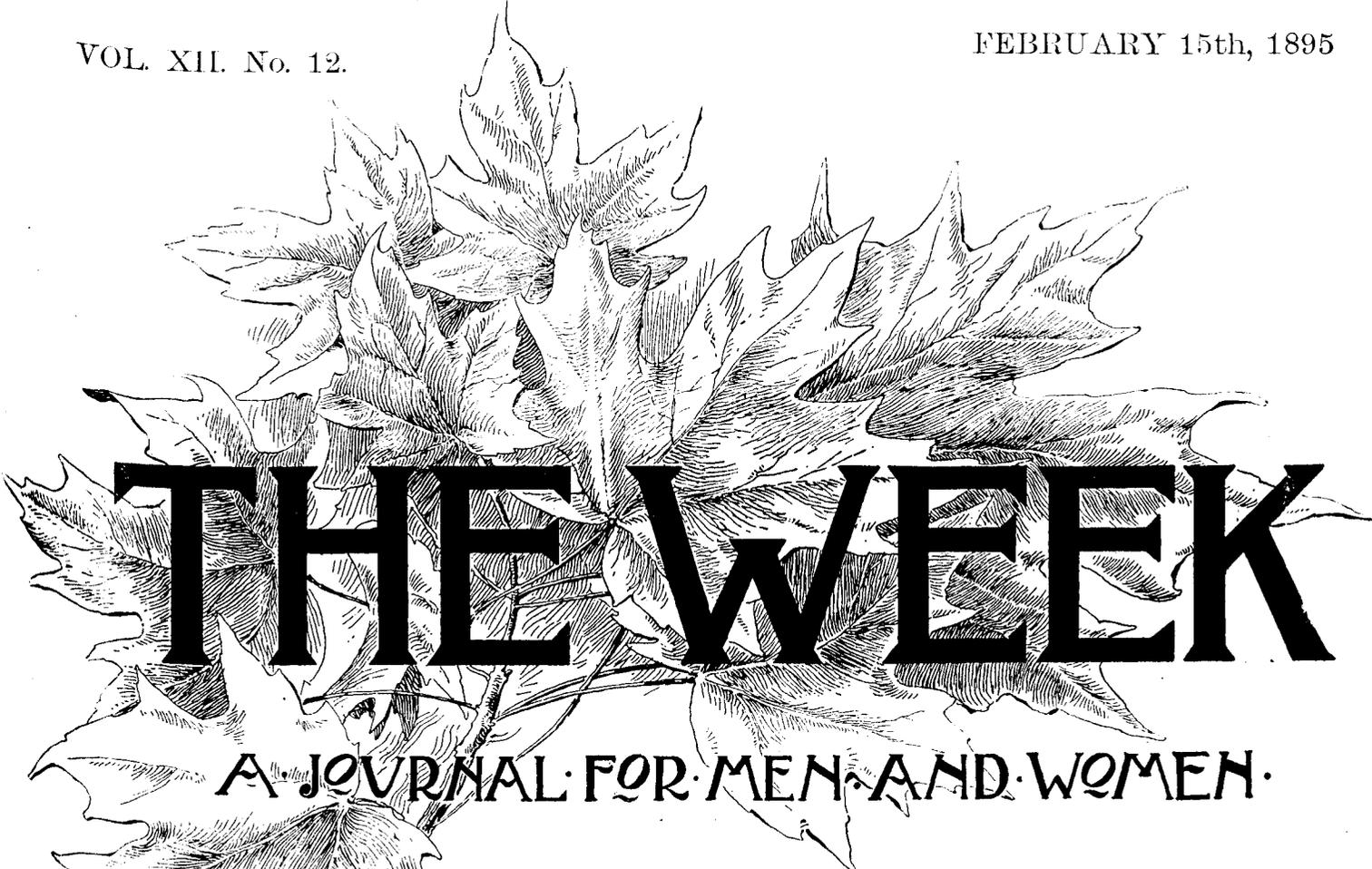


This Number Contains Hon. Senator MacInnes on Canadian Nationality and Resources ; and "My Cycling Experiences" by "B. McCrea."

VOL. XII. No. 12.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, February 15th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

The Young Conservative Meeting

Sir Mackenzie Bowell's first appearance in Toronto at a political gathering was at the opening of the Young Conservative Club rooms last week. The venerable Premier contented himself with saying a few graceful things to his supporters, leaving the speech of the evening to his colleague, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. The latter was, as usual, quite equal to the occasion. His address was an electioneering speech, of course—in view of the impending appeal to the people, it could not be otherwise—but it was a very good one. As Minister of Justice, should his party be returned to power after the coming election, Sir Charles Hibbert will have a good chance to distinguish himself. Young, courageous, fluent, and able, he can hardly fail to make his mark deep on Canadian political history.

Mr. Laurier on the Manitoba School Question.

Mr. Laurier, in his Massey Hall speech—which was, in our opinion, the ablest public address he has yet made—re-asserted his now familiar dictum on the Manitoba School Question. His position is simply this: If the Manitoba schools, as constituted under the existing Act, are Protestant schools, it is an injustice and outrage to compel Roman Catholic parents to send their children to such schools. Every fair-minded Canadian, Protestant or Roman Catholic, must assent to this proposition. But, simple though it seems, it really gives no promise of help in solving the problem. Were Mr. Laurier's party in power, under his Premiership, and were they to attempt to meet the difficulty on this basis, they would be obliged, first of all, to settle the very difficult question, what constitutes a Protestant school? If the Bible were read, or an undenominational prayer offered, would not that fact mark the schools as Protestant, according to Roman Catholic principles? If, on the other hand, they were made

strictly secular, would not their very secularism be regarded as a species, or at least an outcome, of Protestantism, as being antithetic to the principles of Catholicism? But waiving this fundamental question, Mr. Laurier, as a good Roman Catholic must know that no system of schools the ingenuity of man can devise would satisfy the views of Roman Catholics, unless under the control of the "Church." What they demand, as an act of alleged justice, and as alone satisfying their conscientious scruples, is for Roman Catholic children a system of schools in which the dogmas of Catholicism shall be distinctly taught, and the ritual of that Church to a greater or less degree followed, under the direction of the accredited teachers of the Church. A fair inference from Mr. Laurier's words would seem to be that he would not hold his co-religionists entitled to such schools, as state-supported schools. Is that his meaning? If so, he would probably find it easy to compromise with Protestants. But would he not be repudiated by his own fellow-churchmen?

The Copyright Question.

It is re-assuring to find the Canadian Premier and his Minister of Justice speaking out so clearly and strongly as they did in reply to an influential deputation which waited on them a few days ago, in this city, on the subject of the right of Canada to make and carry out her own copyright legislation. As we have before had occasion to say, the question is no longer one of the justice or injustice of the particular act in question, but the far broader and more important one of Canadian self-government under the B.N.A. Act. To be constitutionally granted the right to govern ourselves in regard to a certain class of subjects, and then to have our legislation in regard to one of these subjects obstructed and made of no effect by the action or inaction of the Home Government, is, as the Minister of Justice boldly intimated, to raise the larger question whether we have responsible Government, or whether the B.N.A. Act is so much waste paper. The Premier admits, however, that the Government has promised long ago that the Canadian Act shall not be put in operation until the whole matter has had the fullest consideration in the Colonial Office. This is not very hopeful, especially in view of the length of time which has already elapsed since the Act was submitted for such consideration. How many more years may be consumed in the process of consideration? It is a pity that such a promise was given without some time-limit having been agreed on, within which the fullest consideration should be given.

The Quebec Parish Case.

In the Province of Quebec the ecclesiastical parishes are parishes for civil purposes also. A recent judgment of the Imperial Privy Council has confirmed the claim of the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, to the right to rearrange parish boundaries practically as they please. In 1890, parts of two adjoining parishes in the diocese of Montreal were detached from their original connections and united with each other to form a new parish. Application was made to the Superior Court of the district to stop the pro-

ceeding, but Judge Tellier decided that the only recourse of the petitioners was to higher ecclesiastical authority for the cancellation of the decree. The case came on appeal before the Court of Queen's Bench, which dismissed the appeal, Judge Hall dissenting. This action of the latter court has just been confirmed by the Privy Council. While no one would think of questioning the right of the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church to arrange their parish boundaries to suit themselves and their parishioners, it is obviously unjust and inexpedient to allow them to redistribute the areas and boundaries of civil parishes. Surely the Quebec Legislature, in view of this decision, will not hesitate to make a complete separation between ecclesiastical and municipal corporations, areas, and organizations.

The Central
Farmers' Institute.

The annual meeting of this body, held last week in this city, was quite up to the average of past gatherings. Such meetings afford an excellent chance to farmers to pick up new ideas, whether political or economic makes little difference. In either case the community gains by the widening of the horizon of the agricultural class. The most spirited discussion of this meeting took place on the passage in the President's address in which he referred to the burdens imposed on farmers by a policy of protection to manufacturers. The address was referred to a committee which reported adversely to this part of it, and this report was in turn rejected on a motion to approve of it. The result of the vote will be to give a place in the official report of the meeting to the address but not to the report. We cannot help regarding this settlement of the dispute as an error of judgment. The better way would have been to print the Committee's report along with the address, thus leaving each reader to draw his own conclusions. The Central Farmers' Institute can afford to allow free expression of opinion.

Trinity College
School.

The destruction by fire of Trinity College School at Port Hope on Saturday night last is a calamity in which not only this Province is concerned but the whole Dominion. It is an institution the loss of which to Canada would be well nigh irreparable, and it is gratifying to know that, owing to the energy and enterprise of the School authorities, the disaster has caused no cessation of any part of the educational machinery, and that steps will at once be taken to rebuild on the old and now historic site. It is interesting to note the prompt action taken by the town itself to aid in furthering the temporary arrangements planned by the energetic Warden, Dr. Bethune. Port Hope may well be proud of the School. A large number of the brightest and best of Canada's sons have received the chief portion of their education within its now blackened and ruined walls. The glory of the School was its beautiful Chapel. Its loss is the saddest part of the disaster, and the most difficult to replace of the destroyed buildings. It was as it were the soul of the School, and many looking on at its destruction shed tears. The authorities have our sincerest sympathy in their great trial.

Law
Reform.

The law Society of Upper Canada has taken up the subject of law reform, apparently in earnest. At a joint meeting of benchers and delegates of local associations a number of resolutions were adopted with a view to having them sent down to the local associations for discussion. It is quite evident that some time must be allowed for a full ventilation of the matter, as there are wide divergences of opinion

among the reformers themselves. Some desire a reduction in the number of County Court districts, with a corresponding extension of County Court jurisdiction, thus lessening the amount of work done in the Superior Courts. Others desire the abolition of the Divisions of the High Court of Justice, thus making it possible to carry disputed cases on appeal at once to the Court of Appeal. It does not follow that both reforms may not be carried out, as they do not conflict with each other at all. It would certainly be an improvement to enlarge the County Court districts, appoint abler men, pay them better salaries, and entrust them with more extensive jurisdiction in civil cases. It would relieve very much the congestion of litigation in the High Court of Justice and lessen the expense to litigants. On the other hand there does not seem to be any good purpose served by allowing a rehearing of a *nisi prius* case before a Divisional Court. If it must be appealed let it go at once to the court of last resort, and for all cases not involving constitutional questions let that be the final appeal. The opportunity to multiply appeals discriminates in favour of the wealthy litigant as against his poorer rival.

Gen. Booth's Colon-
ization Scheme.

Few serious persons will now deny that the singular organization known as the Salvation Army has been, and is, the means of accomplishing much good among the classes the movement is designed to reach. In view of the self-denying zeal of many members of the organization, and the remarkable success that has been attained in multitudes of cases, in laying hold of and reforming those who were confessedly beyond the reach of the ordinary religious agencies, it is entitled to the gratitude of all good citizens. It has fairly won its way from ridicule to toleration, from toleration to respect, and, in many cases, from respect to admiration, and in a measure to the higher tribute of imitation. So, too, General Booth's great scheme for laying hold of the submerged tenth in London and other great cities, and raising them by the practice of industry and thrift and the inspiration of hope to positions of self-respect and usefulness, has passed through the various stages of ridicule, incredulity, and suspended judgment, until it seems to have almost reached the goal of recognized success, so far as success is possible without the facilities for colonization which are indispensable to the realization of the fullness of good which the project is designed to bestow upon both the rescued and the public. Canada has abundant room and unsurpassed facilities for becoming the home of all such as have become really capable and desirous of earning a respectable livelihood by patient industry. We shall, therefore, be glad if some understanding can be reached by which the experiment may be given a fair trial on Canadian soil. But great care should be taken that the foundations of such a colony be laid in sound principles. For this reason at least two of the conditions for which Gen. Booth is said to wish to stipulate should be, it seems to us, either peremptorily set aside, as out of the question, or granted under such restrictions as will, as far as possible, afford a guarantee against further abuse. We refer to the proposals that the Army shall be given a large portion of territory *en bloc* and that no other would-be settlers should be permitted to take up their abode in the colony. Neither of these conditions ought, we believe, to be entertained for a moment. If the colonists have not reached a position in which they can be trusted to mingle with other citizens and profit by their example and spirit, they can hardly be considered desirable or safe immigrants. Furthermore, the time has come when the policy of allowing large tracts of territory to pass unreservedly into the hands

of any individual or corporation should have an end. Canada does not want, and cannot afford to have an *imperium in imperio* of any kind established within her borders.

Hawaiian Politics.

For some months past there has been a *de facto* revolutionary government in the Hawaiian Islands. The former Government of Queen Liliuokalani was overthrown by an armed uprising, which owed its success to the fact that the United States Minister and the commander of a United States war vessel gave it their countenance and moral support. Quite recently the partisans of the deposed Queen made an attempt to overthrow the Government of President Dole, and as they were unsuccessful they have been treated as ordinary "rebels." The whole affair read at first like a political farce, but recent news from the scene of the drama indicate more than a possibility that the farce may speedily become, if it has not already done so, a veritable tragedy. It has been reported that the *de facto* government will execute the death sentence on the captured partisans of the Queen. President Dole could make no greater blunder. The whole civilized world would revolt at such treatment of members of one political faction by members of another, and it would be sure to lead to reprisals. The first attempt of the Queen's party to restore her to her throne was made by ordinary armed warfare; if a feeling of revenge for judicially murdered comrades is added to political animosity assassination is sure to be resorted to. President Dole and his colleagues would do well to remember that it is easier to import bombs than to import firearms.

An Abuse to be Remedied.

If the decision given in the Police Court the other day, in the case of a son of ex-Alderman G. B. Macdonald, be in accord with the provisions of the Education Act, the sooner that Act is amended the better. The circumstances of the case, as reported in the morning papers, are briefly these:—The boy in question, upon being given the alternatives of submitting to be flogged for some breach of discipline, or leave the school, accepted the latter. His parents, having administered the correction which they deemed right and proper, have very properly refused to allow their lad to be punished a second time for the same offence, by the teacher, and to prevent that injustice, have found it necessary to keep him at home. Action was brought to compel his return to the school, and submission to the caning. To the surprise and, we fancy, the indignation of all intelligent parents, the decision of the Court is in favour of the plaintiff. That is, the parent of a child is to be forced to send his child to a particular school, and to permit him to be there flogged, irrespective of his own wish or choice. If the Truant Act is so worded as to justify this decision, it sanctions, as we are glad to observe the *Globe* clearly perceives, "a piece of intolerable tyranny and interference with the rights of parents." The State has, no doubt, a right, for its own protection and well-being, to see to it that every child within its boundaries shall have at least an elementary education. But to deny the parent the right to select the school at which his child shall be educated, or to compel him to send him to school at all, if he prefers private tuition, would be to subject him to a species of despotism to which, we are sure, the average Canadian will never submit. Many intelligent parents object on principle to having corporal punishment inflicted upon their children by any other hand than their own, and who shall say that they have not a perfect right to do so?

Safeguards in Ocean Travel.

