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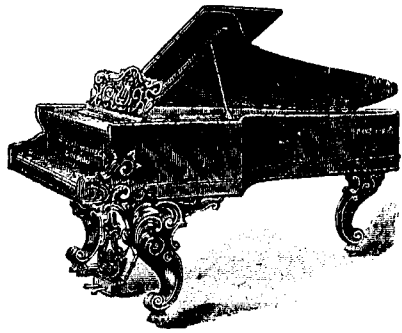
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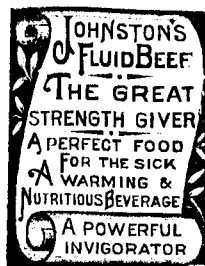
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE rejection by the Senate of Mr. Kirkpatrick's Bill providing for the acceptance of the American offer of reciprocity in wrecking was not wholly unexpected. This is the first instance within a considerable period in which the Senate has ventured to oppose its opinion or will to that of the popular body on an important question. It is to be regretted that it has now seen fit to do so in a matter in which the interests, not only of property, but of humanity are to a greater or less degree involved. The fact that the measure has been brought up and fully discussed year by year in the Commons, and has steadily grown in favour until finally passed by a considerable majority, is a pretty good indication that it is one of a kind in regard to which the voice of the representative body should prevail. The suspicion that the Senate's action was approved, if not instigated, by the Government, is not likely to allay the dissatisfaction of the friends of the measure. Nor can it be denied that there are, to say the least, some grounds for the suspicion in the fact that the Premier refrained from voting on the Bill in the Commons, while the majority by which it was thrown out in the Senate was made up exclusively of those who are classed as supporters of the Government, and included the two Cabinet Ministers who have seats in the Upper House. The Senate is not, it must be admitted, very firmly rooted in the public confidence, and we can think of nothing more likely to add to its unpopularity than an act which gives colour to the charge of the Opposition that it is capable of being used by the Premier, or Government, as an agency for the defeat of Bills which they may deem it impolitic or unsafe to oppose openly in the Lower House. Nothing save time can be gained or lost by the action of the Senate in such a case, as under our democratic system the will of the people, as expressed through their representatives, is supreme and must in the end prevail.

IT must be a relief to the dwellers in Rideau Hall, as well as to the people of Canada, to learn that the Government have undertaken to secure some arrangement for limiting and fixing the annual expenditure in connection with that establishment. It cannot be otherwise than unpleasant to the Governor-General and his suite, as we are sure it is to the public generally, to have the subject of expenditures for repairs and furnishings of the viceregal residence made annually a subject of Parliamentary criticism. In so saying we have no intention of censuring the Opposition for challenging these expenditures. It is their duty to see that the money of Canadian taxpayers is not mis-spent or wasted. Perhaps it is their duty to see, too, that there is not within reach of Government officials any convenient receptacle, too high or too deep for investigation, which may be debited with missing funds not otherwise accounted for. The bills in connection with Rideau Hall have, for many years past, been sufficiently formidable to challenge close scrutiny. It will, we are sure, be a relief to all concerned to have the matter put once for all on an economical and business footing.

WHATEVER view may be taken of the result of the Commons debate on Colonel O'Brien's resolutions, calling for disallowance of the Jesuits' Estate Act, it is impossible to deny that the debate itself was of an unusually high order. Most of the speeches rose very considerably above the Ottawa Parliamentary level. Two or three of them, we may safely say, would stand the test of comparison with those of any but a very few of the best speakers in any deliberative assembly in the world. Some of the special causes which contributed to the marked superiority of matter and style which were so characteristic of this discussion are not far to seek. The subject was new on the floors of the House, not hackneyed like the trade question and most others of the topics which are ordinarily debated. Old party lines were entirely obliterated, and each speaker was therefore free to follow the dictates of his own judgment and conscience unfettered by any consideration of the past record, or present policy of the party. Above all the question was undeniably a great one, involving possible consequences serious and far-reaching to an extent which no one could gauge or foresee. As a consequence every member spoke under a sense of responsibility which lent unwonted dignity to his words. And to this it may be added, as a fact of scarcely less potency, that each speaker sought and hoped to convince. The depressing consciousness which must act as a dead weight on eloquence in the ordinary debate, that in all probability no arguments will avail to change the opinion or vote of a single hearer, was here happily absent. The orator could feel that many of those whom he was addressing were still open to conviction. This assurance was, we may well believe, a constant source of inspiration both in the preparation and in the delivery of those elaborate and able addresses.

IT would be folly, moreover, to ignore the significance of the debate and the vote which followed it. That vote is not necessarily decisive of the question. If the majority of the electors of the Dominion are convinced that the Act should be disallowed either on constitutional grounds, or on those of public policy, the thing can yet be done. The ultimate decision rests with the people, not with Parliament. But it is idle to deny that so overwhelming a negative following so masterly a debate, ought to carry and will carry very great weight. The people's representatives had ample time to consult their leading constituents, and to gauge with tolerable accuracy the popular feeling. That most of them availed themselves of the opportunity, or at least received earnest communications from their supporters in the constituencies, there can be little doubt. How then are we to interpret their action? The fact that all the members of the House, saving only thirteen, voted against Colonel O'Brien's resolution, must mean one of two things. Either public opinion in the constituencies is not, in the opinion of the members, by any means so strong in condemnation of the Act as the superficial observer might suppose; or those

members' convictions of the injustice or impolicy of disallowance of the Act are so profound as to override all other considerations, their own chances of re-election included. If the former supposition be correct, either the agitation will die for want of support, or the miscalculating members will be soon made to feel the consequences of their mistake. If the latter of the alternatives be the true one, the circumstance is most remarkable, and can hardly fail in itself to lead to a re-consideration, possibly calmer and more thorough, of the whole question, in the light of the Parliamentary debate.

THE death of Hon. John Henry Pope, Minister of Railways and Canals, removes from the Dominion Cabinet and from Canadian public life a man of unusual shrewdness, sagacity, and force of character. Mr. Pope made no pretensions to oratory, and seldom spoke at length in Parliament. He seems rather to have been one of the men formed by nature to plan and counsel, leaving it for others to advocate and defend. Beneath a somewhat impetuous and, perhaps, scarcely prepossessing exterior, he concealed rare penetration and sound judgment. There can be little doubt that he was for many years previous to his partial incapacitation through illness one of the most influential members of the Cabinet and one of the Premier's most trusty and trusted advisers. The personal as well as political relations between him and Sir John A. Macdonald were of the most intimate kind, and his death is undoubtedly felt by the latter as a sore bereavement. Of the deceased Minister it can hardly be said that his methods and influence were of the nature best adapted to raise the level and purify the atmosphere of political life. His was rather the rôle of the practical politician, the cool-headed, far-seeing general who scans the situation from the background, and directs the movements of associates and subordinates along the lines that lead most directly to success. His death will be sincerely regretted, not only by a wide circle of family friends and political allies, but also, it is believed, by many who, though political opponents, have learned through long years of parliamentary intercourse to recognize and value that which was estimable in his personal character.

WE gladly publish Mr. Blain's letter in reply to our article on Combines, and we certainly have neither motive nor disposition to give less than their full weight to the considerations he so well presents. We shall, therefore, after pointing out briefly why we still think our chief objections unanswered, leave the subject to the calm reflection of our readers. Mr. Blain graphically contrasts the devious and dishonest devices of salesmen under the old system with the straightforward business methods prevailing under the new. It might be interesting to hear from some of those who still favour or use the old competitive methods, on this point. Perhaps they would hardly plead guilty to the soft impeachment of "misrepresentation and deception." That impeachment is a very grave and far-reaching one, seeing that the great bulk of business, retail business at least, is still being done under the system thus denounced. If "misrepresentation and deception" are not the necessary outcome of that system, Mr. Blain's arguments fall to the ground. If they are its necessary and inseparable fruits, the case looks dark for the great majority of our merchants who continue to do business on competitive principles. Are they all dishonest?

MR. BLAIN frankly admits that the Grocers' Combine is a distinct interference with commercial freedom, and undertakes to justify that interference. How? By showing that restraint on commerce is a very common thing, and instancing our Customs' Tariff, Inland Revenue, Civic By-Law, and other restrictions on freedom of trade. But does not Mr. Blain see that he is ignoring the fundamental difference in principle—that which sets all these arrangements in an entirely different class, and marks them off by a broad and clear line of demarcation from the combine? In all those cases the restriction is imposed by law, and so by the voice of the nation, or the municipality; is enforced by law, and makes no discrimination against individuals. In the case of the combine the restriction is imposed by a few individuals, or a part of the community,

an authority self-constituted and self-interested; it is enforced by boycott, and compels individual dealers to discriminate against individuals. Is not this a broad, a radical difference? Mr. Blain will, we presume, object to the word "boycott." The reader is at liberty to substitute any other word which more fairly expresses the fact. We can think of none.

ONE word more. Mr. Blain says, "Individual action combined with associated effort are the forces which alone can permanently establish the principles of right." He also approves our example of the "Labourers' Union," whose object he admits to be reasonable and right, and, if we understand his meaning, to be similar in kind to that of the Grocers' Combine, "except, of course, they do not use the weapons referred to." But is not the exception the really important matter? No one can condemn the object of the Grocers' Guild, as described by its members. Exception is taken only to the weapons used. Why do not the Labourers' Unions use those weapons? Is it not because the Government; that is, the law; that is, the people, will not permit them to do so? They do not recognize the weapons as fair, or such as any voluntary association has a right to use? Does Mr. Blain think otherwise? Would he be willing that the Labourers' Unions should be allowed the free use of the "boycott," or whatever we may call the weapon? If not, must he not admit that he is a little illogical in claiming for the smaller guild with which he is associated the right to use it? That is exactly the question at issue, as we understand it.

THE resolution of the Toronto Parks and Gardens Committee to advise the City Council to forbid all preaching and public speaking in the city parks, and the alleged disposition of the council to regard the proposal favourably are movements of much greater importance than may appear on the surface. The question raised is much deeper and wider than that of putting a stop to the offensive rantings of a few would-be demagogues in the open air of a Sunday afternoon. It is really a question affecting the liberties of the people. However disagreeable to people of culture and refinement may be the style and matter of some of these harangues, it would be folly to put all open air speaking indiscriminately in the same category. There seems no reason to doubt that many of the open air addresses may have a distinctly improving and elevating influence upon those to whom they are addressed. Those who do not care to listen to these fervid appeals are not obliged to do so. They have but to keep at a sufficient distance. If any of the orators abuse the privilege of free speech, by creating disorder or inciting to wrong-doing, let them be dealt with on their merits. To prohibit all open air speech because it is occasionally abused would be unworthy of our free city. The easiest and shortest way to preserve order often seems to be to prohibit every demonstration that may chance to lead to disorder. But that is the method of despotisms, not of free governments. The less the freedom of the citizens is curtailed by arbitrary restrictions and prohibitions—not absolutely necessary to the preservation of order and public decorum—the better for all concerned. The authorities should be prompt and stern to punish disturbers of the peace, but they should also be the guardians, rather than the enemies, of all liberties not necessarily incompatible with good order. Since the above was in type we have noticed with gratification that the City Council has rejected by a decisive majority the advice of its committee, and resolved to maintain the right of free speech in the parks.

JOHN BRIGHT is a short and commonplace name, but it is one which will live in history as long as the memory of Great Britain survives. The name itself, in its unpretentious simplicity eminently befitted the man. Born of the people, educated amongst the people, he was to the end of his public career a man of the people, and for many years the foremost champion of their rights and liberties. From the memorable day of the repeal of the Corn Laws, down through the last eventful half century of British history, no great popular reform was achieved with which his name is not associated and which did not receive one of its most powerful impulses from the simple and matchless eloquence of his advocacy. It would, perhaps, be too much to claim for the departed orator a place amongst the great statesmen who have stood at the helm and shaped the course of the British nation during its troubled but unique career. His places of power were the

rostrum and the floor of Parliament, rather than the Government benches, or the high councils of the state. He shrank, possibly with instinctive wisdom, from the responsibility of a seat in the Cabinet, and Mr. Gladstone has graphically told of the tremendous pressure of persuasion by which he was prevailed upon to join his Administration. Perhaps the crowning excellence in John Bright's noble character was his lofty singleness of purpose. Unassumingly but unflinchingly he always stood forth as the representative of the moral element in politics and government. His profoundest conviction was that righteousness exalteth a nation. His judgment as to what in a specific case was the right and the wrong was not necessarily infallible. His antipathy to war was unyielding and led him to raise his voice against the policy of the nation on two memorable occasions, those, viz., of the Crimean War, and the bombardment of Alexandria. Both transactions are yet, perhaps, *sub judice*, but it is highly probable in regard to both that the verdict of history may yet be in his favour. Great Britain is certainly made poorer by his death.

THE death of John Bright has naturally recalled to memory the stirring times of the great American Civil War, and the old controversy respecting the attitudes of the public men of England towards the respective combatants. Without wishing to disparage in the slightest degree the noble qualities of mind and heart displayed by the deceased Tribune of the People on that occasion, it may not be amiss to call attention to one or two facts that are often lost sight of in the discussion. The great wonder to many has always been that the leaders of thought in a nation renowned for its antipathy to slavery could have failed to give the full weight of their sympathies to the North, in the crisis of its struggle with the slave-holding oligarchy. But the fact is that the war in its inception and during the first years of its continuance was not, strictly speaking, a war for the destruction of slavery, but for national integrity as opposed to the right of secession. Was it so very strange that those who had been so long accustomed to hear the shouts of American patriots boasting of the freedom of their self-ruling millions as contrasted with the peoples of the Old World under monarchical institutions, should have made the mistake of supposing that it must be contrary to the principles of that glorious Constitution to retain and compel by force of arms the allegiance of a number of sovereign states, after the latter had not only expressed their wish to depart but had proved themselves ready to fight to the death for the right of self-rule they were already supposed to enjoy. As is well known, President Lincoln himself emphatically declared during all the earlier phases of the struggle that if he could save the Union without freeing the slaves, the slaves would not be freed. Thus the war was clearly and ostensibly a war of secession, of which the freeing of the slaves became at last a necessary incident. Had the struggle been directly and avowedly one for the overthrow of slavery, British sympathies could not have been withheld without the gravest inconsistency.

THE coming International Marine Conference in Washington will be an event of no little importance to the Maritime nations. The chief work of the Conference will be, we suppose, the revision and amendment of the rules governing the movements of vessels on the high seas, and the making of new regulations, where necessary, in regard to all matters affecting their common safety. The attention of the members of the Conference will, it may readily be inferred, be specially directed to the consideration of the possibility of devising a better system of signals and rules for the prevention of collisions in dark nights or dense fogs. Some statistics furnished by contemporaries set in a striking light the great and growing necessity for the exercise of the utmost wisdom and vigilance to guard against such disasters. The world's commerce has grown until the bosom of the broad Atlantic is dotted with vessels of all sizes and descriptions, moving at varying rates of speed. What adds most of all to the danger, is that many of these vessels are now huge steamships, dashing through the waters with a swiftness unknown a generation ago. According to the statistics referred to, there were afloat in 1881, no less than 54,976 vessels of over 100 tons. Of these, 6,392 were steamers. The total number of seamen was 1,693,000; the total value of shipping and merchandise carried at sea was \$7,000,000,000; the annual loss of life by marine casualties was estimated at 4,400, and the total number of vessels over 100 tons annually lost was 2,193—about

800,000 tons—their value, including cargo, being placed at about \$230,000,000. All these figures would, no doubt, need to be considerably increased to bring the facts up to date. The result is that, whereas a half century ago the chances of a collision in mid ocean, or even off the coast of either hemisphere, might be regarded as so small as hardly to be worth taking into consideration, those chances have now, under the changed conditions, become so great that the use of every precaution is imperatively demanded. If the deliberations of the Conference result, as there is every reason to hope, in materially lessening the dangers of disaster at sea, the United States will deserve the gratitude of the sea-going nations for having brought it about.

A REPUBLIC without a Parliament seems to the mind impregnated with modern ideas of popular representation and ministerial responsibility about as intelligible as would be a play without actors, or a kingdom without a monarch. And yet this is the programme which General Boulanger now sets before the people of France. We have waited and watched for some fuller exposition of this singular policy, but none has as yet come to hand. Probably none has been given. A certain element of reserve and mystery is, we suppose, essential in such a *role* as that which the French agitator is just now so successfully playing. It is really a great advance that he has at last declared himself distinctly in favour of the continuance of the Republic in any form. One would have supposed that this declaration, combined as it was in his Tours' speech with an unequivocal repudiation of all restoration projects, would have at once deprived him of his Monarchist allies. The fact that this result has not followed leaves ground for suspicion of good faith, though it is quite conceivable that in the desperate straits in which the Monarchist factions find themselves they are ready to clutch at any disturbing project having revolution among its possible consequences. It is conceivable, too, that the restorationists may understand the projected Republic without a Parliament to mean a Republic with Boulanger as Dictator. This, in its turn, may be regarded as but a brief halting place midway between the Republic and the Monarchy. But, interpreting passing events as we may, it seems impossible to doubt that Boulanger's recent speeches and conduct have rather added to the dignity of his pose, and improved his chances of ultimate success in his purpose, whatever that purpose may be.

THERE seems strong reason, on the other hand, for very grave doubts as to the wisdom of the Cabinet's resolve to ask the Chamber of Deputies to prosecute Boulanger. The refusal of Bouchese, the public prosecutor, to sign the indictment, on the ground that there was not sufficient basis for a charge of conspiracy, is very suggestive. In view of the present temper of the French people and the astounding popularity of Boulanger, the failure of such a prosecution would be most disastrous to the Ministry, and might precipitate the crisis it was designed to avert. Unless the Ministers have the clearest, most irrefragable proofs to sustain their charges, it would seem to be madness to press them, and thus add to all other sources of Boulanger's popularity that of popular sympathy with a persecuted patriot. Boulanger has, it seems, defied or rather hailed the threatened prosecution, declaring that all his conduct has been open and above board, that he has nothing to conceal and nothing to dread from any investigation. On the other hand, the necessity for doing something no doubt presses hard upon the Cabinet. By vigorous action alone can it demonstrate its right to be, or justify its continued existence. The situation is critical, almost desperate. The continued and growing popularity of Boulanger proves at least that the dissatisfaction of the people is deep-seated and intense, and that he is the mouthpiece and representative of that dissatisfaction. A great state trial, with Boulanger as its chief figure, will almost inevitably lead to serious trouble, whether he is convicted or acquitted.

