

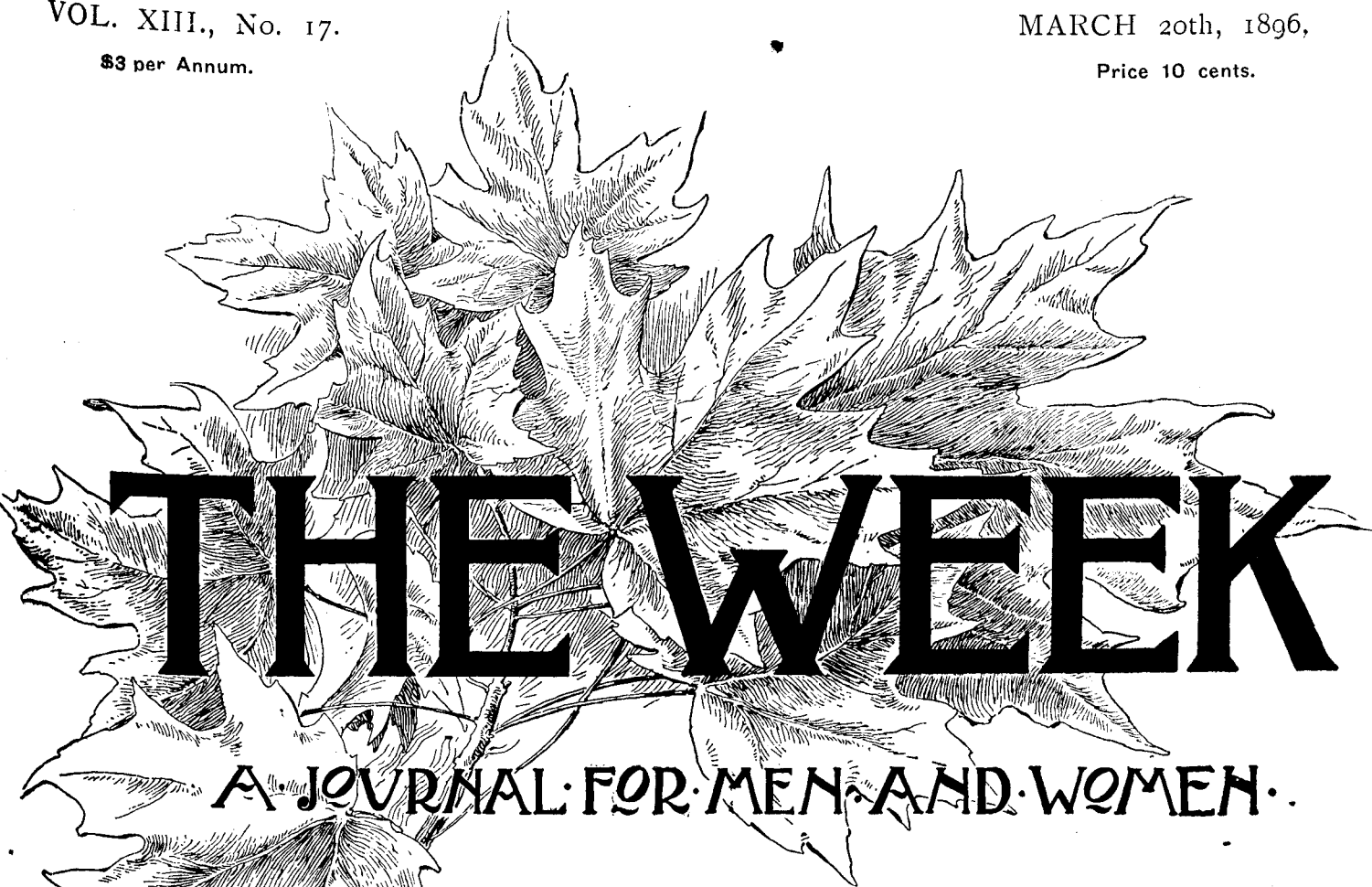
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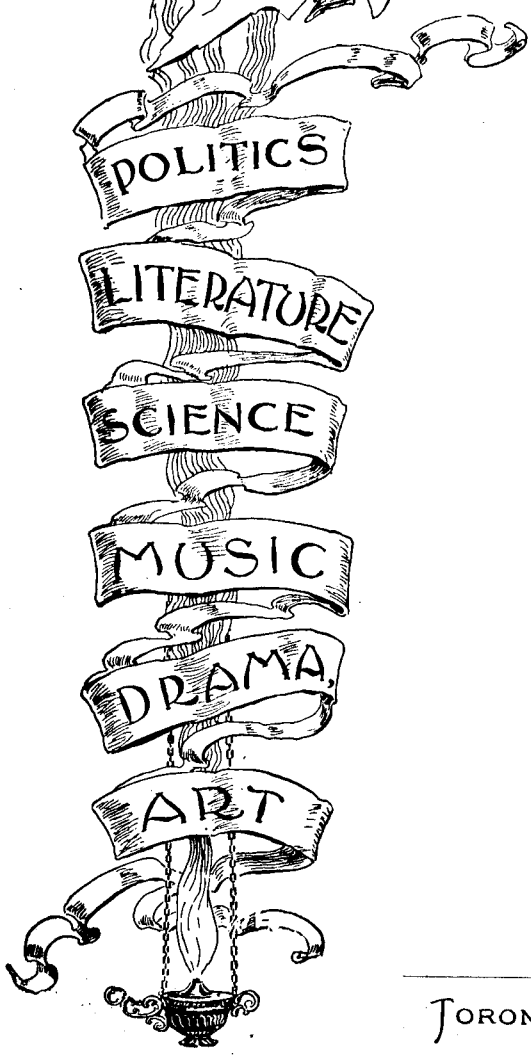
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THE WEEK

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 20TH, 1896.

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of students one-half, making them fifty instead of one hundred dollars. The fees are too low rather than too high. The cheapening of professional education, or any education, for that matter, save the most elementary, is a mistake, and one which Ontario has reason to know. Mr. Haycock's attack on the Medical Council, its building, and its management, was entirely unwarranted, and beside the mark, and only served to show how little the Patron leader knew what he was talking about.

The
"Yellow Peril."

Mr. Strauss, an old Belgian consul at Japan, has recently delivered a lecture on what he calls the "Yellow Peril." He says that the people of the Far East are undercutting the products of Europe. Mr. Strauss has made one mistake; he has confounded the Sino with the Japanese race, when in point of industrial intelligence they are as different as day is from night. The Japs are very much up-to-date with respect to everything European, but the Chinese lie still in Sleepy Hollow. Some of the handsomest shops in Paris are controlled and managed by Japanese, and they are constantly enlarging the area of their productions, which are ever increasing in nature and variety. It is impossible any longer to accept the statement that Orientals cannot found or direct large factories and commercial enterprises. Ask Lancashire what it thinks of Bombay and Japanese native cottons; demand of shippers their opinion of the mercantile marine of Japan. We all know the excellence of her navy. The question for Canadian and English manufacturers to bear in mind is that not only is labour cheap in the Far East, but raw materials are cheap also. The latest and most improved machinery is imported for all kinds of industrial undertakings, and the home market is abundantly and cheaply provided for—the market that has hitherto been supplied largely by the enterprise of English manufacturers. The best and cheapest goods will win. It is necessary for the Anglo-Saxon to keep a sharp eye on the yellow man.

The Vote.

At one o'clock this (Friday) morning THE WEEK received word from Ottawa that there was no immediate prospect of a division on the Remedial Bill. At that time the House had been in continuous session for thirty-four hours. It was then thought that Mr. Laurier's amendment would be defeated by twenty to twenty-two votes, seventeen or eighteen Conservatives and six or seven Liberals having broken from party lines. During yesterday morning the French of both sides did the talking. When Mr. Bruneau arose he shouted to the Speaker: "I have so much to say that it will take four hours for me to say it." Whereat, remarks a correspondent, six men in the House arose and silently made for the cellar, where they took to drink. By the way, we heard strange tales concerning the cellar and the active part it has played in this long sitting of the House. Under its influence, it is said, one or two members hitherto opposed to remedial legislation have seen the error of their ways, and have returned to the fold. The division took place at 5 a.m., with 18 majority for the Government.

The Official Invitation.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba has received the official invitation from Ottawa, requesting Mr. Greenway to take part in a conference on the obstructing school question. It was expected that the Legislature would prorogue on Wednesday; but when the House met on that afternoon Mr. Greenway gave notice that the House adjourn from the following day until April 16th. When THE WEEK went to press, the results of yesterday's sitting, which promised to be of unusual interest, owing to the invitation, were not known in Toronto. It is to be hoped that nothing will arise to prevent the holding of the conference, and that both Mr. Laurier and Mr. Greenway will take active and effective part in the proceedings. One can only regret that this conference was not held at an earlier date. It is possible that the Dominion would have been spared much of the present unhappy turmoil and confusion. We hope that the deliberations may go far towards settling the wretched business, and that the real concerns of the country will at last receive some measure of attention.

Mr. Haycock's Medical Bill.

Mr. Haycock, M.P.P., of Patron fame, has fortunately not succeeded in his ill-advised efforts to amend the Medical Act. The intent of his short-lived and foolish bill was to reduce the fees

A Possible Settlement.

It is reported that the Imperial Government has received official proposals from Washington touching the matter of the Venezuelan boundary dispute, and that these proposals are now in course of negotiation. It was hinted that the American Government proposed that the dispute be referred to a joint commission for consideration and settlement, but Mr. Curzon states that this is scarcely an accurate description of the proposals. He declines to say anything more at present. It is understood, however, that the negotiations are expected to result in some plan of adjustment satisfactory to all and eminently honourable. It was once remarked by Boswell that a dinner lubricates business. The British ambassador at Washington evidently agrees with the famous biographer, for Secretary Olney and the Venezuelan Minister dined with Sir Julian on Wednesday evening. The dinner may be the means of bringing about a resumption of diplomatic as well as social intercourse between the representatives of the Empire and the Venezuelan Republic. The South American has been told that Venezuela must separate the Yuruan "incident" from the boundary dispute, and the

advice, it is said, has been accepted. It is to be hoped that England will not be obliged to follow the Corinto precedent in collecting her claims against Venezuela on account of the Yuruan affair.

Quebec's Schools.

Mr. Robert Sellar, the editor of *The Huntingdon Gleaner*, has contributed to his paper a long and valuable article on the analogy between the treatment, from the educational standpoint, of the minority in Quebec and that in Manitoba. Mr. Sellar has been for many years a prominent representative of the Quebec Protestants, and what he has to say on this subject is worthy of careful consideration. He shows clearly that the Protestant minority of Quebec have not separate schools in the same sense as the Roman hierarchy would have separate schools for the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba. By separate schools is meant schools that, in addition to secular instruction, add instruction in the doctrines and ritual of a certain religious denomination. The schools maintained by the Protestant minority of Quebec have nothing "separate" about them. They are common schools, to which all are welcome, and are not designed solely for the members of one religious communion. In no sense can they be spoken of as equivalent to the schools it is proposed to force on Manitoba, for they teach the doctrines of no Church, no catechism is amongst the text-books, there is no drill in ritual, nor are the children trained to form a caste in the community. The separate schools of the Province of Quebec are not the schools of the Quebec minority, but the schools of the Quebec majority. After showing with great clearness that the common schools maintained by the Protestants were not originally granted to the minority as a matter of privilege, and are not dependent for their future existence on the pleasure of the majority, Mr. Sellar devotes considerable space to proving that the Quebec majority have no grounds whatever for claiming credit for generosity in not compelling Protestants to attend the Roman Catholic schools. We think his arguments, on the whole, to be sound, and his opponents will find difficulty in answering them. "Matters have surely come to a sore pass," says Mr. Sellar, with some heat, "when, in a British province, the fact that non-sectarian schools are permitted to exist is trumpeted forth as a proof of toleration, and low, indeed, have sunk our public men when they re-echo the cry in order to curry favour with those upon whom they fawn." There is certainly little resemblance between those who resist and those who demand sectarian schools, and something can be said in favour of the opinion that, if one class say they will not use the common school, it is wrong to give them a separate school at the expense of those who do not believe in their views.

The Minority's Treatment.

Mr. Sellar emphasizes the fact that the Quebec majority never had the power to deal with the schools of the minority until Confederation took place, when the schools fell under the control of the Quebec Legislature. Fear of what it might do caused Sir A. T. Galt to frame the guarantee clauses. The old mixed schools were then ignored by the Legislature. Schools were to be known as either Roman Catholic or Protestant—not sectarian or non-sectarian. Thus an excuse was obtained, says Mr. Sellar, for the existence of Roman Catholic schools by calling the common schools Protestant. To this day Protestants are taxed to support the Roman schools. The Protestant Committee of Public Instruction is formed of men nominated by the Legislature, which is always Roman Catholic. It is said that this committee seldom meets with the approval of the Quebec Protestants, and that the schools do not prosper under its guidance. It is generally

felt amongst the Protestants that if Government interference could be stopped, and they were left "to provide for and control their schools themselves, they would become more efficient." According to Mr. Sellar, the Quebec minority are not at all afraid of the character of their schools being changed by the Quebec majority in revenge for refusing separate schools to Manitoba. "The worst the Quebec Government could do would be to withdraw Government aid from the schools of the minority, and as that aid is only some sixty cents a year per scholar its loss would be no hardship. . . . To endeavour to induce Parliament to pass the Remedial Bill by representing that the Quebec minority is in the same boat with the Manitoba half-breeds is as contrary to fact as the statement that the privileges of the Quebec minority are those that bill proposes to confer upon the Manitoba minority."

Denominational Doctrines.

Is the State bound to pay for the teaching of denominational doctrines? asks Mr. Sellar. Has the State the right to use public money to impart sectarian teaching? Is it within the State's jurisdiction, for instance, to give money to teach the catechism? If it be, rightly concludes Mr. Sellar, then every denomination has a right to schools of its own, and the State "would become involved in teaching children to be Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Mennonites, and Roman Catholics." The editor of *The Gleaner* sees no reason why the Roman communion should receive special consideration and favour at the hands of the State. There is no reason except that the Roman Catholics want this consideration and favour, and that in Canada they can and do get what they want. They always win. In no country in the world does the Roman Church enjoy such privilege and pre-eminence as in the Dominion. It is easy to say, as Mr. Sellar does, and it is obviously true, that the Government should know no Church beyond protecting all alike, and that it should know Church members solely as British subjects and citizens of Canada, and treat them as such—it is easy to say all this, we repeat, and we all feel its truth; but the Government of Canada is forced to "know" the Roman Catholics, and to know them very intimately indeed. When forty-two per cent. of a population unite and remain united, and are controlled by half a dozen skilful fishers of men, and vote as these clever half-dozen dictate, the distinction between the Government and the clever half-dozen is exceedingly small. Mr. Sellar says that the great issue "whether this Dominion is to be ruled by the people and for the people, or by a Church and for a Church, cannot be long evaded." But Mr. Sellar forgets how difficult it is to arouse Canadians. It is hard to get their attention, let alone moving them to act. The Roman Church will have to do something very egregious indeed before "the people" will even turn aside to see what it is she has done. Whether they will act or not will then depend upon whether a large enough number are personally affected, and can manage to persuade others that they also are personally affected. Then there will be a row. But the Roman Church knows when to pause and when to move. Her pre-eminence, predominance, and political control are all assured in this country for many years to come. We fear that Mr. Laurier will not need *THE WEEK* to point this fact out to him.

