

# THE WEEK:

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Eighth Year.  
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The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was then decided that September being Exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.

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## THE WEEK:

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

NEAR the close of the session a motion was made and discussed in the Ontario Legislature proposing in effect that the salary of the Attorney-General be increased from \$5,000 to \$7,000 per annum. The proposal must commend itself to the sense of justice of all fair-minded electors of either party. The large and comparatively wealthy Province of Ontario should be satisfied with nothing less than the very highest order of legal ability the Province can furnish for such a position and should not grudge the man of their choice a fair remuneration. Having regard to the income any lawyer possessing the qualifications needed for such an office is able to secure, five thousand dollars is certainly an insufficient salary. When, as in the present case, the responsibilities of the Premiership are conjoined with those of the Attorney-Generalship, it is certainly hardly fair to ask or accept this double service, requiring rare abilities and undivided attention, and carrying with it the heaviest responsibilities, for a remuneration much smaller than that of a judge of the Supreme Court, and very much smaller than the income that might be commanded by a lawyer of such ability and standing in regular practice. It was a pleasing tribute to the esteem in which the present Premier and Attorney-General is held even by opponents, that there was so little opposition to the motion from either side of the House, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Mowat, while frankly admitting that the additional two thousand would be acceptable and helpful, felt himself called upon to decline it for the present. It is to be hoped that the matter may be brought forward in proper form and after ample notice next session. Of a somewhat different kind, though not a whit less in accordance with abstract justice, was the motion to increase the sessional indemnity of the Leader of the Opposition to \$2,000. No one can deny that under our party system of Government the judicious Leader of the Opposition occupies a place and performs a service of scarcely less value to the public than those of the Leader of the Government himself. It is likewise obvious that no competent leader can devote the time and attention necessary to a faithful discharge of the

duties of his position save at a serious personal loss. It so happens, too, that in this particular case the ability, courtesy and manliness of the Opposition leader have so far won the esteem of his fellow-members that could it have been properly done, the motion would, we believe, have been heartily approved by a large majority of the House. But as Mr. Meredith himself pointed out, the thing cannot be done, as the Leader of the Opposition is not a recognized public servant. It would certainly be a strangely anomalous procedure to appoint an officer to carry on the Government and then vote a salary for the payment of another officer to watch and sometimes obstruct him in so doing. The difficulties in the way are, we fear, insurmountable. It is evident that if the Leader of the Opposition is to be paid, he must be paid by the party which supports him. And it might be worth while for the members of the Opposition in the Dominion Commons and in the Provincial Legislatures to consider whether they could in any other way better promote their views than by raising funds for the purpose of compensating their leaders, at least in part, for the sacrifices they have to make if they give themselves unreservedly as they should to the duties of their respective positions.

THE conflict of partyism has begun with more than ordinary vigour at Ottawa. As was to be anticipated from the intense bitterness of the election contest, a tone of exasperation has shown itself in the very first speeches of the session, especially on the part of the leaders of the Opposition. Even in acquiescing on behalf of his followers in the choice of Speaker, Mr. Laurier gave indications of unusual aggressiveness. Though the Speech from the Throne had evidently been prepared with a studious desire to avoid, as far as possible, controversial matters, it was attacked at once with great acerbity, not so much indeed for anything contained in it as in reference to omitted matters, which it should, according to its critics, have contained. The mover and seconder of the Speech, in the Commons, Messrs. Hazen and Corbould, were chosen from New Brunswick and British Columbia, respectively, as if to emphasize at once the geographical extent and the political unity of the Dominion. The conventional limitations within which Parliamentary usage, no less than the subject-matter of the Address, hedges in the speakers on such occasions are not favourable to genuine oratory, nevertheless both speeches gave evidence of ability—that of Mr. Hazen being particularly suggestive of debating power which we may expect to see turned to account in the future. Under the circumstances it was not surprising that this gentleman, representing a Maritime Province constituency, should have, even in this first and formal address, turned aside a little from the beaten path to denounce in indignant accents the charge of wholesale corruption and venality made by Sir Richard Cartwright, from a public platform, against the electorate of the sea-side Provinces. The Leader of the Opposition seems to have surpassed himself in the force and eloquence of the speech with which he followed that of the seconder of the Address, though he infused into it an aggressiveness in tone and language that is not often found in his polished periods. The same spirit was even more marked in the speech of Sir Richard Cartwright in reply to Sir John A. Macdonald, though it is too much a characteristic of Sir Richard's speeches to excite surprise. It is not difficult to account for the bitterness which bids fair to pervade the debates of the session. The Government and their supporters are very naturally indignant at the persistent assertion or assumption by their opponents that the alleged reason for premature dissolution was but a pretext and a sham; that their victory was won by resort to the most unscrupulous and corrupt devices; and that the dissolution itself was a gross violation of a distinct Government assurance. On the other hand, the Opposition are no less naturally exasperated by the charge of disloyalty and treason which was made to do so good service in the campaign and by what they regard as the bad faith of the Government in precipitating the dissolution. They also deeply resent the part taken by the High Commissioner, in quitting his post in London and throwing himself as one of the hottest of partisans into the contest. As all those questions will no doubt come up for special discussion we

are not now called on to venture an opinion on their respective merits. We refer to them simply as among the causes which bid fair to make the fighting of the current session among the hottest on record.

THE unexpected collapse of the debate on the Address, at the conclusion of Mr. Charlton's speech, was probably a surprise to both parties. It may perhaps be taken to indicate that the Premier is about to fall back on the policy of silence and reliance on the party majority which served him so well during the last session. This policy is not without its merits in some cases, seeing that it so often happens that after the first two or three speeches on each side there is really little more to be said in the shape of either fact or argument. But on this occasion it can hardly be denied that both the Opposition and the Canadian public have some reason for dissatisfaction with the Government's course. There were certainly several strong points in the Opposition attack which demanded explanation or defence. There was, for instance, the close and elaborate argument by Mr. Mills to show, by dint of precedent as well as of logic, that the dissolution of the House was under the circumstances uncalled for and unconstitutional. Upon the conclusiveness of the argument we offer no opinion, but it cannot be denied that the question is one of great importance in its relation to constitutional self-government. We have always maintained that the Governor-General was bound to act on the advice of his constitutional advisers in the matter, and that, therefore, the criticisms at one time directed against him were unfair and without force. But this by no means implies that the Government were necessarily within their right in giving the advice. To admit that the Cabinet may at its pleasure dissolve Parliament and bring on a general election, and that it is not bound to answer to the House and the public for the constitutionality of its action, would be to entrust it with a weapon which, in the hands of a leader so skilled as Sir John Macdonald, would well-nigh enable it to defy all opposition. To reply, as some of the Government papers have done in defence of the Government's silence, that a dissolution may be discussed before but not after it has taken place is, seeing that no opportunity was given to discuss it before, but to add insult to injury by a quibble. Again, it was perhaps scarcely reasonable to demand that the Government should state just how far it is prepared to go in the matter of reciprocity, but there were some minor matters on which it should, in justice to itself, have offered an explanation. One seems worthy of special mention. It is asserted as a patent and undeniable fact, that the returns of members from the various constituencies were gazetted in such order as to give the Conservatives a very material advantage in the matter of protests. The facts, if facts they are, can hardly have been the result of accident. We should be very loath to believe that any Government of the Dominion of Canada, Conservative or Liberal, could stoop to the level of being a party to, or even winking at, the taking of so unfair and small an advantage of their political opponents. Nor does it matter, in the least, whether the trick, if trick there was, was played by the Government officer at Ottawa, or by its appointees in the constituencies. High-minded men of either party would have been glad, we believe, to have heard some member of the Government either indignantly deny the imputation, or declare that their officials had no warrant for such unfair dealing and deserved the censure of all concerned.