The terrible *Elbe* disaster has raised, as well it might, two important questions in the German Reichstag. We may pass by the obviously wild declamations against the English as a momentary outburst of unreasoning passion, though it is rather ominous that so much dislike of England and Englishmen should have come to the surface so readily. In so far as the utterances of individual members were the outcome of a national feeling, it is deeply to be regretted, and its causes are well worth studying, in view of the danger involved to the future peaceful relations of the two peoples. But the questions of immediate practical importance are, what additional precautions can be taken to insure the seaworthiness of ocean steamships, and what stricter rules, if any, adopted for the guidance of officers and helmsmen in the presence of imminent danger of collision. The idea that the officers of the *Crathie* purposely took a high-handed and rash course, or that they spared any effort to avoid the catastrophe when the danger was perceived, is absurd, seeing that their own lives were at stake equally with those of the occupants of the other ship. But there is evident room for enquiry as to whether the prompt use of some nautical tactics other than those adopted might have averted the danger, and whether a better construction of the *Elbe* would have prevented her from going down so suddenly. It would be wiser for the German statesmen to invite a conference with a view to the careful study of these two questions than to fly into a passion and fling harsh epithets across the channel at those who, no doubt, as sincerely regret the calamity, and are as sincerely anxious to devise the best possible precautions against its repetition as they themselves can possibly be. The investigations which will probably be held in both countries should result in devising still better safeguards against the recurrence of such tragedies.

The Railway Collisions.

Two railway collisions, each with deplorable and fatal results, took place in Ontario during the recent storm. In the one case the catastrophe was caused by one train running into another while the latter was fast in a snow-drift. In the other the circumstances were the same, except that it was a snow-plough instead of a train, which was run into by the train following it. In one case, a messenger was despatched to warn the approaching train, but failed to make himself seen or heard in the driving blast. The practical question suggested is whether it was not within the power of such careful foresight as railway men are reasonably expected to use, to have prevented the disasters. Had, for instance, the sectional, or block system been rigidly adhered to, and the hinder train absolutely forbidden to leave one station until notified of the arrival of the one in advance at the next, the collisions would have been impossible. Even apart from that precaution, which would seem to afford an absolute safeguard, railway ingenuity ought, one would suppose, to be able to devise some signal or other device by which a warning could be effectually conveyed to an oncoming train. We speak with reserve, as becomes those destitute of practical knowledge, but it certainly seems as if rigid inquiry should be instituted, with a view of finding, if possible, some means to prevent the recurrence of such tragedies.

The Brooklyn Strike.

Five men killed outright and almost twice that number seriously, perhaps fatally injured; some hundreds of thousands of dollars lost by the street-car companies and their striking employees, through the enforced cessation of traffic; much property destroyed; vast inconvenience and injury inflicted

directly upon citizens; millions of dollars lost by indirect obstruction of business; more than three hundred men, women and children arrested for alleged offences; bad blood stirred up between employers and employees, between citizen and citizen, which will work material and moral injury for years—such are some of the more tangible results of the three-weeks struggle between the employees of the street-car companies in Brooklyn and their employers! This is but a sample of what is constantly taking place, on a smaller or a larger scale, in various places and trades, all the year round. How much longer are such barbarities to be tolerated in civilized nations? Let the strike be followed by violence; let property be destroyed, heads broken, or lives lost, and the State will at once assert its authority. But so long as the strikers keep the peace; so long as the leaders are strong enough and wise enough to prevent violence, no matter what the inconvenience or loss of property to citizens may result, the authorities say “We can do nothing. We cannot compel free citizens to work for this or that company. We cannot compel employers to pay higher wages than they deem necessary for carrying on the work. When either antagonist breaks the law by injuring the persons or property of the other, we shall be at liberty to interfere.” Such is the acknowledge impotence of constitutional, we need hardly say, of democratic government.

What can be
Done?

Is such impotency a necessary outcome of either constitutionalism or democracy? Have the great majority of citizens no rights which the State is bound to protect and enforce in such a case? Is it necessary to the maintainance of free institutions that a whole community should be compelled to suspend its operations and look helplessly on while the railway companies, or some other companies, and their employees are trying to settle their difficulties by main strength or dogged endurance? If two private citizens attempt to terminate some financial or other dispute by fisticuffs on the public highway, the civic authorities do not hesitate to interfere and say: “This cannot be permitted. We do not wish to interfere in your private quarrels, but we cannot permit you to block a whole street, while you are trying to settle them in this outlandish fashion. Go to the courts, if you cannot come to an agreement between yourselves, as all good citizens ought to do.” A summary method, but surely justifiable and necessary, on the broadest democratic principles. Why should not the civic authorities be empowered to act with equal promptness and efficiency when the offenders are companies or bodies of men, instead of individuals? By such reasoning thoughtful men are, we believe, being slowly forced to the conclusion that the State has been hitherto, in self-governing countries, all too slow in applying the same principles to employer and employee in the case of a strike, which it would ruthlessly enforce in the case of single individuals. The first and chief desideratum is an impartial tribunal before which either of the parties might feel safe in pleading its cause. The second objection, which is so often paraded as if it were decisive against any such method,—“The State cannot arrest and imprison a whole army of strikers, hence it cannot compel the parties to arbitrate,”—is much weaker than it seems at first glance. The State can, if necessary, arrest and imprison leaders, or representatives, and hold them responsible for the doings of their followers. A better way may yet be found, but by some way or other, fair to all, the authorities must be empowered to say to both parties in such a quarrel: “Settle the question between yourselves in private or arbitrate. But no strike.”

A Trade Revolution.

FOR some years past a quiet revolution has been going on in the retail business in Toronto. The time-honoured, and one would have supposed firmly-established system, under which the law of subdivision in the business of distribution was becoming more and more fully recognized as the condition alike of excellence in quality and cheapness in price, seemed likely to have full sway. The ideal of a trustworthy and successful retail establishment was that of one in which the whole attention of the firm was given to the varieties of a single commodity, and it even seemed not unlikely that a time might come when in the best shops would be found but certain varieties of the one specialty, the aim being to gain a reputation for unrivalled excellence and reliability in that particular line of goods. In those days few who were in a position to be particular as to qualities and styles would think of patronizing a variety store for the purchase of an article which was made a specialty of by some leading firm. Almost every thoughtful person would have said that this tendency was quite in accordance with the scientific law of progress, which was synonymous, to a considerable extent, with the law of division of labour.

For some time past, as we have said, a marked change has been taking place. This change has been, and still is being gradually wrought through the the agency of first one or two, and now several, establishments. The first stage of the development was the commencement, on a small scale, of the “stores” in which a large variety of commodities, and eventually almost every article for common use or ornament, was offered, each in a special department, and often at a price a good deal below that which could be afforded in a shop, in which, however well equipped, but a single class of goods was handled. We need not stay to point out the extent to which this change has been developed in the half dozen or more establishments which are now supplying not only the city, but large sections of the country, some of them even as far away as the Maritime Provinces, with goods of almost every conceivable description. The disastrous result to many of the small traders is well known, and it is not wonderful that strong feeling has been aroused, until some of the sufferers and their friends are driven even to the absurdity of seeking a remedy in restrictive legislation of some kind.

It is not for us to offer any opinion on the question of fact, touching the comparative benefits of the two kinds of stores to the consuming community for whose trade they are competing. The purchasing public must be supposed to be the best judges in a matter so closely related to their own interests. But it is undeniable that the “omnibus” stores, if we may so apply the word, are, in the absence of some scarcely conceivable check imposed from without, likely to carry the day. Of course, we will not be understood to imply that the movement is in any way peculiar to Toronto. We merely take the special instance as illustrative of a revolution in the distributing branch of trade, which is going on all over the land. Nor can we do more than call attention to the matter as involving certain principles of political economy which merit more attention than they have yet received. This was our purpose at the outset, but we can now merely glance in the most cursory manner at a few considerations which lie on the surface.

The practical objections are easily disposed of. The displacing of the smaller retailers is a hardship, and their case demands our sympathy just as does that of the compositors who are thrown out of employment by the type-setting machines, or the farm-labourers, so many of whom find

their occupation gone in the presence of inventors of mowing and threshing machines. It has been argued that the small traders, thus crowded out, may, as many have done, find employment in the special departments of the great supply depots, but this is true only in regard to a limited number. It cannot be true of all, else one of the principal economies supposed to be wrought by the change would be illusory. If, however, the economy is real, the compensation will come to the general public in the increasing use and demand resulting from increased cheapness. Again, the establishments in question have been sometimes regarded as largely responsible for the sweating system, and for inferior qualities of goods, but it is obvious to a little reflection that whatever foundation in fact there may have been for these charges, these evils are by no means necessary products of the system. And these include, we think, the more usual objections urged against the system.

On the other hand, it is undeniable that strong reasons may be given for expecting the revolution to develop into a very beneficent evolution. Some of these reasons may be suggested in a sentence or two. Suppose, for illustration, the change to have been brought about by a general and benevolent desire on the part of a number of the large distributing houses to do better for their customers, without seriously diminishing their own profits. A little consideration would show them that a great economy could be effected by combining their various lines of business. How many duplications and quadruplications of expenses of various kinds could be got rid of. How much could be saved in rents. How much in the shape of drivers, waggons and other machinery for the local delivery, and so forth. And then what a saving in the time of their customers—to a large extent, no doubt, the same individuals—and what a convenience—to say nothing of reduced prices—to these to be able to purchase all their necessary supplies under the one roof, instead of having to visit half-a-dozen or a dozen different shops. It is evident that substantially the same results are being wrought by the competition and rivalry of the great general stores.

But what of tendencies and dangers? Ay, there's the rub! just where it is in the combines of manufacturers and other producers. The smaller the number of capitalists engaged in any line of production or distribution, the easier it is to effect a combination. A combination of fifty or a hundred, not to say five hundred, retail stores would be a virtual impossibility. Their various businesses once concentrated in half-a-dozen mammoth houses, combination becomes tempting and easy. Let the process we have described be continued in this city until all or nearly all the retail business is in the hands of a few firms, and these would have the consumers, for the time being at least, at their mercy. What would there be to prevent them from entering into a compact, to raise the price of goods to consumers almost at pleasure. The proprietors of this or that store to-day may be too virtuous to do such a thing, but who can vouch for their successors?

If only the great distributing establishments could be safely and efficiently owned and managed on the co-operative principle, or by the State on behalf of its individual members, à la Bellamy, what a grand economy might be effected! But ———?

* * *

The supreme mistake of Lord Randolph Churchill when he resigned the chancellorship of the exchequer, expecting to be taken back into the Cabinet on his own terms, was in his forgetting Mr. Goschen. When told at a party by his hostess that Lord Salisbury had sent for that gentleman, he felt as if he had been dipped in cold water, his heart assuring him the news was true.

Canadian Nationality and Resources.

A VERY admirable address on this subject was recently delivered by Senator MacInnes, of Hamilton, before "The Canadian Club" of that city. It is needless to quote what he says as to the extent of the Dominion, or of the magnitude and availability of its natural resources. These are trite themes, and all that is left for any one to do now, who has to speak about them at all, is to say what he has to say as gracefully and as effectively as possible. Senator MacInnes' address was a model in both respects.

More out of the line usually followed on such occasions is a warning against the prevailing tendency to professionalism in education. Without going so far as to endorse the writer's preference for a "technical" as distinguished from a "classical" course, we regret to have to admit that as a matter of fact the use generally made of a linguistic and literary education, is to treat it as a passport into one of the learned professions. There is no reason why it should be so. The farmer or mechanic stands just as much in need of the consolations of literature as does the doctor or the lawyer—perhaps more so. Why should not a University graduate, who has in the culture resulting from academical work a means of adding indefinitely to the zest of life, turn his attention to the practice of agriculture or of mechanics, instead of the practice of law or medicine? The time may come, probably will soon come, when it will not be deemed necessary to advise young men to take a "technical" rather than a "classical" course. The latter is quite as important and as useful as the former, in view of the fact that man cannot live by bread alone, and that rational enjoyment is a duty as well as a privilege.

One of the most interesting points in the address is the reference to views expressed by the late Mr. Siemens, the eminent English engineer, on the then coming applications of electric energy. Senator MacInnes had an opportunity of spending a few days with him, in 1876, at Niagara Falls. Shortly afterward, in the course of an address to the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, Mr. Siemens spoke of the enormous power running to waste over the cataract, and of the probability that some means would yet be found of conveying it to a distance. Amongst those conceivably available he mentioned the electrical conductor:

"Suppose water power to be employed to give motion to a dynamo electrical machine, a very powerful electrical current will be the result, which may be carried to a great distance through a large metallic conductor, and then be made to impart motion to electro-magnetic engines, to ignite the carbon points of electrical lamps, or to effect the separation of metals from their combinations. A copper rod three inches in diameter would be capable of transmitting 1000 horse powers a distance of thirty miles, an amount sufficient to supply one quarter of a million candle power, which would suffice to illuminate a moderately sized town."

During the last twenty years a great revolution has been wrought along the very line here suggested, and the power generated by Niagara Falls has played an important part in bringing it about. Senator MacInnes strongly emphasizes the interest Great Britain has in maintaining and retaining her colonies, and Canada's advantageous position in relation to traffic within the British Empire. She is now part of the highway between the mother country and Australia, and if she is true to her high calling and important mission nothing can deprive her of the advantage which such a position confers. In this connection he refers sympathetically to the recent Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa, and quotes

very appropriately the following remark of an American writer, to show that our neighbors and cousins have no objection to letting us work out our own political destiny: "If, as one result, our neighbours to the north of us should become an integral part of a real Empire, such a natural and simple solution will find no congratulations more prompt and cordial than those of the American people, even though they are not based on any of those selfish advantages which annexation professes to offer to the United States."

* * *

The Land of Wood and Water.

— — —

An exile far from home,
Through many lands I roam,
And with me ever bides my soul's best daughter,
That, night and morning, longs,
In sweetest saddest songs,
For Canada, dear land of wood and water.

Full many a lofty crest,
And plateau of the West,
By canyon cleft in marriage tie has sought her;
Yet balmy though their skies,
She turns her wistful eyes
To Canada, dear land of wood and water.

Old England's stately homes,
Her turrets, spires, and domes,
Old Scotia's hills, and Ireland's verdure, caught her,
But for a little while,
They could not long beguile
From Canada, dear land of wood and water.

France, the gay land of wine,
The Danube and the Rhine,
Alps, Pyrenees, and Apennines have taught her,
With much of useful lore,
To love still more and more
Her Canada, dear land of wood and water.

Algiers and Egypt old,
Arabia's wealth untold,
The distant southern Cape, would fain have bought her;
But pleaded all in vain,
Her heart was o'er the main,
With Canada, dear land of wood and water.

In far Antipodes,
Australia sought to please,
New Zealand's sunny clime a memory brought her
Of skies as fair and bright,
Revealing to her sight
Her Canada, dear land of wood and water.

The ancient land of Ind
Was little to her mind,
Great China, and Japan's fair islands, thought her
A fanciful coquette,
Since she would ne'er forget
Fair Canada, dear land of wood and water.

So wheresoe'er I rove,
The daughter that I love,
Fair fashioned as my native land has wrought her,
Nostalgia her name,
Sings wide as earth thy fame,
O Canada, dear land of wood and water

J. CAWDOR BELL.

* * *

The late Robert Louis Stevenson was wont to relate the following episode connected with the time when he was a budding litterateur. One day, in his usual absent-minded fashion, he was entering the famous second-hand book shop kept by James Stillie, when he came into collision with a fuming old gentleman who was leaving the establishment. The latter called to Stevenson in an angry tone, "Man, can you not look where you are going?" Stevenson apologized for his awkwardness, and was then confronted by Mr. Stillie, who was also in a state of excitement. The bookseller exclaimed, "The cratur has been trying to make out that an old book I sold him is spurious! He may be able to write, but he knows nothing about black-letter books! He's the most disagreeable customer that ever entered my shop!" "Who is he?" queried Stevenson. "Oh, that's the great Mr. Thomas Carlyle," was the answer.