CONSIDERABLE press comment has been called forth by the recent appointments by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, respectively, of Ministers to represent them at Washington and London. It seems now to be generally conceded that in the person of Sir Julian Pauncefote the Salisbury Administration has a Minister of unusual tact, knowledge and ability. The appointment of Robert Lincoln has met with general approval, or with that mild censure of political opponents which is next door to approval, in the United States. It is probably

correct, as the critics allege, that he is scarcely the man that would have been thought of for the position, but that he is the son of his father. It is, nevertheless, admitted that he is a man of education, tact, sagacity and ability. He may not be capable of taking literary rank beside James Russell Lowell, or even ex-Minister Phelps, but he may be found equally fitted for the special duties of his office, while the name of Lincoln will ensure him a warm reception by the English people. While all sensible people in both countries will be glad to see amicable relations thus fully re-established, the matter has a special interest for Canadians. These appointments, viewed in connection with the friendly attitude recently taken by Congress, and the renewal of the *Modus Vivendi* by our own Government, may be regarded as good omens, and we shall hope to witness, before the year has passed by, a renewal of negotiations with a view to the final settlement of all matters in dispute between us and our neighbours.

ONTARIO ASYLUMS.

THE attention of the community is often called, by grand jurors, by correspondents to the daily papers and by others, to the alleged neglect of the Province of Ontario to properly provide for the insane portion of its population. As the result, the readers of these productions think for the moment that nothing is being done, and that much blame rests with those in power. On the other hand, very little is ever said as to what has been and is being done. The fact, too, is overlooked, and a most important fact it is, that in this Province the burden of the care of the insane rests on the State alone. On the other side of the lakes, the case is different. There the burden is divided between the States, the cities and the countries. A very large proportion of the insane are provided for locally, either in asylums supported by the municipalities or in the insane wards attached to the poor-houses. In some States, the State provides the asylums, but charges the municipalities from whence the pauper patients come with the cost of their care and maintenance. In Ontario, no such system prevails. The Province takes the whole burden. Indeed, when an inmate of a municipal poor house becomes a little troublesome with the dementia of old age, an immediate attempt is made to gain admission into a government asylum. It is believed that there are at least fifty per cent. of the present inmates of the asylums, who could be as well cared for in properly conducted county poor-houses. They have reached the stage in which medical skill and treatment can do nothing for them. All they require is shelter, food and proper care. Yet, under the existing laws, these people fill the costly buildings primarily intended for hospitals for the cure of insanity, and not for refuges for the harmless.

Let us see what has been done in Ontario. The first start was in 1841, when accommodation was provided for seventeen patients in the old gaol. Now the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston and Hamilton can maintain 3,200 persons. It appears from the reports of the Public Works Department that these buildings have been put up at a capital cost of \$1,962,754, and public accounts shew that the charge upon the revenue of the Province for maintaining them amounts to about \$420,000 annually. Still, however, the cry is for more room. And the demand is being met. Last year, by the opening of a new portion of the Hamilton Asylum, provision for some 250 more persons was made. This year, two of the so-called "cottages" at Mimico, near Toronto, will be completed, and then room for 100 more persons will be added. Additional cottages are also in contemplation to hold 300 insane persons.

Then, as regards the method of management, Ontario has nothing to be ashamed of. Her asylums are spoken of in terms of praise by such men as Dr. Hack Tuke, one of the best English authorities; by Dr. Tucker, of New South Wales, who has visited nearly every American and European Asylum, and by the specialists from the United States who visit our asylums. The treatment of the patients is of the most advanced order. Some people, no doubt, think that asylums are still managed on the old strait-waistcoat, douche-bath, and repression-of-energy style. Some, too, doubt whether any other style be possible. Happily it is, and happily that other style is believed in by our specialists. The old instruments of restraint, perhaps better called instruments of torture, are now unknown, and the old methods disused. The insane are now treated as persons who are ill, and not as those possessed with a devil, which had to be either bound or to be scourged out. One of the old time "mad doctors,"

as they were most appropriately called, would be astonished to see the latter day patients treated like sane persons. They live in rooms fitted up like those of the sane. They dine in concert at ordinarily furnished tables, instead of like beasts, out of bowls and using nature's forks. They are actually played to, sung to, and acted to, in specially appointed halls. They have their dances, their "At homes," and their picnics. They go to the circus. They work at rational occupations, and, perhaps as a sign of the highest modern culture, the male patients form themselves into baseball nines. They are supplied with the ministrations of the clergy, and libraries are provided for them. Personal liberty is largely accorded, and yet the papers are not full of desperate attacks by patients on their attendants, nor of accounts of attempted escapes. On the economical side, too, Ontario is to be congratulated, as the cost of maintaining each patient is about \$135 per annum. The actual cost to the State is less, as the maintenance of a considerable number of patients is paid for by their friends or out of their own estates. The cost per head in Ontario is lower than in any of the asylums in the United States, as may be seen by any one to whom the reports of the various asylums there are familiar. The question, indeed, is not whether the cost per head be too much, but whether it be not too small; whether a little more luxury might not well be given to these afflicted persons. The Inspector has before now in his reports referred to the fact that the surroundings of the patients are, whilst good, very plain. It should be remembered, however, that the majority of the patients are drawn from classes accustomed to a plain mode of living, and also that those for whom a better style is desired, can be accommodated in the private wards of Toronto Asylum, or in the Private Asylum at Guelph.

The system adopted by Ontario of the State alone making provision for the insane is no doubt a good one. The Province, owing to the greater security it offers, is more likely to obtain the services of a good specialist than a municipal council, and its asylums are more likely to be considered with wider views. Municipal councillors, not being accustomed to the handling of large sums, are very likely to look upon very necessary expenditures as very needless extravagances. But the question is an open one, whether the municipalities should not share with the State the cost of maintaining the asylums, as is done in other countries. The State asylums system is likely to be more popular with the general public, as Government asylums are more open to general inspection, and also to special inspection. A Government asylum is almost sure to be near a large centre of population; a municipal one may be placed at a point nearly inaccessible to many whose inspections would be of value. The asylums now are open freely to the public; the grand juries visit them; specialists who may be passing through the country criticize them, and they are under the frequent scrutiny of the members of the Government and of the Provincial Inspectors. Much of this inspection would be impossible if asylums were located in the rural districts and distant from the larger towns.

That the present system, apart from its financial aspect as regards the Province, works well, is shown by the facts that the percentage of recoveries and the lowness of the death rate in the Ontario asylums compare favourably with those of other countries. Also by another fact that complaints of ill-usage or neglect of patients are almost unheard of.

The people of Ontario may, I think, fairly conclude that the money voted by the Legislature for the erection and support of our asylums is being well laid out, and that a good return is being received from it. The question of the number of insane in Ontario, and its proportion to the total population, hardly comes within the scope of this article, but it may be stated that the census returns and the figures quoted in the Inspector's report show that Ontario has not an undue number of insane in her midst.

T. O'F.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE usual lethargic condition of the House received a sudden kaleidoscopic transformation a few days ago by the announcement of a message on State business from the Senate. Yawns were interrupted, eyes opened, and attention riveted upon the mysterious messenger in sword and three-cornered hat, who, amid a silence that bordered upon awe, supported by mace, appeared and uttered, first in English and then in French, the communication from the Honourable Senate to the Honourable Commons. With a retrograde motion, which might have been the

envy of the denizens of London drawingrooms, and a procession, rather than a succession, of bows, hat and sword retired as daintily and gingerly as they had entered. In a second the Speaker, Sir John, and the House had swarmed out of sight in the holter-skelter which has become the traditional locomotion of our Legislature. A few vanishing footsteps and coat-tails, a moment of supernatural repose, and the strength of the message being measured by its length, the House swarmed in again, and back to work. *On dit* that gentlemen that are gentlemen decline to include themselves in these summonses. Little wonder!

The Statutory Holidays of the Dominion are Sunday, Christmas day, New Year's Day, Epiphany, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Ascension, Corpus Christi, Conception, All Saints', St. Peter's and St. Paul's, and Annunciation Day. Monday, the 25th, being the last mentioned Festival, there was no sitting, and members had scattered a good deal for a Friday to Tuesday relaxation. The stillness presaged a storm. Every man was at his post on Tuesday, and in most places there were more than one man. Corridors were crowded, constables were on the alert, the galleries were simply packed, and the heated and vitiated atmosphere is as hard to imagine as it is to describe. Catholic and Protestant Church dignitaries jostled each other, and the entire Vice-Regal Household sat out the afternoons and evenings with untiring zeal. Seldom has a question so entirely occupied the public mind, or a debate so completely consumed the attention, as that which has made the name of Colonel O'Brien a red letter name among the Honourables. We all know how it ended, if, indeed, it has ended, and there are few more hopeless and despairing conditions for a country to arrive at, and revel in, than the spectacle we present to each other. Not right or wrong. Not justice or injustice. But expediency, policy, plot, counterplot, by which we profane the sacred name and cause of country.

Sir Hector Langevin has arrived at the celebration of his silver wedding as a politician. Nothing short of a grand banquet would have satisfied his admirers had not the pressure of Parliamentary business rendered a postponement judicious. But the feast will keep, and an address and a handsome testimonial must suffice for the present. It may be questioned whether all such grateful discipleship—the gratitude which is a lively sense of favours past and future—ought not to be made illegal.

Another expression of perhaps the same prospective gratitude awaits the return of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau. But the honourable gentleman's health and movements are so uncertain that the thank-offering has difficulty in taking any definite shape.

The Hon. Mr. Allan, Speaker of the Senate, being President of the Lord's Day Alliance, occupied the chair at the annual meeting of that august body last week. A constitution was drawn up, which declared the name to be The Lord's Day Alliance of Canada. Their basis is the Divine authority and the universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath as ordained by God at the Creation, and enjoined in the fourth commandment; and maintained by the Church to the present day as essential to the physical, intellectual, moral and social welfare of mankind. The laws for Sabbath observance have accomplished much of at least outward conformity, which is all that law claims to do. As may have been expected, Ontario stands first in the list of Provinces in her interpretation of freedom as the regard instead of the disregard of law. One of the obstacles which stands most stubbornly in the path of the Alliance is the apparent necessity for Sunday labour on our railways, canals, and other public works. The meeting revealed the surprising fact that appeals to the churches for aid and support have met with little more practical satisfaction than circulars to the railways. The Central Ontario Railway Company replied that no Sunday traffic has been carried on for some time. The President of the Canadian Pacific Railway wrote that the requirements of trade did not permit of an interruption on Sundays. All other railways were, like most of the churches, conspicuous by the absence of their replies. A committee was appointed to approach Parliament on the subject.

A large congregation of the faithful gathered in St. George's Church to assist the rector and the organist in testing the power and tones of a beautiful new organ. It is constructed on the tubular pneumatic principle, which secures a more certain response and a freedom from noise in action than the ordinary "tracking" system is capable of. The improvement is a patent of the manufacturers, the Messrs. Wadsworth, England. In addition to this the organ possesses two manuals, with great, small, and

pedal organ, seventeen stops, three octave-couplers, three combination pedals, and the tremulant. Dr. Davies of St. Alban's inaugurated the new instrument, and Mr. Coulson with his choir, charmed the congregation by vocal accompaniments.

The slightest of rifts within the lute has been created in St. Alban's Church by a new departure in the Sunday ritual. The Litany is left out from the morning service, and is replaced by the prayers which are omitted when it is read. In the afternoon the Litany is chanted, and the choir enters and retires to processional hymns. The position of the rector during the Litany is the rift. The people forget that the Litany is a series of prayers and intercessions offered up to Deity and not to an Ottawa audience, and that the natural attitude of the priest is towards the Deity that he, in common with his people, is addressing.

A series of Saturday evening receptions are being held in the Grand Union Hotel, attended by ladies and gentlemen, the leaders of the forlorn hope, who solace themselves in song and dance, and lay the basis of future electioneering. The venerable Alex. Mackenzie is Patron-in-chief, and is supported by the kindly grey eyes of his lady, and the charming affability of Madame Laurier. It is rapidly becoming evident that if the renowned Knight of Earncliffe had allowed Mr. Choquette to teach him, as well as he has taught Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, to sing "La Marseillaise," he might have disallowed the Jesuit's Bill, conciliated the Orangemen, and appeased the French Canadians, in one happy chorus.

The A.D.C. in waiting is compelled to announce that owing to the disappearance of Jack Frost the Saturday afternoon skating parties which have been the popular attraction at Rideau Hall, must be discontinued for the season.

The Government House Operetta was so brilliantly successful that a repetition was a necessity, and the amateur actors have since been feasting each other at the Ottawa Club.

The want of early snow in the autumn and the want of late snow at present will shorten the lumbering winter so much that the prospects of the trade are being appreciably influenced thereby. Nevertheless active preparations are going on for the opening of the mills on the Chaudière, an event which, if the mild weather continue, is expected to take place shortly.

Ottawa possesses a full-fledged lady doctor. Dr. Annie Sawyer, M.D., C.M., a graduate of Queen's University, has commenced practice as specialist for women and children.

It is proposed to extend the Street Railway System.

In one of the series of Missionary Services being conducted by the Rev. Father Drummond, the prayers of the congregation were requested on behalf of the soul of the Rev. J. J. Roy, of Winnipeg, who had made a brave and stout defence of the Disallowance Movement.

RAMBLER.

THE FATHERHOOD OF IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

ELEVEN years before the American Revolution, in 1765, at a time, be it observed, when the colonies bore something like the same ratio to the Three Kingdoms in wealth and importance which they do at present, Thomas Pownall, formerly Governor of Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, and Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey, published in London the second edition of his *Administration of the Colonies*. In this work (pp. 9-10) he uses these remarkable words:—

"It is, therefore, the duty of those who govern us to carry forward this lead into our system, that Great Britain may be no more considered as the kingdom of this isle only, with many appendages of provinces, colonies, settlements, and other extraneous parts, but as a grand marine dominion, consisting of our possessions in the Atlantic and in America united into a one empire, in a one center, where the seat of government is."

To effect this he claims "is the precise duty of government at this crisis."

To the British objection to give "the rights and privileges of subjects living within the realm" to persons remote from it, whose interests are rival and contrary, Pownall answers: "But the scheme of giving representatives to the colonies annexes them to and incorporates them with the realm. Their interest is contrary to that of Great Britain only so long as they are continued in the unnatural artificial state of being considered as external provinces; and they can become rivals only by continuing to increase in their separate state; but their being united to the realm is the very remedy proposed."

The American objection that this union would involve a share in the burden of the taxes he meets by saying that "the like objection can never be made with propriety, reason or justice by colonies and provinces which are constituent parts of a trading nation protected by the British marine. . . . However, if the colonies could . . . show any inequality or even inexpediency in their paying any part of the taxes, which have a retrospect to times before they were admitted to a share in the legislature, there is no doubt but that the same moderation and justice which the kingdom of England showed towards Scotland in giving it an equivalent would be extended to the colonies by the kingdom of Great Britain."

Pownall further argued that the distance of the colonies from England, even then, was not an insuperable obstacle. In this he differed from Burke, who some years later

declared that "nature forbade" the union; but Burke lived before science had vanquished nature, or steam and electricity had annihilated space. Americans "might flatter themselves, with some appearance of reason, too," said Adam Smith, "that the distance of America from the seat of government could not be of very long continuance. . . . In the course of a little more than a century perhaps the produce of American might exceed that of the British taxation. The seat of empire would then naturally remove itself to that part of the empire which contributed most to the general defence and support of the whole." This was during the revolt of the colonies; and the great political economist proposed that *representation with taxation* should be offered to each colony detaching itself from the confederacy. "The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of every part of the empire," he said, "in order to be properly informed, ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it."

Perhaps the credit of publicly advocating the federation of the empire for the first time in British America is due to David Chisholme, a journalist of Lower Canada, who, in 1832, published at Three-Rivers a book entitled *Observations on the Rights of British Colonies to Representation in the British Parliament*. I must content myself with two extracts from this most creditable contribution to Canadian literature:—

"We have been brought up at the knees of that most patriarchal power: we have largely partaken of its bounty, and are, I hope, grateful for it; we have rejoiced in its strength, participated in its glory, and been proud of its dignity. Yet perpetual pupilage, enduring servitude, are alike unworthy of child and parent, of minor and guardian. It would forever stunt the moral and intellectual growth of the one, and degrade the other, in the estimation of all reflecting men, as a proud and haughty tyrant, both unwilling to allow others to participate in his privileges, and incapable of entertaining one generous sentiment. Nor, indeed, is our ambition very great. The boon which we seek is not entire emancipation. It is not uncontrolled liberty to do for ourselves as we best can, like other members of the family who have gone out from us to return no more. It is not the wild freedom of the reckless and abandoned profligate. We do not, like the prodigal, ask the portion of goods that falleth to us, with the view of taking our journey into a far country, and there wasting our substance with riotous living. Our desire, on the contrary, is only to continue members of the happy family in which we have been born and brought up; to draw both the paternal and fraternal bonds tighter and tighter around us; and to strengthen the chains of the family communion.

"But we desire at the same time to enjoy equal rights and equal privileges. We desire to be put on the same footing with the other members of the family. Being persons of some little means, we desire, because we think it is our right, to have some voice in the management of it. Being joint-heirs of the inheritance of our forefathers, we desire to be consulted in its management. Being heirs-at-law to the patrimony of the British Constitution, we desire to participate in the benefits arising from it. Being of age and of sound mind and judgment, we desire to be acknowledged as men capable of filling our station at the council board, particularly when our own immediate goods and chattels are to be disposed of. Being now of mature age, we desire that our leading-strings may be cut away from us, and that we may be permitted to pursue the course which right and nature alike dictate. We desire that the emblems of manhood, the *toga virilis*, may be delivered to us."

"The children of the same national family," says Mr. Chisholme in another part of his book "the subjects of the same Crown—the heirs of the same constitution—the objects of the equal protection of our laws—the inheritors of British freedom—and the undistinguished claimants of British justice—stretch to us, ere it be too late, the right hand of fellowship; introduce us into your councils; admit us into your confidence, especially when all we possess on earth is endangered, and all will yet be well. We shall then indeed be one people, with common rights, common privileges, common laws, and common interests. 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!'"

The germs of the idea of Imperial Federation may, however, be traced much farther back than Chisholme or Adam Smith or Pownall. The great thinker, Francis Bacon, approved of the cardinal principle of Imperial Federation, that benefits, responsibilities and obligations should be reciprocal between the constituent parts of an empire. In his letter to King James "On the True Greatness of the Kingdom of Britain," he lays down four conditions under which alone "greatness of territory addeth strength;" and the fourth condition is "that no part or province of the state be utterly unprofitable, but do confer some use or service to the state." In the same letter he observes: "Concerning the proportion between the principal region and those which are but secondary, there must evermore distinction be made between the *body* or *stem* of the tree and the *boughs* and *branches*. For if the top be overgreat and the stalk too slender, there can be no strength. . . . And therefore we see that when the state of Rome grew great, they were enforced to naturalize the Latins or Italians, because the Roman *stem* could not bear the provinces and Italy both as *branches*: and the like they were content after to do to most of the Gauls."

It is true, nevertheless, that Judge Haliburton looked on the question more nearly from the standpoint of a

modern federationist than any of these earlier thinkers. If he was not the first of the prophets, we may not unreasonably claim that he was the John the Baptist of the new political evangel—unless indeed this title be more justly due to another eminent Nova Scotian, Hon. Joseph Howe, who in 1866, in a pamphlet printed in London, formulated what was very probably the first published scheme of Imperial Federation.

