him as a man of the world—keen, unbelieving, hard as nails, a mocker at everything, including himself—a "flâneur" of the "flâneurs," a boulevardier of the boulevardiers—with a sauntering gait, a slow, drawing and wearied voice, and an eternal cigarette. His laziness is purely physical and superficial. Mentally he is the most active, persistent and tireless of men.

From the London *Literary World* we learn that Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist, whose "Eyes Like the Sea" (translated by Mr. Nisbet Bain) is being brought out by Messrs. Lawrence and Britton, has written over a hundred and fifty novels. "Eyes Like the Sea" is his best, though hardly a book *virginibus puerisque*. He is a man of high social position, a veteran politician, and the leading Hungarian journalist.

Hauptmann, the Austrian playwright, has undoubtedly found a niche among the latter-day dramatists. He is thirty-one, rather tall, blonde, shaven, with the manners of a shy curate, very gentle and very simple. He lives at Schreiberhan, a tiny burg in the depths of Silesia, and he leaves home as little as possible. He lives with his brother Karl, a

young "savant" with a future. The two brothers are married to two sisters, who take a passionate interest in the work of their husbands.

Dr. Justin Winsor has concluded his work, "From Cartier to Frontenac," and it will be out of the publishers' hands—Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., of Boston—in a few weeks. In it he studies Canadian history from a geographical point of view, and gives ample assistance in fac-similes of maps. No one in America is so competent to deal with Canadian history in this way as the learned editor of the *Narrative and Critical History of America*—a monumental work, invaluable to scholars everywhere.

Mr. Wilfrid Campbell, the poet of the Lakes, whose charming lyrics have delighted so many Canadians, is now engaged on a drama which will deal with the Arthurian legends. His *motif*, to use an expressive French term, will be quite different from that of Tennyson in the same fruitful field of poetic inspiration. We shall await its appearance with a great deal of interest. In these days, Canadian writers are making their influence felt. The efforts of Campbell, Scott, Frechette, Lampman, and Carman in poetry; of Kingsford, Sulte-Dionne and Bourinot in general and constitutional history, are well appreciated abroad. Canada will soon be best known by her writers and, we may add, by her artists.

Among the books soon to be issued by the Putnams are: "The Progress and the Morals of Secularism," by John M. Bonham; "Art in Theory, an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Aesthetics," by Prof. George L. Raymond, of the College of New Jersey; "American Song," compiled by A. B. Symonds, intended as a higher class textbook; "Random Rambles in Time and Space," by Dr. Augustus Jessup, author of "Arcady"; a third and a cheaper edition of Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library"; "Oliver Cromwell: a History," by Samuel H. Church; "A History of Social Life in England," from the earliest times, by H. D. Traill; and "Primary Elections," by Daniel S. Remsen, being volume LXV. of the Questions of the Day series.

Messrs. Harper and Bros. announce the following works: The second volume of George William Curtis' Works, edited by Professor Norton; a new volume in the Odd Number Series, "Parisian Points of View," from the French of Ludovic Halevy, by Edith V. B. Matthews; "In Direct Peril," a new story by David Christie Murray; "The Mystery of Abel Forefinger," by William Drysdale in Harper's Young People Series; "A Child's History of Spain," by John Bonner; "The Science of the Earth," by Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., and "Dodge's Practical Biology," by Prof. Charles Wright Dodge, a laboratory guide for high school and college students. They have in preparation for publication during the month "The Jewish Question," "Our English Cousins," by Richard Harding Davis; "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle, and Constance Fenimore Woolson's latest novel, "Horace Chase."

A St. John, New Brunswick, exchange has this interesting announcement: "Mr. Hannay's University Extension course on Canadian history will consist of nine lectures, the first of which will be given on Friday evening, in the Odd Fellows Hall. The special branch of Canadian history that will be dealt with is the war of 1812, when Canada, during three campaigns, by the bravery of her own sons and the help of British troops, was successfully defended against invasion. It was in this war that the New Brunswick regiment, the 104th, took so prominent a part, and it was because of this contest that a second provincial regiment, the New Brunswick Fencibles, was organized. The story of the war of 1812 is one of intense interest, which has not been fully told in any book now in print or readily accessible to the general public. It is therefore expected that the course will be well attended."