My Cycling Experiences.

MY acquaintance with the wheel began in England, and, during the time it lasted, was confined to English and Welsh highways and lanes. The sight of the crowd of cyclists who, when the weather is suitable, skim over our asphalt thoroughfare, sometimes brings up memories of the days, too, when I was a cyclist. Let me set down a few of my exploits in that line. I am no Munchausen, and whoso chooses to reject any of the following memoirs is free to please himself. His criticism will fret me not.

My cycling experiences have been many and various. No one can have any cycling experiences worth mentioning unless he has been, as it were, bitten with the cycling enthusiasm and has developed pretty strongly what may be called the wheel mania. I was inoculated with it at an early age and still show what may be called my inoculation marks. They are not like those of vaccination—on the arm—I bear these on my face.

The way it came about was this: My father had frequently told us of his performances with the "dandy-horse" of his boyhood. This was a machine much in vogue in the days when gentlemen wore gilt buttons and top-boots, and consisted of a back-bone and two wheels, one following the other. The front wheel had a cross handle which the rider grasped firmly; and as the saddle was sufficiently near the ground to allow of his feet touching *terra firma* he propelled himself by rapid strokes first of one boot-toe and then of the other; sometimes, if his course lay down hill, being able to ride a considerable distance erect and without his feet touching the ground. The machine was, by the way, abolished by Act of Parliament. My father, who was a mechanic, made us a beautiful little model of a dandy horse in brass, about four inches long, and, fired by his descriptions of the games he and his companions used to play on steeds of this kind, my brothers and I, with a good deal of labour, constructed one of them. It was a rough machine, but that was a proud day that saw it finished and, as there was a long down-hill piece of road a little way past our village, we led thither the wooden offspring of our hours of labour. The "dandy-horse" answered capitally and we rode him up and down that smooth piece of road with increasing skill and pleasure. At last, familiarity, perhaps, breeding contempt of danger, I was careering at a high velocity down the incline when a stone or some other obstacle caught my front wheel and made it swerve suddenly. In a moment my dandy-horse had kicked up his heels and thrown me "over the handles." My forehead came into contact with a large stone and in a moment I lay there insensible and bleeding greatly to the dismay of my comrades. They summoned up courage, however, to carry me to the house. It was a long time before I regained consciousness, and when I did so my mother spoke so severely about "that nasty dandy-horse" that I did not venture to enquire as to its fate. I bear my inoculation marks on my forehead to this day.

It was while I was recovering from the attack of brain fever which supervened, that one of my brothers ran up to my room and told me that my father was at the door with a "velocipede" he had borrowed and that he and two of my brothers were going out in it. Disregarding all my mother's injunctions about lying still in bed, I soon hopped out, and, tottering to the window, saw a three-wheeled curiosity with panelled sides like those of a coach, red velvet cushions and a number of bars, levers and handles sticking out in various directions. I remember that it had two very large bell-mouthed lamps with highly polished reflectors, which set it off very much. My brother clattered down stairs, and, pulling the window curtain on one side, I saw the three riders go off on this extraordinary "tricycle"—two of them working with their feet and arms, and the other one pushing and pulling at a long lever. I turned back to my bed with tears in my eyes and desolation in my heart. I had been left behind, while they were engaged in an experimental ride which would have given me the greatest satisfaction.

There was nothing done by the mechanical world in the way of cycles from 1849 to 1868, beyond a few papers in the scientific journals advocating their use and suggesting how they might be made. In 1868 adventurous riders began to appear on bicycles on the roads. They were clumsy. There

had been a long hiatus during which people's minds had been too much taken up with steam travelling to pay any attention to any other sort of locomotion.

I was one of the first to ride out on a "bone-shaker." It was a beautifully made machine and cost me £20. A square steel backbone on which played a long flat steel spring, hickory wheels with steel axles and brass journals for them to run in, and what would now appear immensely large and clumsy pedals, were some of the characteristics of this Rosinante of the cycling world. I have its old rusty skeleton now, and as I look at it I wonder that I could ever ride such a thing. I wonder more that the first ride of any consequence I undertook upon it was a trip of ten miles to see her who I hoped would be my lady love. Yes those were the blessed halcyon days of youth and love. How well I remember my well-cut tweed suit (special bicycling outfits were then unknown) my bright-coloured tie, my smart straw hat with a quite startling band round it! There was no necessity for a bell, the iron tires of my machine made as much noise as a two-wheeled gig, and my progress certainly used up as much muscular tissue as a small pony would bestow in drawing one. But there was something delightful in careering through the country lanes in this novel fashion, and there was the youthful pleasure of exciting wonder and admiration in the breasts of numerous "country joskins" as I passed along, and best of all it was when I came in sight of the honey-suckled embowered porch of the long, low, ivy-coloured house where dwelt the object of my affections, and saw a slender and comely figure standing there. How triumphantly I rode up and dismounted; how kindly I was received; how my supposed weariness after my ride was sympathised with! I shall never forget the tea table with its snowy cloth, the relays of eggs that *she* was sure I *must* want; the marmalade that was gently pressed as an incentive to appetite when the first gust of hunger was passed—resigning myself to her sweet proprietorship in the matter and eating when I was commanded to as obediently as a child. Oh, it was a mixture of love, bread and butter, and sweetness such as has never since been equalled in my cycling experiences!

But it was when rubber tires and "spider" wheels came in that we cyclists began really to enjoy the pleasures of the road. It is true there was a period during which cycling was tabooed. I remember forswearing the silent wheel for a long season, simply because it was considered not quite "the thing" to ride a bicycle. I should not be so foolish and conventional now, I think, and I was secretly glad when some distinguished cyclists—the Hon. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke—among the number, gave their countenance to the healthful and pleasant sport, so that at length cycling was permitted even to those whose narrow views limited their enjoyments to the limits allowed by some local Mrs Grundy.

Among various machines I have ridden I may mention a variety of the safety machine with side levers which looked very ugly but which was uncommonly safe. I did not know how ugly this particular sort of machine looked till I rode it down in South Wales in parts of Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire little penetrated by the venturesome wheelman. One sunny autumn afternoon I was riding leisurely along a somewhat narrow road on the right hand side of which were precipitous rocks rising perpendicularly to a great height, and on the other a steep descent terminating in a river. Absolute loneliness reigned over the place, and I had not met any living thing for two miles, when all at once I saw before me about forty black pigs, industriously enjoying some acorns which had fallen from a giant oak which grew there. I gave a loud view halloo! and the way in which those pigs first of all ranged themselves with their ears and snouts all fronting me and then in sudden panic turned and fled as though "Old Harry" was after them I shall never forget. And I shall remember for a long time a pompous old gentleman whom I met in the same neighbourhood driving a mail phaeton with his man servant beside him. As soon as he caught sight of me coming round a bend of the road he pulled up, sent the man to the horses' heads, and came forward gesticulating to me to dismount in such a passionate manner that I thought he would burst, so red and apoplectic he looked.

The cyclist, of course, meets with all sorts of adventures, all of which have their charm, and I have often found it necessary, being somewhat of a mechanic, to turn into a rustic smithy for repairs, and to ask the smith, whether he was a "mighty man" or not, to allow me to make free with

his tools and appliances, a permission usually freely granted and often repaid by some little practical "wrinkle" I could give to the rural Vulcan. I remember on one occasion making a very tolerable makeshift crank out of a piece of an old waggon-wheel tire in a place ten miles away from everywhere and where iron was almost as scarce as gold.

Every cyclist in England has trouble with lamps and knows what it is to get off and light them ten or twelve times in a mile if they are "taken awkward;" to put pins in the wick to keep it up; to pinch the burnt part of the wick off with his fingers till one's hands and sometimes—from unguarded touches—one's face become of a sweeplike blackness. For one's lamp to go out and to run short of matches when you are miles from everywhere, is also far from pleasant, and all these things I have suffered. I have tried under compulsion to make various things burn in lamps. One night when I was going through an unknown and thinly populated district and was in constant fear of being taken up by a member of the county police force, I came to the end of my colza illuminant and in my extremity ventured upon neat coal oil. I was using a hub lamp at the time and for a mile or so I did very well, and my lamp threw most brilliant and cheering rays upon my solitary path. It was when the coal oil began to get hot that the trouble began. Long tongues of flame commenced to dart out of the lamp and trail behind me. Then the illumination got brighter, the lamp became unsoldered, the oil escaped, ran down the spokes and ignited, so that it was a perfect catherine wheel I bestrode, and at last after a wild gyration or two the lamp detached itself and flew off into the darkness like a meteor, alighting on some dried leaves and rubbish by the road-side and making a small conflagration which lit the long straight road for furlongs, nearly frightening a poor old woman to death who happened to be coming along the road from market.

This account of cycling experiences would be incomplete without some record of the sensations and impressions of a well-appointed ride in England. Riding in company is all very well in its way, but some of the keenest cycling pleasures are only tasted by the solitary cyclist. It is a sweet summer evening, for instance, and you have fifteen miles to "do" before you get home. The country is flat, so the road is for the most part level—a yellowish-white ribbon with two grass green borders. Beyond the wide borders of grass, on which here and there a donkey grazes, there are the footpaths, then the tall, brambly, irregular, beautiful, many-flowered hedges—every yard of which is worth transferring to canvas, with its wealth of wild flowers and lovely forms. Rising from the hedges here and there is the gnarled oak, not growing here to a large size; the lofty elm, whose highest leaves seemed to bathe in the sunset tints of the sky above; the delicate branchlets of the silver birch, which are so beautiful they almost constrain you to get off your machine and at once endeavour to sketch some faint memorandum of them in your note book. Before you are the glories of colour which some one has called the sun's bed curtains. They stretch upward to the arch of heaven above you, still an azure blue tinged with pink—a lovely rose pink such as you cannot match on earth. Now and again, there are openings in the hedges and you see the distant landscape, with the tall distant trees, dark and defined against the sky like a picture by Leader. Groups of children, returning with slow steps to the town you have left, pause and gaze at you as you glide by, the youngest toddler gripped firmly by the hand lest he run into danger. Labourers returning with their baskets and their flagons walk homeward with steps that tell of the long and weary furrow. By and by the colour of the sky will be cooler and greyer, there will be gentle, ghostlike mist wreathing up from the fields, and the figures in the landscape will be gamekeepers, leaning, gun on shoulder, over gates, and lovers who tell each other that the sun of their love shall never set and who pick such flowers from the hedgerow as they will never pick again. Onward, and still onward, till the tender crescent of the moon shows silvery white and there is around you the soft summer twilight with which moonlight has begun almost indefinitely to mingle. The silence is deeper, the miles of road more rural and deserted. You pass a cottage where the good folks are still standing round the door before retiring to the fireside, whose gleam begins to look inviting within, and their merry "good night" comes to you on the evening air. Onward, and still onward, in the cooler air; onward, and still onward, on the

flying wheel. You hear rustles among the dried leaves of a wayside plantation which tell of the wary footsteps of a fox, and look! there on the quiet expanse of turf, six, eight, ten—oh, you can't count the number of hares feeding on the grass shoots with the summer dew for sauce to their repast. Creeping round silently by the old oak at the corner you come upon a dark figure whom you see quite plainly as you shoot by. His features are transfixed in your memory, for they are keen and cruel and hard, and somehow you make up your mind that he is the villain lawyer you are accustomed to in fiction, revolving some deep plot, and ha! you just pop upon a couple and see a girl's face upturned to a young man's and the sweetest kiss "implanted," as they say, on her ruby lips—and you ride on desperately in sheer modesty for you would not discompose such a sweet young pair for the world. But the regular rhythm of your wheels pieces out a story in which the cunning lawyer is the fox, and the lovers are imaged by the shy leverets feeding in the dewy silence.

It was on just such an evening as this that the most thrilling of all my bicycling experiences occurred.

I was bowling at a fair rate along the quietest and flattest of country roads, when, coming round upon a corner just such as I have described, I saw, at my right hand, seated upon his haunches and close up to a stile and on the other side of it, yes, sitting up on his haunches and quietly "washing his face," as we say of a cat, nothing more nor less than a huge tiger! I found out afterwards that he had escaped from a travelling menagerie.

You have heard of a rattlesnake fascinating a chicken by looking at it. That tiger's eye had a similar effect on me. Whatever I did to get out of his way at that moment was purely instinctive and mechanical; it seemed that my whole brain and mind were concentrated in a fixed gaze at him. You cannot, however, keep one eye on a tiger and another on your bicycle. I saw him clear the stile with one little graceful sinuous bound and then I bent all my powers to increasing the distance between us. I took instantaneous photographs of him by half turning my head and radiating my right eye to it utmost extent in the socket. There he was, trotting a queer kind of sideways, soft, watchful, devilish bee-line kind of trot behind me. I thought of my weapons, a knife-pen-blade, good large blade, broken trying to get a cork out; a bicycle spanner and a pair of pocket scissors. Fighting the brute was manifestly impossible. Another extreme radiation of my right eye. I was just about preserving the distance between us. Keep cool, keep cool! I kept saying to myself and at the same time the perspiration kept dropping with a quicker iteration from my brow. I tried to take a general glance at the possibilities of the case as I hurried along. Suppose I rapidly dismantled, got over a stile or a five barred gate and tried to climb a tree? Why the tiger would be on to me like a shot—work of that sort would come natural to him. Suppose the machine broke down, or, worse still, suppose I went over the handles on my head? and a dim picture of the future presented itself to my horrified imagination in which I stood as a central figure trying to keep off a tiger with the broken fragments of my bicycle.

I suppose I insensibly increased my speed, for, looking behind me again, I could see the tiger coming on at a lolling gallop—his eyes gleaming like red lamps in the dust—danger signals indeed.

I gave myself up for lost and began to picture his getting me down and sucking my life-blood.

Just then I saw a narrow lane leading off to the left and on the chance of its leading to some help, or at any rate bringing my state of suspense to a close I turned the corner and proceeded rapidly along it at a breakneck pace. I had gone about half a mile and the tiger was still about fifty yards in my rear when I saw before me what seemed like a deep cutting for a tramway from a mine, opening like a chasm right across the roadway. It was, perhaps, about eight or ten yards wide, and the navvies who had been at work there had made a narrow bridge across it for their wheel-barrows, consisting of a single plank, eleven inches wide, supported in the centre by a wooden erection, strengthened by diagonal spars. From a hut below, where some navvies were presumably acting the part of watchmen, rose up a thick, blue, curling column of smoke. All this I took in at a glance. There before was the narrow plank path. On either side of it there was misty depth.

My mind was made up, and in a moment I determined what to do. I had seen wonderful things done with bicycles at theatres and circuses and the like. Now to try what I could do. I pulled myself together, muttered a mental prayer and rode straight for the plank!

After I was once on it I was as cool as a cucumber, as the saying is. I was actually enjoying the smooth riding and almost wished there was a mile of it so far as that is concerned. But if I were to say that I was not pleased when, after a thrilling swerve or two to right and left, I reached *terra firma* on the other side I should say that which would not be true.

I jumped off my machine and looked back. There stood the tiger lashing his tail grandly. Then he gave one roar and began to come cautiously along upon the plank.

The continued necessity for taking a rapid resolution and acting upon it was becoming oppressive. The plank was in two lengths, the end of one butting up against the other and meeting in the middle of the support before mentioned. I should say that the roar of the tiger brought out of the little hut two Irish navvies, alarm painted on their faces.

A large heap of mortar, a lot of bricks and other building materials lay near to the foot of the skeleton pier in the middle of the abyss. When the tiger got on to the second plank I lifted my end of it so as to let him fall. As good luck would have it he dropped. The cutting was about twenty-five feet deep, and he lay there still enough. But the way in which those two Irishmen ran down the half-finished tramline eclipsed all I ever saw in the way of footraces. A gamekeeper who had evidently been "having a crack" with them in the hut was almost equally frightened but recovered himself sooner, and called them back. They made bold to put a rope round the brute's neck and tied him like a dog to the timbers of the support; and I heard subsequently that the proprietor of the menagerie ultimately recovered his stray specimen of the *carnivora*. B. McCREA.

