

This Number contains : A Brother of Sir Walter Scott at Quebec, by W. D. Lighthall, M.A.; The Marriage Tie and Social Evolution. Editorial: Prison Labour.

VOL. XIII., No. 48.

\$3.00 Per Annum.

October 23rd, 1896.

Price 10 Cents.



THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

POLITICS

LITERATURE

SCIENCE

MUSIC

DRAMA

ART

The Derelict.

Unmoored, unmanned, unheeded on the deep—
Tossed by the restless billow and the breeze,
It drifts o'er sultry leagues of tropic seas,
Where long Pacific surges swell and sweep.

When pale-faced stars their silent watches keep
From their far rhythmic spheres, the Pleiades,
In calm beatitude and tranquil ease,
Smile sweetly down upon its cradled sleep.

Erewhile with anchor housed and sails unfurled,
We saw the stout ship breast the open main
To round the stormy cape and span the world,
In search of ventures which betoken gain.
To-day, somewhere on some far sea we know
Her battered bulk is heaving to and fro.

Lucius Harewood Foote.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, October 23rd, 1896.

No. 48

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

Current Topics.

The Penitentiary Commission.
The appointment of a commission to inquire into the working of the Kingston Penitentiary recalls an interesting reminiscence in Canadian history. One of the earliest public duties undertaken by the late George Brown was an inquiry into the working of the same institution. The report which resulted from the investigation stirred up a great deal of ill-feeling against him, and came very near inflicting upon its author serious inconvenience, if not irreparable disaster. The original document was either accidentally lost or purposely abstracted, and as Mr. Brown's charges of mismanagement were on record there was some hope on the part of his enemies that he would not be able to substantiate them. Fortunately for himself he had kept a copy of the evidence for his own use, and when the Parliamentary assault was made upon him he was able to meet it instantly and effectively.

North-West Lands.
The Canadian Pacific Railway management has acted wisely in modifying the regulations which govern the sale of lands to settlers. Formerly the purchaser had to begin his payments at once, and, on the plan then adopted, his heavier payments came first. Under the new system he will be allowed two years, instead of one, in which to make the first payment, and all the payments will be equal. From an actuarial point of view, the Company loses nothing in money by the change, while the settler gains a great deal in convenience. The Company and the Government might well consider also whether a reduction in the price of unsettled lands would not be advisable. They have a joint interest in peopling the country, and in these days of keen competition in wheat-growing every legitimate means of inducing settlement should be adopted. An increase of paying traffic may be more profitable to the Company than a high price for lands sold.

Criminal Pardon.
Whether the change of Ministry and a sudden increase in the exercise of the pardoning power of the Governor-in-Council is more than a mere coincidence one may not venture to say, but it does look as if Sir Oliver Mowat had made up his mind to mark the inauguration of his administration of the Department of Justice by a display of leniency. To this no one is likely to object so long as the beneficiaries are convicts whose health is hopelessly gone, or prisoners of whose guilt there has arisen a reasonable doubt; but it is surely going a long way to commute the death sentence on a homicide simply because he has been subject to epileptic fits. So far as the evidence taken at the trial of Hansen shows, his crime was an utterly brutal and intensely sordid one. There seems to be no good reason to doubt that he killed his travelling companion for no other motive than to rifle his corpse of a little money and a few articles of clothing. Of course the commutation is based on the report of an "alienist," but it would be hard to find a criminal whom some well-known experts would not pronounce insane. The instinct of the general public revolts at the escape of such murderers on any excuse, and that instinct is sound. A witty Frenchman replied to a plea against capital punishment, based on the necessity of cultivating respect for the sacredness of human life, by saying that the "assassins should begin."

The "Canada" Luncheon.
Two very important speeches were made at the luncheon given on board the "Canada," by the Dominion Steamship Company to a number of eminent citizens of Montreal and some of the public men of the Dominion. Mr. Laurier, in his brief address, magnified the vocation of the farmer, whom he put foremost among industrial producers, and dwelt very strongly on the necessity of improving the St. Lawrence as the great artery of commerce for Canada. In this connection he reminded his hearers of the work accomplished in this direction by the late Hon. John Young and the late Sir Hugh Allan, both of Montreal, and indicated clearly that it is the intention of himself and his colleagues to endeavour to realize their great ideal. Mr. John Torrance, representing the Steamship Company, explained that the building of the "Canada" was commenced at a time when it seemed unlikely that the "fast service" project would be undertaken or liberally subsidized. He informed his audience that she is good for sixteen knots an hour, and then added a piece of information which amply corroborates the stand taken by Mr. Sandford Fleming in the article republished in another part of this issue of THE WEEK—that it is impracticable to provide by means of one and the same class of vessels the necessary speed for passengers and the necessary accommodation for freight. The "Canada," with a speed of sixteen knots, can "lift" 7,000 tons of freight; if she had been built for a speed of seventeen knots, her freight lifting power would have been only 4,000 tons; an increase of speed to eighteen knots would have caused a reduction of freight capacity to 3,000 tons, and an increase to twenty knots a reduction to 1,000. The "Lucania" and "Campania" of the Cunard line have a freight capacity of only 1,100 tons

each. It is quite evident that important light is being shed on the Atlantic service question, and that the Government would do well to hasten slowly in committing the country to any scheme sooner than is absolutely necessary.

The Price of
Wheat.

The price of wheat has been going up steadily for several weeks, and it seems likely to continue improving, as the real cause of the increase is a shortage in wheat production in foreign countries. The effect of the rise has been most marked in commercial circles, but it bids fair to be very serious in the political sphere of action also. Every cent added to the price of the bushel of wheat tells against Mr. Bryan's election to the Presidency of the United States, for the strength of his campaign has been the "hard times" cry. Without the farmer vote he has no hope of success, and the majority of the farmers have heretofore been Republican; the likelihood of their remaining so will be greatly increased by the brightening prospect for the agricultural industry. The importance of all this for Canada can hardly be overrated. It means relief of the most welcome kind for Manitoba and the North-West Territory, and opens up a more hopeful outlook for immigration next season.

The Whale Fisheries
Failure

The report that the whale fishery has this season been a disastrous failure recalls one of the most singular and fascinating periods of adventure. For half a century before the discovery of great deposits of petroleum drove whale oil out of use as an illuminant, a large number of sailing vessels were engaged in the search for whales in the northern parts of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. They were manned by hardy sailors, chiefly from the northern districts and islands of Scotland. The task of capturing the whale by means of hand harpoons thrown from open boats was always a perilous and often a fatal one, apart altogether from the discomforts and dangers inseparable from the navigation of these Arctic and sub-Arctic waters. There is a close historical connection between the practice of whale fishing and the search for "the North-west passage," with which the names of such famous navigators as Ross, Parry, Franklin, and McClintock are bound up. Steam vessels having superseded the old sailing "whalers," and the demand for whale oil having been almost extinguished by the discovery of cheap supplies of other illuminating compounds, the romance associated with the whale trade in the minds of a past generation has quite disappeared, though narratives of hardship in that calling should always find a legitimate place in the literature of adventure.

The Imperial
Zollverein.

A few months ago Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in a public speech, indicated his sympathy with the idea of a preferential discrimination in favour of imports from British colonies in British markets. Quite recently he has intimated that he does not consider such a scheme of Imperialism feasible. What has happened to induce him to change his opinions, or his views, must be left to conjecture, but it is not unlikely that protests from the various colonies had something to do with it. Any arrangement such as he suggested would amount to a serious impairment of the commercial autonomy of a self-governing colony, and this will not be lightly surrendered after having been won by a struggle. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that Mr. Chamberlain had an interview with Sir Richard Cartwright, the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, before he returned to England from his American sojourn, and that Sir Richard has little patience with the principle of preferential trade.

The American
Catholic Feud.

It is probable that the publication at the present time of the Baltimore decree of 1892 respecting the secular education of Roman Catholic children, is due to something more than an undesigned coincidence. The enforced retirement of Bishop Keane from the management of Washington University is usually regarded as a victory for Archbishop Corrigan and his party; one way to offset it in the public view was to publish the decree which four years ago was an undoubted victory for Archbishop Ireland, and this is what has been done. The decree, alike in its occasion, its source, and its terms, is of the very greatest importance ecclesiastically, sociologically, and historically. It was issued by a Convocation of archbishops and bishops assembled by Cardinal Satolli as representative of the Pope himself, and exercising as his delegate full Papal authority *quoad hoc*. It was issued for the purpose of deciding the point raised by Archbishop Ireland whether Catholic parents might under certain circumstances send their children to the public secular schools which they are taxed to maintain. It "strictly forbids any one, whether bishop or priest, either by act or by threat to exclude from the sacraments worthy parents who choose to send their children to the public schools," and it is announced that this prohibition applies with still greater force to the children themselves. The decree, which emanated formally from Cardinal Satolli as Papal delegate, purports to be "the express prohibition of the sovereign pontiff through the Sacred Congregation," and, as such, it carries with it the most indisputable authority. The following excerpts from it are interesting as further indicating its scope and aim: "When there is no Catholic school at all, or when the one that is available is little fitted for giving the children education in keeping with their condition, then the public schools may be attended with a safe conscience. . . . For the standing and growth of Catholic schools, it seems that care should be taken that the teachers not only prove themselves qualified by previous examination before the diocesan board and by a diploma received from it, but also have a teacher's diploma from the School Board of the State, awarded after successful examination." If the text of this document as published is correct, it means, in the long run, a great revolution in the education of American Catholics and a corresponding addition to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

The Pope and
Anglican Orders.

The letter of Leo XIII, bluntly declining on behalf of the Church of Rome to recognize the orders of the Church of England, has been a subject for much interesting comment. Among others, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, one of the ablest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, has given his opinions to the public. He says he does not see what other reply the Pope could have given or his English correspondents could have expected. Even if the ordinations of the present priests of the Church of England were valid, they could not validly ordain others unless they adopted the proper form prescribed for the purpose. One is tempted to wonder what the applicants for the Pope's opinion intended to do with it if it were favourable. Perhaps they thought it would pave the way to a reunion of the Church of England with the Church of Rome, which eight hundred years of conflict have made extremely difficult; perhaps they thought it would make it easier for the individual priest of the former to follow Cardinal Newman's example and transfer himself to the latter. Whatever the ulterior motive, the answer of His Holiness has settled the matter adversely, and it is not likely that Protestant clergymen will ever again put themselves in a position to be so snubbed.

Historical
Places

Dr. Borden, as Minister of Militia, visited Kingston the other day, and, it is reported, came to the conclusion that it would be worth while to spend some public money in partially restoring Fort Henry and repairing the martello towers. This decision will gratify many people who do not live in the immediate neighbourhood of these historical structures. Canada has not done enough in the past to preserve such monuments of old struggles for freedom and independence, and she can well afford to carry on systematically the good work which Dr. Borden has resolved to begin at so promising a starting point as Kingston. Fort George at Niagara should be restored by degrees, if not at once, and at the very least the old powder magazine, now in ruins, should be rebuilt. The Old Fort at Toronto is, in its present state, anything but a credit to either the city or the Ordnance Department. Perhaps the best way to secure for it a reasonable amount of antiquarian attention would be to hand it over on proper conditions to the corporation of Toronto, to be preserved as a public resort. A bridge over the railway tracks would afford easy access to one of the most interesting spots about the city, from which people are now practically excluded.

Sir William
Harcourt.

The St. James' Gazette reported a few days ago that Sir William Harcourt had resigned the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Sir William himself has contradicted the report in the most prompt and public way, and has taken occasion to say some kindly things about Lord Rosebery. What is of more importance still, he has publicly urged energetic co-operation with Russia in the solution of the Eastern question. This is extremely significant, for in doing so he is in close concert with Mr. Gladstone and is at marked variance with Lord Rosebery. As the cultivation of friendliness with Russia is just now popular with the whole British nation, from the Queen down to the working classes, and is advocated by all kinds of political journals, Sir William will lose nothing in prestige by boldly adhering to his present line. The great obstacle to a virtual alliance of Russia, France, and Great Britain for the purpose of dealing with Turkey, is the position of Egypt. As France would like to annex the whole of the Mediterranean shore westward from Algeria to the Atlantic, and as an expedition is fitting out for the punishment of the Moorish pirates, there seems to be a possibility of a settlement satisfactory to both nations being arrived at without the withdrawal of Britain from Egypt. In the event of a complete accord being reached, France, as the largest creditor of the now almost defunct Turkish Government, would be entrusted with the duty of dealing with the great assassin, but Russian and British forces would be at hand to assist. Germany and Austria-Hungary might protest, but it is hardly likely.

The Grand Trunk
Railway Meeting.

The shareholders of the Grand Trunk Railway have acted sensibly in standing by the present direction and the new management. It was generally felt a year ago that the time for a change of system had come, and as a change was ordered by the shareholders themselves, it would have been absurd to reverse that step without allowing a reasonable time for experiment. Such a manifestation of indecision would have greatly injured the business reputation and financial standing of the enterprise; the recent all but unanimous action will help both. It does not follow, of course, that the new General Manager has been endorsed to any extent. He is simply notified that he is on trial, and as his staff changes

have made him personal enemies, he may count it as absolutely certain that they will closely scrutinize his management to find ground for impeaching it. The shareholders want dividends. If Mr. Hays succeeds in earning them he will be all right; if he fails to pay them he will be all wrong. He is too intelligent not to see this, and is too sensible to object to it. Meanwhile, so far as the travelling public can see, the efficiency of the Grand Trunk has not been impaired by the changes that have taken place, and this is the chief interest Canadians have in the matter.

Control of the
Fisheries.

By a judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada another important constitutional question has been decided, subject to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Ever since Confederation the Dominion Government has claimed authority over inland fisheries as well as those in tidal waters. By this judgment the latter are left under its control, but all inland fisheries are declared to be, for leasing and licensing purposes, under Provincial jurisdiction. The right to legislate for the regulation of the fisheries is declared to be vested in the Dominion Parliament, but this seems to be one of those matters as to which the Dominion and Provincial jurisdictions are concurrent. As the Dominion Government has been for nearly thirty years collecting revenue that should have gone to the Provinces it may reasonably be expected that the latter will put in claims for restitution. If this is done the best mode of settlement would be to agree on a lump sum payment instead of trying to ascertain the precise amount due in each case. Such arbitrations are always costly, protracted, and otherwise unsatisfactory.

A Canadian
Veteran.

