

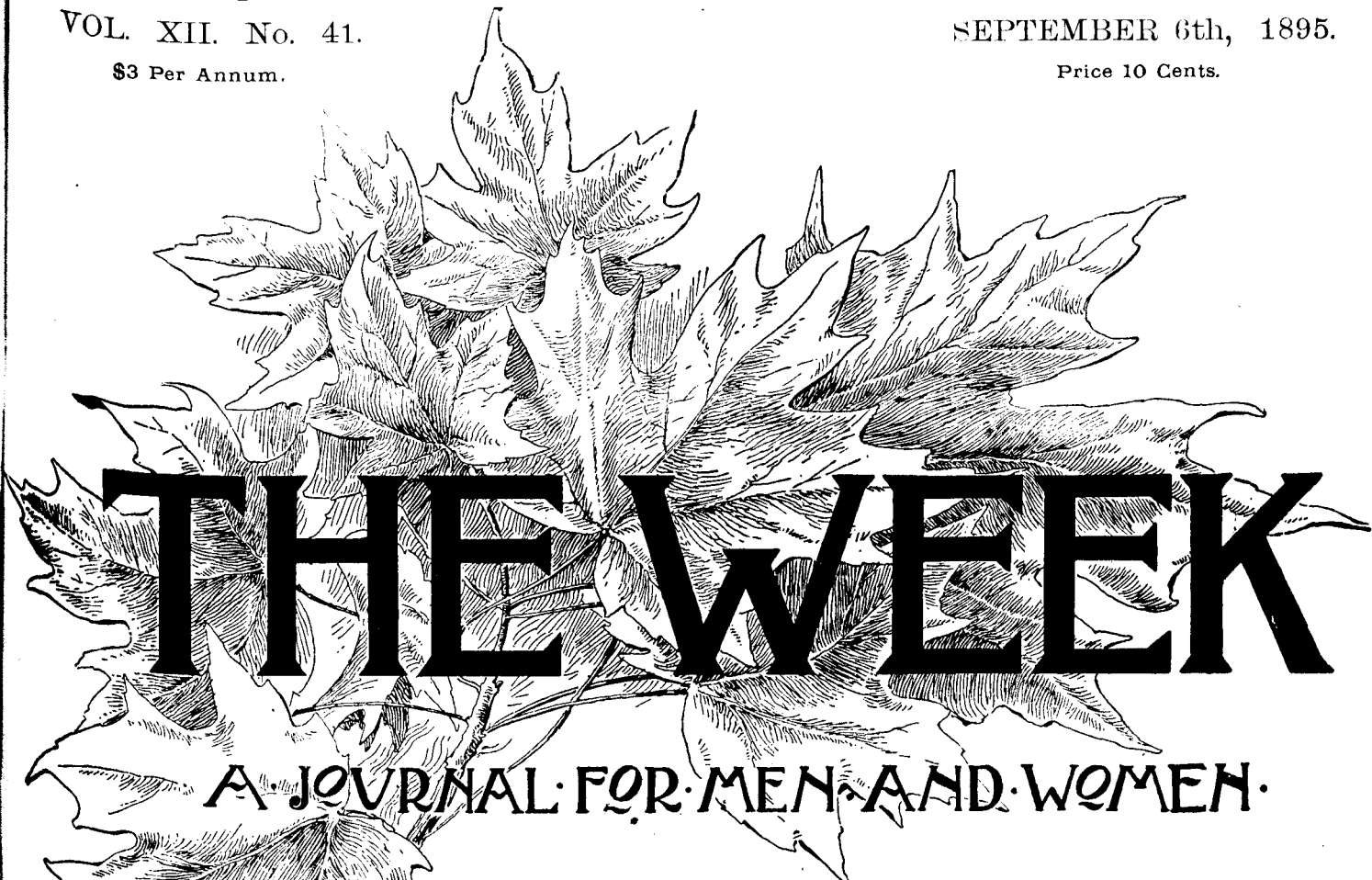
This Number Contains: "A New Commentary," by Prof. Wm. Clark, D.C.L.; "The Woman's National Council and Certain Critics," by Fidelis; "The Great Poets as Religious Teachers," by Rev. J. H. Long.

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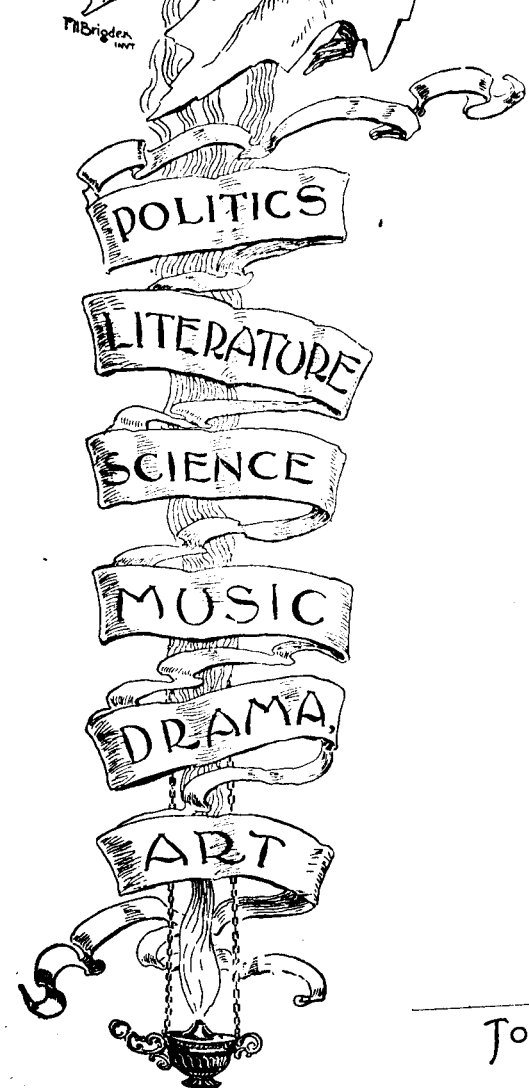
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, September 6th, 1895.

No. 41.

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Current Topics.

Lt. Governor
Patterson.

The appointment of the Honourable J. C. Patterson to the Governorship of Manitoba is to be approved without reservation.

He is a gentleman abundantly possessed of all the qualifications necessary for success in his high office, and the great Province of the West is to be congratulated on its good fortune, and the Federal Government on its choice of so able a successor to Dr. Schultz.

The Manitoba
Question.

There are some indications that the Manitoba sky may begin to clear at an early day. The Winnipeg special in *The Globe*

of Monday, intimating that "the remedial legislation to be introduced (the italics are ours) will not carry out the terms of the Remedial Order, but will propose to establish a system of schools very like that which prevails in Ontario," gives us a glint of light from quite an unexpected quarter of the heavens. We have been led to understand all along that there was to be no remedial legislation of any kind by the Manitoba legislature, that anything of that kind must come from Ottawa, if it come at all. This important bit of information is conveyed in a way which is evidently meant to give us the idea that remedial legislation by the Province was on the cards all along, and that all that has been said about the unalterable determination of the people of Manitoba to have no more Separate Schools, under any circumstances, was a misrepresentation of the attitude of the Provincial authorities, and without foundation in fact. On the other hand, we have no idea that the Dominion Premier and Government will be so short-sighted as to refuse to meet any advance of this kind which may be made, even though it may mean the formal withdrawal, or more probably, the tacit dropping out of sight, of the Remedial Order. It must, by this time, be pretty clear to all the members and friends of the Government that the passing of the Order in question was a blunder of rashness, and that the shortest and earliest way out of the difficulty will be the best. We might, therefore, we fancy, pretty safely predict that the coming interview between the two Premiers will result in a compromise on the basis of a Separate School system very like that of Ontario. Those who believe, as many in both parties no doubt firmly do, that Separate Schools are wrong in principle, and therefore cannot be right or beneficial in practice, will regret to see this indication of a weakening on the part of the Manitoba Government, while those who think a peaceful compromise, with concessions on both sides, better than a prolonged conflict will hail such a settlement with delight. The Catholic Hierarchy are no doubt too wise in their generation to refuse it.

Labour Day.

Few thoughtful onlookers at the procession of workmen representing the various trades and industries of the city which wended its way along the streets on Monday, could, we think, fail to be strongly impressed with the general good effect of such a celebration. The organization which makes such a display possible, must, one feels sure, be on the whole a good thing for all concerned. It tends to foster in the minds of the workmen a salutary pride in their respective trades. It promotes friendliness of feeling, a sense of brotherhood amongst the members of the various crafts. Setting before their eyes as it does an object lesson, which teaches, more or less clearly, the relations of the different pursuits to one another, it impresses one with a sense of their interdependence, which should go far to promote the solidarity of labour, and so to increase the defensive strength which is so essential to its ability to maintain its rights under the law of relentless competition, which otherwise would constantly tend to place the labourer, bound and helpless, at the mercy of the capitalists. The intelligent and patriotic observer, while noting, with deep interest, the effect of each particular calling upon both the face and the physique of those who follow it, must have felt, too, a thrill of patriotic pride in noting the manliness and force of character stamped upon the forms and features of the great majority. Give the country plenty of such men and the future of the state is safe. The one doubtful question in regard to these annual celebrations is, that of the attitude in which workmen, trained in such a school, may be expected to assume towards their employers, when the organization of labour along these lines is perfected. Has the celebration of hand-labour, in its various grades and phases, a tendency to set apart by themselves, as not true labourers, all workers whose employment does not require the constant use of the hands? In so far as it does this tendency is wrong and mischievous. The ideal, may we not hope, the coming "Labour Day," will have come when all classes of workers, the toilers with brain and pen, as well as those with hand and foot shall have come to see that all honest toil is honourable, that the true interests of all classes of producers are identical, and it is only by clear and mutual good will between the different classes of workers that the true interests of all can be promoted and lasting good wrought out for all true workers.

Educational
Disturbance.

We are pleased to notice that the disturbance that has been somewhat general in educational circles in Ontario and Quebec is gradually subsiding. McGill University has at last found a principal in Mr. Peterson, who, from all accounts, is a most capable Scotchman who has devoted himself to Greek and the Humanities. Under him it is to be hoped that the Arts Faculty may win as great renown as it has for years past been the good fortune of the Medical Faculty to enjoy. McMaster University is now under the guidance of the Reverend Chancellor Wallace, to whom his University will owe a deep debt of gratitude if he should be as successful in the management of its affairs as he has been in the pastorate of the Bloor Street Baptist Church in this city. Fortunately for the institution, the late Chancellor, the Rev. Theodore

Rand, well-known on account of his connection with the public school system of Nova Scotia, retains the professorship in English. After an interregnum of a year, a new Provost has been secured for Trinity University in the person of the Rev. E. A. Welch, who comes highly recommended by the Archbishop of Canterbury because of his share in the educational work carried on at Durham by the late Bishop Lightfoot. Trinity College School, under its old headmaster, Dr. Bethune, is again almost ready for occupation after the fire which partially destroyed it, while its older rival, Upper Canada College, is again benefitting by the (temporary) supervision of Mr. John Martland, who, for almost thirty years, was the popular and respected House Master at the old building in King Street. The Ontario Government is to be congratulated upon having chosen such a distinguished man as Dr. Parkin for the principalship of this school, as well as upon having appointed Professor Fletcher, of Queen's University, to the newly established professorship in Latin in University College. Professor Fletcher is a Canadian, a former Head Boy of Upper Canada College, and a graduate of the universities of Toronto and Oxford. By his scholarship and the conscientious performance of his duties he has commanded the respect of his students at Queen's, and by taking a kindly interest in them he has endeared himself to them. In every way the appointment seems to be a good one, considering present circumstances, and, accordingly, we welcome Professor Fletcher to Toronto, although Kingston is the loser by his coming among us.

Educational Appointments

While we have congratulated the Ontario Government upon two of its recent appointments, we must say that it is a great pity that equally good counsels did not prevail upon former occasions when important positions were to be filled by the Government. With regard to the professorship of Latin, the principle of "not fighting the devil till you meet him" seems to have been acted upon. The University Act of 1887 provides for a professorship of Latin in the University College, but neither it, nor certain others, also mentioned in the Act, had been dealt with until the devil met the Government in the shape of the unseemly revolt of the undergraduates and the equally unseemly newspaper correspondence between certain members of the staff. It is idle for the Government to plead lack of funds, for, as long as it retains the large measure of control over the University of Toronto that it now claims, and exercises, it is its duty to see that the equipment is ample; and no stretch of the imagination can make any one think that it is so. Again, if the Government had been mindful of the financial interests of the University, certain transactions that have tended to cripple it would not have been sanctioned. Thus there would have been plenty of money to establish the professorships called for in the Act both in University College and the University of Toronto. But the Government, having omitted to order a *separation de biens* between the University and the College, and having neglected to see that the joint endowment was properly conserved, found itself unable to carry out the provisions of the Act, as far, at least, as appointments are concerned. Thus discontent was created in certain quarters and, as a more or less direct result, we had the unseemly correspondence already referred to. Therefore, to just the extent that this correspondence caused the recent troubles, the Government must be prepared to shoulder the blame, as being an accessory before the fact. If the Government wishes to avoid adverse criticism on this head in future, it must act upon well defined principles in choosing professors and

other official persons for the institutions for which it is responsible. At this moment the professorship in Mineralogy and Geology, and the instructorship in Italian and Spanish are vacant, owing to the resignation of Professor Chapman and Mr. F. J. A. Davidson, yet neither of these positions has been advertized, although the long vacation is almost over. The vacancy in the former, which, we understand is provided for by the rental derived from the city's lease of Queen's Park, was mentioned as an item of news in the daily papers some weeks ago, while the public had not been informed of the establishment of the instructorship in Italian and Spanish until a few days since when a paragraph appeared in the newspapers saying that Mr. Davidson had resigned it. On the face of it all this mystery appears rather strange. What evil results secret bargains have produced in University affairs are only too well known to those who have watched the course of events during the last ten years. Yet it is reported that there are now two or three other secret pledges waiting to be redeemed. Surely the professorship in Mineralogy is not the prize mentioned in one of these! The proper course for the Government to pursue in this and all other cases is to advertise positions as soon as they are established or become vacant, to make no promises before hand, and to get the best man the money offered will attract, no matter where he comes from. If, like Professor Fletcher and Dr. Parkin, the best man happens to be a Canadian, so much the better. Then we shall have the happy medium between the old, unsatisfactory University policy of always finding the best man to be an Englishman, and the more modern, though hardly more satisfactory, one of always giving way before the popular cry of "Canada for the Canadians."

Decrease of Crime in England.

The confirmed pessimist will find little encouragement in the statistics of crime in England during the last quarter of a century, while all other citizens must find matter for congratulation and hope in the result of an analysis of the yearly records, by Mr. Charles E. Webster, which we find in a late number of the *N. Y. Independent*. The tables taken by Mr. Webster for examination cover the period from 1868 to 1894, about twenty-five years. The net outcome of his analysis and deductions is that during that period, taking all classes of crime together, there has been an average decrease of about eight per cent., though there has been, during the same time, an increase of about twelve per cent. in the population, which should, of course, other things being equal, have caused a corresponding increase of crime. Crimes, in the tables from Mr. Webster draws his facts, are divided into six classes, as follows:

1. Offences against persons.
2. Offences against property, with violence.
3. Offences against property, without violence—thefts, etc.
4. Offences against property for purpose of revenge—incendiary fires, destroying crops, etc.
5. Making and passing counterfeit money.
6. Offences against public order.