* * *

The Chickiebirds.

The chickiebirds are in their nest
Overhead,—
Dimpled shapes of rosy rest
Curled a-bed.
Night has sung her spell, and thrown
Her net around
Their heads; their pearly ears have grown
Deaf to all other sound.

O of me how you are part,
Babies mine!
Your hearts are children of my heart.
The inner sign
Of my eyes lurks in your eyes,
And your soul,
That so brims with Paradise,
Stirs what wonders roll
Unsuspected in myself,
Who had thought
Life half dead, till childhood's elf—
Sign of angels men shall be—
Came and taught
My youth eterne within futurity.

ALCHEMIST.

* * *

A Parson's Ponderings Concerning Professor Drummond.

I MET a friend the other day who asked me, with a look and tone of keen distress, if I had read Professor Drummond's last book, "The Ascent of Man." When I said yes, then came the inevitable question as to what I thought of it. I suppose, bye the bye, every minister of the gospel is at times bothered that way: I mean, by persons of all sorts of opinions wanting to know what is *his* opinion of some one of the numberless new books propounding all sorts of opinions. One learns to be diplomatic in his replies, for if he is not he will get into trouble for sure: whatever he says will be coloured by the bias of his interviewer. On the occasion in question, whether I committed myself in my answer, I cannot say; at all events, I managed to elicit the opinions of my friend, and they were to this effect: "I have lost all confidence in Drummond.—He has departed from the faith.—He has declared himself an out-and-out evolutionist!—It is certain that if evolution is true the Old Book must go.—The Bible and evolution cannot be believed together.—If evolution is true there is no place for Christ or

the Incarnation.—Mr. Drummond, avowedly a Christian, gives in his adherence to what even Huxley confesses is a mere Hypothesis!—Mr. Drummond has fallen from grace; I have lost all faith in him!

Of course (as indicated by the dashes) he did not say all this continuously: I ventured to put in a remark here and there, though with the utmost caution. Now, my interviewer was a scholar and a man of culture; he was not of my own communion, but a Scot by birth and a co-religionist of Professor Drummond's. I quote his expressions, not because they were peculiar to himself, but because I am certain they voice the sentiments of very many religious people, who, after having been charmed and edified by the Professor's previous utterances, felt a shock and a revulsion of feeling when they read this last book and discovered him to be a thorough-going evolutionist. But they need not have been surprised if they had fully appreciated his first popular work.

At the time that "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" appeared, there was much uneasiness in the air concerning the conflict between religion and science; and many men's hearts were failing them for fear lest these new departures should unsettle the Faith. But when they found that a learned Professor of Physics had written a work which combined science and piety, these good souls felt relieved; the very title of the book caught the fancy, which the charm of its style riveted. Everybody read it and was delighted; everybody breathed a sigh of relief to think that among the very experts of science a doughty champion had "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

But among all the people—godly men and devout women—who read that book, and quoted it, and hugged it with rapture, there were very few, it seemed to me, who detected that its author was propounding therein the principles of this so-much-dreaded "Evolution." One old gentleman of my acquaintance, who was somewhat of a *litterateur*, and, therefore, of course, deemed himself a competent judge on all matters theological, was specially jubilant. "Here is the book that puts to the rout all these scientific agnostics! Here is a Christian Professor of Science who can quote Huxley to confute Huxley, and makes Darwin overthrow Darwin, and Herbert Spencer disprove Herbert Spencer!"—and so on. When I ventured to suggest that the brilliant author was himself an evolutionist, the old gentleman looked at me, at first with astonishment and then with dubiousness, evidently making up his mind that I myself was not "sound."

About the same time I wrote a letter to THE WEEK (it appeared in the issue of 3rd September, 1885) in which I expressed the opinion, drawn from his own words, that Mr. Drummond's religious views were undergoing metamorphosis and hoped that in time those views would be enlarged into what we High Anglicans call the "Catholic" aspect of Christianity. I feel proud of that letter now; as proud as a weather-prophet when one of his predictions happens to be verified; as proud as a man always feels when he can say: "I told you so!" For this expansion of Prof. Drummond's spiritual outlook has taken place; it is evidenced by his delightful booklet, "The Programme of Christianity."

To make my meaning clear, let me state that there are two divergent lines of Christian thought which I will call—not invidiously but for convenience—the Puritan and the Catholic. The "Puritan" conceives of Christ as having come into the world to save from future suffering (by taking upon Himself their burden) a certain elect few of whom he is one. The "Catholic" dwells rather on the conception of Christ as having come into the world to save mankind at large from suffering both here and hereafter, and effecting this purpose "not only by working in them personal religion, but by joining them together in a body, or family, or kingdom, or church." (Sadler's "Church Doctrine Bible Truth.")

Hence the "Puritan" conception of Christianity is essentially individualistic, egoistic; the "Catholic" mainly collectivist and altruistic. Of course, as in the natural world, the egoistic emotion must first arise, as "The Data of Ethics" has shown; or, as "The Ascent of Man" puts it, nutrition must come before reproduction. The Puritan's dominant thought is expressed in the burden of one of his favourite hymns:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

But the mind which rests content with this egoistic sentiment shows a case of "Arrested Development" in the spiritual world. The more altruistic one becomes the more he will value

the collectivist or "Church" idea of corporate Christianity, and the less altruistic and the more egoistic he becomes (for there is "Degeneracy" and "Atavism" in the spiritual world too) the more ruthlessly he views the breaking up of the corporate unity of the church. I suppose we have all heard the story of the old Scottish couple who separated from this communion and that, not finding any to their liking, until at last they formed "a wee kirk o' their ain." When someone asked the old lady: "Do you think you and your husband are the only two in all this town who will be saved?" she replied: "A weel, I hae ma doots about Jock!"

Now let any one study "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and notice the utter absence of the "church" idea therein. Let him take, for instance, the chapter on "Growth" and see the "believer" after the Puritan ideal, growing without effort in the "effectual calling" which came to him without desert, and viewing with calm and indolent self-complacency his own "assurance," while all around are rotting in "total depravity." And then, by contrast, let him take up the charming little essay, "The Programme of Christianity," published seven years afterwards, which so lucidly sets forth the "church" idea and he will see how Mr. Drummond has enlarged his view of the spiritual world.

But still the question recurs: How can men hold the doctrines of Christianity along with those of evolution, as Professor Drummond seems to do? This is the question which perplexed my friend who interviewed me, and which, I am sure, perplexes very many thinkers in his denomination and in mine, and I presume in others also. To put it in his own terse way: "What place is there for the incarnation in the scheme of evolution?" I did not answer the question at the time. I was "diplomatic," as I said before; but this is a question that all theologians have got to face. To ignore the wide-spreading acceptance of evolution, to act as if nobody of any account held it and to go on preaching platitudes, is an ostrich-like policy. To fancy that the "Hypothesis," as they love to call it, is becoming discredited, or dying for want of verification, is a fond dream of some divines who have not kept pace with modern investigation, which dream "The Ascent of Man" will do much to dispel. If theologians insist on the premise, "evolution is contrary to Christianity," of course it is their business to oppose evolution; but a vast number of thinkers will only conclude: "Then so much the worse for Christianity."

My answer to my friend would have been, if it had been timely: "I can find no place for the Puritan idea of the Incarnation in the scheme of evolution; but on Catholic lines it fits in admirably; and this is the teaching of that book so much discussed, so little understood, so bewildering to many, "Lux Mundi."

"Ah!" will say the agnostic or skeptical reasoner "you so-called 'Catholics' have a protean kind of theology. You can adapt your faith to suit all circumstances and conditions. Your Elizabethan compromise, as the Church of England has been called, can, like the coat of the Jewish pedlar, be made to fit any customer by giving it a twitch here, and a pull there, and a tuck somewhere else." I have heard and I have read such expressions concerning the Anglican Church many times. I have only to reply: "Softly, my friend, softly: you confound theology and faith." I must ponder on this later on. In the meantime let me say: the Catholic faith deals with certain facts; theology with the rationale of those facts. The why and wherefore are fit subjects for theological speculation; the fact remains as the object of the Christian's faith; and that fact is, "The Word was made Flesh." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

GEO. J. LOW.

* * *

Genius: in Science, Literature, and Art.

GENIUS is a term derived from the words *gignere in, ingenium, quasi ingenitum*, to engender or produce in us. It follows the sublime reason that steadily pursues the Supreme Being, to seek and discover His procedure in the universe. No one appreciates the power of reality, but by employing or imitating the resources of nature: but by studying her ways and observing her affinities. Genius interrogates the laws of nature; by them she unveils to our view, and the soul receives the mould and impress to organize in its turn.

The profound secrets of the human heart in morals and

public policy ; the grand art of ordering and governing civil society : do not they also emanate from the study of nature in our own species ? The discoveries within the intellectual man : are not they equally the fruit of an attentive intuition of our thoughts ? Thus nature, the spirit of the Supreme Being, is the true type of genius, that stamps itself more especially in some privileged men, and proclaims them as natural kings and princes of the human race.

It is said that, in former times, Jupiter, the sovereign master of the universe, brought forth from his brain the goddess of wisdom and the arts, Pallas, or Minerva, armed from head to foot, with the help of Vulcan, or the celestial fire. The goddess of genius chose for her abode the city of Cecrops, the industrious Athens, from which idleness was banished, on the rugged shores of the Ilissus, in sterile Attica, near Mount Parnassus, the sacred habitation of Apollo and the Muses. There, under the laws of Solon and the government of Pericles, in a free and republican city open to all nations, among a people sensitive to glory, most ambitious of all the talents, proud of its valour and the delicate purity of its taste in eloquence and the fine arts, we see the dawning of multitudes of men of genius, and the hastening from all parts of the most illustrious spirits of Greece. All careers were open to merit, and triumphant fame was their reward. The Odeon and the temples resounded with melodious accents ; a thousand edifices arose with the noblest architectural proportions and embellishments of sculpture, decorated with paintings of inimitable art, in vain the envy of other nations.

Young lovers of the muses, whom a noble ambition launches upon a perilous career, do you feel the irresistible ascendancy of this genius ? Do you breathe the fire of fame, that proud and profound sensibility of soul which enraptures with truth, sublimity and beauty, and braves the horrors of misery, exile or death, to accomplish its destiny through all perils and all obstacles ? Do you know to go beyond the bounds of time, to disdain the passing splendors that fortune or the charms of life cause to glitter seductively before your eyes ? Magnanimous men ! come ! for you are opened the gates of immortality.

True genius is eminently philosophic ! It measures the human understanding on the spacious scale of the universe. Like the eagle that cleaves the skies, it withstands the splendor of the star of day ; it sees from above in its audacious flight the subjects of its meditations ; it hugs in its embrace all conclusions and rays that emanate from it. From the pinnacle of the highest possible generalization it contemplates time ; unrolls space and circumstances ; imitates the divinity whose resplendent image it becomes ; penetrates the sanctuaries of immensity and eternity ; and, filled with the treasures of supreme intelligence, spreads its marvels before the dazzled view of mortals.

Genius is an innate talent, an unlearned power, not acquired by laborious study, or hereditary transmission of knowledge. Studies that are too advanced at first push the mind to premature development. Infancy is only the aurora of genius ; soon there arrives an epoch of activity and revolution that marks its path and destiny in the world.

The ancient Greeks, excelling in literature, fine arts and philosophy, veiled their most learned observations under ingenious allegories. Minerva, the goddess of genius, was a virgin, her name *Αθηνη* (*quasi* Α, *θηλη*), signifies *non effeminate*. Thus the head of Medusa, the immortal *Ægis*, defended her bosom against the darts of Cupid. All the Muses were virgins, for every grand intellectual race exacts chastity from a favourite of Apollo.

It has been remarked by all physiologists that continence gives tension and extreme vigor to our whole organization, stirs up the brain and exalts the faculty of thought. If it be true that strong passions excite the imagination, give wings to thought, transport the soul to sublime regions where it contemplates the universe with rapture and rushes to immortality, the only means of obtaining these powerful impulses is not to glut the body with voluptuousness. The more the eye is accustomed to a dazzling light the more its faculty of vision is weakened and impaired.

As civilization advances by a less precarious existence and arrives at a stable basis which permits, and even compels, the development of industries, the State, starting into manhood and strong in its institutions, opens a freer field to genius ; all kinds of talents come to light and flourish ; then we see grand ages resplendent with glory, like beacons spark-

ling from afar upon the gloomy path of barbarism ; as the Greeks shone in the time of Pericles and Alexander, and the Romans under Augustus.

A. KIRKWOOD.

* * *

The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

"ALAS, poor Yorrick ! I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." That portrait suited poor Raoul Toché. Who was the latter, that has made Parisians truly sorrowful for twenty-four hours by his death—his suicide, and that eclipsed, in point of Boulevard interest, the official flight of Casimir-Perier and the advent of Felix Faure ? Toché was the favourite writer of witty and humorous *chroniques*, that set the table in a roar, and that formed a portion of the necessary food supplies of true Parisians. They were witty, genial, but eminently Parisian. He was also a popular writer of genteel farces, and *Revue*s of the year's leading topics. Some of his plays, collaborated with M. Blum, may be known to the outside world : *Paris, Fin de Siecle* (the latter since has become a household word), *Nos Moutards*, *Madame Satan*, *Voyage en Suisse*, the *Monde on Pon Flirte*, etc. He was a native of Paris. At college he was a brilliant student, and during the war proved a brave sub-infantry lieutenant. He was only 44 years of age : married, and father of two children, not yet in their teens—whom he adored. His home was happy, he received a good deal of society, and of the best in the artistic, literary, theatrical, and critical worlds. But shrewd observers shook their heads, that while he was making between 50,000 and 60,000 fr. a year by his pen as a journalist, and his rights as a dramatist, he was living beyond his means. His manners were most winning ; he was ever jovial, brimming over with wit and fun ; he was as harmless as a child, and was only sad when powerless to grant anything demanded of him. His motto was *Soyons gais !*

But what a fund of resolve, of stoical self-control, and of energy he possessed ! Under that happy exterior—for he was alluded to as the type of mortal happiness—was the most terrible of cupboard skeletons, and this is the stage of his existence that comes home to men's interests and bosoms. Since five years, he was steeped to the lips in debt, he was in the meshes of Shylocks, worse than Shakespeare ever drew ; of Lobsecks more terrible than ever Balsac depicted. They appropriated his flesh, blood, bones, and marrow. He had as many accommodation bills flying as would paper his study. He wished to avoid two eventualities ; the pain of the revelations to his wife, and appearing in the list of bankrupts. The usurers blossomed upon him ; shent per shent interest was but a flea bite ; he paid every three months 2,000 fr. for the renewal of a bill of 10,000 fr. Many bills he paid the principal several times over by extortionate discount. The usurers compelled him to declare himself a "bachelor," and by legal deed notarially executed seized his wife's—now become his "mistress" apparently—fortune, and appropriating her signature, sold its values, of course totally unaware to her. Nay, more ; he earned by his plays, in the form of author's rights, 30,000 fr. a year. The usurers compelled him to assign all such rights existing, or to exist, till the year 1900 for 30,000 fr., that is, they gained 120,000 fr. on the transaction.