The death of Mr. Robert McLean, Secretary to the Board of Underwriters of Toronto, is none the less regrettable that it was for some time expected. He had reached the ripe old age of eighty years, and until within a few months of his death his physical activity was quite exceptional; his mental powers remained unimpaired to the end. Mr. McLean spent many years of his active life as headmaster of the Galt public school, and his former pupils have a strong feeling of reverence for his memory on account of his energetic and efficient, but kindly and helpful discharge of his pedagogical duties. When he retired from teaching to devote himself to the business of fire insurance, he soon saw that there was great room for improvements, and he set about accomplishing them. The outcome of his efforts was the organization of the Underwriters association, the management of which devolved largely on him personally. As a man of business he was sagacious, upright, and public-spirited. He was a keen politician, and in his earlier days he was well known over a large part of Ontario as a Liberal campaign speaker. Take him for all in all, he was a fine specimen of the men of a past generation who did so much to build up this country.

The Montreal
Herald.

This venerable journal has passed into the hands of a new publishing company, with Mr. J. S. Brierly as managing director and Mr. J. E. Atkinson as editor. The Herald has had a long and continuous career, and its *confrères* will all prefer to see its name perpetuated and its continuity preserved. A generation ago that name was a household word in Canada. The able editor of the paper for many years was the late Senator Penny, and his partner, the late Mr. James Stewart, was a competent business manager. No other two men were

better known or more influential in Montreal, and their journal enjoyed in this way an unusual advantage. Mr. Brierly brings to the new management the reputation of a thoroughly successful journalist. He has carried on for a number of years the St. Thomas Journal, one of the best daily papers in Canada, outside of the large cities, and as he is still in the full vigour of life he is admirably qualified to make the new venture a success. Mr. Atkinson has been for some years a member of the staff of the Toronto Globe, and during that time he has acquired a good reputation for work with which his name has been openly associated. Both the manager and the editor are keen politicians, who will do their best *con amore* to make the Herald an influential propagandist of Liberal opinions and policy.

Retiring
a Professor

An interesting event took place recently in the University of Aberdeen. The students who had to attend the lectures of a certain professor, and found them unsatisfactory, preferred a formal complaint of inefficiency against him, and after an investigation by the University Court the charge was declared to be well founded, and the professor was asked to vacate his chair on a retiring allowance. This may look like harsh treatment, but the interests of the students and the University should, in such a case, be regarded as paramount. In the last resort only the students can say whether the lectures of a professor are worth attending or not, and if by regulation or in any other way they are compelled to spend time on what is of no value to them they may reasonably demand an inquiry. A very similar incident happened in the University of Toronto, when the chair of Philosophy was made vacant twenty-five years ago, the then new appointee being the late Prof. Young.

Mr Grubb's
Baptism.

Quite a commotion appears to have been caused in certain circles by the announcement that Mr. Grubb, the Anglican evangelist, has joined the Baptists since his return to England. What he said by way of explanation of his action has been more disturbing than the ceremony itself, for he apparently admits that he was never truly a Christian till now. The admission throws some doubt, if not discredit, on the business of revivalism, for the public cannot be sure that some other prominent and successful evangelist will not follow his example in changing his ecclesiastical affinity and giving the same kind of reason for doing so. The tendency of such a course as Mr. Grubb has taken must be to make his converts feel uncertain if not uncomfortable. A mere change of denomination would not have mattered much, but it is quite different with what amounts to a confession that while he was converting sinners by his preaching he had not himself been really converted.

Militarist
Tendencies.

That the military system of Germany has a brutalizing effect on the national character seems to be beyond all controversy. All young Germans are subjected to service for three years, and during that period they are drawn away from civil pursuits and ideals, and demoralized by persistent cultivation of the military spirit, and constant subjection to military discipline. The other day an officer ran down and stabbed to death a civilian who had accidentally knocked up against him, and it seems likely that the murderer will escape with a nominal penalty on the ground that he acted in defence of his personal honour. Such occurrences are frequent enough to merit the careful consideration of all who are interested in Germany's real welfare. It is notorious that the Government has found it extremely difficult to suppress the barbarous practice of duelling in the army, and that the process of evolution through which German military officers pass tends to unfit them for dealing in any decent way with barbarous races in the colonies.

Prison Labour.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT, as Minister of Justice, has advised the appointment of a commission to inquire into the working of Kingston Penitentiary, and the Governor-in-Council has acted on the advice. This is, of course, no reflection on the present warden, who was appointed only a few months ago. Whether there is any reflection on the management of the past will appear when the commission reports. As we have not seen a copy of the instructions issued to the commissioners, we are left to conjecture the nature of the proposed inquiry, but it may safely be assumed that it will deal with the vexed question of prison labour. For procuring information on it the selected commissioners, Dr. E. A. Meredith and Mr. James Noxon, are exceptionally well qualified, since they are already very thoroughly acquainted not merely with the nature of the problem to be solved, but also with the results of past attempts at its solution. Sir Oliver Mowat himself, in his capacity of Premier and Attorney-General of Ontario, was forced to familiarize himself with prison management in connection with the Central Prison, the Mercer Reformatory, and the Penitentiary Reformatory.

The question of prison labour is viewed differently by different classes, who take voluntarily, or are forced to take, a deep interest in it. One class is made up of "prison reformers" who think the ideal of prison management should be to improve the convict and to do all that is possible to restore him to good citizenship. In their view the work should be reformatory, and should be calculated to enable the prisoner to make a decent living when his term expires. The prison officials constitute a second class. With them work is disciplinary. They prescribe physical labour because convicts are more easily managed when they are kept at work than they are when allowed to go idle, and their chief desire in the matter is to induce such a degree of physical fatigue as will tend to make the prisoner desire rest when his work ceases. A third class is made up of those who are responsible to the people for the administration of the public service. They want to keep down the net cost of maintenance by making the labour of the convicts as profitable as possible. The ordinary artisans constitute a fourth class. From their point of view any kind of prison labour is objectionable which brings prison-made goods into competition with those made by free labour in factories.

The past experience of our own and other countries shows that it is extremely difficult to harmonize these variant ideals in actual prison management. Many different ways of utilizing convict labour have been tried and still more have been suggested, without making it clear that a satisfactory solution of the problem is near at hand. A useful account of what has been attempted in English prisons is given in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Sir Edmund du Cane, whose experience extended from 1851 to 1895, and ranged from the military control of transported felons in West Australia to the management of large English prisons under limitations prescribed by Parliament. The conclusion he has arrived at is thus summed up:

"However desirable industrial labour for prisoners may be from a moral point of view, it is impossible to apply it to more than a small proportion of those sentenced to imprisonment, on account of the shortness of the sentences of the large majority. It is a delusion, and a costly one, to imagine that mechanical labour, such as the tread-mill, can be made to produce the moral advantages of industrial labour by connecting it with milling machinery, or other like method. The advantage of industrial labour in local prisons, considered as enabling prisoners to find labour on discharge, is considerably over-rated, and it is only in a very limited degree that crime arises from want of employment. Prisoners under the longer sentences may with facility and advantage be employed on industrial work, providing that consumers can be found for the work they produce. The Government itself, considered as a whole, is the most appropriate consumer of such articles, and prisons should therefore be looked at as Government workshops, for the inmates of which other Government departments should, as a matter of duty and obligation, be required to find employment."

The Atlantic Steamship Service.

MR. SANDFORD FLEMING'S article on the "Steamship Service between Canada and Great Britain" is a strong and well-reasoned plea for calm consideration of a very difficult question. His attitude is that of an experienced traveller and an expert observer toward different proposed routes and termini, with all of which he is personally acquainted. His conclusions, after discussing the various phases of the case, are as follows:

- (1) That any attempt to establish on the St. Lawrence route a line of fast trans-Atlantic steamships to rival those running to and from New York would result in disappointment.
- (2) That our great waterway will always be employed to the greatest advantage in conveyance of staple products and all ordinary cargo merchandise at the lowest possible rates, and that to secure low rates, it must be carried in steamships of moderate speed.
- (3) That steamships suitable for the trade of the St. Lawrence in summer, would at the close of navigation find an open harbour at St. John, New Brunswick, the nearest eligible Canadian seaport for the cities on the St. Lawrence.
- (4) That if we desire to establish a Canadian line of passenger steamships, equal in power and speed to any on the ocean, it will be necessary to make it an "all year round line" from one of our best Atlantic sea-ports.
- (5) That there is no more eligible harbour on the western side of the Atlantic than Halifax in Nova Scotia, or on the eastern side than Loch Ryan in Scotland; and that between these two points will be found the shortest available route across the ocean, which can be used by fast steamships at all seasons of the year.

One of Mr. Fleming's most forcible arguments is that by which he sustains the thesis that there is a marked and essential difference between passenger and freight traffic which must be recognized in finally dealing with this problem:

In considering this phase of the question, we must recognize certain underlying principles which to a large extent govern the transportation of the two great divisions of traffic. In passenger traffic, *speed and regularity* are held to be primary considerations, while in the transportation of freight, *economy* in transit is the first consideration, and speed takes a secondary place. These principles have long been recognized on railways, and they are now beginning to be considered in steamship navigation. Rapidity of transit is not attained without enhancing the cost, and the ratio of increase is greatly enhanced as the speed is accelerated, especially at sea. There are few articles of merchandise that can profitably be transported at express passenger train rates, and few persons, when they can avoid it, desire to travel by slow freight trains.

That these principles will in the end govern in the Atlantic steamship service, there can be no doubt. Hitherto it has been the practice to combine passenger and freight traffic by the same ship, but all the circumstances point to the desirability of a change of system. The combination is not necessary for speed or the comfort of passengers, and it in no way lessens the cost of transporting merchandise. A ship constructed for the combined traffic is a compromise; as such it is either too slow for passengers, or too fast for freight, or it suffers from both objections and consequently is unprofitable and unsatisfactory. So long as passengers were content to travel at the low rate of speed suitable for freight the combination was justifiable and shipowners had no incentive to improvement. Travellers are no longer satisfied, and there is a pressure to have the speed increased, but to accelerate the speed and at the same time continue to carry freight with passengers would obviously be a mistake.

Mr. Fleming's objection to the St. Lawrence route for a fast passenger service are climatic and insuperable. The prevalence of fogs in the Strait of Belle Isle is sufficient to cause the fastest steamer to make slow time, and even after the Strait is open in summer it is liable to become dangerous to fast vessels on account of drifting icebergs. The follow-

ing table of relative distances prepared by Mr. Fleming shows the advantage of the route from Halifax to Loch Ryan:—

Routes Between London and Halifax.	SEA VOYAGE.		TIME TO LONDON.		
	Distance, Sea Miles.	Hours at 20 knots.	Hours via Dublin and Holyhead.	Hours rail only.	Total hours between Halifax and London.
<i>By Irish ports:</i>					
Moville	2264	113	17	130
Blacksod	2113	106	17	123
Valencia	2155	108	18	126
Queenstown	2225	111	17	128
<i>By other ports without calling at Ireland:</i>					
Liverpool	2465	123	4	127
Holyhead	2421	121	6	127
Milford	2370	119	6	125
Southampton	2530	127	2	129
Loch Ryan	2340	117	8	125

"In the table the speed is reckoned at twenty knots an hour at sea, and the time between the several points and London is estimated on the basis of the speed at present attained by railway trains on land, and by steam packets between Dublin and Holyhead. A lower speed than twenty knots at sea would obviously give a somewhat greater difference in time in favour of Loch Ryan than above stated.

"The table brings out the fact that mails from Halifax could be delivered in London via Loch Ryan in five hours less time than by the Moville route, and in two hours less than by direct steamship to Liverpool. If such be the case, it is perfectly clear that the establishment of a trans-Atlantic mail service by way of Loch Ryan would be the means of accelerating the delivery of letters to every portion of England and Scotland more expeditiously than by any existing route."

It does not follow from Mr. Fleming's argument in favour of the route between Halifax and Loch Ryan as the best for a fast passenger steamship line, that the development of the St. Lawrence freight traffic should be made to wait on the adoption of the more ambitious scheme. It may be possible for Parliament to do much to improve the facilities for the export of Canadian produce, and especially of such as is perishable, while the project of a first-class passenger service is under investigation. The best means of doing this should be a subject of early and careful inquiry on the part of the Government of the Dominion.

* * *

A Brother of Sir Walter Scott at Quebec.

MR. PIERRE GEORGES ROY, of Quebec, contributes this interesting article in French to his little historical monthly, the Bulletin des Recherches Historiques:

Some one has said of Xavier de Maistre that the fame of his brother Joseph, the great Christian philosopher, had almost wholly thrown him into the shade. The same thing could not be said of Thomas Scott, the subject of this little article. Had he not been the brother of Sir Walter Scott very few would stay their footsteps to-day before the humble stone in the old cemetery of St. Matthew's Church at Quebec, which marks the resting-place of his remains.

Walter Scott, the father of Thomas and Sir Walter, belonged to an old family of which several members, at different times, had played certain parts in Scottish history. He practised for many years the honourable profession of a Writer to the Signet. His honesty and scrupulous attention to business brought him a large clientele and at his death he was possessed of a modest competency. By his marriage with Anne Rutherford, daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine at Edinburgh University, he had twelve children. Six—Anne, born March 10th, 1759; Robert, born August 22nd, 1760; John, born November 28th, 1761; Robert, born June 7th, 1763; Jean, born March 27th, 1765; and Walter, born August 30th, 1766—died early. The others were:

1st, Robert, who entered the Royal Navy, served under Captain (late Admiral) William Dickson, and was present at nearly all the battles of Rodney. The Peace of Versailles in 1783 having shattered his legitimate hopes of advancement, he entered the service of the East India Company, made two voyages to India and died a victim of its fatal climate. He possessed a talent for literature which only needed cultivation, and turned out verses quite skilfully. They may be judged by the following little elegy on the supposed loss of a vessel, composed during the night which preceded the famous battle of Saintes, April 12th, 1782. He alludes to the numerous amusements of his mess :

“No more the geese shall cackle on the poop,
No more the bagpipe through the orlop sound,
No more the midshipmen, a jolly group,
Shall toast the girls and push the bottle round.
In death's dark road, at anchor fast they stay
Till Heaven's loud signal shall in thunder roar ;
Then starting up, all hands shall quick obey,
Sheet home the topsail and with speed unmoor.”

2nd, John, who entered the army, rose to the rank of major, and died May 8, 1816.

3rd, Walter, the great writer, author of so many masterpieces.

4th, Anne, born in 1772, who died unmarried in 1801.

5th, Thomas, of whom I am writing

6th, Daniel, who tried several professions, succeeded in none, and died on his return from India in 1806.

Thomas at first embraced his father's profession and remained some years a Writer to the Signet, but then became taken with an ambition for riches, and entered land speculations, in which unfortunate operations ruined him completely. He then retired to the Isle of Man. He had always been fond of a military life. Even as a young man he had been a member of a corps of volunteer Grenadiers at Edinburgh, and in a letter written by his brother Walter to their aunt Christian Rutherford, in November 1794, we read :

“Our volunteers have now all assembled. In spite of the dullness of the uniform they have a martial appearance. Their address in manœuvres and exercises of all kinds excite the surprise and admiration of regular soldiers. Tom is very proud of the Grenadier company to which he belongs. It is the one which has on every occasion carried off the palm.”