One of the last letters penned by Francis Parkman, the historian, just before the illness which ended in his death, was to a Canadian writer, Dr. Bourinot, with whom he frequently corresponded: "Your very obliging note and the book on Cape Breton came last evening. I had already read with interest your paper in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, and am now very glad to have your valuable monograph in a separate form. The illustrations add greatly to its value, and it seems to me to include everything most worthy of preservation in the history of the island. Brown did his best to get hold of the documents in the archives of the Minister of Marine, but, as I happen to know, was baffled by official obstruction. I thank you for your very kind mention of me in your book, which comes with treble force from one so deeply versed in Canadian affairs and Canadian history.—With great regard and esteem, Yours very truly, FRANCIS PARKMAN."

Dr. Justin Winsor, the eminent historian and librarian of Harvard University, in a letter to Dr. Bourinot gives the following interesting information with respect to the disposal of Francis Parkman's library:—"It is coming to the college library; I spent an hour or two the other day going over it in his Chestnut street study, and the close examination confirmed my supposition, formed by passing observation, when I was with him, that it is not large, perhaps about 1,200 volumes, and with little that is rare in it. It was simply a working collection for his purpose, supplementing the much more valuable manuscripts. These have gone from time to time to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and they have now taken the rest which Parkman had retained. His collection of maps, including the great Franquelin map, of which the original has disappeared from the archives at Paris, came to us some years ago, and there is a small residue which will accompany his books to Cambridge."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ἄκρᾱς ὄνῃσιν ἀνθρώπων. (Pindar, Pyth. vii.)
 Shafts of the bitter North!
 Edged with sharp hail and feathered with the
 flake,
 Already hurtling forth,
 Where the tarn shivers and dead rushes shake
 Upon the biting wind.
 Echoes of all the years,
 Summers and autumns dead, that lie behind,
 Laughters dissolved in tears,
 Griets that have set their hands upon my
 head,
 Ye chant into my ears.
 Heralds of Tempest-time!
 Winding your sleety music in the hills,
 Answering sublime
 The gathering thunder of a thousand rills,
 Spray-jewelled with the young November
 rime.
 Happy, who listening
 Through your tumultuous revelry can hear
 Sworn promise of the spring.
 To me, who tread the perilous darkness near,
 Ye speak this bitter thing.
 Alas for him who yields!
 Alas for him whose hopes be all confined
 Within the barren fields
 That march with death! 'Tis not to reap nor
 bind.
 'Tis not to garner with the blest who deem
 The fruit of life is richer than a dream.
 J. W. DE LYS, in the *Speaker*.

A GOOD COMIC OPERA STORY.

Marie Wainwright was speaking of her nervousness on the first night of a new production, and she said that an absurd contretemps nearly threw her off her balance during a first night. She continued:—"Perhaps you remember that as Dame Hannah in 'Ruddi-gore,' I had to go on with a small dagger, with which I was supposed to threaten the wicked

baronet's life. When my turn came round the dagger had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. Nothing would induce me to go on without my property, and although Mr. Barrington implored me to appear without it, I was resolute. Of course there was a terrible stage wait, and at last Mr. Barrington grew desperate, and, forcing something into my hand, absolutely pushed me on to the stage. And what do you think it was?" asked Miss Wainwright, laughing at the reminiscence. "Of all things, it was a large gas key! I contrived, however, to conceal the absurd makeshift from the audience; but when I had to hand my supposed dagger to Mr. Grossmith he most unkindly gave me away. 'How can I kill myself with this thing?' he said, holding up the gas key in its entirety to the audience. Of course there was a perfect howl of laughter, and for some minutes we were unable to continue."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will appear at the Grand Opera House February 19, 20 and 21 in the following repertoire: Monday, February 19, "Becket"; Tuesday, "Nana Oldfield" and "The Bells"; Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday evening, "Louis XI." The sale of seats begins Wednesday, February 14.

A GIRL'S NARROW ESCAPE.

HER FRIENDS DID NOT THINK SHE COULD RECOVER.

A Case Where the Expression "Snatched From the Grave" May be Most Appropriately Used—A Story Worthy of a Careful Perusal by Parents. From the Penetanguishene Herald.