What did he do with his money ? Gambled. But his mind was ill at ease since the Paris blackmailing scandals became known. The now famous Canivet, happily under bolts and bars, was his bosom friend, and it is suspected, but not yet proved, that the dread of being dragged into that infamy unnerved him. But the last drop in his poisoned chalice was at play last week ; he had bills falling due for 80,000 frs. ; he gambled desperately, and lost to the extent of 100,000 frs. in his club—nearly all Paris clubs are "dens" to be avoided. He was at last mined ; he was tracked, run to earth by the usurers, of which one, Tamin, is the head centre. But Toché was a dramatist. The next day after his loss—the event is not yet a week old—he never was more gay at the family dejeuner ; announced he had discovered a new plot. His colleague, Blum, congratulated him : the manager of the Palais Royal theatre purchased it in advance. It was a little tragedy, the first he ever wrote. Retiring to his study he penned two letters ; then he said to his wife he had a pressing rendezvous ; he kissed her and the children

as usual. "Papa, you have tears in your eyes," said his little daughter. "No, *ma chérie*, it is the cold window of my study did that." "Let me brush them away," she replied, but so *lehow* they only welled up more. Toché drove to the northern railway terminus, took a ticket to Chantilly. Here he posted his two letters; one to his wife, asking her pardon, and that his body would be found in the forest; the other to M. Blum, wherein he related the history of his usurers; that he had given an appointment next morning at a café to Tamin, who would arrive, in the full expectation of receiving cash and arranging a bill for 80,000 frs.; to make sure and have him then and there arrested, or it would be too late; Tamin had ruined him, and by pulling him up others might yet be saved. Tamin was punctual and so was M. Blum, with two detectives, who lodged the usurer in prison. The wife, too, was punctual, with her married daughter by her first husband, and her son-in-law. They at last found the body in the Dame Blanche Lake, close to the edge, into which it had fallen when Toché lodged two revolver bullets in his head. They succeeded in dragging the corpse out. The Archbishop of Paris allowed the remains of the poor suicide to receive Christian burial, and the Madeleine Church was almost too small for the crowd of mourners. The hearse was laden with wreaths. One, the most prominent, in worked natural flowers, displayed the words: "To poor Papa?"

The press has only blessings to bestow on the police for their capture of Tamin. It led to a great "find." That individual resided in a leading avenue near the Arc de Triomphe and occupied large appartments on the first story. He had no furniture, save an old straw chair, wooden table and camp bed. But the police found 15 trunks full of letters and documents, corded and ready for removal at a second's notice. Tamin had no money, he was the go between the pigeon and the pluckers. The latter are generally small provincial "bankers," who keep just above the load line of legality; shop keepers and rural publicans have no objection to advance a little money at 60 per cent. on condition of getting the moiety of the discount. The Tamin trunks will reveal that army of social brigands; if the documents be not over three years old the writers can be, and will be, prosecuted; but nothing, when the trials come off, prevents the press from giving elegant extracts from the archives of usurers retired from business. Borrowers, who are on the books of Tamin & Co., may sleep soundly as to their bills; the law will annul the debts, and the letters of borrowers, following circumstances, will be returned to writers, but through their parents, guardians, or, if in public employment, to the chefs. It will be a terrible Augean stable to clean and flush, but the moral good will be incalculable. Parisians may well be excused concentrating their attentions on the event.

A burial of another kind took place just at the same time as Toché's funeral—the departure of the strange ex-President, Casimir-Perier, from the Elysée. A more gloomy "Fontainebleau adieu!" never was witnessed. On entering his carriage to carry him to his private residence—and to forgetfulness, for the French have relegated him long since to the political limbo, the soldiers on guard presented arms, the trumpets—day of judgment was in a way—sounded, and the drums beat—say funeral marches to the political grave; so ends the last hours to the late President, who deeply deplores now his going into sulks and huffs. M. Felix Faure, a very business man, has taken up the presidential running as if he was dealing with a commercial transaction. No one would ever conclude from the ease with which he fills the post that he is not yet a week in office. He, at least, has come to stay; he leaves political programmes to his ministers, and the latter to the parliament; he has no intention of passing over their heads. The difficulty in the formation of the cabinet is due to able leaders who hold opposite views on the proposed income tax bill, which, after all, is the question of questions. Let the president suggest other and newer men for the post of Minister of Finance—plenty of competent candidates exist. M. Honotaux, the present Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the best France has had for years, was simply selected from the high functionaries of the foreign office. That plan will reduce the monopolist pretensions of the so self-estimated indispensables. M. Faure is a "Protestant," but that will not prevent his having Catholic Bishops at his table, and officially handing the *beret* or Cardinal's hat to the French Bishops, when His Holiness bestows that honour. M. Faure is a known out and out free

trader, and being almost a native of Havre, having passed his life in the French Liverpool, he shares the reputation of the Havrais: that of possessing the cool and practical common sense of Anglo-Saxons.

The President is claimed by his baptismal certificate, just published, to have been born in the house bearing the number 71, Rue Faubourg St. Denis; he was baptized in the St. Vincent de Paul Chapel, as the register testifies, so it appears to be an open question as to his creed. With the French, that is not at all a matter of vital importance. The tenants of No. 71 are delighted their President was born there, but it seems that several street changes have taken place since 1841, the year of his birth, and that No. 71 now corresponds with 65 then—the latter is correct; but the tenants of the two houses not the less dispute the honor. Seven cities claimed to be the birth place of Homer. All are agreed, however, that the President's father was a working cabinet-maker in his own home, his speciality being arm chairs. Curious coincidence; the wives of President Jules Grevy, Carnot, and Felix Faure have been born in the neighborhood of Amboise. Now the girls of Touraine in these instances have not belied their reputation—that of making model wives.

France has at last a crumb of consolation on the matter of her dying out population. The foreigners have stood by her; no less than 9,000 persons of both sexes, and of legal age have become in 1893 naturalized French. More than nine-tenths of the men delayed taking the step till past the age of military service, but their children will have to make up for that prudence in due course. Among the new arrivals were 388 Germans; 1,431 Belgians; 1,279 Italians; 84 Russians and Poles: Only two Chinese exchanged nationality; the English were equal to the Celestials in backwardness, one of them hails from Guadaloupe, and the other from New Caledonia, but none from London town. Brother Jonathan is also conspicuous by his absence; however, it is only when they die that good Americans come to France.

The *Debats* pays high tribute to the colonizing genius of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in his having carved out of East Africa a new Empire for England nearly the area of Europe. That great work has been accomplished at a relatively small cost, observes the journal, and there has been no speculation of the funds, that is to say, no Panamaism. The best thing France could do is to negotiate for the loan of the services of M. Rhodes to organize Madagascar.

The sewer men of Paris demand sanitary reform; six of their order die monthly from diseases contracted in the execution of their duties, and that could be prevented. They work by lamplight, of course. Now their lamps are very bad and the light dim, so that the mens' eye-sight has been injured and hence how they are exposed to greater risks. A small increase in the living would combat the death wage.

A murder was committed at Rochefort a few days ago; the catch penny journals did a good business by printing the fact as the murder of Rochefort. The latter playfully asserts that no attack has been made upon him—not even upon his modesty. Z.

* * *

Letters to the Editor:

ERASMUS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I have read with much interest Mr. O. A. Howland's review of Froude's "Erasmus." It is needless to say that I admire Erasmus; no candid student of history can fail to do so. But I cannot regard him as Mr. Howland does, or put him in the high place to which he assigns him.

Let it be admitted that Erasmus was erudite—perhaps the most learned man of his time. Let it be admitted also that he was "sane" and "humane." Let it be admitted that his life was pure as his ideals were lofty. Let it be admitted that he was an earnest searcher after truth and an honest believer in its efficacy when discovered. There remains the patent fact that he was not actuated by the heroic spirit which was manifested by two of his contemporaries as eminent as himself—Sir Thomas Moore, who died a martyr to Roman Catholicism, and Martin Luther, who never hesitated to risk a similar fate as the chief promoter of Protestantism.

Erasmus was in religion what in politics is called a "trimmer." Mr. Howland admits so much when he says: "It is certain that he frankly endeavoured to do everything that prudence could do to avoid falling into the fangs of the Holy Office. He would have had no consolation under the fate of the Protestant martyrs, for his conscience did not lead him to their zeal or to their convictions." He was, in fact, the Matthew Arnold of his day, with the same tendency to pessimism, the same reliance on historical evolution, but a more masterly intellect, a more catholic sympathy, and an altogether wider outlook.

And when we come to read history we find that not Erasmus but Luther was the great Reformer. While Erasmus was cultivating the new "learning," Luther was translating the Hebrew Bible into the language of the common people of Germany; while Luther was publicly and courageously denouncing the corruptions of the Church, Erasmus was telling him "that if he would moderate his language he might be a shining light," and that the Pope would no doubt "be his friend."

The difference between Erasmus on the one hand and zealots like More and Luther on the other, is just the absence or presence of zeal in the disposition. It was his admiration for this noble quality which made Carlyle say, in effect, that Saul, the persecutor of Christians, was almost as worthy of commendation as Paul, the Christian apostle, and we have Paul's own testimony that he was as honestly zealous in the one capacity as he was in the other. The world, after all, likes zeal in a cause honestly maintained, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that the men of whom Erasmus is a type have not been great makers of history. Mr. Howland is right enough in trying to relieve them from opprobrium, but he need not expect thinkers of this or of any other generation to accept them at his estimate, or to pull down their favourite historical idols in order to put him in their place.

Toronto, February 11th, 1895.

EVANGELICAL.

ERASMUS

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—Mr. O. A. Howland's admirable review of Froude's "Erasmus" contains two questions to the consideration of which earnest men, whether clergy or laity, may well devote some quiet hours: (1) "If the ancient Church Establishment was alone Divine, why has it regained nothing of its lost authority in so many generations? and (2) if Protestantism was the whole truth, why in this time has it not prevailed universally?"

Tried by the test of our Lord (one which ecclesiastical judges are very reluctant to apply), "By their fruits ye shall know them," history surely justifies the reply Mr. Howland probably expects: "The ancient Church Establishment is not alone Divine; Protestantism is not the whole truth." The exigencies of denominational rivalry prevent any candid examination of our mutual weaknesses. As communities, we find it necessary to loudly sound our own trumpets, for any confession of weakness or wrong in ourselves, any admission of right in others, would be at once turned to practical account against the body that manifested such a surprising display of humility and charity.

Yet as Mr. Howland seems to indicate, the time is certainly ripe for an honest and thoroughgoing re-examination of those old questions never really settled in the Reformation: What is the Church? What is the standard of authority? What is the relation of faith to works? Such an enquiry must be conducted in accordance with modern methods (such as those adopted in the best works of Exegesis and church history), and must for its end have nothing less than "the mind of Christ."

That there are more earnest and devotedly religious men and women amongst us who share this belief than is commonly supposed, I am convinced, but they are scattered and unknown to each other. It is, therefore, gratifying to discover in a writer so distinguished and an Anglican so sincere as Mr. Howland, one who believes in the possibility of "an united and rationally organized Christendom," and who has the courage implicitly at least to protest against that scepticism in the garb of faith, which trembles before every new discovery of science and every plea for reform. Let the twin questions Mr. Howland asks in the beginning of his article be considered in conjunction with the assertion with

which it closes: "A faith is required, sure and fearless enough to give due weight to the voice of lay Science and the experience of lay Statesmanship: capable of discerning *vox Dei in vox Populi*." HERBERT SYMONDS.

Ashburnham, February 9th, 1895.

MODERN MANNERS.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—The conclusion of your editorial remarks on my letter to you is so plainly an invitation to speak again, that I now do so, briefly, and in the first instance to point out that I think your article is scarcely so much directed to the matter of what I have thought proper to say, as it is a criticism of the manner of saying it. As this is but a small matter and quite beside the main question, I will only refer to two points, one of which is that you make much of an expression in my first letter to the effect that "our" unspoken "thank you" may be nearer to true politeness than the spoken words, but as that word "our" was introduced in place of another (thus slightly changing the meaning I intended) by the typographical-error-ist of your composing room, I will regard your remarks as addressed to him and not to me, and pass on to protest against your speaking—as you do in two places—of my calling certain people "parvenus;" that I distinctly repudiate; the word is none of mine, but was a quotation from the letter of your correspondent, "Delta," and used by me only for the purpose of declaring dissent from it and from the ideas which it is generally used to express.

Does your criticism of my letter help much to the consideration of the real points under discussion? To refute what I have urged, you mention one particular instance of bad behaviour, (in reply to your enquiry, I may say that I was not present on the occasion referred to), but that is no answer to my assertions (1) that the manners of the present day are not, on the whole, inferior to those of any other time, and (2) that the manners of those who have but lately entered our drawing rooms are not, generally speaking, less pleasant than those of the older occupants. In the present day there are, as there have been in every other, good manners and bad. If, instead of throwing broadcast denunciations which condemn innocent and guilty alike—or at least seem to do so—you and your correspondents will recognize the general existence of good manners, even among those newer people who have come in for (as I think) an unfair share of the denunciations, and enter upon a crusade against such bad manners as do undoubtedly also exist, a distinct benefit will be conferred upon society, which will never be accomplished by assuming the bad to be the prevailing feature.

I do not think I have called upon "Old style" to do anything impossible or unreasonable. For my own part I wished to discuss the matter from a Canadian point of view, and with regard to the people of Canada, and, perhaps, more especially those of our own city. Does "Old Style" refer to our own people; or has he drawn his conclusions from observing the customs of our neighbors south of the Lakes, some of which, I am sorry to say, are apt to be imitated by the less refined of our people; or does he assume to overlook a wider field?

GRANDUNCLE.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

IT is very difficult for us at this distance of time to realize the enormous change in every way which the result of the great Civil War in the United States brought about in the South. It is therefore a great advantage to us when an author of such recognized authority as Mr. Cable depicts for us the condition of things then and there as he does in "John March, Southerner." In this book he takes us into

* "John March, Southerner." By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

"Peter Ibbetson." By George Du Maurier. Macmillan's Colonial Library. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price 75 cents.

"In the Lion's Mouth." The story of two English Children in France, 1789-1793. By Eleanor C. Price. Macmillan's Colonial Library. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price 75 cents.

"My New Home." By Mrs. Molesworth. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Dixie land during the years immediately following the great conflict, and shows us the population, both white and black, first, in a state of confusion, the natural result of the complete reversal of the previous conditions of society, and then learning to adapt itself to the new situation.

"The times were seething—all the corruptions bred by both sides in a gigantic war—and before it in all the crudenesses of the country's first century were pouring down and spouting up upon Dixie their rain of pitch and ashes. Negroes swarmed about the polls, elbowed their masters, and challenged their votes. Ragged negresses talked loudly along the sidewalk of one another as 'ladies' and of their mistresses as 'women.' While men of fortune and station were masking, night-riding, whipping, and killing, and blue cavalry rattled again through the rocky streets of Suez."

Such is the condition of things in which John March lives as a lad. He grows up during the process of reconstruction, and to us the chief interest of the book lies less in the history of John March himself, his loves and fortunes, than in the vivid description of the times in which he lived and the people among whom he moved. The many characters are all carefully and clearly drawn. To us the most striking character was the ex-slave, Cornelius Legget, who becomes the unscrupulous leader of the negro party in the State. One quotation to illustrate his principles:

"I behole how they all a-makin' they sa'vry chicken-pies, which, notw'istantin' they all diff'ent, yit they all alike, faw they all tu'novers! Yass, seh, they all spreads hafe across the dish, an' then tu'n back. I has been entitle Slick an' Slippery Legget—an' yit what has I always express myseff? Gen'lemen, they must be sufficiend plenty o' chicken pie to go round. An'. Mr March, if she don't be round, she won't go round. 'Tis true the scripiter say, To them what hath shell be givened, and to them what hath not shell be takened away that which seem like they hath; but the scripeters one thing and chicken-pie's another.

"But exumin' my subjec', Mr. March, thars anotheh thing the scripeters avince—that ev'y man shall be jedge by his axe—. Yass, seh, faw of co'se ev'y man got his axe to grine. Yass, seh; but right there the question arise, is it a public axe? An' if so, is it a good one? An' is it a private axe? An' is it both? Of co'se, ef a man got a good public axe to grine, he espec, an' you espec him, to bring his private axe along, an' get hit grine at the same junction. Thass natchiul. Thass all right, an' puffickly cowosive. On'y we muss take tu'ns tunnin' the grine stone. You grine my axe, I grine yo's. How does that strack you, Mr. March?"