The British Advance in Egypt.

As anticipated in our columns last week, it has not taken long to develop the fact of the Anglo-Italian alliance. When the fleets of the Powers were before the Dardanelles last autumn, the Italian men of war were placed under the command of the British admiral in case of necessity. Now

Britain, in response to a call by Italy in her hour of need, moves her troops up the Nile. The object is to relieve the pressure on the Italian forces, which are virtually in a state of siege. The Abyssinians outnumber the Italians by many thousands, and are, many of them, well armed, and are all of them bold and desperate fighters. The Abyssinians are fighting for their native country, and the Italians are intruders. It is rather hard for England to be obliged, in self defence, to bring pressure to bear on these wild tribes who are fighting for the independence of their country. The fact is that they are savages. They have no civilization, and, like the first followers of Mahomet or the hordes of Attila, they are a scourge and a pestilence. They will not be tamed, and civilization has no charms for them. The Italians are doing the work in Abyssinia which has been done in so many other parts of the world by England herself, and in which other nations are trying to imitate her. If these savages in Abyssinia are unchecked there will be another invasion of Egypt by them, and their victory over the Italians would bring them down all the sooner. England has decided to strike first, and thus while she relieves the pressure on Italy she guards herself. The pious wish of Mr. Redmond, M.P., that the British forces may meet with as great a disaster as the Italians, will, we hope, not be gratified. What a curious method of advancing the cause of Home Rule!

The disaster to the Italians has borne fruit in other directions. The Dreibund, or triology of Germany, Austria, and Italy, are standing together in this matter. Great

France & Co.
vs.
England & Co.

Britain is acting with their consent and approval. On the other hand, the Czar congratulates the Abyssinian barbarian on his victory over the Italians. France remonstrates with England on her advance into the interior of Egypt. France and Russia would, if they could, make England's retention of the land of the Pharaohs a *casus belli*; but, as England is supported by the alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, they cannot well do so. Thus Germany and England are, for the present, thrown together once more. But it has not taken long to bring out the bad feeling which has been nursing itself so long in Europe. As soon as January and February have passed, the rumours of war begin again. The whole world is in a most restless and uneasy state. Men are looking at one another and asking, "What next?" While winter lasts and armies cannot be moved, the Powers remain quiet. The moment spring suns thaw the snows and give means of rapid communication, a belligerent attitude is reassumed. We may expect very startling developments now in a short time. Wherever the vision rests there are the materials for a terrible conflict all ready waiting for the torch. Even if this disaster to the Italian army had not happened to produce the English advance in Egypt, and thereby arouse the hostility of France and Russia, and also test the strength of union of the Dreibund, there are other questions innumerable all pressing for solution, all pregnant with danger, and none of which can be postponed. The Powers cannot much longer stand the strain imposed on them by these sources of dispute lying unsettled.

The German explorer Peters, who hanged his wife and her "friend," has lived too late.

Dr. Peters
and Mrs. Peters.

His exploit would have passed unnoticed two centuries ago. But these arbitrary methods of dealing with people are anachronisms. The German Government will have to disavow any sympathy with this person, and it is a good sign of the advance of humanity that an offence of this sort, committed in the heart of Africa, brings the offender to

the bar of justice in his own country. The excuse offered by Dr. Peters for his action, namely, that he married the woman by the law of her country, and that he punished her and her paramour by the same law, is ingenious. It is reversing the ordinary rule of law, that the wife take the husband's *status*, not the husband the wife's. We are afraid that, if the charge is true, Dr. Peters will find himself in an awkward position. It would have been better for him if, like a wise man, he had said to himself, "I might have expected it," and washed his hands of the lady and her friend. The future action of the German Government in this case will be looked for with interest, because it will give the world some idea of its capacity for colonial rule. With all the faults and blunders of England, her treatment of such questions, when they arose in her colonial possessions, has been founded on law and justice, and that is what has been the true foundation of her expansion. If Germany deals with this case on the same principles, it will lead to confidence in her power to hold colonies as England has held them. If she does not do justice, her tenure of power will be short.

The New
Rifle.

The declaration made in the House that the new rifle is decided upon is very welcome—the more welcome because it is a magazine rifle, and also because it is the rifle which the army will have. The drill book now in use contains very suggestive paragraphs as to the changes made by long range weapons. When firing commences between two lines a mile away and goes on until they come to within five hundred yards, and then gets destructive, until what is left of both come face to face, it makes a possible target for one of these rifles uncomfortable. Would it not be possible, if we are to have these devil's engines in our hands, to manufacture them ourselves? The three million dollars which are to be voted could surely be expended among our own workmen. The policy of Canada ought to be to make all she wants as far as she possibly can for herself. Buy what must be bought outside, but anything that can be done by and for the country by the people of the country should be done here. Three millions of dollars is a large sum to pay other people for what we could do ourselves perfectly well. If there is an actual emergency, and these rifles are wanted by the next ship, we can always get them from England; but, if not, it is better to spend the three millions on this side of the water. Meanwhile the English ironclads are on their way to Venezuela. We shall soon see how far Uncle Sam's bounce to Lord Salisbury will carry him. If he did not mean business, we shall not need the magazine rifles. If he did mean what he said, we shall need all the magazine rifles we can get. The question is not dead. It sleeps, and shows signs of reviving activity.

American
Rashness.

"We wonder," says the London Spectator of the 7th inst., "if sensible Americans, who, we suppose, in the last resort rule the United States, as sensible Englishmen rule Great Britain, have any idea of the pace at which the country is rushing towards a new policy?" The settled idea of the Americans up to the present time has been to avoid mixing themselves up in European politics, but The Spectator believes they must give up the idea, and that there has been much to show of late that the resolution not to interfere in Europe cannot last much longer; that, indeed, such intervention is in the near future very nearly inevitable. When the United States threaten a European nation, as the American Senate recently rashly threatened Spain, "they disturb arrangements of the most complicated kind and rouse up enmities in quarters of which they never

think." In this Cuban affair the Americans imagine they are only dealing with Spain; but, in reality, they are risking an alteration in the relations of all Europe. On certain conditions, France was willing to assist Spain. Hence the Americans ran the risk of being obliged to face two nations in arms, besides endangering the independence of the South American States, over which the Americans claim a protectorate. Brazil has recently invaded French territory in Guiana. Should the French menace Brazil, and the Americans rudely protest against such menace, it is quite possible to imagine France offering to join Germany in a partition of Brazil. They could destroy the American fleet and then proceed to business. The United States would thus by its own acts be forced within the circle of European politics, and would be compelled to form European alliances. It would probably go on pleading the Monroe doctrine, all the same, says *The Spectator*, for "nations are never quite logical; but it would, nevertheless, be intervening in Europe in a way which would make that doctrine seem, in the eyes of international jurists, just a little absurd." Our eminent contemporary observes that a policy of isolation is no longer possible for the United States; and says rightly that collisions with European Powers are sure to arise respecting the attitude of the Americans towards Central and South America. If the Republic is really desirous of rivalling Europe, of being great in Europe, as *The Spectator* thinks, its people, and especially its politicians and journalists, must undertake to study European politics, and to defer to European necessities.

Canadian Apathy.

THERE never was a time in the history of Canada more critical than the present. The impetus which was given by Confederation seems to have stopped. The Dominion now extends from sea to sea. Except Newfoundland, the dream of those who projected Confederation has been accomplished. Wonderful, in most respects, has been the progress of the united British North American provinces. The large public works which have been completed were inaugurated to carry out the union of the Maritime Provinces to old Canada, and then of Eastern Canada with the great Northwest and over the Rocky Mountains with British Columbia. The opening up of the interior of Ontario and of the back regions of Quebec has been finished, as far as building communications to reach them is concerned. There Canada seems to have stopped. The large immigration which was fondly anticipated has not been realized. The influx of foreign capital which it was thought the undoubted capabilities of the country would invite has not been felt. These facts would be discouraging were it not for the reflection that the depression which has overtaken Canada has overtaken very nearly the whole of the more recently civilized world. Australia has had a terrible experience. Its former millionaires are, many of them, beggars to-day. The United States have had panic after panic, and their credit has been shaken in all the financial centre of the world. It is not wonderful, then, that Canada should also have suffered. But the older countries of the world, those who have their capital accumulated, have not suffered as the newer countries have done, who have lived on borrowed money, and who, led away by sanguine hopes, have anticipated their future. The material condition of the Dominion may be thus partially accounted for. It is bad enough, but it might be worse, and will probably be better.

But the remedy for material ills lies with the energy and business ability and reputation of the individuals who make up a nation. The more desperate the condition financially of the

country, the greater the necessity for a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. That is where Canadians are decidedly wanting. They are sitting like the countryman waiting for the stream to flow by. But it rolls, and will roll on forever. If the countryman wishes to cross it, he must do it himself, or by a bridge. The large majority of the Queen's subjects in Canada have their hands full with their own affairs. They have their own financial difficulties to overcome, and they think that these come first, and those of their country may take care of themselves. What a mistake! Unless the country is properly managed—unless capital is invited—unless money is made to circulate—there will be, what there is now, stagnation.

Now, who is to make this change to come to pass? Surely, the people's representatives who are sent to Parliament for this very object. But they are and have been doing no such thing. Why, then, do not the people rise in their might and sweep those who are false to their trust out of the way, and put in men who will make Canada move on once more? The country is tired of marking time. It wants to be abreast of the march which is going on in Europe to-day. The fact is that the people of Canada have been worshipping false gods. In their city councils, in the local legislatures, in Parliament, who are the men who are selected? Why, the men who know how to pull the strings with ward politicians, lodge masters, Freemasons, worthy grands, sons of this, that, and the other, all honourable men of course, but all acting on the principle, You stand by me; I stand by you. What is the result? The men so chosen, when they get into Parliament, manage the affairs of the country on the same basis. The House of Commons has become a registering machine for the decisions of the caucus. No measure is discussed there now on its merits. The whole world knows that the course of action has been debated behind the scenes, and A, B, and C are talking as advocates to defend what X, Y, and Z, sitting behind them, will vote for, right or wrong.

Why do Canadians endure this state of things? Why do they not protest? They have the ballot. They can vote as they please. They are not responsible to any human being for their mode of exercising their franchise. Why, then, do they sell themselves to lodge masters and venal guides who make them vote the way they themselves are bribed or deluded into doing by other lodge masters or other venal guides of a wider scope? The people of Canada are losing their liberty. They are getting into the hands of the kind of men who have been the curse of the United States. They must awake! The most turbulent rioting is better than dull apathy. It shows that men have the courage of their convictions. One great misfortune is that the people have no newspaper guides but the party press. The consequence is that their education is one-sided and false. Their judgments are warped from the start. The Government papers teach them that the country is all right; nothing is wrong about it. The Opposition press says no; the country is all wrong, nothing is right about it. The result is ignorant and blind prejudice, and no fair, honest discussion possible. The danger to the liberty of Canada is more serious than the stagnation of her material condition.

Everybody knows that Canada is a splendid country, of great possibilities, and that its inhabitants are loyal, intelligent, and industrious. But they are hard to move. They are apathetic where their own interests are concerned; and they are too fond of being led by the nose by calculating individuals who fatten at the public crib. In the forthcoming election campaign no candidate should be returned who cannot point to some record of having assisted in or guided the material development of the country. The man, whoever he was, who

threw that apple of discord, the Separate School question, into a House composed of elements which needed fusion, and not confusion, should be driven into obscurity. If the Ministry have no scheme to propose for the development and encouragement of the resources of Canada they should be wiped out. If the Opposition interferes with any scheme to this end, or prevents its discussion or adoption on its merits, simply because to do so would assist the other side, they should never be returned to Parliament again. It may be that to ask all this is to expect the millennium; but, be it so, it is too evident that the way our affairs are at present managed at Ottawa they are going utterly wrong, and the sooner a change is made the better. If the Government has neither the brains nor the inclination to do more than to draw their salaries, it will be their own fault if the people turn them out. But to the people we say: Look to it, your liberty is in danger; and if you do not arouse yourselves and shake off the yoke of caucus chains, your very country will perish.

Columbia and Canada.

IN the midst of somewhat conflicting assertions, it is not entirely easy to grasp the real sentiments of the people of the United States towards Canadians.

It is not improbable that our individual experience and opinions in relation to the question are more or less affected by our individual preconceptions and conduct.

It may, indeed, be asserted with some confidence that the Canadian who, with courtesy and without prejudice, associates with citizens of the Republic of native stock, elevated by mental culture, through books on travel or both, is not likely to be led to believe that they are unfriendly to the people of the Dominion.

During a life of over half a century my social intercourse with our American cousins, in their country or in my own, has been fairly extensive, and, in some instances, intimate; and, as a practising lawyer, I have acted for them on many occasions and in many and varied matters.

And yet I cannot remember having ever heard an expression used by a citizen of the Republic evincing unfriendliness to any part of British America or its people.

It cannot be denied that there is a class of persons in the United States sufficiently large, active, and clamatory in certain sections to influence the press to give expression to unfriendly and offensive sentiments, and occasionally to force the administration to adopt unkind or hostile measures towards Canada.

The members of this class, having learned history solely from text-books and Fourth of July orators, emphasizing everything objectionable in the British treatment of the American colonies before they became independent, falsely conclude that all Englishmen and those of English descent who did not support the revolution were tyrants at heart, or intensely hostile to the people of the United States.

But, not satisfied with this conclusion, they advance a step further, and, ignoring the softening influences which have so largely affected the intervening generations, and the gentler policy which has since prevailed in Britain towards her faithful territories, a tacit acknowledgment of past errors, they impute to the British of to-day the assumed bad qualities, motives, and thoughts of their ancestors of more than a century ago.

It takes a long time to remove impressions made by an undue, and, perhaps, unfair, brooding upon incidents of the past. I have known those who mourned over the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities; and no persons are more aware than politicians how useful, for party purposes, is the retention of party names, which, as applied to-day, may be utterly inappropriate and almost meaningless.

But, besides the individuals who have not yielded to the phobanglistic idea, there are, I think, communities in different sections of the Republic sufficiently advanced in knowledge, understanding, and the capacity to judge correctly, and sufficiently influenced by Christian sentiment to induce them to properly determine the relationship which should subsist be-

tween the two great branches in America of the Anglo-Saxon race.

In support of this opinion the following statement of facts, it is submitted, is not without value.

The town of Falmouth, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, had been long in existence when the people of the North American plantations asserted their independence. The first settlement of Falmouth, indeed, was as far back as 1633, although it was not until a later date that it became prosperous and populous. During the war of the revolution it suffered greatly from the guns of a British fleet, but not sufficiently to prevent its subsequent growth.

Complete unanimity as to the right of the colonies to separate from the motherland did not prevail in the community, and some of its members were steadfast Loyalists. Among these was Thomas Wyer, a merchant, who was greatly respected by his fellow-townsmen, at least until the bitterness of party overcame other feelings. As an indication of the temper of the revolutionists, and of the courage of the King's friends in asserting their opinions, I make the following extract from *The Boston Gazette and Country Journal*, of the 21st of August, 1775, which, yellow and dingy with age, is now before me:

"The following letter was very privately sent from Falmouth, in Casco Bay, to the late execrable Governor Hutchinson, and lately found among his papers. As some persons have been suspected of signing it, who are entirely innocent, it is now given to the public, that such pernicious conduct may be chargeable on those only who are guilty of it:

"Sir,—Being informed that your Excellency intends soon to embark for England, and fearing that certain resolves lately passed in a meeting of this town, which your Excellency will probably soon see in print, may create unfavourable impressions in your Excellency's mind against the town, we beg leave to inform you that many of us disapprove of all the proceedings of the said town meeting, and all of us utterly dislike the indecent reflections on the administration at home, the East India Company, and in particular what is said of your Excellency.