A few evenings ago a representative of the Herald while in conversation with Mr. James McLean, fireman on the steamer Manitou, which plies between here, Midland and Parry Sound, learned the particulars of a case which adds another to the long list of triumphs of a well-known Canadian remedy, and is of sufficient importance to deserve wide-spread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. The case referred to is the remarkable restoration to health of Mr. McLean's daughter Agnes, 13 years of age, who had been so low that her recovery was deemed almost impossible. Miss McLean's condition was that of very many other girls throughout the land. Her blood had become impoverished, giving rise to palpitation of the heart, dizziness, severe headache, extremely pale complexion and general debility. At this period Miss McLean was residing in Midland, and her condition became so bad that she was finally compelled to take to her bed. A doctor was called in, but she did not improve under his treatment and another was then consulted, but without any better results. She had become so weak that her father had no hopes of her recovery and did not think she would live three months. The lady with whom Miss McLean was residing urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and finally a supply was secured. Before the first box was all gone an improvement could be noticed in the girl's condition, and by the time another box had been used the color was beginning to come back to her cheeks, and her appetite was returning. The use of Pink Pills was still continued, each day now adding to her health and strength, until finally she was restored to perfect health, and has gained in weight until she now weighs 140 pounds. Mr. McLean says he is convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his daughter's life, and

he believes them to be the best remedy in the world, and does not hesitate to advise their use in all similar cases.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co. from either address, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The whole world is put in motion by the desire of wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it secures us from poverty; for it is more useful for defence than acquisition, and is not so much able to secure as to exclude evil.—Dr. Johnson.

The re-election of the following gentlemen to the offices appended to their names in the Trusts Corporation of Ontario is a guarantee of the trustworthiness of that institution. The Hon. J. C. Aikins is again President, and Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-Presidents. The success of the company is indicated by the increase of the capital stock to a million dollars. This company acts in the capacity of guardian, executor and administrator and trustee.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAGUE.

I WAS CURED of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I WAS CURED of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING WITH LESS HEAT.

Part of the energy conveyed to an incandescent electric lamp is wasted in the form of heat. This latter is radiated by the white-hot filament and transmitted to the outer air by the glass globe. If the glass could be made a poorer conductor of heat than it is now, then this loss would be reduced, and a given current would produce more light. *The Pharmaceutical Era* declares that a German chemist has succeeded in producing glass, which, while transparent, is virtually impervious to heat. This is a rather incredible statement; but if it be true, a reform in one kind of electric lighting will be thus promoted. The incandescent lamp is not so economical at present as the arc lamp, although for certain uses it is more convenient. But if the new glass, which is said to be composed of sodium hydrate, sand and kaolin, truly answers the description which is given of it, it will increase the efficiency of the former system and enable it to compete more advantageously with the latter.

THE TRUSTS CORPORATION OF ONTARIO

held their annual general meeting on Wednesday, the 31st January, in their offices, Canadian Bank of Commerce building. Among those present were the following:—Hon. J. C. Aikins, J. L. Blaikie, A. H. Campbell, J. Catto, W. H. Cawthra, William Cooke, William Hendrie, J. J. Kenny, Matthew Leggett, Thomas Long, Alexander Manning, W. D. Matthews, Edward Martin, Q.C., D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., A. Nairn, E. B. Osler, Hugh Ryan, A. M. Smith, etc. The following extracts from a somewhat lengthy report will give a good idea of the prosperous state of the corporation:—

"The additional business acquired during the past year, embracing administrations, executorships, guardianships, trusteeships, committee of lunatics and other like offices, has been gratifying, not only from the volume of business gained, but also on account of the extended area covered from which these have come. From Sarnia to Prescott and from St. Catharines to Peterboro' trusts have been committed to us, thus affording a satisfactory evidence of the growth of our corporation.

"The continuous growth of the operations of the corporation warrant your directors in pointing to that feature as an index, that the trusts placed with it have been discharged in a manner fitted to retain the confidence and continued support of its clientele.

"The growth of the safe deposit business has been steady. Starting in March, 1892, with an income of \$1,610, we have now a rental of nearly \$2,500; an appreciable increase in a business of this nature."

The corporation have purchased on very favorable terms the deposit vaults, safes, etc., formerly owned by the Dominion Safe Deposit Company. These vaults, foundations, etc., were specially constructed for this company, and in point of strength and accommodation are said to be the finest in the Dominion.

The directors recommend, and the shareholders approve, of the capital stock of the corporation being increased to \$1,000,000.

The former Board of Directors were unanimously re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting held the Hon. J. C. Aikins was elected President, Sir Richard J. Cartwright and Hon. S. C. Wood Vice-Presidents.

Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, and be not high-minded, but fear.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

NOW IS THE TIME.

The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they wilt like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to purify the blood, overcome that tired feeling and give necessary strength. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength, and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems perfectly adapted to overcome that prostrating caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood.

PUBLIC OPINION.