In the second and fourth classes there have been increases of 28 and 19 per cent., respectively, while in classes 1, 3, 5 and 6 the rates of decrease have been 8.8, 30.6, 34, and 22 per cent., respectively. This is surely most encouraging, especially during a period in which the records of most other nations show a decided tendency to increase of crime. Mr. Webster's studies of the records further show that in such crimes as drunkenness, cruelty to animals, sanitary and hygienic offences, etc., though they are more closely looked after every year, and a considerable increase in the number

of offenses charged would not have been surprising, there is really a decrease, taking growth of population into the account, of about ten per cent. The number of individuals recognized as belonging to the criminal classes, or "those known to the police," has fallen from 87,000 in 1867, to 50,000. In about the same time, the number of "juvenile offenders" (under sixteen years of age) has decreased from 46 to 25 in every 100,000. There are also very pleasing decreases in the number of divorces, and in the ratio of assets to liabilities in cases of bankruptcy, though the number of bankruptcies remains about the same.

The Lame and
Blind in Toronto

What is the right thing for those busy people, who would not willingly pass by on the other side when a legitimate demand is made on their altruistic principles or sentiments, to do in regard to those unfortunate blind or maimed fellow-creatures who sit with pouch or tin cup in nooks and corners, making mute appeal to their sympathies as they pass up and down the busy thoroughfares about their daily business? The sight of the apparent misery of these wretched fellow-beings touches the heart, and everyone not absolutely heart-hardened would gladly ease his conscience, or indulge his sympathetic impulses, by dropping in a coin, if he but knew that it would help to alleviate real distress, or to make life a little more endurable to those to whom it must be, unless they are upheld by some consolation or hope denied to the many, unutterably dreary. And yet the agencies of the organized charities are constantly telling us, what most of us have been already well prepared by observation and experience to believe, that indiscriminate giving to those who ask is the very worst thing that can be done, so far as the genuine objects of charity are concerned? How can the bestower of a cent, or a dollar, know that his gift does not go into the pocket of some sordid and conscienceless wretch whose business it is to trade upon the sympathies of the soft-hearted, and who coins money out of the calamities and deformities of the poor victims of accident or disease? Is it not much more probable that this is the fact, in a given case, than that this mute mendicancy is resorted to by the poor wretches themselves, or their honest friends, as a last resort against the pangs of hunger? And is there not something morally degrading in this public exhibition of deformity and disease? For our own part, in our ignorance, we should like to ask whether this kind of street-begging is permitted indiscriminately, to an unlimited extent, in our city streets, and, if not, to what extent and under what conditions it is permitted. Are the organized charities of the city unequal to the task of making provision for all such cases? Shall we give or shall we not give? Ye who are wise in such matters please inform us why, if such mendicancy is honest, the poor sufferers are not cared for, and if it is imposture why it is permitted.

"A Sailor's
Wedding"

We have occasionally ventured to comment on what have seemed to us grave defects in the verses of some of the foremost of our Canadian poets. In one or two instances we have referred especially to those of Bliss Carman, who stands easily in the front rank of his compeers. We have, therefore, the greater pleasure in recognizing the marked merits of the last bit of verse from his pen which has fallen into our hands. We refer to the lines entitled "A Sailor's Wedding," which appear in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It would be easy, it is true, to point out even in this beautiful though pathetic little poem lines which are to some extent marred by the old faults of mannerism and obscurity where

the genius of the poem demands the utmost simplicity. But we can well afford to overlook these minor faults in the pleasure afforded by the skilful structure and the true poetic spirit of the poem. We are sorry that we must content ourselves with a mere glance at one or two lines which, with many others in the poem, seem to us exceptionally fine. For instance, everyone who has had experience in sailing craft will recognize the truthfulness as well as artistic quality in such bits of description as that in which it is said of the captain, who is driving his good ship homeward that he may meet and marry his "Malyn of the Mountain,"

"He smothers her [the vessel] with canvas along the crumbling
brine,
He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his hand,
For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land.

Again.

She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings,
Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings.

Once more.

The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyn's room;
And out at sea the snowflake is driving through the gloom,

The "smothering" of the vessel with canvass; the "crumbling" brine; the "shuddering" craft; the sight of land caught in the "angry sunset;" the ship "gathering up" the distance; "the nightfall in the homing swallows wing;" the contrast between the "lonesome hyacinths" in this quiet room, and the snowflakes "on the drear ocean without," driving through the gloom;—these are but samples of suggestive word-painting and choice epithet and metaphor such as abound throughout this charming though saddening little idyll.

Protectorates and Slavery.

WHAT is a British Protectorate? In what relation does it stand to the "protecting" power? Is Zanzibar, for example, a part of the British Empire? Does its near relation to that Empire bring it so far within "the shere of British influence," that all its inhabitants may alike rely upon British law and British justice for the protection of their rights to life, liberty, and the possession of property? These are questions which are just now agitating the minds of lovers of freedom in the United Kingdom. Their immediate reference is to the state of things now existing in the newly adopted protectorate of Zanzibar, and Pemba Island, though the official reply to certain questions touching these countries is general enough to embrace in its sweep all the other African "protectorates." From the statements of different English newspapers it appears that Mr. Donald McKenzie was not long since deputed by the Anti-Slavery Society to visit Zanzibar and Pemba and inquire into the position of slavery as it now exists in that part of the British Dominions. Some of the facts brought to light in his report may be very briefly summarized as follows:—Out of a total population of 400,000 in those two districts, 266,000 are slaves. In Zanzibar, where "the punishment of slaves is left to the master's own discretion, with no check of any sort on the part of the authorities," refractory slaves "are often beaten to death, in order to strike terror into others." At the port of Chaki Chaki, in Pemba, Mr. Mackenzie found in "a tumble-down old prison, a number of prisoners, male and female, heavily chained and fettered." On inquiry he learned that, with the exception of one, who had stolen a little rice, the sole crime, which was being visited with this terrible punishment, was an attempt to escape from slavery. Once more. "The condition of the (slave) women in Pemba is something very terrible. They mix mortar, carry loads of sand, stone, or other material,

and, if hired out, they have to pay all they receive to their Arab masters, who live luxuriously on the hard earnings of these poor women." In some parts gangs of women were to be seen bearing heavy burdens, and closely followed by a slave driver, armed with a stick or club, with which he beats them at will. And all this within the domain, or at least, the "protectorate" of that glorious land of which the poet of an earlier generation so proudly sung,—

"Slaves cannot breath in England ;
They touch our country and their fetters fall."

What does the British government propose to do about slavery in British Africa? It would be, of course, unreasonable and absurd to expect that so old an institution, and one which appeals so powerfully to the most selfish instincts of the dominant race, could be overthrown, or rooted out in a moment, or even in a decade. What is complained of and lamented is that Mr. Curzon, in reply to a question in Parliament, while talking of suppressing the slave trade (which, it appears, is still flourishing) and "checking the abuses of slavery"—as if the thing itself were not the essence of all abuses; the sum of all villainies—said that the Government would take no steps whatever towards the abolition of slavery. That is regarded as "obviously impracticable." Are, then, it is being indignantly asked, the people of Great Britain to accept slavery as an inevitable evil, to be regulated and perpetuated within its domains?

"Foreign Devils" in China.

THE terrible massacres of missionaries in some parts of China have caused the question to be raised in many quarters whether the presence of these Christian missionaries among the people of that ancient nation, especially in places far inland, is not the height of imprudence and rashness, if not positive folly. The question is at least a legitimate one, and should be closely studied and fairly answered. From the strictly religious point of view, it will scarcely be admitted, we suppose, by the promoters of missions, that there can be any question. The evangelizing churches generally believe that they have received their marching orders from a higher than human authority, and have no choice in the matter, even if they were desirous of one. They may, however, we do not know that they will, recognize it as a part of their instructions, when persecuted in one village or province, to flee into another, knowing that there is always, and is like to be for a long time to come, ample scope in heathendom for the operation of their most fervent zeal.

But into the religious aspect of the question we do not propose to enter. That is hardly within the province of a secular journal, and we might only "darken counsel by words without knowledge."

On secular and international grounds many arguments are just now being strenuously urged to prove that the aggressive work carried on by English and American and Canadian missionaries in those parts of China in which the massacres have taken place, and in others in which similar outrages are threatened, is wrong and indefensible. Some of the views presented would carry us much further and make it clear that the attacks of the emissaries of Christianity upon the "ancient and highly developed" religion of the Celestial Empire is not only futile but impertinent, and even absurd. This plea is one to be answered, if answered at all, on religious rather than lower grounds. We pass it, therefore, with two observations. The first is that the same argument would, at an earlier stage, if not now, have forbidden the entrance of missionaries into India, or in fact into any other so-called heathen county which could be shown to

possess a "highly-developed" religion. The other remark which suggests itself is that by the same process of reasoning it could be shown that it is a wrong and an impertinence to obtrude Western ideas of trade and civilization upon any of the Eastern peoples to the detriment of their own ideas and customs in regard to such matters. Great Britain and other Western nations have not hesitated upon occasion to sacrifice thousands of lives for the promotion of trade and commerce. Why should people become so horrified at the idea of sacrificing a dozen or two in the interests of what most of us regard as the true religion, the light which enlightens the world? We are by no means disposed to speak lightly of so serious a matter. We are not doing so. But it is well known that the Christian missionary has been the pioneer of civilization in almost every heathen land which has been or is being gradually opened for the entrance of the blessings of civilization, such as they are. Shut out, in the future, the benign influence of the missionary advance-guards and the progress of the world would be greatly retarded if not altogether checked. We are no apologists for rashness or recklessness, especially when they carry with them death and outrage worse than death for women and children. But let us not go to the other extreme and counsel pusillanimous courses for those who have ever been in the van of the great armies which are carrying enlightenment to the dark places of the earth.

Two important questions of fact we should like to discuss just here, but it seems useless to do so, until the facts are known, as they are not now known. These are, first, whether the Chinese as a people hate the missionaries, as some would have us believe, and have taken advantage of the first opportunity to maltreat and murder them; and whether, secondly, the position and characters of the women who have given themselves to the work of uplifting their Chinese sisters are so grossly misunderstood as others would have us believe. We simply disbelieve at present and wait for light. Surely we may at an early day be informed whether the fiendish work is that of the natives as a whole, as some affirm, or of a few enthusiasts and devotees who by this craft have their wealth. We await more reliable information.

The objections to missionary work in China, on the broad grounds of the effects produced, are not limited, we must admit, to ignorant and narrow-minded opponents of Christianity. Some travellers distinguished for intelligence, who have had opportunities through travel and residence in China to glean the truth for themselves, have taken strong ground against the work. Such travellers as Mr. Curzon and Mr. Norman might be instanced. The latter puts the case, from the hostile point of view, very strongly. He asserts in a recent book that the results of missionary work there have been to produce "for the Chinese Government perpetual foreign coercion; for the Chinese nation, an incessant ferment of angry passions and a continuous education in ferocity against Christianity; for the foreign missionaries pillage and massacre at intervals, followed by pecuniary indemnification—an indefinite struggle with the hatred of a whole nation, followed by a certain number of converts to the faith." This is a strong indictment.

Per contra, statements from prominent residents in China may be quoted, of a character directly the opposite, as, for example, the following from a despatch by Mr. Denby, U.S. Minister to China, to the Secretary of State:

"I think that no one can controvert the patent fact that the Chinese are enormously benefitted by the labour of the missionaries. China, before the advent of the foreigner, did not know what surgery was. There are now more than twenty hospitals in China. In the matter of education the movement is immense. The educated Chinaman who speaks English

becomes a new man. He commences to think. There are also many foreign orphan asylums in many cities which take care of thousands of waifs. Reflect that all these benefactions come to the Chinese without much, if any, cost. When charges are made they are exceedingly small. There are various anti-opium hospitals where the victims of this vice are cured. There are industrial schools and workshops. Protestants and Catholics are engaged in this work, and in my opinion they do nothing but good. I leave out of this discussion the religious benefits conferred by converting Chinese to Christianity. . . . I can only say that converts to Christianity are numerous. There are supposed to be 40,000 Protestants now in China, and at least 50,000 Catholic converts."

"The hatred of the whole nation," says Mr. Norman. Is this a correct representation of the fact? This is a most important point. According to many of the despatches which appear in the English papers, and to information from other sources, the Chinese, as a people, are not filled with hatred to the missionaries in their work. On the contrary, many are said to regard them with favour. Until this question of fact can be definitely settled an indispensable factor in reaching sound conclusions is wanting.

* * *

The Woman's National Council and Certain Critics.

CRITICISM is always a sign that something is being done, or at least attempted. It is only they who attempt nothing who can expect immunity, and it is doubtful whether they should have it, in a world where there is so much to be done that idleness or selfish passivity seems an offence against humanity. Happily an increased sense of responsibility in such matters is growing up among all thoughtful people, and the result is visible in a multitude of combinations in order to accomplish reforms which cannot be secured without such union. Some people, especially those people on whom the hardships of others do not press heavily, are apt to aver that we have far too many organizations; and perhaps we have. But it is the tendency of human nature to rush to extremes, and we must be content to let things be done as they can be done, and not as they might be most methodically and economically done. And even if we suffer from too great a multiplicity of organizations, there can be no doubt that it would be a worse evil if there were too few, for that would imply a brutish passivity in the face of the urgent calls of humanity for active and well-directed effort.

The National Council of women is one of the outgrowths called into existence by the growing sense of responsibility referred to, and the growing impulse to give the true answer to the question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" As it is an association of the more thoughtful and public-spirited of our women for the avowed purpose of bettering the condition of humanity by promoting the "application of the Golden Rule to law, custom, and society," it is obvious that there is a very wide field open to its efforts, in which it is, by its basis, bound to work. That it has already begun to do something may be inferred from the somewhat sharp criticisms it has met with from various quarters. These criticisms, however, will do it no harm if they will only deepen in the minds of its leaders the sense of the importance of justifying its existence in the sight of those who are watching it closely, to see if its deeds shall correspond with its professions. The promotion of the Golden Rule throughout our social life, alone, is a large contract, and while it is indeed the only radical cure of all our social difficulties, it is, on account of the prevalent selfishness of human nature, precisely the point at which the Council may expect the strongest opposition from the great class interests and the ubiquitous individual interests which keep so tenacious a hold on the brakes of human progress. But all the more must any organization professing such a basis kept a firm front in the face of all interested criticism on any side, and keep before it the single aim of finding out the right path, and steadily pursuing it.