OTHER things being equal, the strength of a Parliamentary party is proportioned to its solidarity. In his singular ability to maintain his personal ascendancy over his followers and thus to secure such solidarity, is to be found no doubt one of the secrets of Sir John Macdonald's power. On the other hand the tendency of Canadian Liberals to assert their individuality has always been a chief source of weakness from the party point of view. It is, however, noteworthy just now that the leaders of each party at Ottawa accuse the other of being divided in its policy and counsels, and not apparently without a good deal of truth on both sides. We are not imputing such differences of opinion to the members of either party as a crime. If these differences are the result of unpreju-



diced thinking and honest conviction, they are rather a virtue. Such divisions are, nevertheless, very important factors in determining the question of success or failure in a Parliamentary campaign. Referring to the one great question which is sure to overshadow all others during the present session, that of the trade or tariff policy, the Liberal speakers are taunting the Government and its supporters with being hopelessly at sea, so far as unanimity of opinion is concerned. While some are in favour of reciprocity with the United States in natural products only, others, so it is alleged, are prepared to support a large measure of free exchange of manufactured products. Others, again, are said to be utterly opposed to reciprocity in every shape. But whatever amount of truth there may be in these allegations or surmises, the Opposition have clearly little ground for self-congratulation. There seems good reason to believe that, as alleged by their opponents, they are almost hopelessly divided on the same question, or rather on the closely related one of discrimination against Great Britain. While a few of the members of the party, notably Mr. Scriver, are said to be strongly opposed to any and every arrangement involving such discrimination, most of the members freely admit that it is in some form inseparable from their policy of unrestricted reciprocity, as it undoubtedly is. Some boldly defend it as being unobjectionable and quite in accordance with the Mother Country's own principles, in the making of commercial treaties. We mention these facts, not with a view to discussing at present, one view or another, but to point out what is not only one of the elements of uncertainty in the new House, but one of the operating causes which seem likely to prevent the attainment of the boon in any shape, by either party, in the near future. It is already pretty clear that the subject will remain as a theme for discussion, and a goal of effort, for at least another year, and possibly for several years to come.

"CANADIAN'S" letter in another column calls attention to a matter of no small importance. However little it may be to the credit of our legislators, it is, we fear, impossible to doubt his statement that in a very large majority of cases they accept free passes from the railways, and that, too, at the same time that they are pocketing the mileage allowances given them by the people for the very purpose of paying their travelling expenses. True, it is hard to understand how a man with the keen sense of propriety which all "honourable members" should have, can permit himself to be placed in so equivocal a position. If he thinks about the matter at all, he probably quiets his conscience with the assurance that he, at least, will not suffer his judgment to be in the slightest degree biased by the gift, however it may affect the vision of others, when any case affecting the interests of the railway comes up in the House. But if his moral perceptions were a little keener he could hardly fail to see that in so reasoning he is placing himself before the horns of a dilemma. It is not to be supposed that the railroad managers regard him as an object of charity, or that, if they do so, and manifest an unwonted generosity in his case, he can accept the favour on that ground. If not, it follows that in giving him a free pass these managers are moved by a lively sense of possible favours to come. Evidently, then, in accepting their gift the member either tacitly consents to return a *quid pro quo*, should occasion arise in the course of his legislative duties, or accepts it with a mental reservation which is dangerously near to self-deception. On what other grounds than those indicated can the fact of his being selected above all other travellers for a gratuity be explained? Of course the managers may simply regard their act as one way of showing respect to the man whom the people have honoured, and he may thoughtlessly accept it on that ground. But is not that saving the consciences of both parties at the expense of their sense of delicacy and propriety? All honour to the manly few who refuse to allow themselves to be put in a false position for the sake of a few dollars. It is greatly to be wished that it were possible to ascertain and publish their names. Such an honour roll would be read with attention. Public sentiment might then effect a reformation. Failing that and other direct modes of cure, "Canadian" proposes a method which is certainly novel and worthy of consideration. In view of the relations in which railway companies stand to the public we see no objection whatever to their being required by Parliament to do what "Canadian" suggests. The special privileges, bonuses and subsidies granted to these corporations certainly give the public, through their representatives, a right to a voice in their

control, and the drift both of legislation and of public sentiment is in the direction of more fully asserting this right. The plan proposed by "Canadian" would then be in some degree akin to the free postage which has long been one of the perquisites of the legislator. While deferring to the judgment of our correspondent, whose opportunities for forming an opinion on the question have probably been much better than our own, and while hoping that his letter may direct both public and Parliamentary attention to a matter which has had too little attention hitherto, we have to confess that we like not these indirect ways of increasing the pay of public servants, if direct measures can be made in any way available. Why not make it a misdemeanour, under the Independence of Parliament Act, for a railway company to give, or a member to accept, a free pass? Could not such a law be enforced? Ought not, moreover, railways to be forbidden to carry passengers, other than employees, free, under any circumstances? It would not be hard to show that the practice involves injustice to the general public, who must really in the end pay for those passages in one way or another.

"THE way of transgressors is hard," and it is well for all concerned, including the transgressor himself, that it is so. A recent case in the Toronto Police Court suggests once more the very serious obstacles that stand in the way of the ex-convict in his efforts to reform, no matter how sincere those efforts may be. In the case alluded to it was proved that the culprit's story to the effect that a detective had caused his discharge from a situation which he had obtained, by making known the fact that he had been in prison, was without foundation. Not only so, but it appeared that the same detective had previously used his influence successfully to secure the man a situation. Our remarks, though suggested by this case, have no special reference to it. Nor have we any fault to find with the course of the detectives generally in regard to such cases. It is a part and a most important part of their duties to keep an eye on those whom they know as criminals, more or less deeply dyed, and to see to it that they do not too readily find opportunity to repeat their depredations at the cost of the unwary. There is reason to believe that many of the detectives perform this duty with discretion and with a sincere desire to remove difficulties out of the way of those who honestly desire to reform. It may even be questioned whether some of them do not go too far in this direction. One of the city Inspectors, for instance, is reported as having said in a newspaper interview, that time and again when they had been applied to for information respecting the character of individuals, they had misrepresented facts rather than betray those who they had reason to believe were making an honest effort to reform. The policy which thus does violence to the sound ethical principle laid down in the old copy-book motto, "nothing needs a lie," and runs the risk of exposing the unsuspecting employer to serious injury, is, to say the least, a questionable one. Nor is it by any means clear that it is the best means of helping a criminal who honestly wishes to reform, to encourage him to base his reformation on false pretences. The truly penitent criminal should be willing to commence his career with a frank confession, while the knowledge of his past history would often be of great service to the culprit himself, by enabling his employer to choose with care the position most free from temptation and best suited to the applicant's character and aptitudes. This, in turn, brings up the question of the very natural unwillingness of most employers to have anything to do with those who have once fallen from rectitude. Very much more could be done in the way of reforming criminals if employers of labour, and indeed all other citizens were more willing, even at some little inconvenience and risk to themselves, to reach out a friendly hand to help the fallen up the steep to a life of industry and respectability. The Inspector above referred to declared himself to be a strong believer in the policy of prevention. His idea of prevention is that in order that crime may be kept within reasonable limits the criminal classes must be so treated as to inspire them with a wholesome dread of the law, and to give them to understand that, as they have set themselves up against the law and against society, so long as they continue in that course they have no rights that society or the authorities are bound to respect. This is well from the point of view of the officer of the law. But society has within its reach a better and more effective means of prevention. It is, we believe, beyond question that by far the worst and most hopeless criminals are those who have betaken themselves