Halifax, N.S.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

HEARTH GLOW.

I LOVE to sit and gaze
At the ruddy sea-coal blaze,
While the solemn clock its tale of time forthtells;

And the silence of the room
And the outer night's dark gloom
Are broken by the passing street car bells.

On my knee there rests a book,
But the charming ingle-nook
Has wooed me from its pages far away;

And the measured stroke of time
Beats responsive to my rhyme,
As in fancies' fields a wanderer I stray.

How the pictures come and go
In the red flame's fitful glow,
As the pages of my life are there outspread!

And again the tale is told
In the molten yellow gold
Of the coal that gleams like hope before 'tis dead.

As some voyager afloat
Calmly rests within the boat
Which bears him down the river to the sea,

While he looks behind, before,
At the nigh and farther shore,
And bethinks him of his life its mystery;

So 'tis ever thus in life
'Mid the toiling and the strife,
And the longing for the better things to come,

That our thoughts will often turn
While the fires of life still burn
To the magic web time weaves about our home.

Toronto, March 8, 1889.

T. E. MOBERLY.

MONTREAL LETTER.

TO the stranger possessed of average susceptibility few things can be more distressing than a walk along the streets of Montreal. On a summer's morning his path is rudely interrupted by knocks on his shins from vagrant blocks of ice waiting till the cook may kill two birds with one stone when the baker rings. At the next corner he stumbles on barrels from the back yards in all stages of reptile and dilapidation. A step further brings him into unsuspecting conflict with discarded culinary utensils, or an unclaimed deceased domestic pet. Seeking refuge in our square he will run against an array of patent, foldable, self-adjusting, ever-replenishable newspaper boards, the ruins of wooden fences which we maintain for the exclusive use of the ordinary advertiser not being obstructive enough for the press interest. He will discover that in Montreal, trees are not so much for beauty and shade as for relieving the lamp-posts of their accumulation of rocking-horses and toy-perambulators. In a self-protective effort to keep out of a barrel of oysters at one shop-door, he drops into a box of fish at the next; and if Providence should protect him from jockey butcher-boys at one corner, it is that he may be reserved for a worse fate from competitive cabbies at the next.

Let our friend come in winter and he will find himself out of the frying pan into the fire. From above, from below, on the right of him, on the left of him, there lurk dangers in whose presence fish-boxes and oyster barrels may hide their considerate heads. As he, unwary, seeks to doff his hat in gallantry, his feet simultaneously tobogan at a tangent off the hog's back, and he is saved from careering through twelve feet of plate glass only by intervening and conflicting hogs' backs, of a resentful, if not distinctly retaliative disposition. His equilibrium shortly returning, he discovers that the fates are not yet reconciled. Shopman A, more from obstinacy than duty, has cleared his snow to the flags. His neighbour B, busily polishing his window-panes looks down upon A from a two-foot solid platform, leaving it to the imaginative invention of the pedestrian to hoist himself in his own fashion. Next door Bookseller C, owning perhaps a pick, but not a shovel, has indulged in a series of interesting and original experiments between the two-feet high and the flag level, resulting in a quarry of indefinitely sized boulders; and, dinner being ready, or some one in urgent need of a postage-stamp, permits nature leisurely to complete the erratic process. As the stranger pauses to reflect upon the varied ingenuity and individuality of mankind, the question receives a stimulating aspect by an avalanche from the roof on his innocent head, or is

obliterated by a fifty pound icicle which transfixes him to the spot for the rest of his natural existence.

That we have laws for the safety and comfort of each other we cannot deny. That we are taxed for the maintenance of these laws, most of us know too well. That we have recently been compelled to organize ourselves into a Citizen's League for the enforcement of them we are under the necessity of admitting with shame. And that, with it all, any one who walks along our streets in summer or winter, by day or by night, does so at his peril is a fact which is daily being incorporated into our civic autobiography.

However, the night reserves the darkest hour to usher in the dawn, and it is matter for personal, as well as municipal, congratulation, that the rising hope is recorded. These evils are at length to be remedied, neither by league or law, existing, improved, or enforced, but by the ever-vigilant never-flagging speculators. Not very long ago the denizens of our principal thoroughfares, turning out snow *after*, instead of *before* tobacco and newspapers, found their occupation gone. A clean sweep had been made at dawn of day, and the "sample copy" was seconded by a flood of circulars announcing that "The Roof, Sidewalk, and Odd Jobs Company" had been floated for the purposes indicated by its name. For twenty-five cents a week, the company proposes to clear our foot-paths. It will tackle our roofs and odd jobs at corresponding figures, and "won't haggle about a few extra feet."

During the present winter the corporation has been leisurely waking up. Digging out and trenching up are antiquated ways. The chief streets have been rolled, and the visible improvement seems to suggest its extension to the sidewalks. Perhaps if the footpaths were rolled at dawn after every snow storm, and gone over every morning with pronged rollers, varied by scrapers in thaws, life would still be worth living to some of us. Of course, the work must not be undertaken either by league, law, or municipal corporation. We shall reserve it for the Roof and Sidewalk Company.

On a recent pedestrian tour on St. Catherine street, I witnessed, in front of a piano ware-room, four pianos and six organs luxuriously indulging in the sidewalk for the afternoon. On St James' street, at half-past three p. m., when beauty and fashion most do promenade, half-a-dozen second-hand kitchen ranges monopolized the footpath, as a man with a broom and a pot of polish proceeded simultaneously to enjoy his pipe, the passing show, and his renovating process; whilst a furniture vendor on Notre Dame street had spread out a row of fourteen bureaus, a sofa or two, a heap of chairs, and a pile of eighteen coffins! It was evidently *their* afternoon out. These, not to talk of a hundred or two of sleighs, buggies, and horses, which at every door seem to be owned only by a fifty-two pound weight, will come within the legitimate sweep of the new company, and form a daily source of revenue not to be despised. The civic expenditure for last year upon street cleaning and watering, and snow-clearing, was \$90,000, which the surveyor reports as insufficient, and for scavenging, \$44,000. If the Old Jobs Company could secure this annual total of \$134,000 of our money which we pay for streets that are neither cleaned nor cleared, and succeed in assessing twenty-five cents per week for every householder, in addition, they might guarantee themselves against complete financial failure. This much done, it would then be a simple matter for them to calculate all we spend on gas, water, police, prisons, etc., and relieve the council of a few paltry matters evidently beneath their too careful consideration.

A plan for extricating the Flood-Prevention authorities from their difficulty, and one which may come into competition with that of the city surveyor, is "The Corribeau," which proposes to benefit both shores of the river by one stroke. A canal on the south shore, eight and a half miles long, from above Victoria Bridge to Boucherville Islands, with several inlets, is said to secure an outlet for the superfluous water, a basin capable of accommodating river vessels now compelled to lay up at Sorel, a supply of power for factories, etc., on that side of the river, and a means for small crafts to escape the St. Mary's current.

Woman's sphere at home is too extensive. In the world it is too evanescent. The faculties of Arts and Medicine do not provide sufficient scope for useful occupation. The Church is to be stormed. A motion regarding the fuller organization of woman's work has been laid before the Presbytery of Montreal, with a view to re-establishing deaconesses. Of course we shall soon hear of women in our theological halls. They have got up the pulpit stairs across the border.

The Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy is pastor of a Christian Science congregation, the author (*authoress* is rapidly becoming obsolete) of a formidable list of works on the new religion, editor of the *Christian Science Journal*, and President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College—if not one of the founders and inventors of the system. The faith has been spreading out its roots, and has now established itself among us here. A preparatory meeting has been held in a private residence, and the new denomination calls itself "The Church of Christ (Scientific)." They possess only two text-books, the Bible and the Rev. Mary's book on Science and Health. The following is their creed: "(1) We take the Scripture as our guide to life. (2) We acknowledge one Father, Son and Holy Ghost—one God, the brotherhood of man and Divine science. We acknowledge the forgiveness of sin, which is the destruction of sin. We acknowledge the atonement of Christ, which is the efficacy of truth and life. We

acknowledge the way of salvation marked out by Jesus in healing the sick, casting out devils (evils) and raising the dead—uplifting a dead faith with life and love. (3) We promise to love one another and to work, watch and pray. We promise to strive to overcome sin and to keep the Ten Commandments; to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, and so far as we are enabled by truth, to cast out error and heal the sick."

This is the second new religion which has "opened up" on its own account this winter. Another, whose chief distinction seems to be that it preaches "The Gospel," leaving to the imagination what is preached elsewhere, has a stand in a new block on St. Catherine Street.

There has just come to light a new method of raising money for Christian mission work. At Pointe-aux-Trembles, about twelve miles below Montreal, there is an institute under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church where boys and girls are trained in the principles of Christianity. During the past year the school for boys has been enlarged at an expense of \$15,000, and as the demand for admission of girls is also much beyond the accommodation of the mission, it is proposed to extend their building at a cost of \$9,000. Of these two sums a part has been already collected, leaving, however, a total of \$14,500 still to be secured. "Two ladies of their own accord" have written out a three-page appeal, which they are sending to friends with the request that they forward ten cents to the treasurer, and that they write out and send two other copies of the appeal with a similar object in view. In order to procure by this means the sum of \$14,500, the number of ten-cent subscriptions required will be 145,000, and the postage alone, say at three cents per subscription, surprises us by amounting to \$4,350. While wishing the scheme all success, I fear the two ladies exhibit a strikingly inconsistent notion of the value of next-to-nothings, and are actuated more by zeal than by economy.

The drawings for the Royal Victoria Hospital have at length arrived from London. The erection, which is the gift of Sir George Stephen and Sir Donald Smith, and is calculated to cost half a million, provides for general offices, apartments for matron, superintendent and nurses; a private paying ward with twenty beds, an infectious ward with thirty-five beds, a surgical ward with ninety beds, and a medical ward with one hundred and eighty beds. The infectious ward is to be on the hut system, and among the more modern features of the plan are the Ice-house, the Operating Theatres, the Mortuary, as well as the position of the rooms for nurses and doctors in the wards, the conveniences for conveying patients to the theatres, and for removing the dead.

Most people can kill two birds with one stone, but it takes a Scot to kill three. Oysters, wine and good Scotch songs were slain a few evenings ago over what ought to have supplied a fitting excuse for a piper and a haggis. A gentleman possesses a MS. of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," given to his grandfather by the peasant bard himself, written on *excise paper*, in Burns' large, round and legible penmanship, and still well preserved. It bears unmistakable evidence of authenticity. It must be an early transcript of the poem, as it varies in several passages from the reading ultimately adopted by Burns. Its present owner is open to proposals for the sale of the precious document, which he values at \$2,000. The Dominion Government has been approached on the ground that such a treasure ought not to pass out of the land; but the Commons Library spends so much on the novels of the period that, failing some private patriotic purse, the MS. will in all probability change flags. VILLE MARIE.

LONDON LETTER.

THERE lies before me on my writing desk one of Maclise's famous drawings for the Fraser Gallery, a sketch of a thin, dark-eyed old man in knee-breeches, and a queer-cut high-shouldered coat and a frilled shirt. He sits placidly, the brown locks of his Adonis wig in careful disarray on his forehead, his hands clasped on his knee. There are books, pens and paper, on the table by his side, and soon, I think, he will turn in his chair and fall to making a design for that splendid new palace contemplated when Carlton House was pulled down, or for a magnificent dog kennel surpassing all other dog kennels, or for—well, for a pump, perhaps, just as another architect, with whom we are very familiar, and who once lived near Salisbury, was wont to employ the leisure hour. He has smiled his best smile and arranged his most agreeable expression in order to aid the handsome Irish painter in his task, and, I hope, has put away from his mind all remembrance of a certain unpleasant episode connected with the Literary Fund, and with him whom Maginn calls "Jerdan, the iconoclast." Poor Sir John Soane! Fifty-two years since you died, and the pretty quarrel is still remembered, you see. It would be a blow to that easily-hurt vanity of your's, Knight, if you were to hear how we speak of you and the part you took in that ridiculous tragedy, the last act of which was played at the opera when the editor of the *Literary Gazette* showed Mr. Roney the slit of canvas from which your eyes shone out indignantly. I have been to-day at the gothic house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I am sure the ghost of the restless little Academician still lingers round about the treasures he took such pains to gather, and as I went from room to room alone, except for the custodians of the place, I thought of the dismal scenes that have taken place here, of the lonely, unhappy years, of the death-bed of this old

man of eighty-five. It would be a kind action if more of us crossed the threshold of these antiquated parlours, for the wraith of their late owner, stepping noiselessly here and there in the buckled shoes and black stockings, must be mortified at the neglect of the British public who tramp heedlessly past the caryatides and empty niches of No. 13. Some spark of that tremendous vanity would blaze up and warm anew the cold heart of Sir John if people oftener would spare an hour or two in which to examine the pictures and gems, models, china, books, portfolios full of sketches, with which he has stored these over-crowded rooms. And I cannot think that they would be disappointed, for though there is much that could only be useful to artists there is still a great deal, everywhere, in library and dining-room, in drawing-room and bedroom, which cannot fail to interest and delight us all.

Soane's portrait, an excellent Lawrence, presides over the library, and again another, this time by Jackson, stares at you in the small gallery where hang the four pieces of Hogarth's "Election": and yet again, in the drawing-room, you come upon Sir John, painted by Owen. So one is everywhere encompassed by the visible presence of the architect of the Bank, who, like a reigning beauty, kept the brushes of the painters of his day very busy. There is a profile in pencil, too, by Dance, with the hair in powder. It was more dignified, that powder, than the juvenile curls which afterwards grew on that old head, curls so like those worn by Major Pendennis, they must surely both have patronized the same perruquier.

One should not hurry, scared by the grim ushers who have grown gray waiting here day after day for nobody to come, but should take his own time; for though it is impossible to miss certain things, such as for instance "The Rake's Progress," arranged on screens in the centre of a room, where it is to be hoped Mrs. Soane, in her white gown and turban (in which costume Jackson painted her just before he died) entertained her friends with many a dish of tea; or Calcott's pearly landscape, or the carved ivory chairs and tables, there is other portable property (as Mr. Wemmick would say) blushing almost unseen in cabinets and dark corners which has to be searched for. A small bust by Flaxman of that absurd person, the poet Blakey, of whom Blake speaks contemptuously and Cowper kindly; the silver dial belonging once on a time to Wren. Did Soane fancy any resemblance between himself and that admirable architect? A volume by the Duchess of Newcastle, an author beloved of Lamb; pages written by Tasso's own hand; sketch books by Sir Joshua Reynolds, full of notes and drawings. These things and many more are to be seen decorating in peace and quiet these dim, silent rooms. On the staircase you will find a cast of one of Chantrey's sleeping children; delicate small panes of Albert Dürer-ish stained glass; all manner of queer recesses arranged with all manner of queer things. Go down to the cellars, and not far from the Egyptian sarcophagus, and much more interesting, is a copy of Banks' charming "Penelope Boothby," who died so short a time after she sat to the President in the Leicester Square painting room. Miss Boothby lies in her long skirted gown, with her pretty hands clasped near her cheek. The blue eyes are closed, the red hair is smoothed from her forehead by a band of silk. Near to this touching little figure is Mary of Scots, from Westminster Abbey. In the corner hangs a death mask of Mrs. Siddons, and yonder in the half light gleams the handsome face of the courtly Sir Thomas Lawrence. If you are fond of gems climb to the bedrooms and study the case-full of exquisite rings. You may also be lucky enough to see Charles Matthews, the actor, who you will remember from his *Life* used to visit Sir John here as he lay sick a-bed.

Thirty years after Soane died a few locked and sealed drawers in a writing-table were, according to his will, solemnly opened in the presence of Sir Francis Grant and Sir Frederick Pollock amongst others. Nothing, however, was found of any value, except a few letters from persons of note, Hazlitt among the number, and documents relating to Sir John's fierce quarrel with his son George. A second sealed place was opened in November, 1886, with the same result. Some interesting letters again—I wonder were they ever published. But the bulk of its contents were old bills, professional notes and appointments, invitations and divers applications to subscribe to churches, etc. There remains a third hiding place to be searched, an old bath in the Curator's room, the lid of which is at present screwed down. In November, 1896, the last ceremony will be performed by the trustees according to the peremptory order of the late owner, and then there will be nothing left of mystery in this Lincoln's Inn house. This morning the air was full of spirits: will they be laid when once the lid of that old bath is unscrewed?

As I turned to the turnstile that leads from the fields I met hazel-eyed, brown-haired Inigo Jones swaggering past, with a glance of approbation for those few fine houses designed by him, which still stand as they stood when William, Lord Russell, was executed, in the centre of the square; and I made way for Mr. Tulkinghorn in his black satin waistcoat to go in at the door of the house where the pointing Roman is foreshortened on the ceiling; and I saw Dickens, young, radiant and handsome, with proof sheets under his arm, spring up the steps of No. 58 to meet that goodly company assembled to listen to *The Chimes* read by the Master, whom Maclise has drawn in the sketch which commemorates the event with rays about his head. There is no spot in London where the Old and the New touch each other more closely, no place more intimately connected with the history of this great city, than the square which still echoes strongly with the footsteps of the Makers of our Town.

What can one say of the Ice Carnival, except that it was exceedingly hot and very badly managed, and not to be compared in point of beauty to the Silver Fête, one of the prettiest and most successful of the entertainments of last year? Handsome Princess Mary of Teck—it seems hardly credible that this lady's father was a lad about the Court when Fanny Burney's diary was written, that there is but one life between the Princess and the *old, mad, blind, despised and dying king* of the beginning of this century—accompanied by a diffident, uninteresting daughter, took part in a rapid little ceremony on a dais, and then, making a tour of the place, went purchasing right and left. The better class of stallholders wore no fancy dress; they never do at these entertainments. A very tall person dressed as a Red Indian (a niece, we were told, of Walt Whitman) skirmished into the open, and sold cigarettes at an immense profit, while her companion at the American stall, the lady who wrote a pleasant little book called *Old Boston*, remained in ambush; between them, it is said, they made in the three days near four hundred pounds. The author of *Boote's Baby* sold her own stories for the benefit of the charity. So much I discovered, but what the other stalls held I did not find out, the crowd was so immense. The atmosphere was of the tropics, yet snow laid thick on the gables of the little houses that were supposed to represent the different nations—snow made of cottonwool, icicles of cut-glass. To agree with the surroundings, those ladies who ventured into fancy dress should have worn fur and thick winter garments; but with a curious inconsistency they chose instead (particularly if they were short and fat and middle-aged) thin white gowns, and flowing summer skirts, which, with powdered hair, and girlish sashes and necklaces, and girlish wiles, were, according to their opinion, more suitable to the occasion. It requires to my mind, a combination of gifts to act the part of a *belle marquise* with any chance of success; that ladies whose physical charms are not numerous should attempt such a rôle in the glare of a March afternoon, surrounded by a critical crowd of all sorts and conditions of men, speaks much for the ladies' courage though little for their discretion. The space was too confined, the crowd too great for the affair to have been a success socially, though commercially, I hear, nothing could have been better. That part of the audience who are not in Society contented themselves by standing immovable and keeping one of their eyes fixed on Miss Yorke, the other on the Duke of Portland, feeling their entrance-money well invested if to their friends afterwards they could accurately describe this happy couple; others again found comfort in chaffing and being chaffed, perfectly oblivious of the surrounding gapers. A few only kept by their stalls and sold their goods decently and in order. An odd sight, and not a very edifying one. I think one gentle *Marguerite* did not make up for many violent *Incrovables*, and terrible, skittish, plump visions in paint and powder put into the shade those few ladies who came clothed and in their right minds. WALTER POWELL.