"We further disapprove of the resolves acknowledging any obligation to Boston respecting the tea ships, and are determined to use our influence at the next annual March meeting to obtain a reconsideration of the said resolves.

"Wishing your Excellency a prosperous voyage,

"We are with the greatest respect

"Your Excellency's most obdt. h'ble ser'ts,"

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| "Stephen Longfellow. | Thos. Oxnard. |
| Thos. Bradbury. | Robt. Pagan. |
| David Wyer, jun. | John Kent. |
| Benj. Titcomb. | Moses Shattuck. |
| Jer. Pete. | William Robb. |
| Enoch. Itsley. | Simeon Mayo. |
| Thos. Cumming. | Thomas Coulson. |
| Greenfield Pete. | W. Simmons. |
| | Thos. Sandford. |

"Falmouth, 10th Feb., 1774.

"To His Excellency, Thomas Hutchinson, Esq."

This letter was signed by a member of his family, but not by Thomas Wyer himself. The omission, however, was not due to any lack of devotion to the King's cause, and eventually he left his old home for the sake of living under the British flag, and settled permanently in St. Andrews, in the Province of New Brunswick.

In 1786, the town of Portland, now the city of Portland, in the State of Maine, comprising the most important part of Falmouth, obtained its charter.

In 1886 the city of Portland celebrated its centennial, when it was my good fortune to be present as a participator in the festivities and ceremonies of the occasion.

But what seems to me peculiarly significant is that the invitation to take part in this celebration was extended to myself and my relatives solely because we were descendants of the loyalist Thomas Wyer.

The fact that I was at the time recorder and deputy-mayor of St. John, N.B., may have led the committee in charge to defray all my hotel bills and other expenses while attending the festival; but the same course, without a like reason, was pursued in the case of my cousin who was with me.

The greatest courtesy and kindness were extended to us by our hosts, and, during a series of three most interesting

days devoted to the celebration, my national predilections were never offended, unless perhaps in the case of one orator who, in no unkindly spirit, beheld, in decidedly disordered fancy, the beaver taking refuge beneath the eagle's wing.

It is not inappropriate to conclude by quoting the words of a relative, Mr. Edward Jack, now no more, who, it may be stated, proved himself a worthy descendant of a Loyalist ancestor by refusing to accept the offer of an office under the Government of the United States, peculiarly suited to his tastes, and with a tempting salary, because its acceptance involved the transfer of his allegiance.

In declining the invitation to be present at the Portland celebration, he writes: "Our fathers differed in their views as to the path of duty. They have all arrived at their common home where, for the just, everlasting peace reigns; that their descendants may for all time dwell together in unbroken harmony in the fear and favour of our Almighty Father and Protector is my earnest desire."

I. ALLEN JACK.

St. John, N.B.

The Immigration Convention.

IT is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the Northwest Immigration Convention, held in Winnipeg during the closing days of February. The two years of depression from which the commercial world has now fairly emerged forced home to the mind of every thinker a poignant truth. All classes have been and are compelled to take cognizance of the fact that greater progress depends that stage in her development where greater progress depends on increased population, and increased prosperity on increased colonization. If the fertile, vacant lands of western Canada were converted into populous communities, the cost of developing a new country, now defrayed by a few, and consequently felt as a burden, would be a mere trifle when divided among the many; the transportation companies could afford to reduce rates, and yet pay running expenses, when the volume of export trade increased; the demand for the manufactured products of eastern Canada would grow in proportion to the increased population of western Canada; and the whole Dominion would be enriched by the activity of the whole lying hidden and latent in the Great West, and by the incoming foreign capital resulting from augmented trade. That the colonization of western Canada should be of as great concern to the eastern as to the western provinces needs no proof.

The stream of immigration that should flow, a strong and irresistible tide, through the departments of Federal and Provincial Governments, has gradually dwindled down to an intermittent rill. To sit with folded hands awaiting the incoming flood of immigration to sweep away the stagnation of officialdom is futile. The efforts of governments, federal and provincial, of railway companies and land corporations, are not producing tangible and appreciable results. Immigration work should be direct, swift, and effective; but instead of this the agencies now in operation labour indirectly, slowly, and fruitlessly. In plain words, the Dominion's much-vaunted "spirited immigration policy" has proved a laborious failure. If the Great West is to be colonized, the futile efforts of official departments must be supplemented, electrified, and focused. An enthusiastic and determined immigration crusade must be inaugurated to remove every obstacle, to overcome every difficulty, and to break down every barrier hindering an inrush of settlers. This was the conviction that spurred and animated every class of people in western Canada to send delegates to the Immigration Convention.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

Delegates flocked to attend the convention from far and near. Representative men were sent from British Columbia and Algoma, from every important town in the Northwest Territories, and from the municipalities of Manitoba. Mr. Daly journeyed from Ottawa to be present at the convention; prominent citizens came from St. Paul; and more than one public-spirited settler gave proof of his faith in the country by travelling from remote districts on the very borderland of habitation. The proceedings of the convention were characterized by the greatest enthusiasm, but the enthusiasm was tempered with accuracy and hard-headed, shrewd common

sense. Every carefully prepared address, every paper, every extempore speech, gave the strongest evidence of unshaken faith, unbounded pride, and unlimited hope in the country. The addresses and papers may be considered as belonging to one of two classes. In one class there was set forth a truthful and exact description of the general resources in the speaker's district, and also of any attractions peculiar to such district. In the other there was an attempt, rude it may have been, to devise, and to outline, and to suggest plans of attracting and obtaining settlers. The former may be regarded as excellent immigration literature; the latter, as the first, a rough draft of a new colonization agency. The former gave valuable statistics and information on the actual experience of settlers, stating what had been accomplished, and what might be expected with more colonists in the country. The latter tried to solve the problem of securing the colonists. No one doubts that the Great West possesses fabulous wealth in its natural resources. Pictures of its attractions have been painted in all known shades—in the sombre black and the dull gray of disappointment, and in the glowing and roseate hues of enthusiasm. To dwell on those proceedings of the convention dealing with the country's attractions and resources is unnecessary. Like the golden age, an account of these things would be an old story. Enough to say that, of all enthusiastic speakers, the Rev. John McDougall, of Morley, N.W.T., a pioneer missionary, descended from a race of pioneer missionaries, captured oratorical laurels by his portrayal of the western land of promise. Mr. McDougall's enthusiasm may be endorsed without any discount when it is remembered that among pioneers the missionary of the vast plains is exposed to the greatest hardships without the compensation of material gain.

THE PRACTICAL WORK.

Had nothing more than the publication and distribution of immigration been attempted in the convention, it would have been but a wordy conclave, a transient puff underserving of the wide notice which it has attracted. The aim, however, was not to indulge in wordy embellishment of facts, but to let the facts speak for themselves; not to talk, but to do; not to paint the Great West as the land of promise, but to secure children from the old world for this land of promise. Thus the addresses and papers dealing with the practical side of colonization, though suggestive and tentative rather than clearly outlining a plan of action, were what imparted to the Immigration Convention its real and lasting worth, and what will likely be productive of actual results. As any kind of colonization scheme must have an organized and permanent agency, the delegates to the convention banded together in a permanent, working order, called the Western Canada Immigration Association. In the words of the committee appointed to organize the association, "The object of this association is to encourage suitable immigration to the districts represented in this association." It was recommended by resolutions, unanimously carried, that, in order to forward the interests of the association, "the Executive Committee be instructed to endeavour to secure grants of money from the Dominion and Local Governments, the municipalities, corporations, and companies to be benefited by the immigration work undertaken by the association"; "that the government and land corporations be requested to furnish every facility for the formation of co-operative and commercial colonies;" and "that this convention would wish to affirm its sense of the importance of the prepayment of settlers' passage money as an aid to immigration, and its desire that the permanent organization should formulate some scheme by which the principle shall be carried into operation."

These are a few of the preliminary resolutions with which the Western Canada Immigration Convention was ushered into prominence. The various addresses and the general discussion served to show how comprehensive is the work which the association has set itself to accomplish. It proposes to become an administrative immigration bureau, carrying to the successful issue colonization schemes, by which multitudes in the old world, eager but unable to emigrate to Canada, are to be aided, both in transit and for the first few years of settlement. To attain this aim, grants of money will be requested from departments and corporations now engaged in immigration work, and from companies and municipalities which will be benefited by increased immigration. Mr. Greenway's suggestion, that the Dominion and Provincial Governments

come together and form a compact to advance the cause of immigration by united efforts, commended itself to all hearers, and was elaborated into a proposal to amalgamate all immigration agencies, and to centralize their work in the permanent board. There is much to recommend the Premier's thought, when one remembers how the present agencies frequently waste their energies by competing in the same field, while other districts remain untouched by their immigration efforts.

The resolution recommending the encouragement and formation of co-operative and commercial colonies indicates the scope and the nature of the task undertaken by the association, and to this additional emphasis is given by the proposal to formulate some scheme by which the immigrant's passage money may be prepaid. Both suggestions are practical recognition of the fact brought out so clearly by the Attorney-General. Mr. Sifton said: "Our efforts must be directed towards getting people who, when they come here, will not be making their condition worse, but better; therefore, we must direct our efforts to the getting of those people who will elevate themselves, and who are not in the very best condition in their own country. Experience has shown that those who make the best settlers are those whose condition in the land from which they come is not too easy." That prepayment of passage money facilitates colonization is shown by statistics from the ports of the United States. From 60 to 70 per cent. of settlers entering the republic have had their fare prepaid by friends. Many settlers in Canada are doing the same thing for their friends in the old country; but not until there are more settlers in Canada need the same large percentage of prepaid passages be expected. The proposal that the association devise some scheme to prepay the immigrant's passage must not be misunderstood as a plan to import paupers. The association's intentions regarding passage money have not been made public; but any assistance given the settler at first will be in the nature of a loan, for which he will be held to account. People of conservative tendency, who scent danger in the association's plans of assistance, must bear in mind that the guiding principles of all convention proceedings were "a truthful, and not an over-, statement of the country's resources," and "quality, not quantity, in colonizing."

The history of the Mennonites, given by Mr. Hespeler, German Consul at Winnipeg, before the convention demonstrated what well-directed State aid would accomplish for needy but desirable settlers. There are now 20,000 people in the Mennonite district, cultivating 235,160 acres and possessing 30,000 head of stock. Yet this was the settlement for which the Dominion Government loaned \$195,000 at 5 per cent. interest in 1874-5-6; and the whole amount was fully repaid in 1891. Plainly, there is work, a magnificent work, of colonizing the Great West for the Western Immigration Association, or any other active immigration bureau; but the association cannot accomplish anything without the whole Dominion's moral and financial support. To gain this support, which the association has a right to expect, a delegation has been sent to Ottawa, and will visit other Canadian cities to rouse the East to the importance of the immigration crusade, if its first experience at the capital prove encouraging. It must be acknowledged that colonization, as now conducted in Canada, is desultory, wasteful, and almost fruitless. Mr. Daly's address before the convention was simply an acknowledgment of and apology for the inactivity and failure of his department. Must the failure and inactivity continue? The Western Immigration Association says no; and, sending a delegation to eastern Canada, asks to be put in possession of resources to enable it to colonize and to develop the Great West. It asks for more. It asks and expects the sympathy, co operation, and support of the eastern members of the confederated Dominion.

A.C.L.

Vienna in Holiday Time.

A MUGGY atmosphere, a sky of lowering gray, shading to brown, and underfoot a stream of chocolate-coloured mud, ankle deep, and very greasy, through which an anxiously preoccupied crowd of humanity waded and slipped—such was the aspect presented by Vienna during the month of December, 1895.

It is not a pretty description, certainly not what one would consider favourable circumstances under which Christmas

mirth and jollity might be developed. But Vienna is a city of resources, and, with a climate like hers, knows better than to rely on sunshine and fair weather for her effects. With true genius, she makes use of what would be a serious disadvantage to other places, and so bravely maintains her reputation of being one of the most brilliant cities in Europe.

The dull weather and general dinginess is absolutely necessary to emphasize—by force of contrast—the glories of the shop windows, and they are spectacles of sparkle, brilliancy, and colour, at which the stranger may gasp as he gazes. Early in the month, a general impression of *rouge et noir* is supplied by the confectionery shops and those devoted to fancy goods, where preparations for the feast of St. Nicholas, December 5th, are being made, and the good St. Nicholas himself, a mitred bishop in scarlet robe, Bible and crosier in hand, stands meekly cheek by jowl with a Krampus—or bad man—a demon of ferocious aspect, always very black, and with all the orthodox accompaniments of a devil—horns, hoof, chains, pitchfork, and everything else, well calculated to strike terror to the heart of the naughty child who had not been good enough to deserve the nuts and "Pfeffer Kuchen," which are the gifts of the good St. Nicholas on the above mentioned date.

But the magnificence of the Krampus and his saintship are as nothing to the glories of Father Christmas, who makes his entrance immediately after their exit. Under the boughs of innumerable Christmas trees, whose branches are ablaze with myriad candles, a glittering with gold and silver tinsel, he stands and surveys a world where Marzipan—or almond paste—made up into every possible form, rivals the no less ingeniously prepared chocolate in its claim upon the admiration of the beholder; where delicately-coloured bonbons nestle in satin or velvet-draped boxes, or baskets, contrasting in their luxurious refinement with piles of clumsily-shaped "Fruchtenbrod"—or fruit bread—an edible which certainly demands "sugar and spice and all that's nice" for its manufacture, and which is here the orthodox thing to eat at this season. It is indeed a wonderful display, for, as far as confectionery goes, Vienna's standard is very high. Paris, St. Petersburg, and New York certainly hold their own well in this respect; but for variety, delicacy, and general deliciousness, the Vienna bonbon takes patrician rank. Tasting a cream or a chocolate drop is one of life's refined pleasures; it is to the palate what reading one of Herrick's lyrics is to the mind.

The death of the day is the advent of Vienna's greatest glories. Great fan-shaped rays of electric lights blaze out upon the foggy air, and in dry goods shops the waxen ladies, brave in silks, jewels, and ribbons of all hues, simper with the effect of increased graciousness, under softly tinted lights, in the midst of filmy laces and gorgeous artificial flowers. The jewelers display what looks like the tiny fragments of an exceptionally brilliant rainbow, spread out on a wide expanse of white velvet, and the shops devoted to stationery never fail to attract a large crowd to gaze at their Christmas cards. There is something inexplicably fascinating about a number of Christmas cards together, and this year the quaint 1830 designs make them more attractive than ever. It is the Viennese, I believe, who are responsible for another design, that of an agile but faintly indecent lady, forever riding, in scanty raiment, astride a champagne bottle, for the sole purpose of wishing the world a merry Christmas. It is very popular, this card—anything that hints even vaguely at the improper is sure to be so in Vienna. The narrow streets of the I. Bezirk—or Inner Town—are specially brilliant with the lights of the numerous cafés, where all Vienna, with his wife and daughters, sits in the midst of many mirrors and much red plush, exchanging jokes with his neighbours, drinking his afternoon coffee, and gazing through the delicate, blue cloud of cigarette smoke at the poor parcel-laden devils who go tramping by through slush and mud in the damp world outside.