to crime, not from choice, but from a kind of necessity imposed by the influence of environment, reinforcing, in many cases, that of heredity. The prevention in such cases must evidently be applied in the shape of radical change of surroundings, right training, including both mental and industrial education, and opportunity for honest work. Happily more is being done year by year in this direction by means of compulsory education, industrial schools, reformatories, etc. But the true preventive will not have been logically applied so long as any children are left to be brought up in an atmosphere of crime, and taught to regard respectable society as their common foe and their lawful prey. And just here arises a very important practical question, touching the character and influence of some of our so-called reformatories. Serious doubts are being hinted as to whether these are really worthy of the name, whether they are more or less than prisons for juveniles. Probably the report of the Prison Commission may throw light upon this most important matter.

SINCE the above was written the Report of the Prison Commission has come to hand. The importance of this Report, in view of its bearing upon the well-being of society and the nation, is such as may well warrant more than a single reference to its recommendations. For the present a few general observations must suffice. The Report very properly discriminates clearly between three distinct classes of persons, now too often thrown together with little attempt at classification in our public prisons, viz., juvenile offenders; paupers, lunatics and tramps; and confirmed criminals. It is, indeed, clear that a close and complete analysis would largely increase the number of these classes, as is virtually done to some extent in the Report. Paupers, lunatics and tramps, *e. g.*, are really three distinct sub-divisions of the one class, composed of adult inmates of prisons who have been guilty of no positive crime. Inebriates again are a sub-class of lunatics evidently requiring, as the Commissioners recommend, peculiar treatment. No other part of the Report compares in importance, in our estimation, with that which relates to the treatment of the many young who are just crossing the border land which separates a life of honest industry and respectability from one of crime and vice, with their faces turned in the wrong direction. As we have often had occasion to say, we know of nothing in the long records of negligence, incapacity or blundering that make up so large a part of the history of civil and social progress the direful results of which can be compared with those which are the outcome of our short-sighted, not to say imbecile, methods of dealing with children and youth of this class. Knowing as we all do how plastic is the young mind in the years during which the habits are becoming fixed and the character moulded and hardened into rigidity, what can be more utterly weak or wicked than that to leave them to themselves and to their evil associations, until they shall have actually committed some overt violation of law; then to be ruthlessly seized and thrown into prison, there too often to be schooled by the worst of criminals, and taught to regard crime as a profession, and its boldest perpetrators as heroes to be admired? If the means of prevention recommended by the Commissioners, such as, *e. g.*, keeping unguarded children off the streets after dark, and compulsory education, especially in industrial schools, were judiciously employed in accordance with some effective system, the work of reforming convicts would soon dwindle to comparatively small dimensions. If, again, when actual crime has been committed, the culprit were sent to a true reformatory instead of to prison, and always on an "indeterminate" sentence, it would be scarcely too much to predict that in a generation the percentage of confirmed criminals in the community would have fallen to one-fourth of its present figures. All questions concerning the right treatment of other classes of prison inmates combined, important as these unquestionably are in the case of each class, shrink into insignificance as compared with this problem of how to meet the foul streams at their source and turn them into pure and purifying channels. Comment on other questions and the recommendations of the Commissioners in regard to them must be reserved for another occasion.

SCIENCE has long been accustomed to regard friction as the one invincible and universal force which effectually obstructs and limits all devices for saving power in the running of machinery. Friction it is, we were taught in our school days, which makes the dream of perpetual motion a folly. But modern science and ingenuity have constantly overcome one difficulty after another in the

process of applying the forces of nature to practical uses, until at last, if the statements in a recent number of the *Washington Post* may be relied on, friction itself has been abolished and the way opened up to another development in the use of labour-saving machinery which bids fair to throw all its predecessors, with two or three great exceptions, into the shade. The invention consists in the use of hardened steel ball bearings for all wheels, pulleys, or revolving shafts.

"The pulleys," says the *Post*, "which have been in operation at the power house of the Washington and Georgetown Railroad Company for several weeks have demonstrated to the satisfaction of a great number of scientific and practical men, many of them attendants upon the late Patent Congress, and others of high and authoritative standing in the Government Departments, that the abolishment of friction, which has long been the dream of a multitude of original thinkers, is finally an accomplished fact. Two of the pulleys mentioned have been in use for three weeks, carrying the railway cable, requiring no attention, generating no heat, and performing their work admirably in all respects. Two other pulleys have been running for about ten days and twelve hours a day, merely for exhibition, one of which is driven with a thread of No. 200 spool cotton to a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute, without oil or any other lubricant and absolutely without heating; the plane surfaces that are exposed to the bearings and the bearings themselves being at no time raised above the normal temperature of cold steel. It is thus conclusively shown that where no heat is developed there is no friction, and if no friction there is no wear." We suppose the terms "no heat" and "no friction" are intended to be understood as at least slightly hyperbolic. The absolute destruction of friction is inconceivable, so long as the contact is kept up, whether at one point or a hundred. But it can well be believed that hardened ball bearings, presenting to a plane surface but one point of contact, may be, as claimed, practically indestructible by attrition. Certainly if the invention virtually annihilates friction, prevents heating and does away with the necessity for lubricating oils, there can be no limit to its applicability. The *Post* says that it has been already successfully introduced in the running gear of ordinary vehicles, to the great saving of horse-power and entire relief from the annoyance and unsightliness of the grease that is now the common disfigurement of carriage axles. But if available for carriages why not for railway engines and coaches, and a thousand other uses, with great saving of power and expense? We shall expect to hear more about this wonderful invention. It is in its favour, rather than otherwise, that the principle is so simple that a child may understand it, for that has been characteristic of most of the great inventions.

THOUGH the May-Day season did not pass without some serious conflicts in various cities on the continent of Europe, there were no indications of the concerted rising against the constituted authorities which were feared. Possibly the formidable precautions and the somewhat ostentatious displays of force made in so many places may have had much to do with the general preservation of the peace. Yet it is worthy of note and possibly instructive that in some places where there seems to have been less of such display of defensive forces, the telegrams say that the delegates from the workmen's societies preserved excellent order. Two facts in connection with these almost world-wide labour celebrations seem to us specially suggestive. In the first place the fact that in so many different places and nations the chief demand was for an eight-hour labour-day seems to indicate that the idea of limiting the hours of labour by law is spreading very rapidly. It seems in fact to be taking fast hold upon the minds of the workmen. That being the case it may be regarded as certain of being tried, especially in the more democratic countries, whether for good or ill. Perhaps, notwithstanding the opposition of many of the most intelligent friends of the labourer, and of not a few of the labourers themselves, it may be proved to be not so bad a thing after all. The working people who are being educated in the unions generally know what they want. Perhaps events may prove that they also know what they need, as they have sometimes done in the past, better than statesmen or philosophers can tell them. Another thing of great and far-reaching import is the fact that these labour movements are rapidly becoming to so great an extent international. When the day comes, and it seems to be drawing near, when the labouring classes in all the different nations of the civilized world have learned to pull together and work in harmony for the accomplishment of specific ends, a silent revolution will have been accomplished, the effects of which can scarcely be over-

estimated. National prejudices will be toned down. The patriotic passion may be expected to grow feeble or disappear. The labourer will begin to regard himself as a citizen of the world. Men who have worked in concert for years through their labour organizations will scarcely care to shoot each other down on the battle-field. The nations will be brought nearer together through the fraternizing of their working people. These conjectures may be but idle dreams. Be that as it may, we do not see how anyone can observe such tendencies without indulging in some very serious questionings as to what is to be the outcome of all these tendencies, and what their effect upon the constitution and workings of civil society.