SUPPRESSION OF GENIUS IN WOMEN—I.

CHARLOTTE AND EMILY BRONTE.

WE often hear of the danger of suppressed gout, or suppressed scarlet fever, but seldom the danger of suppressed genius; yet if the one kind of suppression may cause death, or permanent injury to the body, the other is just as likely to cause the decay or distortion of the mind. Few and far between are those to whom the mere satisfaction of putting their thoughts and conceptions into words is sufficient reward. Genius craves recognition, apprehension, sympathy, and without such incitements is apt to lose heart and hope, and even to doubt the reality of its own existence. If especially gifted, and strong in the consciousness of his own powers, the baffled aspirant for a recognized place and name in literature may persevere till success is at last achieved, but seldom without some visible scars to attest the wounds he has received in the strife. Carlyle was a strong man, and had the fullest faith in his genius, but his frequent failures to get what he felt to be his just claims acknowledged and his long apprenticeship to disappointment and discouragement irretrievably injured the temper of his mind, and were the source of that occasional savagery and bitterness of speaking which marred his essentially noble and humane character.

No doubt there are a few, even among poets, of that happy, healthy temperament "equal to either fortune." Scott was emphatically one of these. The cheerful good humour with which he saw his vivid and picturesque poems, after gaining what was then unexampled popularity, completely eclipsed by Byron's impassioned and splendid verse, and turned to find expression for his genius in a new and what he considered an inferior sphere of art, shows that he possessed an amount of good sense and magnanimity that must always be exceptional. Then there are prophet-souls like Wordsworth, whose belief in their own inspiration needs no assurance from without, and who will continue to deliver their message whether the world listens or not. Or men like Southey, stoical in principle, ethical in aspiration, writing epics for posterity. But in general the artist-nature is differently constituted; not stoical, or self-sufficing, but sensitive, impassioned, with fibres tremblingly responsive to all the emotions and influences that connect human lives together. The sympathy of his fellow mortals is as necessary to the artist as sunshine to the opening of the rose; neglect or disapproba-

tion checks the expansion of his genius, as cold wind or frost nips and withers the coming blossom. The faculties that assured of their reality and worth by the approval of competent judges, to the sympathy of kindred minds, would have gone on developing their talents in harmony and joy, pine or die, or grow bitter and morbid "like sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune."

Women endowed with intellectual gifts feel as keenly as men,

How dull it is
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use;

and as they have generally more sensibility and less strength, and are in every way less able to combat obstacles, or overcome discouragements, they naturally suffer more from repressed and unused faculties. Many proofs of such suffering and its baneful influence are to be found in the lives of women who afterwards made themselves a high place in literature. Other women, with perhaps as much genius, have lived all their lives under the bondage of that "unspiritual god and mis-creator, circumstance," till the thwarting and repressing of their highest instincts and powers ended in mental imbecility, incurable bodily disease, or premature death.

Charlotte Brontë told Mrs. Gaskell that her early craving for some means of expressing her ideas almost amounted to physical illness, and doubtless this long unsatisfied desire, and her subjection to a narrow and restricted rule of life and thought, accounts for much of the morbid, self-tormenting vein in her character, which made the circumstances of her sad life still sadder than they might have been. Against the conventional subjection of women she makes a mild protest in "Shirley," and a more passionate one in "Villette," but she never really escaped from it. Her marriage to her father's common-place curate only strengthened its hold on a nature to which repression had long been a sacred law. Emily Brontë, whose genius was more subjective, as well as more vital and intense, than Charlotte's, literally died of suppressed faculties and an imprisoned soul. Not finding those consolations in religion which sustained her sisters, she sought support in an almost Pagan stoicism, and stern submission to fate; but not in silence. She found some relief in her impassioned lyrics, in which she utters the cry of her chained and tortured spirit with true poetic inspiration; and in her one marvellous novel she attempted to clear her mind of the dark, distorted images, the wild fancies and smouldering fire of revolt, which the wretched discord between her genius and its aspirations, and the cramped conditions of her lot, excited in a spirit as intensely enamoured of freedom as ever drew painful breath in bondage. No wonder that *Wuthering Heights* should be a unique book, as it certainly is. Unique in its grim, grotesque humour, in its wild, repulsive tragedy, its passionate nature-worship, and its fitful gleams of almost unearthly beauty, sweetness and pathos, like rifts of sunshine piercing through a lurid and stormy sky. There can hardly be anything stranger in life and literature than the production of three such remarkable novels as *Villette*, *Wuthering Heights* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, written by three sisters, who lived and died in that gray old north country parsonage, with the graves of many generations lying about it, and the lonely moors, "in winter so dreary, in summer so divine," stretching in heath-covered waves behind.

We may read in the *Life* of George Eliot how restless, discontented and unhappy she was while her creative powers lay dormant, and the rust of unused faculties was eating into her soul. In after years, when she had found her proper work, which she held to be that of an æsthetic teacher, inspiring the nobler emotions and enforcing the human sanctities that elevate men's lives, through dramatic impersonations, and when the world's verdict satisfied her that she had not mistaken her vocation, her joy in the new life that had opened to her was touching. As more and more evidence "that she was able to touch the hearts of men, and sprinkle some precious grain as the result of the long years when she was inert and suffering" came to her, her joy and thankfulness increased. "I am a very blessed woman," she writes to a friend, "am I not, to have all this reason for thankfulness that I have lived; that my past life has vindicated its usefulness, and given me cause to rejoice that such an unpromising woman-child has been born into the world." Yet, deep and wide as this woman's intellect was, it needed sympathy and appreciation for its full development. "I am the better," she says, "for every word of encouragement." Encouragement in the fullest measure she had from Lewes, in whose judgment she had unlimited confidence. Without his warm sympathy and critical approbation, her books would never have been written. LOUISA MURRAY.

GREAT BRITAIN has the largest navy, although Italy has the greatest ships. Great Britain has 14 obsolete iron-clads, 8 non-obsolete coast-guard iron-clad vessels, and 50 sea-going. France has 13 obsolete, 14 coast-guard non-obsolete, and 31 sea-going iron-clads. Italy has 9 obsolete and 12 sea-going iron-clads. Fifty British vessels can steam over 12 knots an hour and less than 20; 31 French can steam over 12 and less than 16 knots; 12 Italian over 13 and less than 16 knots. Of the whole number of sea-going iron-clads having guns that can pierce 20 inches and upward of iron Great Britain has 28.84 per cent.; France, 30.76 per cent.; Italy, 19.23 per cent.; but of the whole number carrying 16 inches and over in complete water-line armour Great Britain has 35.70 per cent.; France, 38.38 per cent.; and Italy, 11.90 per cent.

THE LITTLE RIVER AT HOME.

I've watched it oft—in years gone by—
When boisterous March was Queen;
With howling gale, or long-drawn sigh,
With rain-drop tear, or wood-wild cry,
To the river she'd often lean
And tell it tales of spring-tide life
To come when the cold was gone.
Then the river fretted and tossed in strife
Till freed by rain, and the wind's sharp knife,
It flowed unfettered along.

I've watched it when the flats were green,
With Nature's mantle new;
When leafy limbs the brown hills screen,
When nesting birds glance shy between
With wish to 'scape our view;
When far above the blue sky smiled,
And peeped in the river's face,
Commending, it seemed, the sweet May child,
Whose gifts so dear, so free, so mild,
Were scattered with lavish grace.

I've floated over its glassy sheet,
On a sultry August night.
When the moon with swiftly treading feet
Came forth from her day-long gray retreat,
Flooding the earth with light:
When her face lay down in the deep below—
All calm without start or quiver,
Her white beams fleeing—the shadows go,
Till a silvery sheen like sprinkled snow,
Folds hill and dale and river.

I've dipped my oar in its sluggish stream
In the autumn's gorgeous days,
When the painted maples brightly gleam
And the swaying poplars whispering seem
In the gold October haze.
I've gathered the leaves in their painted pride;
The grasses brown and tall.
I've searched where the pale star-flowers hide,
Then stepped again o'er the wee skiff's side,
With the treasures of early fall.

I've watched it flowing dark and slow,
Mid banks of glistening rime;
Crowning the hill, the maples grow,
Stunted bushes thrive below,
With weeds, and sedge, and slime.
Now o'er its course, with heavy flight,
A fog-cloud twists and wreaths;
While on the hill—a gruesome sight—
The birches stand like marbles white,
To the hosts of fallen leaves.

I've skated over its glassy face,
Where the snow was thinly scattered,
And the shining steel left many a trace
Like a web of intricate filmy lace,
Ruthlessly torn and tattered.
In all its seasons I know it well,
And no matter where I roam,
I'll never tire my love to tell,
For each bank and hollow, each hill and dell,
'Round the little river at home.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

THE PROGRESS OF CANADA—IV.

IN the attempt which I have made in this series of brief articles to describe the progress of Canada, many branches of our development have been referred to, but perhaps the most important, though not at first sight, the most prominent, has been left to the last. I refer to our educational system and its marvellous success. The Mother-Country has owed much to her glory and power in the past to the fact that she always kept ahead of the powers of Europe in education and in the consequent elevation of her people. Our educational progress has been very great. We seem indeed to have united in our system the best attributes of those adopted by the most enlightened nations of the world, and to have expended much labour and money with undoubted success to the institution and benefit to the people. A country such as ours is, with regard to population, which can boast, according to Hon. G. W. Ross, of 15,000 public schools and 19,000 teachers, 224 high schools and academies, with about a dozen universities, has, indeed, a proud record in the past and a great future to look forward to.

We have heard of late some discussion regarding the value and importance of our Canadian literature, and doubt has been cast, not only upon our progress in the creation of a national literature, but even upon the very existence of such a branch of our development. I am one of those who believe we have a national literature, one that is rapidly growing, one that is not so much an isolated product of local peculiarities, but one that forms, nevertheless, a distinct branch of the great tree of English thought which is spreading its influence and power into every corner of the world.

Who has not heard of the works of Alpheus Todd and J. G. Bourinot upon the constitutional development of Canada and the Empire? Who has not read the well written and carefully detailed histories and biographical works of John Charles Dent, of Edmund Collins, F. X.

Garneau, George Stewart, Jr., J. M. Lemoine, or G. Mercer Adam? What Canadian has not read with a feeling of national pride the beautiful poetry of John Reade, or Charles G. D. Roberts, the well known writings of our French-Canadian poet-laureate L. H. Frechette, or the soul-stirring patriotic lines of Charles Mair? What country such as Canada can point to greater names than those of Sir Wm. Dawson, Robert Bell, or Sandford Fleming in science and literature, or to brighter and more eloquent writers than are Principal Grant, of Queen's University; Martin J. Griffin, of Ottawa; or Nicholas Flood Davin, of Regina? A greater part of the writings of Sir Daniel Wilson and Prof. Goldwin Smith form a powerful and lasting portion of our Canadian literature.

Looking therefore at the spread of education throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion, at the newspaper in every city and hamlet of the country, at the marked superiority of our journalistic work to that exhibited over the line, and to the great number of distinguished writers who have sprung up of late years in all the varied branches of thought and knowledge, it must, I think, be conceded, that the intellectual development of our young but progressive nation has kept pace most nobly with the material welfare of the people.

I may now be permitted to sum up, as briefly as possible the progress this country has made during the last twenty years. In 1868 we formed a fringe of scattered settlements and disorganised colonies along the American border, where we now see a united and determined people. Then we had 2,500 miles of railway, now we possess 11,600 miles; then we had deposited in Chartered and Savings Banks \$37,000,000, now, the amount foots up to \$148,000,000; where we then had life insurance in force amounting to \$35,000,000 we now have \$171,000,000. And thus it is in everything that can be enumerated as forming a part of national wealth or power.

Our Canal system has kept pace with our Railways; the registered tonnage of our ships is now 1,130,000 tons, placing us fourth amongst the nations of the world, and ahead of even the great Republic to the south of us. While our political institutions following the laws of British development have evolved from the colonial chaos of fifty years ago, and the general confusion of twenty years since, to a system of government which I believe to be unequalled in the annals of the world for its just distribution of responsibility and power, between the governed and the governing classes.

The best description, couched in the most eloquent and expressive language that I have ever seen of our present form of government, is that given by Principal Grant in his most interesting work, *Ocean to Ocean*, as follows: "We have a fixed centre of authority and government, a fountain of honour above us that we all reverence, from which a thousand gracious influences come down to every rank; and along with that immovable centre, representative institutions, so elastic that they respond within their own sphere to every breath of popular sentiment. In harmony with this central part of our constitution, we have an independent judiciary instead of elective judges—too often the creatures of wealthy adventurers, or the echoes of fleeting popular sentiment. More valuable than the direct advantages are the subtle indirect influences that flow from our unbroken connection with the old land, those living and life-giving forces that determine the tone and mould the character of a people. Ours are the old history, the graves of forefathers, the flag they died for, the names to which a thousand memories call, the Queen whose virtues transmute the principle of loyalty into a personal affection.

In conclusion, let us glance at two pictures, one expressing the hopes of an ardent patriotic Irish-Canadian as to the future of this country; the other a description by our most eloquent and popular Governor-General of what he himself saw a quarter of a century afterwards.

Thos. Darcy McGee, during the progress of the Confederation Debates of 1865 made a remarkable and eloquent speech, and in the course of his remarks spoke as follows, the danger referred to being that of war with the United States, then anticipated: "Over our homes a cloud hangs dark and heavy. We do not know when it will burst; with our own strength we are not able to combat against the storm. What we can do we will do cheerfully and loyally. But we want time to grow; we want more people to fill our country; more industrious men to develop our resources. We want to increase our prosperity; we want more extended trade and commerce; we want more land tilled and more men established through our wastes and wildernesses; we of the British North American Provinces want to be joined together, that if danger comes we can support each other in the day of trial."

How well this was done in the hour of trouble need not now be dwelt upon, when during the late rebellion volunteers sprung to arms and hurried to the seat of trouble animated with the same national patriotism whether they hailed from the Maritime Provinces, from Quebec or from Ontario. What, then, is the verdict of history? What was the language used by Lord Dufferin twenty-four years after that speech of Darcy McGee's, when he visited Winnipeg, the straggling Fort Garry of a decade before? He also was referring incidentally to our relations with the United States. The following magnificent words are well worthy of our closest attention:

"But of no closer connection (to United States) does she dream. In a world apart, secluded from all extraneous influences, nestling at the feet of her majestic mother, Canada dreams her dream and forbodes her

destiny—a dream of ever-broadening harvests, multiplying towns and villages and expanding pastures, of constitutional self-government and a confederate empire, of page after page of honourable history added as her contribution to the annals of the Mother Country and to the glories of the British race, of a perpetuation for all time upon this Continent of that temperate and well-balanced system of government which combines in one mighty whole, as the eternal possession of all Englishmen, the brilliant history and traditions of the past with the freest and most untrammelled liberty of action in the future."

These are noble words and noble thoughts, fitted indeed to guide all future generations of Canadians in the true path of constitutional development.

We hold, as a people, a curious position and one from which we have largely profited. On one side of us we have the natural life of America, youthful, tumultuous and energetic—burning with hope and purpose—on the other we have the natural life of Britain, mighty in heroic tradition and strengthened by the wisdom of ages. In material progress we have adopted much of the hopeful and vigorous action of the American, but in political development we very properly prefer the nobler and more stately British polity and principles.

Let our prosperous and progressive Dominion continue in the path it has been pursuing until it reaches that altitude of national prosperity which will enable it to enter into a partnership of power and peace with the motherland of nations and her great allied dependencies, and may it ever be with Canada in these brilliant words of poetic patriotism:

Fair land of peace, oh, mayst thou be
Ever, as now, the land of liberty,
Treading serenely thy bright upward road,
Honoured of nations and approved of God,
On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright
Freedom, fraternity, and equal right.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE CANADIAN AND THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

NEVER has the question of Canada's future been more freely and fully discussed than during the past year. On all sides prophecies and forebodings are uttered; some pointing towards Independence; some towards Imperial Federation, and none (we may say) towards Annexation, for if anything can be inferred from all that has been said upon the subject, it is this, that Canadians at any rate will "hold their own," and that of annexation they will have none.

When less was known of the American system of Government than at present this resolution was somewhat sentimental in its character. Now, however, the principles of the American Constitution are fairly well understood by Canadians, sufficiently so at any rate to enable them to discuss with intelligence the comparative merits of their own system with that of the Republic. The conclusions following such discussions must be gratifying to patriotic Canadians, for the general verdict is that Canadians emphatically have a better form of government than that enjoyed by the United States, and although there are some few who at all times, seasons and places, even in the House of Commons itself, point Canadians to Washington as the centre of freedom and good government, the voice of the people is not with them, nor have they succeeded to any extent in making proselytes.

To examine all the differences that exist between the American and the Canadian Constitution would require volumes. The main differences may be stated very briefly. First, of course, is one which springs from the very fact of our colonial status. The United States have in themselves the supreme power, whereas Canada (in theory at least) looks to England for her supreme power. In other words, Dominion laws are subject to veto by Imperial authority, while American bills may be vetoed by the President or pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but these are two powers existing in the State itself.

One very striking difference between the two systems of government is that which arises in regard to the powers of the States of the Union and the Provinces of the Dominion. The State is with Americans the unit; not so in Canada with the Provinces. Federal influence has but little to do with the individual State; Dominion authorities have much to say and do in connection with Provincial affairs. The very fact that all judges are appointed by the Dominion Government shows how far the Federal power extends. The only positions filled by Federal officers which affect the individual States of the Union are those of certain United States judges and also postmasters.

The Governor of a State is a monarch, elected, however, not hereditary, and his term a short one. For his term of office powers of life and death are in his hand; he commutes sentences, pardons and signs death warrants. There is no provision by which a State bill can be vetoed by the Federal Government, though in certain cases it may come before the Supreme Court to be dealt with there.

The elective system is in vogue in the Republic to a much greater extent than in our country. There is, however, a misapprehension among Canadians on the subject. With one exception, only State officials are elected by direct vote of the people. The President, the Federal judges, Federal Senators, and postmasters and other Federal officers are not elected directly by the people. The Electoral College elects the President; State Legislatures elect the Senators; postmasters and Federal judges are appointed by the President, leaving only Representatives to Congress,

who are elected by popular vote. For State offices, however, election runs riot. From Governor down to bailiff all are elected, and great is the turmoil connected with the choice of the people upon such occasions.

