

THE WEEK:

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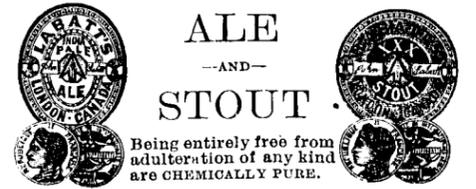
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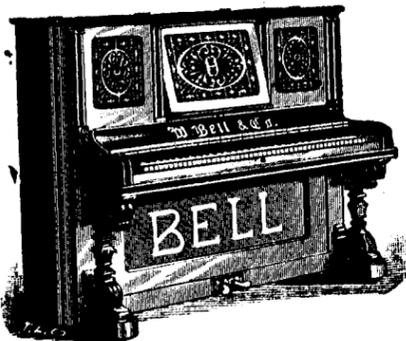
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CANADA'S agricultural and mineral resources have of late been receiving an unwonted and very encouraging amount of attention. We referred in a former number to the visit of the farmers' delegation from Great Britain, and the favourable opinions they have carried home of the Dominion as a farming country. Its forest wealth is, as is well known, practically unlimited. As if to show us how completely all our sources of prosperity are rooted in or buried beneath the soil, recent discoveries with regard to the economic use and value of a particular metal, have called the attention not only of British and American capitalists, but of the Governments of the two nations as well, to the vast quantities of this and other valuable ores of which our hills are the natural storehouses. The important part which nickel, the metal referred to, seems destined to take in the construction of the great armoured navies of the future excites large yet seemingly well-founded expectations of the development of the nickel mines of the Sudbury region. These mines, there seems good reason to believe, are incomparably richer in that metal than any other yet known to exist. As Mr. Snelus, Vice-President of the British Iron and Steel Institute, who, together with other representatives of the iron and steel industry in Great Britain and in Germany, has been on a tour of observation through the mineral-producing districts of the United States and Canada, observed at the banquet at which he and his fellow-travellers were entertained in Ottawa, it seems as if Dame Nature must have loosed her apron-strings and dropped the greater part of her lap-full of heavy and rich ores, her gold and silver and other valuable metals, as she was passing over our country. The two remaining desiderata, necessary to the development of a great industry, are capital and accessible markets. There seems good reason to hope that the Mother Country and the United States may shortly be vying with each other in furnishing both on an ample scale, so far, at least, as the nickel-producing industry is concerned. The fact that the Dominion, in all its parts, is so rich in mines and minerals, as well as in the capacities of field and forest, affords at the same time an additional ground for confidence in the future of our country, and an additional reason for carefully shaping our course, with a view to the fuller and more rapid development of these sources of wealth and power. Canada just now needs wise statesmanship, more perhaps than at any previous period of her history.

WE have more than once had occasion to refer to the fact that it is not easy to find any safe principle by which to determine the character and limits of state-assisted education, other than the democratic one that the whole people should be taxed for the support of those schools only whose advantages are within reach of the whole people. In that connection we have urged that in the establishment and support of evening schools of the best and most practical kind, for the benefit of employees of all classes whose time is fully occupied during the day, the local and municipal legislatures might do a work which would be fruitful in educational results of the highest value. The expenditure thus incurred would be, to say the least quite as defensible, on the principle above quoted, as that on the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes which are doing so excellent a work for intermediate education, and much more defensible than that on a special and unclassifiable institution such as Upper Canada College, to say nothing of the Provincial Universities. It may here be added that such evening schools, or academies, should obviously be placed at such local centres as would bring them within reach of the greatest possible numbers, and should combine judiciously in their courses of instruction the practical and technical with the theoretical and scientific. It is also worthy of consideration whether technical and agricultural departments might not be grafted on many of the secondary schools already in operation with excellent results. Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., in a recent address at the opening of a college in Edinburgh, while admitting the extreme feebleness of a great part of British secondary education, congratulated his fellow-countrymen on the fact that what may prove to be the germ of a system of intermediate education had "fallen from the skies," in the fund which had been raised by the Government to buy out the public-houses, and had been handed over by Parliament to the County Councils, with a distinct recommendation that it should be employed in assisting intermediate and technical (including agricultural and commercial) education. The sum thus available is estimated for this year at no less than £743,000 for England and Wales, £70,000 for Ireland, and £50,000 for Scotland. The stress rightly laid by so high an authority on the fact that the intermediate education thus provided for should be largely "technical," that term including agricultural and commercial, suggests, as above intimated, a tendency of the times which our Canadian educational authorities would do well to note. The *Spectator*, while agreeing generally with Sir Henry Roscoe's view of the necessity for better intermediate education, does not see why the middle classes, for whose behoof these advantages are to be provided, "should ask the state to help them educate their children out of resources which must be in some degree contributed even by the poor." This objection, which is of weight on the assumption that only the children of the middle classes could profit by the new educational facilities, would be inapplicable in Canada where no such social classification exists.

THE *Montreal Gazette*, which is generally supposed not to speak on important political questions without Ottawa inspiration, says, in a recent article, that it is greatly to be desired that a test case respecting the school legislation of Manitoba should be pronounced upon by the Courts. There is, the *Gazette* thinks, no room for difference of opinion in the view that the determination of the question should be left to the Courts. "The interposition by the Ottawa authorities of the veto would be vexatious, irritating and wholly ineffectual. The Courts, and the Courts alone, can authoritatively and finally pronounce upon the constitutionality of the legislation abolishing separate schools in Manitoba." "In the meantime," adds the *Gazette*, "the obvious duty of the Federal Government is to allow the school law of Manitoba, passed at the last session, to go into operation." This is sound and wise doctrine, and it may be hoped that it correctly foreshadows the course which the Ottawa authorities have decided to take in the matter. Though this course will be out of keeping with the action of the Government in regard to previous Manitoba Acts, it is quite in accord with the views expressed by Sir John A. Macdonald during the debate on the Jesuits' Estates Bill. The decision of the

local Court, to be shortly pronounced by Judge Killam upon a single aspect of the law, will probably involve the whole question of constitutionality. But whatever the nature of that decision, it is quite unlikely that anything short of a pronouncement by the Supreme Court, or possibly by the British Privy Council, will be accepted as final by the defeated party.

A DISCUSSION, started we believe by the London *Advertiser*, has been going on in some of the papers, touching the propriety of "putting the exercise of the franchise," as the *Advertiser* has it, "on the same level as other citizen duties made obligatory by law"; in other words, making voting at elections compulsory. Principal Grant, in his speech at the National Club to which we have before referred, affirmed without reservation that the franchise is a power which should be used, on pain of forfeiture. The *Canada Presbyterian* endorses this view. It says:—

We have never seen an objection to compulsory balloting that would stand a moment's serious examination. The cry about the liberty of the subject is nonsense. Taxation is interference with the liberty of the subject. So is statute labour. So are custom-house duties. So was the Scott Act. So is the license law. So is every kind of law. To compel a man to go to the polls is not more unreasonable than to compel him to serve on a jury. The verdict of the whole people on a question of national interest is surely of as much importance as a verdict on a small lawsuit.

We readily admit that there is much force in this argument, and that much is to be said in support of the principle of compulsory voting. The great difficulty, it seems to us, is practical rather than theoretical. To compel a man to go to the polls may not be more unreasonable than to compel him to serve on a jury; but it is one thing to compel a dozen men to serve as jurymen, it would be found another and a very different thing to compel every man, not only in the whole district, but in the whole Province and the whole Dominion, to leave home, business, and, in many cases, duties and engagements of the most pressing character, and go to the polling place, often, too, at considerable expense in time or money or both, to deposit his ballot. Then, again, the jurymen is paid for the service he renders to the State. Is it proposed that every citizen should be paid for going to the poll, or that his necessary expenses shall be borne by the State? We refer to these serious practical difficulties, not as insurmountable obstacles, nor as valid objections to the principle of compulsory voting, for they are neither the one nor the other. But they seem to us to suggest the question whether, as a preliminary to the introduction of so sweeping an electoral reform, it would not be found expedient, not to say necessary, to make a radical change in the mode of taking the vote. Why not carry the poll to the elector, instead of requiring the elector to come to the poll? In other words, would it not be fairer and easier, if voting is to be made compulsory, to take the vote in some such way as the census is now taken, by having every elector visited at his own house or place of business? This of course would involve a good deal of trouble, care and expense, in providing the necessary machinery and adequate safeguards of the various kinds required. It might be found wholly impracticable. But something, it seem to us, would have to be done to obviate the hardship of compelling many a poor man to travel miles to the nearest polling station, at an expenditure of time and perhaps money which he could ill afford. This practical inequality in the cost of performing the public duty would constitute a serious objection, which should in some way be met.

FROM whatever point of view regarded, much of the testimony that is being given before the Ontario Prison Commission is extremely interesting. Its practical value will depend largely upon the ability of the Commissioners to discriminate clearly between statements of fact, based upon extensive and accurate observation, and statements of opinion, often unconsciously moulded to fit a preconceived theory. On no point does the testimony of the so-called "experts" vary more widely than in regard to the relative potencies of heredity and environment as factors in the production of character. Perhaps there is some

danger just now, under the impulse of modern scientific enthusiasm, of over-estimating the force of the former. One fact, for fact we think it must be admitted to be, pointed out by Dr. Daniel Clark the other day, is of very great importance, and has not hitherto been sufficiently taken into the account by those who have spoken and written on the subject. "The law of heredity is," he is reported as saying, "that nature is always fighting back to normal conditions." In other words, we suppose, the hereditary tendency is always towards a restoration of the equilibrium which may have been in some way disturbed in the case of the individual progenitor. This view, which regards nature as enlisted on the side of reform, is full of encouragement to all workers for the physical and moral uplifting of the lapsed masses. It should be the inspiration of all educational and reformatory movements. But we find it hard to reconcile with this view Dr. Clark's opinion that a child older than four years taken from the slums of England would carry the taint of its environment, in any such ineradicable form as should discourage those who are working for the rescue of such. It is noteworthy that several of those who have given evidence before the Commission have condemned the work of such philanthropists as Dr. Barnardo on theoretical grounds, with a positiveness that is in singular contrast with the absence of practical proof, such as, if their doctrines are correct, should by this time be forthcoming in abundance. So far as we are able to gather, the facts are, happily, very much against them. In regard to other matters, such as the futility and worse of sending inebriates, prostitutes and other slaves of vice to prison for a few days or weeks for each offence, and repeating the process again and again, there is a unanimity of opinion on the part of the expert witnesses which can hardly fail to impress itself strongly upon the minds of the Commissioners. May we not hope that this will ultimately lead to the substitution of some more scientific and rational, not to say Christian, system for a mode of treatment which is unworthy of the intelligence of the age?

A GOOD deal of comment has naturally arisen in view of the omission from Lieut. Governor Royal's speech, on the opening of the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories, of any reference to the constitutional question which so nearly brought a legislative dead-lock last session. His silence may, we suppose, be fairly taken to mean that he still maintains his position that the representatives of the people have control of the \$16,000 or so of territorial revenue only, and that the \$140,000 voted by the Dominion Parliament is to be expended by the representative of the Dominion Government on his own personal responsibility. The disallowance at Ottawa of an *ad interim* act passed by the Legislature, recognizing the right of Mr. Royal to make such appropriations during recess as might be approved of by certain representatives named, may be taken, no doubt, to mean that the Dominion authorities sustain the Lieut. Governor in his interpretation of the law. It is pretty clear, we believe, that this was the original intention of the Act, and some plausible objections may be urged against giving to the representatives of the people of a vast region so sparsely settled the unlimited disposal of the funds voted for territorial purposes. On the other hand it cannot be denied that, apart from any power of control over eight-ninths of the whole revenue, the Representative Assembly is little better than a mockery. The power of legislation is of little avail without the power of the purse. The most important laws are very often those which involve the disposal of money, or which need money for their enforcement. The effect of Lieut. Governor Royal's adherence to his former position will almost certainly be a renewal of the struggle. The result of the struggle is certain. The question is one of time only. The principles of responsible government are too deeply imbedded in the Canadian mind, to admit of peace or truce so long as the boon is withheld from any considerable part of the population. The question is whether it will not be wiser for Government and Parliament to yield the point promptly and gracefully, than to wait until forced to do so by the voice of the popular majority.

TO those who desire, as all men of right feeling in the three countries must desire, to see every cause of possible misunderstanding between Great Britain and Canada and the United States removed, it is gratifying to learn that negotiations for the settlement of the Behring Sea seal-fisheries question are about to be resumed. The Washington despatches which claim to give the proposals about to be submitted by the British Minister, as confided

by him to a newspaper reporter, are evidently unreliable. That is not the British way of doing things. It is quite likely, however, that the guess, based on a study of the former correspondence, may not be very wide of the mark in some of its main features. No doubt the necessity for some scheme of protection during a close season, the limits of which can be determined only after full investigation by a joint committee of experts, will be cheerfully conceded by Great Britain and Canada. It is in the highest degree probable, too, that the British offer of arbitration will be renewed. Mr. Blaine can hardly afford to refuse such an offer, provided terms of reference can be agreed on. The main difficulty in regard to such terms will, it is surmised, arise in regard to the question whether the extent of the jurisdiction of the United States in Behring Sea shall be one of the points to be submitted. Mr. Blaine's dread of the loss of prestige that would result from a decision unfavourable to his claims may be stronger than his desire for a final settlement of the whole question on just principles. It will be remembered that in his last despatch he laid great stress on the alleged recognition by the English Government of Russian jurisdiction to a certain extent, and claimed that the United States is now entitled to the same consideration that was accorded to her predecessor in the ownership. Lord Salisbury, in reply, intimated the readiness of the Imperial Government to concede to the United States all the jurisdiction that was recognized as belonging to Russia. The crucial question will then evidently be whether the mere fact that during the period of Russian occupation her jurisdiction may not have been disputed, simply because no one at that time had any interest in disputing it, can justly be pleaded as a recognition of that jurisdiction. This Mr. Blaine will no doubt plead, and this the British and Canadian Governments will as certainly deny. On common-sense principles the case seems clear enough. No one would think of maintaining that the fact of B's cows having pastured alone and unchallenged on the public lands for years before he had a neighbour, would give B any right to forbid the use of those lands to the cows of A, a newly arrived neighbour. Failing mutual agreement, impartial arbitration is surely the fair and unobjectionable way of settling such questions. It is greatly to be hoped that the Atlantic fisheries dispute may be included in the same negotiations, and, if need be, made the subject of reference to the same or another Board of arbitrators.

THE Halifax *Chronicle* suggests that the death of the late Hon. T. D. Archibald affords an opportunity for the Government of Canada to do a justice that has hitherto been denied to one-half of the entire Province of Nova Scotia. This one-half, including Hants, Kings, Annapolis, Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne, and Queens Counties, has been, it says, for the last seventeen years and still is without any representation in the Senate of Canada. We are of opinion that as a rule the less sectionalism in either Commons or Senate the better. But as one reason for being of the Senate is to balance and safe-guard local interests, as marked out by Provincial lines, and as it is equally desirable that a similar regard should be had to the balancing of the views of large territorial sections within the provinces themselves, there is some force in the *Chronicle's* complaint and suggestion, especially as it is pretty evident, from the lists of possible candidates it suggests in the respective counties, that there is no lack of eligible material in the neglected western section whose claims it champions. It is, indeed, not a little singular that so large and important a part of the whole Maritime Province territory as that represented by these seven contiguous counties should have been for so many years passed over in the choice of members of the Upper House. The result was no doubt accidental, since no reason can be suggested why so unequal a distribution of Government patronage in the matter should have been purposely made. The Senate of Canada is an expensive institution and in the opinion of many besides those the *Chronicle* represents more ornamental than useful, but so long as it is maintained and holds in its hands a considerable share of legislative authority there is no good reason why occasion should be given for complaint that the honours and emoluments of the Senatorial office are distributed so very unevenly as in the case in question.

THE Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States shows the appalling number of 1,972 railroad employees killed and 20,028 injured during 1889 on the railways of the country. During the same period only 310 passengers were killed, and 2,146 injured

on these roads. When we compare the many millions of passengers who must have used the roads during the year with the comparatively small total number of employees, the contrast in the numbers killed and wounded is startling and suggestive. A contemporary contrasts this terrible slaughter with that of the Battle of Waterloo, in which the British forces lost but 2,009 officers and men killed and 4,923 officers and men wounded, and adds: "The figures above given by the railway commission represent an aggregate of suffering horrible to contemplate, and that finds no parallel save in the carnage of a great battle." But there is a third line in the table of statistics given which calls no less loudly for the attention of the thoughtful and humane. Besides the "employees," and "passengers" there is a list of "other persons," of whom it appears that no less than 3,541 were killed, and 4,135 injured during the year, by the railways of the Republic. A very large proportion of these "other persons" were no doubt the victims of the level crossing. The paper to which we are indebted for the foregoing figures adds: "What makes it the more sad is that much of the railway slaughter is not only preventable, but criminal. But a small portion of those killed lose their lives in accidents that might not have been prevented. Hundreds of brakemen are annually made the victims of a system of coupling cars that should long ago have been prohibited." Nothing can be clearer than that just so much of the sum total of slaughter as was preventable was criminal. We have not the figures in reference to our Canadian roads before us, and do not know whether they could be procured, but there is, unfortunately, no doubt that whatever difference in proportionate slaughter and maiming there may be in their favour, is a difference not in kind, but only in degree. From recent statistics prepared at Ottawa it appears that of every 1,000 deaths in Canada 31 are from so-called accidents, and in the United States 39. There seems no reason to doubt that the percentage of these accidents occurring on railroads in Canada bears at least no smaller ratio to that in the United States. What is to be done? Surely such reckless waste of life cannot be permitted to go on unchecked. We can think of but two means of dealing effectively with it: Either the Dominion Government should appoint a commission to enquire into the matter, and report to Parliament, or the people should form a life-saving league, as suggested by a correspondent a few weeks since, to secure the reform so imperatively needed.

UNDER the title of "An Armenian's Cry for Armenia," James A. Malcolm, in the *Nineteenth Century*, forcibly arraigns the British Government and people for neglect at the same time of a solemn treaty obligation and of their own best interests. To the question "Why does the Turk oppress the Armenians?" the writer makes the brief answer, "Because they are Christians." This answer, however, he proceeds to fortify with numerous quotations from the Koran, to which all the edicts of the Caliphs must conform. These quotations show clearly that animosity and war to the knife against all unbelievers is enjoined upon all Mussulmans as a religious duty. Dwelling on the enmity of the Turk to commerce and civilization the writer says:—

Armenia, by its industry, resources and genius once supported a population of over 30,000,000 souls. Yet since it was brought under Turkish rule, the national resources have remained undeveloped, pasture and arable lands have been abandoned and are fast falling out of cultivation, rivers choked up, roads broken, so that the country is now but sparsely inhabited and become almost a dreary waste. The work of decay and destruction alone progresses under that organized brigandage whose chiefs are the crony advisers of the Sultan.