OTTAWA LETTER.

IN these days of anticipatory journalism all the interest that used to attach to the opening of a new Parliament has disappeared. The constitutional doctrines crystallized in the quaint formulæ which culminate in the bows of Black Rod are mere caviare to the vulgar, and year by year the ceremonial observances lose something of their pristine effectiveness. To all intents and purposes the Ministry of the day might as well publish their *menu* beforehand, as is, indeed, semi-officially done in their party journals. It might even be made a much more impressive document than the extra of the *Canada Gazette*, which, but for the size of the Royal Arms and the nature of the phraseology, has little to distinguish it from the street-hawked "dodger" of a popular show. Everybody knows who the new Speakers will be, and exactly what will be said of them by the leaders of the Government and of the Opposition. So the proceedings of the first few days are of purely spectacular interest. On Wednesday last there was not much even of this. Clothed in scarlet and ermine, but attended only by a solitary aid-de-camp in sombre undress blue, instead of festal scarlet and gold, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court represented the Crown twice removed. When, speaking by the mouth of the Speaker of the Senate, the Deputy of the Governor-General had announced to the assembled Commons that he did not see fit at this time to declare the causes of the summoning of this Parliament until a Speaker of the House of Commons had been chosen according to law, but that to-morrow, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, they would be declared; the ceremony was over before the few spectators had quite realized that it had begun.

In the Senate a new Speaker presents himself full-robed, and informs the House of his appointment. His commission is then read and he is conducted to the chair at the foot of the Throne by a couple of Cabinet Ministers, preceded by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. In the quaint phrase of the Journals, the Mace, which before lay under the Table, was then laid upon the Table, and it was ordered that the said Mace be carried before His Honour. Thenceforth, during the pleasure of the Crown, he is simply *primus inter pares*, for, be it noted, unlike the Speaker of the lower House, he is not so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, but does on occasion join in debate and always votes, but has no casting vote, because an equality of voices in the Senate decides the question in the negative. With greater freedom of action he has less actual power than his colleague of the Commons, and only rules when appealed to on points of order, giving his opinion as a matter of guidance for the action of the House itself. Moreover the ever-recurrent "Mr. Speaker" of House of Commons oratory, who will remember things that happened before he was born, who is so omniscient that he need not be reminded of anything, and who fills up every gap of thought or language, is not for him; he is included among the "honourable gentlemen" who form a sort of republican peerage, theoretically, and much more practically than is usually thought, non-partisan. The Honourable Mr. Lacoste, who now fills the office, is a young Senator in both senses, being only forty-eight years old, and having been appointed in 1884, but he has long made his mark at the Quebec Bar, of which he has been the official head, and is now one of the leaders, and in politics both Provincial and Dominion. His present appointment is taken to indicate the continuing, perhaps increasing, influence of his friend, Mr. Chapleau. Personally his appearance is in contrast to the tall form of the last Speaker, the Honourable George Allan, and the heroic proportions of Sir David Macpherson, but by no means lacks dignity, and to an ability which guarantees weight in his decisions he unites a tact and *bonhomie* which will find its place out of the chair as well as in it, though in this respect he does but worthily follow its traditions.

In the Commons Sir John Macdonald in proposing Mr. Peter White of Renfrew as Speaker kept to the custom of saying not many things but much, and the general opinion is that nobody ever took the chair who more deserved that much. He sat for a short time in the Commons in 1874, was defeated in the election which followed his being unseated on petition, but since 1876 has been continuously in the House, and so is one of the now small band of Conservatives, outside the Ministerial benches, who have followed their leader through the tribulation of opposition to the triumphs of power. He has always been noted as "a sound man," speaking seldom but sure always of a hearing, well versed in procedure,

and untiring in the real work of Parliament in committees. In fact the idea that Mr. White is the making of a good Minister is thought to have occurred forcibly to others who have more to say to that than have his constituents, who sent a delegation to Sir John on the subject. But *tout vient à celui qui sait attendre*, and Mr. White is eminently a waiting man. Personally as well as in his qualifications for the duties of the chair, he will be a good successor of those who have gone before him. Who will be the Deputy Speaker has not at the time of this writing been announced, but it is generally supposed that as the unwritten law requires a French-Canadian, Dr. de Grandbois will be appointed as a concession to the claims of the Langevin wing of the French Conservatives, in offset to the choice made for Speaker of the Senate.

The great change in the complexion of the new House was very apparent on Wednesday, there being some eighty-five new members out of the total of 216. A few of these, however, have sat in Parliament before. Mr. Malcolm Cameron, M.P. for West Huron, will strengthen the Opposition, who have lost more of their best debaters in proportion than have the Government. Mr. Baker, of Missisquoi, made his mark on the Conservative side in the Provincial Cabinet and Legislature of Quebec. Messrs. Stairs and Kaulbach from Nova Scotia have been here before. And some, notably the redoubtable Mr. Tarte, have experience in journalism and Provincial politics.

One misses many familiar faces. Among the Ministers Mr. Carling has gone to the Senate and Mr. Colby has definitely retired. Three pre-Confederation veterans have left the Conservative ranks. Sir Adams Archibald, whose short reappearance in public life just served to recall his eminent services; Mr. Alonzo Wright, "the king of the Gatineau," whose annual speech was as marked a feature of every preceding House as were his portly form, genial face, impartiality of friendship and great hospitality; and Mr. Walter Shanly's tall, commanding form and deliberate accents will be missed; though he had been in the House only since 1885, he carried with him the prestige of long and distinguished public services and the manners of the old régime. The list of those who "came in with Sir John" in 1878 is dwindling fast. Mr. S. J. Dawson will no longer be heard on the Ontario Boundary Question; Mr. Rykert has departed, and his scrap-books will no longer menace men of short memory; Mr. Hesson's strident "hear, hear" will not resound to the irritation of philosophically minded politicians; Mr. Patterson, of Essex, is a distinct loss to his party both in debate and in influential counsel. On the Opposition side of course the first thing that strikes one is the absence of Mr. Blake. The stranger will no longer have pointed out to him the tired head resting on a pair of outstretched arms and almost lost under the historic slouch hat, the outward and only visible signs of the presence of "the melancholy Dane" of Canadian politics, and without the magic words, "Blake is up," a big debate will indeed be "Hamlet" with "Hamlet" left out. Mr. Alfred Jones, of Halifax, and bustling Mr. Weldon, of St. John, always to the fore with pertinent queries, are no longer in the familiar group at the Speaker's left. Mr. Casgrain's Vandylke beard and all-criticizing spectacles are missed from the front row farther down. Burly Mr. Cook is gone and with him great possibilities of vivacious interludes in the monotony of Committee of Supply, when reminiscences of the good old times between 1873 and 1878 would crop up. Mr. Sidney Fisher leaves to his opponents an easier path in temperance legislation and questions affecting the farmers. With him, too, has gone another of the few eligible bachelors, Mr. Ward of the Conservatives. Ottawa society, the Parliamentary cricket and hockey teams will miss them both as much as their respective parties will their services as whips. Mr. Holton's defeat leaves for the first time in many years the division list without a name which was respected in father and son alike by both sides.