Some of the sharpest criticisms of the doings of the recent conference in Toronto have come from an unexpected quarter—the side of those who profess a special interest in

the betterment of the condition of our industrial classes. The attitude of the Council towards such social problems, in its spontaneous endeavour to consider several of them, and endeavour to arrive at an agreement as to the best possible course of action in regard to them, might have led its members to expect from the leaders of labour movements, more especially, encouragement and assistance rather than censure. But in criticizing it, the Trades and Labour Council and the editor of *Saturday Night* seem to have forgotten that a large body like the National Council is and cannot be homogeneous in its views and ideas, that it cannot, therefore, move fast, and that even a *first* step in the direction of industrial reform is a hopeful sign, to be fostered and encouraged. The former attacked the council because it did not at once, after an hour's discussion, pass a resolution asking for legislation to shorten the hours of female factory workers, assuming that the matter had been "shelved." A little trouble to ascertain the true state of the case would have made it clear that the resolution passed did not "shelve" the matter, but remitted it to the Local Councils throughout the Dominion, who are desired to procure all the available information in regard to it during the intervening year, in order that more intelligent and satisfactory action may be taken at the next annual meeting of the Council in 1896. If this is considered by the Trades and Labour Council a disappointing postponement of action, it should not at least have been assumed to be a "shelving" of an important question. The more important the question may be the more necessary it is that all should be fully persuaded as to the right line of action, especially if it is a complicated as well as an important question. It cannot, of course, be expected that the majority of a body such as the Woman's Council, to whom such questions are as yet unfamiliar, could feel ready at once to take action in a matter the bearings of which are, as it was expressed at the Conference, so far-reaching in their effects. Certain well-worn objections were, of course, presented by those who deprecated immediate action. Among others the objection was stated, and perhaps overstated, that if special legislation were secured to protect our young women from the admittedly injurious effects of the too long hours of work during which many of them at present labour with injurious results, as testified by competent physicians. This very provision for their physical and moral well-being might, in the present struggle for the means of existence, hinder them altogether from procuring the work on which they must depend for subsistence. As it was sorrowfully expressed by one lady speaker, the alternative seemed to lie between starvation and a strain of overwork which enfeebles the constitution of many of our future wives and mothers, and so must have its natural results on the enfeebled constitution of another generation. Of course there were some who did not accept this pessimistic view of the matter, and who held that, just as the conditions of the labour market had adjusted themselves to similar beneficent legislation in the past, so would they adjust themselves to this reform also. But it must be obvious to any intelligent observer that in the face of such a diversity of counsellors, and of very strong deprecation from the representatives of some industrial communities, an assemblage of women, many of whom are quite unfamiliar with economic problems, could not, with any assured confidence, proceed to immediate action. Had they done so they would probably have drawn down upon themselves the ready criticisms of those who object to the interference of women with any such matter, which it is generally assumed that they do not understand. If they do not, it is to be hoped that such organizations as the Woman's Council will exert an educative force, for, in the necessities arising in our age for change and progress, it is most desirable that the feminine half of humanity should not acquiesce in a contented passivity and ignorance unworthy of the women who live in a time so full of earnest calls and momentous issues.

But over and above the seeming uncertainties that beset action with regard to legislation for protecting the interests of female workers, there were also some strong exhortations, especially from American delegates, urging that the Council should not make the question of factory legislation a "woman question" but a *human* one; in other words, that it should consider the question of the condition of *all* workers. Of course there would be division of opinion here, also, some holding that the care of their own sex as to factory labour was enough for women to undertake, and that the

other part of the problem might safely be left to reformers of the other sex. Moreover, the tendency of reform in one direction has always been to bring about reform in other directions also. But when such differing views were presented, with no voice of competent authority to decide between them, there was no other course possible than that which was pursued, *i.e.*, to refer the question to the various local councils of which the General Council is composed, with instructions to secure, during the intervening year, all accessible information in regard to it, so as to approach its consideration at the next annual meeting with enlightened minds and intelligent convictions. This course the Council is in honour bound to pursue, and if it is to be true to its basis, the question must receive full justice, and be met in a fair, candid spirit; eliminating, as far as possible, those tendencies to personal bias, which are so apt to intrude themselves into the consideration of matters which affect large class interests. For if class interests or even class prejudices are to be allowed to affect the action of a council supposed to represent the interests of the women of Canada, then indeed this hopeful movement must abandon its high pretensions, and, meriting the premature condemnation it has received, must sink to the level of a "fashionable fad!" But this the present writer, knowing something of the earnest and highminded spirit in which the last annual meeting was conducted, and all its discussions approached, can scarcely regard as a probable occurrence.

Perhaps the sting of the criticisms alluded to was, like the scorpion's, in their tail. A suggestion was in both cases appended that the question of lightening the load of factory-workers was to some extent complicated in the minds of many with the exigencies of the vexed question of domestic service, and, in the other, that the overwrought "slave" of too many households should have attention also. We should be sorry to believe that any member of the Council could view the question from so narrow and sectional a standpoint as to wish that the conditions of factory labour should be left to press heavily and injuriously on the great body of female toilers, who undoubtedly have their proper place in our industrial order, in the hope that the very hardship of its conditions might drive *some* of them into the thinning ranks of domestic service. A very little consideration would show to any intelligent woman the selfish tyranny of desiring, for her own convenience, that any human being should suffer needless hardship and be driven thereby into a calling which she does not choose. There is a better way of recruiting the ranks of domestic service, and one which it would be well to have more generally considered, that, namely, of making its conditions pleasanter and more attractive. There seems to exist a very general impression, among masculine critics, at least, that the betterment of the conditions of domestic service is one of the most pressing duties for a Woman's Council to consider. Perhaps some of us might say that their view of the matter, as it has come before the writer both in public and private comments, is too pessimistic, and that the hard-worked and much-tried mistress is sometimes as worthy of compassion as the undoubtedly often hard-worked servant. There is as great a diversity in the character of domestics as there is in that of mistresses, which alone makes it impossible to deal with this question as we can with the well defined lines of factory labour. No doubt the hours during which domestic servants are required to be on duty are often far too long, even to an inhuman extent, and the monotony of the ever recurring round of household tasks, with little outside interest to relieve it, is often very trying, especially to undisciplined natures with few resources within themselves. On the other hand the natural incapacity and almost total lack of preliminary training for their work is one cause of the unduly long hours of work which, with greater skill and method on the part of the worker, might be greatly shortened. Still we have to do with existing conditions, and there can be no surprise to those who study the matter in its relation to human nature, that the average servants place is so little attractive to the average girl that she will so often prefer the hardships of factory life, with its greater degree of liberty out of certain well-defined hours, to the never-ceasing treadmill of domestic labour, which in many cases has not even an approach to the Christian day of rest, not to speak of the literal observance of the Fourth Commandment! Even our most rigid Sabbatarian seemed to give way here! And our social ambitions and competitions still further increase the burdens of domestic service.

It is moreover asserted by those who bring a severe indictment against employers, that the sleeping-rooms provided for domestic servants are frequently of the most unsanitary and unattractive character. This has been stated to be the case in many houses in one city, as the authority of one who has taken the trouble to make personal inspection of houses at renting time. We would fain hope that this evil is not widely prevalent. With the general increase of luxury among us, the accommodation of our domestics ought certainly to attain a reasonable degree of comfort and attention to hygiene. But of course there are many houses, with narrow and restricted space, and many still unsanitary enough, in which servants are apt to have the worst of it. We can only hope that a better knowledge of hygiene, as well as the higher development of conscience in this matter may in time do away with the reproach that any young girl under the charge of any mistress is sent to sleep in a damp underground apartment, where she contracts the first stage of a fatal malady! At present we have only too good evidence that such cases actually exist.

There seems, therefore, ample room for wide-spread effort in securing the application of the Golden Rule to custom in this particular, also, and only good to employers and employed can result from the full discussion of this subject in all its bearings. The Countess of Aberdeen whose kindly meant endeavours in this particular direction have, in some quarters, been met by the most absurd and gross misrepresentation has, in her article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*—reprinted in pamphlet form—given some very suggestive hints on ways and means of making domestic service attractive by paying more attention to securing for servants the healthful recreation and exercise of their social instincts which are often ignored by mistresses or left to be gratified at hap hazard. In this line also much good may be done by local branches of the Woman's Council in the way of helpful discussion.

Having endeavoured to place the present attitude of the Woman's Council to those important social questions in its true light, it may be in order to suggest to the zealous critics aforesaid, that if they have these matters so much at heart, they also have a duty to perform in the matter. Let the Trades and Labour Council and the journals which have given currency to such hasty censure of a misunderstood position, come to the aid of the earnest advocates—within the Council—of the reforms in which they seem to take so strong an interest. One thing specially wanted by the Woman's Council is information and suggestion from those who best understand the conditions of the industrial problem. A memorial from the Trades and Labour Council, for instance, addressed to the executive of the Woman's Council, and accompanied by information as to the way in which legislation for shorter hours would really affect the position of the wage-earners, especially in regard to their chances of employment, would have much weight in the consideration of the matter. And if men who have made this matter a study, with an unbiassed mind, would give, through the press, the fruits of their careful judgment, it would materially aid in clearing up the perplexities which seemed to beset the question at the Woman's Conference in Toronto. Very probably different opinions would be expressed, but through discussion and comparison of views much might be learned. As much as this the Woman's Council have surely a right to ask, having given evidence of a real interest in the betterment of social conditions, especially from those who have blamed them for not acting with what many would have regarded as too great precipitation. All who are willing to render assistance either in the way of giving intelligent opinions or presenting facts bearing upon the subject can easily reach the proper quarter through the address of the Corresponding Secretary of the Council, 44 Dawson Street, Toronto. It may well be hoped that some will be willing to take this trouble in regard to devising the best means of meeting an evil which not only presses very hardly upon a large number of our promising young women, but, through its injurious consequences to them, threatens the well-being and happiness of future generations in our great and growing country. FIDELIS.

* * *
"The Prisoner of Zenda" will be played on Sept. 4th, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, by Mr. E. H. Sothern, who will appear in the triple role of Prince Rudolf, Rudolf Rassendyl, and King Rudolf V.

Signs of the Times.

THE chroniclers tell us that at the close of the first thousand years of the Christian era the end of the world was confidently expected. Wild legends of signs in the skies, terrible portents, were circulated among the peoples. Men's minds were troubled, and the result was that religious fervour was excited and the Crusades followed. In another century from now the second thousand years of the present era will have expired. Again the signs of the times are appealed to as evidence of the approaching end of all things. Supernatural appearances are not now admitted as among these signs. Among civilized races natural phenomena are now traced to their rational cause. The appearance of a comet no longer is said to foretell a war. A succession of blood red sunsets denotes the presence of volcanic dust in the air, it does not portend the impending murder of some king. To the modern philosopher a broken looking-glass means a broken looking-glass, and is not as it was a sign of approaching death.

But there are some social and psychological indications which certainly do make thinking men uneasy. To survey mankind from China to Peru is no easy task, but some characteristics stand out so prominently in the present condition of the world that they cannot be ignored. The first symptom that causes uneasiness is the chasm between wealth and poverty. Between Dives and Lazarus there is a great gulf fixed. The inequality is the more felt because the poorer classes are better educated and better able to understand what advantages wealth gives. In former times the lower orders as a rule, if not contented with their lot, were so hopeless of change that they did not attempt to strike. When they did it was like wild animals, not like human beings. The risings of the peasants in France in the middle ages called the *Jacquerie* and in England under Wat Tyler were examples. Up to a hundred years ago if a rising did take place it became a butchery and in the end it was crushed. But the successful result of the French Revolution furnished an object lesson. It lost part of its moral force when the ambition of the great Napoleon induced him to attempt to enslave all other nations. The result was, in the end, good. He awoke national sentiment, and we see to-day united Germany, united Italy—two great nations entirely reconstructed since his time. Spain preserved her individuality and remained intact. In these nations the poorer classes, finding that they have established their nationality as against foreigners are now turning their attention to domestic difficulties. The despotic rule of kaiser or king has ended. The arbitrary rule of aristocracy is rapidly closing. Were it not for the German patriotic fear of possible external attack the social system of that empire would soon be changed. But the map of Europe is by no means finally blotted out. The French still consider Alsace and Lorraine theirs. They will never be content until they get them back. That they will attempt to recover these Provinces is as sure as that to-morrow will succeed to-day. That hybrid production, the Austro-Hungarian empire, will not stand. The German Provinces of Austria will go back to Germany where they naturally belong. The east coast of the Adriatic is the cry of the *Italia irredenta* party. The Austrian Emperor will be once more the Emperor of the East. The Turks will be driven back out of Europe and the seat of the Eastern Empire transferred from Vienna to Constantinople. Before this settlement is made Russia will have something to say. For twenty years the Great Bear has been asleep. What will be his move when he wakes up? Will it be to find that the own children are tearing him, or will it be to find that the Prussian and Austrian eagles are picking him to pieces?

England, with her widely extended line of colonies and dependencies, has also her anxieties. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link and there are many weak links in the chain of England's strength. Her most secure possession would seem to be Australia. Her most doubtful, India. Her most vulnerable, Canada. Imperial statesmen have much to think of and guard against before they decide on a given line of action.

Considering all these political contingencies the cause for anxiety is very great.

On this continent the difficulties seem social not political. In Europe they are both social and political, and England also shares both kinds.

Social troubles arise from too great wealth as well as too little wealth. The corruption and vice among the wealthier classes in our age have had their parallel in earlier times. Most striking passages from Horace or Juvenal can be reproduced exactly depicting the immoralities of modern life. Lucretius describes the unrest and discontent which to-day accompany the possession of wealth. From the works of these men and from other authors we are able to judge very accurately of the state of society in the Roman Empire at its height. It would be hard to find two periods more alike in their characteristics than those days and our own.

On this continent, in the older settled parts of the United States and in some of the Western cities where great wealth has suddenly accumulated, discouraging symptoms of rottenness are but too evident. In such communities, wherever situate, the men appear to be largely thieves and the women chiefly prostitutes.

The poorer classes know of these things. They have been taught and they have the newspaper press. They know their power. Here is the cause of the terrible strikes which have occurred in the United States during the last few years. That there will be more of them nobody can doubt. The first time they were put down by police, then by special detective forces with rifles, then by infantry regiments of militia, and latterly by cavalry and artillery. That is sitting on the safety valve with a vengeance, and it will not stop the explosion.

Another bad sign is the selfishness of politicians—anything to make a point. The debates in the United States Senate and the delays in settling their fiscal policy are attributable more than anything else to the utter want of what may be called official morality in the members of American legislative bodies. This country is not without this taint, but it has not become here a matter of course.

Beyond and above all these causes for uneasiness come the increase of population, the competition, the desire to enjoy as necessities what but a few years ago were unknown luxuries. The rush to the cities and the desertion of the fields follow. Where is it all to end? The pessimist finds much to make him doubt. The optimist, especially if he is a true born Briton, has a happy-go-lucky confidence that it will come out all right in the end. But if ever there was a time for us in this country to set our house in order and try and keep our skirts clear, it is now. Happy are the people who have no history. If history means what seems likely to happen any day in Europe or across the line, may we Canadians have just as little of it in the future as in the past.

R. E. K.

The Revolt Against Decadence.

IT is a curious reflection that the pessimistic note of the latter day novel may in part be accounted for by the simple fact that human beings are born with ten fingers and ten toes. But, according to the evolutionist, it is owing to this provision of nature that we have adopted the decimal system of notation, and, as a result of this system, we reckon our time by centuries, and the nineteenth century is drawing to a close. Although the division is purely arbitrary it has given rise to a number of catch phrases, such as "fin de siècle," "dying century," and the like, all of which have had an influence—purely ephemeral, let us hope—on the tone of modern thought and modern literature. And, just as the phrases themselves cropped up somewhat prematurely, so the reaction has set in, and the twilight of a false dawn began to glimmer, a little before the time appointed by the almanacs for the commencement of a new era. The nineteenth century is dying, says the new school, and it is time that the false old creeds, the outworn old superstitions, should die too. Marriage is a blunder, virtue is a slavish adherence to conventionalism, the love of nature, of open air, of out-door life, is a retrogression to barbarism, in fact not only is Pan dead, but by this time he stinketh. The women we have worshipped, the women our mothers were, and our sisters are, are an artistic mistake; they are not the true type, so away with them, and set up in their place the real thing, the woman with a past, the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Norah Helmer, the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith!