John's reply was enthusiastic: "Why, it strikes me as positively mephitic."

"Mr. March, thass what it is! Thass the ve'y word! Now shall me an' you fulfil the scripiter. 'The white man of the mountains, and the Etheropium o' the valleys shell jine they han's an' the po' man's axe shall be grine'? Ain't them words sweet? Ain't they jess pufficky syruptitious? My country 'tis of thee! Oh, Mr. March, ef you knowed how much patriotism I got."

The dialect in which the story is for the most part written adds something to the difficulty of reading it, but at the same time adds greatly to the verisimilitude of the narrative.

Everybody is reading and talking about Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby," and no wonder, for it is a remarkable and fascinating book and furnishes plenty of food for discussion. We fancy, therefore, that there will be a large demand for its predecessor, "Peter Ibbetson," which has just been published by Macmillan & Co. in their Colonial Library. It is quite as striking a book as "Trilby," and is based on an idea even more original. That idea is that it is possible to gain control of our dreams, and to live in them consciously our past life again, reviving past scenes in every minute detail. "Evidently," says Peter Ibbetson, "our brain contains something akin both to a photographic plate and a phonographic cylinder, and many other things of the same kind not yet discovered; not a sight or a sound or a smell is lost: not a task or feeling or an emotion. Unconscious memory records them all, without our even heeding what goes on around us beyond the things that attract our immediate interest or attention." But this is not all. According to this idea two people may dream together and pass their dream time in each other's company, and each is able to introduce the other to the scenes of his own past. By constant practice in dreaming, it is also possible to get back into the

lives of our ancestors, and even death does not completely snap the link between two people who live the dream life together. Such is the main idea of the book, and the story based on that idea is told with exquisite charm. The first part of the book deals with the real life of the hero and heroine, Gogo and Mimsey, two happy children in Paris; and the second part with the dream life of the two, the one a convict in a criminal lunatic asylum, and the other the beautiful Duchess of Towers. Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations which are very numerous, and which add so much to the attractiveness and value of the book, are reproduced in this edition.

We have not met with any of Mrs. Price's books before, though, from the title page of the one before us, we see that she has been writing for some time; but after reading "In the Lion's Mouth" we count that as a distinct loss and shall look for an early opportunity of repairing it. This is the story of two English children in France, Betty and Constantine Maynard, during the first years of the French Revolution. Most of the many stories, dealing with this period, have their plots laid in Paris, but the events of this take place in a little country town—Mercy-le-roy. It gives a capital description of the way in which the country districts in France were affected by the exciting events of the first period of the revolution and there is a freshness about the narrative which is very pleasing. Of course a story dealing with such a period is full of incident, but there is nothing strained or unnatural about either the events or the characters. Betty and Constantine have been placed, by the usual wicked uncle, in the care of M. Durand, who is the leader of the Revolutionary party in the little town, but they make friends and get mixed up with the affairs of the noble family of de Mercy. They run many risks on behalf of their friends and have to undergo a good deal of suffering, but eventually they reach England and all ends happily. The story is full of interest and pleasantly told.

"My New Home," by Mrs. Molesworth, is a quiet little story full of the author's usual charm. It is supposed to be told by a little girl of fourteen, and tells of the troubles she made for herself. In it Mrs. Molesworth shows her usual close knowledge of children's natures, and it is so convincing that we are sure it is true to life.

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BRIEFER NOTICES.

The Psychology of Childhood. By Dr. F. Tracy. (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.)—This little volume is an excellent result of the increased impulse given, in recent years, to the study of experimental psychology, and of what we may call the new methods of study. In former days it was generally supposed that psychology rested almost entirely upon introspection, which must always, of course, be the starting point of its study. But we have learnt the necessity of correcting and supplementing the introspective method by the comparative—in other words by comparing our personal or universal consciousness with that of animals, of children, of disordered minds, and of various races. Among these subsidiary methods is the Psychology of Childhood which has recently attracted a great deal of attention from scientific men generally, and from psychologists in particular. Mr. Tracy has made a valuable contribution to the subject, and has produced a book which will be interesting not only to students of the science, but to all who are interested in the education of children. His arrangement departs a little from the ordinary course by putting emotion immediately after sensation, a method which has some advantages especially in dealing with children. The chapters on Intellect and Volition are followed by one on Language, in which, however, no notice is taken of Professor Max Muller's remarkable contribution to the subject. A useful bibliography is added. We can commend the work as a very interesting and valuable contribution to the subject, giving almost everything of importance which has been ascertained by the investigations of psychology in this department.

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There are proportionally fewer foreign residents in England than in other countries of Europe. In 1891, 12,000 were added; in 1893, only 6,000.

Periodicals.

The January number of the *London Quarterly Review* has for its first article a review of a number of works dealing with Erasmus. Needless to say the latest in the list is Froude's "Life and Letters," which is really the occasion of the paper. The reader of this critique, who has not discovered them for himself, will be surprised at the number and glaring character of the errors made by Froude in translating Erasmus' letters. A slip here and there might have amounted to little, but what shall be said of a case like this? Froude makes Erasmus say of Luther: "The first mistake was to neglect Luther's protest against indulgences," when he should have been made to say: "In the first place they should have let alone Luther and his theses about indulgences"—and this is not very exceptional. One of the articles is devoted to "Horace and his Translators," and the writer frankly states at the outset that Mr. Gladstone's recent translations of the "Odes" are the occasion of the review. The criticism is on the whole more appreciative than most of what has appeared from time to time, in spite of the fact that the *Quarterly* has always been strenuously opposed to the translator in politics. Notice is taken of the fact that some of the translations were undoubtedly made as far back as 1858, and the presumption is reasonable that Mr. Gladstone has been translating others from time to time ever since. This is much more likely than the supposition that he did all the work since his retirement from public life a few months ago. One of the best articles in the number is a review of Prof. Huxley's creed, as exhibited in his recently collected and republished works. Huxley is here treated, not unjustly, as the polemic, while Spenser is the philosopher, Darwin the scientist, and Tyndall the mystic of the "gospel of unbelief," the "religion of nesience."

The *Edinburgh Review* for January has among a number of interesting articles one on "Erasmus, by the late Prof. Froude." It is almost continuously laudatory, the writer being in entire sympathy with the point of view of the late Regius Professor of History. The keynote of the whole article is sounded very distinctly near its close, where a comparison is made between Erasmus and Froude himself, and the opinion is expressed that "the spirit of Erasmus, and the design which moulded his life—namely, the union of the highest philosophical and literary culture with the loftiest and withal the simplest teaching of Christianity—is common to both of them." The old quarterly reviews were formerly famous for their historical essays, and this number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains one of the good old-fashioned and thoroughly valuable kind. It purports to be a review of Mr. Torrens' "History of Cabinets from the Union with Scotland to the Acquisition of Canada and Bengal," but it is really in itself an excellent history. Those who desire to see how the idea of cabinet government grew up through a long series of years and a long series of administrations, and who wish to appreciate the cabinet as it now exists, would do well to peruse this article. The recent publication of the first volume of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate" is made the occasion of a general view of what must ever remain one of the most fascinating periods of British history. Mr. Gardiner's first volume comes down to November, 1651, and the rest of the review is based on Mr. Firth's edition of General Ludlow's "Memoirs" and Mr. S. H. Church's biography of Oliver Cromwell. The last article in the *Review* is entitled "A Counterfeit Revolution"; it deals with current politics and is devoted to making grave sport of the Liberal crusade against the House of Lords.

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Justin Huntly McCarthy, son of the more illustrious Justin McCarthy, has married Miss Marie Cecilia Brown Loftus, a music hall artist. As both of them are Roman Catholics, the marriage, which was a civil one, performed in Edinburgh, is, in some quarters, spoken of as a "scandal." This depends on the point of view, but there will be no difference of opinion as to the good sense of the young couple in resolving that Mrs. McCarthy shall retire from the stage.

Literary.

Among the books prohibited from sale in Russia is Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

Zola's latest, "Lourdes," has been translated into English by Earnest A. Vizetelly, and published by F. Tennyson Neely, of Chicago.

Mr. John Rae, author of several works on economical questions of the day, has written a new biography of Adam Smith, which will be published shortly by Macmillan & Co.

Charles Dudley Warner's recent novel, "The Golden House," is a continuation of the story in his first novel, "A Little Journey in the World," published five years ago.

George W. Cable has exploited his southern environment for another of his characteristic romances, "John March, Southerner." The plot is laid after the close of the War of Secession, and during the period of the reconstruction of the Southern States, out of which has emerged "The New South."

Edmund Gosse has undertaken to edit for English readers, translations of "Bjornson's novels, and to the first of the series, "Synnove Salbakken," he has prefixed an introduction in the course of which he makes some comparisons and contrasts between the great Scandinavian novelist and other writers of fiction, including his fellow Scandinavian, Ibsen.

Conan Doyle's impressions of the literary phases of American life are to be contained in an article to appear in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The article was originally intended to be the novelist's impressions of American women, but this plan was altered, and the article to be printed in the *Journal* will give Dr. Doyle's ideas of "Literary Aspects of America."

The fund for a memorial to George William Curtis is increasing steadily. A committee of prominent citizens of Boston has been formed to collect subscriptions. While Mr. Curtis was one of the leading politicians of the last few years, his chief work was literary, the best of it having been done in the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*, and in the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly*.

The first day of January of this year was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the *Christian Union*, now called *The Outlook*. It was started under the editorship of Henry Ward Beecher, and it has for some time been under the joint editorial management of Lyman Abbott and Hamilton W. Mabie. The latter is so well known as a literary critic that, though still a young man, his collected essays have been republished in a five volume edition.

The death of Froude, whose fascinating sketch of "Julius Caesar" quite overshadowed Trollope's contemporary hero-worship of Cicero, was, curiously enough, almost coincident with the publication of a more formidable rival to his own ideal account of the greatest of the Romans. This is Mr. Strachan-Davidson's "Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic," published by Putnam's. For his material he depends, as Froude does in his account of Erasmus, mainly on the letters written in such abundance by the subject of his biography.

Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist, has produced more than 150 works, which are very popular with his compatriots, but little known and less appreciated by the rest of the world. His home popularity seems to be due largely to the fact that the leading strain in his fiction is patriotism, and that we are still near enough to the *Sturm-und-Drang* period of Kossuth and Deak to be able to understand this. The Hungarians will probably become gradually more reflective without being less patriotic, and after a while the popular taste in fiction will undergo a change.

Mr. Richard Burton, in a well-written article in the *Dial*, helps to swell the rising tide of protest against the realistic novel, avowing his belief that the number of "old-fashioned" people who prefer to read the novel just because it is a story, and who revolt against morbidness and worse, is on the increase. "Your realism teaches me nothing,"

he makes them say; "It simply repeats unsavory and belittling facts of life, and I would have none of it. Give me lies rather than literalities, or, better yet, the half-truths of a scene where the light is accented, and the shadows put in corners, where they belong." He admits that this is, perhaps "unphilosophical," but it is "natural" and "very healthy."

Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, who has already done much good biographical work, has announced his intention to write a life of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee and edit his speeches. Mr. Morgan has issued a general request to all admirers of that brilliant Irishman to aid him in all possible ways in his useful and interesting work. The chequered life and tragic death of Mr. McGee make him a picturesque figure in Canadian history, and his unquestioned pre-eminence as an orator is warrant for that side of Mr. Morgan's undertaking.

The republication of Prof. Huxley's pamphlet entitled "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies," in the ninth and concluding volumes of his collected essays, coincides chronologically with the visit to this continent of Gen. Booth, against whose methods it was, in 1891, directed. It is not necessary to say that Prof. Huxley's criticism did not demolish Gen. Booth, or do much to hinder the work or slow the progress of the Salvation Army, but it has its value all the same, and the world will yet be the better for its having been written. Huxley and Booth are types of workers who are, and always will be, sharply contrasted with each other, equally honest, equally altruistic, and, probably, equally useful to the human race.

Mr. Ernest Rhys has done good service to the cause of poetry by collecting together in one little volume, entitled "The Prelude to Poetry," the opinions expressed about their art by a great number of poets, from Chaucer to Landor. Among the authors of these opinions are Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. The opinions thus gathered together form a fitting introduction to a series entitled "The Lyrical Poets," which has been announced by the publishers. A fit companion for it should now be prepared by gathering together what the poets have said about their own art in poetry, Mr. Rhys having limited his to opinions expressed by the poets in prose.

"The Face and the Mask," which is to be issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company about Feb. 25th, is a volume of short stories by Robert Barr. It takes its name from the first story in the series,—"The Woman of Stone," which is based on a curious statue in the Tuilleries Gardens. This is a monument to Death, but over the ghastly face there is held by one of the hands a comic mask. The statue therefore looks like one of tragedy or comedy, according to where the spectator stands. Mr. Barr has made this the basis of a very pretty, but sad story, showing that life is made up of both tragedy and comedy. One of the best known English authors of the day, who is a friend of Mr. Barr, arranged the order of the stories for him, and taking the idea from this story, he has put in the book first one serious and then one comic story these alternating all through the volume.

A striking commentary on the change which has come over the United States during the past thirty-five years is afforded by the fact that the life of Gen. Hancock, in the "Great Commander" series, has been written by one who had the title of "General" under him, but who is now better known as the "President of the Boston College of Technology," a title to which he has added distinction by the efficiency of his administration and the value of his writings. General Walker is the author of several well-known works on Economic Science, including a treatise on "Political Economy," and two valuable monographs—one on "Money, Trade and Industry," and the other on "Work and Wages." His story of the military career of Gen. Hancock is largely the result of his own personal experience during the war, and he has told it with that literary skill which has enabled him to write quite as interestingly on economics as John Stuart Mill or Mr. Henry George. Needless to say, his criticisms are courageous without being truculent.

Music and the Drama.

On Thursday evening last, the 7th inst., the Toronto Male Chorus Club gave their first concert this season in the Pavilion. The singing of the Club was much better than last year, and the audience, which was large, thoroughly appreciated it, a fact which must have been gratifying to the talented young conductor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. It is universally admitted that the salient features of good singing are, a true, full musical tone, clear enunciation, artistic phrasing, and careful attention to light and shade and musical expression generally. These characteristics were largely in evidence in Mr. Tripp's chorus, and I am only voicing the opinion of many others by saying that the pleasurable anticipations which had been awakened by the published accounts of the Club's singing were more than realized. Perhaps it would not be amiss to point out, however, that the least satisfactory of the above enumerated features, was in the light and shade—the manner of producing the *Crescendos*. A *Crescendo* is only in the highest degree effective when the tone as it were steals out, gradually growing thicker and more powerful, until the climax of the phrase is reached, and as gradually diminished, which then produces an artistic balance and symmetry. Not always did the Club effect this possible *ideal* colouring, but frequently began with a bulge of sound on the first tone of the phrase thus anticipating the climax, and partially destroying the beautiful swaying smoothness of the passage. At least this was the effect which reached my ears. Yet Mr. Tripp's musicianship and refined sympathies are beyond question. His heat is steady, and at the same time easy, and he feels every fibre of the rhythm. The programme was well selected and embraced numbers by Wagner, Buck and several others. The assisting artists were Mme Francesca Guthrie-Moyer, dramatic soprano, Mr. Pier Delasco, baritone and Mr. Tor Pyk, tenor, the latter being a recent acquisition to the number of our concert soloists. The former sang a Wagner *Aria*, and a couple of songs from the pen of Mr. J. Lewis Browne, of Toronto, who also acted as the lady's accompanist. She sings, as I have on a former occasion intimated, with breadth, freedom and abandon, her voice being of excellent quality almost throughout the entire scale. Mr. Browne's songs were delivered with care and expression and are very meritorious compositions. Mr. Delasco sang admirably and his admirers were plenty. More than this it is unnecessary to say. Mr. Tor Pyk I only heard in the solo with humming accompaniment, as I was obliged to leave before the conclusion of the programme. He sang carefully and with considerable finish of execution, and was loudly applauded, as were the other soloists and chorus, encores being the rule during the evening. Had the concert begun at the advertised time, 8 o'clock, instead of 8.30, I could have heard the latter half of the programme. As it was, I had to forego this pleasure. The reason for this delay I have not ascertained, but would respectively intimate that it is much more comfortable for most people to while away a half hour at home than sitting on the hard benches in the Pavilion momentarily expecting a disappointment. A programme made up entirely of singing has not the same interest as one with two or three instrumental numbers, and I believe a singing society would be only acting in its own interest, besides affording greater pleasure to its audiences, if a pianist or violinist were engaged to give additional variety instead of a professional vocalist. The accompanists, including Mr. Browne, were, Miss Ida C. Huges and Mr. Wark, who performed their duties skillfully.