Among the rank and file of both parties the roll shows many a gap, which the habitués of the galleries and committee rooms will take long to grow accustomed to, but the great "Third Party" has disappeared entirely. The striking personality, vigorous speech and timely influence of Mr. Mitchell will indeed be missed, and there is great regret, even amongst those whom he opposed, at his absence now after such a long and useful career.

On Thursday, a lovely summerlike day made an agreeable change from the ice and snow which usually characterize the formal opening of Parliament, and brought a great crowd of sightseers. Inside as well as outside the Senate Chamber the proceedings were unusually brilliant, but there was not much enthusiasm, and the loyal cheers that used to greet the Governor-General have become a mere recollection. Curiosity seems the main characteristic of an Ottawa crowd. The Governor General's Foot Guards turned out a smart guard of honour, and the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards an equally smart escort. The tall soldierly figure of the new Commander of the Militia, Major General Ivor Herbert, attracted a good deal of attention, and it was so evident his inspection of the guard was not perfunctory that hereafter the troops will know a compliment from him will have been deserved. The floor of the House and the Dress Gallery were filled with ladies. Some of the gowns were striking, and the general effect was good, but the lady readers of THE WEEK will have already had all the details of millinery at full length in the daily papers, which also have anticipated the often-described ceremonies of the opening.

It was perhaps not a portent that a tremendous storm



of wind and rain burst out of the cloud which darkened the House as the mover of the Address was making his speech, but it coincided curiously with the prevalent idea that this will be a hard fought session. There was even something in Mr. Laurier's badinage of the Government on the choice of the Speaker which suggested fight, and the rumours are that the Opposition mean to lose no opportunity of attack nor to spare themselves in any way. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the session might be shortened by an agreement between the rank and file of both sides to do no unnecessary speechmaking. This is said to be negotiating, but to accept its probability is making a great demand on the credulity of those who know the average legislator, above all the new member.

Talent is frequently enough seen in movers of the Address; but it is seldom that they make such a decided hit as Mr. Hazen, one of the new members for St. John, N.B., scored in matter, manner, delivery and appearance. There was no new feature in any of the speeches from the leaders, and everybody had quietly settled down to the prospect of perhaps a week's debate on the Address, a thing which hasn't happened for many years, when all at once the discussion ended, and with it any interest at present in the proceedings of the House. X.

### OUR RAILWAYS AND LEGISLATORS.

It is generally conceded in all countries where railways exist that they play a very important part, not only in the commercial, but in the political affairs of the country in which they happen to be; as corporations they have gradually become very powerful, and as they are continually requiring legislation of one kind or another, generally in the direction of getting greater power and more extended privileges, it can be easily understood that any influence they can possibly exert over the members of the legislature would be likely to render it less difficult for them to get what they want.

In countries such as Canada, when the railways receive so much public aid in the shape of bonuses and monetary assistance, it is of the greatest importance that the representatives of the people should be kept as free as possible from any influence that may be exerted on them by the railways when dealing with such matters.

At present the system seems to be to give each member a mileage allowance besides his regular pay; this is, of course, intended to pay his railway fare and if used for that purpose it would serve to keep the member free from any imputation of influence on that score, but it seems to be an undeniable fact that the vastly greater majority of the members accept free passes from the railways and thus become at once under a direct obligation to them, so that when any question comes before parliament in which railways are interested and which they either want to forward or oppose it becomes extremely difficult for men with railway free passes in their pockets to act perfectly independent no matter what the holder may think on the question, and even with the best of men it must of necessity prevent that freedom of action that might otherwise take place. There are some of the members who have on principle refused railway passes and who are therefore removed from this difficulty, and it is only to be regretted that this very wholesome rule is not followed by all; but human nature is human nature all the world over, and it is perhaps too much to expect from all, as to many it may be a matter of importance.

The question is how is this evil to be got rid of, and we see only one way of doing it: that is to make it compulsory for the railways to give to each member of parliament a pass, at least during the sitting of parliament, and to ministers of the Crown for the whole year. It may be said that this would be very unfair on the railways to make the giving of these passes compulsory; this might be the case if the railways received no privileges at the hands of the country, but when we consider that the legislation in favour of railways gives them powers enjoyed by no other corporations in the country, and besides this they have had direct money assistance to an amount of something over \$16,000 per mile of every mile of railroad in the Dominion, a sum more than enough to pay half the cost of building and equipping the railways of the country, if built on their fair cost, and to leave besides a good margin for contractors' profit. Taking these facts into consideration it does not seem to be at all unfair that the country should have some little say in the matter of railways; nor would it bear in any way either heavily or unfairly on the railways to be obliged to grant the passes spoken of more particularly as the railways at the present time grant the greater part of what they would under the proposed system be obliged to concede the loss to the railways would be very slight indeed, but the gain to the country would undoubtedly be great in the increased independence of the members of parliament.

Having thus far dealt with the question of passes, it may be said: but what are you going to do with the members' mileage indemnity? To this we would answer we do not intend to propose any change in this particular, and for the following reason: The present indemnity of the member, being one of mileage, is given in proportion to the distance the member lives from the seat of Government. Let the indemnity stand as it is, and as a recompense for the loss of time entailed in going to and from the sittings of the House, and including adjournments, those being farthest away, of course, getting the larger sum. This would make it fair and leave the indemnity as

it is. There can, we think, be no reasonable doubt that some change, such as is here suggested, would be of value to the country, and we trust now that the legislature is in session that some move may be made in this direction.

CANADIAN.

### THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH CLUB.

THE account in this column of a meeting of this circle some time ago having excited some interest, I give the following report of another which has been handed me. The topic of the evening was introduced by a young English manufacturer who said:—

"It is the question of tax exemptions that we are to examine. Well, gentlemen, let us get to our topic and leave the Jesuits for another evening. Our time will all be needed for the discussion of the night, 'Ought properties to be exempt from taxation.' For convenience I propose to limit the subject; if you disagree check me as I advance. Exemptions as far as I can find out are of four varieties. 1st. Government properties—Civic, Dominion and Provincial. I think we will agree that to exempt these is natural enough. 2nd. Public School property. 3rd. Certain railways and specially bonused properties; these are usually exempted only for a term of years by vote of the Council and in return for what they consider value received. The toll of exempted properties is made up of those belonging to the Fabrique, and those belonging to benevolent and private educational institutions. Around these I think our discussion will centre."

"Can you give us an idea of the value of exempted properties in Montreal," enquired a member.

"About twenty millions according to the assessment roll; eight millions are Government and Municipal property; nine hundred thousand is in special business exemptions, and the remainder, a little over eleven millions, represents the church and institute property."

"It is a significant fact," broke in another, "that the Protestant community, though representing only one-quarter of the population, are charged with one-third of the exemptions. We usually consider the Roman Catholics to be the most heavily taxed for religious purposes; on the contrary, taken per capita, it is the Protestant."

"Then there is about ten millions of property held by Fabrique and benevolent institutions," said the original speaker, "but if we can judge from special instances that have come under our own notice this does not represent more than half the real value of these properties."