It is a truism that if you only reiterate an assertion often and authoritatively enough, somebody will be found to

believe it. That the terminology of the new school was somewhat vague, and their teachings slightly nebulous, only made them the more difficult to contradict. The public at large had an uncomfortable feeling that all was not quite right, but the public at large hates trouble, and assents—with a good deal of mental reservation—to much that it will not be bothered to analyse. What might not be true of happiness might be all right in the case of the New Hedonism. The Impressionists were welcome to cry aloud that they alone knew how to paint, so long as we could turn from a nocturne of Battersea Bridge to landscapes by Millais and portraits by Carolus Duran.

Symbolism was, of course, the highest expression of poetic feeling, and it was only our deplorable lack of taste that made us prefer Tennyson to Paul Verlaine. So the whole rabble, New Women, Decadents, Impressionists, Symbolists, set to work to drive out nature with a pitchfork till at last she has begun to turn on them. People are wondering whether, after all, it may not be pleasanter, as well as healthier, to lie on the heather and listen to the cry of the curlew with Robert Louis Stevenson than to breathe the opium laden air in the boudoir of the woman with a past. They have tired of hearing it said that the novel of romance was as dead as the snows of yester year, and that admirers of Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle were damned past all hope of salvation. They are yawning over their Yellow Books, Yellow Asters, and Green Carnations, and with a half apologetic grin at their former masters are turning to J. M. Barrie and Anthony Hope.

Of course the pendulum swung a little too far the other way at first. Stanley J. Weyman has not, so far, written anything that is likely to outlive the "Three Musketeers," nor do the sword strokes of Count Antonio ring quite as true as those of Henri de Lagardère. We can sympathize thoroughly with the man who laughs at the "Window in Thrums," and yet feel a little irritated when he guffaws over "Three Men in a Boat." But even that is better than the gloomy cant about neurosis, heredity, degeneration, and a fatalism that was more depressing than that of the trientalists themselves. Some of us were beginning to think that the fact that our fathers had eaten sour grapes relieved us of any necessity for repressing vicious tendencies in ourselves. It were useless to do so; struggle as we might, in the long run Fate and "the wheel and the drift of things" would be too strong for us. The neo-decadents went even further than this. "The prime aim of life," they said, "is the realization of oneself," and proceeded to teach a gospel of strange sins, as if, forsooth, an inhibitory paralysis were the highest state of health which the human body is capable of attaining. Self-restraint meant self-repression, and self-repression was wrong, or, at all events, non-ethical, just as "art had nothing to do with morality." And the further they wandered from the strait path the more they sneered at those they had left behind them. "The Green Carnation" was hardly a caricature, and the whole accursed jargon about "beautiful purple sins" and a man's "red roseleaf lips"—where it did not nauseate at once—was apt to breed curiosity and then familiarity. For words and phrases are powerful factors in conduct. The verbal distortion that engenders letters such as those which were read in a recent case that is too abominable to be spoken about, is so closely interwoven with sexual perversion that it is difficult to distinguish the warp from the woof. The higher class magazines and the modern Philistines, the men who are cricketers, and horsemen, and oarsmen, aye, and intellectual athletes too, are beginning to arouse themselves. The clean livers and clean thinkers are not decadent. It is they who form the real backbone of a nation, and who are the fittest to survive, and although the phosphorescent glow that glimmers over putrescent animal matter may be a thing of beauty to a morbid eye, there are other associations with it which few of us care to contemplate. Still out of evil may come good and the lines of one of their own poets may give the watchword of the advent of better things.

"We have done with tears and treason,
And love for treason's sake,
Room for the swift new seasons,
The years that burn and break."

* * *

Mrs. Burton Harrison is exploring some out-of-the-way corners of Ontario.—*The Critic*.

An Indian Hymen Chant.

Yes, I love you,
Warrior so noble and tall,
Straight as the pine;
Beauty and courage are thine
From the Master of Life,
The good Manitou.

Yes, I love you;
For I can see your clear heart,
Heart now mine own,
Pure are its veins as the zone
Of first sunlight which flames
Adown on the dew.

Yes, I love you,
Brave one, with words ever kind,
Sweet as the sap
Filling with sugar earth's lap
From the maples in spring
When flowers are new.

Yes, I love you!
Beam on me, heart, for thy face
Seemeth a leaf
Trembling in air, O, my chief.
So enchanting and gay,
Be mine the years through.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

* * *

The Great Poets as Religious Teachers.

THERE is no greater religious teacher than a true poet; for he takes ideal men and women, types of mankind, and shews us, under infinite variety of circumstance, their wants and longings, their faults and failings, their good and evil. He, indeed, is "the maker," "the creator," as the Greeks termed him, the revealer of a world born in his teeming brain, and yet the reflection of that in which we live and move. He is the dissector of the human heart, laying bare its hidden springs of action by the magic of his rhythmic lines. The true poet holds the mirror up to nature and to man; and he who does not do this is *not* a poet within the real meaning of the word.

If the question were asked: Who were the three greatest poets the modern world has seen? the answer would be undoubtedly, Dante, Goethe and Shakespeare. Of the first two there is space for but a word. Dante's "Divina Commedia"—his "Divine Epic," one might translate it—has been called the greatest single product of human genius. Its scope and object are known to all. Man, in the bloom of his youthful purity and innocence, may be deeply moved with love for that which is noble and divine. The allurements of the world, however, draw him away from this high ideal. But still, he never entirely yields himself to the lower life. At times there comes over him the deep regret of lofty purpose cast aside, of lofty aim discarded. Then, at last, "the divine Truth" entrances him again with her beauty; she leads him to look into his heart and life, and into that higher world of God. Gradually, as he gives himself more and more to this contemplation, he sees more beauty therein, until, following her ever upward, she reveals herself to him in supernal splendor. This, in a few words, is the plan of Dante's immortal work; and the vision which led him on was that of Beatrice, the beautiful maiden whom he had loved and lost, for she had been called away from earth, "not being a woman," as Dante said, "but rather one of the angels of heaven who had visited our earth."

The problem presented to Goethe's mind in "Faust," his life-work, was that of the search after happiness. Faust, a student, has exhausted all sources of knowledge open to him, and finds no real happiness or repose. And then the devil, under the name of Mephistopheles, comes to him and offers to serve him. This offer Faust accepts, with the single condition that he shall die at the very first moment when he shall be entirely happy. This was the problem: What can render a human soul entirely happy, even for a moment? Goethe, with marvellous skill, sketches the career of Faust, his pursuit of knowledge, wealth, and pleasure; the touching fate of Marguerite; the worship of the beautiful (personified as Helena, of Greece); the fertile plans to ameliorate the hard fate of earth's sons of toil; and, at last, Faust's death, when a sense of perfect happiness comes over him as he feels that he has, by his philanthropy, imparted joy to thousands yet unborn.

Shakespeare was not a professedly religious writer, as was Milton. Not only was he entirely free from Pharisaism and Puritanism, but, also, he is never associated in our minds with religious literature. We think of him personally as a man of the world, given to conviviality and somewhat boisterous merriment; writing his plays, no one knows how, enriching them with stores of knowledge no one knows whence obtained; seeking, apparently, only to acquire money sufficient to retire to his "Wooded Warwick;" and thinking very little about the serious side of life.

But this is only a superficial view of Shakespeare. He is, when rightly studied, one of the most religious of poets; and the very fact of his apparent unconcern as to religious matters but renders the word he does utter the more powerful. The points that attract our notice in him are, then:

I. That, with him, the complete man is always endowed with the religious element. In unfolding to us the nature of man Shakespeare can no more separate him from religion than from human companionship. To his imagination the ideas of worship and God can by no possible means be omitted from the conception of a complete humanity.

II. Shakespeare always lays stress upon the moral government of the universe: to which moral government admonitions, retributions, omens, and warnings only add emphasis. *Macbeth* is a sufficient instance. Through the whole downward progress of his life the fatal work of retribution is going on. Before the crime is done, the very air to him is filled with blood and terror. *Macbeth* says:

"Bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

And then:

"Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it."

When the murder is done, retribution comes and sits ever at his right hand.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more,
Macbeth doth murder sleep!"
Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house;
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—*Macbeth* shall sleep no more.'

All joys of life now are forever gone. He cries:

"Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

But not alone is vice punished by dire imaginings and dread forbodings; virtue is rewarded by a calm contentment like unto that light "which never was on land or sea." Queen *Catharine*, in near prospect of death, upon waking out of sleep, exclaims:

"Saw ye none enter since I slept?"

"None, Madam."

"No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which, I feel,
I am not worthy yet to wear."

No better example of this deep river of peace which Shakespeare pictures as flowing in the heart of the truly religious, can be given than in the character of *Cordelia*, the daughter of the old, blind king. Outwardly everything is against her. But sorrows and sacrifices are transfigured by the soul that shines through them. When the last trial of all has come, she calmly says:

"We are not the first
Who with best-meaning have incurred the worst;"

and, pagan as she is, she welcomes death as a consecration and a sacrament.

III. Shakespeare's gentle and sympathetic spirit is everywhere seen. He regards all men as brethren; he discovers "some soul of goodness in things evil." As has well been said: "A careful examination of his writings, with this object in view, will perhaps reveal him in a new light to one whose attention has not been called to this feature in the judgments, so true and yet so merciful, which he passes on the great men whom he calls up before his judgment seat." To Cardinal *Wolsey*, after his faults and

crimes, his ambition and scheming, his harshness to those who had stood in his way, had all been chronicled, Shakespeare shows his kindly nature in the words:

"Full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

"His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

So that *Catharine*, to whom the Cardinal had been so cruel, exclaims:

"Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor; peace be with him."

IV. The naturalness of Shakespeare's religion. The world, to Shakespeare, was not divided into separate compartments, one part sacred and the other profane, but every part belonged to the universal order, which is divine, and every man had in his own organization that which allied him to what is highest and best. Shakespeare looked into man's soul, and filled out what he there saw by the conception of a world of spiritual ideas, laws, and agencies, implied by it and essential to its completeness. For, to him, the natural and the supernatural were but harmonious parts of the same divine order.

And so the writer may not be far astray who says: "In teaching the great truth that religion is an essential part of man's mental and moral constitution, Shakespeare has done more for the English-speaking world than have any others, except the writers of the books of the Bible."

Two observations in conclusion: First.—The fact that all great poets have been great religious teachers, is a strong proof of the reality, the depth, and height, of the religious sentiment in man. The fact that a genius such as Shakespeare felt that there is in humanity this chord which is struck by a divine hand, and that the universe is under moral governance, is a strong support of the correctness, the soundness, of these beliefs. But Shakespeare is not alone. He is but one of a noble company, two others of the greatest of whom have been referred to: *Dante* and *Goethe*. In these and their compeers has shone forth that which we call the divine fire of genius. And, by its light, they have seen that "God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Secondly.—The trend of many of the works of Shakespeare and other great poets makes these works, in so far as they are religious, inspired writings. There is thus no hard-and-fast line between the spiritual and moral truths as enunciated by Shakespeare and the same as enunciated by *St. Paul*. Both were inspired, *i.e.*, breathed upon by God's spirit, when they uttered those words which touch our hearts as by a point of flame. Inspiration is thus not a local or a temporary thing. It has come to all honest, open hearts; it has been transmuted into words of living fire by poets of all ages and of all lands.

J. H. LONG.

* * *

Some Old Letters.

THE early Upper Canadian records now available are full of material that throws interesting side lights on the times when *Simcoe* was setting in motion the machinery of Government in this Province. While searching through these records for another purpose, I copied the following letters and memoranda.

A seat in the Legislative Council was evidently in demand in its early days. In a letter to the "Honorable John McGill, Esq.," dated Quebec, 14th December, 1800, *Peter Hunter* writes:

"I received, this morning, your letter of the 14th ult, stating Mr. Smith's wishes to obtain the vacant seat in the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. The *Courier* leaving Quebec to-morrow with the first monthly mail prevents my saying more on that subject at present than that nothing will be done until I have the pleasure of seeing you at York in the spring."

An evidence of loyalty, if that were needed, is seen in a receipt of a Sergeant of the 4th Batt. Royal Artillery:

"Upper Canada, York, 16th January, 1804. Received of John

McGill, Esq., Commissary of Stores of War, etc., for His Majesty's Forces in Upper Canada, by order of Lieut.-General Hunter, thirty-six pounds of gun powder to be expended on the Queen's Birthday."

Another important celebration was ordered in the following letter :

York, 20th January, 1806.

SIR, - You will please issue to Sergeant Robert Hadden, of the Royal Artillery, one barrel of Gun Powder to be used in firing a Royal Salute in honour of the signal and glorious victory obtained by the British Fleet, under Lord Nelson, over the combined fleets of France and Spain, at the entrance of the Straights of Gibraltar, on the 21st of October last, and on such other services as may be occasionally required, and for which Sergeant Hadden is hereafter to account.

ALEX. GRANT, Pres.

An early instance of Government works, though on a small scale, is thus given :

President's Office, 29th October, 1811.

To Hon. John McGill :

Order for the loan of two iron-strapped blocks to enable the Commissioners of the Roads for the Home District to raise a bridge over the river Humber.

JAMES BROCK.

Dishonesty was apparently as prevalent a hundred years ago as now. A man who would steal a Government grindstone had fallen low indeed :

Ten Guineas Reward is offered to any Person that will make discovery and prosecute to conviction the Thief or Thieves that have stolen a Grindstone from the King's Wharf at Navy Hall.

Queenston, 16th May, 1793.

JOHN MCGILL,
Com. of Stores.

The current rate of wages in 1793 is exhibited by the following voucher :—

Upper Canada, December 31st, 1793.

Government Storekeeper Department

Dr. to John McGill.

1793.

July.—To paid artificers employed in building a shed for preservation of stores at Navy Hall, 3 men, 5 days each, at 1s. 3p. per day each.....	11s. 3d.
To paid 39 fatigue men at 9d. per day each for digging a pit at Navy Hall for the preservation of tar.....	£1 9 3
To paid George Bradshaw for making and furnishing twelve felling axes.....	6 0 0

Quebec
Currency.

Many of old Peter Russell's letters and orders are still extant. The next one throws light on despatch-carrying before the days of steam, and, in addition, intimates that rude conditions of life did not abolish social joys.

Mr. Russell writes :—

Should anything material occur to require immediate Communication with me from Major Shaw, Major Smith or yourself you will be pleased to inform Major Smith that a trusty man of his Garrison must be sent off with the Packet to the Head of the Lake and the Corpl. there must dispatch another from thence with it to this place. The expence attending the express to be vouched by Major Smith and paid under my orders by my secretary. The same course will be followed from hence during the winter through Major Shank. . . . Mr. Small does not seem to have any inclination to participate with Mrs. Small in those charming winter excursions or he would certainly make haste to get the Council Book forward. But it still hangs in much the same situation as when you left it. I really tremble for him as our Chief (Simcoe) is a man of business and method and will not submit to those idle procrastinations. I wish you may be able to read this scrawl, but Mr. Burns being gone to attend Mrs. Hamilton's funeral I cannot have it copied.