London Free Press: To be consistent the P. P. A. ought to attach to its demand that convents and monasteries be open for inspection, an offer to open itself and its aims and proceedings "to public inspection." Why not have one law for all?

Montreal Gazette: If democracy implies a tendency toward individualism, the American Democracy is demonstrating its claim to the title by travelling a rough road of disunion, lined with thorns and likely to end in defeat. It is apparent to every one that the Democratic party has mightily lost prestige since its signal victory in '92; and the verdict of common opinion is that the sole reason for this decadence in popular respect is nothing less than the succession of pitiable exhibitions of the inability of the Democrats to rule.

Quebec Chronicle: We can easily understand why the National Council of Women should have a place in our social, domestic and intellectual life. Lady Aberdeen can have no difficulty in showing the grand results which must come from the establishment of a body, which appeals so touchingly to high endeavor, and to the earnest activities of Canadian women. The Council knows no creed or race. All women interested in philanthropic purposes, meet on a common plane, and serve a common object. In a word, the movement is destined to effect great good in our community, and we predict that it will prove one of the most conspicuous successes of our century.

St. John Globe: How elusive is this winter port business! When Confederation was projected we were to have it right away. It did not materialize then. All that was necessary was to wait for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. We waited, but in vain. Then it was the National Policy that was needed. That policy has been tried, and it was not enough. The building of the Short Line would do it. Well, the line was built, and nothing came of that. There were no wharves and elevators and all that sort of thing. The city came into the gap and put up the money, or a greater part of it for these. Now it is the wages of the workmen that stands in the way!

Halifax Chronicle: In addition to the mixed-up condition of things created in the Upper Provinces by the P. P. A. movement, federal politics present a rather kaleidoscopic view, indicating that everything is not "lovely" at Ottawa. Tariff reform is evidently troubling the Government a good deal. The feat of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, or riding the orange and blue horses which persist in going in opposite directions, is nothing to the trouble which Minister Foster finds in reforming the tariff on a protective basis, so as to satisfy the demand for sweeping reductions of duty and at the same time maintain the national policy in the shape demanded by the protected combines.

Manitoba Free Press: The homely, old-fashioned and true notion of a farm, as understood in Canada is that of fields of different crops, with fowls cackling in the barnyard, hogs squealing in their pens, and sheep and cattle grazing in the pastures. That is the kind of a farm to which ninety-nine out of every hundred who come to the Northwest are accustomed; it is the only kind of a farm which ninety-nine out of every hundred will find it practicable to establish. They come to farm. They may be persuaded to grow wheat only, but the experience of a few seasons will demonstrate to them that that will not do. They take up a homestead and perhaps add another quarter section; the two then give a liberal acreage for farming; in many instances it is found too liberal. Let the settler who comes to the Northwest make up his mind to farm in the good, old-fashioned way, and he will find it work out all right in the end, and twenty such settlers, even with only a quarter section each, are worth more to the country than the big wheat grower with his 20,000 acres.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Dr. Fairfax Irwin, United States Marine
Hospital Service, has gone to St. Petersburg to
investigate Russian cholera.

A concession has been secured by an Amer-
ican for the construction of an electric railway
between Tokio and Yokhoama, a distance of
about thirty miles. Two American engineers
are said to be now on their way to Japan in
connection with the matter.

Excavations in Oisseau le Petit, Depart-
ment of the Sarthe, France, have revealed a
Gallo-Roman city, which appears to have been
destroyed by an earthquake. The city prob-
ably contained some 30,000 inhabitants, but
its name is not known in French history. The
ruins include a great temple, part of which is
still standing, also a theatre and monuments.—
Engineering and Mining Journal.

If the reported results of recent researches
in diphtheria by the Bacteriological Bureau of
the New York Health Department are con-
firmed they are extremely important. The
power to transmit the infection of diphtheria,
it is found, lingers sometimes for as much as
twelve days and occasionally three or four
weeks in patients who have made an apparen-
tly perfect recovery from this most deadly dis-
ease.—*New York Herald.*

In an oxy-magnesium lamp for photograp-
hers' use, the oxygen enters the lamp from a
cylinder and common gas at either normal or
higher pressure is used. The battery is blown
out in the shape of an organ-plan, but the pure
oxygen in contact with its outer and inner
surfaces. Above the flame is metal piping to
convey the white smoke into the aluminium.
Burning the magnesium in pure oxygen in-
creases its actinic power 12 times.