"Very well, for sake of argument, if you will, call it twenty millions," said our Ultramontane representative, speaking for the first time. "I should like to know how the Protestant denominations feel about taxing their share; can you inform me?"

"Protestant opinion has not been so clearly enunciated on this point as Catholic. Archbishop Fabre in his mandament, supported by all the other bishops, has declared against taxation of church property. For our part we think the Episcopalians would prefer things as they are, the Baptists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians would mostly prefer to pay taxes on their church property, provided all were made to pay alike."

"Well, opinion is equally divided with us," broke in a French Liberal member of the group. "I for one am against religious exemptions and I know that many another among my French Catholic friends think as I do."

"I notice a new law just passed in Massachusetts," said our American member; "it provides that churches of a value over \$50,000 shall be taxed like any real estate. That appears to me quite just; if you want a church for ordinary purposes of worship you do not have to pay taxes on it; if, however, you want such a luxury in church construction as the new ten-million-dollar Episcopal cathedral they are constructing in New York, you ought to pay for it."

"Right there I differ from you very materially," said Ultramontane. "To the ears of a good Catholic your words sound sacrilegious. You Protestants consider your churches only as meeting places where you assemble to hear sermons. You hold the church building to be the property of a joint stock company composed of the church membership; there is nothing about the ownership that differs from that of any other property held by a group of individuals. With the Catholics the case is quite different. We believe, like the Israelites with their tabernacle, that the actual presence of Jehovah dwells in our churches after dedication. No church can be ever dedicated unless free from debt, and then it is given to God by solemn sacraments and ceases to be the property of man. Believing it to be for the use of God, we Catholics feel that no effort, however costly, can be too extravagant or too magnificent. Hence we strain every nerve to make our churches the finest buildings in the land."

"I also claim that the church is an instrument of public good from a moral point of view, and is entitled to some consideration on this score."

"Well, granting you exemption for the churches, how about these enormous institutions that fill our city, ought they to be exempted?"

"They fall naturally into two classes—benevolent institutions and schools. I think the former deserve exemption in return for the services they render. It is there our sick are nursed, our blind and lame are cared for, our poor and aged supported. And as to schools, it would cost far more to educate the children from the

public purse than it does in the Christian Brothers' schools and similar institutions. Nearly every convent educates large numbers gratuitously. To tax schools, in which the teachers work for no pay, and do the work of the state for nothing, would be very ungenerous treatment."

"But do not the religious communities in many instances practise trades to the detriment of lay workers outside?"

"Not very extensively and when it is done it is for the public good. The Providence makes drugs and compounds medicines, but it distributes gratuitously to those who are unable to pay for them. The Bon Pasteur has a laundry, but no one will begrudge the living to the Madelaines that secures them a safe retreat. The Christian Brothers print books, but while they sell them to those who can pay, they give away all the profits by supplying books to those who cannot."

"According to an article in the November *Forum* by Blackburne Harte," says the manufacturer, "a great part of the religious property lies in the heart of the city, paying a revenue to its owners like ordinary property, but not liable to taxation. Is this fair?"

"Certainly not, if true," replied a Protestant business man. "I looked up that point for my own satisfaction and found that the Seminary of Montreal alone paid \$10,314 in taxes on property last year. The Hotel Dieu \$5,980.60 and Leveché \$2,566.80. These taxes are paid on rented properties. If a store is occupied by a tenant he pays it, if unoccupied it comes back on the institution as on any landlord."

"This introduces another line of argument," says our business man. "We might not object to small portions of property being exempted, but when a religious corporation like the Sulpicians can pay taxes as a landlord on a million dollars' worth of property it alters the case. Why Catholic authorities themselves acknowledge that the Sulpicians are richer than the Bank of Montreal. This is the most powerful financial organization in the Province of Quebec. A powerful religious body that came here at the foundation of the city, that knows no hard times, that always has ready money at its disposal to acquire valuable properties and hold them, without expense, for an indefinite period. That as landlord and banker derives an enormous revenue, such an institution I say ought to do something more for the general good. Why the priests' farms, according to the civic list, holds \$164,000 in vacant land, lying idle and causing land values in all that vicinity to be excessively high, by producing an unnatural scarcity of transferable land."

"In reply to this," says Ultramontane, "I hold that the Sulpicians for instance are worthy of great consideration. They it was who first founded Montreal. The land they hold on the Mountain side they defended for centuries, against Indians, at the peril of their lives. They have become wealthy as any one else, by waiting. Why not declare against the wealth that has come to the old New York families by the lucky accident of having inherited it?"

"I see, gentlemen, that we will never agree" said the first speaker; "however we have all learned a great deal from the views and arguments of one another. For my part I am willing to exempt church edifices, also benevolent institutions and schools where it can be proven that they return an equivalent for value received. As long as religious institutions confine themselves to a strict pursuance of the lines of action to which they were intended I shall not object, but I do feel that some legislation should be enacted that would reach these wealthy institutions in their capacities as bankers, landlords and real estate speculators that would put them on a fair footing of equality with their secular competitors. 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but unto God the things which are God's.'"

ALCHEMIST.

### THE ETHICAL TEACHING OF WORDSWORTH.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares;  
The poets who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth, and pure delight by heavenly lays!

—Wordsworth.

THERE are many persons to whom Wordsworth is a closed book; the circumstances of their life hide from them any message he may have to deliver; his truths do not affect them, and will always remain ineffective. Wordsworth's poetry is saturated with the spirit of unworldliness; he draws his strength from a power to which a large proportion of humanity have access, but from which so few choose to gather strength. The mighty power of nature has encircled the genius of Wordsworth. It is, therefore, by no means strange that lovers of the unnatural and of the artificial—those who are thrown into the midst of the glitter and glamour of the world—should find this great poet dull.

De Quincey has said: "Wordsworth is peculiarly the poet of the solitary and the meditative." To a large extent this is true; but we venture to think that he is equally the poet for whom the busy man placed in continuous contact with a noisy world may be grateful.

Our gratitude to Wordsworth should be great. It should be great for many things, but chiefly for the fact that he has taught us to see in Nature a consoling force—a power producing inward strength; and has, moreover,

taught us to look away from the turmoil of modern life to the higher realities of joy :—

The world is too much with us ; late and soon  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,  
Little we see in nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon !  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;  
For this, for everything we are out of tune ;  
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

In a letter to Lady Beaumont, Wordsworth writes :  
"It is an awful truth that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world ; among those who either are, or are striving to made themselves, people of consideration in society."

Wordsworth seems to have caught so high an ideal of the essential value of poetry, and of the lofty sacredness of the poet's office, that his writing in such a strain becomes perfectly clear to us, when we know how strong his convictions were, and how deep his feelings with regard to the influence of poetry upon character and life. What does he tell us is the office of his own poems. They are "To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and to feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and serenely virtuous."

The question may be asked "to how large an extent does Wordsworth pourtray one of the features of our own age?" when he says

The wealthiest man among us is the best ;  
No grandeur now in Nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense—  
This is idolatory, and these we adore ;  
Plain living and high thinking are no more.

If these words were true at the time they were written, they are, we venture to think, to a large extent true to-day ; but with this exception, had it not been for Wordsworth's message of "plain living and high thinking," we should not have had to-day those who have felt the effect of his message and have also acted upon it.

There is a danger of thinking that the modern love of wealth and of the pleasures and vanities of the world is the chief characteristic of the nineteenth century, but we must not forget that in strong contrast we can place the increased interest in social questions, the larger feeling of brotherhood, and the lives of unselfish men and women, whose thoughts are high and generous, whose living is plain and simple.