Lord Melville, therefore, who knew his tastes, and desired to protect him for the sake of his brother Sir Walter, whose schoolmate he had been, appointed him, some time after his retirement to the Isle of Man, an *extractor*, an officer in the British army who corresponded to the recruiting officer of the French army. His annual pay was £400.

But Thomas Scott was unlucky. A short time after his appointment the office of extractor was abolished. Lord Melville, wishing to indemnify his friend's brother for the loss of his position, proposed in the House of Lords a measure—the Scott Judicature Bill—to grant Thomas Scott an annual pension of £130. The bill met quite a lively opposition among the Lords, and when it was read the third time, the Earl of Lauderdale and Lord Holland energetically opposed its adoption and delivered forcible speeches upon it.

“Thomas Scott,” exclaimed the Earl of Lauderdale, “was appointed extractor at a time when it was decided and well known to all that the position was on the point of abolition. Mr. Scott has not even filled the duties of the place, yet he is to obtain a pension of £130, while poor employees work and labour twenty years and have no right to any remuneration !”

Lord Holland was a little milder. He even rendered homage to the talent of Walter Scott. “Those who know me,” he said, “will not suspect me of being unfavourable to men of letters ; on the contrary, I have the greatest esteem for the literary character of Walter Scott. I have always considered it my duty to encourage literary merit regardless of political opinions. But in what concerns Mr. Thomas Scott the question is very different ; he was appointed to a position knowing that it was on the point of abolition ; and now he claims a recompense for losses which he has not suffered. This is unjust.”

Lord Melville's bill nevertheless passed, and Thomas Scott drew the pension until his death. Some years later he was appointed paymaster in the 70th Regiment, which in 1814 received orders to embark for America. Scott came with it. The 70th was at first in barracks at Cornwall, but afterwards, in 1815, was transferred to Kingston, and at

length to Quebec. During his stay at Kingston Thomas Scott was suspended from his duties by direct order of the Minister of War, communicated to General Wilson by Major Evans in a missive dated December 1st, 1816, as follows : “It is ordered that Thomas Scott, paymaster of the 70th Regiment, be suspended from his functions until the pay lists and other military papers be transmitted to the Ministry.”

He had, while still young, married Elizabeth McCulloch, of a good Scotch family, and had by her one son and four daughters, of whom the youngest, Barbara, died at Quebec on the 5th of October, 1821, at the age of eight years. Of his son, Sir Walter wrote his brother on the 23rd of July, 1820 : “After my own children, those in whom I have most interest naturally are yours. I have thought long over what you have told me about your son Walter. In whatever career you desire to give him I can be of great service to him. But before doing anything I wish to consult you on your boy's inclinations. I do not mean by that to say that you ought to ask him his opinion because at such an early age a well-brought-up child accepts what his parents suggest to him ; but I believe you should consider with very great impartiality his temperament, his disposition, and his qualities of heart and body. It would not be seeking his welfare to make him take up a profession because that profession offers more advantages than another. It would be better to sacrifice those advantages rather than to introduce a child into a career for which he is not fit. If my nephew is wise and prudent, if he loves quiet and a seaventy life, if he progresses in arithmetic and has a taste for it, he cannot take up a better career than that of an accountant. It is the employment in which I can render him the most services. It is one of the least encumbered of careers. If he wishes to enter that career, I will obtain him employment with a good patron, and pay his board myself ; but if—which is not impossible—the boy loves active life and adventures, I can introduce him as a cadet into the service of the East India Company.”

As a matter of fact, Walter entered the service of the East India Company, becoming an ensign at Bombay.

Jessie, the eldest of Thomas Scott's daughters, became the wife, in 1819, of Lieutenant—later Lieutenant-Colonel—Huxley. It is to her that Sir Walter's letter to his brother of the 16th October, 1819, treats : “I yesterday received your letter in forming me of the approaching marriage of Jessie. Before this letter reaches you the happy event will probably have taken place. I enclose herein a word for this bride, and send her a little present which she is to use as she likes.”

The two others, Anne and Eliza, after their father's death, followed their mother to Scotland, and on the 19th of April, 1826, Sir Walter writes in his journal : “I have written to Mrs. Thomas Scott begging her to permit her charming daughter Anne to pass the season with me.” Some months later, on the 21st of November, 1826, Sir Walter Scott writes anew in his journal : “My sister-in-law (Mrs. Thomas Scott) and her daughter are just arriving at the house. They are both in perfect health.” At this period, Anne and Eliza were not yet married.

Sir Walter had a very high opinion of the literary talents of his brother Thomas. In 1808, disagreeing with the editors of the Edinburgh Review, with whom he had worked until then, he resolved to found the Quarterly, and wrote Thomas the following letter about it :

“Certain pressing affairs have prevented my hitherto completing for you my collection of the works of Shadwell. It is, however, on the eve of being so. You must obtain all the original pieces in order to be able to collate them with the octavo edition. But I have just now a more pressing and lucrative employment for your pen. I inform you under the seal of secrecy that a plot is hatching at this moment to kill the Edinburgh Review. We have the intention of founding a new review, which we trust will display quite as much talent and independence. I was offered the chief editorship of the new publication, but although the remunerations attached to the post are very high, I declined. Mr. Gifford, the author of the “Baviad,” accepted the task. He attached one condition, however : I must give him all the assistance possible.

“You are going to have the opportunity to practise your talent as a writer. The Quarterly Review will accept everything ; poems, romances, novels, etc., etc. You will get for each sixteen printed pages ten guineas. To com-

mence, you can send your articles through me. I will retouch them before sending them to Gifford."

I do not know whether Thomas profited by his brother's offer. When Sir Walter's famous novel "Waverley" appeared, the rumour ran in Scotland that the romance was the work of Thomas Scott. Some newspapers have gone so far as to say that the best novels of Sir Walter belonged to his brother. That was going a little too far. Sir Walter wrote to his brother in America: "'Waverley' has an enormous success. I send you a copy. The rumour runs here that you are the author. Send me a novel in which you are to put all the humour you have, and I assure you I can sell it for at least £500. To encourage you, you can draw on me for £100 when you send me the manuscript, thus you will be sure you have not lost your time. You have more humour and talent for description than many well-known writers. What you need is the practice of composition. If 'Waverley' is mentioned to you, say nothing. I do not wish to pass you off for the author of a work you never saw, but if the public absolutely insists on believing it, and to give you £500 for trying your hand in romance, I cannot see why you should refuse the chance to make a little fortune."

Curious thing, none of Thomas Scott's compositions have been preserved.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

* * *

In October.—A Dirge.

In October, in October,
When skies are darkly grey,
Sad are all the winds from over
The night-clad hills of day;
A dirge sweeps through the desert town,
A moaning fills the plain;
The golden-rod is beaten down,
The aster weeps in vain.

In October, in October,
The winds amidst the trees
(Oh, most weary, dreary rover!)
Hath sound of many seas;
The broken rain, encompassed so,
In fear drives o'er the moor;
The leaves are hurried to and fro,
As wrecks bestrew a shore.

In October, in October,
I ponder o'er the past;
All the wildly sweet is over—
Too fair it was to last!
I watched the last flower yesterday
Its blighted petals shed;
Alas, so soon youth steals away,
And green-leaved wreaths are dead!

KEPPELL STRANGE.

* * *

European Affairs.

THE laying of the foundation stone of the International Exhibition Bridge across the Seine, by the Czar, was a happy thought. The bridge will be called "Pont d'Alexandre III," after his father. The ceremony will have, of course, for corollary, the inauguration of the bridge in May, 1900, by the Czar, simultaneously with the opening of the Exhibition. It is to be hoped the Kaiser will be conspicuous by his absence. As to the political output of the Russian visit, it will make both nations more resolute than ever to march hand in hand. How far the union of hearts will stand the test of adversity, time alone can show. The absence of all sign on the part of any of the six powers of reducing bloated armaments, while the trend is in the opposite direction, deprives faith in the permanent duration of peace of all its robustness. Till the Emperor returns to St. Petersburg, and nominates Prince Lobanoff's successor, less his ignoble Turkish policy of giving the Sultan a free hand at quieting by exterminating the unfortunate Armenians, with France bound to acquiesce—the future outline of Russia's diplomacy will not be visible.

However, the position taken up by England must control in a degree the march of diplomacy in general. The Balmoral interview is accepted, as it is hoped to have led to a loyal explanation on behalf of both empires, and more especially by cutting short the organized intrigues by interested

states to keep England and Russia apart, and at logger-heads. The determination of Lord Salisbury to remain in community of membership with the other powers, while upholding his own country's views and following no slavish lead, secures Britain from the great danger of being isolated and if ever crippled by a crushing coalition, she would be plucked as bare as a worm. Blucher's ejaculation when viewing London from the summit of St. Paul's: "My God, what a city to sack!" must never be forgotten either by Cockneys or—some South Africans. A member of the diplomatic ring, his lordship will be always able to select partners in every diplomatic game, since each power has its own axe to grind.

The Sultan's conduct is closely watched; he commences to perceive that after all a coalition could be formed to get rid of him. Better, if the unfortunate Turks would cleanse the Yildiz Kiosk themselves. As well expect the leopard to change its spots as for counting upon a *mea culpa*, with or without the breast thumps, by Abdul-Hamid. Humanity has long ago weighed him in the balances. The concentration of the fleets near the Dardanelles will soon convince "The Shadow" he cannot live eternally by playing the European powers against one another.

It is a quarrel less between sisters of one family, to record an agreement between Italy, and France as the foreign representative of Tunisia, upon commercial tariffs and consular rights. It is to be hoped that Italy and France may soon be able to negotiate trading treaties between themselves. England possesses, while grass grows and water runs, the most favoured nation clause privileges with Tunisia, as also with Madagascar. These are flies in the pots of French ointment. It is the fashion to cuckoo-repeat that the cause of the coldness between England and France is due to the Egyptian occupation, as if any man out of a lunatic asylum believed that were the situations changed, France would quit the Nile valley for the beautiful eyes of John Bull. It is because the latter has to resist Roger Bontemps, who when he secures a grab like other States, frames tariffs to exclude the outside barbarians. Few people but desire to have a share in the world's sunshine. Fair, not prohibitive duties are best.

At last the secret has leaked out how some French restaurants are able to give for one franc two plates of meat, half a bottle of wine, a vegetable, and bread à discrétion. The chief of the detectives has personally arrested the head of a band, truly of assassins, red handed. They were entrusted with the carting away of all condemned meat by the sanitary inspectors, to be destroyed; instead, they seasoned it with petroleum, and sold it surreptitiously as *petite viande*, to the restaurants which miraculously feed thousands for a sum that would never cause clients a pang, when the *quart d'hème de Rabelais* arrived. The arrested, along with the van load of putridities, laughed at being found out, avowed two of his aids had been poisoned by eating too freely of his wares, and he attributed his own robust health to avoiding the stuff.

In honour of the Czar's visit, the big bell of the Sacré Cœur strikes the three *Angeluses* daily. But citizens seem to have no leisure to stop a moment to pray.

There is one dram shop in Paris for every twelve adults of the population.

In the contracts executed for the works of the 1900 Exhibition, every employé must be secured one day's rest in every seven—he may choose his own Sabbath. At present the latter is "lundi."

The capital is intoxicated with joy, the booming of cannon, the loud hurrahs, the waving of flags, of handkerchiefs, hats, aye and bonnets; the happy faces, the exchange of warm greetings, the embracings and the fraternizations. It is an event well calculated to make the French forget past disasters and feel they are born again. The Czar has caught the infection of Queen's weather from Her Majesty, as the weather, gusty, but dry and bracing, could not be more appropriate for a royal entry. Not thousands, but millions of spectators: no suffocating pressure, the multitudes spreading backwards on each side resigned at their inability to see anything; gratified to be in the vicinity of the echoes from the front, and only ambitious to boast of the ceremonial entry, "I was there." The welcome given to their Russian Majesties more than realized what was anticipated. The programme of visiting the lions of the capi-

tal, the receptions and banquets may be counted upon being executed without a hitch. The illuminations are the best side of the rejoicings. The red, white, and yellowish celluloid globes, lit up by electricity, and forming festoons and triumphal arches are superb. As to the display of flags they are more profuse than tastefully arranged; they have the advantage to be all new, but the Russian and French tricolors, of the same hues, only differing in the coloured bands being one vertical (the French) and the other horizontal, rather confuses and lessens effect. The grouping of bouquets of flags was not happy, nor was it relieved by originality. Plethora is not art. It was a grave mistake to introduce paper flowers to ornament leafless trees.

The Czar's going to pray in the Russian Church, before commencing his peregrinations in detail, has been much remarked and approved of. During the voyage, from the magnificent farewell paid him by the British, it was noticed that when the Royal Squadron which escorted the Imperial yachts till they were taken charge of by the French warships, a rainbow suddenly beamed out; rainbows also appeared during the remainder of the voyage. May such prove a happy omen for the three nations. The review of the French fleet at Cherbourg will have its corollary in the military review at Chalons, where samples of the several services of the army will be shown the Czar, even the native troops—Turcos and Zouaves—from Algeria have contributed their quota to the grand gathering of the extra autumn manoeuvres of 100,000 men. Between these, the laying of the foundation stone of the "Pont d'Alexandre III," an output of the International Exhibition, and the big picnic in the Palace of Versailles will be the crack intermediary events. The fetes have brought two millions of visitors to Paris, chiefly provincials; disappointment or surprise is felt that, relatively speaking, so few foreigners have come. It was a worthy treat for sightseers. As to hotels they are overcrowded, and it is to be hoped the supply of provisions will not run short. Glory on an empty stomach is serious. The French, publicly as well as privately, have gone to much expense to entertain and welcome their guests. The rejoicings had to be kept within bounds, as they were organized by the State, the population being allowed to conditionally cut in. It will remain one of the most striking events of the age.

Since the hob-nobbings between Napoleon I and the Czar Alexander I in 1808 at Erfurt, the French and Russians never indulged in such mutual admiration as at present. How long will the unity last? So long as its aim is confined to maintaining the peace of Europe. It has ruled out the abominably selfish policy of Bismarck; to keep France isolated and England and Russia at loggerheads. That was sowing the wind, for the trend in his nefarious policy will recoil on Germany in the end. If Russia has France, England has Italy, and since the Balmoral interview the Czar is now aware of the succession of intrigues, by some powers, to keep England isolated and push her into some rash revolution, the better to expose her to a coalition of enemies. But Lord Salisbury has not been caught by that chaff; he remains working in with the other central powers, while never sacrificing one jot of his country's independence or liberty of action. By a good understanding with Russia the two great powers can rule the world in peace, because their interests command that Britain can well give her consent to the occupation of Constantinople by Russia in exchange for the whole Nile valley and a free highway between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean; while France, instead of fiddling the score of "evacuation of Egypt," ought to rosin her bow and stick to scraping "Partant pour la Syrie," as a compensation.