Experiments in magnetizing and concen-
trating the low grade soft, red ores of some
Southern districts are in process, and said to
be so far promising of good results. The con-
sulting chemist of the Tennessee Coal, Iron
and Railroad Company, operating upon
3,000 pounds at a time of the crude ore which
contained forty per cent. of iron and 29 of
silica, has been able to secure 57 per cent. of
iron and reduce silica 10 per cent.—*Age of
Steel.*

According to the London *Engineer*, there
are at present 47 oil tank steamers afloat, rang-
ing in size from 666 to 4,134 tons gross, while
no less than 17 more are at present being
built at European yards. The Dover (England)
Harbor Board has closed arrangements with an
oil company for the erection on the docks of
large oil reservoirs, which are to be construct-
ed by next summer, when oil tank steamers
will make Dover a depot for the South of Eng-
land and run regularly between there and
Russian and American ports.

The deepest boring of which we have any
knowledge up to the present time, says *Revue
Scientifique*, is at Parvshowitz, in the district
of Ribnik, in Western Silesia. The depth at-
tained is 6,568 feet, and the diameter of the
hole is only 2.75 inches. The work has been
temporarily stopped in order to lower especial
thermometers, which have been made with
great accuracy, into the hole for the purpose of
obtaining the temperature at different depths.
The boring will then be resumed, and it is
hoped that the depth of 8,200 feet will be
reached.

In a German medical journal, Dr. P. Fur-
binger treats of the peanut as an article of food
rich in albumen, of which it contains 47 per
cent., together with 19 per cent. of fat and
non-nitrogenous extractive matters. He re-
commends the use of roasted peanuts in the
form of soup or mush. On account of their
cheapness peanuts are recommended as a pop-
ular article of food, especially in poorhouses
and the like; moreover, they are recommend-
ed as an article of food for the corpulent, di-
abetics and for the subjects of kidney disease,
in the last mentioned of whom foods rich in
animal albumen are to be avoided.—*New York
Tribune.*

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COCOA and CHOCOLATE

Highest Awards
(Medals and Diplomas)
World's Columbian
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On the following articles,
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BREAKFAST COCOA,
PREMIUM No. 1 CHOCOLATE,
GERMAN SWEET CHOCOLATE,
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COCOA BUTTER,

For "purity of material,"
"excellent flavor," and "uni-
form even composition."

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bron-
chitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints,
Lumbago, Inflammations, RHEUM-
ATISM NEURALGIA, Frost-
bites, Chilblains, Headache,
Toothache, Asthma,
DIFFICULT BREATHING.

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

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for
Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains
in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the First and is the Only
PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains,
allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether
of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or
organs, by one application.

**ALL INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps in
the Bowels or Stomach, Spasms, Sour Stom-
ach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea,
Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are re-
lieved instantly and quickly cured by taking
internally as directed.**

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

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY & CO.,

419 St. James Street, Montreal.

RADWAY'S
PILLS,

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in
restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action
the various organs, the natural conditions of which
are so necessary for health, grapple with and
neutralize the impurities, driving them completely
out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have long been acknowledged as the
Best Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDI-
GESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,
DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS
OF THE LIVER.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Minard's Liniment cures LaGrippe.



A SURGEON'S KNIFE
 gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.
The Triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that **RUPTURE** or Breach, is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.
TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.
PILE TUMORS, however large, how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.
STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.
STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The unexplored area of Canada is over 1,000,000 square miles.

President Andrews, of Brown University, has declined the offer to become co-president of the University of Chicago.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only Hood's.

Edward Dunbar, who wrote "There's a Light in the Window for Thee," died recently in jail at Coffeyville, Kan., a tramp.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures worms of all kinds in children or adults. It contains no injurious ingredients. Price 25c.

The Victoria railway bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, Canada, contains 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry work and 10,500 tons of iron.

SPRING TIME COMING.

Before the advent of spring the system should be thoroughly cleansed and purified by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which purifies the blood and cures dyspepsia, constipation, headache, liver complaint, etc.

The appointment of Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, the literary woman and poet, as postmaster of Auburndale, Mass., came almost as a birthday gift to her, for it came within a few days of an anniversary.—*New York Tribune.*

HIGHLY PRAISED.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Hagyard's Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scalds, rheumatism, croup and colds. I have recommended it to many friends and they also speak highly of it.

Mrs. HIGHT, Montreal, Que.