For all this Albion is held responsible. Having secured, through the instrumentality of Lord Salisbury, at the Berlin Congress, the withdrawal of the Muscovite troops, England has done absolutely nothing to carry out the reforms which, by a subsequent agreement with the Porte—the Cyprus Convention—she undertook to introduce. As a result, the writer claims, of England's national remissness, "Armenia, fertile and metallurgically rich, veritably a land 'flowing with milk and honey,' has now become a vast chaos, wherein all the fiercest passions of which brute humanity is capable, are free to roam about, unbridled and unchecked. Public interests are in the hands of whoever can lay hold of them; private warfare is pitiless and rampant; every man, save Christian, goes armed, and every weapon is tolerated." In the same impassioned strain Mr. Malcolm goes on to urge that while it is admit-

tedly a duty, voluntarily undertaken, incumbent upon Great Britain, to secure good government and justice for prostrated Armenia, she has also disregarded her own interests, military and commercial, in abandoning the Armenians. In support of this position he quotes military geographers, who represent Armenia as Russia's easiest route to Constantinople, and eventually to the Suez Canal and India. In regard to the loss of trade with which England would be menaced by Russia's occupation of the strongholds of Armenia, the writer is able to quote the unequivocal opinions of the author of "Greater Britain." "We only ask," says Mr. Malcolm, in conclusion, "for an Armenian Governor-General for Armenia; and a local gendarmerie recruited from among the sedentary populations—chiefly Armenians and Turks." The request is modest. Surely it cannot be but that it will at some early day be granted.

TO those who have paid some attention to recent revelations concerning the cruel persecutions suffered by the Jews in Russia, there is a touch of pathos in the London cablegram of a day or two since that Rabbi Adler offers to pay the expenses incurred of Krapotkin, Morris, Burns and others, to abandon the proposed meeting in behalf of the Jews in Russia, on the ground that the cause of the Jews will not be benefitted by being associated with that of the Nihilists. Neither to Christian nor to infidel can the poor Hebrews look for succour. The latest article which has appeared over the signature "E. B. Lanin," that of the writer who has been startling the British public with a series of articles on the character and civilization of the Russians, is devoted to the condition of the Jews in that country. The writer admits that it has never been the serious intention of those who govern the Russian empire to banish the Jews *en masse*, as they were expelled from Spain in 1492, yet he shows conclusively that the authorities have judiciously blended cunning with cruelty, patience with hatred, and employed all their pecuniary resources in an effort to crush the Jews out of existence. There is, as an exchange observes, no need for servile friends of Russia to declare that that Government has no intention of banishing the Jews from the country. Exile would be an act of mercy compared with the treatment to which they are now subjected. The writer of the article above referred to says:—

Scoffed at, terrorized and robbed by every petty official with that certain impunity which invites to crime; insulted, beaten and kept in constant fear of violence by a vile rabble whom they dare not irritate by even a slight success in business or trade; held up to the scorn and indignation of all Russia by the governmental press as the authors of every calamity avoidable and unavoidable; education and instruction denied them; the learned professions and high branch of the profession of arms closed to them; trade and commerce rendered very difficult by intolerable taxes and endless restrictions, and wholly impossible without bribery and fraud; their personal liberty now at last completely taken away from them; their religion proscribed, and their very souls killed by the perjury with which they are forced to blacken it—Russian Jews may well defy their persecutors to frame any further laws calculated to make their position worse than it is.

As specific illustrations of the intolerable taxes laid upon them, it is stated that they must not only pay taxes for the support of institutions from the benefits of which they are expressly excluded, but that they are also subjected to a special system of taxation. A fixed sum must be paid for every fowl or animal killed according to Jewish rites, and on every pound of that meat or fowl which is sold an additional tax is levied. There is a candle tax for the support of denominational schools; a percentage on the rents which Jews receive for their houses and stores, on the gross income received from their business, and on the money bequeathed when they die; and a fee for the authorization to wear Hebrew apparel, even if it be only a skull-cap. Equally severe and crushing are the restrictions laid upon them with respect to residence. It is an every-day occurrence for them to be arrested for living where they have no right to reside, because their passports have expired, or because they have engaged in some business which on account of their faith they are disqualified from transacting. If it be asked what is the motive of all this persecution no one seems able to answer. Russia tolerates even Mohammedanism, which the Orthodox Church admits is worse than Judaism. Can it be that all this cruelty is the outcome of a blind, unreasoning, traditional race-hatred? That might account for the brutality of an ignorant peasantry, but it is hard to conceive of it as the moving principle in the legislation of educated and intelligent rulers, even though they be Russians.

A VISIT TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

ON the desk in front of me, as I write, lies one of my greatest treasures. It is a short note in small, neat, but occasionally shaky handwriting, and it is signed: "John H. Card. Newman." And now, as I hold it before me, and think that the hand that traced it wrote also "Lead Kindly Light," and a great deal of the purest English prose of the present day, and the eyes that looked down on it have just now closed on the admiration of the world, it occurs to me that a short account of a visit I paid the great Oratorian Cardinal in 1883 may not prove uninteresting to the public. The note I have referred to was written to fix the hour at which I was to call upon his Eminence, and was in answer to a letter of introduction from a life-long friend of his, Mr. Matthew Bridges, author of the well-known hymn, "Crown Him with Many Crowns."

At three o'clock, the hour appointed, I stood before the door of the Oratory at Birmingham, a large red-brick building on a long dusty street, up which a tramway ran. There was no romance about the place. No medievalism cast a charming witchery over the secluded religious life within. The place had much the appearance of an ordinary Roman Catholic institution in Montreal or Toronto. A man opened the door and escorted me down a large passage, in which stood two Bath chairs, covered with brown linen, to a plain room at the end. In one corner stood a large confessional, and on the walls were several engravings. Besides a table and a few chairs there was no other furniture in the place. One of the pictures caught my eye. It was a bird's-eye view of Oxford. The frame was a broad oak band, and on it was a Latin inscription in old English letters. On the upper side were the words from the Vulgate: "*Fili hominis, putasne vivent ossa ista?*" and, below the picture, the answer: "*Domini Deus, tu nosti.*" Ezekiel xxxvii. 3. How many hearts, as they have waited in this room, have felt the lesson strike home to them, and predispose them to cast in their lot with those who work and pray for the resurrection of a dead past, and the clothing in the flesh of a still-living faith, the Oxford, which is too plainly assuming the form and attitude of the dull materialism of the age!

After I had waited a short time the man who had left me there returned, and told me to follow him. We went back again down the passage, through a little courtyard with brick cloisters all round, into a second and smaller, but very plain building, at a door in which, on the ground floor, my guide knocked. A weak voice from within bade us enter, and I stood in the presence of John Henry Newman. I will not say I was disappointed, but I experienced a shock, the shock that everyone feels on first meeting a great man—one whom we have dreamt about, and our imagination has clothed with ideal glory—face to face. The poor old man before me, who rose and took my hand and motioned me to a chair, and tottered so feebly, I could hardly realize was the Cardinal Newman of my dreams, the exquisite writer, the subtle reasoner, the celebrant at Littlemore on those cold, dim winter mornings so long ago, of which he writes. The form which once had been tall and commanding was now bent nearly double with age, and the face was shrunken and deeply furrowed with time, and, if I remember rightly, the jaw dropped slightly. But on the face was a tender settled calm—the calm of evening—the light which lingers in the sky after the sun has gone behind the hills. And his eyes, such eyes, I shall never forget them; they had that dreamy far-off look in them, which told of a pure soul within, to which already a foretaste of the beatific vision had been vouchsafed. As he sat and spoke to me, he seemed all the time to be looking far away over some sea or wide plain to where the shining battlements of the New Jerusalem, the City of God, were growing hourly clearer through the mist. Only one expression, and that a Bible expression, can convey the impression that his presence produced upon the soul, and that is that he was dead and his life was hid with Christ in God. The Cardinal was dressed simply, in a black cassock trimmed with crimson, with a crimson cincture round the waist. On his head was a crimson silk skull-cap, from under which strayed some long locks of the softest white hair. The room, which was evidently his sitting-room, was very small and bare. One corner of it was taken up by the fire-place, in which, though it was April, there was a huge coal fire. On the walls were numerous framed, illuminated addresses: "To his Eminence, Cardinal Newman." The window looked out into a small courtyard, in which was a square of green grass. The only piece of furniture in the room besides a few chairs was a desk in front of the Cardinal, on which lay his open Breviary.

As I sat there talking to the feeble old man, sheltering my face as best I might from the heat of the fire, such numberless thoughts crowded through my brain. Far down the century I saw the beginnings of that movement which has swept over the whole of English Christianity like a flood, and influenced it openly and hiddenly in a thousand ways, and there the author of that movement sat before me. I saw Keble and Pusey, or the illustrious shadows, which, in my mind, are to me Keble and Pusey, and there their teacher and guide and beloved companion sat before me. But above all, strange to say, I heard the words of that exquisite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," ringing in my ears, and there I was in the presence of its author. The Cardinal spoke of Canada. He said he had heard a good deal about it from his friend, Lord Durham, fifty years ago and more, and he also remembered the excitement that

was caused by the determination of Mr. Stuart, afterwards Bishop of Quebec, to go out there as a missionary, thereby forsaking ease and luxury and chance of promotion in England. He said Lord Durham had informed him that by far the most interesting and cultured people in the province were the French; the English Colonists, as a general rule, were rather uncivilized. We also spoke of the then recent attempt to blow up the Home Offices with dynamite. Suddenly the Cardinal's face assumed an abstracted look. "Ah, yes!" he said, "it all commenced three hundred years ago, when men first began to pry into knowledge which God never intended for them." When I remarked that it was strange that such a staunch Catholic nation as the Irish should be the first to make use of dynamite. "Yes, it is strange," he said, "but we must remember that the members of these Irish societies are, of course, all excommunicated by the Church." When he asked me what I was going to be, I told him I was going to enter the Church. For a moment he looked surprised, and then added: "Oh, aye, the Anglican Establishment." His words occasionally were a little musical. He said "with impurity" once, instead of "with impunity," and his utterance was slow. I little thought he would have been spared for seven years more. Before I left he got up and took me over the chapel. He could only walk very slowly, and once or twice he nearly fell as he went down some steps. I thought of offering him my arm, but I did not like to do so. In spite of his feebleness he made the customary genuflections in the chapel, and knelt down in a pew for a few moments of silent prayer.

On bidding me good-bye at the door he said, "If you are ever in this neighbourhood again, Mr. Scott, we shall be very glad to see you. That is, of course, if we are here, for it is very uncertain whether we shall be here much longer."

That meeting with the greatest man in the religious history of the Nineteenth Century will be stamped upon my memory as long as I live, and this little note in front of me will be kept under lock and key. There was something, to me, infinitely sad in the solitariness of the poor old man. No woman's hand was near his to tend and comfort him; no children were there to bring back to him the old memories of youth in which the aged find such solace. The generation in which he had really lived and moved had all gone, and he was left alone. No doubt the loving care of his spiritual sons was round him, but still he was alone, like some broken spar which the sea has cast up on a barren strand. But the very loneliness and isolation were a glory and light separating him from ordinary men, and casting round him the medieval contours of sainthood.

Now that the end has come the light and glory round his memory have deepened, and our thoughts delight to mount up with him to where, we trust, his prayer is answered, and

Those angel faces smile,
Which he had loved long since and lost awhile.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Drummondville, Que., Oct., 1890.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

LE PRINCE DE TALLYRAND ET LA MAISON D'ORLÉANS. By Madame de Mirabeau. Finding that the public is hungry and thirsting for the Tallyrand Mémoires, that the Duc de Broglie is at last seeing through the press, the authoress, as a calmant for the public appetite, publishes a collection of letters exchanged between the sister of Louis-Philippe, Madame Adelaide and Prince de Tallyrand. The mémoires of ladies have been described, as only seeing personages and events, with the eyes of a chambermaid. While generally they lack elevation, depth and severity, they have not the less their value as complementary materials. "Lanfrey's History of the First Napoleon," supplemented by the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, contributed to efface that Colossus, and to diminish his prodigious reign. Similarly as Michelet and Saint Simon extensively stripped Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, of their glory and influence.

The reader will not fail to remark, while passing over, that Madame de Mirabeau indulges in a little contemporary Orleanist politics. She deplores the injustice that political passions have inflicted on de Tallyrand, and regrets that history will never be equitable towards that prince. But posterity, which is history, will judge him without passion or rather will weigh the influences that induced him to change his politics no less than eighteen times. The Vicar of Bray was nothing in comparison with that. When swearing fidelity to the 1830 Constitution, "Sire," said the Prince to Louis-Philippe, "this is the fifth oath of fidelity that I have taken to different régimes." Tallyrand, in his day, served all the régimes, and knowing him to be an incomparable diplomatist, all the régimes employed him. He did not quit his employers; the latter quitted him. He claimed never to be a party man, but a man of France. The letters are psychical, not historical documents, and bear on Tallyrand's residence in London, 1830-4, as French ambassador, to secure the adhesion of England, the only constitutional state in Europe, to the new-born constitutional government of Louis-Philippe.

Tallyrand attempted the same end in 1792, that of arraying liberal against absolute Europe. But the Revolution of August, 1792, moved quicker than his diplomacy. It was different in 1830-4, when England and France marched in unison, and gave a helping hand to new-born liberalism in Belgium, Spain and Portugal; where they

fought the good fight unflinchingly against right divine, rule, and those representatives of absolutism, Don Carlos and Dom Miguel. Tallyrand might count upon England joining the Quadruple Alliance, as she joined France in 1814 at the Congress of Vienna, to combat the rapacious-territory appetites of Prussia and Russia. On returning to France in 1834 the prince sought repose on his estate at Valencay which he had not visited for four years, there receiving his friends, when gout permitted, and writing witty letters to those unable to visit him. It was while thus rusticating that he learned the death of his faithful friend, his *Égeria*, the Princess Tietzkiewitz. He then implored the minister not to ask him to return to London, but to allow him to live ignored as a recluse in his *tanière* there to vegetate till death.

The Prince was saddened at the disappearance of even the remnants of his generation; he wanted to join the grand majority; he regarded himself as a man of the past; a superfluous laggard on the political stage who would be then of no utility to France, while being injurious to his own self-respect. He wanted to live at his fireside, in the company of his souvenirs, simply and quietly. "I am an octogenarian, but I do not wish that others discover the fact, or that it should be revealed by my work." He was always careful about his reputation for posterity. In his swan-song he advised Louis-Philippe, who had solicited his advice in making a diplomatic appointment, "never, Sire, make a choice to please such and such a party, but choose men who will be attached to you, but above all to France." Napoleon was the soldier who personified war; Tallyrand, the diplomatist who personified, in his latter days, Peace.

ETUDES SUR L'ALLEMAGNE POLITIQUE. By A. Lebon. L'ALLEMAGNE DEPUIS LIEBNITZ. By M. L. Bruhl. These volumes must be read together; they start from different standpoints to arrive at the same goal, the origin of German unity, the accomplishment of that unity, and the prospects of its duration. Neither German nor French unity dates back for centuries, because they were the birth of circumstances, and the out-put of necessities, and these did not exist ages ago. The writers, or as they were called, the Encyclopædists, drew the attention of the ignored French middle classes to the political and social inequalities of rule by divine right. Rousseau infused sentiment into the reform current while imparting a kind of ideal goal to the tendencies of the misgoverned. Had Louis XVI., or rather had his queen, honestly kept their word to aid Mirabeau to cleanse the absolute monarchy of its abuses the Revolution could have been avoided. In attempting to crush the Revolution and re-establish the *ancien régime*, diplomatists only rendered the Revolution indestructible.

France was as blind from 1860 with respect to Germany as foreign diplomatists were in 1789 with respect to France. Germany lulled France into a false security in regard to her national aspirations. The unity of France was accomplished by the expulsion of the English and the Spaniards; that of Germany by the expulsion of the French and Austrians; the same as the ejection of the latter two from Italy gave unity to the Peninsula. Jeanne d'Arc and Henri IV., Stein and Bismarck, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, these were the blood and iron agents of the unity of their respective nations. All the writers, all the poets, all the philosophers, could never have brought about such ends, without the logic of the pike, and the pathos of the blow. External and national necessities effected the unity of Germany. The year 1806 tore her from her lethargy; 1815 saw the birth of the Germanic Federation; 1840 awakened German patriotism against France; 1848 caused the Revolution to cross the Rhine; 1866 threw Austria out of Germany, thus making her the present Oriental rival of Russia; 1870 sealed the alliance of Northern and Southern Germany, and 1871 consecrated it at Versailles.

Henceforth, no more intermeddling by foreigners in Fatherland. Economical preceded political unity; the Zollverein prepared the Confederation of 1867. Neither metaphysics nor poetry had anything to do with these results. At the commencement of the eighteenth century the idea of nationality did not exist in Germany. Leibnitz endeavoured to disentangle it out of common ideas and common interests; Wolff cleared away the darkness from the face of the waters; Lessing emancipated Germany from foreign influences; Herder made known her genius; Goethe and Schiller crowned her originality. Unity of soul was effected, intellectual patriotism formed. Napoleon the First taught these patriotisms the necessity of independence. Kant made of that patriotism a duty, and Fichte a passion; Stern identified it with the State, and from 1815 to 1848 it entered into each German's soul, and became an intestine struggle between unity and separation, or particularism. M. Bruhl has an excellent chapter on the "Might is right" aphorism or *la force prime le droit*.

M. Lebon shows that Prince Bismarck was a diplomatist, not a statesman, that he manoeuvred with deputies, as he did with Governments. He considers that the ideal of government of the present Emperor, which is only a maxim of Hegel's, that there ought to be only one party in the empire—the Imperial, and composed of only a single person—the emperor, will be rudely tried by the new, or the fourth power, Socialism. Will Socialism transform German unity; will it break the mould in which new Germany is concentrated?

LES ORIGINES DE LA FORME RÉPUBLICAINE DU GOUVERNEMENT DANS LES ÉTATS-UNIS. By M. Strauss. The author, a minister Plenipotentiary at Constantinople, works out,

interestingly, this ingenious and original idea; the English colonists of North America adopted the republican form of government in their struggle for Independence because they were eminently a Biblical people and decided to establish a federal republic, after the fashion of the ancient Hebrews, who, during their voyage from Egypt to the borders of the Jordan, had founded a confederation of little republican states, the primitive communities of the Jewish people. What does Professor Bryce say to this?