It is most surprising to find that under the British monarchical régime the people's representatives are more responsive (and we may say responsible) to the will of the people than under the Republican Constitution; not only is an amendment to the American Constitution a laborious task to complete, but the ministry of the day—the Cabinet—is altogether, or may be altogether, unmoved by popular demand. An American Cabinet Minister derives his official life from the President. To him he is answerable, and to no other. He occupies no seat in the House, and popular clamour cannot affect him in the least. A Government measure may be rejected by Congress—a Cabinet may become odious—but there its members remain until a new President comes in, unless, indeed, the President himself appoint new Secretaries. After all a monarchy, even an unlimited one, could hardly give a man much greater power than this—the power to appoint Ministers who are not responsible to the people, and veto bills passed by both Houses. The Senate may of course refuse to sanction his appointments, but this is a course so seldom taken by that body that it is practically inoperative.

This brings to light another remarkable feature of the American Constitution. Throughout the British Empire the lower House is always the active power and the moving force. In England and in Canada the Houses of Commons rule the country, the House of Lords and the Senate possessing and exercising much less power. In America the Senate is the stronger body, limited in numbers and its members appointed for six years. It is the most serious check on the powers of the President, and when (as during the last régime) the Senate is hostile to the President it may frustrate many of his plans; but it is in turn checked only to a slight extent by the House of Representatives. Members of the House are elected for two years only; they have little power of checking either President or Senate so that the elaborate series of "checks" which the Constitution was supposed to embody has not proved altogether efficacious.

One of the most striking features of the American system is that relating to elections. In some States votes are required to register within a certain time before election day; in others, no such provision is made, and everyone may vote who will stand a challenge from election officers. There are no official nominations. Everyone may vote for whom he pleases, though, with party feeling running so high few venture beyond party nominations; but, in theory at any rate, the election is the expression of the will of the people untrammelled by form or ceremony. That the practice does not carry out the theory so as to please observers is quite clear, because on all sides demands are made that the election system should be changed, and it is only a few weeks since *Harper's Weekly* contained an account of the system followed in Ontario as one very complete and satisfactory. It is a fact that in Omaha during the late elections voting early and often met with positive encouragement, because by that means the population of the city would seem greater and real estate men would be proportionately benefited. It seems absurd, too, that each State should regulate its elections for Federal offices in its own manner.

Other differences there are well worthy of note, some resulting from the Constitution and some from the temperament of the people, and each Government has its peculiar excellences. But it may be said dispassionately that the Canadian who leaves his native land because he does not like its system of Government will find no better in the United States. The progress and wealth of the people of the Republic is no more due to their form of Government than to their name. It has not retarded them; that much may be said. But that much revision will be necessary if they wish to render it sufficiently elastic—as much so as that of Canada for instance, none of their unprejudiced observers will deny. J. H. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRADE COMBINES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I do not desire a controversy: literary work is not my field. However, THE WEEK is, I believe, disposed to be fair, and if I can clearly point out mistakes in your reference to combines, I trust you will candidly consider them.

You say if you "were disposed to be captious" you might ask wherein the present system of selling sugars differs so widely from the former system. Look at the two positions fairly. Speaking of these staples: they were formerly sold for less than cost. The plans resorted to for selling were dishonest. Our salesmen were being trained in the devious ways of misrepresentation and deception, and the position of business was deplorably corrupt. Now they are sold on a uniform basis—no cavilling, no deception, no dishonesty. They were in the old time sold at a loss, besides the cost of handling them. Now they are sold at a slight advance on cost, and if the profit does not entirely pay for handling them, it at least contributes something towards it. You can surely recognize a vast difference in these two pictures.

But proceeding to the argumentative portion, you say: "Excluding those who do not choose to enter into the

agreement from buying on the same terms is a distinct interference with Commercial Freedom." I admit this, and under the present condition of affairs justify it. Restraint on commerce is as common as the air we breathe. Both our Customs' Tariff and Inland Revenue directly interfere with commercial freedom. The ordinary citizen cannot buy certain drugs without giving assurance that the interests of those to be affected will be properly guarded. The common huckster cannot offer his wares for sale without a special permit. The sale of certain classes of literature is absolutely prohibited. There is scarcely any branch of trade without some restraining conditions. The feature of the case in point is, that it is exceptional—of a nature not yet recognized by custom; certainly not so objectionable as some even of those mentioned, inasmuch as while it restrains a man's freedom it opens up a way for a personal benefit to the parties so restrained. Even were this not so, the old maxim comes in of the "Greatest good to the greatest number," before which every other consideration of an ordinary character at least must give way. Expediency is a potent element in all the concerns of life, and while I would by no means give it a position of undue prominence, it is alike a necessary factor in the management or government of nations, communities or households, and if it be found expedient that individual merchants should abide by a reasonable rule in the general interests of the trade, then his or their commercial freedom must be curtailed to this extent for the common good. Strictly speaking it is not necessary to enter in writing into our sugar agreement. One wholesale grocer is not a signing party to the agreement; at least he is not a member of the guild. It is, however, known that he sells at the same fixed prices as the guild and nothing more is required. Again, a merchant can sell for less and still be supplied by the refiner, at, however, a slight advance, just sufficient to say to the retail merchant, "These prices are less than they cost the seller, beware of extortionate profits on other goods." He then chooses between this system, and buying from others on an honest basis. There is, as far as I can see, no boycott in such an arrangement.

You ask, "Why not trust to the same principles and the same forces for the correction of the evils which it is claimed the combinations are formed to cure?" I answer in general terms that you do not trust to the same means to obtain exactly opposite results; besides, the "forces that make for righteousness" are never really powerful except by association. Individual action combined with associated effort are the forces which alone can permanently establish the principles of right. Your example given of the "Labourers' Union" is a rather happy one for me, because the organization is used for exactly the purpose you mention, viz., to get a "fair return for their labour" and "elevate the standard of fair dealing between man and man, and correct the evils resulting from dishonest purchasing of labour at starvation prices" except, of course, they do not use the weapons referred to in their endeavours to obtain such results.

I hope I have been able to clear up these points of difference, and beg to thank you for the expressions of confidence towards the trade and myself; and assure you if you can show me that injustice is being done I will at once withdraw from all such agreements. Yours very truly,
H. BLAIN.

Toronto, March 27th, 1889.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—An editorial note in your issue of the 22nd inst. suggests the expression of some ideas that have been floating about in education circles for years. The charge recently brought by Principal Grant against Toronto University of maintaining a low standard for University Matriculation, the discussion in the Provincial Legislature as to the duty of the State with respect to education of a higher character than that given in our Public Schools, and the conflicting opinions held as to the limits of Public and High School work, induce me to outline briefly what appears to be a rational and sound scheme of arranging the relative positions of the various classes of educational institutions in the Province.

1. It is the experience of the High School Teacher that a great many pupils leave the Public School to attend the High School or Collegiate Institute without receiving any appreciable advantage from the change. The time they spend in the High School is too limited to allow any marked advantage to be gained by beginning the study of French, German, Classics, Algebra and Euclid. On the contrary, the smattering of knowledge gained in these subjects fails to compensate them for the loss they sustain by not confining their attention to fifth form course of study of a good Public School. If the attention which is now given for a year or two in our High Schools to the elements of Classics and Modern Languages were given to English (including Composition, History, Geography, Bookkeeping and Arithmetic) the practical benefit would be much greater, and the educational results equally good. I would not advocate the exclusion from our High Schools of any candidate capable of passing the entrance examination, but I certainly would advocate that, wherever possible, a fifth form should be established in our Public Schools. Were such a provision made for continuing the work of the Public Schools beyond its present limit, there can be but little doubt that thousands of students, now filling to overflow the lower forms of our High Schools,

would remain in the Public School until their education was completed.

2. The effect of such a policy on our High School attendance would no doubt be very considerable. Not so many High Schools and Collegiate Institutes would be required; the country would have, instead of a number of poorly-equipped, small High Schools, better Public Schools at a much less expense. The attendance at many of the larger High Schools and Collegiate Institutes would also diminish. That, however, would not be an unmixed evil. Just now the attendance is much too large for the good of either pupil or teacher. A smaller attendance would ensure more thorough work, more careful and individual teaching, more rapid progress and a higher standard of attainments and efficiency. This now leads me to another point.

3. The complaint of the low standard of our Matriculation Examination may be taken to be well founded. The blame is thrown on different shoulders by different writers according to the various standpoints from which they write. Admitting that a high standard is desirable how can it be attained? The answer is by placing the work of the first year of our Universities in the hands of the Collegiate Institutes. This is a perfectly feasible plan, and the advantages which would result from it are very numerous. It would raise the average standard of our Collegiate Institutes, and would be a distinct line of demarcation between High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. It would materially relieve the Universities—particularly Toronto University—from a portion of their present work and leave them free to undertake the more advanced studies which are the work proper of a University. We lament that our young men must go abroad to pursue their past graduate studies. Can we be surprised at this when it is taken into consideration that Toronto University is engaged in doing (badly) the work that should be left to the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. If the present First Year Examination were made the Matriculation Examination, the attendance at the Universities might be somewhat lessened, but the energies of the University and College professors would be expended on subjects worthy of their supposed abilities. We might then have a University where genuine University teaching would be given. I pass by the financial benefit of this arrangement to note very briefly the objections raised to such a change.

4. The objections are from totally different quarters—from the smaller High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and from the University. The objections of the smaller Collegiate Institutes and some of the High Schools are that to teach the work of the present first year would impose too heavy a task on our teachers, and would be a financial burden on the ratepayers. Others, I am afraid, object because such a step would tend to elevate a few of our Collegiate Institutes at the expense of the others. On the other hand, University authorities pretend to be afraid that the Collegiate Institutes are not competent to undertake the task of teaching *thoroughly* the work of the first year. This objection has been urged very often—what its grounds are it is difficult to understand. It is a fact that for years some of our Collegiate Institutes have been teaching the pass and honour work of the first year, and their fitness for the task is shown by the results of the University examinations. In the majority of cases where students trained by the Collegiate Institute come into competition with those of University College, the results have been in favour of the Collegiate Institutes. This is a test that cannot be ignored; besides, it is well known that the personal attention given in a good Collegiate Institute to pupils of the higher forms is utterly impossible in a College so crowded as University College admittedly is. We contend that the teaching in our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes is infinitely superior to that given in the first year by the Universities, and that instead of suffering from the transfer, students would greatly profit if their present first year was taken at some good Collegiate Institute. Nor would it be a burden to these Institutes to do the work efficiently. It would be as easy and economical to teach a class of twenty-five as a class of ten, and not more than an average of twenty-five would attend a Collegiate Institute.

As to the increased financial burden it would not be very great, and might be entirely removed by a small grant from the Education Department. Ten thousand dollars a year of additional expenditure would serve for some time to come, and this would be a much more economical expenditure in the interests of University education than a large increase in University endowment.

In conclusion, I may say, that these thoughts have been very hurriedly thrown together, and that anything in the way of elaborate argument has not been attempted. The thoughts are not new, but it appears to me that they are worthy of serious consideration.

W. J. ROBERTSON.

St. Catharines, March 23rd, 1889.

THE JESUITS' ESTATES ACT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Mr. Edward Douglas Armour closes his rejoinder to Professor Wells' reply to his article in THE WEEK in these words: "Therefore, whether it be alleged that Great Britain's title to the estates was imperfect by escheat, or 'confiscation,' if you will, or whether it be alleged that in making a money compensation for the loss of the estates the Legislature was obliged to procure rati-

fication from the Pope himself before its Act would be binding, in either case the sovereignty of the Pope has been unfaithfully set up over Her Majesty the Queen and the laws of the Province. Those who would uphold the Act may sit on whichever horn of the dilemma they find least uncomfortable." Has Mr. Armour established his dilemma?

1. As by the Act in question the Quebec Legislature expressly asserts that the Crown's title to the estates in question is perfect by escheat, and deals with the matter upon that basis the Act cannot be said to be unconstitutional as impugning that title and the first horn of the supposed dilemma does not exist.

2. As the Quebec Legislature has not expressly or by implication admitted that it "was obliged to procure ratification from the Pope himself before its Act would be binding" (Mr. Armour's words), the second horn of the supposed dilemma seems equally imaginary.

Had not the Quebec Legislature full constitutional power to make a gift or subsidy out of its own moneys to any person or body in the Province without imposing any condition whatever? If it had such power had it not a right to make its gift conditional upon the happening of any event whatever? And has that Legislature by the Act in question done more than this? Does that Legislature by this Act more than say: "These estates are the absolute legal property of the Crown. This Legislature has the constitutional power to deal with them and with the public moneys of the Province as it thinks fit, by sale or by gift, conditional or unconditional. In exercise of that power we deal with these estates and moneys in a certain manner in favour of a certain body upon condition that that body through its agent (the Pope) accepts that dealing in full settlement of certain moral (not legal) claims, which we are not legally bound to recognize, but which we think proper to recognize to this extent for the sake of peace. This Act is to have no effect, i.e., we will not deal with the matter in this way unless that condition be fulfilled. All the power is in our hands and we refuse to (not 'we cannot') exercise it unless the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, through its agent the Pope, binds itself by ratification of this proposed settlement of these moral claims to accept it as satisfactory?"

Mr. Armour's other objection that the Act does not provide for a finality does not seem to touch the question of constitutionality but seems rather to be a matter to be dealt with by the Quebec Legislature.

Yours truly,

Winnipeg, March 25, 1889.

F. B. ROBERTSON.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBOURS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I am greatly surprised that any advocate of "Imperial Federation" should deem it necessary to use such arguments as Mr. Granville Cunningham does in your issue of March 29. I for one absolutely refuse to accept his dictum that Canadian independence is the least desirable of the three futures, to which, according to him, we are shut up—the other two being Imperial Federation and Annexation to the United States. I firmly believe that an independent Canadian nation is quite possible and practicable if only all Canadians, or the great majority of them, want to have one. The men who are just now doing the most to make such a future impossible are Mr. Cunningham and his Imperial Federation associates, and they are, therefore, the real traitors in the Canadian camp.

Mr. Cunningham and those who think with him may as well understand that if the advocates of Canadian independence are defeated in their wish many of them will prefer annexation to Imperial Federation as a political future for this country. I myself will, without hesitation, and for what seem to me good, sufficient, and patriotic reasons. He may as well learn also that no such bugbears as fear of the military power of the United States and dislike of the social characteristics of the people of that country will prevent annexation. Nobody except our worthy police magistrate believes that the people of the United States are thirsting for our blood, and no one takes Col. Denison seriously. In the matter of administration of justice, the old slave-holding states have not yet come up to our standard, but justice is as well administered in New England, the Middle, the Northern, and the South-Western States as it is in Ontario. The Biddulph lynching was worse than anything that has happened in New York for fifty years, and the lynchers are still unpunished.

Moreover, Ontario would, after annexation, have in her own hands even more completely than she now has it, control of the administration of justice. We could have our judges appointed then quite as well as now. We could observe the Sabbath then just as we please. We could make divorce lax or difficult to suit ourselves. In short, in every imaginable particular we would be more than we are to-day in this Province masters of our own political condition. If Mr. Cunningham does not know this he should inform himself before writing as he does. If he is trying to mislead he is an unworthy advocate of a cause which has many honest, if visionary, supporters.

Toronto, March 30, 1889.

KANUCK.

PHILOSOPHY triumphs easily over the past and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.—*Rochevoucauld.*

OLD ST. ANDREWS, FIFE.

I AM glad to know that it is becoming fashionable for well-to-do Americans and Canadians to take a week on the Atlantic and spend their holidays in old historic St. Andrews. I could fancy no more delicious earthly place of rest for the weary than in this sea-washed, venerable old town, with its wide still streets, its skeleton ruins and ancient gateways. It is a city of the past; originally of the Culdees, who, flourishing in the ninth century, were superseded by Anglican Monks from Northumberland, these giving to the Monastery they then founded the name of their patron, Saint Andrew. A city of intense historic interest, being one of the great arenas where truth and freedom wrestled with and overthrew a powerful ecclesiastical tyranny, bearing yet on its grim front the marks of the shock of battle.

From the early days of old, St. Andrew's University has been famous the world over. It is the oldest in Scotland, being founded in 1411. It has 100,000 printed volumes, besides 160 manuscripts, and its museum is a treasure house of antiquities and natural curiosities. In these, its corridors, with all the buoyancy of youth, have walked the feet of men whose after tread shook the world they lived in. St. Salvador's College, and St. Leonard College, the one founded in 1456 and the other in 1512, were amalgamated and became the United College in 1747. There is also the clerical college of St. Mary's, all three being now included in the University. Hither,

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,

flock students yearly to these venerable halls of learning.

The tall, square tower of St. Regulus is the first landmark that challenges the attention of the traveller from the east coast to the city.

St. Regulus, or St. Rala, was a mediaeval anchorite, and is thus referred to in *Marmion*, where the Palmer explains why he may no longer tarry:—

For I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way.
To fair St. Andrews bound:
Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good St. Rule his holy lay.
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.

The tower is one of the oldest erections in this country, being built somewhere about 1127-1144. It is one hundred and eight feet in height, and from this high altitude, which, I need not say, commands a magnificent view, Dr. Chalmers was wont to take his astronomical observations. Inside, on the first landing, the transom beam of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada is still preserved. In the floor of the little vestibule below are several lettered marble tablets in which loving survivors have pathetically tried to preserve for a while the individuality of the now indistinguishable dust. But indeed the ephemerality of life is vividly realized here, among these mouldering generations who all forgotten lie around the base of this hoary but still substantial tower.

The cathedral was built a considerable time after St. Regulus; and it was consecrated after the deliverance of Bannockburn in presence of Robert Bruce as an act of gratitude and homage to that warrior and patriot. The proportions of this noble old pile, as still indicated, were magnificent; it was tall, strong and massive, and the records tell how its copper-covered roof shone in the sun and was seen far out at sea. An hundred and fifty years were spent in its erection, but what can withstand the fury of an enraged people—in one single day of the Reformation it was destroyed, when as Tennant sings:—

Among the steer, strabash and strife,
When bickerin' frae the towns o' Fife,
Great bangs o' bodies thick and rife,
Gaed to Sanct Andro's toon;
And wi' John Calvin in their heads,
And hammers in their hands, and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the cathedral doon.

It is now floored with graves. One of the walls is completely obliterated, and on being enquired the reason of this the caretaker calmly replied:—"Oo, the wretches just made a quarry o't."

The castle stands on a high stratified sloping rock, looking out on a wide stretch of tawny sands, up over which unceasingly the foaming surges of the tide roll and recede, with an ever-swelling, far-dying roar. It was originally built in 1200, but after having been taken and retaken repeatedly it was at last demolished to prevent further seizure. About the end of the 14th century however, it was again re-built, and in it James I. was educated and James III. born.