Halsey C. Ives, who was director of the Art Department at the World's Fair, will return to St. Louis soon to resume work upon his plans for the establishment of a school of design in connection with the Art Museum of Washington University.

Open as Day.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

Earthenware sleepers, the invention of Matsui Tokutaro, a Japanese, were recently experimented on at Shimbashi Station, Japan. Fairly good results were obtained. It is claimed that the increased cost of earthenware sleepers is amply compensated by their freedom from decay.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

GENTLEMEN,—We have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our house for over three years, and find it an excellent remedy for all forms of coughs and colds. In throat and lung troubles it affords instant relief.

JOHN BRODIE, Columbus, Ont.

Negotiations are in hand between the German postal authorities and the Belgian telegraph department, with reference to the establishment of a telephone line between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle on the German side, and between Verviers and Brussels on the Belgian side.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

DEAR SIR,—Having suffered for months from bronchitis. I concluded to try Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup, and by the time I had taken one bottle I was entirely free from the trouble and feel that I am cured.

C. C. WRIGHT, Toronto Junction, Ont.

In connection with the Punjab Exhibition, which is about to be opened at Lahore, India, there will be held an exhibition of sanitary appliances, which includes lighting, conveyances, water-supply, conservancy, filters, house-cooling appliances, furniture, houses, roads and drains, arboriculture and food.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Educational.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
 FOR YOUNG LADIES
 Full English Course Languages, Drawing, etc. For Prospects etc., apply to
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 WYKHAM HALL, TORONTO

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A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.

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Pupil of Prof. Martin Krauss, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Halle concerts; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the South orchestral tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—105 Gloucester Street, Toronto College of Music.

W. J. McNALLY,
 Late of Leipzig Conservatory of Music.
 Organist and Choirmaster, Beverley Street Baptist Church, Teacher of Piano.
 Toronto College of Music or 32 Sussex Avenue

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE (FOUNDED 1829.)

A fully equipped residential Boys' School. Besides the Classical and Science Courses, for which the College has long been famous, a thorough Business education is also adopted by the London (England) Chamber of Commerce is now taught—eight exhibitions entitling the winners to free tuition are annually open for competition. Winter Term begins January 8th.

For Prospectus apply to
 The PRINCIPAL, U. C. COLLEGE,
 DEER PARK, TORONTO.

Petty vexations may at times be petty, but still they are vexations. The smallest and most inconsiderable annoyances are the most piercing. As small letters weary the eye most, so also the smallest affairs disturb us most.—*Montaigne.*

CURED HIS BOILS IN A WEEK.
 DEAR SIR,—I was covered with pimples and small boils, until one Sunday I was given $\frac{1}{2}$ of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time.

FRED CARTER, Haney, B.C.
 I can answer for the truth of the above.

T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B.C.
 Dr. Max Ohmfalsch-Richter, the well-known archaeologist, is about to return to the Island of Cyprus, in order to continue his work, to which end the German Emperor has granted him the sum of 25,000 marks from the funds at his special disposal. The aquarium of the Berlin Museum owes to him a number of valuable acquisitions. He was originally a farmer, but later went to Cyprus as a journalist during the English occupation, and there became interested in archaeology and the excavations.

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.
DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.
 A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world.
 W. G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.

CHOCOLAT MENIER

A Common Error.
 Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.
This is wrong--
 TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
 TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
 What is left?
A Residue. So with COCOA.
 In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER
 ANNUAL SALES EXCEED 88 MILLION POUNDS.
 If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to Menier, Canadian Branch, 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.

Mrs. T. H. Luscombe,
 of London, Ont., was permanently cured from Hemorrhages of Lungs by
RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER
 Others can be cured the same, if they will but use it.
 HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA—
120 King St. W., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Garden hose should be appropriate wear for a lawn party.

The banks continue to gain currency as fast as an unfounded rumor.

He: So you never were in love? She: No; but I've been engaged to lots of men who were.

The buzz-saw is generally temperate, but once in a while it takes "two or three fingers."

Raised letters are intended for the blind, and we suppose raised checks are for the same purpose.

Languid Youth: I thay, old chap, which do you think is the beth thide of my head? Photographer: Oh, the outside, decidedly.

Literary Beginner: If I could find a publisher, I know I should soon get ahead. Old Hand: Of course you would—a swelled one.

Lady (engaging servant): We are all total abstainers, but I suppose you don't mind that? Oh, no, mum; I've been in a reformed drunkard's family before!