Following the growing custom, the Père F. H. Didon furnishes some advanced sheets to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of his forthcoming work, "La Critique et l'Histoire," in the life of Jesus Christ. The eloquent clergyman has devoted the several years that he was condemned to "silence" to writing the volume. It is not a polemical or a dogmatical work. It cannot conscientiously offend any Christian reader. He states: Jesus Christ is the great name in history. There are others for which one dies, but His is the only one that is adored by all peoples, all races, and throughout all times. The most indifferent of moderns recognize that none has been superior to Him for the lowly and the unfortunate. By themselves, the Apostles and Disciples were nothing in the midst of hostility. All their strength is in the virtue of God; all their science resolves itself into being like Jesus. Although very learned the style is limpid and simple; the authorities are clearly given in foot-notes. The quotations from the Old Testament from Jewish books, written 1400 years B.C., form a picture so detailed and complete that one might believe it had been traced by the evangelists, after His appearance on earth. The volume is also a long-promised reply to Renan's "Life of Jesus."

In the same review M. Lavissee contributes a gossiping mosaic on the father of Frederick the Great.

In the *Revue de Géographie*, M. Rabot gives a character sketch of the Fins. They are not all Czarized as yet; some of them, as the Tchérémisses, are pagan. He assisted at their religious rites, which consisted of the cooking of a deer at the trunk of a big tree in a sacred grove; the flesh was eaten but the bones were burned and the ashes scattered about. A few morsels of the meat had been placed in bags made of bark, and hung on the boughs of trees.

M. Paul Gaffarel, in the same review, sustains that history and fact attest that several centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus, the Irish had occupied the southern bank of the River St. Lawrence, under the name of "Hoitraumanna." The Congress of "Americanists," now sitting in Paris, states that Columbus discovered America only for Europeans; Chinese documents, however, are extant, proving that the celestials had, long before Columbus appeared, occupied the northern portion of the continent. To whom the blue ribbon?

THE TRUE AIM OF ART.

*ONE said, of old, whose words were wisdom rare,

That every beauty that on earth appears,
From early age to life's declining years,
In hue or form, that men call passing fair,
The golden morn, the shimmering mountain air,
The strain of music that beguiles our cares,
The bloom the ripened fruit or flower bears,
And truth that takes away our dull despair,
Are but reflections of the only true,
The only beautiful, Eternal One,
Who dwells beyond the azure dome of sky;
Then Art should seek, through earthly types, to view
His face from whom all beauty has begun,
In whom all wisdom, truth, and beauty lie.

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

OF ORIGINALITY AND THE CHARM THEREOF.

A GREAT poetical authority has asserted that "nothing is but thinking makes it so," and a great philosophical authority, if we may venture so to describe Bishop Berkeley, is popularly, though perhaps erroneously, understood to have affirmed that matter is indebted to the percipient mind for its very existence. Now we know that poets have never been in high repute as *authorities* and that the supposed dictum of the idealistic Bishop may be disputed, and yet, and yet—well this was the manner of it, as you shall hear.

It had been in our mind to say a few words in praise of originality, the rare beauty of this gift, or virtue, having dawned upon us, when some imp of the perverse suddenly whispered that there are various kinds of originality, and that many of them are without beauty and devoid of charm. Such, muttered he spitefully, is the originality of the thief, the forger; of the whole large army of the wicked; of those in the upward or downward career of vice. Thinking will not make this so for us, however, we rejoined; nor will we do more than listen to so peevish, so inconsiderate a suggestion. When we speak of the charm of originality we mean the originality which has a charm; the originality which lies within the sphere of charity and kindness; the originality which has goodness for its friend.

And now what is it, this originality of which we make so much? Perhaps we can discover. A picture we saw the other day started us on the quest; it was the face of a young girl with a wealth of dark tresses, an eye like the

*Plato.

sloe, and a pair of wayward, pouting, wilful lips. Somehow this beauty connected herself mysteriously with that reckless, delightful, Bohemian Jew of Kingsley's, the friend of Hypatia, Raphael Aben-Ezra. What was the subtle relation between the bewitching girl and the fascinating Jew, and wherein did the charm of both consist? Did it not rest in an easily-discerned indifference to accepted standards? One guessed that the dark-eyed beauty was no lover of conventions, and had not Raphael's scorn of them long ago stirred in us a sweetness of desire which was almost an aspiration. For this quality in human nature then, the quality which makes its possessor rich among men, we can find no fitter term than that which perhaps has always been applied to it—originality.

Originality, we should say, is marked by a happy indifference to accepted standards, by a determination to live one's life, to go lightly on one's way, careless whether the crowd is with us or whether we have to journey it alone. True originality, moreover, is accompanied by *disinterestedness*, for how can a person be original if he has it in him to envy the gifts, the talents or the possessions of another? To harbour envy or any kindred feeling would be to confess his insufficiency, his lack of originality. Perhaps the hall-mark of the highest originality is this very disinterestedness, and perhaps the highest originality, like the highest virtue, would be possible only in a condition of being which labouring humanity has not yet attained. The fierce struggle for existence, the elbowing for life's prizes, the race for fame, may all conspire to render it impossible that we should be indifferent to the standards our neighbours set up, and cleave to the line of our finest ideal.

Ah! for a long draught of that rare wine, and then to go sweetly on one's way! To have manners which though fine would yet be "flawless as snow-flakes." True originality in the artist—let not that dismal preacher of our time, the practical person, fling his hard speeches at us—true originality in the artist would render him easily indifferent to what is called, and perhaps is, success. Possessed of it, failure would be no more than a witness to the fact that he had not yet done his worthiest, or that his worthiest was not marketable. Possessed of it he would not regard the work of brother artists in a spirit of rivalry; envy would not be of his nature. What should he do with envy of the work or the success of other men! He with his own work to do, his own life to live; with the way open before him, and the knowledge that further on in the dimness wait for him development, perfection, happiness. As with the artist, so with the philosopher, so with the scientist, so in every walk and humblest by-way of life. Possessed of that disinterestedness which, as we think, is the surest test of originality, jealousy and envy, sworn enemies of joy, would have no resting-place; but we have stepped aside from what was meant to be a pleasant essay on charms and beauties, and other agreeable thoughts and things, and have wandered into the marsh of a homily, where those who accompany us may cry with displeasure that their feet are sinking.

To return, then, to Raphael Aben-Ezra and the dark-eyed girl, for with them is the kernel of our nut. What we admire and love in a man or woman is indifference to the conventional, in many things even to what is called the respectable, in life. Henry James speaks of a certain person who was fore-doomed to respectability; and how many around us do we see wearing the yoke from day to day. To find one who is ignorant of the rites of custom; to whom it does not occur to compare himself with his neighbour; who knows not the value of vanity; who is not utterly cast down by failure, nor unduly elated by success; who could not by any possibility be aware that he was a superior person, nor be spoken of as an epitome of the moral virtues, this is the originality, this the man we are in search of. Perhaps Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson may have run across him on his travels in the South Pacific or elsewhere, or peradventure he would be found in a company of that nobler Bohemianism of which Mr. Hamerton writes. But, for ourselves, we have not seen him face to face. J. H. BROWN.

A MODERN MYSTIC—XIV.

JUST as Mr. McKnom was about to tell his story Captain Draynor pointed to the hill on the north and said: "Look—a herd of antelope." "A herd of antelope!" exclaimed the ladies simultaneously, and were about to jump up, when Captain Draynor said: "Sit still, and they may come quite near. Antelopes are very inquisitive animals. They are attracted by the flag." Down very cautiously came these beautiful creatures, their gaze fixed on the British gonfalon. Near and nearer they came, until a trooper emerging from the Orderly-room startled them, and they turned and fled like the wind. They moved off, all springing at the same time, and covering at each spring an incredible reach of ground. "Beautiful!" we all exclaimed as they disappeared over the crest of the hill, and indeed a more graceful and beautiful sight is seldom given to man to behold.

Irene: "It would take Macaulay to describe that."

Helpsam: "Macaulay! No; the only man living or dead who could have done full justice to that exhibition of life, rhythm, power, beauty was Lord Tennyson when at the height of his power. I doubt if description was Macaulay's forte."

Glaucus: "You are right. Macaulay was a rhetorician. There is not an original felicitous phrase in all his writings; nor was he a man of original power. He owed

everything to books. There he found his figures which he worked up in the Macaulayan workshop."

Rectus: "Not original. Oh come. Was there ever a more original idea than that of his New Zealander on a broken arch of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's? What a passage that is in which he sketches the power of the Roman Catholic Church over the human mind. I call it a great piece of writing. Nor," he says (I used to have the whole passage by heart), "do we see any sign that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the Governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Rectus is an orator, and this passage he recited with so much force that all excepting Glaucus cheered. But he merely sneered and said: "The New Zealander is what you admire—well, it is a plagiary."

"A plagiary?" asked *Helpsam*.

"A plagiary," cried *Gwendolen*.

Madame Lalage: "Come, Professor Glaucus, this is too bad. I never met with anything of the kind."

Glaucus: "I see it is well that I have the proof here," and taking a small brief bag which contained a few books and papers he drew forth a pocket volume, which proved to be "Volney's Ruins." "Here," he said, "it is in the second chapter. Oh! if Robert Montgomery had only known! How might he not have avenged himself. Now listen—you will find the sentence on page 25 of the translation published by Gaylord (Boston) in 1835: 'Who knows if on the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder-Zee, where now, in the tumult of so many enjoyments, the heart and the eye suffice not for the multitude of sensations; who knows if some traveller, like myself, shall not one day sit on their silent ruins and weep in solitude over the ashes of their inhabitants and the memory of their greatness?'"

Helpsam: "No plagiary—Macaulay clearly got the germ of his idea there—but it is still all Macaulay's own."

Glaucus: "All Macaulay's own! So is the stolen coat which the thief gets slightly altered to fit him or replaces a tweed by a velvet collar for disguise."

Madame Lalage: "I think Macaulay should have put a note indicating that passage in Volney. He clearly was indebted to it."

Gwendolen: "But is there such a thing as originality? Are not all literary men thieves?"

Hale: "There is a period in a nation's life when it produces a great original literature. After that imitation and stealing set in."

McKnorn: "Plagiarism like any other sin comes back on us. It is a curious thing that in modern times some preachers and even a great thinker as well as a great poet—Lord Tennyson—have shrunk from the idea of a hell. But if man is immortal—if there is a future life there must be a hell. Plato in the "Phædo" says that the wicked would be too well off if their evil deeds came to an end with death, and in the "Republic," speaking of a tyrant long dead, the answer to an enquiry for him is: 'He has not come forth from hell; he is not likely to come forth.'"

Gwendolen: "Does not that make God very cruel?"

Glaucus: "I must confess if I am to go to heaven I should like to feel I was bound for a place where the company would be select."

McKnorn: "Plato had a fine, tender, noble nature. But come to two who had more pity in their hearts for men than all religious leaders and teachers—our Lord and Buddha—yet they have presented the strongest pictures of the miseries of those who have led wicked lives here: outer darkness; wailing and gnashing of teeth; Dives wrapt in flame and calling miserably and in vain for a drop of water to cool his tongue. No man can think profoundly of the far-reaching consequences of sin for ourselves and others without being on philosophical grounds at one with the New Testament on this head. It is not merely the shadow of Mediævalism we see in Dante's "Inferno;" he was a profound thinker and saw how this was; perhaps felt it in his own life as most of us if we reflect at all must do. In the eastern books you find just as dreadful conceptions of the future state of the wicked. We read in the "Sutta Nipata" of a certain monk Kokaliya, condemned for speaking evil of his brethren to the Paduma hell. In this inferno the wicked are beaten with iron hammers; boiled in iron pots in a mixture of blood and refuse; fed on red-hot iron balls; plunged into the accursed river, Vetarani, flowing with waves of sharp-edged razors. The sinners' torments last five hundred and twelve thousand million times as long as it would take to clear away a large load of tiny seed at the rate of one seed in a hundred years. This is as near eternity as one would care to go."

Irene: "Mr. McKnorn you make me shudder."

McKnorn: "Well: Grant the fact and it is not much more inexplicable than a toothache; or the *auto de fe* of a moth who is attracted irresistibly to a lamp."

Gwendolen: "It is quite a revelation to me that men have reasoned out the necessity of a hell. I confess I thought it was a pure matter of revelation."

Hale: "I for one could never believe in it. Those are fine stanzas in 'In Memoriam' commencing

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fall beyond the grave
Derives it not from what we have
The likeliest God within the soul?"

McKnorn: "Clearly not—and that it is not is as we see in subsequent verses forced on Tennyson."

Helpsam: "Those are noble stanzas," and he recited them for us to our great delight. The way he brought out the line

Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies

brought a multitudinous vision of heroic worshippers before you; you heard their hymns; but the echo from the cold walls of the past sounded like a wailing mockery."

Hale: "Suppose after all death is a siesta with the blessing of an eternal seal, what great harm is done? But future is no future. I protest against eternal torments."

McKnorn: "What would you do in another world with the Pagan dwellers in Alexandria at the time when Neo-Platonism on the one hand and Christianity on the other were seeking—in the moments they could spare from the duel between themselves—to reform its fearful state. Most of them were not fit for earth. How then make them fit for heaven?"

Helpsam: "But suppose the spirit passes into a wholly new state where all the old temptations are seen no more—would not the experience here of the evil of transgressing law suggest and secure a new departure?"

McKnorn: "Does not an old man enter a state where he is emancipated from the temptations of youth. Yet what do we find in the case of those whose youth has been 'stormy,' as the euphemism runs? They mumble over the memories of crimes they can no longer commit and gloat with impotent leers, showing their false teeth, over vices and stories respecting vices which are no longer for them." *McKnorn* had grown unwontedly earnest and *Glaucus* laughing said: "He is, I believe, thinking of 'Old Q.' Surely in this decorous age there is nothing to inspire such indignation."

Irene turned a little aside, but *Gwendolen* asked: "Who was 'Old Q.'?"

Helpsam: "A wicked old nobleman who in the infant days of the present century frequented Piccadilly. An emaciated old scapegrace, he used to sit in a balcony ogling with his glass-eye every pretty girl that passed. But the stories told of him are not for ears polite. He was a survival from a somewhat wicked generation."

McKnorn: "I was not thinking of him, but he furnishes an apt illustration. The heart of the profligate Earl of March still beat beneath the gaunt ribs and withered hide of the Duke of Queensbury. He was the product of an age of licentiousness and scepticism. The scepticism was of a different form to ours, but the natural fruit of both is the same. To my mind there is no such argument for the truth of religion as the wreck which we see its absence in the individual or the nation produce. The fact is man's passions are so fierce, so vast, that only an anchor in eternity can hold him, and no man can read Plato without seeing that he felt the need of some tremendous stay, if men were to be all they should be."

Helpsam: "The wise philosopher and the heartless worldling come to the same conclusion. Do you remember those lines of Lord Hervey in his satire after the manner of Persius—lines in which he describes his own hateful character:—

Mankind, I know their motives and their art,
Their vice their own, their virtue but a part,
Till played so oft that all the cheat can tell,
And dangerous only when 'tis acted well."

Gwendolen: "I have never read Plato, but I intend to study him now."

Irene: "You will be a regular blue-stocking. You are blue enough now, but crammed with Plato you will be ultra marine."

Helpsam: "But don't you know what the great critic Jeffrey said to Mrs. Hamilton. He said it did not matter how blue were the stockings if the petticoat was long enough to hide them."

Glaucus: "I want to ask Mr. McKnorn a question: How would the study of Plato help to mitigate or remove the evils under which we suffer here in Canada? For you remember you said we needed to study him."

McKnorn: "The grossest materialism dominates the Canadian imagination. Canadians think themselves small because they are only five millions and the United States have sixty. But if it had six hundred millions it is only truly great so far as it contains men of wisdom, of virtue, of high intellectual power. We see the noblest mind of antiquity conceiving a republic where men were to live the highest life possible, and this republic would number comparatively few. We see him always looking away from the loose dirt of earth or the solid dirt of gold to character, to mind, to virtue, nobleness, obedience, fortitude, goodness."

Irene: "But, sir, Christianity does it?"

McKnorn: "My dear young lady, Christ does it; Paul does it; but does modern Christianity do it? Plato would fix the mind on it, and Paul, certainly the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews had studied Plato. Indeed throughout the whole New Testament, especially the Gospel of John and the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Epistles to Timothy we smell the attic honey, though the Greek would have made Pericles shudder and Alcibiades curl his lip. Paul does it. But does modern Christian-

ity do it? Plato would fix the mind on the necessity for high character and high intelligence in politics, and would thus qualify the influence of words and conventions which palpably tend to a minimum of ability in the representation. It might then occur to our people that arrangements should be made which would enable men to devote their whole time to fruitful thinking and reading on political subjects.

Look at the United States and you will see that the democracy is a foe to mental largeness—to individual greatness—and individual greatness is a great salt to the life of a nation. Even in De Tocqueville's time the evil had manifested itself in the States. He speaks of "the singular paucity of distinguished political characters" there in his day. And where are they at this hour? Blaine is the first man amongst them. He was capable of becoming a statesman; he has only developed into a huge wire-puller. The blighting influence has stunted Butterworth and Edmunds. Whatever else may be necessary it is clear that neither mental power nor learning, the capacity to think or the capacity for expression, is a requisite in order to reach a high place. Now I think here in Canada some plan might be devised whereby (this is suggested to me by the "Republic") we could have men chosen to devote their whole time and thought to the state."

Glaucus laughed and said: "In twelve months it would be the prey of jobbery and intrigue and influence. No; if you should bring forth so rare a bird as a man of true political, true public spirit, and if he have not independent means, there is nothing for it but that he should ruin himself for the country. It is the law of self-sacrifice, and he will have the beautiful consolation of knowing he has broken himself on the wheel of his country's service for a grateful people who won't remember him three days after he has died of starvation," and he laughed as though at some intensely humorous idea. The laugh was contagious, and we all joined in. When the little wave of inexplicable mirth had subsided, *Helpsam* who had risen recited the first few lines in a mock solemn manner, but he soon grew earnest—electric:—

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing, and then they die—
Perish! and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves
In the moonlit solitudes mild,
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone!

McKnorn: "Yes, but they are related elsewhere. What a ridiculous thing it would be if we were thinking of the dead, not of the living! Their hate, their love, their deeds, in a word their characters have gone with them, and blessed are they if those characters are of a texture for happy wearing through eternal years."

Here the Captain came and asked us to join him at the most interesting of all meals.