It is, indeed, a varied crowd to gaze upon: Austrians, Moravians, Hungarians, Dalmatians, Bohemians—what need to go through the list, as it is a fact so well known that Vienna is a mosaic of eighteen nationalities? The mixture of languages makes it Babel to the ear, and the costumes of the various peasantries add colour and picturesqueness. High and low, rich and poor, elbow each other on the narrow pavements, and the difficulty of progress is increased by the presence of many bulky Christmas trees, which every other person is carrying. Out in the quieter streets, on the outskirts of the

city, these trees stand thickly grouped, making the scene quite Arcadian and sylvan. There are pretty blossoms in this kind of forest, sweeter than any other woodland known; those of the glowing, happy, childish faces, flushing rosy red with pleasure as the owners thereof turn towards home with their trees, which are to burst forth in such brilliancy on the "Heilige Abend" on Christmas eve.

Am Hof, that is to say, in the courtyard of what was once the royal palace, a great fair is held at this season, called the Christ Kindermarkt, or Fair of the Christ Child. From all parts of Austria and the suburbs of Vienna the market people come, and the booths are spread with all the dainties most popular in this part of the world at this time of the year. Edelweiss from the Salzburg is among the most attractive of the wares—to a stranger at least—so large and pure are its velvety blossoms, and especially characteristic and pretty does it look when combined with some of the brightly tinted "everlastings," also products of the Austrian Alps. In this form it fills a pair of tiny sabots, or surrounds a "crucifix" in admirable imitation of the wayside shrines, which are so conspicuous a feature of the country places in Austria. There are other booths devoted to waxen figures of the Christ-child, sometimes lying in the manger, sometimes in sitting posture with the baby arms outstretched, and in the same substance are the little figures of Mary and Joseph, the Angel Choir, and the Shepherds, all very well done, and very brilliantly coloured. Christmas trees, with gaudy festoons and rosettes of tissue paper, are everywhere, and some of the booths shimmer and sparkle with golden and silver pom-poms and streamers—the orthodox adornment of the orthodox tree. "Pfeffer Kuchen," a kind of gingerbread, made glorious by coloured sugar and gilded walnuts, are also highly popular. Piles of apples and oranges add their quota of colour, many brilliant shades of yellow and red, to the general gorgeousness of the scene; but the part of the fair which seems to attract the most attention is that devoted to wearing apparel and toys, such as are fast becoming legendary in these days, so old-fashioned are they in their uncouthness, though there are dolls amongst them that might challenge those of Paris. At night, when the scene is lit up by torch- or candle-light, it is something that might make a painter grasp feverishly for his brush. But he would have to be a painter upon whom the spirit of the old Dutch masters or Hogarth had descended. Here are the dramatic contrasts between light and shadow, the touch of warm colour, the grotesquely wrinkled faces of the old, or the coarse, healthy beauty of the young, such as they delighted in. Even the "Philistines" must feel the beauty of it all.

The holiday season in Vienna is in reality what it is in theory—a time of light-hearted merriment. Beginning with the Heilige Abend, the festivities are initiated by a supper, consisting principally of fish. Why this particular edible should be so much in favour on this occasion is a mystery, the solution of which is evidently beyond human ability. Fish is the most expensive food known here, and yet the poorest family will manage to get some even if it takes the last kreutzer, or feel doomed to misfortune for the whole of the ensuing year. After the supper comes the lighting up of the tree, the distribution of presents, and the consequent vociferous joy of the children, aided and abetted, hardly less vociferously, by their elders.

There is a sound of music in the streets on Christmas morning, solemn, impressive music, that makes one long to stop and listen, and to join with the worshippers who kneel even out to the pavement before the churches, from which the sound comes. Passing by, one can see inside very plainly, for the kneeling people hold the doors wide open, and one goes on with an impression of softly-burning altar lights, looking poetically suggestive, glowing thus high above the heads of the people, and lighting up the dimness of the Gothic interiors with their significant brightness. In gorgeous vestments, the priests move about, and add the finishing touch to the scene. Verily, this town is a picturesque one indeed!

The days between Christmas and New Year's are filled up much as they are at home, with much gaiety and party giving, and the theatre plays a very important part. Annually, as a matter of course, the German and Austrian children are taken to see "Die Puppenfee," a ballet, so exquisitely lovely that one longs to transport it across the water for the benefit of our own wee country people, aye, and of the big ones, too.

It is all the story of a toy shop. An English family comes

to it to witness the dancing of some mechanical figures, and enters it just as a peasant, with his wife and child, are at the height of their enjoyment over the wonders they have found there. The peasant family, of course, furnishes the buffoonery, and makes mirth by the way they tumble over things and quarrel with each other. But the English family is too delightful for any adequate description. The average Briton, travelling abroad, should study it, and so see himself as others see him; the likeness is photographic. Papa, stout, stiff, and pompous, leads the way, followed closely by mamma, also stiff and very angular, and directly behind her, in the well-known "steps of stairs" proportion, come the four children, all of whom have inherited a due share of the paternal pomposity and maternal stiffness. Each is furnished with long-handled eyeglasses, through which they gaze at the audience with a solemn lack of expression that is intensely funny. Of course the mechanical figures dance charmingly, their stiff grace—there is no other way to describe it—was simply wonderful, and of course the English family gaze upon them all without betraying the faintest interest or pleasure. Papa reads the "Times"—all the stage Englishmen on the continent do that—and it is kicked out of his hands by a dancing "Punch," and a very charming young lady doll falls into his arms and sticks there—not having been sufficiently oiled—and those are the only occasions upon which they display any emotion whatever. After they have disappeared and the shop is left to darkness, the "Puppenfee," or doll fairy, enters. She waves her hand, and the place is filled with light; she waves it again, and out of every box, down from every shelf, come the dolls, in costumes of all nations, the little Dresden figures and all the various toys, and one wonderful ballet after another ensues until such time as the "Puppenfee" sends them back to their corners and boxes again. The whole thing is one of the most enchanting entertainments that the imagination can conjure up. The music by Josef Bayes is quite as bewitching.

Not quite so original, but equally charming, was another ballet entitled "Wiener Walzer," in which Bayes and Gaul also had a hand in the arrangement. Of course there was a great deal of Strauss in this; who could write of the Viennese waltzes without bringing in his compositions? We saw in the first act how they danced to *trois temps* in the latter days of the last century; the second act showed us a wedding, with everybody attired in 1830 costumes, and by way of variety an old German cushion dance was introduced. For a wind-up we had the Prates of to-day; not the Nobel or aristocratic Prates, where patrician Vienna takes the air in its coronetted carriages, but the Wurstel Prates, where the maidservant dances with the young man in the conspicuously checked clothes, and where the wandering Jew of real life tries to do a little "bishness" in the midst of the giddy revelry. It was very interesting to the sojourner within the city gates.

The merry week comes to an end with Sylvester Abend, or New Year's Eve. That is a time for mirth, second only to the Heilige Abend. The guest who has been faithful to the one restaurant for a year receives his "Bowla"—a mixture of wine and fruit—free of charge. In public houses and restaurants the lights are put out for the moment the old year passes away, and are relit with the advent of the new year amidst the clinking of glasses and cries of "Prosit, Newjahr!"

In private houses the custom is much the same, and something friendly and kindly is said to each one as the New Year enters upon his own. But it is a hard moment for us strangers in a far-off land; the thoughts, and the heart with them, have such a trick of flying miles off to where the home friends are. We wonder if they will remember us as the New Year dawns, and we forget to respond to the gay things that are said to us in a foreign language. There are just a few words passing inaudibly, but frequently, over our lips in the sweet old mother tongue, "God bless the dear old friends, and the dear homeland, and send to them a happy and prosperous New Year!"

Vienna, March 1st, 1896.

N. L. JONES.

Concerning Tongs.

NO confectioner of repute, even in a provincial town, packs his fancy box of chocolates, creams, and caramels, without including a neat pair of candy-tongs, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. The reason for this addition is evident. Were ordinary children to be the beneficiaries of the

attractive box, tongs would be a superfluity, and the same would be the case if the sweetmeats were to be eaten as part of a dessert with finger-glasses to follow. But dainty maids and dames, who wish to keep clean digits in view of books, fancy-work, and handshaking, love to dip at all times into the open lace-paper fringed cardboard casket. They are willing to take into their much more precious lips what would soil their hands, which at first sounds very paradoxical. It reminds one of a statement in the Jewish Mishna, that the holier a book of Scripture is, the more unclean does the holder of it become. To get at the desirable without injury or prejudice to one's self is one of the uses of tongs.

The implement so called is very ancient, and has many plural names, such as forceps, pliers, pincers, tweezers, and snuffers, which latter instrument naturally leads to scissors. Tongs are mentioned in the Book of Exodus, and were, no doubt, used in Egypt long before Moses became versed in all the wisdom of that land, although Mr. Flinders Petrie has no illustration of them in his recent work on excavations. The Hebrew name thus translated is derived from the verb "to take," so that tongs are "takers." Although some English etymologists favour a derivation from the Latin *tango*, I touch, others decide for a Teutonic nunnated original of the verb "to take," as in Hebrew. The Welsh word apparently means "holders," and the Irish "gatherers," the former answering to the Greek *labis*. The notions of holding and gathering afford much food for reflection, but the commoner signification of taking opens of itself a wide field for moral consideration, especially when it is observed that by means of tongs things may either be taken to one's self or be taken away. They are thus for apprehension with a view to appropriation, to express the matter in a Johnsonian fashion, or for apprehension with a view to removal. Yet, in either case, their use indicates, in the object apprehended, the presence of something objectionable to the touch. This is very evident equally in the hot iron between the blacksmith's nippers, and in the cold ice in the tongs of the ice-man. It also appears in the proverbial expression so unflattering to its object, "I would not touch him with a pair of tongs."

The immortal dreamer of Bedford, in his quaint book on Solomon's Temple, makes the simple, yet lucid, remark, "Tongs, we know, are used instead of fingers." In olden days a certain college in the city of Toronto was heated, as most buildings then were, with ordinary iron stoves. One stood in the lecture room of a reverend professor, near his desk, and the coal box was beside it. A Scottish proverb says of him who calls theft mere finding, "He found it where the Hiellanman found the tangs," and a well-known Irish song ungrammatically remarks:

"Sure, the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs";

but, in this case, the tongs at least were absent, whatever may have been true of the shovel. It was a freezing morning, and the professor, though warm-hearted, was cold-blooded. Leaving his chair, with one hand he opened the stove door, and with the other he groped in the coal-bin. The piece his hand fell upon was too large for his fingers to compass, so both hands constituted themselves tongs, and, lifting the heavy chunk, laid it on the fire. The unwonted exercise brought the gray hair over his forehead and the perspiration to his temples. Running his fingers through the elf-locks, he threw them back into place, and, producing a dingy ball that was once a handkerchief, he rolled it first in his grimy hands, and then mopped his face with it, till that benevolent countenance became like a map of the seat of the Crimean war, in which the Black Sea figured largely. The class lost its gravity, but gained an important lesson in the economic superiority of artificial over natural tongs.

Sir Charles Bell defines "the hand" as belonging exclusively to man, and it was Helvetius, I think, who regarded the opposition of thumb and fingers as the foundation of man's superiority to other animals. "Tommy this and Tommy that, and Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?" were not questions with which the author of "De l'Homme" concerned himself. Man did not need to look to the pincers of the cray-fish or the jaws of a crocodile for the model of his artificial tongs; he found it in the opposition of his own forefinger and thumb. Yet tongs belong to civilized life. The stone-age barbarian was incapable of producing them, and when he required anything of the

kind seems to have contented himself with utilizing the pliable forked branch of a tough-growing tree. You may look through scores of richly-illustrated books dealing with ancient implements found in all lands, and never once come upon a forceps of any description. Elastic metal, or the discovery of the hinge principle, or of that of free partial revolution of the heavier and non-elastic on a riveted pivot, was necessary in order to the evolution of a vicarious taker and holder. Of course, those who owned slaves and had little regard to their well-being could handle objectionable things by proxy through them. All are familiar with the picture of the monkey using the cat's foot to draw the roasting chestnuts out of the fire. The term "cat's paw" is still applicable to human tongs, as well as to a light puff of air in calm weather.

It is amazing, when you come to think of it, what an amount of dirty work is done in the world, and there are human tongs, go-betweens, or catspaws for it all. The Honourable Mr. W. represents a city constituency which includes a slum district that sends out many voters. Mr. W. is a fastidious man of excellent taste, who shrinks from commonplace vices and squalid poverty. The company that meets in his princely mansion is the best in the city, but you are startled on seeing two or three incongruous figures apparently quite at home in it. They are vulgar, aggressive, red-faced, grog-blossomed bull-dogs, oiled and scented, flashily attired and begilt. In spite of your good breeding, you can hardly refrain from following them with your eyes, till the Honourable perceives your wonder, and says, "Don't be astonished at these necessary evils. I couldn't manipulate the unwashed of St. Pius's Ward without them." Of course, you feel that the unwashed are probably cleaner than these utterly soiled tongs, and that you would prefer to let St. Pius's Ward go to Jericho to bringing such dirty implements of dirty work within the circle of your refined household.

The desirable things these human tongs pick up are votes. Others pick up money, literary fame, reputation, office, titles. Clever are the men and women who manipulate the tongs, and dearly often they have to pay for them. They manipulate catspaws of high and low degree, prime ministers and cabinets, corporations and managing directors, editors and reviewers, college senates and school boards. Aldermen on the police commission have even been known to use pettifogging lawyers as tongs wherewith to extract from the pockets of poor applicants for a position on the force hundreds of hard-earned dollars. Sometimes the human tongs turn round and take their whilom manipulators by the nose, as St. Dunstan did the devil. This is on the eve of an election, when the protected manufacturer finds no protection against the imperious collector of the campaign fund. In her "Sorrows of Satan," Marie Corelli depicts the utter baseness of base metal of which the tongs are made by which men and women filch to themselves literary reputation. Reviews they would hardly dare to write themselves, laudations that make them blush, enumerations of services they know they never performed, ascriptions of virtues and attainments of which they are supremely innocent and ignorant, the manipulators get through the tongs, and, because the tongs pick these up and not themselves directly, they think they are honest people. Rabbi José says that, if a man's hands are unclean, the water poured upon them by an ape will not cleanse them; but the doctors of the synagogue differ on this as on other points.

Analogy seems to say that go-betweens are not necessarily bad. On the contrary, coal tongs, blacksmith's tongs, ice tongs, and sugar tongs are very useful and beneficial inventions. There are excellent qualities in coal and iron, ice and sugar, and there are also in them disagreeable points of contact—black, hot, cold, and sticky. In matters physical we have a perfect right to avoid such contact; but it is doubtful that the philanthropist, which every human being is yet to be, has a right to relegate to another of his race the inconvenience of dealing with these obnoxious qualities, more especially of dealing with them for his advantage or vicariously. The lady patroness of the hospital, who, through the equally lady nurse, washes the loathly and binds up the loathsome, is pious in a mere dream of fair women; and the smug committeeman that places to his credit in Heaven's bank account the painful slumming experience of the reporting city missionary is a dupe of vicarious religion. True manhood and womanhood is no implement of other humanity. "One is your Master, even Christ." It is all right to be tongs, so long as we are the

golden tongues of God, and pick up treasures, not for self, but for Him.