Though the Sultan knows his fate is in the hands of the Czar and of Lord Salisbury, it is expected he will not perform the happy dispatch, and the occupation by the powers of his chief seaports means the partition of his empire. It must in the end come to that; he will never reform; Russia will never be content till she has Constantinople; England will never quit the Nile valley, and no power will declare war to trip up the waiting game the two powers are playing. It is the political aspect of the alliance between France and Russia that engrosses attention. Signed now, it cannot alter the issues aimed at; it cannot mean attacking any power that would break the peace and every diplomatic plan of campaign will, when interests are in jeopardy, call forth counter plans. The form of government in France does not

concern the Russians one straw; they note what can be her potency to aid the advance of their country for peace or for war. That was the great discovery made and acted upon by the late Czar, and which has reined in Germany; his son has made an equally invaluable find; the importance of an *entente cordiale* with England. Perhaps opinion does not give Russia sufficient credit for her desire to develop her industrial resources and to find an output for them in the general markets of the world. Russia is an agricultural country, she is now determined to become a centre of the industries. This is visible by any person who visits her instructive exhibition at Nini-Novgorod, which has succeeded this year's annual fair. Manufacturers would do well to study that show, of which the idea alone is a revelation. Fifteen years ago all the cotton consumed in Russia was imported; to-day one-third of that raw material comes from her own Central Asia and the Caucasus. In 1893 her cotton outputs amounted to one milliard of francs, one-third greater than in 1883. Her productions of wool, petroleum, coal, salt and cast iron, have also marched in seven-league boots; she commences to suffice for her own wants, but she lacks opening-up railways. No matter what political cyclones may burst upon Europe, Russia will be secure in her Asiatic strongholds.

The Russian fêtes and their hurly-burly over, the works of the 1900 Exhibition will be at once proceeded with; quite a regiment of navvies is ready to fall in with pick and spade. The foundations, as in all buildings, are the longest and the heaviest part of the labours. The superstructure will not be tedious, as all the materials will arrive ready prepared, exacting only fitting into position. A fresh infusion of glory-spirit has taken place, due to the Czar's visit, and the expectation that he will come to open the 1900 World's Fair, will keep brains and hands well occupied. The idea—though the intention be excellent—of giving out slices of the works to syndicated artisans is not very popular. But all attempts to solve the social problem merit experiment.

Paris, Oct. 7, 1896.

* * *

Field, Forest and Stream.

PASSING down by steamer recently from Sarnia to Detroit I was very much struck by the great and yearly increasing difference between the two banks of the St. Clair river. The Canadian side has evident natural advantages over the other, but it is almost entirely devoid of objects of interest, while on the United States side there is quite a succession of summer cottages and summer hotels, most of them picturesque in appearance and many of them set off by a background or an environment of trees. On asking for an explanation of this difference I was told by one local resident that the unprogressive shore is in part an Indian reserve, and by another that there is no more difference between the shores there than there is all along the St. Lawrence from Brockville to Duluth. "On the one side you see," said my informant, "activity and prosperity, while on the other you see repose and stagnation, if not decay. Compare Brockville with Ogdensburgh, Port Hope with Rochester, Fort Erie or even St. Catharines with Buffalo, Port Dover with Cleveland, Amherstburgh with Toledo, Windsor with Detroit, Sarnia with Port Huron, the Canadian with the United States Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur or Fort William with Duluth. The difference is quite as marked now as it was when Lord Durham dwelt on it with emphasis almost sixty years ago in his 'Report.' You will get but a poor idea of the contrast, if you limit your observation to a few miles of the St. Clair river."

Though there may be a good deal of force in this way of putting the case, and in the implication that the difference is due to causes that are as deep-rooted as they are wide-spread, I cannot see any necessity for leaving the Canadian shore of the St. Clair so entirely bare of trees. If they were planted in suitable places they would soon add very much to the beauty of the river without sensibly lessening the area of land available for cultivation. It is quite probable that the absence of trees has more to do with the absence of summer resorts than anything else has, for the Canadian.

shore is best suited for this purpose, and the navigable channel lies closest to it most of the way.

Toronto has a marked advantage over Detroit in the potability of the water supplied to her citizens, and for a very obvious reason. The water for Detroit is pumped up from the river close to its exit from Lake St. Clair, which is shallow and marshy. As a natural consequence it is comparatively warm and has a swampy taste, while Toronto water is cool and free from all suggestion of a marshy origin. The difference is due to the fact that the water pumped up for Toronto use has, after it leaves Detroit, passed through Lake Erie, been thoroughly aerated by passing over Niagara Falls and through the gorge, and been cooled by its slow progress through the great depths of Lake Ontario. That it comes very directly from the Niagara river must be manifest enough to anyone who understands the topographical relation between the places and knows anything about the movements of the water in Lake Ontario.

Ann Arbor is practically an academic town. The University of Michigan is to it what the College of New Jersey is to Princeton, or Harvard to Cambridge, and probably more. It is a place of ten thousand ordinary inhabitants, and to these are added, during the academic session, three thousand students. The buildings in which the University does its extensive and varied work are scattered over a campus which takes up a large proportion of the whole area of the town. The most characteristic feature of this campus, as compared with other college grounds, is the abundance of trees. In a few years the University will have the appearance of being situated in the midst of a primitive forest. The people of Ann Arbor are proud of this unique landscape, and so are the students. As a result the wild birds and other small animals are left unmolested, and they are in consequence quite free from timidity. Strolling about the campus the other day I saw several red squirrels passing from tree to tree and over the roofs of houses without a sign of fear, and chattering as impudently to hurrying groups of students, as they would have done to some solitary intruder into a dense natural forest. To me this was proof positive that the animals are left habitually unmolested, and I wondered how long it would be till the stone-throwing propensity of the ordinary Toronto youth would be similarly eradicated. Surely the seven hundred teachers of the city ought to be able, by a well directed and persistent effort, to accomplish something in this direction.

Sandwich is a quaint and charming old place, the inhabitants of which live a life of ideal freedom from bustle, while they are within half an hour of Detroit city hall by electric railway and ferry. The population of Sandwich, as of North Essex generally, is largely French, and the prevalent air of antiquity is intensified by the obvious age of the trees which are scattered so abundantly over the whole town. Fruit-growing seems to be the favourite occupation of the people of Sandwich and vicinity, and the grape is the favourite fruit. Soil and climate alike favour the production of the finest out-door varieties, but the staple is the old general purpose Concord. Take it for all in all it has no successful or even formidable rival. It is good for the table. It is well adapted for making wine, of which large quantities are made about Sandwich. It is perfectly hardy. It is early enough to ripen well, and it is very little liable to destruction by parasites. A luxuriantly growing and well kept vineyard is always a pleasant sight to one who delights in vegetation; it is doubly so when the dark clusters of ripe grapes afford a marked contrast with the luxuriant and light green foliage. As some varieties of grapes grow freely and ripen well in Toronto, they might be advantageously substituted for other climbing plants in suitable locations. They are not exacting in the matter of care, but they require and repay generous treatment in the way of food supply. A luxuriantly growing vineyard anywhere is a sure proof of intensive culture.

(ON THE WING.)

* * *

Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the mediums generally used.

On Leaving Kingston.

Steadily ever the twilight falls,—
Tarry a little, oh, mists for me,
Tarry, for dim are the eyes that see
The last of these wet, gray walls,
In a blackness that appals.

O Night! must you gather your cruel band?
On these spectral streets must your seal be set?
If regret should stir into life?—and yet
Tho' I stretch through the darkness a yearning hand
Who, of your many, would understand?

City of shadows! you hold in your clasp
Some of the hearts that I care for most,
Some of the love that my life can boast,
And the good I strove to grasp,
Tho' it ever eluded my clasp.

City of stone! are you stone in truth,
Dead to regret, and dumb to my tears?
Bringing me naught from the grave of the years
But this ghost of my vanished youth,
The lost, lost days of my youth

Vain it is! Vain it is! Let us away!
Tho' I tarried forever no sign would come,
For the sky and the waves, and the winds are dumb,
Save a sea-gull's scream from his heaven of gray
Where lights are gleaming up Quinte's Bay.

Away and away! Does it matter where?
There are none to remember and none to forget:
The past lies dead and our sails are set
For a strange far land as cold as fair,
Whose fruit is the curse of a granted prayer.

EMILY McMANUS.

* * *

Popularizing the Poets.

God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again.

A RECENT literary event of some significance, from the standpoint of popular education, is the publication, in England, of the "Penny Poets" by Mr. W. T. Stead. Professional literary critics probably will not trouble themselves very much about the matter seeing that it is only the re-publication of standard poets in exceedingly cheap form. This is, perhaps, less to be regretted in this case than some others, as Mr. Stead is a gentleman who is capable of advertising and reviewing himself and possesses an organ of large circulation in which to do that business. In his introduction to the selection from Arthur Hugh Clough's poems he says: "Great poets are often but poorly qualified for the position of a news editor. They are first-class as poets, but they sometimes break down when serving up their work to the public."

"This masterpiece of Clough is a case in point. Here is a poem, which, if it had only had a possible title, would have been as popular as *Evangeline*, utterly ruined, so far as the greater public is concerned, by the title which its author fastened to it, much as people tie a half-brick round the neck of the dog they wish to drown." This statement sets forth very clearly the aim of the editor—he desires to bring the great poets and the common people together, to act as middleman between these two classes, or, as expressed in his own modest metaphor, to dress the shop windows for the poets, and set out their wares in attractive forms and at popular prices. When we turn, then, to Clough's volume we find on the outer cover, "The Love Story of a Young Man, or The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich," but inside the poet's own title takes the first place, and when we get over the introduction we meet it standing alone at the head of the poem. Thus we are gradually introduced and gently accustomed to the uncouth name, and the editor hopes that twenty people will read the poem where one read it before, for, as he says, "what does the average man in the street know about Bothies, and how, in the name of fortune, can any mortal man not a Highlander be expected to pronounce that awful compound of hyphens and consonants?" Mr. Stead has undertaken the task of introducing the great English poets, and some of the smaller ones to the average man in the street. He has been willing to receive advice from

all quarters and in much of the work has had able assistants in making the selections and writing the explanatory notes. We are glad to see that the work has on the whole been so well accomplished. There is a breezy naturalness about the introductions as if one should say, "Here is an old friend of mine. I am sorry you have not met him before, but I am sure you will be delighted with his company;" but just when we think we are dropping into "the hail-fellow well met style" we are surprised to find critical and appreciative remarks of the greatest value expressed in a manner worthy of—perhaps instead of seeking a comparison it will be sufficient to say—of Mr. Stead at his best. The quotations already given with its metaphors of shop-dressing and dog-drowning will illustrate the appeal to the "man in the street," in his own tongue. The following, which occurs in the first volume of selections from Wordsworth, is, as will be seen at once, of a distinctly higher order. "One great charm of poetry is its endless diversity. It is as various as Nature which inspires it, and which in return it reflects as in a mirror. Wordsworth is different from any poet whose verse has hitherto appeared in this series. If Chaucer may be said to be the poet of the day dawn, Shakespeare of the busy life of early morn, and Milton of the spacious afternoon, Wordsworth is the poet of the meditative hour that is passed in the light of setting suns. There is something of sunset calm in the poetry of this High Priest of Nature. The fret of the busy day is but a reminiscence to be recalled at will. Wordsworth's dwelling amid the tranquil silences of Nature looks out with the serious wisdom of a philosopher upon the sins and sorrows, the joys and disappointments of the world of men." Those who prepare annotated editions of the poets for young people may, perhaps, feel that their fastidious taste is outraged by some of Mr. Stead's remarks and comparisons, but it may be that they could learn something from him in the way of suppressing superfluous notes, grappling only with real difficulties and allowing the author to have as much as possible of the scholar's attention.

We have mentioned Clough as a comparatively little-known poet. We cannot attempt now an account of the long poem with the Celtic name, but venture to quote one of the shorter poems, which probably is not too well known, although it is one Mr. Stedman gives in his "Victorian Anthology":

IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

Away, haunt not thou me,
Thou vain Philosophy,
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skyly shower
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull, mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the eternal shore.

This series consists of forty-eight small volumes, well printed, on coarse, strong paper, and neatly bound in a stout paper cover; sold at the modest price of one penny each. As already between two and three million copies have been disposed of, it is evident that there are many people who, if they cannot afford to buy expensive books, are glad to get good literature when it is brought within the reach of the poorest. It is not our present business to moralize upon the power of literature and the influence of poetry, as we think we may safely assume that it is a good thing in this age of "penny dreadfuls" and "shilling shockers" to popularize "the masterpieces of poetic" literature. The series extends from Chaucer to William Morris, author of the "Earthly Paradise," etc., who died a few weeks ago. Mr. Morris was the only living poet included; the works of recent poets, as Tennyson and Browning, were not available on account of the copyright. Out of the forty-eight volumes, seven give selections from the works of the following American poets: Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Poe, Bryant, Whittier, and Whitman. On this point two remarks may be made (1) It seems strange that Mr. Stead, who is in his way a strong "Imperialist," did not take this favourable opportunity of introducing some specimen of Canadian poetry to the notice of English readers; and (2) One wonders what the "man in the street" will make of Whitman, who tells him

"How beautiful and perfect are the animals
How perfect the earth and the minutest thing upon it.
What is called good is perfect, and what is
Called bad is just as perfect."

Even if the Englishman can manage to find either sense or poetry in this, he can hardly be expected to enter into Whitman's enthusiasm for the "American idea." However, the editor is quite prepared to champion Whitman and to show further that in his admiration for "the good, grey poet" he is in good company.

Among these "immortals" Shakespeare is represented by three plays and Scott by three poems; Milton by his volumes of selections from "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; Wordsworth has two volumes, and so has Matthew Arnold; while Byron and Burns have one each. Tom Hood contributes "poems grave and gay," and Coleridge gives us almost all of his verse that is of importance. Dryden, Pope, Grey, Goldsmith, Keats, Collins, receive due recognition; and altogether, considering the purpose of the series, the best of British and American poetic literature is skilfully "sampled." In these days of "women's rights" some of the fair sex may think that there is just cause of complaint in the fact that only two volumes out of forty-eight are devoted to them, and these are monopolized by Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, and Eliza Cook.