The next day we left. After a drive of sixty miles we camped on the borders of a lake. An Indian family camped not far off, and the squaws riding man-fashion; the curious way they have of carrying tents and other things on two long poles bound like demoralized shafts to the sides of the ponies and the far-reaching ends on the ground; the painted faces and general picturesqueness greatly interested those to whom it was all new. We had a North-West sunset. We watched the sun amid clouds of splendour slowly going below the horizon. Smaller and smaller he got. At last he gave us a Titenic wink and disappeared.

As we dozed off to sleep we heard the horses, who were tied to buckboards and waggon, champing the golden grain, and the frogs sung their monotonous song.

As we journeyed on the next day Miss *Gwendolen* asked *Rectus* how it was he kept so joyous amid the cares of business and politics. *Rectus* turned round radiant with health, with the sense of joy that movement in pure air always gives, and said: "The cruel skies and brazen glare of the democracy touch not me, because however I may toil over blue-books, statistics, Jesuits' Estates Acts, the tariff, my roots are deep."

Glaucus: "In Foster's financial statements." We all laughed, and *Rectus* laughing too went on—"No, sir, in the living springs of literature."

In vain the pallid skies refuse to share
Their dew; the lily feels no thirst, no dread;
Unharm'd she lifts her queenly head,
She drinks of living waters and keeps fair."

Gwendolen: "Fancy comparing himself to a lily."

Helpsam: "It was well he did not say 'keeps pale,' or the absurdity would have been too great."

We laughed, for *Rectus*, like the rest of us, was fearfully sunburnt.

Thus chatting as we wheeled along we arrived in Regina by dinner time.

The next day, when bidding them good-bye, I glanced from *Gwendolen* to *Rectus* and from *Helpsam* to *Irene*, and then looked at *Madame Lalage*, and—I will not dwell upon my own griefs—the conviction deepened in my mind that an earthier and more potent Eros than Plato's was at work somewhere in that little crowd of delightful friends.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN,

NATURE AND THOUGHT.

O'er wood and field, the heavy clouds, low hung
In leaden folds against the eastern sky,
A sombre shadow cast; a hollow sigh
Did move among the trees, whose branches flung
Uncertain shade upon the waters dun,
That crept with sluggish pace and waveless tide
Toward the plain—cheerless and dark the scene.
A gnarled root my seat; in thought I tried
From the dull world to turn away and glean
Some solace sweet in fancy's region wide.
I ope'd the poet's page that long hath been
My constant joy—a living thought out-leaped.
I raised my eyes, and lo! on every side
The earth in floods of golden light was steeped.

Chatham.

HENLEIGH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MACHINERY THE SERVANT OF HUMANITY, AND NOT ITS MASTER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—We can not tell how long a time must elapse before the accepted teachers of the people in Canada, in place of presenting to their readers well-studied generalities, valuable in their own way, on the principles of kind and Christian dealing, will search out the forms of beneficent action most suited to the horror they are commenting upon, and courageously declare the immense urgency and present need of certain forms of protection for the lives of the people.

We wait for moral and social changes, and do what we can to hasten them, and if the above speculation of mine has something of the *platitudo* about it, I can only say: I will try, before this correspondence is closed, to be more particular in suggestion.

The protection of the lives of the citizens from the dangers of travelling, on what until the era of railways used to be called the Queen's Highway, would in past times, with many imperfections in the methods, have been considered not merely a matter of urgency but of public honour.

To-day, the railway companies and their commentators combined have brought us back to the verge of barbarism and the times when every man was his own defender. To run imminent risks and to escape from them are the achievements most to be prized, according to the new and spurious public sentiment which has been imported into the thinking-habits of the people. In no other way could we get such an example as the following, in the ghouliah ridicule with which the road-conduct of the poor ladies whose melancholy immolation has already been set forth in these columns was treated by a railway official. Mr. — said to a *Witness* reporter "that the accident was regrettable, but that the company was not to blame. Anybody who knows that part of the country is aware that it is perfectly level, and that the headlight of a train could be seen a long distance. But it is very singular what a notion some women have that a horse can beat a railway train. I have been on the engine several times myself, and seen women taking the greatest risks in crossing the track in buggies. There is a notion amongst some women that when they get behind a horse all they have to do is to shout and use the whip, and he'll beat the train every time."

The trained official, too much, we admit, in the tone of the time, seemed to think he had triumphantly settled the question. As if the ruder sex did not run the same risks, and did not even more frequently become the victims of them. And as if, O indurated official! women, in all civilized communities, till now, had not been a specially protected class. These are the real horrors of our time, the forces in daily operation that turn human hearts into stone; that block the way of administrative reforms, and supply foolish expedients and untrustworthy makeshifts for all social miseries. We must tell our zealous officer that these shocking calamities are the fruit of railway development in that line of unchecked and shortsighted philistinism that the thing has taken; and that they are made possible by defective law; but having the mind fixed, just now, more on the remedies for than the mere denunciation of an order of evils, the exact parallel of which no former time has ever beheld, I now bring one more narrative in all its impressive details within the view of the readers of THE WEEK:—

THE LATENT ACCIDENT DISCUSSED.

"It's astonishing what risks people will run," said Detective Boas, of the Grand Trunk Railway, to a *Witness* man this morning, as the former, with Coroner Jones, Dr. Lanctot, a jury, and a crowd of Grand Trunk officials, visited the scene of the accident at the St. Marguerite Street crossing yesterday.

"Why, half an hour after the accident yesterday there was awfully near being another at the next crossing. A man was driving across in an express. A train was coming. I shouted and signed to him. He paid no attention. I then shouted to the engineer, who pulled up the engine, otherwise there must have been an accident."

That accidents in this district are not far more frequent than they are is surprising. The whole track is as open as a field. Men, women and children walk across it and along it just as they please. There is only one man for thirteen switches, and it was just by accident that he happened to be present yesterday to warn the man before the accident and to note the circumstances of it.

"It would take the whole city police to stop the traffic," said Detective Boas.

"There is surely a crying need for protection at these crossings," the *Witness* man remarked to the agent, Mr. Stone.

"But understand that these are not public streets," the agent replied. "They are farmers' crossings. The only public street in St. Henry is Notre Dame Street. If this were a public street the municipality would soon make us put up a crossing. The by-laws state that there must be protection at each railway track which runs across a public street."

But Mr. Stone admitted that there was a large pedestrian traffic on all these streets through which the track ran, and that it was not protected, either by gates or watchmen.

James Prescott, the switchman, and two men named Poirier and Sere were prepared to swear that they all shouted to Poitras to keep back as the train was coming. His little nephew will also testify, if necessary, that he had to dissuade him from crossing.

Coroner Jones, after hearing Dr. Lanctot, who described the fatal injuries to the little girl's head, adjourned the inquest till to-morrow morning.

Dr. Lanctot says Poitras will recover. Large numbers of people visited the scene of the accident to-day. The waggon, smashed to splinters, lies to the south, and the horse, with a big jagged hole in its side, fifty feet away to the north-west side of the track.

I will not trespass upon your space to-day, by offering remarks upon the foregoing, especially as we need more public discussion of the means of cure for these disorders in the body politic coming upon us in the half-developed condition of our railway enterprises. Our readers, I hope, will soon get in touch with this vital question for our community, so that we may report more rapid progress in view of the early meeting of Parliament at Ottawa. *Salus Populi summa lex!*

THE RAMBLER.

A NEW romance by Clark Russell! As soon as you open the book, the swirl and the surge, the rush and the riot of the sea are upon you. What is his literary method? Out of the ocean, a few merchantmen and a motley and often ill-assorted crew he has constructed a dozen matchless, ever-thrilling and ever-varying sea-stories of great truth and beauty. Stately periods of rhythmic, descriptive prose, alternate with dialogues between carefully executed portraits of strongly drawn nautical types and landsmen and landwomen no less finely cut. As often as he has described a sunset or a sunrise, a storm or a wreck, a mad Captain or a gracious young Englishwoman, he can always present to you some novel and faithful variation of the picture or the type—the combinations of this dexterous artist seem without end. He has never changed his style, never wandered from his chosen subject. With the calm consciousness that he is read for that subject and that style, he goes on in the even tenor of his way seaward, ever seaward, and we board his dubious Indianmen and sit at the table with his scowling Captains, and jostle in the cabin his mutineering steward, and gaze through field-glasses at distant spectral wrecks, and become marooned or get cast adrift, and float about for days on the open sea, and take turns at the wheel and pulls at the grog and walk up and down all night under a sky studded with the glittering stars of the southern zone, and visit marvellous reefs of glistening coral and tropical islands of delicious verdure and drink famous wine out of pirates' pannikins, and travel, finally, to scenes that could only have been painted by the most ardent of imaginations, assisted by those realistic touches which abound in all his books.

What does this remarkable monotony imply? Surely not a want of versatility, of catholicity, but rather a preponderating enormous mental pressure in one enthralling direction. He is the Jules Verne of the sea. There were never penned in our language finer descriptive prose periods than some of those scattered throughout "The Frozen Pirate," "Marooned," "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," and perhaps "A Sailor's Sweetheart," and the last novel, "My Shipmate Louise." In this most recent sea-story there is, it is true, very little that is fundamentally novel, but the rearrangement of well-worn types and situations has been effected with wondrous skill, so that the mad Captain and the avaricious ship's carpenter, and the beautiful English maiden and the well-conducted hero, always more or less of a lay figure, are made to do fresh and thrilling duty through between three and four hundred pages of exciting narrative—in itself no inferior achievement.

"My Shipmate Louise" is well worth reading, for episodic effect, dramatic suggestion, extreme naturalness and vivid colouring; also for some analysis of character, notably that of the haughty though noble Louise.

I find in Mr. Arthur Weir's "Sonnet" of last week's WEEK a very timely thought. I am not now referring to the sonnet itself, construction or melody, but only the *raison d'être* of its appearing. He is perfectly and altogether right. To depict Nature in the useless modern way at present in vogue seems to me rather idle work most of it, and the result but poor stuff. We want a little more study of the heart and soul of things, a better acquaintance above all with the methods and beliefs of Wordsworth. Strange to say, the Sonnet itself, which, for centuries, was only reverently and sparingly used to express and contain a precious thought or a leading idea, has become the stock-in-trade of every minor poet, who makes it serve his slenderest purpose, whatever that may be. One looks in vain for a thought in hosts of modern sonnets, there is but a picture to offer. If the reader have the seeing eye, all is well. He will translate the picture into thought by sympathy with his author, by knowledge—occult and mysterious—of what the poet tried, and perhaps failed, to see. But for the majority of mankind this translation process is too subtle.

The world waits for a few masterstrokes. It wants its poetry in the Original Manuscript, straight from the hand of God. It is confessedly tired of Type-Written verse, careful, picturesque, but cold, having no Gospels to offer.

There is a plan afoot to unite the two Paris *Salons* this year and for holding a joint exhibition on the Champ de Mars. The *Athenæum* remarks in consequence that the

Royal Academy, taking nothing from the nation and without public aid, maintaining an art university of some hundreds of students is far worthier and safer than the French body.

As might be expected the chief—perhaps only—opponents of the fusion are the authorities and friends of the old *Salon*.

The "Latest Portrait" of the Laureate is photographed from a painting by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. Out of a dark Rembrandtish background, the domed head and solemn awful eye look at you. The face, lined with care and "travail of high thought," comes out in startling and almost ghastly relief to the prevailing sombreness surrounding it. Looking closer you perceive something very like laurel-branches in the dark of the obscure shadows around the head. A fitting setting for the noble lineaments so dear and familiar to the wide world that will one day be called upon to mourn him.

Mrs. Besant has been lecturing lately in Dublin on "The Class War." Her "splendid oratory" is the theme of more than one enthusiastic correspondent, and her dress is described as faithfully as if she were any ordinary member of fashionable society. This should be very distasteful to Mrs. Besant. However, she certainly said some exceedingly sensible things. "Sir, what have you got to support my daughter?" Mrs. Besant very naturally remarks that in a few years it is hoped no such demoralizing question as the above will be heard, demoralizing to her sex, perhaps also to the other. For in the dependence and humiliating position of many women, who are obliged to ask of some man every penny they spend, Mrs. Besant sees an occasion for the selfishness and narrowness of the male being.

CANADA BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

LOOKING out of my window next morning from an upper storey of the Clarence Hotel—a fine specimen of the comfortable, house-like, unostentatious English inn—a delightful prospect met my eyes. Beyond the roofs of the city, half buried in rich green foliage, rises the glorious range of the snow-capped Olympian mountains, rosy and glistening in the sun-rise glow. In the nearer distance the strait of Juan de Fuca leads the great Pacific into the inner and the outer harbour, and environs the city with lake-like expanses of the fairest waters. An extraordinary climate conspires with these lovely surroundings to make it attractive all the year round. The softening influence of the great Japan current moderates the winter to the temperature of the south of England. No ice is formed suitable for use. From the same current proceed cooling breezes to temper the summer heat. I never saw such a wealth of flowers as adorn the Victorian homes. The sweet peas thickly blooming from the bottom of the vines to the height of six feet, the rose trees displaying not infrequently from 100 to 300 roses each, and continuing to bloom late in December. Among the ornamental trees, the mountain ash grows luxuriantly, revealing great bunches of deep-red berries amidst its deep green foliage. A New Yorker who has tried it writes home: "If any citizen will bring his family here for one summer, he will find that Victoria combines in itself more advantages as a summer resort than any with which he is probably familiar." Not a mosquito—so they say—and the potato bug not yet arrived. I must testify, however, to seeing a good many canker-worms pendant from the trees, and to tell the truth, I saw in one of the guest rooms of the Clarence Hotel several creatures worse than mosquitoes or any other living things that ought not to be in a hotel. They were three young panthers of the cougar variety, about twice the size of nine-day kittens, and beautifully marked. A young man of Victoria was showing them in a basket. He had just come in with a friend of his from a hunting expedition in the woods of Vancouver Island. They saw in the distance a full-grown female panther just disappearing in the undergrowth. Retracing her tracks they found in the hollow of a tree three young cougars not yet having got their eyes open. With their Remington rifles carefully charged and cocked they retreated safely to their boat with the young brutes in their game pockets. It was the owner's purpose to bring them up by hand and sell them by and by to the London "Zoo" for \$50 a piece. The drives about Victoria are peculiarly enjoyable, not only because of the good roads and the variety of the water prospects, but because of the charming homes that occupy the wide-spread suburbs. After emerging from the business centre, instead of city lots and stone fronts, with brick rears looking across high-fenced kitchen yards into the neighbours' back windows, we find home-like reservations with large front yards, verdant lawns and ample breathing spaces. The houses, although for the most part inexpensive, have a villa look that redeems them from the air of vulgar cheapness. The prevailing fashion is that of a one-storey house, broad fronted and deep in the rear, with high four square roof, the apex broken by a lantern or railed platform, and the sides relieved by ample porches or broad verandahs. Many of the residences are higher and costlier and richer in ornamentation, but there are none of the stunning and pretentious order that challenge admiration by their multiplicity of towers, pyramids, gables, peaks, big-bellied windows, and other devices for destroying the elegance of simplicity and repose. Victoria is remarkable for the multitude of its cozy homes

in good localities that are within the reach of people of moderate means. These cottage villas with plenty of room about them rent from 15 to 25 dollars per month. At the same time Victoria is a wealthy city. Its capitalists carry large interests in mining, lumber, fisheries, shipbuilding, iron-works and furs. Last year 30 sealing schooners brought in 35,000 skins to the value of about \$250,000. Its steamers connect with China, Japan, Australia, Peru, Chili, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, Great Britain and the United States. It is estimated that upwards of 70,000 tourists visited Victoria last summer. Over \$1,000,000 was invested in buildings during 1889, and among the projected ones are a \$250,000 hotel, a \$72,000 Roman Catholic cathedral, and a \$65,000 Methodist church. Beacon Hill Park is a beautiful expanse adorned with noble trees, artificial lakes, rustic bridges, and a zoological collection. The Royal Jubilee Hospital, recently opened by the Duke of Connaught, is a noble pile of buildings, admirably equipped and situated in an extensive park adorned with massive oaks. The Victoria book stores tell of much literary cultivation, of which, however, the public library of less than 10,000 volumes is not as yet a fitting representative. It was a favourable omen that the venerable librarian feelingly apologized for it. Meanwhile every seat in the free reading-room was occupied at 10 o'clock in the morning. Victorians are a leisurely people and in remarkable contrast with the Seattleites a few leagues to the south. They take time for breakfast and get home to an early dinner, and are fond of riding, rowing, yachting, cricket, lacrosse, and moderately of base-ball. The women whom you meet in the street are quietly but tastefully dressed and bear an air of refinement. The men have a certain poise of eminent, though unassuming, respectability which one would look for in the atmosphere of an old and cultured English town.—*Corr. Springfield Republican.*

OVER THE TEACUPS.

LIFE is a *petit verre* of a very peculiar kind of spirit. At seventy years it used to be said that the little glass was full. We should be more apt to put it at eighty in our day, while Gladstone and Tennyson and our own Whittier are breathing, moving, thinking, writing, speaking, in the green preserve belonging to their children and grandchildren, and Bancroft is keeping watch of the gamekeeper in the distance. But, returning resolutely to the *petit verre*, I am willing to concede that all after fourscore is the *bain de pieds*—the slopping over, so to speak, of the full measure of life. I remember that one who was very near and dear to me, and who lived to a great age, so that the ten-barred gate of the century did not look very far off, would sometimes apologize in a very sweet, natural way for lingering so long to be a care and perhaps a burden to her children, themselves getting well into years. It is not hard to understand the feeling, never less called for than it was in the case of that beloved nonagenarian. I have known few persons, young or old, more sincerely and justly regretted than the gentle lady whose memory comes up before me as I write. Oh, if we could all go out of flower as gracefully, as pleasingly, as we come into blossom!

My dear friends around the teacups, and at that wider board where I am now entertaining, or trying to entertain, my company, is it not as plain to you as it is to me that I had better leave such tasks as that which I am just finishing to those who live in a more interesting period of life than one which, in the order of nature, is next door to decrepitude? Ought I not to regret having undertaken to report the doings and sayings of the members of the circle which you have known as The Teacups?

Dear, faithful reader, whose patient eyes have followed my reports through these long months, you and I are about parting company. Perhaps you are one of those who have known me under another name, in those far-off days separated from these by the red sea of the great national conflict. When you first heard the tinkle of the teaspoons, as the table was being made ready for its guests, you trembled for me, in the kindness of your hearts. I do not wonder that you did—I trembled for myself. But I remembered the story of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who was seen all of a tremour just as he was going into action. "How is this?" said a brother officer to him. "Surely you are not afraid?" "No," he answered, "but my flesh trembles at the thought of the dangers into which my intrepid spirit will carry me."