There was once a dog, a small Skye terrier, rejoicing in the classic name of Jim. In the summer time, this Jim had a large domain to scamper over, in which was much soft earth easily scratched up, wherein he hid superfluous bones. But when winter came, he found himself largely cooped up within the walls of a city house. One night an honoured guest of that house was about to retire to rest, when, moving his pillows, he espied a raw and offensive-looking object buried beneath them. He informed his host, and the host informed the hostess, who in turn told a maid to bring the tongs. When the tongs had closed upon the objectionable matter out of place, it was found that Jim had discovered among the pillows a new grave for his bones. The offending bone was carried thence and rejected, doubtless to Jim's great disappointment. The genius of Bunyan did not miss this use of tongs. Referring to candlewicks, he says, "Do with the snuff as the neat housewife doth with the toad which she finds in her garden. She takes the fork, or a pair of tongs, and therewith doth throw it over the pales."

It is a very common thing to touch with the tongs what one will not touch with his own fingers. John Calvin's doctrine was neither a bone nor a toad, but it was hardly fair of him to get poor Nicholas Cop, rector of the Sorbonne, to deliver a discourse written by him before that learned body on All Saints' Day, on account of which Nicholas had to flee for his life. That was making tongs of the worthy Dr. Cop. The scribes, pharisees, and lawyers of old were great adepts at this kind of work. The common executioner's employer, the sheriff. That gentlemanly, often Christian, man would not for the world imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature, but he has no compunction in handing the criminal over to the hangman. Senators, and members of congress, editors and jingoes generally, are like Artemus Ward's "loathsome objack settin' on a bar'l and sayin' he'll be d—— if he'll go to the war," but they have no hesitation in sending their wives' relations to remove the objectionable enemy.

The chief priests would not themselves enter the judgment hall lest they should be defiled, but they suborned false witnesses, who were the tongs by which they carried the Christ away to an ignominious death. That kind of thing is going on now. Sometimes the human tongs do not know what they are being used for; sometimes they do. Envy, covetousness, revenge, want of a vacancy for self or friend—each and all of these lead some wicked man, whose eyes are blinded to the extent of his wickedness, to use a pair of human tongs, fondly dreaming that the world will not perceive the connection between him and them, for the purpose of slandering, undermining, and finally removing the object of his ill-will. When the tongs fail, they at first get all the blame; but when at last, either in this world or in the next, the judges of right and wrong adjudicate, the intended victim will be no revenger of evil done. As John of Leyden and Knipperdoltling were pinched to death with red-hot tongs, so the cunningly devised implements of injury, let loose upon their manipulators, will be their ignominious and inveterate tormentors. People should be careful how they make use of human tongs.

At the House of Commons.

TO-DAY flags are flying all over the city. Shamrock is used freely as boutonnières for the loyal sons of St. Patrick, and as sprays for the dresses and mantles of his daughters, while knots of bright green ribbon deck a large number for the occasion of the good old saint who was down on snakes.

Last night it was expected that the vote on the Remedial Bill would be reached to-day or to-night, in the dim twilight hours of the early morning, or even at breakfast time. Now it is discredited, and the word goes forth from those in authority that it will not be to-night, and that after a late bedtime the Liberals will cease discussing the bill at all, but talk on a motion to adjourn.

Last Thursday it was said the vote was expected, and there was an arrangement for a sort of afternoon tea in the evening, and at which there was to be no tea (the room was next to the bar). There was to be music, for a piano was there; and

with laugh, and "tasting," and story, and song, the good Government supporters were to make strong the bonds between themselves and all the rest of their party. The little reception was not held.

It means something to play host and hail-fellow-well-met with shaky voters. It means a good deal if the reception lasts all night, and the vote does not come on until early in the morning, and it does seem disgraceful.

Mr. Maclean said "a true word" when he appealed to the House to bar the door on race and creed questions, and devote itself to the building up of the Dominion.

Last Wednesday night there was a bad few moments for Mr. Dickey, who was in charge of the House. Col. O'Brien sat down after his speech, and there was no one ready to go on. The Speaker was sent for, and the question put. No one wanted a vote, least of all Mr. Dickey, with his hand on the party helm. He had pages scurrying the great outside haunts for someone to talk, or a whip. Mr. Frechette finally came hurrying in, and, pulling a speech from his pocket, talked for an hour.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin unwittingly gave the Liberals a sweet morsel to roll under their debating tongues. He proposed a resolution remonstrating against the adoption by the Imperial Parliament of the bill by which the Government over there propose to make permanent the embargo against the Canadian live stock trade.

The play of the Opposition attack was one great query, Why was Sir Charles Tupper not in his office in London to attend to Canadian interests? If others could do his work, why was he ever sent?

On Friday there was a little diversion over the telegram. It was quite an innocent telegram, stating that Mr. Greenway would come to confer with the Government only on the invitation of the Government. But there was something else—a missing phrase, and the papers and the politicians pounced upon it as if they were all spectacled scientists and it was the "missing link." Sir Charles referred to it as garbled. He had not intended to garble it, he said, and he also admitted that it had been published not only without the consent of Mr. Greenway, but also of Sir Donald Smith, to whom it was addressed. It was a delectable bit of well-spiced debate that dogged the heels of that telegram. In the words of the small boy, "there was no end of a row" over it.

Sir Richard Cartwright asked on Friday afternoon if it were true that the Government had such doubts as to whether the House expires on the 25th of April that they propose submitting the case to the Supreme Court of Canada to resolve their doubts.

Mr. Dickey replied that the Government was considering the desirability of doing that, but that nothing had yet been done.

This question of the great "when" is agitating a great many people. The members whose business affairs are backsliding, the doctors whose patients are "wastin' awa like the snow-wreaths," wish the Constitution would grip its whole big strong hand on any Parliament that dared to sit after four months' session. The good housewives who are renting furnished houses want to know what to tell the landlord, and when to tell him it. The boarders are tiring of menus that may be six times better than those in their own households, but you'll never get them to believe it. The civil servants feel overworked. Toronto folks long for clean pavements; for whatever Toronto pavements may have been or be, they are better than Ottawa ones.

Mr. Foster's speech on Friday afternoon was one of the great speeches of the debate. It was persuasive, argumentative, and distinguished for urbanity. The Finance Minister has an almost imperturbable temper. His well-balanced sentences drop easily from his lips. He does not strain after effect. In that long, narrow head of his there is a great deal of brain machinery which fits well, wheel within wheel, and runs with wonderful exactness. The wonder among Conservatives has been and is, more than ever after his speech, that Sir Charles

should be the leader. Of course, though, it is fair to say that it is still held that it will take Sir Charles to carry the country.

Tuesday afternoon Sir Hibbert Tupper made a speech which was entirely different from Mr. Foster's. It had in it a strongly developed personal vein. It could not be characterized as a great speech, and yet it was meat for Mr. McCarthy's speech to-night. The galleries were crowded early, and Lady Aberdeen took her seat upon the floor soon after the proceedings had commenced. She was carefully gowned in a shot silk showing gray and rose colour and draped and decorated with black lace. She followed the very sensible habit of appearing dressed for evening, and without hat or bonnet. In the Speaker's gallery one lady was also in her coiffure—Mrs. White. Such a pleasure it was to look at her, too, after nodding and bobbing and peeping among the picture hats with the eccentric brims and audacious plumes.

Mr. McCarthy was amusing in his repartee. Mr. Foster and he crossed swords in a series of queries and replies, and the clash of their weapons made the galleries lively with murmurs and half-suppressed titters, while the members laughed and shouted as is their privilege.

Mr. McCarthy referred to Sir Hibbert Tupper as "the youthful minister," and some stray remarks on his speech this afternoon appeared to redden the face of that gentleman as he sat in his seat over nearer the Speaker.

The old wordy war of Manitoba and her wrongs and the power of the Legislature of that province was waged with the undecorated English of the able member for North Simcoe. He referred to the days when the question of representation by population was before the country, the days when another minority question bid fairly for another solution.

At a few minutes to ten Mr. McCarthy was still speaking. Ottawa, March 17.

Montreal Affairs.

It looks as though our mayor, Mr. R. Wilson Smith, is, in a minor way, a man of destiny. His rise has been phenomenal in its rapidity. He was by no means well known three years ago when he accepted municipal nomination in St. Lawrence ward on a civic reform platform. His opponent retired before election day, and he was elected by acclamation. A year later when he offered himself for re-election he was returned without opposition. This year he entered the race for the mayorship, and ran it alone. Thus in three years' time he advanced himself from comparative obscurity to the chief magistracy of this city, without having to fight a single battle at the polls. Remarkable as this record is, it may yet have another singular chapter added to it, for there is a possibility that he will be returned to Parliament by acclamation in the St. Lawrence division of the city. He has not been allied in the past with either political party, and is being strongly urged by his friends to offer himself for Parliament as an independent candidate. If he does, an attempt will be made to secure his return by acclamation. In view of his past achievements in the way of making opponents get out of the road, no one can predict failure for this enterprise with any degree of certainty; but I, for one, will be not a little surprised if in so debatable a constituency as St. Lawrence there is not a red-hot battle at the coming elections. There is not much doubt but that the Conservatives will nominate a candidate of their own—in all probability McDonald Macmaster, the eminent lawyer, who has already been a member of Parliament. Mr. Macmaster would make a strong candidate, and, if chosen, an able representative. The Liberals may agree not to oppose Mayor Smith if he runs. This is not likely. They will probably put Alderman E. Goff Penny in the field, and by the fortunes of war Mr. Penny is a son of the late Senator Penny, in his day the foremost journalist of Lower Canada; and being a gentleman of good abilities, with leisure and an independent fortune at his disposal, he would make a not unworthy representative. A requisition in his favour is being largely signed. St. Lawrence is one of the new electoral divisions, and will send a representative to Ottawa this year for the first time.

The forecasts made in this correspondence of the attitude of the Liberals towards remedial legislation have been fully justified by the facts. The Ontario newspapers apparently found it impossible to believe that they would directly oppose

the Government proposition; but in well-informed circles here no doubt was felt on this point, though the moving of the six months' hoist was unexpected—a veritable bolt from the blue. In this city, at any rate, Mr. Laurier's course is warmly approved by the French Liberals, and I am assured by one whose knowledge is extensive that the same feeling of unswerving loyalty to their leader is universal throughout the province. Mr. Beausoleil will be the only French Liberal "holter," so far as is now known; he will be joined by Mr. Devlin, and possibly by Mr. McIsaac. For the two latter there will be forgiveness; but, oh, it looks very much as though Mr. Beausoleil is to be driven into the outer darkness. He has always been regarded as insubordinate, and it is by no means improbable that this opportunity will be taken to get rid of him. A striking illustration of the temper of the French Liberals was afforded by an incident at a political dinner given a day or so ago by the Club National in honor of F. G. M. Dechene, M.P.P. Mr. Beausoleil was one of the speakers, and, while protesting his devotion to Mr. Laurier, defended his action on the school question. He spoke to a grim and silent audience, which a moment later became warmly enthusiastic when Mr. Geoffrion, M.P., proceeded to give his reasons for opposing the measure. I again repeat what I have said more than once in this column, that Mr. Laurier's personality in this province dwarfs every other issue, and that the Conservatives must match him with Chapleau if they are to hold their own here, let alone making gain. Those who imagine that his attitude in the House will cost him dear in French votes will be mistaken. If the Church were to declare war against him, he would suffer, of course; but it appears now that this danger has about blown over.

The great United Empire Exposition which was to have been held here during the coming summer has collapsed, and buried its projectors in ignominy. The city has been sadly compromised by the acts of officious outsiders; and it is now trying to find out whether it will be possible to retrieve its injured reputation by getting up an exhibition international in its nature for the summer of 1897. The history of this ill-starred enterprise is easily told. A year ago there arrived in this city one Joseph H. Stiles, who, having had positions of some responsibility in connection with the British exhibits at the World's Fair and the California Midwinter Exposition, was burning with a desire to emulate the glories of those expositions in this city. Mr. Stiles is a man of great energy, and, as results have proved, of a hopefulness of surpassing guilelessness. He set to work to get an exhibition organization together, with poor results; for while he met with a certain measure of support, it was altogether inadequate to justify him in going on with the enterprise. The Dominion Government declined to grant a subsidy; the city council was equally unenthusiastic; and none of Montreal's citizens went as far as to place their thousands at Mr. Stiles' disposal. An ordinary man at this juncture would have recognized that the city failed to appreciate him; and would have disappeared. Not so Mr. Stiles. There are two explanations of this subsequent conduct: either he went along, Micawber-like, trusting in everything coming out all right; or he made up his mind to so seriously compromise the city that, for very shame's sake, it would be obliged to come to his rescue. So on he went; he advertised the exhibition in the four corners of the universe; he had the most gorgeous lithograph of a great exhibition park designed by imaginative artists and scattered broadcast; he sold concessions; he engaged for exhibits; he did everything that could possibly be done to make the world believe that we were going to have in Montreal, from May 24th to the end of September, an exposition that, to quote from his own circulars, would surpass the World's Fair. Three weeks ago, The Star, apprehensive at the way things were going, demanded an examination by citizens. This was made, and it was found that the exposition had no money, but was in debt to the extent of thousands of dollars; and that the gorgeous buildings which were to be opened on May 24th had never got beyond the brain of the promoter. Mr. Stiles, and those associated with him, virtually threw themselves on the mercy of the citizens, and urged that enough money be raised to permit the exposition to open on July 1st, but this was denied; and a citizens' committee is now considering whether an exposition can be held next year. Exhibits are now beginning to arrive. I met to-day a man who had arrived from London, with his wife and four children, and a

ton of exhibits, prepared to have a six months' outing with us. His feelings can be imagined. Meanwhile, Mr. Stiles must be thinking unutterable thoughts.

Parisian Affairs.

PARIS, March 7, 1896.

ENGLAND and Germany must sustain Italy in her present tribulations; her existence as a first-class power is a necessity for the peace of the world. Germany should now extend a helping hand, for she has much to answer for by enrolling the mother of the Latins in the Triple Alliance, and so inducing her to expend upon bloated armaments money that she could ill spare. As a unified people, the Italians are about of the same age as the Teutons; they are a very laborious, frugal, and sober nation, excellent colonists, and make the most painful sacrifices to maintain their present rank as a first-class power; they have the right to grow big, like other realms, and to speculate in hubs of the Dark Continent, as do several European governments. It will be curious to note in what shape Germany will extend material, not verbal, aid to her ally.

For England, Italy is a kind of unattached ally, a sort of *bastion* succour in the Mediterranean, and that cannot be ignored, when Russia is knocking Asia and Europe into a cocked hat. It is expected she will join Germany to aid Italy with a loan. A good money-plaster heals many wounds. Italy must retrieve her check in Abyssinia, not now, but in the autumn. She requires a few months to pull herself together and take stock of the situation. The lessons of adversity are sweet; every nation in colonial expansion has experienced discomfiture at the outset; returning to the charge they have won. Italy must fall back, the better to spring forward. She must not rush her laudable colonial ambition, but learn to labour and to wait. The moment Italy evacuated Abyssinia, Russia would replace her, and take Menelek and his tribal "friendlies" under her wing. She could thus thwart British interests in the regions of the Upper Nile and in the Soudan. The Russians would soon insinuate themselves into the confidence of the Dervishes and the Mahdis; join, if necessary, their faith, till the moment came to throw off the mask and dominate both. Italy, then, is as necessary for England in the Mediterranean and Africa as is Japan for her in the Far East, while her vote is important for the maintenance of the vice-grip of Great Britain upon the Nile.