At the risk of giving too much space to what some may think a small matter, we feel constrained to note one or two special features of this popular series. Occasionally the editor has hit a good idea; for instance, in making the selections from Cowper sufficient variety has been given, ranging from John Gilpin to "God moves in a mysterious way," to afford a comprehensive view of the poet's work, and at the same time it has been found possible to include all the poems of that author on animals. Thus one section of the man's work is complete, and that one which is likely to have a humanizing influence, and at the same time show the timid poet in a natural and beautiful light. Again, the small volume of selections from Burns is judiciously done, and at the end of the book is a glossary of the more difficult Scotch words; such provision is absolutely necessary if people in the South of England or even the children of Scotch people in Canada are to understand and enjoy Scotland's greatest bard. Very interesting is the attempt to popularise the "Apostle of Culture," in the preface to the first volume of Matthew Arnold's poems we read: "Few of the numbers of the Masterpiece Library have been issued with more fear and trembling than this, which for the first time places the poetry of Matthew Arnold within the reach of the masses of the people. For Matthew Arnold has never been in any sense a popular poet. He sang to a limited and cultured audience. That audience, though few, is appreciative rather than enthusiastic, and its approval affords little or no indication as to how the polished verses of this apostle of culture will be received by the literary shepherd in the Australian bush, or the clerk and the artisan in the crowded cities." This first volume contains, besides the selected poems, an introduction, evidently written by some one (a lady we are told) well versed on the subject, in which the question is discussed, "Why Arnold has not hitherto been a 'popular' poet," and an attempt is made to state clearly the "formative influences" of his life, and the message of his character and thought. Later on a second volume was published in the same series, entitled "The Scholar-Gipsy and Other Poems," and a sale within less than six months of 200,000 copies of Arnold's poems was regarded as evidence that "the multitude is capable of appreciating poetry which has hitherto been regarded as the exclusive luxury of the cultured few." We must not now indulge in much quotation, but there may be space at least for this short sad song:

REGRETS-CAT.

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required:
She bath'd it in amules of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her soul was yearning
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath,
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

Among the volumes not already referred to are Keble's "Christian Year," "The Ingoldsby Legends," "Irish Melodies," by Thomas Moore; "Irish Ballads and Songs," selected by Martin MacDermott, and a selection of legends and ballads, beginning with the "Nut-Brown Maide," and ending with "Jim Bludso, of the Prairie Belle." Here, of course, we have "Chevy Chase," and many other old favourites, and by way of showing the catholicity of the collection we have side by side "The Boyne Water," and "God Save Ireland." We have no need here to discuss the extremes of "Orangeism" or "Fenianism," but from the standpoint of literature we are sorry that the Protestant song makes such a poor showing:

Come let us all, with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour showed
And make his foes surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever a'ter,
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the Boyne water.

Contrast this doggerel with the high-pitched excitement and poetic fire of the last verse of "God Save Ireland:"

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land:
But on the cause must go
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland!" say we proudly:
"God save Ireland," say we all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall.

There may be very much that is mere froth about this passionate patriotism, but at any rate it gives a tremendous swing to the political songs. In taking leave, then, of the "Penny Poets," we may say that this article has not been written for the purpose of criticism, or we might express our doubts as to the appropriateness of appending a short essay on "Re-incarnation," to Wordsworth's delightful ode on "Intimations of Immortality," and deal with other points which, in a popular edition of this kind, are of comparatively small importance. We are glad that at present we are simply called upon to express satisfaction that so much good literature has been brought within the reach of those who cannot live by bread alone, but who by their circumstances are forced to spend so much of their strength in the daily search for bread. A man who makes himself acquainted with the body of poetic literature, which is here given for less than one dollar, may not be an educated man in any technical sense, but he must by this communion with so many great minds attain a measure of real culture.

Strathroy.

W. G. JORDAN.

The Marriage Tie and Social Evolution.

WHETHER or not it be due to the publicity which the untiring enterprise of the public press gives to all events, whether political or social, in the present time, it must be a matter of consideration for all that to-day not a day passes even in the Canadian news items, when the public are not brought face to face with abundant proof that there is largely, perhaps, as a reflex from the social customs of the neighbouring republic, appearing in Canadian society both high and low, a—let us hope temporary—lack of regard for the ethical meaning of marriage, as it has been illustrated during the past eighteen hundred years, wherever the Christian religion has exerted its most positive influences upon society, and wherever nations have in history been noted for the pre-eminence of heroic virtues. No better illustration of this truth, perhaps, can be found than a comparison of the penalties which the society of a hundred or so years ago attached to the sins of the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, as related in the Hawthorne pathetic tale of "The

Scarlet Letter," as compared with the calm statistical records of the New England States of the present day, when the total divorces for the six States of New England in 1892 were 7.1 per cent. of the marriages celebrated during the same year. In some counties, indeed, in old Massachusetts the rate has reached of one divorce in every twelve marriages, and the rate for the whole State of New Hampshire has in same years risen still higher. We do not pretend to suppose that the legislators of any of these States, or of others equally notorious in the matter of divorces, would attempt to defend on any moral ground this growing tendency to the loosening, we might almost say to the destruction, of the marriage ties. That the steps which have been taken to break down the barriers to divorce must have been sanctioned by public opinion and society leads us at once to the conclusion that the symbolic and sacramental character of marriage, first made clear and unequivocal by the Council of Trent, and which is still maintained especially by the Roman Catholic Church, must largely have been lost in these districts, and that marriage as a civil contract between two persons has largely taken the place of it in public opinion in those States where such divorce laws exist. In examining into the statements upon which applications for divorces are made, it is found that from year to year one fifth are on the ground of adultery, some 50 per cent. on the ground of desertion. Curiously enough, however, there are in these States at least 50 per cent. of as many marriages of divorced persons as of divorces granted in any year. It is, therefore, manifest that on the part of one or both of the sexes, the moral qualities supposed so long to be inherent in, and a strong power towards the maintenance of sexual purity, are either temporarily being lost sight of, or that this somewhat old-fashioned doctrine of the sanctity of the marriage relation is being replaced by some other as the result of social evolution.

It seems to us, however, that modern society, even our own, requires to go through the unpleasant process of self-examination, and determine whether in view of certain very well-determined facts, historical and physical, it is not travelling in a direction which, in practice, has ever resulted in moral decadence and physical degeneration. Perhaps, too, it is most important that woman should enquire most particularly into the effects which the making of marriage a matter of mere convenience, or of a temporary state during which she is to be merely petted and caressed, will have upon the position which only after thousands of years she has succeeded in attaining to, and that she makes sure that in insisting on "woman's rights," she is not most surely producing "woman's wrongs."

The history of savage races, whether of ancient or modern times, has always presented woman as "woman a movable thing, a ware, an object of bargain and sale, a thing to satisfy lust and to work." Such she is to-day amongst the Polynesian native races, such she was amongst many of the native American tribes. Later she became a person, lower much than the male socially, and yet having the idea developed of the right of disposal of herself and her affections. Then she became the object of man's wooing, and so ethical qualities and distinctions became developed, and gradually the woman became conscious not only of her personal charms but that she had a right to bestow them on him whom she loved, and on him alone. Thus came to be evolved those two qualities which good society has ever looked upon as constituting the glory of woman—*chastity* and *faithfulness*; these implying all of that patience, suffering and personal self-sacrifice which are necessarily involved in true marriage.

Reverting to the purely physical aspect of the personal purity which is involved in what we may call the *old-fashioned* ideas of the marriage contract, it has often been asked: why should society demand of woman under all and every condition and circumstance a purity which is not so absolutely insisted upon in man? Or should man be punished as severely and as sternly for his unchastity as woman? The answer is that they cannot, in the very nature of things, be bound up in the same degree and under the same law. By loosening the strict social limitations by which woman is bound up, thereby giving her the same license as man, will not lift him up; but it will drag her down. The moral offence in the man may be by far the greater, as where inexperience and misplaced confidence have led a woman astray; but the essential and permanent distinction is that physically the

man's offence is limited, in the woman the offence is conserved, transmitted. Hence his penalty cannot be equal to hers, nor can society treat it as such. Society exists alone by and only in virtue of the common interests of its members. Its maintenance or progress to a higher plane or ideal can only be by the conservation of the physical strength and purity of blood of those who are to be its mothers. Thus the law of absolute chastity is unalterable for either the mother or the prospective mothers of the race.

Can society demand less of the fathers and prospective fathers of the people? Of the first class certainly not less, since, if the physical and ethical progress of mankind, whatever its *resting stages*, whatever its *retrograde metamorphoses* be looked upon as inevitable as any other phenomenon which we behold in the evolution of the world, the very laws of social selection, which have in the ethical realm, in some measure already, and will still more, replace "natural selection," must demand that marriage shall be, and remain, pure, that posterity shall not be defiled or degraded. And so far, indeed, as the unmarried man can be made to realize either by law or ethical development his share in the future of the race, so far will he be enabled through the very instincts, so powerful for evil, and which are the most powerful in individual and social existence to develop those altruistic feelings necessary to the existence of society, viz.: the exertion of strength for the acquisition of property and the foundation of a home, its preparation for the object of his affections, for the offspring of their love, and in a wide sense for all humanity. "On this height man overcomes his natural instinct, and from an inexhaustible spring draws material and inspiration for higher enjoyment, for more earnest work, and the attainment of the ideal." B.

* * *

The Gold Miners of British Columbia.

They come not from the sunny, sunny south,
Nor from the Arctic region,
Nor from the east, the busy, busy east,
The where man's name is legion;
But they come from the west, the rugged, rugged west,
From the world's remotest edges;
And their pockets they are filled with the yellow, yellow gold
That they mined in the mountain ledges.

Chorus:

Then, hey, lads, hey, for the mining man so bold,
Who comes from the world's far edges!
And, hey, for the gold, the yellow, yellow gold,
That is stored in the mountain ledges!

They basked not they in balmy tropic shade,
'Neath orange tree and banyan;
But they braved the bush, the torrent and the steep,
By gorge and gulch and canyon.
They would not be held back in cities over desks,
Or among the homestead hedges;
So their pockets now are filled with the yellow, yellow gold
That they mined in the mountain ledges.

They left their homes, their loved ones all behind,
Forsook kind friend and neighbour,
And went to seek the thing of greatest worth,
For gold, rare gold, to labour.
Oh! they bled the old earth—they opened up his veins
With their picks and drills and sledges;
And their pockets now are filled with the yellow, yellow gold,
That they mined in the mountain ledges.

Kaslo, B.C.

W. M. MAC KERACHER.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

THE CANADIAN FLAG.

SIR,—Allow me to second cordially Mr. Wickstead's suggestion to remove from the fly of our Dominion flag "the shapeless and undistinguishable menagerie called the arms of Canada," and to "replace it by an emblem of Old France"—the fleur-de-lis. The idea is gracious, the design graceful, and the change would be grateful to our fellow countrymen of French origin. And, moreover, it would, perhaps, tend towards the unification of the Empire.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

MENTAL ECONOMY.

SIR,—Nine or ten years ago, I was permitted, in the columns of THE WEEK, to call attention to the great science of Mental Economy. I do not claim that my letter was one particularly forcible in argument or diction; but I am inclined to think that, in any case, it would, a decade back, have fallen on an inattentive public ear. To-day there are many who tell us that neither society nor the masses are so enamoured of existing educational systems as they once were; and we have suspicious evidence constantly before our eyes that education, in certain of its aspects, is "pretty uppermost" in the public mind just now. Could a straight gaze at it, its excellencies, and its "very peculiar peculiarities," to use no harsher phrase, by possibility be out of place, or, prejudice aside, be possibly a waste of time? Our examiners, you say, are men of lofty patriotism and untiring energy. Well, grant it. But that is no proof whatever of the soundness of the system under which they work; or of the correctness of results. Besides, if the system is so good, it will bear the fullest scrutiny itself; it will bear looking at all round, and under varied lights.

We have a word—"examination"—what does it mean? What should it mean? After examination we label our men "first-class," "second-class," and so on. Are the first-class men in honours always in reality first-class men? Or are they sometimes below par. Is the man low upon the class list really a man of low intellectual power or industry? History will answer these questions for us; or a glance around at leading men to-day; or at our leading neighbours. Permit a homely illustration. I am employed by government, suppose, to sift a lot of stones, gravel, sand, and sort them into separate heaps according to their size. On inspection of my work, it is discovered that a lot of big stones have been allowed to run through along with sand; what then? Then they would dock me of my pay. I should be pronounced a bungler; and—the important point—I should be told the sieve I used for sifting this time was a valueless machine. And quite right, too. Yet this is just what happens every day in sorting men and classifying them by what we choose to call examinations. Nor has the difficulty of developing a sound or real science of examining—if difficulty exist, which I do not believe—anything to do with the duty of an avowal of weakness in our present plans, if it be obvious, fundamental, or extreme. Of "the matchless Cambridge triumvirate," as it was once called, Cromwell, Newton, Bulwer, the talent of two was wholly undiscovered by the examiners; and they were passed as men of mean ability. I am not praising nor appraising Cromwell's action. I am neither denouncing him as sinner, nor praising him as saint, but he was a man of vast mental powers; and the examiners of that day had not the wit to know it, or to pronounce him liable to be very helpful in his day and generation, or very dangerous. Would present-day examiners, with present plans, be more likely to discover it? Imagine for a moment the first Duke of Marlborough to walk into any examination room in the three kingdoms or the colonies, what could our examiners do with him? There as he stands, with no further preparation, and no cramming up, he is a big man—not morally perhaps, but intellectually—what will you do with him? He could plan a campaign sooner than he could write a letter. English composition was no forte of his in one sense; and in classics he would be nowhere. Are you going to pluck one of your best men? Because, independently of the art of war, or any technical pursuit, or calling, but just as simple citizen, he was, excluding moral considerations, a great man.

If permitted, I shall be happy to show how, in my opinion, an unrecognized science may be made to solve some of the most important problems of practical education for us; problems important to bar and senate, church and state, in medicine, engineering, commerce. I have named but four men, scores will occur doubtless to the reader's mind which would be just as apt for illustration. My remarks, however, are not intended to apply so far, except to the education, examination, classification of the citizen as such, not to training for any technical pursuit or examining.

J. S. COLE.

* * *

It is said that an orange sixteen inches in circumference, was taken from a tree at Pomona, Cal. It is to be sent to Europe as a specimen of California fruit.

Music.

THE annual election of officers of the Toronto Clef Club took place at the last meeting, with the following results: President, Mr. H. M. Field; Vice-President, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison; Secretary, Mr. W. J. McNally; Treasurer, Mr. A. T. Cringan; Committee, Messrs. J. Humfrey Anger, Edward Fisher, and A. S. Vogt.

Rafaele Vitali, a singer, well known in his day, who has just died in Italy, had a curious experience during the course of his career. One evening at Rome, while he was singing in "Louisa Miller," he was suddenly struck with the lowering of the voice, which made it impossible for him to finish his role. In one moment he had been changed from a tenor into a baritone, and for the rest of his career he sang in this latter capacity.

Sousa has received quite a flattering reception in Germany, whither he went about a month since. He was accorded the notable compliment of being invited to conduct the famous Philharmonic Orchestra at a concert in Berlin.