Once committed to my undertaking, there was no turning back. It is true that I had said I might stop at any moment, but after one or two numbers it seemed as if there were an informal pledge to carry the series on, as in former cases, until I had completed my dozen instalments.

Writers and speakers have their idiosyncrasies, their habits, their tricks, if you had rather call them so, as to their ways of writing and speaking. There is a very old and familiar story, accompanied by a feeble jest, which most of my readers may probably enough have met with in Joe Miller or elsewhere. It is that of a lawyer who could never make an argument without having a piece of thread to work upon with his fingers while he was pleading. Some one stole it from him one day, and he could not get on at all with his speech—he had lost the thread of his discourse, as the story had it. Now this is what I myself once saw. It was at a meeting where certain grave matters were debated in an assembly of professional men. A speaker, whom I never heard before or since, got up

and made a long and forcible argument. I do not think he was a lawyer, but he spoke as if he had been trained to talk to juries. He held a long string in one hand, which he drew through the other hand incessantly, as he spoke, just as a shoemaker performs the motion of waxing his thread. He appeared to be dependent on this motion. The physiological significance of the fact I suppose to be that the flow of what we call the nervous current from the thinking centre to the organs of speech was rendered freer and easier by the establishment of a simultaneous collateral nervous current to the set of muscles concerned in the action I have described.

I do not use a string to help me write or speak, but I must have its equivalent. I must have my paper and pen or pencil before me to set my thoughts flowing in such form that they can be written continuously. There have been lawyers who could think out their whole argument in connected order without a single note. There are authors—and I think there are many—who can compose and finish off a poem or a story without writing a word of it until, when the proper time comes, they copy what they carry in their heads. I have been told that Sir Edwin Arnold thought out his beautiful "Light of Asia" in this way.

I find the great charm of writing consists in its surprises. When one is in the receptive attitude of mind, the thoughts which are sprung upon him, the images which flash through his consciousness, are a delight and an excitement. I am impatient of every hindrance in setting down my thoughts—of a pen that will not write, of ink that will not flow, of paper that will not receive the ink. And here let me pay the tribute which I owe to one of the humblest but most serviceable of my assistants, especially in poetical composition. Nothing seems more prosaic than the stylographic pen. It deprives the handwriting of its beauty, and to some extent of its individual character. The brutal communism of the letters it forms covers the page it fills with the most uniformly uninteresting characters. But, abuse it as much as you choose, there is nothing like it for the poet, for the imaginative writer. Many a fine flow of thought has been checked, perhaps arrested, by the ill behaviour of a goose-quill. Many an idea has escaped while the author was dipping his pen in the inkstand.

A chief pleasure which the author of novels and stories experiences is that of becoming acquainted with the characters he draws. It is perfectly true that his characters must, in the nature of things, have more or less of himself in their composition. If I should seek an exemplification of this in the person of any of my Teacups, I should find it most readily in the one whom I have called Number Seven—the one with the squinting brain. I think that not only I, the writer, but many of my readers, recognize in our own mental constitution an occasional obliquity of perception, not always detected at the time, but plain enough when looked back upon. What extravagant fancies you and I have seriously entertained at one time or another! What superstitious notions have got into our heads and taken possession of its empty chambers—or, in the language of science, seized on the groups of nerve cells in some of the idle cerebral convolutions!

The writer, I say, becomes acquainted with his characters as he goes on. They are at first mere embryos, outlines of distinct personalities. By and by, if they have any organic cohesion, they begin to assert themselves. They can say and do such and such things; such and such other things they cannot and must not say or do. The story-writer's and play-writer's danger is that they will get their characters mixed, and make A say what B ought to have said. The stronger his imaginative faculty, the less liable will the writer be to this fault; but not even Shakespeare's power of throwing himself into his characters prevents many of his different personages from talking philosophy in the same strain and in a style common to them all.

You will often observe that authors fall in love with the imaginary persons they describe, and that they bestow affectionate epithets upon them which it may happen the reader does not consider in any way called for. This is a pleasure to which they have a right. Every author of a story is surrounded by a little family of ideal children, as dear to him, it may be, as are flesh-and-blood children to their parents. You may forget all about the circle of Teacups to which I have introduced you—on the supposition that you have followed me with some degree of interest; but do you suppose that Number Five does not continue as a presence with me, and that my pretty Delilah has left me forever because she is going to be married? No, my dear friend, our circle will break apart, and its different members will soon be to you as if they had never been. But do you think that I can forget them? Do you suppose that I shall cease to follow the love (or the loves; which do you think is the true word, the singular or the plural?) of Number Five and the young Tutor who is so constantly found in her company? Do you suppose that I do not continue my relations with the "cracked Teacup"—the poor old fellow with whom I have so much in common, whose counterpart, perhaps, you may find in your own complex personality?

I take from the top shelf of the hospital department of my library—the section devoted to literary cripples, imbeciles, failures, foolish rhymesters, and silly eccentrics—one of the least conspicuous and most hopelessly feeble of the weak-minded population of that intellectual almshouse. I open it and look through its pages. It is a story. I have looked into it once before—on its first reception as a gift from the author. I try to recall some

of the names I see there: they mean nothing to me, but I venture to say the author cherishes them all, and cries over them as he did when he was writing their history. I put the book back among its dusty companions, and, sitting down in my reflective rocking-chair, think how others must forget, and how I shall remember, the company that gathered about this table.

Shall I ever meet any one of them again, in these pages or in any other? Will the cracked Teacup hold together, or will he go to pieces, and find himself in that retreat where the owner of the terrible clock which drove him crazy is walking under the shelter of the high walls? Has the young doctor's crown yet received the seal which is Nature's warrant of wisdom and proof of professional competency? And Number Five and her young friend the Tutor—have they kept on in their dangerous intimacy? Did they get through the *tutto tremante* passage, reading from the same old large edition of Dante which the Tutor recommended as the best, and in reading from which their heads were necessarily brought perilously near to each other?

It would be very pleasant if I could, consistently with the present state of affairs, bring these two young people together. I say *two* young people, for the one who counts most years seems to me to be really the younger of the pair. That Number Five foresaw from the first that any tenderer feeling than that of friendship would intrude itself between them I do not believe. As for the Tutor, he soon found where he was drifting. It was his first experience in matters concerning the heart, and absorbed his whole nature as a thing of course. Did he tell her he loved her? Perhaps he did, fifty times; perhaps he never had the courage to say so outright. But sometimes they looked each other straight in the eyes, and strange messages seemed to pass from one consciousness to the other. Will the Tutor ask Number Five to be his wife; and, if he does, will she yield to the dictates of nature, and lower the flag of that fortress so long thought impregnable? Will he go on writing such poems to her as "The Rose and the Fern" or "I Like You and I Love You," and be content with the pursuit of that which he never can attain? That is all very well on the "Grecian Urn" of Keats—beautiful, but not love such as mortals demand. Still, that may be all, for aught that we have yet seen.

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal,—yet do not grieve:
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young!

And so, good-bye, young people, whom we part with here. Shadows you have been and are to my readers; very real you have been and are to me—as real as the memories of many friends whom I shall see no more.

As I am not in the habit of indulging in late suppers, the reader need not think that I shall spread another board and invite him to listen to the conversations which take place around it. If, from time to time, he finds a slight refection awaiting him on the sideboard, I hope he may welcome it as pleasantly as he has accepted what I have offered him from the board now just being cleared.

I find the burden and restrictions of rhyme more and more troublesome as I grow older. There are times when it seems natural enough to employ that form of expression, but it is only occasionally; and the use of it as the vehicle of the commonplace is so prevalent that one is not much tempted to select it as the medium for his thoughts and emotions. The art of rhyming has almost become a part of a high-school education, and its practice is far from being an evidence of intellectual distinction. Mediocrity is as much forbidden to the poet in our days as it was in those of Horace, and the immense majority of the verses written are stamped with hopeless mediocrity.

When one of the ancient poets found he was trying to grind out verses which came unwillingly, he said he was writing

INVITA MINERVA.

Vex not the Muse with idle prayers,—
She will not hear thy call;
She steals upon thee unawares,
Or seeks thee not at all.

Soft as the moonbeams when they sought
Endymion's fragrant bower,
She parts the whispering leaves of thought
To show her full-blown flower.

For thee her wooing hour has passed,
The singing birds have flown,
And winter comes with icy blast
To chill thy buds unblown.

Yet though the woods no longer thrill
As once their arches rung,
Sweet echoes hover round thee still
Of songs thy summer sung.

Live in thy past; await no more
The rush of heaven-sent wings;
Earth still has music left in store
While Memory sighs and sings.

I hope my special Minerva may not always be unwilling, but she must not be called upon as she has been in times past. Now that the teacups have left the table, an occasional evening call is all that my readers must look for. Thanking them for their kind companionship, and hoping that I may yet meet them in the now-and-thens of the future, I bid them good-bye for the immediate present.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly for November.*

ADIEU, SUZON.

AFTER ALFRED DE MUSSET.

ADIEU, Suzon, my sweet pale rose,
Our love is one week old to-day :
From passing pleasure often grows
The love that cannot pass away.
I know not, by my star beguiled,
Whither I'll stray on quitting thee ;
Yet must I go, my pretty child,
In wanderings wild
Ever to flee.

I leave thee while my lip still burns
With that last clinging kiss of thine ;
Thy sweet face from my shoulder turns
And still our lingering arms entwined.
As prisoned wing that would be free
My heart beats and thine answers me.
Yet must I go, my pretty child,
In wanderings wild
Still loving thee.

Too soon the summons at the gate !
Sweet childie, in a foreign land
I'll miss this wicked little pate,
That sweetly scents my straying hand.
Like as the nymph, escaping, smiled,
Small hypocrite ! you laugh and flee,
Yet must I go, my pretty child,
On wanderings wild
Half laughingly.

What sadness and what tender fears,
Little one, in your last good-bye ;
Intoxicating are the tears,
When the full heart speaks through the eye !
By thy sweet presence reconciled,
The hand of death were soft to me ;
Yet must I go, my pretty child,
On wanderings wild
All tearfully.

Tomorrow, dear, you will forget :
Promise me, for one little hour
You will caress and value yet
The withered semblance of a flower.
Adieu ! 't was here our love-dream smiled,
The memory only goes with me ;
I'll cherish it, my pretty child,
In wanderings wild
Ever for thee.

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

ART NOTES.

DR. E. E. HALE has given several sittings to Wm. O. Partridge, the sculptor, and the result promises to be on completion an excellent likeness of this eminent divine.

AMONG the notable plastic works of the past London season at the Academy, "The Young Sophocles," by John Donohue, who is well known here, received very high praise from several of the best critics, who spoke warmly in its praise.

THE latest practical movement in the direction of the higher education of women in France is one directed to the opening to them of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The actual Directors of the school are heartily in favour of this step, and so is the Minister of Fine Arts and of Public Worship.

Mlle. LOUISE GAUTIER, a young French lady who had the misfortune to be born deaf and dumb, has nevertheless passed with honour all the examinations of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris, receiving not only her diploma, but an appointment as teacher. She had been taught by the Grosselin system both to read the lips and to speak, so that her infirmity is hardly noticeable.

Two special art exhibitions are to be held at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. One of these will be a painting by Murillo, representing the "Holy Family." It is a painting which has been in Philadelphia for some years, having been brought to that city by Mr. Middleton, deceased, once United States Minister to Spain. The picture at present belongs to Mrs. Ackley B. Cox. The second exhibition will comprise the collection of Japanese curios belonging to Dr. Williams of Philadelphia, who has made many visits to Japan, and has earned a reputation as a collector of rare discrimination.

A RECENT picture sale in Paris—the sale of the May collection—has yielded some astonishing results. A number of pictures by Corot brought higher prices even than the dealers had been charging for works of equal size and of the same degree of importance. One small picture, "A Cabaret," 9x14 inches, brought 15,700 francs (\$3,140); another, "The Porte Saint Angelo, Rome," 12½x18 inches, brought 21,150 francs (\$4,230); and a third, "The Road Into the Village," 18x24 inches, realized 16,500 francs (\$3,300). These prices were remarkable from the fact that none of the pictures represented the most characteristic phase of Corot's art. Other pictures by Corot in the same sale brought almost equally high prices, though not so interesting in subject or meritorious in treatment as those referred to.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ACADEMY.

"THE DEAD HEART," an old play re-written and first stamped with success by Henry Irving, is drawing full houses at the Academy. It dates back to the stormy time of the French Revolution, and in scenery, accessories and personation is in every respect a striking play. Mr. James O'Neill is admirable in his conception and presentation of his part; Miss Grace Raven is a very fair actress. Messrs. J. J. Whiting, J. W. Shannon and Miss Kate Fletcher are worthy of commendation. The play is one of more than usual interest and should not be missed. The William T. Gilmore's "The Sea King" Opera Company will appear next week.

THE GRAND OPERA.

THE McDowells, on Monday evening, gave the initial presentation of a bright and cheery English comedy, "The Balloon," written by Messrs. Darley and Fenn. Mr. D. McDowell as "Dr. Glynn" was enjoyable. Mr. Edward Lyons as "Aubrey Fitzjohn" gained deserved applause. Messrs. Ernst Sterner, Granville and Hight presented their parts with marked ability. Mrs. McDowell as "Mrs. Rippendale" was excellent. Miss Clitheroe and Miss Ingersoll were easy and graceful in the respective characters of "Miss Vere" and "Florence." On Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and at matinees on Saturday, "The Magistrate" will be represented. The well-known Irish comedian, Joseph Murphy, is announced for next week.

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON is in receipt of a cable despatch from Baroness Burdett-Coutts congratulating her upon her success in "Paul Jones."

THE first number of *The Dramatic News*, a weekly local journal "devoted to the drama, music and literature," has made its appearance in Philadelphia.

AN hitherto unpublished concerto for bassoon, with string accompaniment, by Nicolo Paganini, alleged to be in the composer's own handwriting, has just been discovered at Stockholm.

THE item in the paper's about Campanini's voice being restored, it appears, some foundation. Mr. de Rialp, the well-known vocal master, has had the tenor in charge for some past months; hence the gratifying results announced.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP, for many years the musical critic of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, is as high an authority in musical matters as there is in America. His articles on the great musicians were written in his capacity as critical editor of the "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," the third and final volume of which, edited by John Denison Champlin, Jr., has just been issued by the Scribners.

THE pretty little town of Pozzuoli, delightfully situated on the Gulf of Naples, is about to have a grand musical festival in honour of Pergolese, who died there in 1736, and of Sacchini, who was born there in 1734. Busts of the two composers will be inaugurated. In the cathedral of Pozzuoli lie the remains of the author of "La Serva Padrona," Gian Battista Pergolese.

IN order to remedy the dearth of good chorus singers, so generally complained of, Mr. William Castle and Prof. S. Behrens propose opening an operatic chorus school in Philadelphia—an institution wherein not only the music but likewise the dramatic business of the different operas will be taught. Applicants for admission must possess the prime requisite of good voices. A moderate tuition fee will be charged.

IN his recent lecture in London on the drama, Mr. Clement Scott dates the birth of natural acting in England and the renaissance of English dramatic art from the first appearance of Mr. Fechter. Its lowest ebb was in 1860, "when no critic dared to allude to the French stage or French actors, although the authors of the period stole all their plots and most of their dialogue from French plays, and never dreamed of paying for them." Since then French influence has been acknowledged.

NEW YORK has twenty-eight theatres, the gross seating capacity of which is over 50,000 people. There are hundreds of concert, music and lecture halls all over the city, two-thirds of which are used every night. It is safe to estimate the total capacity of the various places of amusement in the metropolis at 150,000. Over \$75,000 is spent every night in the big city for theatrical and musical entertainment. The new Madison Square Garden is the largest place of amusement; next comes the Academy, then the Metropolitan Opera House, and Niblo's.

GOUNOD once said: "Wagner is a wonderful prodigy, an aberration of genius; a visionary haunted by all that is colossal, he cannot estimate aright the powers of his brain. With no sense of measure or of proportion in his mind, he flies beyond the limits of human observation, and face to face with his prodigious endeavours, his gigantic labours, and his overwhelming expenditure of talent and hard work, one feels tempted to quote to him the cruel remark of Agnes to her lover Arnulph: 'Horace in two words would make more of it than you.'"

"MADAME EVELINA ROBERTI, a native of Montreal, dramatic soprano singer, is now attracting much attention in musical circles in New York City. At a concert given recently by the German College of Musicians, under the able leadership of Alexander Lambert, she achieved a

great success. Last season at the Grand Opera House she made her mark in "Faust," and "Trovatore." She has youth, being only twenty-five, and personal attractiveness, beaming dark eyes, raven hair and brunette complexion, and she is already a great favourite with the public."

SOME interesting and perfect specimens of the ancient Egyptian oblique flutes, and four double flutes with their reeds, have just been brought to England by Mr. Flinders Petrie, and are now exhibited at 6 Oxford Mansions, Oxford Circus, W. An article on these curious relics of old music, pointing out the bearing they have on the vexed question of the ancient scale system of the Egyptians, appears in Novello's *Musical Times*. It is understood that Mr. R. D. Blaikley and Mr. T. L. Southgate are engaged on some elaborate acoustical experiments as to the exact notes attainable on these old instruments.

SIGNOR PAOLA LA VILLA's opera for children, entitled "The Katydid," was sung by sixty little inmates of the Female Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum on Madison Avenue, New York, recently, Archbishop Corrigan being among the auditors. The libretto is by the late Sister Ambroisine of Mount St. Vincent. It is a fairy story in which figure Titania, Puck, the fairies' Starlight and Moonlight figure, aided by fairies generally and a mortal peasant girl. The story is prettily told. The children had been trained by Professor Burnham, and the composer presided at the piano. His charming music was greatly admired.

SCHUMANN, in a letter addressed to Hauptmann von Fricken, and dated September, 1834, tells the following good story of Ludwig Böhrer (1787-1860), who in his palmy days, he says, was as celebrated as Beethoven: "One day he had arranged to give a concert at Oldenburg. The audience had assembled, and everyone was on the tip-toes of expectation, when presently he appeared in the organ gallery and leaning over announced: 'It is not possible for a Ludwig Böhrer to play before such an idiotic audience.' Von Bülow has been credited with a good many eccentricities, but we do not think that he has equalled or at least beaten this."