Abandoned, Italy would quickly be picked up by Russia, who could, through her French banker, loan millions for the financial righting of the peninsula. The command of the Italian's navy by the Muscovite cannot be for the benefit of Westerns—France included—and, above all, for England. It would pay Russia to invest in the fortifying of Italy; that speculation ought to be doubly profitable for Britain, since both nations are friends, in the Roman amity sense—they wish and repel the same things.

Never was there such a flood of canard literature respecting the Egyptian question as at present. It has not the slightest effect on the departure of the British, who now feel Cairo to be their winter sanatorium. France ought to take, as a self-appointed public prosecutor, an action for breach of promise against England for not clearing out of Egypt; only no breach has been committed, no more than with France herself in her formal undertaking to *déménager* from Tunisia, when she deemed, as England judges in the case of Egypt, that she had made that country a "first flower of the earth, a first gem of the sea." Why does not France map out a solution of how, when England leaves, it would be materially impossible for any power to step into her shoes? Even the Triple Alliance incommence to view the occupation of Egypt by the British as a guarantee for European peace, for Russia has now a finger in the pie, so *caveant consules*.

France and England ought to unite to put a stop to the terrible bleeding of £700,000 paid annually to the Sultan by Egypt, as tribute money, to bolster up the effete institutions at the Yildiz-Kiosk, and to have that tribute expended in developing the natural resources of the Nile valley. The Sultan has taken to conundrums—a favourite pastime in the East; he proposed one to Lord Salisbury: "When will England regu-

late her position in Egypt?" His lordship's answer did not please either the Russians or the French. It was as enigmatical as, "When will the Turkish House of Commons be summoned for the despatch of business?" or, "When will Turkey repay her loans?" His Majesty's next conundrum will be for Prince Lobanoff: "When will Russia dismantle her fortifications at Batoum, and evacuate Kars?"

Opinion does not seriously believe that the United States intends to provoke a war with Spain, but Uncle Sam is giving shakes to old Europe by presidential messages and congress votes. The latest shake may have the effect of spurring Spain to finish up quickly with her Cuban insurgents. International law fixes no date when an outside power will be justified to step in between a country and its insurrectionists and accord the latter the boon and blessing of belligerent rights, and so make the mutual slaughters more equal. The interferer, of course, takes the consequences of being bombarded, of having his commerce destroyed—odd fees for practising philanthropy. Did not the Spaniards accord belligerent rights to the Confederates? The Americans have always held by the sacred right of insurrection; in their own case it possessed a bonanza, and General Lafayette and his co-volunteers introduced that doctrine into France, where it took root and blossomed in 1789. When a nation is *enceinte* with a revolution, America's joy at the birth of a new people is such that she volunteers almost in advance to become sponsor before the accouchement. Her impetuosity ought to be forgiven, for she loves much. A Cuban republic, financed and guided by America, might be an advantage for the island, if Spain does not change its régime.

President Faure's trip to the south of France was very successful. He proved a capital political traveller for the Republic; he represented our Lady of France with tact and dignity. He congratulated the frail Tsarewitch and welcomed the Emperor-King of Austro-Hungary, and the Empress, the sister of the latter, the ex-Queen of Naples, is a long resident in France, and a leaderess in the horsey world, as she has a fad for betting. President Faure looked up the Prince of Monaco, had a succullus lunch with him, avoided the Trente and Quarante sirens, and instead had a smoke and a lounge on the famous esplanade, which is reputed to be the ante-chamber of paradise. Who cheered M. Faure the loudest and the warmest? The crowds of English sturdy invalids. Who gave the most cordial *vivas* to Mr. Gladstone? The international multitude. Were we in the days of the Israelites, the patriarchs and the prophets would have covered Nice and its for miles round havens of rest with altars, pillars, and temples. But the nomadic population are all Zoroasters; they come ostensibly to worship the sun. Imagine plucking daisies in your shirt sleeves in the fields in the month of February, and gathering wild violets on banks, and strawberries in the woods—to say nothing of roses, that forget apparently to fade, and oranges that seem to be perennially fresh in their groves, with bowers festooned with the gayest of creeping flowers, and the Mediterranean in the far horizon joining the sky, both deeply, darkly, beautifully blue. No wonder people never die at Nice—they simply go to bed and forget to waken! Look upon this picture of Paris; what a *vis-a-vis!*—storms of rain, snow and icicles; men wrapped up as if a moujik in his *traineau*; women swathed like mummies in the time of the old Memphian monarchy; the most appreciated drink a pulmonic mixture, and the chief popular floral productions the *quatre fleurs* supplied the apothecary to brew a *tisane*.

Mr. Goschen's naval estimates have so astounded the French that no criticism upon them has appeared in the newspapers. Bloated ships versus bloated armies. A nation that can write out a cheque for 1,400 franc millions, payable to shipbuilders on demand, must be let alone. No more practical jokes to be cracked at England's expense. It is felt that the diplomatic world has received a new wrench since England has put on her armour of righteousness. People note that, of late, Bismarck has become as silent as a Trappist. The tongue is said to be the last organ that decays—in man, at least.

Lent is passing over rapidly, but it is not marked by any extra piety. The told-off big guns of the Church, to preach upon current theology, have no crowded congregations.

Pulpit eloquence is on the decline, it is alleged. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say, it is indifference towards religion that has increased. At the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, a battalion of anarchists infiltrated themselves, following their tactics at all public reunions, by twos and threes among the congregation; they belonged to the groups whose devices are: "Neither God nor master," and "Neither faith nor law." When the abbé had finished his discourse, rather than sermon, of two hours' duration, a cause in itself sufficient to provoke an insurrection, the anarchists crept together, and put some questions to the good man, who, being unaccustomed to parochial Paris customs, quit the pulpit, and sought refuge in the sacristy. The anarchists then commenced to chant the "Carnagnole," when the beadle with his bumble staff, and muscular Christians armed with chairs, cleared out the rioters.

At the Riom assizes, now being held, a most intricate case of murder is being tried. It has been a kind of racket between the upper and lower courts since three years. Marie is a country servant girl, aged to-day 17. Cauvin, her betrayer and seducer, was the heir to the fortune—some 100,000 francs—of an elderly lady. Like an annuitant, she would not die; so she was strangled, her iron safe forced open, and the contents purloined. Marie avowed it was her lover who committed the crime; material evidence backed her charge, but, as doubts existed, Cauvin, instead of being guillotined, was transported for life. Both Marie and her lover are the most consummate hypocrites and liars that ever existed. After two years of "religious reflection" Marie repented; confessed it was she alone who murdered her mistress; that Cauvin was innocent; and hence the present fresh trial. Cauvin was now utilized as a witness, and was allowed to appear in court with civilian's, not convict's, clothing. This was the scoundrel's make-up: Full evening dress, codfish-tail coat, stand-up shirt collar, white cambric cravat, gold shirt studs and ditto sleeve links, white gloves, and opera hat in hand, two diamond finger rings, and patent-leather boots. Only the clip of the hair revealed his convict *milieu*. During his evidence Marie kept repeating the Lord's Prayer, till the judge requested her to end that comedy. Marie ought to be sent to a reformatory for life. Z.

Music and the Drama.

It is an unfortunate thing for the musical reputation of Toronto that our public will not patronize with some degree of liberality such magnificent concerts as the one given by the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. True, symphonic concerts appeal to intelligent hearers, and represent the highest of instrumental performances; but, notwithstanding this, the richness of tone and variety of colour effects should awaken into enthusiastic animation the senses of all those who believe themselves to be really lovers of music, and stimulate a desire to hear the best in music when opportunity offers. The programme, an excellent one, was presented in a style deserving of all praise, and the ensemble of the orchestra was infinitely better than what I supposed probable in a city like Buffalo. The people there evidently appreciate a good thing, and are willing to support it. They have, in the person of Mr. John Lund, a splendid, sympathetic conductor whose interpretations seem charged with fancy, and a certain elevated expression. This was particularly to be observed in the Schubert symphony, although the Wagner numbers did not suffer in the way of imagination either. They were beautifully performed, and were received with enthusiasm. The closing number was Tschaiakowsky's "Marche Slav," a composition suggestive of rugged wildness, and deep, massive, although somewhat gloomy, grandeur. It was performed brilliantly, and with an immense volume of tone. After an absence of several years, Rafael Joseffy again appeared in this city, he accompanying the orchestra as soloist. He played the G major concerto of Beethoven's, and the Liszt A major. I will not enter into an analysis of this great pianist's performance of these two exacting numbers, other than to say that his playing was eminently beautiful, poetic, and authoritative. I have never heard more refined playing. It was manly, sincere, imaginative, and absolutely finished. Beethoven's music was played in a style almost faultless, and the Liszt music was astoundingly brilliant, and picturesque in its masterly treatment.

Joseffy's touch is something to remember, and his tone is simply delicious in its purity. He was recalled again and again after each appearance, and was apparently in a gracious frame of mind, for in each instance he played an encore number. It would be a delightful feature of our winter's concerts if Joseffy were a yearly visitor, and at the same time materially advance the interests of piano playing, for his performances stamp themselves on the minds of all as something elevating, almost ideal.

Mr. Fred Warrington sang in Hamilton last Tuesday evening with great success.

The subscriptions for both the Messiah and Elijah performances are, I understand, coming in very satisfactorily, and will, no doubt, be attended by large audiences. The Messiah, as previously intimated, will be given in Massey Hall on Monday evening next, with an array of specially engaged soloists, including Mme. Albani. The conductors of these two oratorios, Messrs. Anger and Torrington, are hard at work preparing the choruses, and hope to give performances worthy of these two great masterpieces.

W. O. FORSYTH.

On Saturday afternoon last an interesting recital was given in the music hall of Messrs. Nordheimer's warerooms by Miss Ruby E. Preston, Mr. Walter H. Coles, Miss Gwendolyn Roberts, and Miss Millie Evison, piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, assisted by Miss Constance Hodgert and Miss Grace McFaul, vocal pupils of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam. The young pianists played with such technical ability and musical intelligence as reflected great credit upon the instructor. They are evidently being very carefully trained—a pleasing feature of their work being the unusual freedom from that restrained and rigid style which so often makes students' performances uninteresting. These pupils, while playing correctly, seemed to be giving their own interpretations of the music, and not to be following blindly the directions of their teacher. The vocalists of the occasion displayed those good qualities—particularly in tone production—which are always expected from Mr. Haslam's pupils. Miss McFaul is evidently a soloist of considerable experience. Her execution and enunciation were unusually clear. Miss Ethel K. Martin played the accompaniments with good taste and judgment.

The death is announced of Mr. Edward M. Heindl, flutist, of Boston. There has, perhaps, never been a flute player so widely and favourably known in this country as Mr. Heindl, owing to his long connection with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Having been for a short time his pupil, I cannot let this opportunity pass without writing a few words in his memory. In his early days he studied with the celebrated flutist, Boehm, to whose course of training he, no doubt, owed much of his skill as a performer. He was, however, so simple and unpretending in his manner that one was apt to be surprised on finding how great his abilities were, and how extensive was his knowledge of the literature of flute music. Though his execution was clear and brilliant, he never lost sight of the paramount importance of accuracy of pitch and purity of tone. I cannot recollect ever having heard him play a note out of tune, and he never offended good taste by the excessive use of the tremolo, by which some flutists (as well as other musicians) succeed in producing an impression of aged imbecility. He was for some time connected with the New England Conservatory of Music, and was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from its formation down to the time of his death.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

Art Notes.

From the drawings dealing with the tragedy of battle it is a relief to turn to those which treat of the comedies of life; and I am tempted to preface some notes on the draughtsmen of Punch by alluding to one of their number, not long deceased, whose contributions were amongst the most rarely humorous that have ever been seen on the pages of *The London Charivari*.

One of the strong points about Punch is that the comic incidents which it relates are drawn from very various sources, and from widely differing classes of people. DuMaurier has for many years illustrated, almost exclusively, the vagaries of

fashionable society ; Corbould, the sporting element ; Tenniel and Sambourne, the statesmen ; Furniss, the Parliamentarians ; and Partridge, the actors. But what Punch has most woefully lacked, since the death of Charles Keene, is a man who appreciates the richness of the humour which emanates from "the people." Leech not infrequently drew his subjects from this source, and DuMaurier occasionally does so ; but Keene was without peer in the immortalization of vulgarity, in the perception of humour amongst the quaintly, adorably old-fashioned, and, with his extraordinarily graphic stroke, he touched in with unerring fidelity the various figures of the "gillie," the inebriate, the unctuous hypocrite, the shuffling stable-boy, the country parson, and the cad. One limitation, however, Keene unfortunately had, and that was his powerlessness to draw a lady (by which I mean a well-bred and refined female). He very seldom tried, but when he did the result was humorous in a way not quite intended by the artist—the "lady" resembled the "Mrs. Brown" created by Sketchley ; or, if of a less buxom type, she exhibited most of the characteristics—the bony angularity, oppressive primness of manner, prunella boots and black mittens—of "Charley's Aunt."

If a "real lady" was the weak point of Charles Keene's talent, the canny Scot was perhaps the strong one. And here, as in his delineation of Yorkshiremen and Cocknies, Keene showed himself to be a master, not only of the oddities of provincial character, but of dialect. Even the well-worn theme of "closeness" of the Caledonian was new in his hands : witness the little story of the Highlander who, with his boots hung (for economical reasons) over his shoulder, is depicted on the lone moor, holding a painfully "stubbed" toe. "Eh, mon!" he is saying, "what a ding ma pair boots would a had if a'd had them on!"

In point of ability, Punch has never, in my opinion, had so powerful a draughtsman as Keene. Spontaneity and ease are of the essence of comic drawing. A laboured and exaggerated makes the joke laboured. This faculty for getting effects with the minimum amount of work was possessed by Keene in a marvellous degree. He produced his results with fewer strokes of the pen than any other man on the staff, and yet his work was perfectly complete. He could suggest a whole terrace of the monotonously dull London type in ten strokes of the pen ; and with a dozen more he would throw in a policeman, an omnibus, a coster's barrow, and a handsome cab. His grasp of perspective was always a delight. He could indicate a "growler" retreating down a street, and, in his facile way, touch in the four wheels with a few strokes that suggested the the hub, rim, and spokes, with an accuracy that would take a duller man an hour to arrive at. In the seedily picturesque neighbourhood of King's Road, Chelsea, his queer, old types of face are to be seen every day, and in the bar parlour of the "Three Bells" you may take your "toddy" with half a dozen old cronies whose portraits are to be found in the back numbers of Punch ; but the Apelles of Brompton, alas ! is no more.