Our best compliments to the ladies, and believe me to be, dear sir,
Your most faithful and obedient servant,

PETER RUSSELL.

The Commander-in-Chief refuses to pay for any of the repairs, etc., to the Garrison at York. They must consequently become part of the civic expenditures of this Province and be included in your accounts.

P. R.

Writing on March 9th, 1806, dated at York, Governor Gore thus communicates to Peter McGill :

My dear Sir :

I am rather at a loss for a conveyance to the House to-morrow. I shall, therefore, be very much obliged to you to send me your Horse and Chase to-morrow morning.

Very truly yours,

F. GORE.

I give, in conclusion, the following additional letter from Governor Gore, dated Kingston, August 24th, 1807 :

"My Dear Sir : . . . I received most sincere satisfaction by finding that our good and worthy friend the Chief Justice had got on very well; that at Newcastle the Jury was respectable (!) and approved of the Judge, not one word being uttered respecting that execrable Monster who would deluge the province in blood. At Kingston everything went off as might be expected, well, the Chief enter-

taining a party of above 40 at dinner and report says he ply'd them well with the Tuscan grape. A number of the rebel papers were distributed to pass on the minds of the people, but I hope without effect. The object of T's emissaries appears to be to persuade the people to turn every gentleman out of the House of Assembly. . . . Keep your temper with the rascals I beseech you. I shall represent every thing at St. James."

FRANK YEIGH.

At Street Corners.

THERE was plenty of company at the street corners of the main streets on Monday last, for there and everywhere along the route that the Labour Day procession was to pass crowds of wholesome, bright-looking people were waiting for the event of the day. The procession, when it came, was seen to be creditable to all concerned, and I, for one, rejoiced in it. I liked to see those thousands of respectable and stalwart working men walking along in the sunshine and with some sunshine in their hearts. I was glad that they thought it worth their while to take the trouble they did about their grand show. All that display meant a great deal of labour and expence. There cannot be much wrong with the base of the pyramid of society when it can decorate itself like that. But I don't care for that pyramid-metaphor.

The Apostle Paul's simile of the body and the members is more to my taste. We are "every one members one of another," and all have equal honour. By the way did Paul take the idea from Æsop, whose forcible fable of "The Belly and the Members" is said to have been written about 600 B.C. Both pieces of literature might well be written in letters of gold, and displayed at every place where labour or commerce congregate in an official way.

Mr. Alexander Fraser, city editor of the *Mail and Empire*, has returned from the Old Country where I understand he has had a very good time. Mr. Fraser got to his native heather in time to attend the annual wool fair at Inverness—the greatest event of the year at that place. Buyers come from all parts of England and Scotland to meet the Scotch sellers of wool and sheep who migrate temporarily from all over the "land of the heather and the flood." The Gaelic Society shows its native *savoir faire* by choosing that time and place to hold its annual dinner, and on this occasion "Mr. Fraser" was the special guest. The chair was, I hear, taken by J. B. Finlay, Q. C., a well-known man in British politics.

I hear complaints respecting the ventilation of the new Armouries which is said to be far from perfect. It is complained by some of our volunteers that the designers of the building appear to have omitted from their calculations the fact that even soldiers sometimes require a little air. There is no reason to fill the mouths of our men at arms with "strange oaths," as Shakespeare says, unnecessarily.

People who answer advertisements should be careful to obey as nearly as possible the request that the advertisement sets forth. A curious instance of the neglect of people to do this has come under my notice this week. A friend of mine advertised for apartments, and particularly stated in his advertisement that he would not notice any replies that did not contain definite terms. He received twenty replies, but nine of them took no notice of this important condition. The people had taken the trouble to write voluminously about their rooms and to stamp their letters. But they said "rooms could be arranged," or "please call when terms no doubt will be found to suit." Of course they went straight to the waste paper basket.

How is it that some people are so backward at putting a price on their goods, their accommodation, or their services. I believe in things being marked in plain figures. I patronize, as far as I can, the stores that do this. I have no use for those who regard it as *infra dig.* I believe in a good plain price ticket. As for services rendered, if there is one thing I hate, it is to be told by the person who has rendered them, when it comes to settling, that "he will leave it to me." I don't want it left to me. When I do anything for pay for anybody I don't "leave it to them." I state right out what I mean to get, before hand if possible, and if they don't like it why they can accept the alternative.

I think boarding house keepers practise reticence sometimes as to what they will take, because they wish to extract the last possible cent from their clients and they could not bear the supposition that if they had only asked more they might have got it. Still I don't want to be hard on these necessities of modern civilization. They might retaliate some time.

I have been to the Exhibition twice and I mean to go again. The people who go to this great annual institution and do not enjoy it fail to do so probably because they try to do too much and do not give themselves time to look at the exhibits in an intelligent manner. It is no use trying to see everything. The best way is to take a department and try and make out what it means before going on to another.

The other day I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, the distinguished financier who now holds the important office of President of the Grand Trunk Railway. He has made a very favourable impression in Canada, and I have no doubt that the great railway over which he presides will soon feel the benefit of his practical wisdom. But to accomplish any substantial good Sir Charles, whilst he holds the presidency, should reside in Canada. I should have liked to tell him so, but I lacked the courage of the Toronto Board of Trade, the officers of which gently intimated to him that if he wanted to make the railway a success he should follow their suggestions. I admire the confidence in their opinions manifested by the Board of Trade and I agree, for the most part, with what their President told Sir Charles. I also admire the courage with which Sir Charles met the large demands and put them all aside so easily and airily. It was very pretty. But the Grand Trunk Railway cannot afford to ignore these demands. It was the knowledge that their opinions are backed up by the country at large which, no doubt, prompted the Board of Trade to speak out with such frankness and confidence.

DIOGENES.

* * * Parisian Affairs.

THE FRENCH LIKENED TO TAM O'SHANTER'S LANDLADY—THE RUSSIAN ALLIANCE OF LITTLE PRACTICAL USE—THE ITALO-TUNISIAN TREATY OF COMMERCE—FRENCH NOTIONS OF JOHN BELL RAPIDLY CHANGING—DIPLOMATICALLY "LYING LOW"—CONSTANTINOPLE THE CENTRE OF INTRIGUE—A PROPOSAL THAT ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA GOVERN THE TURKISH EMPIRE FROM STAMBOUL—THE POSSIBLE FATE OF CHINA—DIVISION OF HER IMMENSE TERRITORY—BULL-BAITING RAMPANT IN FRANCE IN SPITE OF THE LAW PROHIBITING IT—A SIGN OF CIVIC DEGENERATION—INTEMPERATE HABITS GREATLY ON THE INCREASE—ABSINTHE-DRINKING INDULGED IN TO A FEARFUL EXTENT BY BOTH MEN AND WOMEN—EFFORTS TO INCULCATE THE VIRTUES OF EBRIETY.

GENEROSITY and chivalry are not German virtues, judging from appearances. The rejoicings in Fatherland over the defeat of the French in 1870-71 are too much. The victor could well moderate his memorium crucifixion of the vanquished, but does not abate one jot or tittle to exult over the defeated. It is a terrible trial for the French, but they accept all in solemn silence. Those who are even not French, while fully sympathizing with their lacerated feelings, object to the celebrations of war. The necessary evil over, let it be forgotten as quickly as possible. However, this is not a view generally shared in *Hochs!* for victory form a music for cementing national unity. The French cannot be too highly complimented upon their sangfroid and sagacity in presence of so much that is exasperating and not a little provoking. Perhaps, like Tam O'Shanter's landlady, they are nursing their wrath to keep it warm. But when can the wrath explode?

In the present situation, the French must often ask themselves, of what use is the Russian Alliance to them. It does not agree to help the French, to back them in an attack on Germany, to recover Alsace. Nor will Russia knock her Tartar head against the wall by joining in a menace, to canonade the British out of Egypt, where she acts in the name of the central powers. What work is then left for the Franco-Russian twins? That is the question, not warmly, but quietly, aye, nervously, brought home to men's business and bosoms. If Russia gets entangled with England, France is

tugged in, and Britain then joins the triple alliance. Perhaps that after all might be the clinching of the European Peace League—rendering a war impossible to be declared from the tremendous odds against its succeeding, and an annihilating penalty if defeated, is sound policy.

In the denunciation of the Italo-Tunisian treaty of commerce, by France, by which the latter drives, by her policy of hostile tariffs, a rival out of the country, there is nothing to be done save to try and get another treaty with as good terms as possible. Then as Italy expects in the coming all-round war, to obtain Tunisia, etc., as her share of the spoils of victory, let that console her in the meantime. Ideals cost nothing. The incident has led to France being freely reminded, that she is pledged to retire from Tunisia, just as England is from Egypt. Count upon both lands being evacuated simultaneously—on millennium's eve. The circumstance will facilitate Italy's protectorate of Abyssinia: let her simply make the promise that she will give it up when local order is able to be secured by the native government, and the usual *et ceteras*.

For the moment, the French are diplomatically "lying low"; doing the fox. They have started questions, and taken up obstructive and provoking positions against England, when they had a weak government to oppose. But the return to power of Lord Salisbury has changed the face of things. Then the eyes of the French have recently been opened to some legendary fallacies. They held that there was no longer any fight in the Britisher; that he would swallow any amount of humble pie rather than accept war—unhappily they had some reason in this case to so conclude; they believed, that England would never join the triple alliance, but would wriggle ever into neutrality; now they perceive she may be regarded as a member of the triplix. Other facts that have entered the French mind, without the aid of a surgical operation, that England can easily resist any attack on India by Russia while carrying the war across the frontier. The Russians blocked in the Baltic and the Black Sea have no longer any markets for their timber, their grain, or their petroleum. What bonanzas for Uncle Sam! And be assured Japan will make hay while the sun shines.

Constantinople is viewed by cool judges as the head centre of diplomatic intrigues. The Sultan, it is said, would never resist the demands for Armenian reforms, if there were not wheels within wheels. Lord Salisbury's play is keenly watched, to note if he will be left to do, at the twelfth hour, as at Alexandria, Dulcigno, etc., the physical force side of the diplomatic work. A demonstration of the fleets of Russia, France, and England, before Constantinople, is generally considered as the coercive side of the Armenian reforms, but what is to prevent Russia and France, when at Stamboul, from landing sailors and marines and remaining there? An engagement not to do so? Pshaw! No one believes in treaties; they are observed just long enough till pipes can be lit with them. France and England governed Egypt on the dual system: it would not be a whit less bizarre to see a trio of the powers, France, Russia, and England, administering the Turkish Empire from Stamboul. At that *fin de siècle* diplomacy, the silent Turk might laugh, though the Koran prohibits him indulging in broad grins, strong drinks, and more wives than he can support. A protectorate now a days "is the best thing going."

Why not draw off all that is inflammable in Europe by smashing up and partitioning China? Maps are very common indicating the amputations that France and Russia will have to undergo after the huge continental war. And we can make maps of the heavens. Is there no mapographer or land surveyor to divide the Celestial Empire? Faith in its resurrection is dying out, and if the Anglo-American Consuls are only laughed at for their inquiry into the mission massacre and outrages nothing but the allotment system, applied to China remains to be tried. Russia is quite willing and ready to join in the task, so is Japan. There ought to be no dissensions when over the division of the real estate of another.

There are certain cities in the bull-baiting region of France extending from Bordeaux to Nimes—the latter the head centre of French Calvinism, where bull fights take place every week and chiefly, of course, on Sundays, although the law formally forbids the sanguinary spectacle. The people only indulge in guffaws at the law. On Sunday last at Nimes, before 8,000 spectators, six bulls were finished by the

Spanish *artistes* and one horse disembowelled. The law prohibits the killing of the bulls, but if the animals do not receive the "happy despatch" sword thrust from the Matadors the play is not worth anything. Days beforehand the placards announce that the bulls will be slain by crack Matadors, whose names are given. When the spectacle is over a statement of the violation of the law is drawn up; then the Spaniards are ordered to leave France, which, of course, it was their intention to do, having executed their job, and to make their return voyage at the expense of the French Government is not a drawback. Next the proprietor of the arena is fined 1 fr., perhaps 3 frs. And this comedy goes on week after week in open defiance of the law. And the masses are preached up to obey the law, and the pupils at school taught to reverence it, while it is being publicly laughed at. That is a serious rift in the lute; it is a sign of civic degeneracy. The Government could easily expel the Matadors before they commenced despatching the bulls—their names always figure on the bills. The Government helps in the work of demoralization by levying a percentage on all the betting monies at race-courses. And the nation is expected to develop moral stamina all the same.

Since 1887 the highest professional authorities avow that the population is rapidly degenerating due to the extraordinary extension in the consumption of alcoholic preparations of which the "Satanic Centre" is absinthe. The Minister of Public Instruction, despite the wants of the budget to meet army and navy bills, has resolved that from October next, when the schools resume studies, Blue Ribbonism must infiltrate, but form no special study, all education imparted. When the master of the primary school deals with moral questions he must arrange to allude to the evils of drink and the virtues of ebriety; show the disasters of the drink crave. At the Normal schools the teachers in training will receive type lectures on temperance and its social virtues; when the class of physiology is at work there will be coloured anatomical diagrams—they are already prepared and foreign colleges will please note—illustrating the injury done to the body through drink. In the chemical class attention can be drawn to the adulterations—187 have been detected so far—and their poisonous effects on the nervous, the brain system. May the good work succeed, for the best qualities of the French are being destroyed by the drink plague. The present writer can recall the time—not so long ago either—when to drink a glass of the prepared absinthe—the fairy with the green eyes—inside a café, etc., would be considered "shocking;" not to do so now outside as well as inside would be regarded as prudish and puritan. Worse than all the women do not shirk the pick-me-up and give their little ones a spoonful of it to taste.

The Chinese colony in Paris, numbering 35 persons, are hostile to the Mandarins and to the Son of Heaven, and predict the Celestial Empire will almost immediately be opened up—by the European powers helping themselves to it.

Z.

A New Commentary.*

WHETHER Christianity is losing its hold on the thought and life of the present age is a question which people, to a large extent, will answer in accordance with their own feelings and prejudices. But one thing, at least, may be said on what we may call the Conservative side, that never in all these eighteen or nineteen centuries have the documents of Christianity been investigated with such critical care and thoroughness, and, it may be added, with such seriousness and even devoutness as in the present day. Of course there are exceptions, there are scoffers, there are the impatient critics of a superficial naturalism, who will disport themselves in the Holy of Holies as though they were making a passing survey of the Court of the Gentiles, but by the side of these—and in greater numbers and with greater weight—there are the thoughtful, the learned, the reverent, who, on the one hand, owe a supreme homage to truth, and will consent to the handing on of no tradition, unless it can be verified, and yet feel that they cannot deal with the sacred records of the Christian church as mere literary documents.

* "The International Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." Edinburgh: T. & F. Clark. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Revell & Co. Vol I. Deuteronomy. By Dr. S. R. Driver. 1895.

We are led to these remarks specially by the appearance of the first volume of a commentary on the whole Bible which promises to meet the needs of English-speaking Christians as no previous commentary has done, or even has attempted to do—not so much, perhaps, from want of will as from want of the appliances for the purpose.