Miss Peachy: They seem to be making a great fuss still over this "Dodo" of Benson's don't they? Professor Truffles: Really, I thought the Dodo was quite extinct.

Friend from Abroad: Your eldest son is quite grown up, I suppose, Mr. Pratt? Mr. Pratt: Oh, yes. He's been grown up some time. He's beginning now to grow down.

Uncle Josh: Why are these cars called grip cars? Nephew: Because every now and then the cable breaks and the passengers get the grip waiting for the car to start up again.

"No," mused the authoress whose manuscripts are rejected, "I have not very much of what the world regards as riches. But I have 17 novels and six poems, all in my own write."

Helen Hyler: Do you know it is reported we are engaged? Jack Lever: Has any one congratulated you yet? Helen Hyler: No; but several people have asked me if I am really going to marry you.

Teacher: Why are you late to school? Boy: The streets are so slippery I couldn't walk. Teacher: I didn't find them so. Boy: No; mabe not. You see, I greased my soles so I could slide.

Which?—We always thought witches had been exterminated by burning or otherwise, but we now find the Grimsby Fish Market reporter quoting "witches at four to five shillings per stone." This at least looks fishy.

"I have no objection, Tommy, to your playing with the rich banker's son," said the poor widow, "if he is a good boy. But you don't toady to him, do you?" "Yep," answered Tommy. "Me and him plays leapfrog."

SHE WOULD NEITHER PAINT NOR POWDER.

"I positively will not use cosmetics," said a lady to the writer, "yet my complexion is so bad that it occasions me constant mortification. What can I do to get rid of these dreadful blotches?" "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," was my prompt reply. "Your complexion indicates that you are suffering from functional derangements. Remove the cause of the blotches and your cheeks will soon wear the hue of health. The 'Favorite Prescription' is a wonderful remedy for all diseases peculiar to your sex. Its proprietors guarantee to return the money if it does not give satisfaction. But it never fails. Try it." The lady followed my advice, and now her complexion is as clear as a babe's, and she enjoys better health than she has for many years. To permanently cure constipation, biliousness and sick-headache take Dr. Pierce's Pills. Of dealers.



THE EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR Rheumatism, Sciatica and Nervous Diseases.

Mention this Paper.

REV. ALEX. GILRAY, College Street Presbyterian Church, writes: Dear Sirs,—

It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acetic Acid remedy is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your Acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many,—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue. Toronto, 28th Nov., 1893.

For pamphlet and all information apply to

COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria St., TORONTO.

HEALTH FOR ALL!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

L.R.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

Geography as a science was introduced into Europe by the Moors in 1210.

Statistics show that Russia produces and consumes a smaller quantity of beer than any other nation.

A microbe never lacks company. One of them can become the progenitor of about 280,000,000,000 of his kind in 48 hours.

LIFE IS MISERY

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

A woman inventor has constructed a table which waits upon itself. The table is round and the stationary space for plates, etc., is about ten inches wide. Within this circle is a revolving disc an inch or two higher than the stationary part. On this the food is placed, and a simple turn will bring the desired article within reach.

John Wenstron, an ingenious German, has invented a hole-boring contrivance which may be driven either by foot, hand or steam power. The holes drilled by this dainty instrument are but one-thousandth of an inch in diameter and the smallest that man has yet been able to pierce. The machine has a capacity of 22,000 revolutions per minute and is intended solely for drilling holes through diamonds, sapphires, rubies and other precious stones.—*St. Louis Republic.*

I like that kind of causerie which contains a recipe. Here is one which I borrow, for I am not myself skilled in this culinary. It is an old-fashioned way of cooking blotters: formerly it was much practised by men who lived in chambers, and had to do things for themselves. Take a bloater; lay it on a long and narrow dish; pour a quartern of whiskey over it; set fire to the whiskey. When it is burned out the fish will be done to a turn. Perhaps some one younger and stronger than I would like to try this method and report upon it.—*Walter Besant, in London Queen.*

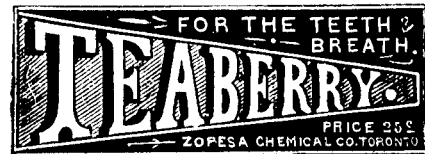
Thomas Mosgrove, Cornwall, Ont.

suffered for 12 years from Liver Trouble, and chronic Diarrhea. Had treated with the best physicians of Ottawa and elsewhere but got no real benefit until he tried

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

This wonderful remedy in a few months completed a positive and permanent cure in his case. Many suffer like him, who could be cured did they use this remedy under our directions.