Plain living and high thinking is the key note of this poet's life—a life of the greatest simplicity, and the life of one who always acted up to what he preached.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has finely said of Wordsworth's poetry that it is great "because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in Nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties, and because of the extraordinary power with which in case after case he shows us this joy and renders it so as to make us share it."

Do we not feel this great joy thrill through us, and do we not truly share it with him while reading those exquisite "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey"? Listen to the oft-repeated but glorious words :—

For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The sad still music of humanity  
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

No poet more persistently preaches to us the value of quiet work, as a contrast to the uselessness of babble and noise ; no poet impresses upon us more fervently the high importance of thoughtful meditation. He has shown us what best helps us when harassed and perplexed. He has shown us wherein lie the deepest sources of pleasure in one of the sonnets, under the heading "Personal Talk" :—

Wings have we—and as far as we can go  
We may find pleasure ; wilderness and wood,  
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood  
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.  
Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books we know  
Are a substantial world both pure and good—  
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

One can readily understand how Wordsworth's ideas and ethical teaching come into touch with so few. What he offers is still to a large majority of the members of modern society what would be designated "namby pamby and mawkish." In his own day we know how flat his message fell, and how he was laughed at and scorned by the fashionable world ; how bravely he kept to his high ideal we all know. He felt that he was right, and the world at last recognized that he was. We venture to think that the teaching of Wordsworth is as much needed to-day as it was at the time he wrote. One of the best signs of the modern world is the growing desire among young and ardent minds for a nobler, wider and higher culture, and to whom is this due but to such as Words-

worth and Goethe. These two great men both illustrate in their own lives the enormous value of a cultured intellect, and they show what its effect is upon a world of mere materialism.

In Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior" we have an illustration of the intrinsic value of a high ideal and a warm enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which burns steadily and continuously. He speaks of him :—

Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace.

We feel that Wordsworth is certainly one of the noblest inspirers to culture ; but he is even more than this, he is an inspirer to duty. Sir Henry Taylor has remarked that the "Ode to Duty" is filled with this thought : "Genial virtue falling back upon severe virtue for support."

All true lovers of Wordsworth, those who have found in him a solace in times of despondency, will remember the following lines :—

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
Oh ! let my weakness have an end !  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
The confidence of reason give,  
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live.

We thus see that Wordsworth is not alone the poet of Nature, he is even more the poet of man ; he has entered into the deepest thoughts of this mysterious human life of ours ; he has blended together man and nature, and has shown that in the highest sense they cannot be separated. He tells us

The power  
Of nature, by the gentle agency  
Of natural objects led me on to feel  
For passions that were not my own, and think  
On man, the heart of man and human life.

"The similarity of Wordsworth to Plato" has been pointed out by a very delightful critic, Mr. Aubrey de Vere. He does not feel "that Wordsworth consciously Platonized" but points out that on the contrary it is not likely that he ever read the Dialogues. What has therefore been called the Platonism of Wordsworth is seen in that immortal ode, perhaps the finest ode in the English language, "The Intimations of Immortality."

Readers of Wordsworth will be familiar with the following passage where the old Platonic doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul is beautifully expressed :—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy ;  
The youth, who daily farther from the last  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the Man perceives it die away  
And fade into the light of common day.

We can only again repeat that Wordsworth will always be the poet of the few ; those who have been prepared for his teaching ; whose experience of life has led them into his sanctuary to find rest and peace. "This Chartreuse of Wordsworth," says Mr. James Russell Lowell, "dedicated to the Genius of Solitude, will allure to its imperturbable calm the finer natures and the more highly tempered intellects of every generation so long as man has any intuition of what is most sacred in his own emotions and sympathies, or of whatever in outward nature is most capable of awakening them and making them operative, whether to console or strengthen, and over the entrance gate to that purifying seclusion shall be inscribed :—

Minds innocent and quiet take  
This for an hermitage."

May we all find in the ethical teaching of this great soul not only quiet rest and solace, but an inward inspiration in the smoke of the world's battle ; an inspiration of such force and durability that our gratitude to him may grow deeper and deeper the more we turn to him as a friend and teacher.

CHARLES F. NEWCOMBE.

Toronto.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Miners' Congress has roused and alarmed public opinion. It has brought the social problem within measurable distance of action, and, perhaps, within sight of its goal. If the colliers of England and the Continent can unite, and possess funds in advance to support themselves during a strike of six or eight weeks, they can dictate their terms. The English delegates have inculcated the necessity of prudence, discipline and preparedness on the part of their continental colleagues, who are backward in these strategic virtues. The Congress has been an immense advance-stride for the labour classes in general and the miners in particular, whose interests are passing out of the flux into the fusion stage. The general strike is accepted as the crucial weapon to employ if parliamentary means fail to secure the eight hours working day. Opinion would make a great error to conclude that the

social movement embodied in the Miners' Congress will collapse from national jealousies and temperament divergencies. That would form a weak reed for capital and employers to lean upon. The banding of the labour masses has an individual, class and professional end—shorter work hours and ultimately a fairer division of labour gains. The development of the fact may vary, following country and work, but the goal is concrete and common.

A quarter of a century ago the Internationalization of the Working Classes was based on sentiment and hollow phrases. Now society is in presence of more than the embryonic stage of the fusion of international trades to culminate in a commonwealth federation. The late Miners' Congress is but the opening step of that coming internationalization of the industries. Governments cannot repress its march ; but they might do much to keep the river in its bed, and regulate its torrential flow. The workers cannot be prevented from allying, and they cannot be compelled to work. And that human toil-river, that movement, will acquire volume and velocity in proportion as its elements abstain from all violence, eschew anarchic counsels, and depend solely on themselves. It was by inoculating the Continental representatives with these truths that the English delegates have scored a triumph and advanced the grave common cause.

General Bogus-lauski has not less astonished his own countrymen than he has France, by the assertion that the latter, with a smaller population—38,000,000 against 47,000,000—than Germany, is yet able to have more soldiers in time of peace—557,000 as compared with 507,000. The General demands obligatory military service of two years, so as to have 800,000 soldiers for *Dei Wacht am Rhein*. Why not keep every able-bodied male in both realms under arms, having, like the Jews when building their abiding city, a weapon in one hand while pursuing their ordinary avocations with the other? Then the force of bloated armaments could no further go. May the General's war-whoop resemble the first half of his name.

The Oriental voyage of the Czarewitch, according to letters received here, has impressed him with the profound truths that the greatness of a nation lies in its commerce and industry, and that mutual money-making is the best bond of unity between peoples. May these ideas never quit him. Though not of the herculean Romanoff build, like his father and uncles, he is not exactly a delicate young man. He has had the advantage of being reared more according to the Spartan than the coddling standard. At nine years of age he was allotted an English and a French tutor, who had charge of the heir apparent on alternate days—a plan common with the Russian aristocracy for educating their sons, colloquially, in modern languages. He passed his vacations with his military governor, General Danilovitch, visiting all the patriotic sanctums of Russia ; imbibing religion and nationalism at the same time. At twelve years of age the Czarewitch relinquished Latin and Greek for the natural sciences, the latter being historically favourites with the Imperial family. The last stage of his education comprised legislation, political economy, military strategy, human anatomy—not very indirectly related with soldiering and hygiene. He passed nearly five years under the flag, serving in the cavalry, artillery and infantry. His mother, who in tastes is identical with her sister, the Princess of Wales, has only one ambition for her eldest son—but deemed politically impossible—to marry him to one of her nieces.