In thus expressing ourselves we have no desire to ignore the work, in many respects the great work, done by men in past ages. The brilliant Chrysostom, the learned Jerome, the mighty Augustine, the critical Theophylact, are not likely to be forgotten or neglected by any commentators or students of our own time. The Reformation has produced expositors whose work will always be held in remembrance—men like Calvin, Grotius, and Bengel. But each age has its own work to do, and none of these has done the work which is required by this age.

Those of us who can look back for forty or fifty years will easily realize how miserably English readers were provided with helps for the study of the sacred scriptures. We had Matthew Henry's Commentary, a useful book for preachers, but of no value whatever to the critical students of the scriptures. The Commentaries of Thomas Scott and Adam Clarke hardly improved their position. D'Oyly and Mant, the Anglican Commentary, was a most miserable production. And then came Albert Barnes, a useful, industrious kind of person, but very little besides.

The Germans led the way in this as in many other fields; and among the first of English commentators who made a serious attempt to furnish us with the results of their work was S. T. Bloomfield (not Bishop Blomfield, with whom he has sometimes been confounded), who really did some good work in this direction.

Perhaps we may say that it was Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, who first gave to English students who knew Greek a commentary which, to a large extent, did represent the critical work which had been done on the New Testament. Alford was, perhaps, overlauded at first and has been unduly depreciated in later days. We believe his commentary to be still of real value whatever may be its faults.

Alford was followed by commentators who, in one way, were less ambitious than himself, inasmuch as they took up particular books, instead of endeavouring to produce a commentary on the whole Bible, or even the whole of the New Testament. Among these the foremost were Ellicott, Lightfoot and Westcott, who have given us commentaries that can never be ignored by subsequent workers in the same field.

By this time men were beginning to see that no one man should attempt a complete work of this kind; and so it came to pass that companies were formed, under a general editor, by whom the work of a complete commentary might be carried out.

Among these was Dr. Pusey who projected a commentary on the whole Bible; but, whether through his own bad management or the failure of his coadjutors, he gave us only a commentary on the minor prophets. Then came the Speaker's Commentary, under the editorship of Canon Cooke, a work which really embraces a large amount of good work, along with a great deal which was by no means up to the learning of the day. Dr. Schaff edited a very good commentary on the New Testament, which, in parts, is of great value; and Bishop Ellicott undertook the editing of a commentary on the whole Bible, which resulted in giving us some commentaries of real value, and a good many (especially of those in the Old Testament) of no value at all.

But still we had no commentary which could be placed alongside the German works of De Wette or Meyer on the New Testament, or the "condensed critical commentary on the Old Testament." We have special commentaries of the first rank; but we have no general commentary to which a student may be directed, as giving him the results of the critical study of the whole Bible.

At last this work is to be done by a body of English and American specialists who have made their own the various subjects and authors of whom they have undertaken to treat. "The time has come," say the projectors of this scheme, "when it is practicable to combine British and American scholars in the production of a critical, comprehensive, commentary that will be abreast of modern biblical scholarship, and in a measure lead its van."

This is a high endeavour; but we believe that it will

not be a mere endeavour. The plan is excellent—the commentaries “will be based upon a thorough critical study of the original texts of the Bible and upon critical methods of interpretation.” We believe that these books will be indispensable for preachers and teachers. They will be adapted for those who are acquainted with the languages of the Old and New Testaments; but they will be so constructed that they will be intelligible to English scholars. Only one volume of the series is as yet before us. To this volume we shall return again. In the meantime, we may say, first, that it is a splendid example of the kind of work which this commentary proposes to accomplish, and secondly, that wise Christian teachers will see that they are furnished with the successive volumes of this great work as they appear. We ought to add that the names given, in the prospectus, of those who have undertaken commentaries on particular books embrace nearly all the biblical scholars of eminence in Great Britain and the United States. As far as we have observed only one book is undertaken by each contributor. The general editor of the Old Testament is Professor Driver; of the New, Dr. Plummer and Professor Briggs.

WILLIAM CLARK.

* * *

Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Longfellow.*

THIS is one of the best volumes of the kind which have come into our hands, and is a worthy successor to previous volumes on Wordsworth, Tennyson, etc., which have already been prepared for school use among us. The book is good in every respect. In the first place the selections are eminently judicious. We might perhaps demur to Longfellow being allowed a space about double of that allotted to the other three. But then Wordsworth has a volume already devoted to himself, the bulk of Campbell's poems is small compared with that of Longfellow's, nor is Coleridge's bulk great, and a great deal of it is unsuited for school use; whereas Longfellow has left us a great quantity of poetry, nearly all of it suitable for such purposes, and then he belongs to this side of the Atlantic.

The selections are excellent. Of course we have, from Coleridge, the great “Ballad of the Ancient Mariner,” in itself of the value of a king's ransom. The extracts from Wordsworth are few in number and not of the best, but the editor is no to be blamed for that, as he had been anticipated. From Campbell we have “Hohenhiden,” “Ye Mariners of England,” “The Battle of the Baltic,” all of first rate excellence. From Longfellow a few short poems, including “The Old Clock on the Stairs,” “Resignation,” “The Ladder of St. Augustine,” and the whole of “Evangeline.”

An excellent feature of the volume is a presentation of the various forms in which these poems have appeared, “The Ancient Mariner,” in particular, having received many corrections, additions, and subtractions, all of which are of deep interest to the serious student of English literature.

The notes are abundant, to the point and clear. Here and there we could spare some of them; but this is distinctly a fault on the right side. We cannot say of the editor, as of some of his class, that he copiously expounds the simple and passes over the difficult. We have seen no difficulties ignored. Into the, perhaps, deeper aspects of the Ancient Mariner he does not dive; but as far as he goes he does his work well. Without being hypercritical we would observe that his note on Coleridge's “gray beard loon” (at p. 185) is open to criticism. Mr. Sykes bears a north country name; and if he were familiar with the home of his fathers, he would know that people in the north of England are quite familiar with a loon, without, perhaps, having any knowledge of the bird of that name. Did the bird get its name from the man? Surely the man did not so from the bird.

When we add that the introductions are excellent and the facsimile illustrations are interesting and even valuable we have said enough to commend most cordially this volume to schools and families.

* “Select poems of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Longfellow.” Edited from authors' editions with introductions and annotations. By F. H. Sykes, Ph.D. Price \$1.00. Toronto: Gage. 1895.

Stanley's Early Travels.*

THERE is no traveller of ancient or modern times who is better known to the reading world of the present day than Mr. Stanley, and we may say, there is none more highly appreciated. By some indeed he has been sharply criticised, and, as we think, in some respects, unfairly; but no reasonable person can deny his wonderful sagacity, his indomitable pluck and perseverance, and his quite exceptional powers of dealing with men in a savage or uncivilized state of existence.

Most of us have already learnt how he found Livingstone, and have followed him through the dark continent, and even through darkest Africa; and those who have done so will be sure of instruction and entertainment whenever and wherever he may guide them. The two volumes now before us belong to the early days of the great explorer. The first volume relates his experiences during two Indian campaigns, the second volume contains a series of descriptions relating to towns, chiefly in Asia. They are headed: The Suez Canal, Up the Nile, Jerusalem, To the Caspian Sea, and Through Persia.

With regard to the first volume, Mr. Stanley tells us that the letters which it contains were not written with a view of permanent publication, but for the “exacting and imperious necessities of American newspapers.” In his twenty-fifth year, he says, he was “promoted to the proud post of a special correspondent, with the very large commission to inform the public regarding all matters of general interest affecting the Indians, and the great Western plains.” There was very little fighting to be done, but the country was explored, and those who would know the condition of those Western States eight and twenty years ago will learn all that is worth knowing from Mr. Stanley. Even then he foresaw what changes must soon take place in those regions, and he tells us that his expectations then formed have been more than realized.

Some of these changes may here be noted. Kansas, in 1867, contained only 350,000 inhabitants and now has a population of a million and a half. Cheyenne City, then only a tented camp, has 12,000 inhabitants. The territory of Colorado, which, in 1867, had only 35,000 is now a State with over half a million of people, while the population of Nebraska has increased from 122,000 to 1,100,000. The capitals of these two States are, Mr. Stanley says, the greatest marvels of growth and prosperity. Denver has increased from 3,500 to 106,000 people. Omaha, from 11,000 to 145,000. When Mr. Stanley was out West, these regions were chiefly an ocean of prairie, untenanted by the white man, except at the forts. It was one vast pasture plain, trodden by buffaloes, and ranged over by thousands of audaciously hostile Indians. Mr. Stanley has some very sensible remarks on the extinction of the red man. Without being brutal, he has very little sympathy with the sentimentality which seems to think it a great pity that civilization and the white man are driving out the noble savage. We recommend some of his temperate remarks to the class of people to whom we refer.

We cannot say that the second volume is more interesting than the first—that will depend upon the taste of the reader—but the interest is of a different kind. Instead of barbarism and a nascent civilization, we have here the ruins and relics of an ancient civilization. It is a long journey, here taken very swiftly from the commerce of the ancient Egyptians to the opening of the Suez Canal by the Empress Eugénie; and do they not now say that the Empress of India has almost got possession of it?

Among the contents of the second volume, certainly one of the most interesting chapters is that on Jerusalem—a subject into which Mr. Stanley enters *con amore*, with real intelligence and interest. We imagine that the Palestine Exploration Fund has carried its work further since Mr. Stanley was there; but his account of their excavations and explorations will give much interesting information to most people, and will refresh the memories of those who have regularly perused the periodical publications of the fund. Jerusalem is buried almost as deep as Troy, and many of the

* “My early Travels and Adventures in America.” By Henry M. Stanley, D.C.L. Two volumes. Price \$3.00 New York: Scribner's. 1895.

questions which are still unsolved—such as the real position of the Holy Sepulchre—must remain undetermined until we get underground all round, and know exactly the course of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. These are two charming volumes.

* * *

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Beside the Narraguagus and other Poems. By Arthur John Lockhart. Price \$1.00. (Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.)—The author of this dainty volume is not unknown to our readers, and those who have made acquaintance with his poems in their separate appearance will certainly welcome them in their collected form; and gain a clearer and fuller notion of the comprehensiveness of his genius. It would savour of flattery to say of many men what was so truly said of Goldsmith: *Nihil teligil quod non ornavit.* But Mr. Lockhart touches and adorns a good many things. We have poems of nature showing a true and deep sympathy with her manifold phases; we have poems of the affection, historical poems, and religious poems, and the level of all is high. It is a very good test of what we may, without disrespect, term minor poetry and minor poets, when we can say that we are glad to have had them and to possess them, that we should be sorry not to have had them, that, after having made their first acquaintance, we shall be sure to turn to them again. And all this we can say of Mr. Lockhart. His language, if never reaching the sublime, is poetical, sincere, elevating, his vision is clear, and his sympathy with man and poetry keen and deep. Out of many poems which we have read with pleasure, we will mention and quote from one of some length, "The Isle of Song":

I dreamed of a white isle, girt by such seas
As never foam nor freeze;
So lonely-rare the world hath never come
But poets make its solitude their home.

There they of Hellas and the Mantuan plain
Smote their sweet chords amain;
Homer had his clear song and vision bright,
Nor Milton's orbs must roll to find the light,

There he of the serene, capacious brow,
Dwelt 'neath the laurel bough;
Song's matchless one, the brightest of his peers—
Star that on Avon rose in earlier years!

But when I saw my earliest love draw near
And heard his song sincere
That charmed sweet Doon, and did its cadence suit—
To rustic Coila's step and woodland flute.

While Ryal raised his grave and reverend face
To Shelley's child-hued grace;
And he whose dust 'neath Latimus' violets lies,
Lifted to me his soul in lang'rous eyes.

It takes a poet thus to write and think of other poets. In particular we should note Mr. Lockhart's devotion to Burns, and his selection for celebration (shall we say?) of the sweetest of that great poet's utterances—*e.g.*, "Ye banks and braes and streams around the castle o' Montgomery"—a poem infinitely superior to the one which most English readers persuade themselves that they admire: "To Mary in Heaven." Another favourite of Mr. Lockhart's and ours is the unsurpassed love-song, "Of a' the aists."

English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Vol. III.: Byron, by John Nichol; Shelley, by J. A. Symonds; Keats, by Sidney Colvin. Vol. IV.: Wordsworth, by F. W. H. Myers; Southey, by Edward Dowden; Landor, by Sidney Colvin. Vol. V.: Lamb, by Alfred Ainger; Addison, by W. J. Courthope; Swift, by Leslie Stephen. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d.)—The publication in this very convenient and most attractive form of the well-known and valuable "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley, is an enterprise highly to be commended on the part of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. These short biographies are addressed to the general public, with a view both of stir-

ring and satisfying an interest in literature and its great topics in the minds of those who have to run as they read, and the large number of editions and reprints which have from time to time appeared since Mr. Leslie Stephen opened the series with his admirable sketch of Dr. Johnson, shows that there is a large class who are alive to the importance of the masters of our literature and are capable of an intelligent curiosity as to their performance. The series gives abundantly the means of satisfying this curiosity. Though condensed brevity has not been secured at the expense of interest, the essential facts are presented with a variety of appropriate details, but in a compact shape. Many of the volumes could hardly have been done better.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

SHORT stories are each year growing in favour with the reading public. One of the latest volumes is "A Truce and Other Tales," by Mary Tappan Wright. The book is a model of the neatness displayed by Charles Scribner's Sons in all of their '95 fiction. The half-dozen stories vary in theme from the fierce tragedy of "A Truce" to the half-humorous, highly artistic study, "A Fragment of a Play, with a Chorus." The writer has a fine command of language and a telling way of creating a situation, while the glimpses she gives us of nature, and especially of nature when lashed to frenzy by a blinding storm, are among the chief attractions of the tales. She has a deep knowledge of the human heart, and while her descriptive power is strong she allows the characters to reveal themselves by their utterances, and not by what she has to say about them. "A Truce" is decidedly the most powerful story. It is told with great intensity and a skill that holds the readers attention from the first word. "Life had made a truce with Love," and the heroine for one day of love, one day of life, sacrificed all. Her jealous fiancé goes mad, and as she confesses the love she bears his friend he strangles her. Would that the strangling scene had been omitted! In our opinion the "slow music" of it detracts greatly from an otherwise perfect tale. "From Macedonia" is a story of a different nature, and one which shows a keen appreciation of the evil side of city life. The sermon of the Bishop is one of the best and strongest utterances we have read for many days. Sermons are usually hard reading, but we could stand a volume of just such thrilling discourses as fell from the burning lips of the old Bishop. All of the stories are more or less morbid and cynical, while three out of the six are unsatisfactory, as they leave the reader wondering what did really happen. One, indeed—"A Portion of The Tempest"—is written in the vein of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" and as we close we say "Which lady?" and a second reading helps us but little.

The July volume of Longman's Colonial Library is "Matthew Furth," by Ida Lemon. The author is fortunate in her title, and as we open the book we expect to find a strong study of a strong character. We are not disappointed. The story is a picture of life in the slums of London, and has for its characters petty tradesmen, dock-labourers and beggars. There are really but two fully drawn characters in the book, Matthew Furth, "the docker," and Selina Pask, "the quartermaster," or agent for people desiring to pawn their clothes or household effects. The other characters, such as Dilkes, Brassy Jimmy, Cythna Mayern and Mary Dove are given in mere shadowy outline. Brassy Jimmy, the professional beggar, is perhaps an exception, but even he rarely impresses us as being true to life, and serves merely to bring

* "A Truce, and Other Tales" By Mary Tappan Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00

"Matthew Furth." By Ida Lemon. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Princeton Stories." By Jessie Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.60.