A singer named Solak, of Budapest, lately gave a concert twelve hours long, during which time he never ceased to sing. He got through 250 songs and still survives.

Verdi will write no more for the theatre. He is putting the finishing touches to a grand oratorio, something in the style of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

There is a movement on foot, and, in fact, a man is at present in London, to bring Adelina Patti again to this country next season.

Madame Nordica will not sing in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, this season.

A serious movement is on foot to establish a permanent orchestra in Baltimore, Md.

Marchesi says the best voices come from America, Australia and Austria.

* * *

The Drama.

CORA URQUHART POTTER once said that European and American civilization was not nearly up to the standard in some things of that which is obtained in South Africa and the coast towns. "In that country," Mrs. Potter said, "women always come to the theatre with a scrap of lace over their heads; they never wear hats in the evening." It isn't a particularly inspiring thing to compare the consideration shown by these women whom we are accustomed to regard as semi-barbarous with that of the women of our own country. However, those of Toronto are not entirely to blame. In only one theatre in this city has anything ever been done looking towards providing our women with proper facilities for arranging their toilets preparatory to viewing the performance. The Grand, which should be better than any other, is signally deficient in this respect. But now that the crusade against "the theatre hat," so long prosecuted without result, is bearing fruit, as shown in the lessened use of these monstrosities, Mr. Sheppard will perhaps do something along this line for his patrons. The time for action is ripe. Could he not try the effect of placing a dressing-room near the entrance, in charge of a woman who understands her business, one of those rare creatures who can set a skirt or settle sleeves and is well up in those little ways which every woman appreciates. Fit out the room with mirrors, boxes of face powders, friz pins, and other essentials for feminine comfort, and the wearing of two-thirds of the wraps and hats of the fair patrons of the Grand would be checked. Such a convenience would become as popular as the Ladies' Dressing Room on a Pullman sleeper; at least the experiment is well worth trying. One thing is certain, that there is no room for unnecessary wraps in the auditorium of the Grand, and, even when unimpeded with roof-garden hats, the view is none too good. It is the general rule that the average woman of the middle class when she imitates at all, seeks the model of her imitation in the social class above rather than in that below her own. This rule has its conspicuous and irritating exception in the

matter of the theatre-hat. For years well-bred women—women of social consequence—have appeared at the theatre, when the occasion was not a sufficiently brilliant one to warrant an appearance without head-covering, in small, dainty, close-fitting bonnets or toques, which scarcely, while exceedingly appropriate and becoming, meant more than a twist of lace or velvet and a vote. Thus, as the courtesy inseparable from all good breeding dictates, the rights of those seated behind her to a view of the stage and its players remain uninterfered with. At the other extreme of the social scale, the Biddys and the Arriets flaunt, at the theatre, hats that sweep the skies and close out as effectually as a blank wall all view from anyone behind their Upas shade. Why, in a matter whose rights and wrongs are so peculiarly obvious, the great majority of middle-class women should choose to imitate their kitchen-maids rather than their social leaders, must forever remain a problem to the student of femininity. Why managers permit so flagrant an imposition upon their patrons' purchased rights, as the universal wearing of such hats in their theatres is a problem no less unsolvable. A man's hat is promptly removed by an usher if ignorance of social laws keeps it on his head in a theatre. Yet a man's hat is an "offence defensible" indeed, compared with the monumental outrages on the rights of the neighbour that the ignorance, the stupidity, the porcine obstinacy of the average woman theatre-goer deface her withal!

Sir Henry Irving announced on the occasion of the first production of "Cymbeline" recently that his next production would be Shakespeare's "Richard the Third." The statement was received by an enthusiastic shout of approval. It is something over nineteen years since he appeared as the humpbacked Duke of Gloucester, but in 1877—January 29th was the actual date of the revival—the Lyceum was still under the Bateman management. Therefore the promised revival will give us for the first time the great play as the master-mind of Irving deems it should be presented. Of course, his impersonation of *Richard*, though vividly remembered for its originality of conception and its subtlety and strength of execution, is sure to present as freshly interesting a study as did his *Macbeth*, when he revived that play some thirteen years after the Bateman production. "Richard the Third," we feel certain, will prove one of the greatest of his embodiments, and, of course, the play will offer splendid scope to the scenic artist, the costume designer, and the archæologist, as ordered by Sir Henry Irving's imagination. Of course, Miss Ellen Terry, whose exquisite *Imogen* has added another jewel to her histrionic crown, will play the *Lady Anne*, and her grim courting of *Richard* should be a scene to remember.

Mr. Henry Miller, the former leading man of the Empire Stock Company, New York, is a feature in the company A. M. Palmer has formed to play at his new Great Northern Theatre in Chicago. Before assuming this position, Mr. Miller will undertake a short starring tour, opening in Canada. He will present "Sowing the Wind," seen here two seasons ago, in which he gives a remarkably fine performance of an old man who loved and lost in his youth; "Frederick Lemaitre," an artistic embodiment of an incident in the great French actor's life; "Liberty Hall," a delightful modern play, and "Gudgeons," in which he does the best work of his life. Character work is far better suited to Mr. Miller than conventional society parts, for in the latter he is apt to grow monotonous and lapse into mannerisms. If he would do more character work his reputation would be enhanced accordingly.

A galaxy of five young women of odorous reputation, who have been successively the scandal of three European capitals, are at present performing in New York. They are termed the Barrison sisters. It is said that their entertainment, while sufficiently shocking, is intensely stupid. None but inane Johnnies, with receding foreheads, and inoffensive shop-girls who think that a flavour of naughtiness constitutes amusement, are found within the precincts of Koster and Bial's these days.

A happy event looked forward to in the household of Charles H. Hoyt is the talk of the many friends of that gentleman and his handsome wife (Caroline Miskel, who was formerly a Miss Scales of this city). It may furnish to a new generation another clever writer of amusing farces, or it may give to the future stage another handsome actress.

Art Notes.

A GRAPHIC HUMORIST.

Magazine of Art.

NOWADAYS, the artist who aspires to make a name with the greatest, studies from the life, works at the night-schools, enters a Parisian *atelier*, and then settles down—not to rival the frescoes of Michael Angelo, or make a bid for the Presidency of the Academy, but to draw for the comic press, with Punch as the goal of his ambitions. Mr. L. Raven Hill was born in Bath, but received his artistic training at the Bristol Art School. About the year 1882 he entered as a pupil at the Lambeth Art School—that cradle of so many of our most successful artists—and there had the good fortune to work side by side with Mr. Charles Ricketts and Mr. Shannon; and the three became inseparable thenceforward, not only working together, but developing their art and living in company. At that time Mr. Ricketts was among the students the chief artistic influence, and that influence, as exercised upon Mr. Raven Hill, was salutary, and it was unquestionable. In 1885 Mr. Raven Hill proceeded to Paris, and there studied under various masters, deriving most of the benefit, perhaps, from M. Aimé Morot—he was a painter, then, and had some reputation as a *chercheur*—and after two years' absence in France, returned to England as a contributor to the exhibitions of pictures conceived and painted in the modern manner. But, in spite of a certain success, he found that the chief opening was for black-and-white work, and that the best way to "realise" it was to illustrate comic ideas rather than serious ones; and thus he drifted into a world of gaiety and humour for which he had not been specially educated, and for which he certainly had not suspected himself of any particular fitness. He had, it is true, drawn for Judy before he went to Paris, without any notion of finding his destiny in any such direction as that; but on his return he worked extensively for Pick-Me-Up, Black and White, and The Butterfly, and in all of them he displayed capacity of a high order. The last-named magazine he started in 1893, in company with a small band of artists and writers who shared his ingenious surprise that no paper in existence would give an artist an absolutely free hand—letting him do what he liked, and contenting itself with paying him a good price for his best work. In due course The Butterfly failed, though, in truth, it deserved a very different fate; and then the artist transferred his allegiance to the Pall Mall Budget, until it also died. In the pages of that journal appeared much of Mr. Raven Hill's best work. Then followed The Unicorn, which, born to an ineffectual struggle of only three weeks, succumbed to its birth-throes through misunderstanding and financial mismanagement. It was thus as an artist carefully bred and educated, but attended in his publications by singular ill-luck, that Mr. Raven Hill entered the ranks of the humorists. Nevertheless, he was not faultless; for, although an acknowledged disciple of Charles Keene, he was one, as I have said, of the admirable trio of which Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon were the other members. As a matter of fact, he shared their fault of occasional incorrectness of drawing; for they all belong to that school, or class, of artists of whom Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown were the greatest exemplars—who, however highly gifted with artistic instinct and inspiration, could never (whether through lack of severe education or through inherent indisposition) assure themselves of impeccable draughtsmanship. Although the early drawings of Charles Keene were tight to a singular extent, he rarely was out of drawing. This tightness never was a fault of Mr. Raven Hill's; but inaccuracy of drawing, often. Nor is this shortcoming unknown to the artist—a shortcoming which, I imagine, arises somewhat from his practical belief in the principle of the Japanese artist, that impression—otherwise, memory—is of greater value in giving vitality to a drawing than any amount of deliberate searching after accuracy of proportion and truth of outline. At least, it may be said that it is the means of introducing the utmost unforced character into the drawing, while suggesting a sense of movement and actuality.

* * *

Suffer not your mind to be either a drudge or a wanton.
Exercise it ever, but overlay it not.

The Cry from Ararat.

Promethean East, chained to a corpse whose hand
Affrights not but invites the bird of prey.
Is there no Hercules to arise and slay
Thy torturer? Shame on the callous band
Who watch the anguish of their mother-land,
Yet make no slightest movement to allay.
Shame England! slothful laggard to obey
The call of mercy, swift at greed's command.

The priest rid Past from its dishonoured grave,
On which eight centuries have set their seal,
Rises in judgment, "I had rushed to save,
"My knights had made it felt that they could feel."
Shall the dark ages be more nobly brave.
Than heirs of light to heed a sad appeal?

WILLIAM MCGILL.

* * *

Goethe on Music.*

Translated for THE WEEK.

JOHN PETER ECKERMANN would long ago have been forgotten, if he had not immortalized his name by the publication of the "Conversations with Goethe" during the last years of his life. As the son of a poor pedlar in Winsen, in Hanover, he was compelled to struggle with the most adverse conditions, and conquer almost indescribable hardships, before he at last succeeded in acquiring a liberal education, and he was quite grown up before this became possible. His struggles, however, were the means of his introduction to Goethe. The venerable poet honoured him with special favour, and soon took so much pleasure in Eckermann's society that he would not allow him to leave him, but made him his private secretary, as well as his trusted friend, with whom he shared all his thoughts.

The fruit of those seven years' close companionship and interchange of thought has been given to the world in the celebrated "Conversations" which Eckermann published after the immortal poet's death. They not only afford a deep insight into Goethe's character, and many interpretations of the meaning of his works; but they also contain a rich treasure of remarkable thoughts and judgments on Art, Poetry, Religion and Politics.

On music, too, which Goethe considered as the most indispensable of the pleasures of life, and on the great composers and their works, we find in the precious volume not a few characteristic utterances, some of the most interesting of which are here given.

Once when the conversation turned on the Demoniac in Art,† Goethe said: "In music whose magic force has been felt by mankind from the earliest ages, and still works powerfully on us, without our in the least understanding its operation; the demoniac is present in the highest degree, for it rises so far above us that no intellect can grasp it. An influence proceeds from it which overpowers everything, and of which no one is able to give an exact explanation. Even the religious cult cannot dispense with it, it is one of its most powerful instruments for influencing mankind. Among individual artists the demonic is found most in musicians, less frequently in painters. In Paganini it existed in the highest degree, and hence he produced such extraordinary results."

In a conversation on the early appearance of musical talent, Goethe observed: "Musical talent may well show itself at a very early age, for music is something entirely innate, which has need of no great nourishment, and no experience drawn from life. And yet a phenomenon such as Mozart, will always remain a mystery which cannot be fully explained. But what opportunity would there ever be for the Godhead to perform a miracle if He did not at times create some extraordinary being, at whom we marvel without in the least understanding whence he comes. And further, a genius is not born into the world simply for his own satisfaction, but that he may develop into a great master, who will use his talent to the utmost. I have to-day been reading a letter of Mozart's, where, writing to some baron who had just sent him a musical composition, he said something like

* From "Conversations with Eckermann." A memento of Eckermann's hundredth birthday. By J. H. Von Winterfeld (Neue Musik-Zeitung).

† Demoniac is a very insufficient rendering of the German, *daemionisch*, but what English equivalent have we?

Sweetheart Travellers.*

IN "Sweetheart Travellers," the characters are those of a father and his little daughter of four years. They take long rides together on a wheel, and an occasional jaunt on foot through the woods. The following is a selection from one experience of these jolly comrades:

"Can I take off my shoes and paddle?" pleaded the Sweetheart wistfully.

I knew she ought not. But, after all, it was a fine day, and I wanted very much to do it myself. So we stripped in company, and with many shriekings and much splashing we spent a long hour, which lengthened imperceptibly into two, grappling as of old for loch pearls and "guddling for bairdies." Our success was not what could be called phenomenal, but at least we got most delightfully wet. And after all that is the main thing. Never once did we think of what would be said to us when we got home.

All in a moment a happy thought leaped up in my mind, like a trout in the pool below.

"DON'T LET'S TELL AT ALL!"

In a moment Sweetheart and I had become companions in infamy. Our several knickerbockers were wet. Our caps had fallen into the water and were sopping. I cannot even remember the names of half the things belonging to Sweetheart which were wringing wet. But what matter? Was there ever such a day, so bright a sun, so green a grass, such clear, cool waters?

"I almost feel the heat bringing out the freckles," said Sweetheart, whose greatest aim in life is to be freckled like the girl she saw in the hay-field the other day. She has worn her cap pushed very much on the back of her head ever since—"on purpose," as she says.

How near the flowers are! Sweetheart and I seem somewhere about the same age—possibly Sweetheart may even have a trifle the advantage of me.

But just then we heard the sound of a horse's feet. We looked guiltily at one another. Were we to be caught in the very act? Hastily we pushed the tricycle into an empty stone-breaker's stance cut deep into the edge of the wood. And then we—well, we walked with dignity and calmness into the shelter of the forest.

No, certainly not. What an idea! We did not run and hide. That would have been a hasty and improper description of our movements, though I admit that our retreat looked a good deal like it. But mere unbalanced judgments from circumstantial evidence ought never to be expressed publicly. They are apt to be dangerous as well as misleading.

It was a pony-carriage which came trundling round the corner. In it sat the Lady of the Workbasket.

As soon as she saw the tricycle she pulled up.

We could see her looking everywhere about for us. We could even hear what she was saying:

"They must have gone up in the wood for blackberries. They are trying to surprise me by bringing home a lot. How like them, and how kind!"