HEAD OFFICE 120 King St. W., Toronto.



The room in which Napoleon I. died is now a stable.

The first illustrated Bible ever published was a Nuremberg Bible, printed in 1476.

A rather curious review has been made by Professor Oettinger in his "Moral Statistics," as to the geographical distribution of crime. He says, for instance, that comparatively few murders occur in Turkey, a country deranged and unsettled in its affairs, wherein a large proportion of the people are lacking civilization and culture. But the Islam faith is productive of a certain religious sentiment in these uneducated masses which prevents murder, the greatest crime against human and divine laws. Compared with Turkey, Greece, once the seat of civilization, but now demoralized and degraded by Turkish influences, without the prohibitive power of the Mohammedan religion, rolls up, in a population of less than 2,000,000 people, 316 murders and 473 felonious assaults, an average of one killed or maimed for every 2,800 souls.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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 ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC TAUGHT,
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CALENDAR of 132 pages, giving particulars of all departments matted free.
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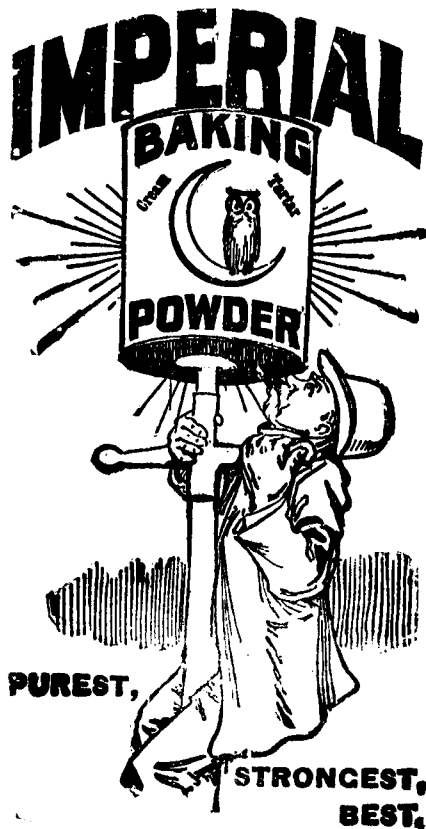
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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Loss of Flesh

is one of the first signs of poor health. Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Diseased Blood follow.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, cures all of these weaknesses. Take it in time to avert illness if you can. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
 Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
 Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

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What Causes Pimples?



Clogging of the pores or mouths of the sebaceous glands with sebum or oily matter.

Nature will not allow the clogging of the pores to continue long, hence, inflammation, pain, swelling and redness.

What Cures Pimples?

The only reliable cure, when not due to a constitutional humor, is CUTICURA SOAP. It dissolves sebaceous or oily matter, reduces inflammation, soothes and heals irritated and roughened surfaces, and restores the skin to its original purity.

Besides being the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, it is the purest, sweetest, and most delicate of toilet soaps. Sold throughout the world. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
 "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

IF -- **YOUR WEDDING CAKE**

ORDER IS NOT GIVEN, CALL AT ONCE AT

HARRY WEBB'S,
 447 YONGE STREET.

J. YOUNG,
 (ALEX. MILLARD)
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.
 Telephone 679. 347 YONGE STREET.

FRY'S Pure Concentrated Cocoa

The Drink—par excellence for children.—
 DR. STANLEY.

SOME THINGS HE IS SURE OF.

BATES, the successful advertising manager for the great Indianapolis department store, says:—

"A Great Deal about advertising is uncertain, but some things I know. I know them so well that I wonder how anybody ever doubted them.

"One Thing is, that the highest-priced paper is likely to be the cheapest.

"Another is that advertisements in dull seasons and on 'off days' pay, and

PAY BIG.

CAMPBELL'S SKREI



SEMPER EADEM
 FAMOUS **COD LIVER OIL**
 IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
 CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
 WHOOPING COUGH,
 PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
 AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Scrofula.

Scrofula is a tainted and impure condition of the blood, causing sores, swellings, ulcers, tumors, rashes, eruptions and skin diseases. To remove it, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed and the system regulated and strengthened. B.B.B. is the strongest, **PUREST AND BEST** purifier and cures all scrofulous disorders rapidly and surely.

"I was entirely cured of a scrofulous ulcer on my ankle by the use of B.B.B. and Burdock Healing Ointment."
 Mrs. Wm. V. Boyd, Brantford, Ont.