"Lord Ormont and His Aminta." By George Meredith. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

out Matt and Selina. The book has some striking qualities, but is not without its defects. Anyone familiar with the London docks must recognize that the author has failed to individualise the locality. Matt and Selina and Jimmy are no more Londoners than they are New Yorkers or Mont-realers. They are given a dialect, but it is merely the dialect of the illiterate, not the dialect of the inhabitants of the London slums. The author, too, has erred in both the opening and the closing chapters. She has started out with the intention of giving a picture of London familiar life, and has introduced such Dickens-like names as Mr. Crapp, Mr. Cockle and Mr. Peckitt, who play no part in the main action and so weaken the story. In the closing chapter we meet them again, and once more they are not a part of the plot but are there merely as a piece of the London life in which Matt and Selina move. The book will we think repay reading; we cannot help liking Matt or pitying Selina. It has the advantage, too, of not being a purpose novel, but a story attempting no social reform and leaving the woman-question untouched.

One of the most readable books that has come before our notice for some time is "Princeton Stories," by Jessie Lynch Williams. Every undergraduate will like it, as it holds the mirror up to nature and shows something of the life and spirit that animates the student on the campus and in the college corridor; every graduate will like it as it cannot fail to recall pleasant reminiscences of the happiest days of his life; and every uninitiated reader will enjoy a book that gives him a full and true insight into a state of existence that he has been compelled to admire or wonder at from afar. The two opening stories, "The Winning of the Cane," and "The Madness of Poler Stacy," are, in our opinion, the strongest in the book; but all the others are good, and are told by one who knows the life at first hand. "The Winning of the Cane" is written with the nervous energy of a participant in such contests, and we can only regret that the writer has not seen fit to do for Rugby Football what he has done for this little known senseless sport. "The Madness of Poler Stacy" is a fine study of a hard, systematic student drawn aside from his books by a glimpse of club life, and his ridiculous behaviour in endeavouring to ape the manners and the language of the "sports" in whose society he for once finds himself. "The Hazing of Valliant," although somewhat overdrawn and improbable, is intensely amusing—but we must stop individualizing a volume of stories that are all vigorous and healthy. The book has one defect: it really (with the exception of "The Madness of Poler Stacy") gives but one side of collegiate life, the men of the Campus and the sports. There is room for a second series of Princeton stories, where we will have something of the struggles of the student who has to contend with poverty all through his course, something of the pathos of failure and something of the mental struggles that rend the heart oftener within the college walls than elsewhere. This has been done by outsiders, but it would need a pen like that of the author of "Princeton Stories" to do justice to such themes.

In a review of George Meredith's "Adventures of Harry Richmond" we said he was a poser for the critic. If this was true of that book it is infinitely more so of his "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." We might say of his sentences, as Carlyle said of Teufelsdröckh's that "not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes) and ever with this or the other tag-rag hanging from them; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered." As for the language one has constantly to stop and dig deep to get at the meaning of words that are familiar enough to us, but so strikingly used that the figurative meaning cannot be gathered from a cursory glance. He is the Browning among English novelists in more senses than one. The obscurity of his language, his marvellous structure, and his unique men and women all remind us of our most original and strongest nineteenth-century poet. As we stagger through "Lord Ormont" at every step we keep asking ourselves—Do we like this book? is it great or is it rubbish? and we cannot answer until we have reached the end, and then we suddenly realize that Lord Ormont, the eccentric soldier and dualist, Lady Charlotte, his masculine energetic sister, Brownny (Lady Aminta), Lord Ormont's beautiful young wife; Weyburn, Aminta's lover, and Lord Ormont's private

secretary, have left a deep impression upon us; and despite the eccentric method of their presentation—or probably on account of it—we have a fuller grasp of them than of almost any other characters drawn by modern writers. It is to be feared that the ethical value of this novel is doubtful. Lord Ormont is the hero, but he is inconceivably stubborn and self-willed, and yet it is evidently the aim of the author to win our admiration for him. We first hear of him in the beginning of the book when Weyburn, the leader of a boys school, is instilling into his companions a love for the man who is winning England's battles with dash and daring; and, although at other points in his life he is represented as acting with unheroic stupidity, at the close he once more becomes a hero when he allows Weyburn and Aminta to take up housekeeping together without an objecting word. He loved, they loved, and so he does nothing to prevent the union of their lives. A pleasant fiction, but a dangerous one for society to act on.

* * *

Sonnet.

DOMINION DAY, 1895.

Long line of jewels fit for coronet
Of her, the Queen of monarchs, in this queen
Of reigns. From scattered Colonies hath been
Evolved, where statesmanship farseeing met
Response of loyal hearts, a chain strong set
In golden weld of liberty; true mean
"Twixt fancied independence and the keen
Fell yoke where freemen under despots fret.
What we have done herein let Africa
Australia, our great brethren of the South,
That let the Ocean Empire do. Unite
In Federation like "our Canada."
Auspicious day, in many tongues one mouth
Proclaims good omens of the widening light.

THOMAS ADAMS.

S. S. Vancouver, on voyage east, July 6, 1895.

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Letters to the Editor.

MR. HEATON REPLIES TO MR. PURSLOW.

Sir,—Mr. Purslow, who commented upon the remarks which I made under the head of "Democracy and Education," appears to credit me with the foolish and vulgar spirit of insular self-assertion, which some Englishmen show in this country, who make invidious comparisons between England and Canada and complain that King Street, Toronto, is not Picadilly. I must plead "not guilty" to this charge. If it were true I should not deserve the name Canadian, which, by choice, I have adopted.

Monarchical England is democratic as well as Ontario, and youth, as Mr. Purslow says, is democratic everywhere. Because some criticisms may apply with equal or greater force to Great Britain, it is no reason why we should not take them to ourselves. Nor is there any reason why, in Ontario, democratic Canadians of English birth should be assumed to accept as perfect any imperfections which may obtain in a monarchical country.

Where the Government grants for secondary education depend upon the votes of a "close fist" legislature, there is, as I have said, danger in unprofessional criticism, and in many points of a technical nature, as Mr. Purslow shows, there is room for differences of opinion.

It is a matter for regret that the mouths of teachers, who presumably are most competent to criticise, seem to be shut for anything except applause. Most people will admit that the Minister of Education and the educational system should be kept, as far as possible, separate from the baneful influence of politic, and most people will admit that the best results are obtainable, provided the teachers are competent, where the same kind of Czarism is accorded by parents in the management of schools or a university as in a democratic country people willingly acknowledge in a lawyer or a doctor.

Nothing in this world is perfect, not even the Ontario Educational System. True democracy will criticize itself. In Canada we shall be wise if we do so before it is too late. Let us learn a lesson from the United States, where uncritical democracy has developed into a hydra of crushing tyrannies.

ERNEST HEATON.

Goderich, Ont., 27th August, 1895.

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is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

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Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

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Art Notes.

Writing of Mrs. Stokes last week reminded me of a sort of *protege* of hers who, after a short and brilliant effort to climb to a higher plane than is reached by the rank and file of artists, was lured from what I am convinced was his true vocation, to follow the thorny path of literature.

Henry Bishop was of German origin, and this fact of course heightened the interest which Marianne Stokes took in the imaginative young painter. But it was undoubtedly the character of his work which attracted the attention not only of Mrs. Stokes but of all the artists who were resident in St. Ives at the time of Bishop's advent. As this very promising youngster has chosen to follow another profession than that which his friends believed to be his proper calling, my little notice of his brief artistic career is likely to be the only written record of his achievements as a painter—the sole epitaph of a dead ambition. And it is with a degree of sorrow that I tell, so far as I know it, the history of this youthful, brilliant, but ineffectual painter.

I think he must have been about twenty years of age when he came amongst us; but he was already, in a sense, a master. I am unable to say what his previous artistic history was; but it could easily be seen that he was no novice. His work had no flavour of the schools, though it evidently came from a trained hand. It was experimental, tentative. It was the searching for hidden truths; the groping for beauties not revealed to his fellow men. His subject covered a large field—sky, sea, sun, storm, children (generally red haired)—always the beautiful things as opposed to the interesting story. There was no literary quality in his work: the catalogue never help-

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ed you to appreciate it. His general tendency was towards a decorative "arrangement." He painted an uninteresting child with violently red hair, seated stiffly in an upright chair of strange design (my own by-the-by), looking at the coloured illustrations in a big book of fairy tales. The background was a white sheet, but it, as well as everything else in the picture, was painted with a keen perception of the colour qualities—the pretty and subtle gradations—of objects which the unfeeling eye supposes to be neutral in hue. His sea-scapes were purple and green decorative panels with shining "white caps." He liked to paint the sunlight of an orchard, and his red-haired model often figured in this complimentary setting of brilliant green. He was set in his ideas—consistent in the effort to paint up to his own convictions without regard to the received opinion or the conventional standard. He was a diligent worker, and he followed the excellent rule of painting with his door closed to the casual visitor. He was hardly to be moved by criticism, since he knew pretty well to what degree he had succeeded in his representation of natural phenomena. The whole question to him was whether or not he had carried out his idea—whether his painting was the expression of that idea or merely a piece of tolerable workmanship. One of the last—if not the last—of his painterly flights was the somber, mysterious, dimly illumined portrait of a literary friend.

He painted diligently, as I have said, but he often left his brushes untouched for a week, during which time he might be seen—a solitary figure—pacing the sea-beach, reading his Homer in the original Greek, or studying the works of the master thinkers in the world of French, German, Scandinavian and Russian literature. He emulates them now; I know not with what success.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Literary Notes.

That much-discussed book, "A Japanese Marriage," is now in its third thousand.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new child-story, called "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress: a Story of the City Beautiful," will be published early in the autumn.

A pleasant surprise for the Fall Season is announced by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co.—a new volume of poems by Lowell, with a new portrait as frontispiece.

Notwithstanding the almost innumerable editions of De Amicis' "Cuore," a new one, illustrated, is nearly ready for publication by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce "The Unreligion of the Future" and "Art from the Sociological Point of View," both translated from the French of M. Guyot.

"The Dignity of the Teacher" was the subject of an essay in *The Critic* of Aug. 24th—an article filling the first two and a half pages of a special Educational Number of the paper. It is a serious plea for a truer conception of the part played by the professional educator in the progress of the world.

"Conover Duff" given as the name of the author of "The Master-knot" and "Another Story," recently published in Henry Holt & Co's Buckram Series, turns out to be a pseudonym for three young Cleveland people, Laura Gaylord, Florence Little, and Edward Cady who wrote these two tales in collaboration.

Max O'Rell not contented with the extraordinary success he has encountered both as a writer and as a lecturer, is about to compete with the playwrights. A comedy from his pen will be produced in Canada and the States in a month or two, and Mr. Daly has requisitioned a play for his company to be produced in New York in the winter and in London during the next season.

The Century Co. have secured the plates of three of Dr. Mitchell's books, "Roland Blake," "In War Time," and "Far in the Forest," and will shortly issue a new edition of each of them. A volume of poetry, "Philip Vernon: A Tale in Prose and Verse," by Dr. Mitchell, was issued by the same publishers

in June last. Dr. Mitchell's latest novel, "When all the Woods are Green," has been most warmly received by the critics.

The clever author of "Soul Shapes," the fantasy of one gifted with viewing the spirits of men and women in the form of coloured charts created quite a sensation with her illustrated *brochure* on this subject about three years ago. She reappears in the new volume of Mr. Unwin's "Pseudonym Library" under the *nom de guerre* of "Sarnia." Her novel is quaintly entitled "A White Umbrella," and is published this week.

Anthony Hope Hawkins was recently introduced to a lady simply as "Mr. Hawkins." At dinner she asked him how he liked "The Prisoner of Zenda." He answered that he felt he ought not to say, as he wrote it, and she refused to believe him, until he showed her his card, with his full name on it. In the dramatization of the novel, Mr. Southern is not staggered at the prospect of playing both King Rudolf and Rudolf Rassen-dyll, but has undertaken to act Prince Rudolf too.

An Italian cycling paper, *La Bicietta*, believes it has found the first poetical reference to cycling in a little eight-line piece, "Le Velocipede," by Theodore de Banville, comprised, with other short compositions, under the heading "Triolets," in that writer's volume called "Occidentales." In this poem, which is dated July, 1868, De Banville has not been over-complimentary to the cyclist, to whom he sarcastically alludes as a new animal for Buffon—"half wheel, half brain." Where, we wonder, in English poetry, is cycling first mentioned?

Canadians will find much to interest them in *Outing* for September, a beautifully illustrated number. In "The Seigneur's Shooting Party," Gertrude Cundill portrays life in the Province of Quebec. In "Paw Ducket's Coon-Hunt," Ed. W. Sandys is at home in the woods of Ontario; in "True Canoeing," R. B. Burchard shows the advantage of the old-style meets, and in "On and In the Ottawa," Wm. Thomson describes the capture of a big muscallonge. Other attractive features are "The Cup Champions and their Crews," "Family Camping" and "International Athletics for 1895."

"Arthur Pendenys," in his monthly letter in *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*, generally manages to say a smart thing *apropos* of books or their writers. This time he achieves the following: "Last month I told you what political books to buy, and I have little more to say about politics, for in this matter I am colourless, and refuse to see why we should all go about labelled either Tories or Radicals. A radical is a person who has never dined, and a Tory is a gentleman who has never thought. There must be some *via media*, though I hope there is no harm in wishing to get *beyond* rather than *between*."

A gap is left in the ranks of the publishing fraternity of America by the death of H. O. Houghton, head of the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which occurred suddenly at his home in North Andover, Mass., August 25, at the age of seventy years. Mr. Houghton began life as a printer, and after building up one of the foremost printing houses of America, the "Riverside Press," he entered the publishing field as a member of the firm of Hurd & Houghton. A few years later he acquired an interest with J. R. Osgood, in the firm which succeeded the historic houses of Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co., and which afterwards, on Mr. Osgood's retirement, became the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. THE WEEK agrees with *The Dial* in saying that it is a house which possesses the highest traditions and associations in American literature; and these were worthily maintained under Mr. Houghton's regime.

Professor Prince, Commissioner of Fisheries, is expected to arrive in Ottawa from British Columbia either to-day or to-morrow. He has been examining the coast in the neighbourhood, with a view to determining whether a suitable place can be found for lobster breeding.

Chess Corner.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM.

702 Key [2] Q-KBsq. 1 Q-K Bsq R-Q4 2) B5ch, K-B53 Q-B5 mate. P-KtP 2 Kt-K7 P-Q8 3 Q-B5 mate. P-Q7 2 Kt-K7 P-Q8 3 Q-B5 mate. Not solved by J. Geo. Schaefer.

Brethour-702 Kt KR4 incorrect.