ONE of the German papers gives a coloured chromograph of the clavicembalo formerly belonging to Sebastian Bach. In Berlin there is also the travelling spinet of Frederick the Great, the grand piano which Weber used for twenty years, the travelling harpsichord of Mozart, and the grand piano of Mendelssohn. A French critic has wickedly expressed some sort of scepticism as to the authenticity of these instruments. It certainly seems extraordinary that every now and again a piano or harpsichord is discovered which is confidently declared to be the actual instrument upon which some celebrated composer used to play.

SOME little time ago, when a change in the cast had been made at the Savoy Theatre, Sir Arthur Sullivan, who happened to be dining at the Savoy Hotel, slipped away for a few minutes from the table and went into the theatre to the upper circle, there to hear and judge for himself the capabilities of the new artists, says an exchange. As the play proceeded and a favourite score in the opera was taken, the talented composer unconsciously commenced to hum the refrain as he desired it to be rendered. This considerably annoyed his next-door neighbour, who abruptly remarked: "Excuse me, sir, if I mention the fact that I have paid my money to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan's charming opera as given by the company, and not your confounded humming!" Sir Arthur returned to his dinner and related the incident with great gusto.

THE musical taste of the New York street boy is omnivorous. It furnishes also a quite substantial prop to a favourite theory, that it is not so much the masses as the classes that need to be educated up to a decent standard of æsthetic appreciation. The average gamin in his whistling moments by no means confines himself to airs of the McGinty variety. His repertoire has a much wider scope and includes scraps from the symphonies and even Wagnerian leit-motives. The model newsboy drifts quite gracefully and naturally from "Little Annie Rooney" to the Gunther theme and from the "Anvil Chorus" to "Shall we Gather at the River?" Several times one is startled at the sound of a Nibelung motive quivering on the night air in the neighbourhood of Park Row, to find upon investigation that it emanated from the puckered lips of a dirty-faced street Arab.

JEFFERSON AND FLORENCE will open in New York with "The Heir at Law," and the English couple in "The Squire," which was written by Pinero for Mrs. Kendal. It was first produced in London and has been played a very few times in this country. "The Squire" will be followed by "All of Her" by Herman C. Merivale. Mrs. Kendal also wishes to give a one-act piece, called "It Was a Dream," which they played for the first time at Birmingham on their recent visit. The engagement at the Fifth Avenue is for eight weeks, and after leaving New York the company will visit only the larger cities. It will play in Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston for a month each, and will afterward make shorter visits to Washington, Baltimore and Cincinnati. It will not go to California again. At the end of the season there will be a return engagement of two weeks in New York.

A NEWSPAPER, largely devoted to newspaper cuttings, recently published this: "Mr. Leslie Crotty, the most popular baritone in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, owes his position to what is generally termed 'good fortune.' He had, as a young man, no idea whatever of being a professional. But one day, after a Turkish bath, he was

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

lying in the cooling-room, and commenced rather (*sotto voce*) to sing 'The Heart Bowed Down,' the song which is now so associated with his name. A Catholic clergyman lying near was greatly struck with the wonderful mellow tone and richness of voice displayed by Mr. Crotty. The clergyman complimented him, and suggested that with proper training a great future awaited the possessor of so good a voice. Mr. Crotty took his counsel to heart, and the result must have been highly gratifying to the kindly cleric." I am informed that the statement is strictly true, and that the clergyman's name was Rev. Paul Rehoe, who apparently had a greater sympathy for "The Heart Bowed Down" than I personally can pretend to.—*London Figaro*.

Apropos of Wagner, Dr. Kohnt publishes in the *Neue Musik Zeitung* a hitherto unprinted letter addressed by Wagner to Warsing, director of the Prague Theatre. Wagner is usually described as the reverse of a man of business, but the letter will seem to indicate that the reproach is hardly deserved. Wagner offers Warsing the right to represent the four parts of his Tetralogy, the "Nibelung's Ring," on the following conditions: (1) An engagement to represent the works in their order, that is to say, commencing with the "Rhinegold" and ending with the "Götterdämmerung"; (2) an immediate advance of 5,000 German marks (\$1,225); (3) the payment to Wagner of ten per cent. of the gross receipts (including subscriptions) from the first representation of each work till thirty years after the death of the composer, half to be deducted until the \$1,225 is paid, and (4) that the manager will purchase the necessary scores and music from Schott's at his own expense. The letter, which is dated September 10, 1878, ends with a request that if the director considers the conditions unacceptable he will renounce the project. He did.

In the course of an article under the head "Modern Men," the *Scots Observer* remarks: "It is given to few to be popular idols; to fewer still to breathe the incense of the temple and not be drunken with its fumes. Mr. Jean de Reszke is one of these. Perhaps this is because success has come neither too easily nor too hardly; for either the one or the other may go to the marrying of a man in its own degree. Speaking generally, there is no career in which wealth and fame are won so quickly and with so little effort as in that of the rare singer; for there is none in which natural endowment plays so large a part. The gift of supreme beauty of voices is so uncommon, and is fraught with so peculiar fascination, that it may command unrivalled popularity with comparatively little aid from art. That is not one among Jean de Reszke's many attributes. He is a brilliant example of what may be done with somewhat less than the highest natural endowment: for if ever man owed a great position to hard work and the taking of infinite pains, that man is the John of Leyden and the Lohengrin of the current year.

ADELINA PATTI has just signed a contract with Julius Zet, of St. Petersburg, for twelve appearances in Russia, during the months of January and February next. The performances will be equally divided between St. Petersburg and Moscow, and will consist of three concerts and three operas in each city. Patti's well-known business tact and capacity have not deserted her in making the financial arrangements for the new venture, for she is to be paid at the rate of 1,000 guineas, say \$5,250, for each performance, making a total for the twelve representations of about \$63,000. Somebody has threatened to make a calculation of the number of notes in the opera and songs she will sing, and thus determine at what rate per note the new *impresario* will pay. But Mr. Zet's expenses do not end with the "little check" which he will hand over to Patti whenever she is to sing, for he has contracted to pay all the travelling expenses of herself and her suite, and Patti travels like a queen. The Russian railway companies, too, not to be outdone in loyalty to the queen of song, have undertaken to place a special train at the service of the *diva* and her suite. It will be beautifully decorated and fitted up for the purpose, and will vie in splendour with the celebrated Mann boudoir car in which she made her triumphal procession through the States.

RUBINSTEIN, Tausig, Bülow, a trio of progressive, daring spirits, carried the technic of the piano to its utmost. Either a reaction necessitating a return to the old-fashioned colourless methods of Cramer or a new departure in the construction of the instrument itself presented to pianists a bewildering alternative. Progress won the day, however, and is incarnate in the invention of Paul von Jankó—known as the Jankó keyboard. This Hungarian, whose genius knew no obstacles, has constructed a keyboard that almost totally revolutionizes prevailing methods of piano-playing. Instead of the flat keyboard in vogue, Jankó substitutes one of six banks, its chief merit being its extreme simplicity. The Jankó keyboard opens a dazzling vista of æsthetic ideas. The flat keyboard with its variety of positions, many of them almost impossible; with its requirement of cramped, awkward, unnatural position of the hands is dispensed with. The Jankó keyboard accommodates itself to the build of the hand, and it will not be necessary to study Czerny any more than it will be to have the ring finger surgically operated upon. By the disposition of the keys with their rounded surfaces, the shortness of the thumbs and fifth fingers is provided for and a better and surer grip is attained. The keyboard can be attached to any piano, and it does not take very long for a good pianist to master its peculiarities. In conclusion we may safely assert that the Jankó keyboard marks an epoch in the history of piano-playing.—*Musical Courier*.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS, ETC. By John Timbs. New edition; illustrated. London: Dean and Son.

This edition of a well-known and popular book is one of the emphatic proofs of the maxim cited in the Preface: "truth is stronger than fiction." It was a wise step on the part of the publishers to have it revised and brought more in line with advanced discovery and scientific achievement. The articles on "The Submarine Electric Telegraph," "Ragged Schools," "The Forth Bridge," and "The Eiffel Tower" are interesting and instructive and indicate the improvement in the present edition over its predecessors.

WEDNESDAY THE TENTH: A tale of the South Pacific. By Grant Allen. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Grant Allen is a Canadian who has won distinction not only in the realm of scientific investigation and exposition but in the more popular walk, of fiction. It is not often that one who devotes himself to the abstruser studies is sufficiently versatile to win success in the more fashionable fields of literature. Mr. Allen is one of that number. This thrilling and captivating tale of adventure by land and sea we feel sure will win for him the enthusiastic applause of his juvenile readers and extract from them a hearty encore.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD. By Leigh H. Irvine. Third edition. New York: John B. Alden.

In this little book the author discusses some of the rights and wrongs of capital and labour in a clear incisive style, with frankness and fearlessness. He is no visionary, but from the standpoint of one deeply interested in his subject, who has given it careful study and is fully competent to express his opinions with authority, he seeks to justify them by logical deduction from well-ascertained facts. This volume is well worth the reading by every thoughtful student of the latter day problems of society and labour. It is accompanied by a very useful index.

THE HANDBOOK OF GAMES. Vol. I. Table Games. London: George Bell and Sons.

This volume of "The Library of Sports and Games" has for its contributors Dr. William Pole, F.R.S., Major-General Drayson, Robert F. Green, and "Berkeley," and is dedicated to "Cavendish," who has aided the compilers by his "helpful advice." We have only to say that any one who wishes to obtain the most practical and elaborate expositions of table games of the most recent date and of unquestioned authority will find them between the covers of this volume. The games treated in it are: Billiards, Bagatelle, Chess, Draughts, Backgammon, Dominoes, Solitaire, Reversi, Go Bang, Rouge et Noir, Roulette, E. O., Hazard, Faro.

AZTEC LAND. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House.

Mr. Ballou has given us another interesting book of travel; his habits of close observation, painstaking description and historic allusion, and his reference to the political, social and racial peculiarities of the people, the geographical and climatic features of the country and its fauna and flora, make his book both entertaining and instructive. It is true that the ground covered has been gone over before, that there is an absence of wild adventure and fierce struggle with nature along her rugged and unbeaten paths which impart a zest to so many books of travel, and that the mode of travel by Pullman car seems very luxurious. Yet for all that the volume has a place of its own, both for the traveller who journeys gently through its pages at his own fireside, and his more fortunate brother voyager, who gleams from it pleasant reading and useful information before he packs his trunk and betakes him to the "Aztec Land."

LIFE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Moncure D. Conway. Great Writer Series. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

It is one of the great privileges of the present generation of readers to have placed, within their reach, books of great literary interest at a very small price. The volume before us is one of that class. Its preparation by Mr. Conway has been "a labour of love" and it is a pleasure to follow him as with skilful pen he paints for us in chaste and appropriate colours a striking picture of the life, the genius, the labours of the great Psychologist of romance; from the time when "Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the twenty-eighth Anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1804," until we read in the touching and pathetic letter of his bereaved widow, written "May, 1864, Monday night," that "God gave to his beloved sleep." The wide and ever-widening circle of admirers of that modest, mysterious and commanding genius, whose page, like a magic mirror, revealed the secret working of the troubled heart, will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Conway for this admirable biographical sketch.

St. Nicholas has completed seventeen successful years, and begins its eighteenth with the November number. The new volume will, it is announced, contain a number of serials by prominent writers for the young. J. T. Trowbridge will contribute "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford;" and Noah Brooks will write "The Boy Settlers." John M. Ellicott explains the chief types of torpedo boats. An artistic drawing, by H. L. Bridwell, shows the contrast between the *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship, and a modern man-of-war. W. J. Henderson tells a pleasing story called "Found in the Forecastle." The verse of the number is led by Celia Thaxter's "An Old Friend," with an illustration by Jessie McDermott. Other poems and verses are by Katharine Pyle, Margaret Vandegrift, Mary E. Blake and W. H. S.

THE *Magazine of Art* for November is one of the best issues of this popular magazine. The frontispiece is a striking photogravure of "The Shipwrecked Sailors," from the original of the famous Dutch painter, Josef Israels. This accompanies a biographical and critical article on Israels by David Coal Thomson, with numerous illustrations of his work. A sweet poem, "Love's Rubicon," is written by Kate Carter and illustrated by the late Alice Havers. The editor has a paper entitled "Should There be a British Artists' Room at the National Portrait Gallery?" Claude Phillips has one on "French Sculpture," illustrated with engravings. "Lady Harriet Clive," from Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting, has a full page, and then there is a paper by George Moore on Degas, one of the leading painters in the "impressionist" school of France. "Embroidered Book Covers," and then notes end the number.

THE November *Magazine of American History* is particularly rich in good material. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., contributes the opening chapter "Divine Drift in Human History." The portrait of Dr. Parkhurst forms the frontispiece. The second article, "American Outgrowths of Continental Europe," by the Editor, is based upon the "Narrative and Critical History of America," and is well illustrated. It is followed by General Winfield Scott's "Remedy for Intemperance," from Hon. Charles Aldrich; "The Puritan Birthright," by Nathan M. Hawkes; and "The Action at Tarrytown, 1781," by Dr. R. B. Coutant, president of the Tarrytown Historical Society. One of the longest papers is that of Dr. Prosper Bender, the third series of "The French-Canadian Peasantry." The "Library of a Philadelphia Antiquarian," by E. Powell Buckley; "Revolutionary Newburgh" is an historic poem by Rev. Edward J. Runk, A.M.; a glimpse of the "Literature of California" is from Hubert Howe Bancroft.

No. 2 of Vol. 1 of "The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" has been received. The series of articles on "Instruction in Political and Social Economy in Foreign Universities" is continued by a second article on "German Universities." Prof. Andrews, of Bryn Mawr College, has an interesting article on the origin of Connecticut towns. Professor C. Stuart Patterson, of the University of Pennsylvania, contributes an admirable article on the "Original Package Case." Dr. James H. Robinson discusses in an exhaustive way the "Original and Derived Features of the Constitution of the United States." Miss Henrietta Leonard translates an interesting article by Prof. Boehm Bawerk, the celebrated Austrian economist. A unique and very valuable feature of the Annals is its Personal Department, devoted to ascertaining and publishing those personal facts about eminent writers in the field of Economics and Public Law which are very difficult to get. The department of Book Reviews and Notes is a reliable register of the works belonging to this field. No student or lover of Political Economy can get along without this series of publications.

THE *Arena* for November has a striking paper on "The Future American Drama," completed by Boucicault a few days before his death, as the farewell message of the most successful Anglo-Saxon playwright of this century, it possesses peculiar interest. The Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, whose face forms the frontispiece, writes a striking paper on "Sex in Mind." Prof. N. S. Shaler contributes an able philosophical paper on the "African Element in America." Rev. Minot J. Savage in a "Glance at the Good Old Times," gives a striking contrast between the past and the present. Nathan Haskell Dole contributes a paper on "Turgénief as a Poet," with full-page picture of Turgénief. "A New Basis of Church Life" is the title of a thoughtful essay by Wilbur Larremore. "Fiddling His Way to Fame," is a charming paper. A beautiful poem entitled "Sunset on the Mississippi," by Virginia Frazer Boyle, follows. One of the features of this number is a symposium on "Destitution in Boston;" "Notes on Living Problems" is good.

Scribner's Magazine for November contains three remarkable illustrated articles of travel and adventure of widely differing characteristics, embracing elephant hunting in Africa, a perilous voyage through the Cañon of the Colorado (the first trip ever made from the source to the mouth of that river), and cruising with the White Squadron along the coast of France. Another unusual feature is an article ("A Day with a Country Doctor") written, drawn, and engraved by the same man—Frank French. "Training Schools for Nurses" are described by Mrs. Frederick Rhineland Jones, who has been interested in their organization from the very first. There is a long instalment of the anonymous serial "Jerry," and a short story by F. J. Stimson, the author of "Mrs. Knolly's." Two sonnets on

Cardinal Newman are by the aged Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, and by Inigo Deane, a disciple and friend of the late Cardinal. A very melodious anonymous poem, "In Broceliande," and the last of Prof. Shaler's papers on "Nature and Man in America" are among the other features of the issue.

THE *New England Magazine* for November opens with an article on "Charles Bulfinch," the architect who was for a dozen years the supervising architect of the Capitol at Washington. There are two articles on the Southern Question, one by Rev. A. D. Mayo on "The Third Estate of the South," detailing the remarkable growth in the South of a new democracy; the other by Professor Charles H. Levermore, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, discussing the mockery of law still prevailing in great sections of the South. Edward Everett Hale contributes to this number a stirring article entitled "The Professor of America." The illustrated article, "Fifty Years of a Canadian University," by J. J. Bell, M.A., will interest all Canadians. Mr. Winslow's article on "Japanese Popular Art" is illustrated by pictures from the common Japanese sketch-books. Mr. Edward E. Allen has an article on "Tangible Writing for the Blind." Mr. Edwin A. Start contributes a paper on old Newgate prison in Connecticut. Mr. W. Blackburn Harte writes brightly upon stage-coaching in the Adirondacks; and the usual variety of stories and poetry complete the number.

THE new serial, by Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange," which opens the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, is entitled "The House of Martha." It is agreeably humorous. "Along the Frontier of Proteus' Realm" is a paper by Edith Thomas, and is a charming description of the sea in its various moods, enlivened by verses. "The Legend of William Tell" is by Mr. W. B. McCrackan; and Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has a paper on "Robert Morris." "Felicia" has some interesting descriptions of life on the stage. "A Successful Highwayman in the Middle Ages" is by Francis C. Lowell, and is followed by "An American Highwayman," by Robert H. Fuller. "The Fourth Canto of the Inferno" is by John Jay Chapman, and the "Relief of Suitors in Federal Courts," by Walter B. Hill, while Percival Lowell contributes a brilliant paper on "The Fate of a Japanese Reformer." Dr. Holmes bids the *Atlantic* readers farewell all too soon in the closing paper of "Over the Teacups." Kate Mason Rowland's bright paper on "Maryland Women and French Officers" must not be forgotten.