E. WYLY GRIER.

American Poetry of To-day.*

I AM indebted to Mr. Wetherell for an early copy of this volume of poetry, and would like to bring it to the notice of your readers. This is a small inexpensive book, neatly got up in the same style as the previous volume, "Later Canadian Poems." It is, I believe, intended to be used, as supplementary reading, in connection with the literary course of the high schools of the province, but it will also have an interest to those who while they cannot purchase costly anthologies, or study the current poetic activities as displayed in the magazines, are glad to learn something about the present condition of poetry in the great republic. Of course, it may be contended that the present collection is too small to serve that purpose, but those of us who know how thoroughly Mr. Wetherell does editorial work of that kind think that it will be a very good introduction to contemporary American poetry. Those who wish to follow up any favourite author can do so all

(* "Later American Poems," edited by J. E. Wetherell, B.A. Toronto : Copp, Clark Company.)

the better for the help thus given. The scope of the book is stated as follows : "American literature divides itself naturally into two epochs—the earlier including the great names of Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Roe, Homes, Lowell, and Whitman ; the latter including all the living poets and their deceased contemporaries. This anthology, therefore, embodies a collection of American poems written since about 1860, omitting the work of those poets of the earlier epoch that continued to write after that date." In carrying out this plan, Mr. Wetherell has given selections from the works of more than fifty authors, and we are told that this might have been increased to a hundred. We think, however, that the editor has done well to limit his selections to something like the present number, as fifty poets, judiciously chosen, ought to represent the present state of that class of literature among our neighbours. Mr. Wetherell has not only limited the number of authors ; he has wisely limited himself to purely editorial work, which seems to have been done with great intelligence and accuracy. "In making his selections the editor has attempted to quote poems that adequately display the distinctive characteristics of each author. From the poems themselves, accordingly, the reader must get his estimate of the salient qualities and excellencies of each writer's verse. In the case of living authors, indeed, it might be invidious to undertake a comparison of status, or even of style." Certainly, within the compass of a work of this kind, criticisms of the different authors could not very well be attempted. We have had a recent example in our own literature, instructive, if not pleasant, of what comes of contemporary criticisms of living poets. Editorial work of the kind involved in compiling this volume means a great amount of toil and trouble, which does not appear on the surface. Mr. Wetherell is to be congratulated that he has come through it so well. He has been in communication with nearly all the poets here represented, and has to thank them not only for the generous permission to publish, but also for aid and co-operation given in a kindly manner, which tended to lessen the difficulty of his work.

At the present time, when our education runs so much along what we call scientific and practical lines, it is well that literature even of the poetic kind is not neglected. I meet with some people who have no patience with poetry, and who think that the "minor poets," at any rate, should be summarily suppressed. Others look upon poems as things which are used for filling up the odd corners of newspapers and magazines. These are the people who marvel when someone tells them that there is poetry in the Bible. Now, when there is so much "education" abroad, this interesting species of critics will soon be extinct, and the danger is that of a new race who think that every man may be made a poet. I read recently of a school in the great city of London for turning out ready-made "journalists," and while the principal admitted that the manufacture of poets was the most difficult department he seemed to think that the specialist could do much in that line also. It is true that metrical forms have been brought to great perfection, and that a cultured man can, by patient workmanship, produce something which is very much like poetry. But it is still true that "the poet is born, not made," and that poetry is a gift of song, and not a mere mechanic art. Let the man, then, who has a song sing. Though he may not get much return from the public in the form either of praise or pence, if it is a true song, it will not be lost. The "survival of the fittest" will no doubt do its work in this sphere of the "social evolution." In this book, as elsewhere, we can note that the poet whom we forget or despise has a strong sense of his high vocation. T. B. Aldrich, "In Westminster Abbey," exhorts us to

"Tread softly here ; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of time and chance ;
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there !
But he who from the darkly mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upbore
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him !
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine."

Note also the short poems, "A Crowned Poet," by Anne Reeve Aldrich :

"In thy coach of state
Pass, O King, along,
He no envy feels
To whom God giveth song."

Starving, still I smile,
Laugh at want and wrong.
He is fed and crowned
To whom God giveth song," etc.

Without this feeling the poet could not pursue his weary way and sing his unrequited song. We cannot all have this gift of song, but we may cultivate a keen appreciation of true poetry, and for those who have the leisure even the art of verse-making is not to be despised if it is regarded merely as an aid to the formation of a good prose style.

There is no need to say anything here about such well-known literary workers as E. C. Stedman, W. D. Howells, F. Bret Harte, Will Carleton, Edgar Fawcett, Eugene Fields, and others who are represented in this collection, and who have made their mark in various departments of modern literature. There are many with names less widely known who contribute a healthful, inspiring song. We love to remember, moreover, that the selection has been limited not merely in number, by the size of the book, but also in character, by the class of readers to whom it is primarily addressed. Still, there is considerable variety, pretty conceits, bright fancies, glorious visions, inspiring hopes, and musical embodiment of deeper thoughts. Much might be written even on this small volume as a reflection of spiritual life in our own generation; but this cannot be attempted now. It is always interesting to see how the poet treats the common tasks and cares, and also the great sorrows and joys, of human life. Many of these poems breathe a tender sympathy with nature, while others interpret healthfully the aspirations and struggles of the soul. Such pieces as "The Sower" (Richard Watson Gilder), "The Fool's Prayer" (Edward Rowland Sill), and the following "Little Parable" (Anne Reeve Aldrich), teach important lessons in noble forms:

"I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me;
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had,
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed, if I had dreamed,
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary."

The poem on Brooklyn Bridge (Edna Dean Procter) is interesting as a poetical treatment of a great mechanical achievement. Evidently the engineer will not drive the poet off the stage. The contrast in these two verses is certainly very effective.

"By will stand proud the pyramids,
But they were for the dead;
The awful gloom that joy forbids,
The mourner's silent tread,
The crypt, the coffin's stony lids—
Sad as a soul the maze that thrills
Of dark Amenti, ere it rids
Its way of judgment dread.

This glorious arch, those climbing towers,
Are all for life and cheer;
Part of the new world's noble dowers;
Hint of millennial year
That comes apace, though evil lowers—
When loftier aims and larger powers
Will mould and deed this earth of ours
And heaven at length bring near!"

But this brief review must now be brought to a close with the acknowledgment that within the limits of a short article we cannot do full justice to the varied contents of this book. For the present, we take leave of it, with the hope that it will be the means of spreading a knowledge of "the later American poets," and that many a youthful student may be led by its ministry to say ("Unattained," by Nora Perry):

"Then, suddenly, I knew that I did stand
Within the promised land
Of youth's fair dreams and hopes; but with a thrill
I saw that still
Above, and far beyond, far out of sight,
Height over height,
Lifted the fairer hills I should have trod:—
The hills of God!"

W. G. JORDAN, B.A.

Strathroy.

"Gathering Clouds."*

THIS is a capital story. It holds the reader's attention from the first. It also gives a good account of St. Chrysostom; so good, indeed, that it might almost have been published as a biography. This book and its forerunner, "Darkness and Dawn," written from materials gathered for Dean Farrar's work on the "Fathers," have done much to familiarize ordinary readers with the history of two important epochs of Church history.

The author's well-known rhetorical style is here somewhat modified, and his flowing language is well fitted to describe the age of magnificence of which he writes. His veiled though unmistakable references to many subjects which are to-day keenly debated rather break one's sympathy with the author, and one feels that he has brought out in strong relief the intolerant side of St. Chrysostom's character.

From his peaceful life at Antioch, almost hermit-like in its simplicity, St. Chrysostom was forced into the see of Constantinople, and there, upon eyes quite unprepared, there burst a vision of luxury and magnificence undreamed of. He made no allowances for the absolutely different environment in which he and those among whom he laboured had been brought up; and by his strong utterances against many of the customs natural to them he threw almost all into antagonism. In matters of principle we admire this strength, as when he defended Eutropius, once Arcadius' chief adviser, now a condemned man, forced to seek sanctuary in the cathedral, and refused to give him up, even at the Emperor's command. But in small matters one feels that a little tact would have done much to widen his influence. Strong measures were necessary, for after fifty years of controversy the Church had sunk to the lowest ebb.

The book has a strong dramatic interest throughout, and leaves us with a vivid impression of the chief characters of the Emperor's court, where intrigue, cunning, and avarice were so rife that one is tempted to ask, "Is there not one honest man left?"

The number of characters is almost bewildering, but those of chief interest are Chrysostom's secretaries, Philip, his adopted son, Eutychus, a half-Gothic lad, who was brutally martyred, and David, the brother of Philip's lady love, Miriam. Amid all the horror and intrigue, it was often a relief to come upon passages in the proverbially rough course of the true love of Philip and Miriam.

Letters to the Editor.

MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

SIR,—Manitoba, under English primal possession, on the Crown charter of Charles II., stands in a different position as to civic rights from Quebec and the Canada of cession from France.

We, the British people, hold, and have ever held, as first of national powers, by primal discovery and user, all of the Canada of to-day beyond the valley of the St. Lawrence. Prior to the British North America Act of 1867, all that wild, save British Columbia, after its erection into a distinct colony with local government, was, for all civil government, as of that part of England in the immediate hereditary domain of the Crown known as "the east half of the manor of Greenwich," subject only to qualifications incidental to the special statutes, charter, and Crown licenses, from the parent state regulating the same. As to Manitoba particularly—falling within the chartered limits of Rupert's Land—its law of land and personalty and all relative right in occupancy was that of said east half of the manor of Greenwich at the date of the charter generally known as that of the Hudson's Bay Company, A.D. 1670. By the surrender to the Crown by that company in 1869, the whole region became purely Crown domain; and so, in its primal purity, it passed, in *dominium utile*, to Canada for administration in and subject to national behest in Imperial rule (*dominium directum*), and strictly within the terms of the Imperial statute (B.N.A. Act of 1867) and its amendments.

In that Act—passed when Manitoba was an unknown quantity—the enactments (section 93) as to education did not apply.

*"Gathering Clouds." A tale of the days of St. Chrysostom. By Dean Farrar, D.D. London and New York: Longmans & Co.

That section (the only one on the subject) makes—*exceptionally*—provisions for “separate schools” in protection of minorities in religion *only* for the Canada (Upper and Lower) of that day, as constituted and governed under the Treaty of 1763, between France and Britain, and the British Imperial Statutes of 1774 and 1791, supplemented in consolidation by that of 1840 (the Union Act), with its larger attributions (but ever limited in Imperial concern) of self (or “home”) government.

In such attribution—properly, and as a principle of British national policy, like that of old Roman dominion—the civic life—viz., local or home laws, franchise, institutions—utmost civil and religious liberty of the conquered or subject people, so far as compatible with suzerainty, was left unimpaired. In this sense was the express reservation in the Treaty of 1763: “His Britannic Majesty, on his side, agrees to grant the liberty of the Catholic religion to the inhabitants of Canada. He will consequently give the most effectual orders that his new Roman Catholic subjects may profess the worship of their religion according to the rites of the Roman Church, *as far as the laws of Great Britain permit.*”

This was in accordance with the article (*ad rem*) of capitulation of 8th September, 1760, which runs thus: “Article 27. The free exercise of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall subsist entire, in such manner that all the states and people of the towns and country places and distant posts shall continue to assemble in the churches, and to frequent the sacraments as heretofore, without being molested in any manner, directly or indirectly. These people shall be obliged, by the English Government, to pay to the priests the tithes, and all the taxes they were used to pay, under the government of his most Christian Majesty.”

Answer of General Amherst: “Granted, as to the free exercise of their religion. The obligation of paying the tithes to the priests will depend on the king’s pleasure.”

There were other demands at the capitulation for more extended powers in the administration of affairs pertinent to the Roman Catholic Church, but all were refused. The concrete of concession in this regard is in the treaty as above cited.

As to education nothing is said, either in the terms of capitulation, or in the treaty, or in any act of state. The subject followed the conquest (or “cession”), and became matter of purely British *dominium*.

Up to that time the law of France (in force in Canada) as to mortmain—applying to scholastic as well as ecclesiastical and even eleemosynary bodies (corporate or other) or institutions—was as restrictive and prohibitive against the tenure of realty, or even of the movable proceeds (price) of realty, as that of England as to the same—both systems of law, *quoad hoc*, having, in common, and, during long periods, integrally, their root in the feudal system.

True, in Canada, there were, under the French régime, educational grants of Crown domain in its wild; but they were and, properly and constitutionally, could, objectively, be only for state purposes, viz., exploitation and effective colonization, as in the case of all other concession of Crown lands from the Crown. As to religion *per se*, France, in its national autonomy, ever distinctly and emphatically, in its internal jurisprudence as in its external state policy, asserted its independence of ultramontane Popedom; repudiating dictation in state governance from the chair of Saint Peter. This, historically, is known as the Gallicanism of France, a principle of state policy essentially conservative, yet progressive, as exemplified in the position of France to-day in contrast with European powers of ultramontane traditions and tendency. And here the question suggests itself: Why should Canada, in a matter of such vital interest to its existence and progress as a British colony, adopt and subsidize an abnormal system of “Separate Schools” with the avowed purpose of sectarian religious education in the direction of ultramontane Popery, *i.e.*, with subordination of civic life, as well as religious, to the Vatican?

The disintegrating effect of such education is obvious, is the historical lesson of all national experience. Yet the England of Queen Elizabeth; of William of Orange; of Cromwell; of the Commons and Lords (the people in their representative integrity) of 1688—constitutionally “Protestant”—seems to have repudiated her traditions in this regard. Not so the greater England across the main. In this is British Canada’s refuge in case of necessity, for to bow, in any

way, the knee to any power of earth, save their own, is not in any Briton worthy the name.

To proceed to another point, to meet the issue of the hour.

By the terms of the British North America Act, section 93, the provisions in it as to Separate Schools are confined to Quebec (Lower Canada) and Ontario (Upper Canada). They do not apply to Manitoba.

As to Manitoba, its own constitution, section 22, governs. That, in express terms, applies only to rights (scholastic) in question, “*at the date of the union with Canada.*”

There is nothing in the section, nor in the Act, nor in any legislation, as to rights under any legislation or authority subsequent to the union; the whole section speaks of, and by rule of interpretation applies only to, rights and facts as they were “at the date of union.” After that the legislature (provincial) had the full control, subject only to the right of a minority to appeal to the Dominion Government in case of grievance to any right held “at the date of union,” but no other.

As to rights *ad rem* subsequently created by Provincial legislation, they were ever under the full control of the power that created them. On this point the judgment of the Supreme Court in Ottawa, especially the opinion of the Chief Justice—admittedly the highest legal authority of the Dominion—and also that of Mr. Justice Taschereau, the senior Quebec judge on the bench, a Roman Catholic—brother (I believe) of Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec—was clear and emphatic. Briefly—as said the Chief Justice (Sir S. Henry Strong)—“Where a legislature has power to do, it has to undo; unless expressly restricted.”

The proposition is axiomatic.

To get over the difficulty, the Lord Chancellor (Herschell), in delivering the judgment of his court, *assumed* that by “*insertion 3*”—such is the reported word of the judgment—*insertion 3* of section 93 of the British North America Act of 1867, providing as to rights created by legislation *subsequent* to that Act, “*might fairly*”—such was his application—“*be held to apply,*” or terms to that effect.

At the same time, strange to say, in the same judgment, in his own words, the Act of Manitoba of 1890, rescinding the previous enactments creating denominational schools, was declared constitutional and valid; also that section 93 of the British North America Act of 1867, on Education, was superseded entirely by section 22 (on the same subject) in the constitutional Act creating Manitoba. The contradiction is obvious; and, further, it is material as, really, the *assumed* basis of the judgment in question.

In fact, in this, the Chancellor has, in a way, made a law unto himself; as if, under some influence above the judicial mind, or under temporary forgetfulness of simple elementary principles in judicial adjudication, he had assumed, for the nonce, a Brehon capacity with its (to use the ancient Irish term) “*heavenly judgments.*”

This is wrong. No principle in the administration of justice, in these latter days of intelligent parliaments and well-regulated courts, is better established—or, at least, accepted, by the legal profession in England, as in other advanced civilized countries—that judges, in matters of statute—and this, in its exceptional nature, is purely so—are merely interpreters of legislation, and not its equipollent substitutes.