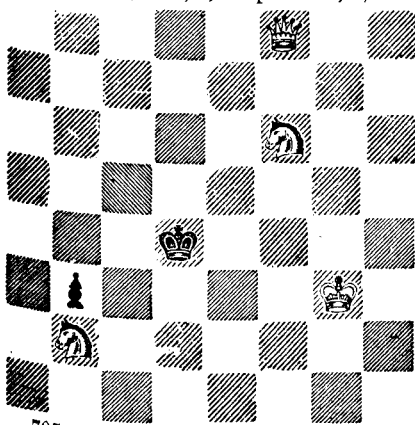
702 WHITE, 1-KL-KB4 BLACK 1-PXP. 2-Q-QK15 2-K-KB3or P queens 3-Q-Q5 mates 1 K-KB4-or K4, 2 Q-Q5ch 2 K-KB3 must 3 B-Q4 mates 1 K-KB6 3-Q-Ksq 2 PXP 3-Q-K3 mates. A very neat composition. Respectfully yours, W. G. Donnan.

Above defeated by Black pawn queening, 702KB7, K Q4, Q QKt3, and variations. Drawer 584, Port Hope.

Problem 705.

Mate in 3, by H. Hosey Davis.

(5Q2, 8, 5N2, 8, 3k5p4K2N6, 8).



705, white to play and mate in 3 moves.

ECHOES FROM HASTINGS.

'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah!!! Pillsbury it is. Pillsbury won, from Tarrasch, by a fluke—N.O. States.

The defence put up by Steinitz to Gunsberg's Evan's gambit was very fine and instructive.

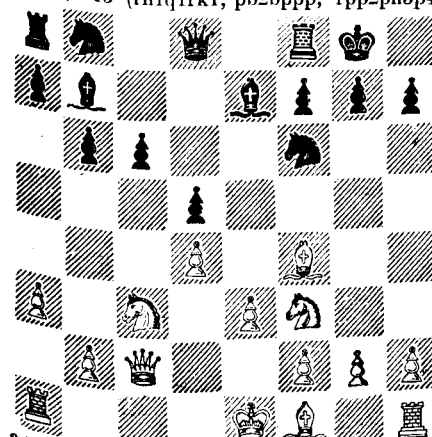
Mr. Pillsbury should now try single handed matches with champions Lasker and Davison.

Tachigorin secured the special prize which was hung up for the player first scoring seven victories.

A game played in the first round, with opening moves transposed, we present as game 705,—

Table with columns: LASKER, MARCO, White, Black. Moves listed include 1 P Q4, 2 P QB4, 3 Kt QB3, 4 Kt B3, 5 B B4, 6 Q B2, 7 P K3, 8 P QR3, 9 P xP, P Q4, P K3, Kt KB3, B K2, Castled, P B3, P QKt3, B Kt2, KP xP, VD dv, UC eo, 22M 7p, 77P 6e, 33F 5f, 44U cm, WO bk, SJ 3b, Cv ov.

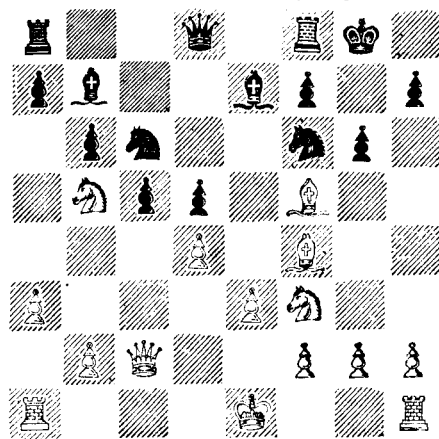
BLACK, =15 (rn1q1rk1, pb2bppp, lpp2pn5p4.



3P1B2, P1N1P3PQ2PPP, R3KB1R) WHITE.

10 B Q3 P B4 66N mu, 11 Kt QKt5 Kt B3 Mt 2m, 12 B B5 P Kt3 Nx g4.

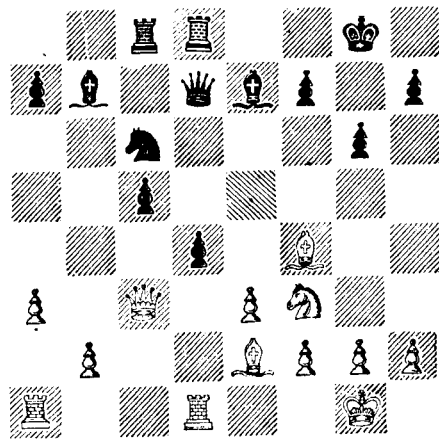
BLACK, (r2q1rk1, pb2bp1p, 1pn2up2Npp1B2.



3P1B2, P3PN3PQ2PPP, R3K2R) WHITE =.

13 B Q3 R Bsq? xN 13?, 13... P B5, H BK2, P QR3, 15 (Kt B7??)Kt B3, Kt KR4.... R Ksq, better! 14 P xP P xP Du ku, 15 Castle(K) Q Q2 5577 4d, 16 B K2 KR Qsq NW 64, 17 KR Qsq Kt K5 6644 pE, 18 Kt QB3! Kt xKt tM EM, 19 Q xKt P Q5 UM vD,

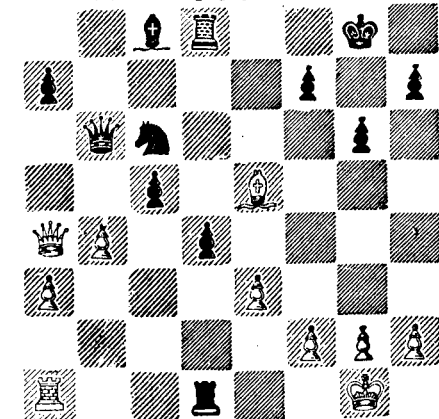
BLACK, =13 (2rr2k1, pbl1qbp1p, 2n3p3p5.



3p1B2, P1Q1PN3P2BPPP, R2R2K1) WHITE.

20 Q B2 Kt R4 MU ms, 21 Kt K5 Q K3 Pw dn, 22 Q R4 B KB3 UA ep. 22... Losing exchange. 23 B Kt4 Q QKt3 WG nk, 24 B xR B xB G3 b3, 25 P QKt4 B xKt TB pw, 26 B xB Kt B3 Fw sm,

BLACK -1, (2br2k1, p4p1p, 1qn3p3p1B3.



QP1p4, P3P8PPP, R2R2K1) WHITE + 1pt.

27 KtP xP Q xP Bu ku, 28 B xP Kt xB wd mD, 29 R Kt Resigns. 44D ill, (2br2k1, p4p1p, 6p3q5. Q2R4, P3P8PPP, R5k1).

Drawer 583—Much regret our delay.

Should any reader desire to play a few games by correspondence, we hope to find opponents for him.

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A YOUNG LADY IN ELGIN COUNTRY TELLS HOW IT SAVED HER LIFE.

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From the Tisonburg Observer.

Mr. J. W. Kennedy, who resides on the 8th concession of the township of Bayham, is one of the most respected farmers in the township. Recently an Observer representative visited his home for the purpose of learning the particulars of the recovery of his daughter, Miss Alice Kennedy, from a severe and trying illness, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after medical assistance had failed. Miss Kennedy now presents the appearance of a healthy and active young woman of twenty, and bears no indication of having passed through an illness that baffled the doctors' skill. To the reporter Miss Kennedy said that in the autumn of 1893 she was taken ill and a physician was called in. Despite all the doctor did for her she continued to grow worse. She suffered from severe headaches, became very pale, rapidly lost flesh, and her limbs were cold and swollen. She suffered great pain and it was with much difficulty she could move about, and would sometimes lie for hours in a half stupor. At last the doctor said he could do nothing more for her, and the family asked his advice as to her using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said he was of the opinion that they would not help her. In spite of this adverse opinion, however, she determined to give them a trial, and before the first box was finished the wisdom of the decision was made manifest. An improvement was noticed and with joy Miss Kennedy continued taking the Pink Pills until she had used fourteen boxes, when she felt that she was completely cured. She has not taken any since the early summer, and has not had any recurrence of her old trouble, and never felt better in her life. Indeed Miss Kennedy says that as a result of the Pink Pills treatment she has gained 25 pounds in weight. A short time after she began the use of the Pink Pills the doctor who had previously attended her, called and was much surprised at the improvement in the young lady's appearance, and said that if Pink Pills had caused the transformation by all means to continue their use. Miss Kennedy's statements were corroborated by her father and sister, both of whom give all the credit for her marvellous recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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Literary Notes.

Jerome K. Jerome, author of "Three Men in a Boat," "John Ingerfield," etc., recently brought suit for £1,200 damages against a railway that disturbed his peace in St. John's Wood. Hall Caine, Isreal Zangwill, Frankfort Moore, Sydney Grundy, and W. S. Gilbert all made eloquent pleas for the necessity of absolute quiet for the perfection of literary art, but only succeeded in getting a verdict of £500 out of the stolid jury.

The editors of *The Critic*, amazed at the inferior quality of the poetic effusions thus far inspired by the bicycle, offer twenty-five dollars (\$25) for the best original poem that shall reach them not later than 30 Sept., 1895, on the subject of bicycling or the bicycle. Ten dollars (\$10) will be paid for the second best poem. Poems of less than four or more than one hundred lines will not be considered. Each manuscript must be type-written and must be signed with an assumed name, not previously employed by the writer, and the real name must be enclosed in a sealed envelope, marked on the outside with the assumed name only. Competition closes Sept. 30.

"Princes and Princesses Paper Dolls," by Elizabeth S. Tucker, artist of "A Year of Paper Dolls," has just been issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company. It represents an entirely new departure in the way of "Paper Dolls," combining most beautiful and artistic colour-work with historical features of great value, which will at the same time entertain and instruct any child. The water colour sketches for this set were made by the artist of the successful "A Year of Paper Dolls," "Famous Queens and Martha Washington Paper Dolls," etc., and they have been reproduced in many colours and in a high grade of work rarely used in publications of this sort.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation for publication this fall an important historical work relating to the Colony of Virginia, entitled "The Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. Philip A. Bruce. The author is a well-known Virginian, a nephew of the late Hon. James A. Sedden, and brother-in-law of Thomas Nelson Page, the popular author of stories of Southern life; he is corresponding Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, and was editor of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, and is the author of "The Plantation Negro as a Freeman," a work included in the "Model Library," recommended by the United States Bureau of Education. We believe that this is the first considerable work of any merit dealing with the economic history of Virginia that has hitherto been produced in America.

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DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER.

June-July, 1895.

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DEER PARK, TORONTO.

Personal.

Mr. F. Betts, of Prince Albert, has been elected Speaker of the Territorial Legislative Assembly.

The Merchants Bank of Canada has opened a branch at Dresden, Ontario, under the management of Mr. A. V. Spencer.

Rev. E. Ashurst Welsh, M.A., of Cambridge University, the new Provost of Trinity University, arrived in Toronto on Tuesday evening.

General Gascoigne, the new commander-in-chief of the Canadian Militia, will sail for this country by the steamship *Parisian* on the 19th September.

Dr. G. R. Parkin, the new Principal of Upper Canada College, arrived in Toronto on Monday last. He was banqueted last night by the National Club, and made an excellent speech. His reception was most enthusiastic.

Cecil Rhodes, the most interesting man in the Cape House of Assembly, is as "restless on his seat as a spring doll." Rarely does he retain the same attitude for two minutes in succession. When he speaks he comes to the point at once, but he is somewhat difficult to follow, nevertheless. The statement that he thinks aloud is a very apt description of his style of address. The ending of his speech is usually as abrupt as his introduction.

Mr. R. E. Gosnell, of Victoria, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia, is in Toronto. Mr. Gosnell is an old Ontario newspaper man, who went to the Pacific coast some years ago, and has done much by means of his pen to bring that part of the Dominion before the attention of the world. Mr. Gosnell is a scholarly writer, and, with the leisure which his present position allows him, he may be expected at no distant date to furnish something of value to the literature of the Dominion.

Sir Henry Irving was the only one of the nineteen knights recently dubbed at Windsor whom the queen personally congratulated. "Sir Henry," she said, "this gives me very great pleasure." The congratulations lavished on him culminated in a remarkable scene at the Lyceum Theatre, when an address, written by A. W. Pinero, was presented to him. It was signed by four thousand members of the dramatic profession, headed by John Doel, the oldest living actor, and courising the names of Lady Martin, Mrs. Keeley, and Lady Gregory (Mrs. Sterling). The address, beautifully bound by Zaehnsdorf, was inclosed in a gold and crystal casket, in the construction of which one hundred ounces of gold were used, designed by Forbes Robertson to suggest a temple of Thespis.

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Periodicals.

In the September *Scribner*, the first place is given to the article by Professor Andrews which discusses the fight between General Grant and James Blaine for the Republican nomination in 1880, ending with the stampede of the latter supporters to Garfield, his election and subsequent assassination six weeks after that of the Czar of Russia. It also contains interesting matter concerning the working of the "Spoils System" in the civil service. Robert Grant's series of essays on the "Art of Living" takes up "The Case of Man" and the illustrations are capital. "Miss Jerry, the first Picture Play" is good. The idea is to use photographs from life to illustrate a story, while at the same time the story is to some extent moulded to suit the photographs. The quantity of reading matter is thus shortened since the pictures give all the descriptions of the scenes. "Hunt Clubs in America," including the Montreal Hunt Club (the oldest organized one on the continent), and those of Toronto and London, besides those of the U.S.A., should make interesting reading to all who have ever tasted the excitement of a run with the hounds. Many will endorse the dictum that while "there are men who like to jump high fences, doubtless the more common experience is that a five-foot fence affords a delightful sensation after one is about three-quarters over it, but that up to that point it is a solemn and unwelcome obstacle that cannot be dodged without loss and regret." Another article which appeals to Canadians is a memoir of some days outing in the Lake of St. John district, with vivid descriptions of shooting rapids, making portages, and fishing in the streams and lakes which go to make up the gloomy Saugenay. The stories by George Meredith and Anthony Hope are continued and there is the usual complement of poetry.

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| Architects | { Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, <i>The Mail Building</i> .
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street. |
| Booksellers and Publishers | { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Methodist Book and Publishing House, 29 Richmond Street West.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited. |
| Bookbinders and Stationers | { The Brown Brothers, Limited, 64-68 King Street East. |
| Brewers | { Cosgrave Brewing Company, 293 Niagara Street.
Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East. |
| Chemists | { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West. |
| Clothing | { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.
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| Coal and Wood | { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.
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| Dry Goods | { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street. |
| Furniture | { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete. |
| Financial | { 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. |
| Grocers | { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets. |
| Hardware | { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East. |
| Hotels | { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager. |
| Insurance | { North American Life Assurance Company. Wm. McCabe, F.I.A., Managing Director.
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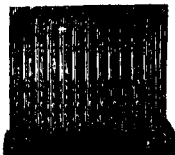
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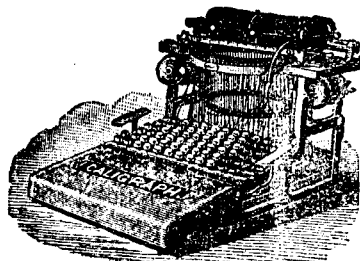
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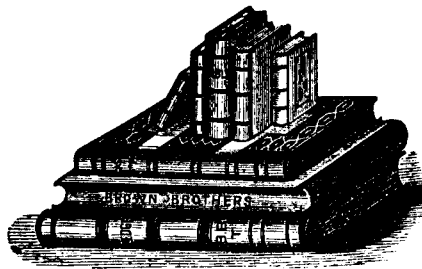
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