THE complete novel in the November number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is contributed by Mrs. Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, the clever author of "The House of Rimmon." The story is entitled "A Laggard in Love," and the scene is laid in England, principally in what is known as the "Black Country." A great variety of characters, representing different phases of English life, are introduced, and all are capably portrayed. The moral of the story is a strong and healthy one. Junius Henri Browne contributes a clever and appreciative article upon Balzac's women, entitled "Heroines of the Human Comedy," with a sketch of Balzac. "Some Experiences of a Stump Speaker," is by ex-Senator B. F. Hughes. Mr. Hughes is one of the best-known orators in the State of Pennsylvania. In "A Philosopher in the Purple," Mr. G. Barnett Smith exhibits Lord Chesterfield in a better light than is usually thrown upon him. "Bond's" is a clever sketch of a summer hotel-keeper, by M. P., and following it is an entertaining article by William Shepherd, "Accidents and Trifles." "British Side-Glances at America" is by Miss Anne Wharton. Mr. Wm. J. Henderson—himself an experienced newspaper man—contributes "Journalism versus Literature." This number contains some excellent poems by Charles Washington Coleman, Charles D. Bell, Mrs. E. W. Latimer, and Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

THE November number of *Harper's Magazine* contains the first of a short series of illustrated papers on Southern California—"Our Italy"—by Charles Dudley Warner. E. W. Mealey describes the quaint old town of Rothenburg, and gives an account of "Der Meistertrunk," the festival play which occurs there annually. His article is illustrated. The interesting series of articles on South America by Theodore Child is continued in "Urban and Commercial Chili." Lafadio Heran describes "A Winter Journey to Japan" by way of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. S. H. M. Byers has an article on "Switzerland and the Swiss." "Princeton University" is by Professor W. M. Sloane. Daudet's inimitable story of "Port Tarascon" is concluded therein. The other fiction includes "A Halloween Wraith," by William Black, "Madrilène," or, the Festival of the Dead, by Grace King; and "Portraits," by Ruth Dana Draper. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell contributes a charming poem entitled "The Quaker Lady," which is illustrated by Howard Pyle. Other Poems are "In November," by Archibald Lampman; "Too Late!" by Julian Hawthorne; "The World Runs On," by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; "On Waking from a Dreamless Sleep," by Annie Fields, and "A Quatrain," by Bliss Carman. The "Editor's Easy Chair" discusses a number of interesting subjects. The "Editor's Study" considers the most recent theories regarding the origin of the Aryans; and the "Editor's Drawer" suggests that there may be still further triumphs for the slot machine and electricity.

In seeking wisdom thou art wise, in thinking thou hast attained it thou art a fool.—*Rabbi Ben Azai.*

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR TOBLER, an eminent romance scholar, has been elected Rector of the University of Berlin.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce "The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland," by Colonel Knox.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S "Arians of the Fourth Century" has been translated into Greek by Dr. J. D. Phoropoulos, and published in Constantinople.

THE literary executors of Canon Liddon are Canon Paget (Christ Church), Mr. Gore (Pusey House), and Mr. J. O. Johnson (All Saints', Oxford).

Harper's Bazar has a timely article on "The Wedding Season," by Mary Gay Humphreys. Mary E. Wilkins contributes "A Solitary"; and Lizzie P. Lewis, "How I met the Crown Princess."

THE Baker and Taylor Company of New York announce that they will publish Dr. Cuyler's "Light in Dark Clouds," etc.; "Pierson's Crisis of Missions"; "Ryles' Expos. Thoughts"; "Morell's Hist. Mod. Philosophy."

It is announced that Mr. Newnes, the successful projector of *Tit Bits*, intends starting a sixpenny monthly magazine, illustrated and of a miscellaneous and popular character. The first number is to appear with the New Year.

It is interesting to know that the Queen, and her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, have renewed the close intimacy of their former days, which was much interrupted by the social duties of the Princess for many years.

THE projected *Colonial Quarterly Review*, though assured of the support of Lord Derby, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Sir John Lubbock, and many others, is hanging fire through want of more direct support from Canada and the Cape as well as from Australasia.

PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS, of Andover, died at his cottage at Bar Harbour on Oct. 13th, after a long illness. He was born in West Brookfield, Mass., on Jan. 7th, 1820; was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1837, and studied at the Andover and Union Theological Seminaries.

THE Canadian Institute began their session of 1890 and '91 on Saturday evening last with a thoughtful paper on "The Canadian Institute of the Future," by David Boyle. The Institute presents a list of important scientific papers to be read during the month in its different departments.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY have published "Lyrics for a Lute," by F. D. Sherman; "A Ward of the Golden Gate," by Bret Harte; "Songs of Three Centuries," by J. G. Whittier; "Thoreau's Thoughts," edited by H. G. O. Blake; and "Hymns of the Faith," by Profs. G. Harris and W. J. Tucker.

MR. JAMES HANNAY, the accomplished editor of the *St. John Evening Gazette*, is to write the life and times of Sir Leonard Tilley, Governor of New Brunswick. The volume will be one of the most valuable historical works ever issued in that province, and will cover the political, social, and industrial history of the past seventy years.

THE Tallyrand Memoirs are to appear in five volumes, and *The Century* will print one article from each volume in advance of the issue of the book in any country. These articles, of which the first will appear in an early number, will be accompanied with an introduction by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, Minister of the United States to France, who will select the extracts.

WARD McALLISTER is a prominent figure in New York society always. To-day he is more so than ever, owing to his book, which will be eagerly read by all who wish to figure in society and be "correct." Mr. McAllister's pictures in the daily papers are very contradictory. In some of them he is represented as very tall; in others he has a handsome poll of curly hair.

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, Mr. R. L. Stevenson's stepson, arrived in England recently. He has come from Sydney, where he left Mr. Stevenson in good health, for the express purpose of arranging the latter's business affairs in this country, of procuring all necessaries for the island home in Samoa, and of taking out Mrs. Stevenson, senior, who is to live with her son.

WALT WHITMAN is popularly thought to have no sense of humour, but the other day a young man dropped in upon him at his humble home, in Camden, N.J., introduced himself as a poet, and begged to be allowed permission to read selections from a bundle of manuscripts which he carried. "No thank you," said Whitman, courteously but firmly, "I have been paralyzed twice."

THE Oxford University Press has issued a curiosity in literature, called "The Finger New Testament." The tiny volume, which is tastefully bound in Turkey morocco, weighs less than three-quarters of an ounce, measures one by three and a-half inches, is a third of an inch in thickness, and is printed on the Oxford "India" paper, in type wonderfully clear and distinct, but very, very trying to the eyes. As a gift-book it will doubtless be in great requisition.

It is said that M. Dumas has written a play which is being sent round anonymously and in an unfamiliar handwriting, so that it shall be left to take its chance with the managers absolutely on its merits. The dramatist declares that they will not be able to recognize the production from a knowledge of his style, and being sure of preserv-

ing his *incognito* he is ready to make a present of the piece to any manager who accepts it for its own sake alone.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has been very severe in the education of his two daughters. Colette, the elder, is now Mme. Lippmann, wife of a wealthy manufacturer. Until the day of her marriage Mme. Lippmann had not seen the interior of the Comédie Française twenty times. When he was received into the Academy, Dumas said: "I respect young girls so highly that I should not like them to be conducted to the theatre. I respect my art too much to bring it to a point where there could be no danger for such spectators."

VASSAR begins its 26th academic year with a new class of 184 students in the different departments. Every room is full. Dr. Gertrude F. Farwell, a graduate of New York women's college of physicians, has been appointed resident physician. Miss Herholz, of Cincinnati, has taken the place of Miss Hinkle, the German teacher; Miss Bridgman, of Rockford seminary, is the new instructor in gymnastics; Miss Jeannette Perry, a Graduate of Smith College, will teach in the English department, and the new organist is Miss F. L. Storey, of Gloucester.

THE *Horseman*, of Chicago, Ill., pays the following compliment to Canada in its last issue: "It is not an exaggeration to say that in none of our States is the breeding interest becoming more firmly established and making greater comparative progress at present than in Canada. A tide of good blood has steadily poured across the borders, and now almost every county in the Dominion has its well-bred stallion, and on many farms are gilt-edged matrons. Nelson and Alvin have shown that great speed can be produced in lands that are snow-clad in winter."

JAMES EDWIN THOROLD ROGERS, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, died on Oct. 12th, at the age of sixty-six. He was born in Hampshire, and educated at King's College School, and at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree in Easter term, 1846, obtaining a first-class in the School of Literæ Humaniores. He was nominated a Public Examiner in the University of Oxford in 1857. He was for some years in holy orders, and also (as a Liberal) in Parliament. He was one of the best-known lecturers and writers on economic subjects in England.

DR. SCHWENINGER, the famous physician of Bismarck, has gone on an extended tour of Europe, with the object of increasing his weight. He has grown as thin as a rail, and his nervous system is thoroughly prostrated. He believes that if he can increase his weight it will put him in condition again. This is the irony of fate. The doctor is the latter-day necromancer of the fat. He has reduced the visible bulk of nearly all the great men in Europe, and as his practice is almost entirely confined to persons of exalted stations, he is obliged to travel from one palace to another. His professional engagements at the colleges of Berlin make it necessary for him to get back to that city every night, and hence the wear and tear on his system. If his fat and illustrious patients were made to hustle around after the fashion of the doctor, they would grow thin fast enough.

OF the venerable historian, George Bancroft, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday at his Newport cottage on Friday, Oct. 3, the *Washington Post* has this to say: "But for a muscular weakness, a gradual inevitable loss of muscular strength, Mr. Bancroft might seem a score or more years younger than he is. He still is an untiring reader, and keeps remarkably well up with the advanced thought of the times. His memory is gradually beginning to fail—not entirely, but noticeably, by reason of its former excellence. On Decoration Day, 1882, Mr. Bancroft wrote the following words to S. Austin Allibone, which shed a beautiful light on the present life of the splendid old man: "I was trained to look upon life here as a season for labour. Being more than fourscore years old, I know the time for my release will soon come. Conscious of being near the shore of eternity, I await without impatience and without dread the beckoning of the hand which will summon me to rest."

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS add to their announcements for the fall season, the following: "A Woman's Trip to Alaska," by Mrs. General Charles H. T. Collis; "Where We Went and What We Saw," by Charles McCormick Reeve; "Pilgrims in Palestine," a narrative of a family journey through well-known lands; "The Vikings in Western Christendom, A.D. 789-888," by Charles F. Keary; "A Bundle of Papers," by Albert Mathews ("Paul Stegfolk"). A new edition, "Cabin and Plantation Songs," as sung by the Hampton Students. To their series of "Knickerbocker Nuggets" they will add: "Stories from the Arabian Nights," selected and edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. To their list of scientific works they will add: "Principles of Social Economics," by George Gunton. The second American edition of "A Manual of Clinical Diagnosis," by Dr. Otto Seifert and Dr. F. Müller. Translated by W. B. Canfield, M.D. "The Patient's Record," for the use of physicians and nurses, by Agnes S. Brennan, Superintendent of the New York Training School for Nurses, attached to Bellevue Hospital. For young people they will issue: "Under Orders," or, The Trials and Triumphs of a Young Reporter, by Kirk Munroe; "English Fairy Tales," collected by Joseph Jacobs, President of the English Folk-Lore Society. Pictured by John D. Batten; "Dame Dimple's Christmas Celebration," by Mattie B. Banks.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A ROBIN IN GUERNSEY.

THERE where the paths through heath and lichen stone
To sapphire waters bend,
Sat on a pointed rock, as on a throne,
My sweet red-breasted friend.

A high and silent tide of lustre swept
The valley, and scarce heard,
Down to the shore the whispering streamlet crept,
While softly sang the bird.

Last lingerer of all the warbling host,
It sang its song to me,
Alone, upon that charmed and tranquil coast,
Pressed its unworldly plea.

"Do not forget," it said, "the gentle things
Of summer sea and air
That soothed the heart with dreaming, and gave wings
To life's supine despair :

"The sky-blue channel's gleam, the balmy strength
Of the foam-breathing breeze,
The far isle lying its full purple length
On Grecian-looking seas :

"The rippling diamonds in the bay that shook,
The old house of romance,
Whence Victor Hugo sent his lightning look
Toward the shamed realm of France :

"The swing on sunny wave of sea-fowl fleet,
Vistas of inland calm,
The unfurled magnolias in the leafy street,
Myrtles, and Guernsey palm :

"Brightness, and rest, and freedom from the din,
That shine and settle here,
Mornings of gold, do not forget these, in
The yellow leaf and sere :

"In times that evil seem, and hard, and wrong,
When the soul's lights delay,
With hope, remember my beseeching song,
And this divinest day."

—Joseph Truman, in *The Spectator*.

THE OCEAN VESSEL OF THE FUTURE.

ONE of the most interesting papers which was read at the joint session of the British Iron and Steel Institute, the American Societies of Engineers and Iron and Steel Manufacturers, was that by Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., on the good and bad points of the modern iron vessel as compared with the modern ship. The chief point emphasized was that in regard to the perils arising from perforation of the hulls of ships we are greatly worse off in these days of steel and iron than we were when ships were built of oak, teak and pine. The only security of an iron or steel ship against fatal injury arising from the perforation of the shell under water depends upon two things only—size and subdivision. Size is in itself an element of safety, and is no disadvantage to merchant ships if they can be worked with financial benefit. On the contrary, the advantage arising from size in passenger ships seems so great that it is hard to predict where the growth will stop. Sir Nathaniel referred to a proposition which had been made to him to build a steamship which would not roll or pitch in a seaway, and would have a speed of fifteen knots an hour. The idea appeared to him to be perfectly practicable. Such a ship would be a steam island, incapable of entering any docks, and she would have to be fortified and garrisoned like a town. But she could be made absolutely secure against fatal perforations; and he added: "I do firmly believe that we shall get the mastery over the seas and live far more happily in a marine residence capable of steaming fifteen knots an hour than we can ever live in seaside towns. The question whether we shall effect our conquest by mere size or by mechanical devices on ships of more moderate proportions depends upon the success of certain efforts, which are now in progress in another direction." In calling attention to the accidents to the *Oregon* and the *City of Paris*, Sir Nathaniel affirmed that good internal subdivision saved the passengers in the former, and much better subdivision saved the ship and passengers in the latter case. The fact that iron or steel ships with a number of bulkheads or divisions often sink in collisions when only a comparatively small hole is made in a single compartment is really due to their internal construction, and they might as well be without compartments. In 1866 the Council of the Institution of Naval Architects decided that no iron passenger ship is well constructed unless her compartments be so designed that she would float safely if any one of them should be filled with water or placed in free communication with the sea. They recommended that all iron ships should be so divided that not only the largest compartment, but any two adjacent compartments, might be filled with water without sinking the ship. These decisions have been absolutely ignored by everybody concerned; and while it is true that there are one or more water-tight bulkheads in every passenger steamship, they exist for structural purposes only, and not to prevent the foundering of the ship when run into. In explaining the experiments which had been made with iron

plates for men-of-war in England, in 1874, which experiments brought about the change from iron to steel, Sir Nathaniel thus concluded: "I am myself no lover of armour. There is, I think, no such necessary and vital distinction between the man-of-war and the properly armed and protected state auxiliary of high speed as would justify the neglect of such auxiliaries for maritime warfare. One must admit that at present there are very great differences between them in fighting value, ship for ship, due, partly to the very superior subdivision and partly to the use of armour of high quality in the regular ship-of-war. The man-of-war proper will probably never abandon the use of armour. We may rather expect that steel and steel-faced armour of the highest quality, instead of being confined to a few ships called battle-ships, will be employed universally for the defence of the absolutely vital parts of every ship built expressly for war service."—*Philadelphia Record*.

POWER OF THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AMERICAN readers may be surprised to hear that any protection for minorities was expected from the presiding officer (of the House of Commons.) In Congress the Speaker is for many purposes the leader of the majority. The majority is often advised by him, and usually reckons on him to help it to carry out its will. The hare might as well hope that the huntsman would call off the hounds as the minority expect the Speaker to restrain an impatient majority. But in Parliament the Speaker and the chairman of committees (whom, for shortness, I generally include when I refer to the Speaker) are, and have always been, non-partisan officials. Each, no doubt, has belonged to a party, and has been chosen on the proposition of a party leader: but the Speaker is deemed, once he has assumed the wig and gown of office, to have so distinctly renounced and divested himself of all party trappings that, if he is willing to go on serving in a new Parliament, in which the party to which he belonged is in a minority, the majority is nevertheless expected to elect him anew. Thus, Speaker Brand, although he had once been whip of the Liberal party, was re-elected Speaker in 1874 by the Tory party, which had then gained a majority, and served on till 1883. The Speaker is not permitted, so long as he holds office, to deliver any party speech outside Parliament, or even to express his opinions on any party question; and in the chair itself he must be scrupulously fair to both parties, equally accessible to all members, bound to give his advice on points of order without distinction between those who ask it. It is to this impartiality, which has never been wanting to any Speaker within living memory, that the speakership owes a great part of the authority it enjoys and the respect it inspires. And for that very reason many prudent statesmen condemned in 1887 the rule which lodged in the Speaker's hands this discretionary power to put or refuse to put a motion for the closure of debate. They argued that such a function imposed too severe a strain upon the Chair, whose action was likely to be condemned by partisans on one side or the other. Things might be said by angry members, comments might be made in the public press which would sap the deference hitherto paid to this exalted office. It was not, however, I must again repeat, intentional partisanship on the part of the Chair that was feared, but occasional errors of judgment which might breed criticism and censure. The traditions of the Speakership have acted so strongly on those who have held the office, and have so permeated the political life of England, that practical politicians believed that the Speaker would use his new powers in a fair and impartial spirit.—*Prof. Bryce, in North American Review for October*.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

AT no great distance from us, perhaps at a quarter of a mile, a light flickered over the water. On our approach we could distinguish a man connected with it, who apparently walked on the dark surface. He was evidently a fisherman or a shrimper, and his movements had all the strangeness of some long-legged aquatic bird. He knew his path, and, far out, followed some track of ford, adding to the loneliness as does a crane in a marshy landscape. Then I saw him no more, for he headed up the river towards an opening between the hills. Suddenly a haze of light rounded the corner of the nearest mountain, then grew into a line of fire coming towards us. Above the rustle of the river's course, and our own against it, came the beating of a cry in unison. The line of flame broke into many fires, and we could see the boats rushing down upon us. As quickly as I can write it, they came in an even line, wide apart—perhaps fifty feet or so—enough for us to pass between, whereupon we reversed our movement and drifted along with them. In the front of each boat, hung upon a bent pole, blazed a large cresset filled with pine knots, making above a cloud of smoke, starred with sparks and long needles of red cinders. Below in the circle of each light, and on its outer rim, swam many birds, glossy black and white cormorants, straining so at the cords that held them that they appeared to be dragging the boats. As they spread like a fan before the dark shadow of the bows the cords which fastened them glistened or were black in the light. Each string ran through the fingers of the master-fisher at the bow, and was fastened to his waist and lost in the glittering straw of his rain-skirt. Like a four-in-hand driver, he seemed to feel his birds' movements. His fingers loosened or tightened, or, as suddenly, with a clutch pulled back. Then came a rebellious fluttering, and the white glitter of fish in the beaks disappeared—unavailingly; each

bird was forcibly drawn up to the gunwale, and seized by the neck encircled by its string-bearing collar. Then a squeeze—a white fish glittered out again and was thrown back into the boat. The bird scuttled away, dropped back into the water, and, shaking itself, was at work again. They swam with necks erect, their eyes apparently looking over everything, and so indifferent to small matters as to allow the big cinders to lie unnoticed on their oily flat heads. But every few seconds one would stoop down, then throw back its head wildly with a fish crosswise in its mouth. When that fish was a small one it was allowed by the master of the bird to remain in the capacious gullet. Each pack guided by a master varied in numbers, but I counted thirteen fastened to the waist of the fisherman nearest to us. Behind him stood another poling; then farther back an apprentice, with one single bird, was learning to manage his feathered tools. In the stern stood the steersman using a long pole. Every man shouted, as huntsmen encouraging a pack, "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"—making the cry whose rhythm we had heard when the flotilla bore down upon us. Ten minutes, a quarter-of-an-hour more, passed as we kept alongside with motionless celerity. I tried to sketch in the insufficient light—making sometimes one sketch right upon another, so little could I see my lines in the treacherous light. Then the boats swerved off and were driven to the shore together, or as far as we could get to it, in the shallow water.—*From "An Artist's Letters from Japan," in the Century Magazine for October*.