Crossing what was once a drawbridge over a now dry moat, I went to see the famous, or rather infamous bottle dungeon, where in the "good old days" they imprisoned people who dared to differ from the powers that then were, either in religion or politics. A gnome-like specimen of humanity, old and bent, noticeably unwashed, and with a dew-drop pendant from the point of his fat nose, conducted me thither. He tremblingly lit two miserable bits of candle which were stuck into holes in the ends of a flat strip of wood a little over a foot long, and with a string attached to the middle thereof he swung the dim lights slowly down into the dungeon. For some twelve or thirteen feet down it looks like a well constructed draw-well, but of smooth, perpendicular masonry, without one single jutting stone whereunto a human foot might cling. This is the neck of the "bottle." At the base of this it suddenly widens out to about sixteen feet, which is hewn

out of the solid rock to the depth of another five feet or so making in all a distance of some eighteen feet downward of utter blackness, for the mouth of the dungeon itself is a dark, unlighted, over-arching chamber. As I peered down into the gloom made visible by the swinging candles, the old gnome in a cut-and-dry monotone recited for my behoof the history of this horrible dungeon, but to my unlistening ears it might have been the incantation of a weird wizard, for my thoughts were with the heroes who, in defence of the liberty which we now so jauntily enjoy, blanched not nor quailed, as in its sightless and soundless gloom they awaited their doom of death by slow fire. Strong must have been their faith and stout their hearts, for into that dread darkness came—

No voice from the upper world,
And no change of night and day;
No record to mark the dreary hours,
As they slowly pass away.

But only the stormy wave,
As it leaps against the rock,
May be heard within that gloomy cave,
With a faint and distant shock.

It was in a room adjoining this dungeon where he had been confined, that the gentle, handsome, and scholarly Wishart, while awaiting martyrdom at the stake, dispensed to a few of the faithful the first Protestant service of the Lord's supper in Scotland.

Want of space forbids further enumeration of the many other places of interest such as the Martyrs' Mount, the Madras College, ancient walls, and Culdee ruins. I can only suggest to those having means and leisure that no finer place for the recuperation of body and mind can be found than old St. Andrews. Here is delightful sea-bathing—on a glorious sea-beach, wild, rugged and picturesque, with long reaches of shining yellow sands girded and framed in rocks. The Witch Lake is the gentlemen's bathing quarters, used for drowning witches in the olden time; and there are pleasanter stretches of less grim memory for the use of ladies. The long, green, breezy links are always alive with golfers, for the royal old game is still a favourite, although, unlike our national game, it is monopolized by one class in a way not to be understood by a transatlantic mind.

At five o'clock in the afternoon I went to hear Andrew Lang, who is now delivering a series of lectures on Natural Theology to the students of the University. The hall in which the audience were assembled was "large and commodious," and the walls were adorned by some very fine life-size portraits of Principal Shairp and others connected with the professoriate. The hall itself, however, was, to my mind, not so artistic in construction as our Convocation Hall in Toronto University.

Mr. Lang is tall, rather military looking, of pale complexion, and impresses one as being a gentleman, and scholarly. His hair, which is now gray, he wears pretty long, parted near the middle of the forehead, and thrown back from a full high brow. He wears side whiskers, somewhat darker than his hair, but his moustache is jet black and abundant. He also sports an eyeglass, which seems to bother him so much, as to compel him to dispense with it at intervals. His speech, though rapid, is distinct. At first, I found it difficult to get accustomed to the sound and pronunciation of many of his words. It was the first time in my life I had ever heard a Scotchman, and a Fife man to boot, speak with such an ultra-Anglican accent. His constant use of the "ow" sound in pronouncing "O" reminded me unpleasantly and incongruously of the Salvation Army twang, with which we in Toronto are so familiar. For instance, in speaking of the natives of the Gold Coast, he says: "The neytives of the gowld cowst." Apart from this defect, the lecture was a rare treat; the fruit of much research, evincing profound and original thought, which he presented in a clear and attractive manner. I was glad and thankful for the privilege of hearing it. I cannot think of anything more *apropos* with which to conclude than this quotation from his very beautiful poem, which for the delectation of those of your readers who may not have seen it, I now transcribe from his book.

ALMA MATER.

ST. ANDREWS 1862.—OXFORD 1865.

St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound,
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endures, and still decay
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat,
Ghostlike and shadowy they stand,
Clear mirrored in the wet sea sand.

O, ruined chapel, long ago,
We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh budded mountain ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall!
The tough roots broke the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous;
We did not dream, we could not know
How soon the fates would sunder us.

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the Scarlet Gown,
And glowing sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
And now I watch you, and to me
It seems as if I touched his hand!

And therefore art thou yet more dear
O, little city gray and sere;
Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,

And lonely by the lonely sea
Than those fair halls on Isis' side,
Where youth an hour gave back to me!

All these hath Oxford; all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the Scarlet Gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me.

The castle stands on a precipitous rock looking out on a wide stretch of tawny sands, over which, continually, the foaming surges roll and recede with an ever swelling, far-dying roar.

JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

SERMONS BY THE LATE BISHOP HARRIS.*

THERE are few members of the Anglican communion—or even of any religious communion, who take any wide interest in the work of the Gospel in the world—who can have forgotten the painful emotion caused on both sides of the Atlantic by the intelligence that the Bishop of Michigan, while attending the Lambeth Conference, had been stricken with paralysis, and lay at the point of death. Too soon the apprehended result ensued, and the Church experienced the sad and, as it would seem to us, the untimely loss of one of her noblest sons. There will be many persons, therefore, who will rejoice to possess the handsome volume now before us, not only because it contains fifteen sermons of very great excellence—far away above the average of sermons preached by bishop or presbyter—but also because it contains more than one interesting memorial of the Bishop himself, one of these being an introductory memoir by the Hon. James Campbell, of Detroit, the other a memorial address delivered at Detroit by the Bishop of New York, Dr. Henry Potter, both of them dear and attached friends of the late Bishop Harris. Not less interesting is the brief but touching preface by Miss Harris, the Bishop's daughter, who has done her work of editing with eminent ability and unusual success. We can hardly imagine the sermons appearing in a more perfect form if the author had himself corrected the proofs.

To those readers of the memorials who had not the privilege of knowing the late Bishop Harris, it will probably appear that the testimonies here borne savour of what Coleridge somewhere calls the "hyperbole of affection." But this will hardly be the case with any of those who knew him. Physically, morally, and spiritually, Bishop Harris stood head and shoulders above his fellows. In stature he was considerably over six feet, and the photograph which accompanies the present volume gives no unfair representation of the grand, calm face, which was an index of the mind which it represented. Dr. Harris united strength, gentleness, and sweetness in a very remarkable and unusual manner.

The late Bishop was successively lawyer, soldier, lawyer, and clergyman. "He was the son of an Alabama planter, Buckner Harris, Esq., of Antauga County, and his school-days began at the age of four years." At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Alabama, in 1856. Three years later he left the college, and passed to the study of the law under Chancellor Keys, and was admitted to the bar in 1860, at the age of nineteen, by special legislation, on account of his legal minority. In the following year he married, and before the year had ended he accepted that which "to a young man of spirit, surrounded as he was, became inevitable, and was a soldier in the Southern army." "The life of the camp was not congenial to him," Bishop Potter tells us. "But he had a keen sense of honour and of duty, and these held him to his tasks, principally those of a staff officer, until the end. When that had come, he removed to New York and resumed the practice of the law, which he continued until the year 1868."

It was from no want of success in the legal profession that it was abandoned by Mr. Harris. Apparently the methods of the law were as uncongenial to his noble nature as had been the customs of the army in the field. "He disliked and disdained the acts by which juries are too often influenced, and still more, the sharp practice by which justice is too often wounded in the house of her friends. But his pursuit of his profession was eminently successful, and he never lost a cause."

We must refer our readers to the process by which the successful lawyer was led to abandon his lucrative profession, and seek for ordination in a church which can offer to its ministers neither the inducement of worldly position nor the hope of wealth, or even of easy circumstances, in her service. Wherever Dr. Harris went, whatever he undertook, in that place and in that work he excelled. As rector of St. James's, Chicago, he did a work which will not be forgotten for years to come. As Bohlen lecturer he produced a volume, of which Bishop Potter, no mean judge, and a man in no way addicted to exaggerated language, declares that it is the work of one who has "started out with a firm grasp of certain great principles, and then has followed them in a philosophic temper, so calm and serene as to make his pages an increasing delight, to their logical conclusions, and that with a reasoning at once lucid, vigorous, and irresistible." We can understand the good Bishop, in this connection, speaking of his departed friend as "the dear friend and teacher whom we are here to mourn to-night."

We wish very much it were in our power to refer somewhat at large to the very remarkable work which he

* *The Dignity of Man*: Select Sermons by S. S. Harris, D.D., LL.D., Late Bishop of Michigan. Chicago: McClurg; Toronto: Rowell. 1889. \$1.50.

did in the diocese of Michigan, elevating the tone of clergy and laity, so that old divisions and disputes were hushed into silence, men feeling that they had something better to do than to contend for trifles and shibboleths. We should like also to take notice of his large-minded and far-seeing policy in connection with the State University of Michigan, in having founded the Hobart Guild and the Baldwin lectureship, but we must reserve what space remains to us for a few words on the sermons.

It is not too much to say that, apart from the remarkable personality and the almost romantic history of their author, these sermons would anywhere and under any circumstances be recognized as of very great merit; and this is the more remarkable from the fact that they are not what might be called "picked" sermons. They are not sermons preached on special occasions, in which it might be supposed that the speaker had put forth all his strength. Most of them were preached as ordinary Sunday morning sermons in churches in the city of Detroit. The first sermon, indeed—on "Shepherdhood"—partakes of the character of an inaugural pastoral. It was preached in the church of St. Paul's, the oldest church in Detroit, the first he delivered in his diocese after his consecration as Bishop of Michigan. Here the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. The true shepherd is one who leads and feeds and cares for the flock, not one who falls back on privilege and prerogative. "While David sat daily in the gate to meet the people and right their wrongs he ruled them, and they gave him a glad obedience; but when he withdrew into the exclusiveness of prerogative the traitor Absalom came and stole their hearts away. So long as David relied on his shepherdhood, he reigned as a king; but when he forgot his shepherdhood and began to rely on his royalty, he lost his power, and came nigh losing his crown."

It is not easy to give an idea of the contents or the power of these sermons, either by outlines or by a series of extracts. We can honestly recommend the purchase and perusal of the volume to clergymen and laymen alike; and we think that young preachers could hardly have better models. We venture upon one other extract: "Faith is man's characteristic faculty, by means of which he has done all the noble deeds that have adorned his history. I use the accepted language of philosophy when I define it in its generic sense as that function or movement of the soul by means of which man relies on and confides in the unseen—a function which every man must employ even in the commonest affairs of life, without which he could not, even for a single day, live a rational existence. In other words, man must believe in more than he can see; he must confide in more than his senses can verify; he must exercise a trust in the unseen, which is a genuine movement of faith, or a reasonable life would be simply impossible. . . . Faith in truth guides the student; faith in justice inspires the jurist; faith in life and its healing power calls forth the physician's skill and nerves the surgeon's hand; faith discerns the unseen beauty and wakes the poet's rapture, or loves the ideal grace and kindles the philosophic thought, or inspires the artist's dream."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BLOODMADNESS.

ONE of the most striking instances afforded by history of Haematomania in a tyrant is Ibrahim ibn Ahmad, prince of Africa and Sicily (A. D. 875). This man, besides displaying peculiar ferocity in his treatment of his enemies and prisoners of war, delighted in the execution of horrible butcheries within the walls of his own palace. His astrologers having predicted that he should die by the hands of a "small assassin," he killed off the whole retinue of his pages, and filled up their places with a suite of negroes whom he proceeded to treat after the same fashion. On another occasion when one of his three hundred eunuchs had by chance been witness of the tyrant's drunkenness, Ibrahim slaughtered the whole band. Again he is said to have put an end to sixty youths burning them by gangs of five or six in the furnace or suffocating them in the hot chambers of his baths. Eight of his brothers were murdered in his presence; and when one who was so diseased that he could scarcely stir, implored to be allowed to end his days in peace, Ibrahim answered, "I make no exceptions." His own son, Abu-l-Aglab, was beheaded by his orders before his eyes; and the execution of chamberlains, secretaries, ministers and courtiers was of common occurrence. But his fiercest fury was directed against women. He seems to have been darkly jealous of the perpetuation of the human race. Wives and concubines were strangled, sawn asunder and buried alive if they showed signs of pregnancy. His female children were murdered as soon as they saw the light; sixteen of them whom his mother managed to conceal and rear at her own peril, were massacred upon the spot when Ibrahim discovered whom they claimed as father. Contemporary Arab chroniclers pondering upon the fierce and gloomy passions of this man arrived at the conclusion that he was the subject of a strange disease, a portentous secretion of black bile producing the melancholy which impelled him to atrocious crimes. Nor does the principle on which this diagnosis of his case was founded appear unreasonable. Ibrahim was a great general, an able ruler, a man of firm and steady purpose; not a weak and ineffectual libertine whom lust for blood and lochery had placed below the level of brute beasts. When the time for his abdication arrived he threw aside his mantle of state and donned the mean garb of an Arab devotee,

preached a crusade and led an army into Italy, where he died of dysentery before the city of Cosenza. The only way of explaining his eccentric thirst for slaughter is to suppose that it was a dark monomania, a form of psychopathy analogous to that which we find in the Maréchal de Retz and the Marquise de Brinvilliers. One of the most marked symptoms of this disease was the curiosity which led him to explore the entrails of his victims, and to feast his eyes upon their quivering hearts. After causing his first minister Ibn-Semsama to be beaten to death, he cut his body open and with his own knife sliced the brave man's heart. On another occasion he had five hundred prisoners brought before him. Seizing a sharp lance he first explored the region of the ribs, and then plunged the spear point into the heart of each victim in succession. A garland of these hearts was made and hung up on the gate of Tunis. The Arabs regarded the heart as the seat of thought in man, the throne of the will, the centre of intellectual existence. In this pre-occupation with the hearts of his victims we may trace the jealousy of human life which Ibrahim displayed in his murder of pregnant women, as well as a tyrant's fury against the organ which had sustained his foes in their resistance. We can only comprehend the combination of sanguinary lust with Ibrahim's vigorous conduct of civil and military affairs, on the hypothesis that this man-tiger, as Amari, to whom I owe these details, calls him, was possessed with a specific madness.

THE ENGLISH SPECULATIVE CRAZE.

AMERICANS are commonly regarded as pre-eminently the race of speculators. The great land craze of 1833 and 1834, and the railroad mania of 1856 and 1872, certainly furnished impressive illustrations of a universal scramble after speculative profits; and the last dozen years, with their instances of wild eagerness among small capitalists to risk their savings in railroad schemes of whose merits they knew absolutely nothing, gave little encouragement to believers in the business conservatism of our people. But the unparalleled development of our interior regions gives at least an apology for this recklessness. The Panama Canal craze among the French people would scarcely have been possible here. If the account were fairly balanced, moreover, we are inclined to think that the palm for stock gambling in "blind pools" must be awarded to our English neighbours. Everybody knows how sorely the London speculators were bitten in the American mining craze, when half of the exhausted gold and silver mines of the Pacific coast were transferred at a handsome figure to the deluded Englishmen. Almost every bankrupt railway of this country is ornamented with an enormous "English interest" among its shareholders. But experience has been a very unsuccessful teacher. Just now all London is in a fever over African and Asiatic mining shares. Every unscrupulous "promoter" who has money enough to rent an office in Lombard street and influence enough to obtain the names of two or three noble lords and members of Parliament as directors of his company, is offering investments in gold placers along the African coast, diamond mines in South America, ruby mountains in Central Asia, antimony deposits in New Zealand, and scores of similar glittering schemes. So eager is the public to have a part in the great gamble that the streets before the subscription offices are blocked for hours before the books are opened. The Burmah Ruby Mines Company, which recently offered for investment shares to the value of £200,000, received subscriptions for several millions before the allotted period was over; and this is but one example. In London, as in New York, much of the demand is due to the high character of the banking houses which float the schemes. But bankers are human, even in London, and the enormous commissions of the business have attracted into it even such houses as the Rothschilds who used to be considered a rock of conservatism. This is, of course, an unfortunate element, but, after all, it merely marks out the magnitude of the popular craze for blind speculation. And the gambling instinct is one of the most deeply rooted of human passions the world over.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

BUT if the physical results of alcohol are varied, much more diverse are its effects upon the mental and moral nature of man. Indeed, they are as multiform as man himself. One general classification only is possible. Certain individuals (fortunately the small minority) are always pleasurable affected by stimulants. Each successive dose arouses in them increased exhilaration, and when intoxication supervenes, their sensations are delightful. Their very sense is exalted; they fancy themselves endued with every gift—with all power and possession. As it is often remarked, these are generally men of the most brilliant intellect, and of the most charming moral qualities. Once led captive by alcohol, these unfortunates seldom have sufficient power of will to refrain from renewed indulgence. No moral considerations avail to restrain them, and, with few exceptions, they yield wholly, finally, and fatally to the tempter. For such men total abstinence is the only refuge. Upon the large majority of men the effects of alcohol, taken to intoxication, are clearly and essentially different; although at first exhilarated, repeated indulgence brings drowsiness, dulness of apprehension, anaesthesia, vertigo, nausea, and vomiting—in short, bodily and mental symptoms which are excessively disagreeable. Of this class very few become drunkards, and those are men whom anaesthesia becomes desirable as a temporary refuge from bodily pain

or mental distress. Herein lies the sole explanation of the fact that the proportion of drunkards to moderate and habitual drinkers remains so small.—*Dr. W. S. Searle, in North American Review for April.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

LECTURE ON BEETHOVEN.

MR. CLARENCE LUCAS, one of the Professors of the Toronto College of Music, gave a most interesting address on Thursday evening, in the Music Hall of that institution, before a large and thoroughly appreciative audience. He had chosen for his subject Beethoven, whose name is, of course, familiar to all, but of whose inner life, and of whose works and manner of working, few but musicians know much. Mr. Lucas showed abundant familiarity with his subject and a decided patience in research, for the lecture was full of interesting detail. Mr. Lucas's address covered the great composer's early years, education, independent spirit, manner of living, personal appearance, and tastes. He further spoke of Beethoven as pianist, his afflictions, *modus operandi*, death, and rank as composer. An agreeable feature of the evening's entertainment was the performance of a short programme selected from Beethoven's works, embracing: Adagio from 2nd Sonata (piano), Mr. Clarence Lucas; 1st Movement of Sonata, Op. 31, No. 1 (piano), Mme. Asher Lucas; Andante con Moto, 5th Symphony (organ), Mr. Vogt; 1st Movement "Waldstein" Sonata (piano), Mr. H. M. Field; Peasant's Dance, Storm, and Hymn of Thanksgiving after the Storm, from "Pastoral Symphony" (piano duet), Mme. Asher Lucas and Mr. Lucas.