Sweetheart and I blushed for very shame. But the case was too bad to be bettered by making a discovery and confession now. Presently the Lady of the Workbasket tied a little knot of ribbon to the handlebar to let us know that she had been there, and drove on her way.

Sweetheart and I looked long at one another. We sat thus indeed, hardly speaking, till most of our apparel was dry enough to put on. Then we said, "We must find these blackberries now."

And after a long search we did a capful, and a pocketful, and a handkerchief-ful.

When at last we got home, they said, "What has kept you so long?"

Then we smiled at one another and said nothing. We meant to keep on doing just that.

But when she came home, and before she saw our treasure-trove the Lady of the Workbasket said kindly, "You stopped to gather blackberries in the Duchrae Bank for to-morrow's pudding. But I won't tell you how I know!"

Then Sweetheart and I had the grace to blush again and yet again. But all the same we never told what we had really been doing. And even now we beg that it be considered a dead secret.

We predict for "Sweetheart Travellers" a large measure of popularity on this side the Atlantic. It will have a large sale during the coming holiday season.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Denounced, A Romance. By John Bloundelle-Burton. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.—The publishers have done well to bring out a Canadian edition of this stirring, and sometimes thrilling, Jacobite story of intrigue, revenge and love. There is very little about the "Forty-five" in it and the only glimpse we get of Bonnie Prince Charlie is towards the end when, having outstayed his welcome, he is arrested by order of the French King and conveyed to the frontier. The author established his claim to a high rank as a popular novelist by "In the Days of Adversity," and this work fully sustains the reputation he then acquired.

* "Sweetheart Travellers." By S. R. Crockett, author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

this: "You dilettantes are to be blamed, for there are two defects very common among you; either you have no thoughts of your own, and borrow from others; or if you have original thoughts you do not know how to make use of them." Is not that heavenly, and does not this great criticism which Mozart intended for music apply equally to all the other arts? I have," he continued after a pause, "seen Mozart, as a child, seven years old, when he gave a concert on his journey through Frankfurt. I was then fourteen years old, and I still remember the little man with his curly hair, and his sword by his side."

When Eckermann once expressed the hope that the music for Faust would be worthy of the work, Goethe said: "The music should be in the style of Don Juan. Mozart should have composed Faust. Meyerbeer would, perhaps, have been capable of it, for Faust needs a composer who, like Meyerbeer, has lived long in Italy, so that he might unite his German nature with Italian art and sentiment. But Meyerbeer would not undertake it, he is too much engrossed with the Italian theatre." This comparison is noteworthy between Mozart and Meyerbeer, whose fame, which was still in its infancy, had been divined by Goethe without his ever having had opportunity to become acquainted with the composer's works.

Once when speaking of Rossini's Moses, and some praised the music while condemning the text and stage effect, Goethe broke forth in the following fashion: "I cannot conceive, my dear children, how you can separate subject and music and enjoy each independently. You say the subject was worthless, but you ignored it and enjoyed the excellent music. I really admire the organization of your nature, how your ears can be in a condition to listen to delightful sound whilst the most powerful organ of sense, the eye, is tortured by the most absurd objects. And that your Moses is really too absurd you cannot deny. As soon as the curtain goes up, the people stand and pray. This is very much out of place. I should have liked to make a totally different Moses, and have the piece begin in a totally different manner. I would first have shown how the children of Israel were suffering under their cruelly enforced labour and the tyranny of the Egyptians, that the service which Moses renders his people, when he freed them from so shameful a bondage, might have its full effect. This much is certain that I cannot thoroughly enjoy an opera unless the subject and setting are as perfect as the music, so that they all go side by side. If you ask what opera I really admire, I should mention the Wassertraeger of Cherubini. In this the text and stage effect are so perfect that it might be given without music, as a mere play, and it would be thoroughly enjoyed. Either composers do not understand the importance of a good groundwork, or there is an extraordinary lack of professional poets to keep step with them and furnish them with a really satisfactory text. If the letterpress of the Freischutz were not so admirable, the music would have had enough to do to obtain the splendid success which has attended the opera, and hence a few honours should be spared for Herr Kind. Weber should never have written the Euryanthe, he ought to have seen that the subject was bad, and that nothing could be made of it." Although Goethe's judgment was correct with reference to these two last operas, it must not be overlooked that he was not free from a certain prejudice against Weber, and did not estimate him at his full worth. And further, the old adage is true in this case, that it is easier to blame than to mend, for it is well known that the great poet, in spite of many attempts, never succeeded in writing a good text for an opera.

In conclusion, one more interesting comparison may be mentioned, namely, that of Napoleon with Hummel* when the talk had turned on the ease with which talent creates. "Napoleon," said Goethe, "handled the world as Hummel did his piano: both seem wonderful to us and we understand the one as little as the other. Napoleon was specially great in that he was always the same and always in his element. He was equal to any moment and any emergency: before a battle, during a battle, after a victory, or after a defeat, just as it is with Hummel, whether he is playing an adagio, or an allegro, bass or treble. This is the faculty which is found wherever a real talent exists, in the arts of peace as of war, at the piano or behind the cannon."

Kingston.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

* A famous Kapellmeister in Weimar.

Periodicals.

Under the suggestive title of "Out of the Book of Humanity" there will appear in the November number of the Atlantic Monthly a series of sketches from life, full of realism and pathos, by Jacob A. Riis, the author of "How the Other Half Lives."

A fully illustrated article on "Public Aquariums in Europe," in which those of Naples, Amsterdam, Paris, Berlin, and Brighton are described, will be contributed to Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for November, by Prof. Bashford Dean, of Columbia University.

Chester Bailey Fernald's stories in The Century Magazine have begun to attract wide attention. Several of them have been on Chinese subjects; but a New England story, which he will contribute to the November Century, shows that he is as clever in down-east dialect as he has proved himself in Pidgin-English.

A recent issue of the Critic devotes three and a half pages to Mr. du Maurier, with four portraits of the artist author—three of them by himself—a picture of the house in which he wrote his famous novels, a facsimile of a recent letter in his handwriting, a head of Mr. Whistler, and one of Phil May, who succeeds Mr. du Maurier on Punch; and pen-and-ink sketches of Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Svengali and Miss Dorothea Faird as Trilby.

Capt. C. J. Melliss, of the Ninth Bombay Infantry, a famous hunter and a hero of a number of thrilling encounters with the big cats of the jungle, has written for the November Scribner's an article on "Panther-hunting in India." It is full of adventure and of special information about the ways of these animals. The illustrations are by Van Muyden, whose remarkable etchings of wild animals are almost as famous in Europe as the bronzes of Barye.

The writer of one of the articles in the Westminster Review for October is haunted by a fear of the effects which may flow from what he calls a "revival of Jacobitism." A caustic review of the "record of the session" is furnished by a clever writer, whose standpoint is Liberal. The "Metric System," which is rapidly coming into prominence as a subject of discussion, is expounded by a competent scientist. A well-known journalist deals very fully with "Journalism as a Profession," but leaves unsettled many of the questions that always arise whenever this aspect of the calling is considered.

One of the most striking articles in the October number of the Nineteenth Century is the one by Sir Edmund du Cane on "The Unavoidable Uselessness of Prison Labour," in which a somewhat pessimistic view is taken of the subject by a veteran in prison management. An interesting and amusing account is given of an embassy to Queen Elizabeth, the motive of which was to bring about her marriage to the Archduke Charles of Wurtemberg, and in the course of which the queen rather more than held her own as a diplomat in a matter which concerned her more as a woman than it did as a queen. The usual amount of space is given up to the Presidential election and the Eastern question.

One of the oldest and most reliable magazines published in the United States is Littell's Living Age (Boston, Mass.). It has, through its more than fifty years of existence, maintained, invariably, the highest degree of literary excellence. The publishers now announce certain "New Features" which will greatly enhance its value in the eyes of every intelligent reader. The first of these new features will appear in a November issue—to be continued monthly thereafter—in the form of a Supplement containing three departments, namely: Readings from American Magazines, Readings from New Books, and a List of the Books of the Month. This "Supplement" which cannot fail to be of great interest and profit to its subscribers will add about three hundred pages annually to the magazine, with no addition to its present price, \$6.

United States politics is the theme of several articles in the October National Review, one of them being by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. Naturally he puts the best aspect on the Bryan campaign, and ends with the prediction that "the people have triumphed every time and they will triumph now." Dr. George M. Dawson contributes a valuable and timely article on "Canada as a Field for Mining Investment," the general purport of which may be gathered from a single excerpt: "Every indication points to the conclusion that an opportunity, not often found in the course of industrial development, now offers itself to the profitable utilization of idle capital, within the limits of the Empire, under the safe-guard of British laws, and in a country where the monetization of silver or other form of repudiation of debt has never found so much as a responsible advocate."

The great international question of the day—the relation of Russia to Great Britain—dominates the Fortnightly Review for October. The first article is on "The Russian Ascendency in Europe," and there are two others on the Eastern question, one entitled "China, England, and Russia," and the other "The Turkish Question in its Religious Aspect." The general trend of these papers is, in harmony with the tone of the daily papers in England, favourable to a better understanding between Great Britain and Russia in the interest of both countries and of the world at large. A still more oriental aspect is given to the magazine by an article on "The Mission of Judaism," the writer of which maintains that the Jews survive for "the spread of monotheism and the development of religious ideas." The other papers make up a high-class number of this well known monthly.

In Massey's Magazine for October Prof. William Clark commences a series of papers entitled "With Parkman Through Canada," which promises to be exceedingly useful in presenting in popular form some of the principal heroic features of Canadian history. Mr. Thorold continues his "Canadian Successes on the Stage," and Mr. Phillips gives some further "Impressions of the International Yacht Races." Ezra Hurlburt Stafford, Edgar M. Smith, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Helene E. F. Potts contribute stories; and Isabell Lawlor and Charles G. D. Roberts the verse of the number. Charles Lewis Shaw has an illustrated article on "Campaigning in the Soudan," and J. Macdonald Oxley one on "The Evolution of the Volunteer Contributor;" but, from a local standpoint, the article of the number is "The Governor-General's Body Guard," with portraits of several generations of fighting Denisons, including those of the late Lieut. Fred. C. Denison, M.P., and George T. Denison, P.M., of Heydon Villa.

The "Looker-on" contributes to Blackwood for October one of his occasional papers about men, women and things in general, as "Cornelius O'Dowd" used to have it. One expects this magazine to take a reactionary view of all matters relating to politics, and its exposure of the weakness of the arbitration negotiations between Lord Salisbury and Secretary Olney is quite as thorough as the most old-fashioned stickler for national honour can desire. A valuable contribution to history is made by the publication of the diary of Major-General Sir George Ridout Bingham, who accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena, and remained there as second under Sir Hudson Lowe until 1819. It is somewhat amusing to read that the Great Emperor was quite sea-sick, or, as Gen. Bingham euphemistically puts it, "affected by the motion of the ship," and "invisible the whole day." Several interesting conversations are recorded, among them one in which Bonaparte asserted that he really meant to invade England and that he had not assembled 200,000 troops at Boulogne merely for a "bluff." He blamed the failure of the expedition on Admiral Villeneuve, who, after his drawn battle with Calder, sailed to Cadiz instead of Boulogne. All further purpose of invading England was abandoned after the destruction of the French fleet at Trafalgar.

Literary and Personal.

The birthplace of Bayard Taylor, in Pennsylvania, has been enriched by a library dedicated to the famous poet, traveller and diplomat. It was erected by the Bayard Taylor Memorial Library Association.

Mr. du Maurier is the subject of a long article, profusely illustrated, in The Critic of October 17—whose publishers report a revived demand for their unique booklet, "Trilbyana: The Rise and Progress of a Popular Novel."

The succession of Phil May to Du Maurier on the staff of Punch has given rise already to comment upon the gap made by Du Maurier's death in English art. As someone has said, Du Maurier always followed Mark Lemon's advice: "Be the tenor in French opera-bouffe." Phil May is now styled, by contrast, the clown. The fact is that Britishers are mourning the dead artist more than the dead romancer in Du Maurier. It required "Trilby" on the stage to awaken a "Trilby" craze in London, and even then it was only a mild form of the severe American disorder. I. Zangwill once happily, if extravagantly, hit off the American craze by declaring that Little Billee and Trilby were America's Romeo and Juliet.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons, London, have recently published a memoir of Edward Craven Hawtry, D.D., "Head Master and Afterwards Provost of Eton," by Francis St. John Thackeray, M.A., F.S.A., in which the opinions and recollections of many old Etonians are incorporated. Of Dr. Hawtry, Mr. Oscar Browning says: He lived in an age when education was making great progress in England—the age of Arnold, Newman, and Edward Coleridge. His line was not clerical, and therefore he has received but little notice from those who have written the ecclesiastical history of that epoch. He represented a different side, the education of the scholar-statesman, and that he carried out with great success. He was a head and shoulders above every one else at Eton, and was therefore always misunderstood. As a headmaster, I have always thought he appreciated the real function of Eton, the education of statesmen, better than any one else. Lord Coleridge and Goldwin Smith have always appeared to me as his pupils in a special sense. He was the most high-minded man that ever governed Eton.

The J. B. Lippincott Company announces an unusually large list of fall publications, including almost every department of letters, from science to fiction. Some of the important volumes are: "The True George Washington," by Paul Leicester Ford; "Myths and Legends of our Own Land," by Charles M. Skinner; "Bird-Land Echoes," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, with minutely faithful drawings of birds by Wm. Everett Cram; "Half Hours of Travel at Home and Abroad," by Charles Morris; "Paris Days and Evenings" by Stuart Henry; "Famous Violinists and Fine Violins," by Dr. T. L. Phipson; "New Wheels in Old Ruts," a pilgrimage to Canterbury via the ancient pilgrim's pathway, by Henry Parr; "London Street Names," by F. H. Habben, B.A.; and "Historical Tales, Greece and Rome," by Charles Morris. In fiction the list includes: "The Murder of Delicia," by Marie Corelli; "Venus and Cupid," by the author of "King Europa's School;" "In the Wake of King James," by Standish O'Grady; "A Lawyer's Wife," by Sir William Nevill George Winthrop; "The Truth Tellers," by John Strangor; "A Marriage by Capture," by Capt. Buchanan; "A Tame Surrender," by Mrs. Charles King; "A Golden Autumn," by The Alexander; "A Lonely Maid" and "The Coming of Chloe," by The Duchess; and "An Unjust Steward," by Mrs. Oliphant. The list of Juveniles contains: "The Oracle of Baal," by J. Provand Webster; "Captain Chap, or the Rolling Stones," by Frank R. Stockton; "Prince Little Boy and Other Tales Out of Fairyland," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "Philippa," by Mrs. Molesworth; "The Black Tor," by George Manville Penn; and charming new editions of "Two Little Wooden Shoes," by Ouida, and "The Mystery of the Island," by Henry Kingsley.