Miss Franciska Heinrich, a young lady still in her teens, and a pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, gave a piano recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on the evening of the 7th of February, but, as I was present at the Male Chorus Club Concert, did not hear her. I have been told, however, that she displayed very excellent talent, and a large technic in the performance of an exacting programme, closing with Liszt's 12th Rhapsody, which was played with surprising brilliance, for so young a performer.

W. O. FORSTH.

The students of the Conservatory of Music gave the second quarterly concert in Association Hall, Monday evening last, to the usual large audience. A programme of great excellence was presented in a style thoroughly illustrative of painstaking work on the part of both performers and teachers.

There will be a concert in the school room of the Church of the Redeemer, cor. Avenue Road and Bloor St., on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26th. An orchestra has been organized for some time by the choir-master, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, and this will be their first concert. They will be assisted by the splendid choir of the church. The orchestra will play the overture, "La Nozze de Figaro" by Mozart and a Gavotte by Robyn, besides accompanying the choir in the Bridal Chorus from Cowen's Cantata, the "Rose Maiden." The choir numbers will include the Anthem by Gounod, "Sent Out Thy Light"; Stewart's "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower" and the "Slumber Song" by Lohr, all unaccompanied. Among the members of the orchestra and choir are some of the best soloists in the city, and, as solos will be contributed by them, both vocal and instrumental, a very good programme can be expected.

* * *

Art Notes.

Apropos of what my friend Mr. Cruikshank calls the "lecturing epidemic" amongst painters in this city, I should like to quote a sentence from Lady Eastlake's "Five Great Painters." She says: "The true artist talks but little on art; he leaves that to those who know less about it. Even one in the fullest exercise of creative power has but few and rudimental principles on which he proceeds; and these he cannot always define." This is what the Cockney calls a "knock out" for prospective lecturers; and I recommend it to the consideration of those about to figure on the platform. The vulnerable point in Lady Eastlake's dictum is that she admits that the layman "knows less" than the artist; which is a very good reason for the latter to speak.

I had occasion, the other day, to read a paper giving "Some reasons why a painter should not lecture on art," in which I protested against the demand that he should cease painting and begin to talk about his craft—should generalize, in a large and airy way, about an art which has not been mastered, practically, by more than six of our race, and has never been theorized upon successfully by any one at all—the six giants referred to, who might have said something authoritative, having been wise enough not to try. It is true that Vasari wrote an exhaustive treatise on painting and painters which has historic interest; but half his personal anecdotes have been called in question; and his judgments were biased, and not much more valuable than his paintings. The father-in-law of Velasquez wrote about painting; but again the interest is mainly historical and the painter feeble. There are two or three other instances of practical workers in one or other of the fine arts who wrote on their art; but no instance of a successful practitioner who was an equally successful theorizer. Perhaps the most interesting artist-writer is the brilliant, swaggering Benvenuto Cellini; but his inclination to narrate personal anecdotes, which shall redound to his own credit, is too strong to admit of much discussion of the abstract principles of art. It is a great pity that none of his stories relate to fish.

Sir Joshua Reynolds said a good deal that was valuable in his famous "Discourses;" but one detects in his theories the evidence of strenuous effort which is wholly absent in his paintings, which were the result, not of an intellectual process—not of painfully applied formulæ—but of a divine intuition.

Hunt's "Talks on Art" are pleasant reading, and not without value (though it was probably greater when and where the talks actually took place); and Chase (he sounds like a synonym of the last man) is "game" to talk to his students for three hours at a stretch.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Notice has been sent out to American artists of the offer of a prize of \$5,000 by Mr. William L. Elkins, of Philadelphia, for the

best picture by an American painter, and stating the conditions of the competition, which is to be under the control of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Owing to the severe weather of last Friday Mr. D. A. Patterson's lecture was postponed. Before this issue of THE WEEK appears the date will probably have been announced in the daily papers. Both introduction (by Professor Mavor) and lecture promise to be of great interest.

We call attention to the card of Mr. Moran in this issue of THE WEEK. His studio in the Confederation Life Building is a most interesting place to visit. Mr. Moran makes a specialty of portrait painting, and the specimens of his work are well worth careful inspection. He is now forming classes for instruction in the art and is meeting with great success.

The *Critic* mentions the fact that the artistic poster which has for some years been in existence in Paris has now made its appearance in New York. An exhibition of poster designs, by Mr. Louis Rhead, among them those for the Christmas *Century* and *Harper's Bazaar*, are to be seen at Wunderlich's Gallery, New York. Mr. Rhead seems to take the work of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley as a model, to a certain extent, but shows his good sense by departing from it in several particulars, notably in the type of face which he effects. Several of his designs are very handsome, and all are striking and well adapted for their purpose, which is to catch the attention and retain it.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has been enriched by the loan—which we hope will prove a permanent one—of a valuable and unique collection of wood carvings, ancient, mediæval, modern and educational. The collection was begun by W. Gibbs Rogers, who was wood-carver to George IV. and William IV., and was continued by his son, George Alfred Rogers, who is now wood-carver to Queen Victoria, and a prominent member of the Hagarth Club in London. The collection includes 410 specimens, among them fine old carvings from English churches and cathedrals of the twelfth century, pinnacles of the fifteenth century, and a carved bellows belonging to Marie Antoinette by the great carver Demontreuil, who was attached to the court of France. The most ancient of them is a relic of the Egyptian (diety Cynocephalus, the dog-headed monkey, which is (rather wildly) estimated to be 6,000 years old.

The members of the Art Students League, although virtually a band of workers, occasionally lay aside palette and brush, and, like true Bohemians, have a characteristic, informal "good time." The gathering in their rooms last Saturday evening was something of this kind. A considerable portion of the evening's entertainment was an exhibition of lantern slide-plates from snap shots made in Europe last summer by the vice-president, Mr. Will W. Alexander, additional interest being given to some of these by Miss Jessie Alexander's contribution of her sketch, "Coaching in Scotland." The illustrations of the old coach driver, the portress of Dalkeith Castle, Roslyn Castle, and others, were well-timed and interesting. These were followed by local subjects from the camera of Mr. W. H. Moss, of the Toronto Camera Club, and "League Celebrities," by President Holmes, the latter including some good portraits of ten members of the New York branch, which is now a flourishing body. Refreshments provided by the ladies were next served and some merry chatty hours spent, the evening ending with "Auld Lang Syne."

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Importers of High Class Works of Art, Engravings, Etchings, Etc.

FINE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Latest Designs. — — — Good Workmanship.

Personal.

Premier Taillon, of Quebec, has completely recovered from his recent illness.

Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith have gone off on their annual trip south.

Hon. J. A. Ouimet and Mrs. Ouimet have gone on a pleasure trip to New York.

A. W. Ross, M.P., was last week made an honorary member of the Gaelic Society of Toronto.

It is announced that H. A. Calvin, M.P., for Frontenac, will not seek re-election to the House of Commons.

The Hon. G. E. Foster, minister of Finance, has gone to look after his re-nomination by a New Brunswick constituency.

Rev. Dr. Thomas, pastor of the Jarvis St. Baptist Church in this city, is recovering from his recent very severe illness.

Arrangements have been made to secure a lecture from Mr. Henry George, in the Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on the first of March.

The death of G. B. Renton, Secretary of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, is announced by cable. He filled the office for twenty years.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Hibbert Tupper were present on Thursday night at the opening of the new rooms of the Young Conservative Club in Toronto.

Mr. A. Conan Doyle, on his return from America to England made only a short stay in London. He left almost immediately to rejoin his family on the continent.

Thomas Deacon, Q.C., of Pembroke, has been appointed Junior Judge of the County Court of Renfrew and a local judge of the High Court of Justice of Ontario.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of the Hawaiian Islands, has formerly abdicated her throne. Probably she will be pensioned on condition that she goes into permanent exile.

It is currently reported that Premier Davies, of British Columbia, will be appointed Chief Justice of that Province. He is now Attorney-General as well as Premier.

Sir Hibbert Tupper, the recently appointed Minister of Justice, was admitted last week to the Ontario Bar, and took his seat as an *Ex-officio* Bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada.

W. F. Herman, a young Hamiltonian, has been appointed general passenger agent of the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Company, after having made his mark as a railroad and steamship official.

A movement is reported to be on foot either to improve *Le Monde* of Montreal, or to consolidate it with *La Presse* of the same city. Both journals are Conservative in political complexion.

George Gould, the New York millionaire, has purchased a car-load of high class horses for his own use, from the stables of T. D. Buzzell, of Montreal. Mr. Gould is said to be a good judge of horses.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn, N.Y., has been lecturing in Montreal under the auspices of the Congregational Club. He will spend a few days in Ottawa as the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

Samuel Wilmot, whose name is a familiar one to Canadians in connection with the propagation of food fishes, is to be superannuated from the Marine and Fisheries Department, of which he has been an official for nearly thirty years.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Hibbert Tupper took in the Osgoode Hall "At Home" on Friday evening of last week. They both appeared in the opening set with His Honour, Lieut. Governor Kirkpatrick, Lady Tupper and Mrs. Kirkpatrick being also of the set.

Recent incidents in the controversy over the University of Toronto are a letter from Mr. B. E. Walker defending Mr. Edward Blake against the charge of procuring the appointment of his son-in-law as Professor of

History, and a letter from Prof. Dale not merely replying to Mr. Walker's disclaimer but attributing incompetency to some of the other teachers and mismanagement to the Government of the Province in the making of appointments.

In the recent intercollegiate debate between Harvard and Yale the former won. The chairman was Ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, and the three judges were Prof. Dewey of the Institute of Technology, Judge Barber of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and Bishop Lawrence.

Sir William Van Horne and Sir Casimir Gzowski were passengers on the *Teutonic*, the long delayed arrival of which, at New York, had begun to cause some anxiety. Sir William denied that his health had been impaired and also that he intended to resign his position on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is now reported that Princess Maud of Wales is to be married to the Crown Prince of Italy, Victor Emanuel. This brings another European throne into the list of those occupied, or likely to be occupied, by the descendants of Queen Victoria. Her son, grandson, and great-grandson are all alive in the direct line of succession to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. The Emperor of Germany is her grandson. One grand-daughter is now the wife of the Czar of Russia and another is about to become the wife of the future King of Italy.

General Booth has spent a busy time in Toronto, which may be regarded as the headquarters of the Salvation Army in Canada. His addresses are marked by a thoroughly evangelical tone, and by a strong grasp of certain great social problems which are usually regarded as the peculiar province of the sociological scientist. His visit will do much to encourage the "Army" and to stir up the "churches" to the practical work of trying to ameliorate the condition of the masses. General Booth's talks, like his whole career, give evidence of his great faculty for the work of organization—the same faculty which distinguished John Wesley. Like the latter he has also had the advantage of a long time in which to perfect his work.

Mr. Frank Joseph, who came to such a tragic end in the Grand Trunk collision near Weston, was well known in Toronto. He was a grandson of the late Hon. Christopher Hagerman, once a Crown Law Officer and afterwards a Superior Court Judge in Upper Canada. He was a nephew of the late Mrs. John Beverley Robinson, who was a daughter of Mr. Hagerman's. Mr. Joseph was a barrister, but he never practiced law. His tastes ran to the literary side of his profession. He was an expert at editing reports, compiling digests, codifying laws, and drafting statutes. Amongst the monuments of his industry are excellent consolidations of the by-laws of Toronto and of the statutes passed by the Senate of the University of Toronto. As assistant law clerk of the Legislative Assembly he had much to do with putting into proper shape proposals which members desired to see enacted as statutes. Mr. Joseph was noted for his geniality, courtesy, and readiness to assist all who stood in need of his services, whether professional or charitable. A wide circle of acquaintances will feel the shock of his sudden and terrible death.

* * *

Locomotor Ataxia.

A DISEASE LONG HELD BY PHYSICIANS TO BE INCURABLE.

Its Horrors are Those of a Living Death—The Victim Helpless, His Torture Intense—Loses Control of Bowels and Bladder and is a Source of Constant Worry to Family and Friends—A Remedy for the Disease Discovered

Mr. James McLean, a resident of Lefroy, Simcoe County, Ont., is known to every man, woman and child for miles around the vicinity of his home, and all know of the long years during which his condition has been that of a living death. Mr. McLean tells of his injury, his years of torture, and his subsequent release from the agonies of locomotor ataxia, in the following vivid language:—

"In the year 1881 I was thrown from a scaffold, falling on my back on a stone pile. I was badly hurt, and narrowly escaped death. Plasters and liniments were applied, and I seemed to get somewhat better. But the apparent improvement was short lived. My feet began to get unusually cold, and nothing that could be done would warm them. The trouble then spread to my legs, and from the waist down I was attacked with shooting pains flying along the nerves in thousands, and causing the most terrible torture for days and nights at a time. I could get no relief save from the injections of morphine. Six physicians treated me at different times, but appeared only to faintly understand my trouble and could do nothing for my relief. Some of the doctors declared that my trouble was rheumatism, but two of them said it was a disease of the spinal cord, that the trouble would get worse and that sooner or later my arms would become affected. This prediction proved true. My left hand dropped at the wrist joint and hung dead and cold, and I had no more control of it than if the hand were not on me. Fly blisters and electricity were resorted to without avail. My stomach was next attacked with a burning, aching, nauseating pain, causing the most distressing vomiting, and I often thought I would not see morning. I have vomited almost continually for thirty-six hours, and nothing but morphine or chloroform could deaden the anguish I suffered. But worse trouble was in store for me. I lost control of my bowels and water, and my condition became most horrible, necessitating constantly the greatest care and watchfulness. I now suffering from the top of my head to the point of my toes. I saw double, and had to keep my eyes fixed steadily on the ground to make a step at all, and the moment I raised my eyes I would stagger and fall if I were not grasping something. I could not take a single step in the dark. For nine long years I suffered all the horrors of a living death. In 1889 I was admitted to the Toronto General Hospital, where I was treated four months. I was told that my trouble was locomotor ataxia, and incurable, and I returned home no better. After returning home I had further medical treatment, but with no better results than before. Finally I was given the following certificate of incurability:

CHURCHILL, July 27th, 1893.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that James McLean has a disease of the spinal cord (incurable) that renders him unfit to obtain a living.

A. T. LITTLE, M.D.

About this time I was strongly urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and oh how I wish I had known of this great remedy years ago! What anguish and torture I would have been spared! Soon after beginning the use of Pink Pills I found myself improving. The pains left me and I was able to discontinue the use of the morphine. I regained control of both bowels and bladder and gradually a feeling of life returned to my legs and arms. I can now walk without the aid of either crutches or sticks and can take long strides. My stomach trouble has all left me, and I can eat as heartily as ever in my life. My friends who never expected to see me about again, are astonished at the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought in me. When I began the use of the pills my weight was reduced to 136 pounds, and it has now increased to 165. I am a new man and it is not possible for me to say enough in praise of your marvellous medicine. My wife also joins me in thanks, and says it was a happy day for her when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as since then she has been able to get rest at night which she had not done for so many long years before. I hope Heaven may direct this into the hands of some other poor sufferer, who may find, as I did, release from a living death through your great life-saving remedy. Yours very gratefully,
JAMES McLEAN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. With men they effect a radi-

cal cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

A Year of Great and Unprecedented Success.