In the previous cases—Barrett and Logan—in, virtually, the same matter, by a larger court, viz., six or seven, instead of four—the judgment—an exhaustive one, admirable in every respect, and, really, covering the whole case—there is no ground for such exception. It was final, or should have been considered so, especially after its virtual endorsement in the present case by the Supreme Court of the country more immediately concerned.

There are other points, of a technical nature, but fatal, in a legal sense, which might be urged, not only against the judgment in question, but the subsequent procedure of the Government and Parliament of Canada on the judgment.

LEX.

The Boston Transcript tells the story of a woman who walked into a Boston bookstore in search of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps’s “*Burglars in Paradise.*” But what she asked for, however, was “*Smugglers in Heaven.*”

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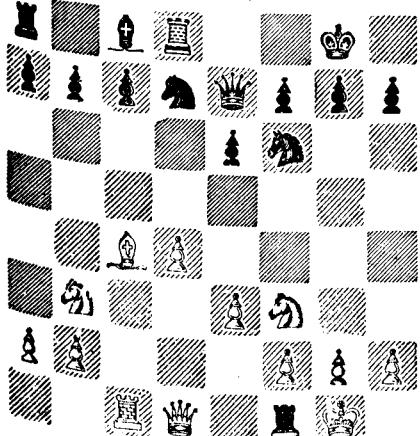
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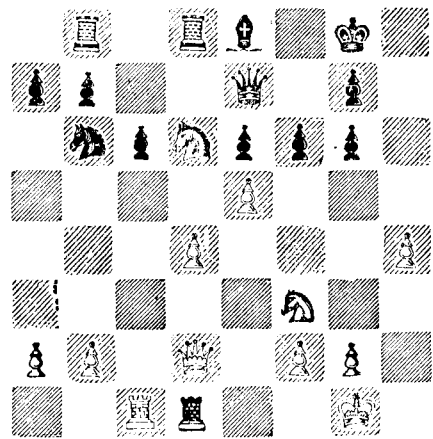
We present a Queen's Gambit, as Game 730.

Steinitz	Tschigorin	White	Black
1 P Q4	P Q4	tv	yw
2 P QB4	P xP	kn	wn
2... better to decline the Gambit.			
3 to prevent P K4 reply.			
3 Kt KB3	P K3	JC	7766
4 P K3	B Kt5ch	2233	Hd+
4... not recommended.			
5 Kt B3?, B x Kt ch, 6 P x B, P Q Kt4, 7 P QR4, P QB3, 8 P x P, P x P, 9 Kt K5, Kt KB3, 10 B R3, B Kt2, 11 P B3?, Kt B3, 12 Kt x Kt, B x Kt1, 13 P K4, P QR4!!!			
5 B Q2	B x Bch	jt	nt
6 QKt xB	Kt KB3	at	RF
7 B xP	Castle	An	88R
8 Castle	QKt Q2	IJ	hy
9 necessary to prevent P B4.			
9 Kt Kt3	Q K2	tc	z77
9... P Q Kt3 seems preferable.			
10 R B1	R Q1	ij	HZ
10... P K4 by all means.			
(11 Br2K1, pppnqppp, 4pn2, 8.			



2BP4, 1N2PN2, PP3PPP, 2RQ1RK1			
11 B Q3!	P B3	nu	qp
11... P K4, 12 P x P, Kt x P, 13 Kt x Kt, Q x Kt			
12 Q Q2	Kt B1	st	yH
13 something like Steinitz.			
13 Kt QR5!!	Kt Kt3	c5	HP
14 avoiding P K4, P K4!!!			
14 KR Q1	R Kt1	As	8h
15 Kt B4	B Q2	5n	ry
15... P B4?, 16 P x P, Q x P, 17 Q Kt K5, Q K2,			
18 Q R5 or Kt x P!			
16 P K4	B K1	3344	y88
17 intending later Kt Q6.			
17 P K5	Kt Q4	4455	Fw

18 necessary to prevent Kt B5.
 18 B x Kt KP xB uP VP
 19 cleverly manœuvred.
 19 Kt Q6 P B3 nx GF
 20 examine this beauty too.
 20 P KR4 Kt Kt3 TV wf
 (11r1rbk1, pp2q1p1, 1npNpp1, 4P3.



31P3P, 5N2, PP1Q1PP1, 2RR2K1)

21 Q B4! B B2 dD 88G
 21... Kt B1, 22 Kt xB, R x Kt, 23 P x P, QQ3, Q B7 ch.

22 Kt Q2 R KB1 Ct zH
 23 Q Kt3 QR Q1 DM hz
 24 SKt K4 Kt Q4 t44 fw
 25 Kt xB, R x Kt, 26 Kt Q6, KR B1, 27 Q x P.
 25 R Q3 B Kt su G88
 25... helplessly hemmed in.

26 R Kt3 P E13 uc gf
 27 R R3 P xP c3 F55
 27... very slight relief indeed.
 28 most powerful range.

28 Q xKP Kt B5 M55 wD
 29 R K1 Q xP j11 77V
 29... presumably in desperation.

30 P KKt3 Kt R6ch KM DU+
 31 K Kt2 Q K2 JK V77
 31... Q Kt5, 32 P B3, winning handily.

32 K x Kt P Kt4 KU PO
 33 Kt xB R Q4 x88 zw
 34 Q xPch resigns 55Q+ ill.

4Nrk1p3q1Q2pp1p6r2p4PN3R5PKPP3P6R3

Mr. Chas. Punched, the celebrated chess player, is in the city.—*Calgary Tribune.*

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing for publication next autumn an entirely new Riverside edition of the writings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It will comprise, probably, sixteen duodecimo volumes, very carefully edited, with bibliographical introductions, and whatever notes are needed. It will contain portraits of Mrs. Stowe and engraved title pages, and in all details will be equal to the best previous Riverside editions of the great American authors. A limited large-paper edition will contain as a special feature Mrs. Stowe's autograph, which she has written for each copy.

The "Country Parson," whose "Recollections" and "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews" proved so entertaining, is likely to score equally with "The Last Years of St. Andrews, September, 1890-1895," published this week by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. "It is not our purpose," says the London Literary World, "to interfere here with the reviewer's function; but a casual dip into the volume revealed the following, which is too good to take its chance of being swamped in the mass of anecdote and reminiscence that the reviewer will have to struggle with: 'A friend of James Payn was once staying in a hotel where were many tourists. He was speedily informed, by one who spoke with awe, that the great author, James Payn, was in the house, and had, indeed, been accepting much incense, offered him by many fervent admirers, for many days. As the awe-stricken informant spoke, the great author passed by, and was indicated to my acquaintance. It was not James Payn at all. It was a rascally impostor, passing himself off for what he was not. . . . The unsophisticated reader may be surprised to hear that this is a very common form of imposture. So John Blackwood told me. He added, as even commoner, the case of lying mortals informing their friends that they (the lying mortals) were the authors of this and that remarkable work,

then coming out anonymously in Blackwood's Magazine, or elsewhere. When 'The Battle of Dorking' was so published, a lad in Edinburgh told his uncle that he was the author, and the delighted uncle gave the lad £50." The "Country Parson" goes on to enumerate cases of this description, which have, at least, the merit of being amusing, and he tells us of one instance where he, being at that time in the North, was held to have introduced himself to two ladies in a railway carriage in Devon, and explained his literary methods to them.

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Literary Notes.

Ian Maclaren's new story, "The Mind of the Master," some of which will have had serial appearance in The Expositor, will be published in book form by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in the spring.

"The West Indies" will be the new issue in the "Story of the Nations" series, shortly to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. It is from the pen of Mr. James Rodway, a well-known resident of Georgetown, and author of "In the Guiana Forest."

Mr. John Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden" has been transferred from Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the original publishers, to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, who will issue it for the future. The transfer includes the popular abridged edition, as well as the two complete editions.

In a forceful and discriminating paper on "The Ethics of Modern Journalism," in the April Scribner's, Aline Gorren says of the reporter: "He is the most representative figure in the literature of actuality. He is at the centre of the situation; he is important because he embodies the most active forces of the hour; because he is their tool, their vehicle."

Henry Norman, whose telegrams from Washington to the London Chronicle did so much to modify British opinion in the Venezuelan dispute, contributes to the April Scribner's an article on "The Quarrel of the English-speaking Peoples." In this article he says: "I regret to say that the impression is growing among some of the most thoughtful people I know, that the United States is determined to pick a quarrel with Great Britain."

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are about to publish "Russian Politics," by Herbert M. Thompson, already favourably known by his books on "The Purse and the Conscience" and "The Theory of Wages." He gives a clear and readable account of the bearing of Russian geography and history on the present condition of Russian politics, and exposes the intricacies of the latter, and their bearing on questions of world-wide interest, with a master hand. At the end of each chapter is a guide to the latest and best authorities on the points discussed. It may be doubted if any existing volume is as good a guide to the very latest aspects of the subject.

When a headmaster of Harrow passes from lecturing boys to discussing journalism with women journalists, we may expect some *ex cathedra* statements. We find, says the London Literary World, as a fact, if the reporters have not done him a great injustice, a strong condemnation of nearly all newspapers in the following remarkable sentence: "The practice of writing demands the work of both sexes, for all the subjects of human interest concern women, and no press can rise to greatness that does not use the services of women, and use them as freely as those of men." Which is equivalent to saying that the London press is still in its days of smallness.

We learn with regret that Mrs. G. A. Sala has been left entirely destitute, and that the strain of the last two years has rendered her altogether unable, for the present, to exercise her undoubted powers as a journalist. Mr. Sala's financial embarrassments at the time of his decease were largely due to his free-handed generosity—of which many instances might be quoted—and his unfortunate journalistic speculations, in which, if "he deserved success," he, unfortunately, did not "achieve it." An effort is to be made in press circles, which, it is hoped, will be effectively assisted by the public generally, to raise a sum sufficient to erect a suitable memorial over the grave of the prince of journalists, and leave a substantial amount to be handed over to his widow. It is hoped the effort will be successful, and that out of the money raised too large a proportion will not be expended on the memorial itself, but as much as possible devoted to the necessities of Mrs. Sala. The committee about to be formed will, it is expected, have for its president a well-known newspaper proprietor.



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Personal.

Sir Walter Besant says that the so-called "penny dreadful" is rather moral, on the whole.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., has returned to London, after a protracted visit to Canada and Australia.

Sir Horatio Kitchener, the Brigadier-General in command of the Egyptian forces, has been definitely appointed to command the British-Egyptian expedition.

The Right Rev. Charles Hamilton, Lord Bishop of Niagara, was yesterday elected Bishop of the new Anglican Diocese of Ottawa, on the third ballot.

The late William Boyne, of England, spent upwards of sixty years in collecting more than 33,000 coins. These are all to be sold at Sotheby's in two batches.

The New York World says it has made a poll of nearly every state in the Union, and as a result predicts the nomination of Mr. William McKinley by the St. Louis convention.

Mr. Howells is said to be dramatizing, with the help of Paul Kester, one of his best and best-known novels, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which William Crane will probably produce.

It is understood that Cardinal Satolli will bid farewell to the United States early in May, and that his successor will be Archbishop Averadi, Titular of the Ancient See in Tarsus.

Emperor William's "useless" left arm has been photographed by the new process. An operation is now proposed which, it is said, will give the Emperor partial, if not complete, use of arm and hand.

Admiral Rawson, commander of Cape Colony station, and Gen. Goodenough, commander of the British forces in Cape Colony, are formulating an important scheme for coast defences in South Africa.

Rosa Bonheur has just finished a large canvas representing a combat between two stallions. Rosa Bonheur is now seventy-four, and has to wear glasses when she paints. The painting was placed on exhibition in London last Monday.

The Prince of Wales will be installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales in the course of the coming summer. The locality of the ceremony was left by his Royal Highness entirely to the choice of the university court, which has now selected Aberystwyth, the seat of the oldest of the colleges of the university. The Prince has formally confirmed the selection.

A firm of publishers in London, and two or three eminent legal experts, have recently been struggling with the problem whether a sheet of blank paper, with a man's name at the top of it, is libellous. The point arose in this way: "Stuart Cumberland, the thought reader, is just bringing out a book, entitled 'What I Think of South Africa.' The author discusses pretty much everything of interest in that very obtrusive section of the globe, until there comes a chapter entitled 'What I Think About Cecil Rhodes.' It consists simply of a blank leaf. The publishers had retained the right to reject anything in the manuscript which they might consider libellous, and, some doubt arising in their minds, they submitted the question to two firms of solicitors who made a speciality of libel law. One held that the blank sheet was perfectly innocent, the other declared that it was undoubtedly libellous."

The first volume of W. E. Henley's edition of Byron will be issued next month, and one volume each month thereafter. The poems will be arranged strictly in chronological order. Besides the letters which Moore gave, there will be others. A few notes will be added to the letters.

The original of Rider Haggard's "Jess" is said to be a lady of Pretoria, whose husband at the time of her marriage was quite wealthy. She was, however, forced to leave him, and he is now a journalistic hack in Johannesburg. He went through his fortune in a short time, and then fell back upon his wife's earnings, she having taken a position in a South African opera company, which afterwards failed.



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In Chloe's charms I madly love;
Her chief distinction shall I name?
She is as ugly as the d--v--l.

What boots the fair, the fading grace,
Serves but to stir love's foolish fever;
The rarest beauty flies apace,
But ugliness remains forever.

From ugly lips, when lovers hear
A first avowal soft and sweet,
No fancied music strikes the ear,
No fervid flames the judgment heat.

If one should venture now and then
From that wide mouth to steal a kiss,
No need to think of where or when,
Impartial is the chastened bliss.

To jealous transports wild and vain
Let other gallants be inclined,
The powerless poison I disdain,
For naught disturbs my trustful mind.

Chloe is faithful as the day,
I swear; I know she loves me best;
And if I'm jealous far away,
At sight of her I'm quite at rest.

Dear eyes so small and mouth so wide,
Sweet snubby nose, and drooping ear,
O'er this my soul, in bondage tied,
Forever reign without a peer.

Oh, yes, thy true love's constant mind
Will still be thine, and thine alone;
The harder is the task assigned,
The greater is the honour won.

Lovers in the profanest manner
Compare—methinks they're much to blame—
With Flora, Venus, or Diana,
The charming object of their flame.

But, oh—my fancy straight is checked
Ere such vain praises I indite;
For Truth I've far too much respect,
To fable I'd be more polite.

All you who wonder at my lay
Blame not my taste, I'll tell you why:
Each single verse, the truth to say,
From one to t'other end's a lie.

The name, the beauties of my love
To you I should not dare reveal;
The fool who boasts his wealth to prove
Bids every rascal come and steal.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Mr. Hall Caine is, we understand, having his new residence, Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man, thoroughly repaired and improved from plans and designs furnished by Mr. Baillie Scott, whose beautiful architectural drawings and house decorations in recent numbers of *The Studio* have been so much admired.

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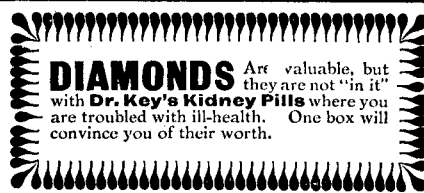
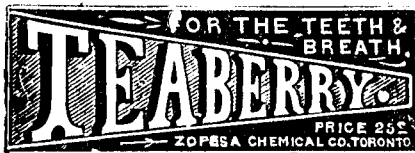
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D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
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The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
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- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.
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