THE EVOLUTION OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

A VERY interesting discourse was delivered in the Lecture Room, Association Hall, on Friday evening, by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Harrison had chosen for his subject, "The Evolution of Instrumental Music," principally as relating to the piano-forte. He evinced a thorough knowledge of his subject, and showed a bright and sparkling diction which greatly pleased his large audience. The lecturer covered, in a concise though graceful manner, the following ground: Ancient forms of instrumental music; contrast between their formal beauty and the poetic beauty of modern music; evolution of modern music from dance forms of the sixteenth century; Pavane and Galliard; Allemande and Courante; Sarabande, Gigue, Minuet, Scherzo derived from Minuet; the Suite; the Sonata; poetic treatment of music; modern poetic treatment of dance forms; the Romantic School—Influence of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Chopin. The following programme was performed, in illustration of the lecture, by Mr. Harrison and those whose names appear: Pavane, 1562; Galliard (*Frescobaldi*), 1591-1640; Eleventh Suite, Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gigue (*Handel*), 1685-1759; Gavotte and Musette, Gigue (*J. S. Bach*), 1685-1750; Prelude, 2nd Partita (*J. L. Krebs*), 1713-1780; Fantasia, from a Sonata (*C. P. E. Bach*), 1714-1788; Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison; Sonata, F. Minor, Op. 57, Allegro Assai (*Beethoven*), 1770-1827; Mr. J. D. A. Tripp; Mazurka (*Chopin*), 1809-1849; Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison; Polonaise, C. Minor (*Chopin*), 1809-1849, Miss Ethelind G. Thomas.

ALONE IN LONDON.

THIS has been a melodramatic week at both theatres, the Grand Opera House being occupied by Robert Buchanan's *Alone in London*, which if not exactly lurid in style, is sufficiently moving in incident and feeling to satisfy those who like that sort of thing. Those who saw its performance a year ago, with Miss Cora Tanner as "Annie Meadows," will have found this representation a weaker one, though not without its own excellences. Miss Ada Dwyer, who played this part, has undoubted dramatic talent, and when she frees herself from conventionality, she displays a strong individuality. She has a good voice capable of expression, and good expressive eyes, but fails in point of physique. We have of late years been so accustomed to have our heroines given us on a liberal physical scale, that a slight, slender woman like Miss Dwyer is handicapped at the outset. Mr. C. G. Craig, an old Canadian, was her principal support, and was a sufficiently satisfactory villain as "Richard Radcliffe," though his manner and bearing savored more of the society scamp than of the strongly accentuated melodramatic rascal, and as such he was a trifle quiet for his surroundings. The humour of the play is well contributed by Miss Maggie Holloway as "Liz Jenkinson," and Mr. Alf. Fisher as "Charlie Johnson." The others of the company were at the best only mediocre.

NEXT week promises to be a lively one for music lovers. The list opens with a vocal recital by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, who are well known as artists without rivals in this department of elegant rendition. From a profusion of complimentary notices I select the following from the *London Musical Times*, that readers of THE WEEK may know what a treat is in store for them: "Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's two vocal recitals, at the Prince's Hall, have proved extremely successful. An entertainment of this kind has novelty to recommend it, and with two voices to afford the requisite variety, as well as to unite now and then in a duet, we can conceive the possibility of a vocal recital *à deux* becoming a very popular form of concert with artists whose names are powerful enough to command a substantial auditory. Of course in Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's case the conditions were especially suited to the

purpose. Both are admirable vocalists, and their cultured style enables them to interpret every form of song that the refined amateur cares to listen to. Hence the comprehensiveness of the programme and genuine 'artistic merit' of the two recitals just given at the pretty little hall in Picadilly."

On the following evening an entertainment of no less interest will take place at the Pavilion at which Miss Emma Juch will appear. This lady is already so deservedly popular in Toronto that she needs no introduction. Her performances here in both opera and concert have done that for her. Miss Aus der Ohe is also well liked here, having been the solo pianist at a concert of the Vocal Society last year, and having won golden opinions on that occasion. The name of Jules Perotti is a new one in Toronto, but this gentleman will be found one of the strongest attractions of this fine company. He recently made a wonderful success at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in *Tromatore*, contributing therein largely to the popularity of the movement in that city to substitute other modern works for the Wagner régime, which has governed that opera house for four years. He is looked upon as the tenor upon whose shoulders the mantle of the great Wachtel has fallen. The other members of the company are Mr. Victor Herbert, violoncellist and musical director; Mme. Therese Herbert-Foerster, dramatic prima-donna soprano; Miss Helene Von Doenhoff, prima-donna contralto; Mr. William Lavin, tenor; and Signor Clemente Bologna, basso.

On Thursday evening Mr. Torrington's orchestra will give its second concert this season. A most pleasing programme has been arranged. Orchestral pieces will, of course, form the principal part of the programme, with a novelty in the shape of a brass quartette. Mr. Ludwig Corel, the well-known violoncellist, will play, and vocal selections will be given by Mrs. Agnes Thomson and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

VERDI'S *Othello* will follow Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre, London, under the direction of Signor Faccio, the famous manager of La Scala, Milan, the orchestra and chorus belonging to that celebrated opera house also coming over.

COLONEL MAPLESON is trying to get Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of opera, his old indomitable perseverance not yet having deserted him.

THE Monroe doctrine does not always work. A Miss Kinharvie, who recently made her *debut* in London in *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, not having made a striking success, is now called a Canadian by the American papers, after having been claimed as an American previous to her presumed *fiasco*. It is the old story over again, just as Hurlan became a Canadian after his failure on the Paramatta.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has had to cancel all her dates, owing to a severe illness. She is now slowly recovering, her convalescence being somewhat retarded by absurd accusations made against her by a Miss Cecil, a young woman who is a disappointed aspirant for the stage, and who is now supposed to be suffering from mania.

B NATURAL.

NOTES.

MRS. LANGTRY is restored to health and resumed her engagement at New York on Monday evening.

MRS. FLORENCE was reported as intending to give up the stage; but her thirty-six years of experience have not yet discouraged her, and she means to die in harness.

PEOPLE often complain, and justly too, of the size and character of the theatre orchestras in Toronto, yet they are about as good and as large as those in New York, where the following figures obtain: Academy of Music, 13; Grand Opera House, 12; Daly's, 12; Fifth Avenue, 13; Star, 12; Wallack's, 13; Niblo's, 9; increased two or three extra when a spectacular piece is produced, and this theatre, with its reputation and its seating capacity is second to none in London or New York; this number includes the leader, or what is oftener termed the conductor. In London things are different, as witness: Lyceum (Irving's), 47; Opera Comique, 27; Drury Lane, 52; Covent Garden, 60 (Hengler's Circus located there at the present time); Avenue Theatre, 27; Princess', 16; Adelphi, 16; Alhambra, 48; Empire, 60 (the last two being concert halls, or what we term variety shows); the Crystal Palace Orchestra numbers forty employed all the year round and augmented to 100 every Saturday.

FANNY DAVENPORT used to weigh "215 pounds." By a judicious system of hanting she has reduced her weight to 168 pounds.

JOSEFFY and Rosenthal played together with great success in New York on Saturday evening.

THE author of "En Revenant de la Revue," otherwise the Boulanger March, M. Paulus Bordelais, recently gave a fine supper in Paris in honour of his fortune reaching 1,000,000 francs.

THE Board of Directors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music—the institution over which in his capacity of Musical Director Mr. Edward Fisher presides—have entered into an engagement with the Y.M.C.A. to erect a large and handsome pipe organ in Association Hall. The Conservatory will thus have an instrument equal in capacity to such organs as the students may afterwards be called upon to use in Church and Concert engagements. All the disadvantages arising from having taken lessons and practised on an inferior instrument, and in a small hall will thus be obviated—while advantages of a very material kind will be gained by study on a large organ in an audi-

torium equal in its capacity to that of the average Church. Association Hall—already of most attractive appearance—will of course be vastly improved in every respect by the addition of the organ. As a means for public recitals—otherwise not to be secured in Toronto—it will attract organists of distinction to visit the city, while as an auxiliary to the Conservatory it will be invaluable. On the one hand the Y.M.C.A. is to be commended for meeting a movement which, practically, gives to Toronto what has long been wanted—a public organ—while on the other hand the Toronto Conservatory of Music is to be admired and congratulated on the spirit of enterprise so abundantly made manifest in this connection.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING from its Earliest to its Latest Practice, including an account of the French Academy of Painting, its Salons, Schools of Instruction, and Regulations. By C. H. Stranahan. With reproductions of sixteen representative paintings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This comprehensive and excellent work should be in the hands of all students of Art. The authoress says in the preface: "The book is designed to meet the need often expressed in the increasing interest in French Art of something more than a line or less extended than a volume for each artist." The book fully carries this design out, and is probably the first work giving a complete *resumé* of French Art up to the present time. It is carried up to the end at least of last year (1888), and could hardly have been more complete. An excellent and extended list of authorities is given which is valuable in itself, and it contains a complete index of names at the end of the work. It is illustrated by reproductions of sixteen representative paintings by the heliotype process, and the printing, paper and binding are the best of their kind.

THE *Studio* for February and March contains excellent papers on interesting art matters, among them, "Mary Magdalene at the House of Simon the Pharisee," and the "Rembrandt Portraits" (lately purchased by Henry O. Havemeyer), with notices of exhibitions and other articles of interest. The illustrations are *fac-similes* of the Havemeyer "Rembrandts," a pen-and-ink drawing by the late Dante Rossetti, "An American Panther and her Cubs," by a most promising young sculptor, Edward Kemeys, and numerous others, both in and out of the text, all good of their kind.

THE *Political Science Quarterly* for March is unusually valuable for its contents, which include two articles by distinguished foreign publicists. One of them is on "The Crisis in France," by A. Gauvin, of Paris, and the other on "Income and Property Taxes," by Professor Gustav Cohn, of Göttingen. M. Gauvin is evidently at heart a Monarchist, and his desire is to see the Duc d'Aumale recalled to offset the fictitious popularity of Gen. Boulanger, whom he regards as a charlatan. His desire has been granted since he wrote the article, and affairs have taken such a visible turn for the better that his pessimistic tone seems quite out of harmony with the facts of the case. In truth, the crisis in France is not a whit more serious than a dozen similar crises through which she has passed since 1870. The republic has weathered too many severe storms to be overturned now by a Boulangist *coup d'état*, and the Duc d'Aumale is too sensible and patriotic to attempt one. Professor Cohn's essay on taxation is a valuable contribution to the literature of one of the most important and difficult subjects in the whole field of the science of politics and the art of government. It gives the actual experience of a state—the Canton of Zurich, in Switzerland—in the matter of taxes on property and income, and also in the matter of direct and indirect taxes. As it is impossible to find out, apart from experience, the best system of taxation, the treatment of the subject by Professor Cohn is precisely the kind of treatment that will, on the comparative method, lead eventually to a satisfactory conclusion, if one is at all possible. Passing over Mr. Arnold-Forster's article on "Irish Secession," which is nothing more than a Liberal Unionist diatribe against the Parnell movement, and over Mr. Osgood's exposition of "Scientific Anarchism," which is interesting and fairly accurate, we find two excellent articles on matters connected with the United States, one on "The Ballot in New York," in which a preference is expressed for the form of ballot voting which we have in Canada; and the other on "Bryce's American Commonwealth," in which Mr. Woodrow Wilson gives his estimate of that great work. There can be no question of Mr. Wilson's competency to express an opinion, for several years ago, whilst still a Johns Hopkins post-graduate student, he produced a valuable monograph on a part of Mr. Bryce's field, entitled "A Study of Congressional Government." As might be expected, he rates *The American Commonwealth* very highly, but thinks it defective from a historical point of view. Probably its author would admit the truth of this criticism, and would reply that it was not possible to do full justice to all sides of a large subject in a single treatise. The reviews of new publications are more than usually varied and instructive. One of them deals briefly with Professor Ashley's "English Economic History," another with the report of last year's committee of the Canadian House of Commons on "Trade Combines," and a third with Kingsford's *History of Canada*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will devote the remainder of his life to travel and reading. He says that his literary work is all done.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON describes a remarkable duel scene in the April instalment of "The Master of Ballantrae,"—his serial in *Scribner's* which grows intensely interesting.

THE New York *Globe* has just completed its second volume, and the first year of its existence. It is always a welcome visitor to our table; and we wish it a very prosperous future.

It is pleasing to learn from the *Pall Mall Budget* that the word "cussedness," which has generally been considered American slang, is an English classic, having been used in the Coventry plays.

THE popular interest that is felt just now in French fiction will doubtless attract attention to the new edition of the Erckmann-Chatrian historical romances, which the Scribners have in preparation for early publication.

FOR the advantage of collectors, a correspondent sends the *Athenæum* a warning that an extensive fabrication of autograph letters of Scott, Carlyle, and Thackeray, as well as of Scottish historical documents, seems to be going on at or near Edinburgh.

THE May *Lippincott's* will contain a novel by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, entitled "The Wrong Man." Mrs. Latimer's *Salvage*, and *The Princess Amelie*, met with great success in the famous "No Name" series. This is the first novel to which she has prefixed her name.

"THE Real George Washington," in the April *Cosmopolitan*, is represented as an Indian type of physique, weighing 210 pounds, with large, bony hands and feet, wearing number eleven shoes, and having weak lungs and voice, but a wonderful strength of arm and limb.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., have in preparation a volume of some of the essays Andrew Lang has been contributing to the London *Daily News* under the title of "Lost Leaders." Among the subjects treated are "Thackeray's Drawings," the "Art of Dining," "Phiz," "Amateur Authors," and the "Lending of Books."

REV. J. W. HARDY, author of *How to be Happy Though Married*, is a military chaplain; tall, with a ruddy, bronzed complexion, and a Rabbinical beard. In conversation he is as a rule chary of his good things, which he reserves for his books, but a slightly drawling utterance and a thickening of brogue are effectively used on occasion to enhance his gift of dry humour. Contrary to a very widely spread suspicion, he is a married man.

WE are in receipt of the initial number of a new eclectic French monthly, *La Revue Française*. The *Revue* will furnish readers and students of French with the select works of the best French authors, annotated where necessary, and with essays on the study of the French language and literature by competent teachers and writers. The selections will mostly be drawn from contemporary French periodical literature, though every period in the life of literary France will be represented. The departments will embrace a *Chronique Parisienne*, and a *Revue Bibliographique*. Future numbers will be illustrated. The subscription is \$4 a year. The publication office is at 39 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

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EDWARD I. By F. York Powell. **HENRY VII.** By James Gairdner. **ELIZABETH.** By the Dean of St. Paul's. **WALPOLE.** By John Morley. **CHATHAM.** By John Morley. **PITT.** By John Morley. **PEEL.** By J. R. Thurstield.

ESSAYS BY THE LATE MARK PATTISON, Sometime Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Collected and arranged by Henry Nettleship, M.A., Professor of Latin, Oxford. 2 vols., 8vo. Oxford, Clarendon Press. \$6.00.

NATURAL INHERITANCE. By Francis Galton, Author of "English Men of Science; Their Nature and Nurture," "Hereditary Genius," etc. etc. 8vo. \$2.50.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK. A Statistical and Historical Account of the States of the Civilized World. For the Year 1889. Edited by J. Scott Keltie. Revised after Official Returns. 12mo. \$3.00.

"That most useful of all reference annuals. . . Mr. Keltie has improved this invaluable work, year by year, until now the most critical of critics announces that he can discover no mistakes."—*G. W. S., in New York Tribune*.

Macmillan and Co., New York,
112 FOURTH AVENUE.

LOST IN THE STORM.

ONE of our local editors clipped from a leading magazine extracts from a vivid description of a Western blizzard which we take the liberty to publish and suggest to H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, the feasibility of an extract for the introduction of one of their telling advertisements. The following is the description:

"At the close of a dark day in January a solitary horseman wends his way across the open prairie in one of our western territories. He passes at long intervals the lone cabin of the hardy frontiersman. Two or three old settlers, of whom he has enquired the way, have warned him that a storm is approaching, and with true western hospitality, urge him to accept shelter for the night. But he declines the proffered kindness and urges his tired horse forward. * * * The sky grows suddenly dark. * * * The storm increases in its fury. * * * The rider dismounts to warm his fast chilling limbs. * * * Can scarcely breathe. Blindness comes on. Drowsiness steals over him. The end is near. * * * He is lost in the blizzard."

The terror which seizes the bewildered traveller is similar to that which overcomes one when he learns that he is suffering from an advanced Kidney disease, and is informed that he is in the last stages of Bright's disease. At first he is informed that he has a slight kidney affection. Later he begins to feel tired. Slight headache. Fickle appetite. Failure of the eyesight. Cramp in the calf of the legs. Wakefulness. Distressing nervousness. Rheumatic and neuralgic pains. Occasionally pain in the back. Scanty, dark coloured fluids, with scalding sensation. Gradual failure of strength.

Any of the above symptoms signify Kidney Affection. His physician treats him for symptoms and calls it a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom of Kidney trouble. He may be treated for Rheumatic or Neuralgic pains, heart affection, or any other disease which he is most susceptible to. Finally the patient has puffing under the eyes, slight bloating of the ankles and legs. His physician informs him that it is but the accumulation of blood in his ankles for want of proper exercise.

The blood continues and reaches his body. Then he is informed he has dropsical troubles, and is tapped once or twice. He notices it is difficult to breathe owing to irregular action of the heart, and finally is informed that he has a slight attack of Bright's Disease.

At last the patient suffocates—is smothered—and dies from dropsical trouble. Or perhaps the disease may not take the form of a dropsical tendency, and the patient dies from apoplexy, paralysis, pneumonia or heart trouble. Or it may take the form of blood poisoning. In each form the end is the same. And yet he and his friends were warned by the proprietors of the celebrated remedy known as Warner's Safe Cure, of the lurking dangers of a slight Kidney affection.

He did not heed the warning that a storm was approaching. He declined the proffered hospitality, and recklessly went forward into danger. He struggled manfully for a time, but his strength failed, he grew gradually weaker and he was lost to the world. Not in a blizzard, but from the terrible malady which is occurring in every community, and which is doctored as a symptom instead of what it is,—a mortal disease unless properly treated.

THE CHEQUE BANK (LIMITED).—This banking institution, established in London in 1873, has proved itself to be a most successful and, at the same time, a most useful institution. The trouble and inconvenience experienced in transmitting small sums to foreign countries have often been found very embarrassing; this bank has been instituted for the express purpose of obviating difficulties in this respect. By its business relations with the leading reliable monetary institutions throughout the world, it is enabled to offer the utmost facilities for the payment of cheques whenever and wherever required. It is specially useful to parties travelling in Europe. The Bank issues cheque books containing drafts for sums varying in amount from \$5 to \$50, and wherever the holder of the book may be all he has to do is to fill the blanks for the sums required and present his cheque at the nearest agency, where he will be paid the amount at the most favourable rates of current exchange. Each cheque is perforated with the amount of its face value, and such precautions are taken that loss from forgery or theft is almost impossible. The security of the Bank is one of its strongest points. No cheques are issued unless the money therefor is deposited, and it is held expressly for the purpose of honouring each cheque. No speculative business is engaged in by the Bank. Its capital stock is invested exclusively in Government securities, so that there is no possible speculative risk taken. The head office of the Cheque Bank is in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, and its London bankers, the Bank of England. Among the trustees are the names of Earl Beauchamp, the late John Bright and John Edward Taylor. The New York Agency, under the management of Messrs. E. J. Mathews & Co., is at 2 Wall Street and 90 Broadway, New York.