The annual meeting of the North American Life was held at its Head Office, Toronto, on Tuesday, January 29th. The President, John L. Blaikie, Esq., was in the chair, and surrounded by a goodly number of prominent policy-holders and guarantors. The Managing Director, Mr. Wm. McCabe, acted as secretary.

The Annual Report submitted, after advertising to the intensity of the financial stringency which had characterized the year 1894, presented the following successful results:—Applications were received for new insurances and restorations for over \$3,000,000, the amount exceeding that of any former year.

Entire satisfaction had been expressed by the holders of investment policies which had matured in 1894, and the report of the consulting actuary allocating the profits of those maturing in 1895 had been approved by the Directors.

SUMMARY OF THE FULL FINANCIAL STATEMENT AND BALANCE SHEET FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1894.

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Cash income..... | \$ 558,394 93 |
| Expenditure (including death claims, endowments, profits, and all payments to policy-holders)..... | 286,193 40 |
| Assets..... | 1,987,446 30 |
| Reserve Fund..... | 1,564,020 00 |
| Net surplus for policy-holders.. | 338,216 75 |

WILLIAM McCABE,
Managing Director.

Audited and found correct.

JAMES CARLYLE, M.D.,
Auditor.

Auditing Committee of the Board,

EDWARD GALLEY,
JAMES SCOTT.

The report of Mr. W. T. Standen, of New York, the Company's consulting actuary, was very full.

Referring to the very careful investigation which he had made of the Company's methods and systems of business, he declared that that investigation has conclusively proven to him the very great degree of executive and administrative capacity brought to bear by the Officers of the Company. The secret of the Company's prosperity must be found by looking back to 1881, the success achieved since, being the logical result of the strong and enduring foundation then laid. He further said:—

"In view of the serious depression in business circles during the past two years; your increase in premium income is very noteworthy, and will be found to be very unusual. The increase of \$63,859.65 in premium income for 1894 evidences the adaptability of your agency staff, and proves that it consists of men of vigor and intelligence, who know how to apply their energies with the best effect.

"Your gain in interest receipts speaks well for the judiciousness of your investments. The comparatively high rates of interest obtainable is something for which the holders of your deferred dividend policies may be profoundly grateful.

"The valuation of your assets and the determination of your liabilities have been conducted conservatively, and they show a clear surplus of \$338,216.75. This surplus fund shows beyond any question the absolute security you are enabled to offer to policy-holders during even the severest of monetary depression. The profits you are in a position to earn are very largely in excess of what can be

earned by companies debarred from privileges of being able to invest their assets in Canadian securities.

"Policy-holders are often carried away by the size or age of a life company. The crucial test is the ratio of assets to total liabilities. Next in order of importance, probably, stands the surplus and surplus-earning power of a company.

"With assets held down to a rigid gold basis, you nevertheless cover every liability and have a large margin of safety over and above every requirement.

"Undoubtedly the North American Life Assurance Company has attained that degree of solidity which can best be understood by comparison with any of the large companies. In all essentials—especially those of acquired surplus and surplus-earning power—it is not excelled to-day by any other company.

"Insurers are too apt to overlook these requisites and give undue importance to mere age and size, which, unsupported by other valuable considerations, really count for nothing. Illustrations of this can be seen to-day in the United States, where many of the smaller companies, although forced into competition with their larger rivals, are giving much better and more satisfactory returns to their policy-holders than many of the largest companies.

"Stupendous assets are offset by correspondingly large liabilities. In the balance sheet they do not add strength, the test of which, in well established companies, is the true ratio of resources of assets to liabilities, which is absolutely independent of the question of size."

The adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet was moved by Mr. John L. Blaikie, President, who had no doubt that they would be heartily approved, as, in all the vital particulars which indicate solid success, they marked gratifying progress, as shown by the following figures:

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Total cash income for 1894..... | \$558,394 93 |
| " " " 1893..... | 482,514 08 |
| Increase (16 per cent.)..... | \$75,880 85 |
| Total assets, December 31, 1894..... | 1,987,446 30 |
| " " " 1893..... | 1,703,453 39 |
| Increase (17 per cent.)..... | \$283,992 91 |
| Total reserve and surplus funds, December 31, 1894..... | 1,902,236 75 |
| Total reserve and surplus funds, December 31, 1893..... | 1,616,572 26 |
| Increase (18 per cent.)..... | \$285,664 49 |

These large increases are all the more gratifying when we consider the dull times experienced by so many, and the keenness of competition for business. They cannot fail to convince any thoughtful and intelligent student that not only is ample provision being made by the Company for every contract, but that a large surplus is being built up of, out of which alone profits for policy-holders can come.

A comparison of the business of the Company at the close of 1894 with what it was five years ago showed an increase in payments to policy holders of 123 per cent.; in insurance in force, of 60 per cent.; in cash income, of 91 per cent.; in assets, of 143 per cent.; and in surplus of 374 per cent. Thus, while the assets have increased about one and a-half fold, the surplus has increased fourfold.

The more closely any person scrutinizes the figures of all the life insurance companies doing business in the Dominion of Canada, with a view to ascertain which can do the best for insurers, the more he will be convinced that the North American Life stands in the very front rank.

During the past fourteen years the Company has disbursed for death losses endowments, profits on investment policies, etc., over three-quarters of a million of dollars, and at the present time holds as security for its policy-holders' assets, as per balance sheet, \$1,967,446.30, and in addition uncalled guarantee fund of \$240,000, or in all the large sum of \$2,227,446.30, thus giving a relative security doubtless unsurpassed by any other company.

The Vice-President, Hon. G. W. Allan, seconding the resolution, said that he fully endorsed every remark of the Chairman as to the progress of the Company and the solid position it had attained, and as a Canadian

institution we could all look forward with perfect confidence to its increased growth and future prosperity. The motion was unanimously carried.

Owing to the absence, through illness, of the Chairman of the Finance Committee, his able and comprehensive report on the satisfactory position of the investments of the Company was read by the Hon. G. W. Allan, who further said:—"I should like to be permitted to add to what has been said with regard to our mortgage investments. Perhaps I may claim to speak with the advantage of experience, having been connected as a director and President with loan companies for over thirty years. I have taken a good deal of interest in the subject as a member of the Board of Directors of this Company; and I can say without hesitation to our policy-holders and others that I doubt very much if there is any other company in the country whose securities are of so high a character as those held by the North America Life. They have been selected with great judgment, and we have the advantage of a man of very large experience in Mr. Galley, who exercises great care in reporting on all properties offered to us for loans.

James Thorburn, M.D., presented his full and interesting annual report on the mortality experience of the company, after which Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., moved a vote of thanks to the medical director for the able manner in which he had conducted the affairs of the medical department. This was seconded by Sir Frank Smith, who expressed confidence in the future of the Company and his satisfaction at the excellent financial result of the past year's work.

Hearty votes of thanks were tendered the Board, Officers and Agents of the Company, and at a subsequent meeting of the newly elected Board, Mr. John L. Blaikie was unanimously re-elected President, and Hon. G. W. Allan, J. K. Kerr, Q.C., Vice-President.

THE GREAT WEST.

If you desire to learn what is going on in British Columbia; what openings for business and investment; what opportunities to make a new home in that delightful Province, subscribe for the Vancouver "NEWS ADVERTISER."—Daily, \$8.00; Weekly, \$2.00 per annum, free by mail.

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MANITOBA.

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SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPESIA,
CONSTIPATION,

—AND—

All Disorders of The Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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The most lasting, sweet and delicate powders are Heliotrope, Rose, Violet and Lavender. A one ounce package will be sent by mail, prepaid, for 25 cents, by addressing Clerk 3.

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Public Opinion.

Montreal Herald: Winnipeg has in Mr. Martin a representative who is not in the habit of doing things calculated to bring discredit on her for her choice; but there are western constituencies not so fortunate in their members.

Hamilton Spectator: When will clerical orators learn that intemperate denunciation of men engaged in the liquor traffic defeats its own end by arousing sympathy with these men? When the temperance enthusiast boldly declares that to sell intoxicating liquor is a deadly sin, he calls forth an inward protest from every moderate-minded hearer and a desire to ask the preacher for his authority for adding a new sin to the calendar.

Montreal Gazette: A writer in a local Liberal paper attributes the growth in Canada's foreign commerce in recent years to the operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Conservatives will admit that the Canadian Pacific Railway has done its share in the good work. And they will ask the country to remember who built the Canadian Pacific Railway and who opposed the building of it. The Liberals will be left on this issue also.

St. John (N.B.) Globe: No doubt there are many persons in St. John who would be glad if the National Policy operated so favorably as to give the city a growth of population irrespective entirely of what the effect of that policy is upon the country, but even these are not gratified. We are met here in this city with the fact that in twenty years there is practically no gain in population, and in almost all that time we have had the National Policy in operation.

Victoria Colonist: If the Grits were returned to power the Dominion Treasury would be besieged by the same hungry crowd, but there would be no Mackenzie to withstand them and to drive them out. The task was too hard for even Mr. Mackenzie. He soon showed signs of being a broken man. The attacks of his enemies he met boldly, and the blows he received did him personally no harm. It was the importunities of his friends and the conspiracies of those among them whom he had foiled and disappointed, that broke him down.

Hamilton Herald: We admire Goldwin Smith because he is a journalist and a gentleman; because he is the foremost man of letters in this country and one of the foremost in the world; because he has the courage of his convictions; because he dares to tell what he believes to be the truth no matter how unpopular it may be; and because he has done more than any other man that has ever lived in Canada to encourage the spread of independent thought and shake the party shackles from the newspapers. For this encouragement of mental freedom every newspaper in Canada owes Goldwin Smith a debt of gratitude that time cannot remove.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,
18th August, 1894.

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Electricity has been required to pay another tribute to human demands. In Berlin incandescent lamps are now used as headlights for horses. The lamp is placed within a silver reflector and is fed from a small battery carried on the vehicle. Then the horse, converted into a cyclopean monster, roams the streets in safety, wearing a cynical "lookout-for-the-engine" cast of countenance.

The discovery of a new element by Dr. Boyer is announced, but its exact place among the elements is not yet sufficiently defined. Its chemical reactions, as far as ascertained, indicate that it is related to the nitrogen and phosphorous group. It gives spectroscopic lines of a characteristic kind; but chemists must wait for a fuller investigation of the element before its automatic weight and other proprieties are declared.

Another competition for mechanically propelled vehicles is mooted, and again Paris is the centre at which it is proposed to hold the trials. The tests will be made for highest speed maintained for long periods of time. The minimum distance for the runs has been fixed at six hundred and twenty miles. Paris will be the starting-point and also the winning-post. Vehicles operated by electricity, steam, or oil are eligible. The trials are arranged to take place next summer.

Kikusi, a surgeon of Tokio, Japan, has called attention to a novel, and what promises to be a very important, article of surgical dressing. It is a form of charcoal derived from burning straw in a smouldering fire, or so arranged that the supply of air is insufficient for complete combustion. The little stalks of charcoal thus prepared are said to be highly hygroscopic, and to make a wonderfully cheap and efficient dressing for wounds. It may be applied directly or enclosed in little linen or cotton bags.

The study of the stones ejected from volcanoes affords some interesting results and explains some doubtful points as to the earlier formations. The burning lava in forcing its way through the volcanic chimney tears from its sides evidences of the different strata through which it passes, and proofs of the great heat existing in the deeper regions of the volcano are furnished by the decomposition products formed, such as graphite or "black lead," and others similar to those met with or recognized in the course of ordinary chemical research, or in technical industries.

Mr. William Brock, of Paterson, N. J., intends to show all the uses to which electricity can be put. He is having a home built for himself, and expects to have it finished in a few weeks. He will apply electricity throughout his whole domicile. The house will be heated by electricity, the cooking will be done on an electric range, the house will be cooled in summer with electric fans; there will be a burglar alarm connecting with every part of the house, electric annunciators, and the whole, from cellar to garret, will be lighted by electricity. The house will be so arranged that should it be invaded by a burglar an alarm will be given to the family when on the floor above, and by means of a switch the whole house can be flooded with light. Should the burglar attempt to escape from one room to another or out of the doors he will give the alarm by stepping on mats that will give notice of the intruder's movements and whereabouts.

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Miscellaneous.

The Czar of Russia has failed to realize the hopes of some of his subjects. He refuses to grant them a constitution and local self-government. Evidently he has not studied the subject sufficiently, and fancies that elections often lead to the rule of professional politicians.

Wei-Hai-Wei, the only navy-yard of any importance that the Chinese retained after the loss of Port Arthur, has been captured by the Japanese. The Chinese are said to have lost very heavily, but their fleet escaped. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, its commanders departed from the place while the attack was in progress.

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The great families of Japan are certainly not sparing themselves in the voluntary contributions which they are making to their Government for the purpose of the war. The greatest instance of patriotism on the part of the Japanese nobles is that of the great Mitsui family, who are called the Rothschilds of Japan. They have presented the Government with a complete set of all the machinery necessary for forging and casting large pieces of ordinance, and have made arrangements for it all to be set up in working order in a short time. The gift must have cost an enormous sum, and is certainly very creditable to the patriotism of the donors.

REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect, one part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also an excellent internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine." To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

In one respect the Japanese deserve the greatest praise. They claim to be a civilized State, and at least in their treatment of the prisoners that have fallen into their hands they are justifying that claim. Further, so far as one can judge from the reports, their treatment of the Koreans has been in its humanity in marked contrast to what one might expect from an Asiatic power. The indiscriminate slaughter that characterized previous contests in the Far East is conspicuously absent. We are told even that supplies are not seized, full market value being paid for everything. If this is true, nothing will tend so much to reconcile the Koreans to the change of yoke.—*Rangoon Gazette.*

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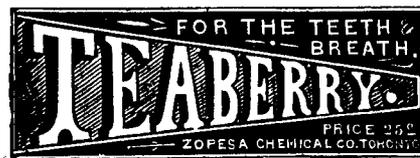
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She: Do you like golf! He (from Boston): No! I only read the works of the classic authors.

Jack: You are the light of my life, May, and, taking that into consideration, I think I may turn down the gas.

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Professor (to class in political economy): What is the hardest tax to raise? Student (whose mother is house-cleaning): Carpet tacks.

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A Fictionist:—"What are you writing, Hawley? "A story; I am going in for fiction." "Really? For a magazine?" "No. For my tailor. He wants his money, and I'm telling him I'll send him a check next week."

Tom is very punctilious, and in this case was especially anxious about producing a good impression. But the florist made the mistake of sending with the roses the card that bore the inscription: "Do the best you can for \$2."

A certain Professor at a Scotch University was in the habit of calling upon one of the students to offer up a prayer at the beginning of each lecture. There was a raw-boned country lad in the class who took a deep interest in all his instructor said, and apparently entertained a profound veneration for him. One day the Professor pitched on him to open proceedings in the usual manner, and this is what he is reported to have said: "Have mercy upon our Professor, O Lord, for he is weak and ignorant. Strengthen his feeble hands and confirm his tottering knees, and grant that he may go in and out before us like the he-goat before the rest of the flock."

They'd paid their fare
This sombre pair,
Planked down their hard-earned dollars;
The Gaiety
Sat down to see—
In glossy, churchy collars.

Laughed loud and long
At joke and song,
Until a maid, resplendent
In silk and lace,
With charming grace,
Made pretty toe ascendent,

S. looked at D.,
And D., blushed he;
Then both, with due discretion,
Turned up their coats
About their throats,
And covered their profession.

—Trinity Review.

MR. W. A. REID, Jefferson Street, Schenectady, N.Y., 22nd July, '94, writes: "I consider Acetocoutra to be very beneficial for La Grippe, Malaria and Rheumatism, as well as Neuralgia, and many other complaints to which flesh is heir, but these are very common here."
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By order of the Board, JAMES MASON, Manager.

Toronto, December 13th, 1894.

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