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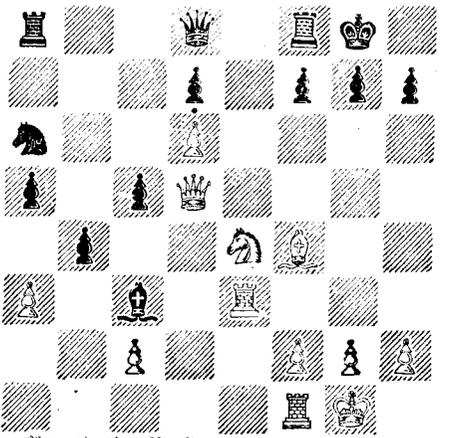
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Maroczy	Pillsbury	Game 757		
1 P K4	P K4	BD	GE	
2 Kt KB3	Kt KB3	SM	ZP	
3 P Q also Kt xP good	Kt B3	ju	rx	
3...B QKt5 preferable	B B4?	Jo	Rw	
4...B Kt5 again better	Castle	AS	HZ	
5 Castle	R K1	ME	RH	
6 Kt xP	R K1			
7 Kt xKt, 7 P Q, KtP3	Kt xP	EM	PD	
7 Kt xKt, 7 P Q, KtP3	Kt xKt	24	Du	
8 P Q4	B K2	ku	wG	
9 P xKt	Kt Kt1	45	nr	
9...should retire to K B1 perhaps	P QR3	sN	gf	
10 P Q5	B B3	od	GP	
11 B KB4	P Q3			
11...P QB3 not worse	B B3			
12 B R4	P Q3			
12...P QK4, P Q3				

13 most masterly move	P B3	56	yx
13...P xP, 14 QBP, QK13, 15 Q Q5, Kt B3, 16 B QK13,			
14 B QK13	P QKt4	dm	qo
14...B xP?, 15 Kt Kt5 wins	B Kt2	12	zi
15 Q Q2	R B1	MW	HR
15...PKR3, 16 Q Rk1, R B1, 17 B xRP	P QR4	WD	fe
16 Kt K4	Kt R3	hc	rf
17 Kt K4	P B4	aA	xw
18 Q QR3	B xB	m5	q5
19 Q Rk1			
20 B Q5			

21 Q xB	P Kt5	25	on
21...mere desperation.	G xP	AC	Pu
22 RK3	G xP		
22...K R1, 23 K Rk1, P R5, 24 Kt xB, Q xKt, 25 QxR!			



23 R xB!	P xR	Cu	nu
24 B Kt5	Kt B2	NW	fy
24...Q (B1, 25 KtB6 ch, K R1, 26 Q K4, P Kt3, Q R4)			
25 Q B4!	Q K1	5V	8H
25...Kt B6 ch, P xKt, 27 B xP, Q K3, 28 QB4			
26 P xKt	Q K4	6y	HE
26...Q K3, 27 Q xQ, P xQ, Kt Q6!			
27 R Q!	K Rk1	J1	RH
27...Q xBP, 28 Kt Q6 etc) Q Rk1, 28 R xP, (Q xKt, 29 QxQ, R xQ, 30 P B3, R Q5, 31 R xR?) Qx3, 29 Kt xQ!			
28 R xP	K R1	17	Z88
28...intending soon P B4			
29 Q xKBP!	Q xB!	vQ	EW
30 P B4	Q Kt5	KN	WV
30...Q (R3, 31 Kt Q6, R K B1, 32 Q K7!!!) Kt3, 31 QxQ, P xQ, 32 Kt Q6 wins			
31 P R3	Q xR	2233	V7
32 Q xQ, R xKt, 33 P B8 (Q) ch., winning.			

Some Montreal papers have given game 755 twice already without change.

The Midnapore Chess Club prefers the German to the English notation.

A Victim of Sciatica.

UNABLE TO WORK THOUGH STRONG AND WILLING.

The Sufferings of a Well Known Guelph Citizen—Could Not Move About Without the Aid of a Stick—Again as Strong and Healthy as Ever.

From the Guelph Mercury.

There is, perhaps, no business or occupation that any man could follow that is more trying to the health—particularly in the winter—than that of moulding. A workman leaves the shop with his clothing wringing wet from perspiration, and a cold wind chills him to the marrow, making him a ready mark for lumbago, sciatica and kindred troubles. A moulder requires to be a man of more than ordinary strength, and to continue at his work must always be in good health, for the moulding shop is no place for an invalid. Sciatica is by no mean an uncommon affliction for men of this craft, and once the dread disease has lanced a victim he seldom shakes himself free from it again. In fact some people declare that it is incurable, but that it is not we are able to testify by a personal interview with one once afflicted with the trouble, but who is now in perfect health, thanks to his timely use of the famous remedy. There are few workmen better known in Guelph than Chas. W. Waldren, perhaps better known as "Charley Waldren," for he has lived in Guelph almost continuously since he was three years of age, and he has now passed the 38th mile post. Mr. Waldren is a moulder, and has worked at that business for 22 years; and besides, being noted as a steady workman, he is a man whose veracity is unquestioned. It is a well-known fact here that Mr. Waldren had to quit work in January, 1896, on account of a severe attack of sciatica, and for eleven weeks was unable to do a tap. Knowing that he was again at work a Mercury reporter called at his residence one evening to learn the exact facts of the case. Mr. Waldren, when spoken to on

the subject, replied quite freely, and had no hesitation in crediting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with his remarkable recovery. "I am not one of those people who are seeking newspaper notoriety," said Mr. Waldren, "neither have I been snatched from death's door, but from the day when I quit work, until March 30th, when I started again, I was confined to the house with sciatica. It located in my hip and would shoot down my leg to my foot and was very painful. I could not move about the house without the aid of a cane, and then only with great pain. I was totally useless as far as doing my work was concerned, was never free from pain, and it made me feel very much depressed, for beyond that I felt strong and anxious to be about. I am a member of three benefit societies, from which I drew pay, viz.: The Three Links, the Iron Moulders' Association, and the Raymond Benefit Society. People came to see me, and, of course, everybody recommended a sure cure. I didn't try half of them. It was not possible, but I tried a great many—particularly remedies that I had been in the habit of using for lumbago—but I found no relief. I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using two boxes I noticed an improvement, and I kept on using them. When I had used six boxes I was back at work again. I kept on until I had finished the 8th box, and I never felt better in my life.

"Have you noticed any recurrence of trouble since?" queried the reporter. "I have not," he replied, "suffered a single twinge since." Mr. Waldren has worked in all the moulding shops in the city, and was never in his life laid off sick as long as he was from the attack of sciatica. He hardly knew what it was to be sick, and is of that tough, wiry nature that he can stand much greater physical strain than most people would imagine. Almost any person in the city can verify his story. Mr. Waldren said, as the reporter got up to leave, "I only hope some poor fellow who has suffered as I did may notice my case and get relief as I did."

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Public Opinion.

Montreal Herald: No one but the unfaithful servant nurses any genuine antipathy to civil service reform.

Ottawa Journal (Ind. Con.): In fixing Thanksgiving Day for the same date as Thanksgiving Day in the United States, the Government has, we fancy, rather pleased the majority of people.

Montreal Gazette (Con): A Western paper asks for a definition of an active partisan officeholder. Just now the correct answer seems to be, a Conservative fellow in a place a Liberal patriot would like to fill.

Calgary Herald (Con): If Mr. Sifton is to be the next Minister of the Interior, as seems probable, his first and most vigorous attention should be devoted to the question whether he shall boss his deputy or his deputy shall boss him.

St. John Telegraph (Lib.): The present Dominion Government declines to withdraw its opposition to the emigration of Canadians to Brazil. The late Conservative Government encouraged emigration to all countries by maintaining the national policy which compelled our people to go abroad to earn a living.

Canadian Manufacturer: Instead of there being too many manufacturers, as our contemporary asserts, it would be nearer the mark if it had said that there are entirely too many middle men, and that it would be well for the country if nine-tenths of these gentlemen were to seek some other occupation.

Dundas Banner (Lib.): The obstacle in the way of cheap postage in Canada has been the opening up of the Northwest, which involved a very large expenditure in establishing new post-offices and the carrying of the mails a great distance across the prairies. But now that the first cost of establishing these offices has been incurred a reduction of postage from 3 cents to 2 cents would be very acceptable.

Winnipeg Free Press (Ind. Con.): It is a little early to start those rumors about dissensions in the Cabinet. The correspondents should be considerate enough to give Ministers sufficient time to form a speaking acquaintance with each other. The public memory is not very distinct on the point, but according to the best recollection the Conservatives were permitted the enjoyment of several years of office before the correspondents destroyed their happiness by introducing dissensions among them.

London Advertiser (Lib.): It is noteworthy that when a time of world-wide depression comes, the British are the last to experience it, and the first to get over its effects. And they overcome their difficulties in spite of many natural disadvantages, and a conservative indisposition to change their methods of production to meet the wants of customers. If the British had the natural advantages that some countries possess, they would be infinitely richer than they are. And to-day they are the bankers of the nations of the earth. Wealth flows to them from every quarter of the globe.

Montreal Star (Con.): It is painful to Canadians throughout the country to find their capital city in so sordid a state of mind. Have they not blessings enough as it is? Do they not hear the signal gun at noon fired at our expense; and can they not sit on our benches in the Parliament grounds, and admire our flowers on Major Hill park? Nay, more, may they not stroll around our Lovers' Walk? Then, when Parliament is sitting, what a combined lyceum, place of amusement and free dispensary is theirs! We pay Mr. Davin to entertain them, and Dr. Landerkin to joke for them. Yet they want more, and they want it in hard cash.

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Public Opinion.

Winnipeg Tribune (Lib.): It has been Mr. Laurier's good fortune to combine strength of character, distinction of intelligence and rightness of motive, with kindness, magnanimity, largeness of mind, and a sound sense of what is practicable.

Toronto Globe (Lib.): The throwing open on the broadest possible basis of the St. Lawrence and lake systems to international trade would doubtless prove one of the strongest barriers to the disturbance of the present peaceful relations between the two nations.

Hamilton Times (Lib): It may surprise some of our Scotch Sabbatarian to learn that so important has the Sunday excursion business on the Clyde become that in Lanarkshire a company has been formed for the purpose of "meeting its demands" by purchasing or building another first-class steamer to ply between river points and the coast.

Toronto World (Con.): It seems probable that by next spring the Ontario mining boom will assume a milar proportions to those which characterize the boom in British Columbia. Ontario people should be particularly interested in the development of the gold fields of Algoma and the Rainy River district. The country is near at hand, and its development will indirectly benefit Toronto and the whole Province.

Halifax Chronicle (Lib.): It was Mr. J. Ross Robertson, the Independent Conservative member for East Toronto, who said that the Liberal Government acted properly in declining to proceed with their promised revision of the tariff at such short notice as would have been involved in undertaking the work at the session just closed, and that they would have deserved censure had they attempted anything of the kind. Mr. Robertson undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of conservative business men of the Conservative party.

Vancouver News-Advertiser (Con.): It was only last year that some of the leading members in the Liberal ranks expressed their opinion very freely that the national expenditure could be reduced at least \$4,000,000. Instead of that or any less reduction, we find an actual addition of nearly \$3,000,000. The Liberal financiers are, therefore, out something like \$7,000,000 in the first year in which they have control of the national finances. Facts like this need no comment. They appeal directly to a most sensitive spot - the taxpayers' pockets.

Mail-Empire (Con.): At the Grand Trunk half-yearly meeting, a shareholder who happened to refer to the contingency of war with the United States was hissed. At the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce, when one of the Canadian delegates ventured a few heated remarks on the same possibility he received a similar hint to change the subject, and was called to order by the chairman. If our neighbours across the line would cultivate a little of the same sense of propriety, and frown down unfriendly references to England, there would be small danger of war between the two countries.

Monetary Times (Ind.): Mr. Laurier has more than once, since his accession to office, declared his abhorrence of the spoils system; and once more the country looks to him to stem the tide of simulated opinion which now threatens to instal it

St. John, N.B., Globe (Lib.): No one would desire to see what is called the "spoils" system introduced into Canada, but the question may very well be asked if there is not another danger imminent, and that is the danger of continuing the existing spoils system, a system by which the friends of the late Administration got the best offices, the latest promotion, the largest increases of salary, while faithful men suspected of being Liberals - because their friends were Liberals - were not advanced and their pay was kept down simply as a punishment. This is the spoils system which ought to come to an end.



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Scientific and Sanitary.

The syndicate has been formed to tunnel the Great St. Bernard, connecting Turin and Lausanne by rail.

A device for registering the number of times telephonic apparatus is used for conversation, and, if desired, the duration of such conversations, has been invented by August Munch, of Charlottenburg, Germany.

Roentgen rays may be used, according to a German authority, for discovering larvae of insects infesting grapes and other fruits. They can be photographed inside the fruit, or, better yet, observed with the fluoroscope.

No fact is better established than that the meats of animals that have suffered just before dying are more or less poisonous. Even fish that are killed as soon as taken from the water are more wholesome than those that die slowly.

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The production of ozone on a commercial scale has given very satisfactory results in cases where it has been attempted, and will shortly be introduced in several of the large cities in Europe. The field is one which offers an opportunity for profitable invention, and will doubtless therefore be soon occupied by American inventors. The production of ozone in connection with existing water works is worthy of investigation on the part of municipal authorities.

In connection with treatment for delirium tremens Dr. Letulle speaks of the various drugs that have been used and recommends cold baths, not a simple douche, but immersion of the whole body in water at the temperature of 64.4 degrees Fahrenheit. The head should be cooled by large waves of water. The bath should last eight, twelve or fifteen minutes, according to the reaction of the patient. The baths may be repeated every two or three hours. It is concluded that these baths possess a sedative and calming action upon these cases.—*La Presse Medicale*.

According to a recent paper by M. Repin, says the Electrical Engineer, ozone readily destroys bacteria of the various kinds to be found in drinking water, together with any organic substances which the same may contain, but leaving unchanged any medicinal properties possessed by mineral substances in solution, so that the most polluted river waters, it is claimed, may be thoroughly sterilized in a manner preferable to either boiling, which removes the air contained in the water, or by filtering, which process, although it removes impurities in suspension, fails to act upon those which have been dissolved.

Darwin's suggestion that the boring of a coral reef would be the wise way to settle the question of its mode of formation is at last to be acted upon. Professor Sollas is in charge of an expedition which started last May from Sydney, fully equipped for boring one thousand feet if necessary, for the Island of Funafuti, one of the Fiji group. This island is said to be a typical atoll. It is about fifteen miles in circumference. Darwin believed that coral rests upon subsided rock, while others hold that an accumulation of sediment forms the basis of every atoll. The little coral polyps are well worth greater study. They live like bees in great communities and their submarine hives, so to speak, are among the most mysterious wonders of nature.

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