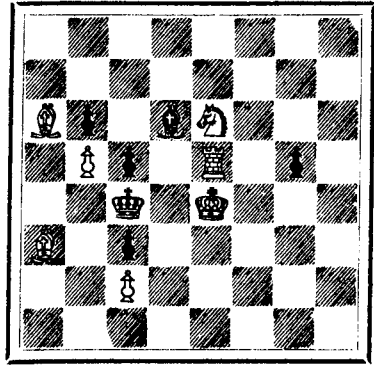
DARE to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it grows two thereby.
—George Herbert.

HE that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Edmund Burke*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 345.

By J. Mcgregor, Toronto Chess Club.
BLACK.

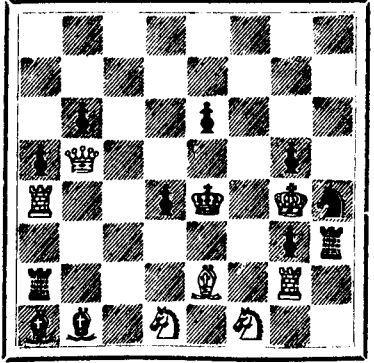


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 346.

By E. N. Frankenstein.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 339.
Q-Kt 7

No. 340.

White.

Black.

1. Kt on B4-Q5
 2. B-B3+
 3. R or B mates
- If 1. Kt-B3
2. Kt-B6+
 3. Kt x P mate
- With other variations.

GAME PLAYED IN THE TOURNAMENT OF THE SIXTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS AT NEW YORK, Between MacLeod, of Quebec, and Delmar, of New York.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
MACLEOD.	DELMAR.	MACLEOD.	DELMAR.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	23. P x P	P-Kt 5
2. P-Q B 3	Kt-K B 3	24. Kt-R4	Kt-K 2
3. P-Q 4	Kt x P	25. R-K R	K-Q 2
4. P x P	P-Q 4	26. Q-R-K 1	Kt-Q B 3
5. P x P en pas	Kt x P	27. Kt-Kt 6	R x R
6. Kt-K B 3	B-K 2	28. R x R	R x R
7. B-Q 3	Kt-Q B 3	29. K x R	K-K 1
8. Castles	B-K Kt 5	30. K-Kt 2	K-B 2
9. P-K R 3	B-R 4	31. P-B 3	P x P +
10. B-K B 4	Q-Q 2	32. K x P	K-B 3
11. Kt-Q 2	Castles Q R	33. K-B 4	P-Kt 4
12. Q-Q Kt 3	P-K Kt 4	34. P-K Kt 4	P-Kt 5
13. B x Kt	B x B	35. P-Kt +	Kt-K 2
14. Q-Q Kt 5	B-Kt 3 (a)	36. Kt-K 7 (b)	Kt-K 4
15. B x B	R P x B	37. P-B 6 +	K-B 2
16. Q x K Kt P	R-R 4	38. K-B 5	P-R 4
17. Q-Kt 4	Q x Q	39. P-Kt 6 +	Kt x P
18. P x Q	R-R 3	40. Kt x Kt	P-R 5
19. Kt-K 4	Q-R 1	41. Kt-R 8 +	K-Kt 1
20. Kt x B 4	P x Kt	42. P-B 7 +	K-Kt 2
21. P-K Kt 3	P-K Kt 4	43. P-Q R 3 and Black resigned.	
22. K-Kt 2	P-B 4		

NOTES.

- (a) This combination is unsound; Black loses a valuable Pawn, and with it the game; the rest of the game is well played by White.
- (b) Well played.

A SOLID INSTITUTION.—In another column will be found the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Confederation Life Association. The careful, conservative business methods which have characterized this Association since its inception have been continued; and the results are such as can not fail to be highly satisfactory to all concerned. The total policies in force numbered 10,896 for the sum of \$16,762,937—a magnificent business record when it is borne in mind that every risk has been carefully selected, and that no business has been taken for the mere sake of making up a grand total. This is evidenced by the low death claims for the past year. These only amounted to sixty-seven: calling for the sum of \$112,044.09 including bonus additions. The excellent management of this Association is also evidenced by the fact that the death claims for the past eight years have been more than met by the income from rents and interest; thus, while the death claims in eight years have amounted to \$636,471.48, the income from rents and interest has netted \$669,384.27—leaving a balance in favour of the Association of \$32,912.79. But we must ask the reader to peruse the report for himself. It is gratifying to find a comparatively young Canadian life company taking so high a position amongst the great life associations of the continent. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the able Managing Director, is to be congratulated on the large measure of success that has crowned his efforts. During all these years he has brought abilities of no ordinary kind to the discharge of his onerous duties. Continuing his labours with matured experience and unabated vigour, the Confederation Life Association should, in the future, even excel its brilliant record in the past.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Confederation Life ASSOCIATION

FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1888.

In presenting the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Association your Directors are glad that they can congratulate the policyholders and shareholders on the satisfactory results which the Report and Financial Statements show. They have nothing startling to report, as the conservative principles which have guided the operations of the Company in the past have been kept steadily in view, though they have had to contend with the apparent determination of many companies to get business at any cost, and in any way, a practice which is having a demoralizing effect on both the agents and the public.

During the year the Board has had under consideration 1831 applications, for a total assurance of \$2,780,808; of these, 121 for \$190,500 were declined. The total new issue for the year, including 25 policies for \$37,535 revived, was 1,735 for \$2,627,843. The total business in force at the close of the year was \$16,762,937, under 10,896 policies on 9,586 lives. The death claims have been favourable. There were 67 deaths, calling for the sum of \$112,044.09, including bonus additions. The following statement of the death claims for the past eight years, and the receipts for interest and rents during the same period, will doubtless prove interesting to persons already connected with the Company, and will be well worth the consideration of intending insurers:

DEATH CLAIMS (NET).		INTEREST AND RENT.	
1881	\$40,546 66	1881	\$48,229 95
1882	51,656 18	1882	57,299 73
1883	73,914 75	1883	64,006 01
1884	79,526 60	1884	72,889 72
1885	82,525 33	1885	85,968 78
1886	85,948 85	1886	98,718 51
1887	119,309 02	1887	112,599 40
1888	112,044 09	1888	129,672 17
	\$636,471 48		\$669,384 27

These figures show that for the past eight years, the interest and rents actually received have paid the death claims and left a balance over of \$32,912.79. If, to the foregoing, there be added the figures for the previous nine years of the Association's existence, it will be found that the interest and rents have not only paid the death claims from the outset, but leave a surplus of \$14,781.04, a result which your Directors believe has never before been attained in the same period of time. Such a result bears the most emphatic testimony to two things, namely, carefulness in the selection of risks, and the satisfactory character of the Company's investments. Your Directors do not think it prudent to enter for the race for new business at any cost, being satisfied to secure a fair share on conservative lines. As a result, substantial progress has been made, and the Company's stakes in every way strengthened. In this your Directors are convinced that they are best carrying out the true principles of a life insurance institution. The Financial Statement, duly attested, submitted herewith, will fully exhibit the Company's condition. Mr. John Langton, who has been one of the auditors for some years, having felt it necessary to resign, owing to ill-health, Mr. W. R. Harris was appointed to the vacancy, and with Mr. John M. Martin has continued the audit.

Your Directors are pleased to refer to the continued faithfulness of the agency and office staff, in both of which some important changes have taken place.

All the Directors retire, but are eligible for re-election.

W. P. HOWLAND, *President.*
J. K. MACDONALD, *Managing Director.*

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS.

RECEIPTS.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Net ledger assets carried forward from 1887	\$2,079,065 16	Expenses	\$116,302 68
Real estate written down	\$5,125 02	Re-insurance premiums	5,499 95
Mortgages	10,100 00	Annuities	4,042 30
	15,225 02	Commissions on loans	3,036 00
	\$2,063,840 14	Rents	3,301 02
Dec. 31st, 1888.		Taxes	1,420 87
Premiums	510,102 78	Insurance superintendence	374 31
Annuities	\$5,980 00		
Temporary reductions of premiums purchased by profits	2,845 99		
Cash value of surrendered policies applied to purchase temporary reductions	1,422 63		
	10,248 62		
Interest and rents	129,672 17		
Re-assurance (Sun Life)	5,000 00		
	\$2,718,863 71		

BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Mortgages	\$1,632,539 74	Assurance and Annuity Fund	\$2,234,415 00
Debentures	207,459 03	Losses by death, accrued	13,248 25
Real estate	197,920 58	Premiums paid in advance	623 19
Loans on stocks and debentures	125,313 30	Fees—Doctors, Directors, Auditors.	7,936 22
Government stock and deposit	4,727 82	Rent	350 00
Loans on company's policies	126,205 58	Held to cover cost of collecting outstanding and deferred premiums	12,205 93
Fire premiums due from mortgagors	1,700 85	Capital stock paid up	100,000 00
Furniture	2,783 06	Dividend to 31st Dec., 1888	6,000 00
Loans to agents, etc. (secured)	1,056 44	Surplus	178,584 27
Advances for travelling agts. expns.	1,099 95		
Agents' balances	272 81		
Sundry current accounts	859 37		
Suspense (cash in Bank of Com'ce)	4,816 16		
Cash (in banks, \$58,213.75; on hand, \$496.20)	58,709 95		
	\$2,365,500 64	Surplus above all Liabilities	\$178,584 27
Less liabilities (current acct.)	884 82	Capital stock, paid up as above	100,000 00
	\$2,364,615 82	Capital stock, subscribed, not called in	900,000 00
Outstanding premiums (reserve included in liabilities), \$48,340.36 covered by notes	97,515 64	Total surplus security for policyholders	\$1,178,584 27
Deferred (1/2 yearly and 1/4 yearly) premiums (reserve included in liabilities)	24,543 75		
Interest due and accrued	57,939 68		
Difference between cost and market value debentures	8,747 97		
Total assets	\$2,553,362 86		

J. K. MACDONALD, *Managing Director.*

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the Association for the year ending 31st Dec., 1888, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and the above Financial Statements agree with the books and are correct. We have also examined the securities represented in the Assets, which are safely kept in the Association's vault (except the securities lodged with the Dominion Government amounting to \$84,046, par value) and found them in good order.

Toronto, 18th March, 1889.

JOHN M. MARTIN, F.C.A., } *Auditors.*
W. R. HARRIS, }

ACTUARY'S REPORT.

I hereby certify that I have computed the value of the assurance and annuity obligations of the Association as at December 31st, 1888, as set forth below. The assurances were valued according to the Institute of Actuaries' Mortality Experience Tables and 4 1/2 per cent. interest—the annuities according to the Government Annuity Tables and 4 per cent. interest.

	Amount.	Reserve.
Assurances in force	\$16,661,084 00	\$2,074,407 00
Bonus additions	101,853 00	50,661 00
	\$16,762,937 00	\$2,125,068 00
Less for re-assurances	146,576 50	23,357 00
Net policy liability	\$16,616,360 50	\$2,101,711 00
Eleven annuities, \$4,892.30 annually		23,535 00
Temporary annuity account		101,500 00
Contingent liability, lapsed policies liable for restoration or surrender		7,669 00
Total		\$2,234,415 00

Toronto, March 11th, 1888.

W. C. MACDONALD, *Actuary.*

NOTE.—It having recently been asserted that all Companies doing a Life Insurance business suffer an impairment of capital in the earlier years—a mis-statement which has been specially applied to this Association—the Directors take this opportunity of stating that the capital of the Confederation Life has never been impaired, as the Association has enjoyed a Surplus over all Liabilities, increasing yearly from \$4,237.99 at the end of the first year. The Directors would also call special attention to the fact that the participating policy-holders are getting 95 per cent. of the profits on the participating branch, the shareholders receiving only 5 per cent. in return for the guarantee afforded by the capital, \$1,000,000.

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

The Most CERTAIN and SAFE PAIN REMEDY.

In the World, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails to give ease to the sufferer of pain arising from whatever cause. It is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN

And has done more good than any known remedy. For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, or any other external PAIN, a few applications rubbed on by hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK, more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary. ALL INTERNAL PAINS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, SPASMS, NAUSEA, FAINTING SPELLS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water.

Price 25 Cents a Bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

WITH RADWAY'S PILLS THERE IS NO BETTER CURE OR PREVENTIVE OF FEVER AND AGUE

Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis,

And other affections of the Throat or Lungs, are speedily cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine is an anodyne expectorant, potent in its action to check the advance of disease, allaying all tendency to Inflammation and Consumption, and speedily restoring health to the afflicted. **On several occasions, during the past year, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In cases of severe and sudden Colds, if used according to directions, it will, judging by my experience, prove a sure cure.—L. D. Coburn, Addison, N. Y.

Last December I suffered greatly from an attack of Bronchitis. My physician advised me to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I did. Less than a bottle of this medicine relieved and cured me.—Elwood D. Piper, Elgin, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral once saved my life. I had a constant Cough, Night Sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and declining rapidly. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me.—A. J. Eldson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn.

LUNG COMPLAINTS.

I have no hesitation in saying that I regard Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the best remedy within my knowledge for the cure of Colds, Chronic Bronchitis, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Parish, Me.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, from which I could get no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure.—John Tooley, Ironton, Mich.

An experience of over thirty years enables me to say that there is no better remedy for Sore Throat and Coughs, even of long standing, than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has ever been effective in my personal experience, and has warded off many an attack of Croup from my children, in the course of their growth, besides giving effective relief from Colds.—Samuel Motter, Editor of the *Emmitsburg Chronicle*, Emmitsburg, Md.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in my family, for a number of years, and with marked success. For the cure of Throat and Lung Complaints, I consider this remedy invaluable. It never fails to give perfect satisfaction.—Elihu M. Robertson, Battle Creek, Mich.

We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in our family, a great while, and find it a valuable medicine for Colds, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.—Alice G. Leach, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

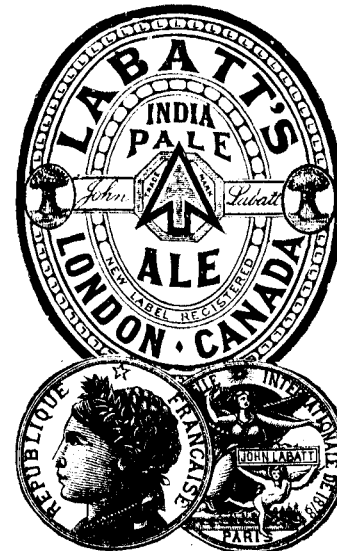
Two years ago I was taken suddenly ill. At first I supposed it was nothing, but a common cold, but I grew worse, and in a few weeks, was compelled to give up my work. The doctor told me that I had Bronchitis, which he was afraid would end in Consumption. I took two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was entirely cured.—J. L. Kramer, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

JOHN LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE & XXX BROWN STOUT.

Highest Awards and Medals for Purity and Excellence at Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876
Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877; and Paris, France, 1878.



TESTIMONIALS SELECTED.

Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says:—"I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor."

John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says:—"I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Quebec, says:—"I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ontario, and I have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavour, and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout, of the same brewery, which is of excellent quality; its flavour is very agreeable; it is a tonic more energetic than the above ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."



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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

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COAL

FROM
CONGER COAL COMP'Y.
6 KING ST. EAST.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

THE
ASSAM TEA ESTATES DEPOT.

Established for the purpose of supplying
PURE INDIAN TEAS,

blended with China, direct from their estates in Assam. These teas stand without a rival for

PURITY, STRENGTH and FLAVOUR.

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MONTREAL—Geo. Grahani, 72 and 74 Victoria Square.
KINGSTON—James Rodden, Princess Street.
WOODSTOCK—James Scott, Main Street.
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STEEL, HAYTER & CO.,
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Kind - your **P&Qs**

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NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED IN 1880:
The most Influential and Powerful Musical Weekly in America.

Contributors in all the great Art Centres of Europe and America.

Owing to large and rapidly developing interests in Canada, we have established a Canadian Bureau in Toronto at the corner of Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue, with Mr. E. L. Roberts as Manager, and who will receive subscriptions.

Items of musical and musical trade interests sent to Mr. Roberts for publication will receive due attention.
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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE
TODD WINE CO.
OF TORONTO, LIMITED.
Successors to
Quetton St George & Co.,
Have been appointed Toronto Agents for the sale of the celebrated
ST. RAPHAEL.

This is a tannic Wine, and a strength giver more efficacious than Quinine. A sovereign remedy for young persons, children and aged persons. Prescribed EXCLUSIVELY as feeding Wine in the Hospitals of Paris by the principal physicians amongst which we have authority of mentioning the names of Chomel, Rostan, Requin, Grisolle, Trousseau, etc., etc. Preserved by the process of M. Pasteur, of the Institute of France.

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers to whom Catalogues and prices can be given on application.

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TELEPHONE No. 876.

John H. R. Molson & Bros.,

Ale and Porter Brewers,
236 ST. MARY ST., MONTREAL.

Have always on hand the various kinds of

ALE AND PORTER,
IN WOOD AND BOTTLE.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Shakespeare, Browning and the Comparative Study of Literature.

Issued on the fifteenth of each month, published by the Poet-Lore Co., and printed by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

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FOR APRIL.

"Tendencies of French and English Literature in the Elizabethan Period," by Morton W. Easton, Ph.D., Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania.

"French Versions of the Willow Song" (with music of Jean Jacques Rousseau), by Theodore Child.

FOR MARCH.

"Some Observations on the Chronological Study of Shakespeare" (from a Lecture, by Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D., "Purcellus" and the "Data of Ethics," by Helen A. Clarke.

Among other articles in hand or promised are:—"Othello in Paris," by Theodore Child. "German and English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," by Professor Oswald Seidensticker. "Emerson's 'Brahma' and the 'Bhagavad Gita,'" by Professor Wm. T. Harris. "An Account of the Children's Companies," by Frederick Gard Fleay. "Browning's Poetic Form," by Professor A. H. Smyth. "The Text of Shakespeare," by Dr. H. H. Furness. "A Word on English Literature in America," by Professor Felix Schelling. "Shakespeare and the Russian Drama," by Nathan Haskell Dole. THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS—Societies, The Study, The Stage, The Library, Notes and News—present a variety of matters relating to Work of Literary Societies; Study of Shakespeare, Browning and other Poets; Shakespearean Drama; New Books; Miscellaneous Literary News.

THE STUDY gives a continued series of "Questions and Notes on Shakespeare Plays," began in February with "Love's Labour Lost," and designed for the use of teachers and students, by Dr. W. J. Rolfe. Also, a "Reference Index to Poems of Browning," began in January with "Pauline."

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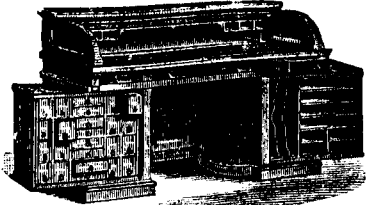
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