EDISON'S LATEST MAGNIFICENT SCHEME.

It has been observed by astronomers, says the *Manufacturer's Gazette*, that the appearances of spots on the sun are coincident with meteorological phenomena, and that cyclones, tornadoes, water-spouts, and earthquakes are more frequent, or are entirely coincident with the solar occurrences. It is also ascertained that these spots are the result of bodies falling into the sun, and that the disturbance affects the telegraph wires on this planet. Mr. Edison, considering all these data, has conceived an idea of the most marvellous enterprise, one that fairly eclipses any Arabian Night's dream, or the wishes of Fortunatus. It is the project of making it possible to hear the sounds which the falling bodies make on the sun. In New Jersey there is a hill containing vast tons of magnetic ore. This he has encircled with many miles of wire, and proposes, by means of electric currents, to register on this apparatus the disturbance, as the vibrations affect our atmosphere, and, by connecting these wires with a gigantic phonograph, listen to the sounds that occur in the sun's atmosphere. The interest with which this experiment will be watched is intense. If it succeeds, there is every reason to believe it may be carried out to further details at present unrevealed.

You are not more holy because you are praised; neither are you more vile because you are blamed. For you are what you are, neither can you be made better by what others say than what God sees you to be. If you take good heed to what in yourself you are inwardly, you will not care what men may say about you.—*Thos à Kempis*.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

NEARLY ALWAYS RIGHT IN HER JUDGMENT IN REGARD TO COMMON THINGS.

AN old gentleman over seventy came into the city from his farm without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the *New York Press*, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Basil, O., June 21st, 1890:—

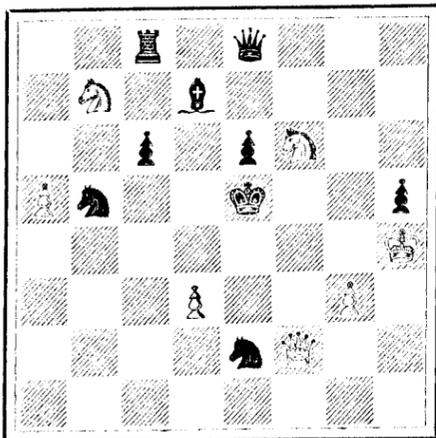
"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 511.

By M. SPIER.

BLACK.



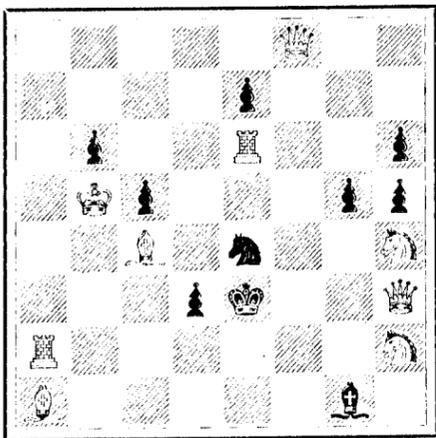
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 512.

By B. W. LAMOTTE, New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 505.

No. 506.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B-R 3 | 1. B-K 3 |
| 2. Q x B | 2. K x Q |
| 3. K-Q 4 mate | |
| | if 1. B-Q 4 |
| 2. R-Q B 4 | 2. moves |
| 3. Q mates | |
- With other variations.

B-R 4.

Game played at Toronto Chess Club, October 29th, 1890, by A. T. Davison of Toronto and W. A. Brown of Markdale, Ont.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

W. A. BROWN.	A. T. DAVISON.	W. A. BROWN.	A. T. DAVISON.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	21. P-K R 4	P x R P (c)
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	22. Kt x P	R-Kt 2
3. P-Q B 4 (a)	B-B 4	23. P-K Kt 4	Kt-B 3
4. Kt-Q B 3	K Kt-K 2	24. R-Kt 2	Q-K 2
5. B-K 2	Castles	25. Kt-B 5	B x Kt
6. P-Q 3	P-K R 3	26. K P x B	Q R-K Kt 1
7. B-K 3	B x B	27. P-Q 4 (d)	P x P
8. P x B	P-B 4	28. Q x P	Q-K 6 +
9. Castles	P-Q 3	29. Q x Q	P x Q
10. Kt-Q 5	B-K 3	30. R-B 4	R-K 1
11. R-Q B	B-B 2	31. K-R 2	K-Kt 1
12. Q-Q 2	Kt x Kt	32. K-R 3	K-B 2
13. K P x Kt	Kt-K 2	33. K-R 4 (e)	K-Kt 4
14. Kt-R 4	Q-Q 2	34. B-B 3	Kt-Q 2
15. P-K Kt 3	P-K Kt 4	35. B-K 2	K-B 3
16. Kt-Kt 2	B-Kt 3 (b)	36. P-Kt 4	K-K 4
17. R-K B 2	K-R 2	37. R-B 3	K-Q 5
18. Q R-K B	R-B 2	38. R from Kt 2	Kt-B 3
19. P-K 4	P-B 5	39. P-R 4 [Kt 3 R-K 5	
20. Q-B 3	Kt-K Kt 1	40. R-B (f)	R-R 4 mate

NOTES.

- (a) Not good. An obstructive move.
- (b) Black has now a promising game.
- (c) If P x Kt P Black's position would have been much broken up.
- (d) This is bad and compromises what little position White had. Q to K's 1 would have been better.
- (e) White by these three last moves of the King walks bravely to his fate.
- (f) Overlooking the mates K to R 3 or R to Kt 2 would have been better.

A PARIS correspondent writes that it was a pity that Shakespeare did not live fifty years later, for then his dramas, instead of ending with Henry VIII., would have taken up the later tragical and important conflict between the two queens of England and Scotland. Schiller gave the world his "Maria Stuart," which found several imitators in France, dramatic and operatic, until now an attempt has been made by Messrs. Samson and Cressonnois to combine the two. In eight sections they trace the history of Mary Stuart from the murder of Rizzio to her end. The first performance has taken place at the Théâtre Historique, which has been founded by a union of actors.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: "Yes, we may all congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearing a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure and blood. The best blood of the flower of the American youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has indeed been a trying hour for the Republic; but I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavour to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of the war, God grant that my fears may prove groundless."

THE words abstemious and facetious are said to be the only ones in the English language that contain all the vowels in their regular order.

KNOWN FAR AND WIDE.

THERE are people who sneeringly refer to proprietary remedies as "patent medicines," and cry them down as worthless decoctions manufactured for the purpose of defrauding those unacquainted with the formula form which they are compounded. As a rule, this class of people are those who have been blessed with sound constitutions and have never required the aid of a physician. The emergency has never arisen, in their case, to test their opinions of the articles they decry by an actual trial. No doubt there are many articles advertised throughout the land as "cure alls" which are utterly worthless; but it is a fact that there are others which are above suspicion as genuine remedies for the diseases which it is claimed they will cure. Physicians of high standing certify as to their efficacy, and frequently use them in their practice, thus contradicting by their approval the unsupported statements of those whose prejudice blinds them to the good performed by advertised proprietary medicines. Two of the best medicines manufactured in this country, and those which probably have been used to a greater extent than any others, are those bearing the name of Radway & Co., 419 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. Radway's Ready Relief has probably relieved more cases of acute suffering than any other remedy known to the civilized world. It is to be found everywhere, and its praises are sung by countless thousands. The people know what it is and won't be without it. It is just what it is claimed to be, a ready relief for all internal or external pains. This firm are also the manufacturers of Radway's Regulating Pills, which are invaluable for purifying the blood and keeping the digestive organs in a healthy condition. They have been on the market for years, and the demand for them constantly increases, which is a sure indication of their merit. We would advise our readers, when in need of a remedy that will act quickly and do its work thoroughly, to try Messrs. Radway's medicines. All druggists keep them, and will recommend them; in fact no apothecary's store is complete without them. As there are numerous imitations of these valuable articles, when purchasing be sure that the bottle bears the word "Radway."

THE MOLSONS BANK.

Thirty-Fifth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders.

The Annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Molsons Bank was held at the Banking House, St. James Street, at three o'clock, Monday, October 13th, 1890.

The President, Mr. John H. R. Molson, occupied the chair. Among those present were Sir David L. Macpherson, (Toronto), Messrs. S. H. Ewing, R. W. Shepherd, S. Finley, D. McCarthy, (Sorel), William M. Macpherson, (Quebec), Henry Archbald, John T. Molson, Henry Hogan, John Crawford, R. W. Shepherd, jr., Edward Archbald, and J. Try-Davies.

The Chairman having called the meeting to order, requested Mr. A. D. Durnford, the Inspector, to act as Secretary, and that gentleman having read the notice convening the meeting, the Chairman asked Messrs. R. W. Shepherd, jr., and Walter N. Evans to Act as Scrutineers.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The General Manager, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, then read the 35th Annual General Report of the Directors for the past year, as under:—

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors of the Molsons Bank beg to present to the Shareholders the thirty-fifth Annual Report for the year ending 30th September, 1890.

The net earnings for the year, after making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, amount to \$229,050.40. This has been distributed by two semi-annual dividends of 4 per cent., and a bonus of 1 per cent., together \$180,000, leaving \$49,050.40 to be disposed of: \$25,000 of which has been transferred to the Rest, increasing it to \$1,100,000. The balance, \$24,050.40, has been carried to Profit and Loss Account, which now amounts to \$31,747.05

It will be observed that the profits of the year are not as large as those of the previous one. This was not unexpected after the two or three consecutive years of deficient crops and low prices, and the increased rate of interest paid on deposits by this Bank, as by all other Banks of the Dominion, while the keen competition for business prevented any increase in discount rates. The Directors think that under the circumstances the result will be considered satisfactory.

All the branches of the Bank have been inspected during the year.

The officers of the Bank have continued to perform their duties in a satisfactory manner, and enjoy the confidence of the Board.

By the new Banking Act the Charters of the various banks have been renewed for a further period of ten years, they being required to redeem their notes in at least one place in each Province; this will prevent the notes of all Canadian Banks from falling below par in any part of the Dominion.

JOHN H. R. MOLSON, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance at Profit and Loss, on 30th September, 1889.....	\$ 7,696 65
Net profits of the year, after deducting expenses of management, reservation for interest accrued on deposits, exchange, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts.	\$229,050 40
From which has been paid:	
69th Dividend, at 4 per cent., 1st April, 1890.....	\$80,000 00
70th Dividend, at 4 per cent., 1st Oct., 1890.....	80,000 00
Bonus of 1 per cent. to Shareholders	20,000 00
	<u>180,000 00</u>
	49,050 40
Leaving a surplus of.....	\$56,747 05
From which deduct amount transferred to Rest Account	25,000 00
Leaving at credit of Profit and Loss, on Sept. 30th, 1890.	<u>\$31,747 05</u>

The President moved the adoption of the report. The Vice-President, Mr. R. W. Shepherd, having formally seconded the motion, Mr. John Crawford made some observations upon the report of the Directors, which were satisfactorily replied to by the Chairman and General Manager, and the report was adopted.

Mr. John Crawford moved: That the thanks of the Shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered, to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year.

Mr. McCarthy seconded the motion, which was carried.

The Scrutineers then presented the following report:

MONTREAL, 13th October, 1890.

To the General Manager of the Molsons Bank:

SIR,—We, the undersigned, acting as scrutineers at the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Molsons Bank held this day, beg to report the following gentlemen elected to act as Directors for the ensuing year: Henry Archbald, S. H. Ewing, Samuel Finley, Sir David L. Macpherson, J. H. R. Molson, W. M. Ramsay, R. W. Shepherd.

R. W. SHEPHERD, JR., } Scrutineers.
W. N. EVANS, }

The meeting then adjourned.

A meeting of the board of Directors was held immediately afterwards, when Mr. John H. R. Molson was elected President, and Mr. R. W. Shepherd, Vice-President, for the ensuing year.

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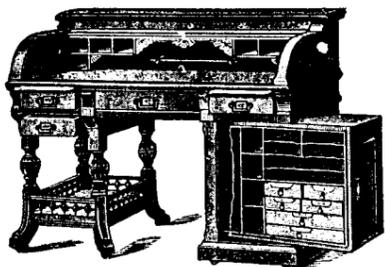
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The eyes by expelling, from the blood, the humors which weaken and injuriously affect them. For this purpose use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives tone and strength to the digestive apparatus, and, by purifying the blood, removes from the system every scrofulous taint.

Are always in sympathy with the body, and are quickly affected by its varying conditions of health or disease. When the eyes become weak, and the lids thick, red, inflamed, and sore, a scrofulous condition of the blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy.

After having been constantly troubled with weak eyes from childhood, I have at last found, in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a remedy which has relieved and cured me. My general health is much improved by the use of this valuable medicine.—Mary Ann Sears, 7 Hollis St., Boston, Mass.

My little boy has always been afflicted, until recently, with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. We gave him Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, his eyes ceased to trouble him; the humor disappeared, and his health was restored.—P. Germain, Dwight St., Holyoke, Mass.

Nearly Blind.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for over nine years. My oldest daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her eyesight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well and strong as ever.—G. King, Killingly, Conn.

Perfect Cure.

I suffered greatly, a long time, from weakness of the eyes and impure blood. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured me. My eyes are now strong, and I am in good health.—Andrew J. Simpson, 147 East Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.

I have, from a child, and until within a few months, been afflicted with Sore Eyes. I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for this complaint, with beneficial results, and consider it a valuable blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

My son was weak and debilitated; troubled with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla his eyes have been cured, and he is now in perfect health.—Alarie Mercier, 3 Harrison Ave., Lowell, Mass.

My little girl was badly afflicted with Scrofula, and suffered very much from Weak and Sore Eyes. I was unable to obtain relief for her until I commenced administering

My daughter was afflicted with Sore Eyes, and, for over two years, was treated by eminent oculists and physicians, without receiving any benefit. She finally commenced taking Ayer's Sar-

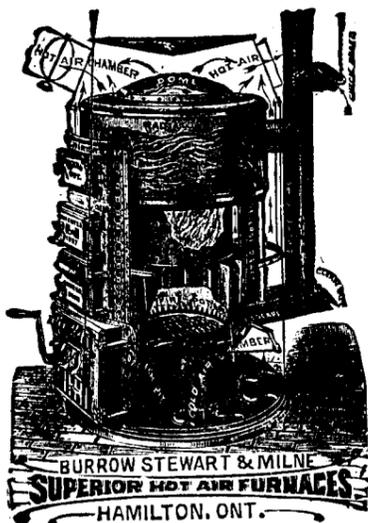
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

saparilla. This medicine has cured her of Scrofula, and her eyes are now well and strong.—H. P. Bort, Hastings, N. Y. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

and, in a short time, her eyes were completely cured, and her bodily health restored.—C. R. Simmons, Greenbush, Ill. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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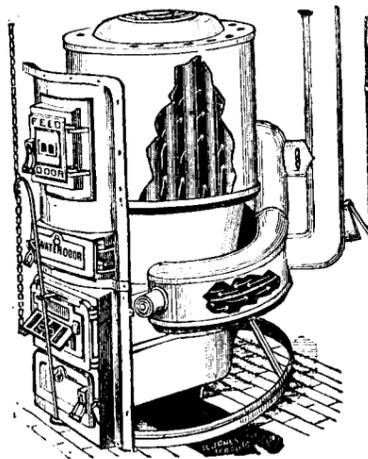
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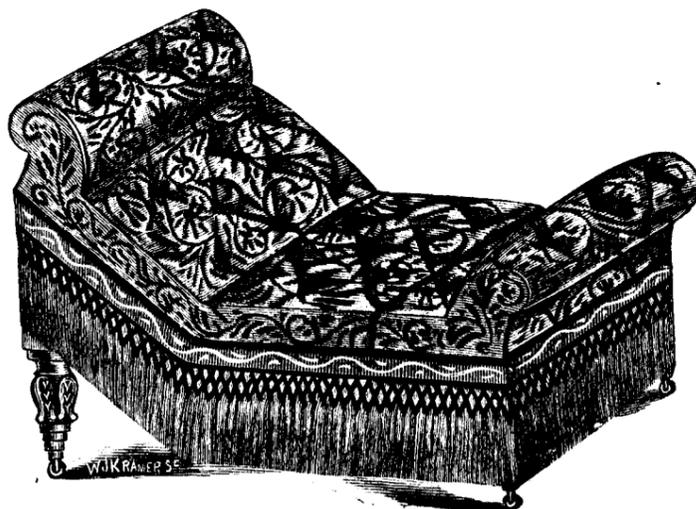
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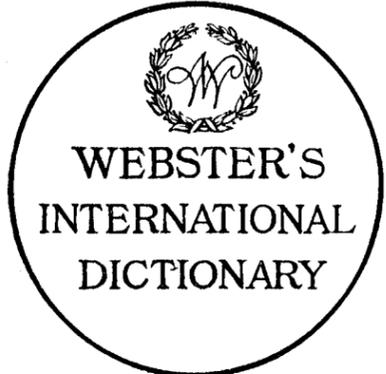
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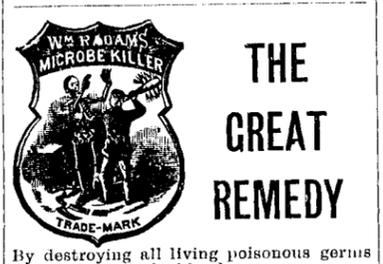
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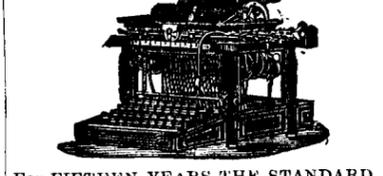
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