The religious world was startled a few mornings ago by the announcement that the "Père Didon," the celebrated monk, preacher and writer, had "sold off his stud of thirty-seven horses," and retired from ring life. The "devil," always a foe to the clergy, misprinted the padre for M. "Pierre Donon."

As was expected, Prince Louis Napoleon, the heir under his father's will, has no taste for politics. He hands these over to his brother, Victor, and Paul de Cassagnac. He will only take his rightful share of the patrimony, and then rejoin his regiment of Russian dragoons. It is said that he is likely to wed the daughter and heiress of a wealthy Russian nobleman, and proprietor of the largest oil springs in the Caucasus. Sagacity has not deserted all the Bonapartists.

It is calculated that 250 picture shows are held annually in Paris. Judge of the difficulty to find something new in the matter of an Art Exhibition, the supplying of the inevitable long-felt want. The Brush and Pen (Poil et Plume) Society has struck out an original idea, that of collecting the pastime sketches in water colour, chalk, pen and ink, engraving, sculpture, etc., of distinguished litterateurs, living and dead. The show embraces real talent, though partaking of the bizarre the Incoherents and the Impressionists. There are designs by Victor Hugo, wild and proud and summit sites of castles like eagles' nests lashed by storm-drifting clouds. In contrast is the beautiful female head—a blonde with blue eyes, by Théophile Gautier, the poet-prose writer—all harmony. There are several happy water colours by Jules de Goncourt ; caricatures and sketches by Alfred de Musset. In the "Luxembourg" section all is actuality, smile and laughter-provoking ; wit, scattered broad cast by pen, brush and pencil. Victor Sardou contributes the decoration for an Egyptian door ; Arsène Houssaye, several heads of ladies, very beautiful productions ; he is the author too that has best described what passes inside the heads of the fair sex. "Gyp," the Comtesse de Martel—and a descendant in right line from Mirabeau—the most racy authoress of current personages typical of the manners and intrigues of our time, exhibits statuary and

drawings—both good. The show is a feast alike for the head and the eyes.

Good times coming; a show of newspapers will be opened in May in the Champs de Mars, along with a collection of pictorial posters—the latter will have no connection with the *Salon* adjoining. Are the journals to be classed by broadness of sheet, nationality, date of birth, or greatness of circulation? The organizers are at loggerheads on these points. They applied to the Chinese Legation for files of the *Pekin Gazette*—that Adam and Eve of all newspapers. General Tcheng-Ki-Tong replied that the collection dates back to 2,000 years, "or a little more," and that they would require to freight a ship to bring them.

A "Human Race" show is to be held in Paris in 1892. Deputy Lockroy, Victor Hugo's half-son-in-law, being the president. The committee will defray all expenses, feed and clothe the exhibits. Why not an exhibition of great-grandfathers and babies too? Z.

### THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF INNISCO.

#### HE DIETH.

A WAIL is rising from the valley; as it rises and ascends the mountains it swells louder and louder.  
All voices of Nature awake and echo the lament.  
The wooded mountain slopes join in the wailing chorus;  
The night winds moan sadly through the dark pine trees;  
The flitting shenas raise their cry, poom-pa-poom-poom;  
The enchechim, list'ning in his lair, howls in concert.  
What says the shena in the gloomy woods?  
What answereth his mate in the valley, as she watcheth on the highest pole of Innisco's lodge?  
Poom-pa-poom-poom! Hearken, the shena in the woods is saying, "I come for you, for you,"  
And his mate in the valley repeats, "I come for you, for you."  
The Indians collected round Innisco's lodge are singing a low, wailing chant:  
"He is going, he is going, the brave, the mighty is going from among us;  
Out whither his father went, is he going.  
No more, no more shall our mighty hunter go forth with his arrows and his bow;  
No more, no more shall he pursue the great callouna to his den;  
No more, no more shall his gleaming arrow cleave the air as it wingeth its way to the callouna's heart;  
No more, no more shall his knife be reddened with its life blood;  
No more shall he bring home the spoils to feast his children and make a soft bed for the stranger guest.  
The grizzly may roam free and her cubs may frolic round her,  
For he who slew them departeth, and our mighty hunter goeth forth to hunt in a land we know not.  
The stranger guest, when he cometh, who shall make him a soft bed? Who shall feed him with game?  
For he whose heart warmed towards him will soon be cold.  
Innisco! ah, Innisco! why leav'st thou thy children?  
What saith thy sister? What saith the wise woman, Cumme-tat-co?  
"Bring hither the pinto mare, bring hither the steed most loved by Innisco.  
Bind on her back Innisco's saddle, put a bridle in her mouth, even the bridle of my brother Innisco.  
Take good heed that the reins hang loose.  
Tie fast her colt near the lodge of Innisco.  
Lead forth the mare, lead her forth and let her go free;  
If she travel up the valley, toward the sunrise, then will Innisco live;  
If she goeth down the valley, toward the sunset, Innisco dieth with the sun.  
Haste, haste; lead forth the mare, lead her forth!"  
The mare is led forth, the saddle girthed on,  
The bridle of Innisco is put in her mouth,  
The colt is tied fast to the dying chief's lodge;  
Kiwas leadeth her on to the road.  
Alas! alas! she turneth down the valley, she followeth the darkness!  
Innisco! ah, Innisco! mighty hunter, never again shalt thou bend thy bow;  
Never again shall thy arrows wing the air;  
In silence shall they lie by thy side.  
And thou, mighty hunter, cold in the dust shalt thou lie!  
Innisco! ah, Innisco! why leav'st thou thy children?

Who cometh riding up from the gloom of the night?  
His horse reeketh and snorteth forth volumes of steam.  
"Whence comest thou, Oh rider of the night;  
Whence comest thou from out the darkness?"  
"I come from the Loo-loo-hoo-loo, from whence the ground soundeth hollow under my horse's hoofs;  
From the strange place, the place of many wonders,  
Hard have I ridden and weary is my horse;  
His sides heave, and the foam flieth from his mouth like snow-flakes on the wind.  
To save Innisco have I come; to wrestle with the evil spirit that hath fastened on his vitals and devoureth his life.  
I will wrestle, and if I prevail he shall flee and Innisco shall recover.  
Strong am I, and of great power;  
Bring forth the chief, bring forth the mighty hunter,

The slayer of bears; bring him forth, even on the couch whereon he lieth."

What saith Sinse, what saith the mighty Medicine Man?  
"Bring him forth, bear him gently, lay him near the fire;  
Pile on the pitch-wood, make it blaze, make the darkness light."

What strange being appeareth? It hath the beak of an eagle, it hath the claws of a bear;  
Round its body is the hide of a buffalo,  
Round its neck is a necklet of dried toads;  
Its waist is girt with a dead rattlesnake.  
Who is it? What is it?  
It is Sinse, the great Medicine Man.  
With the eagle's beak will he peck out the eyes of the

Evil One;  
With the bear's claws will he tear him;  
With the dried toads will he make him groan;  
With the dead rattlesnake will he cause him great anguish.

Who is so strong to fight with the Foul One as Sinse the the wise one, the strong one, the great Medicine Man?  
See, see how he danceth! Hearken to the song he singeth  
As he draweth the Foul One—the Evil One from Innisco!  
"Hither, come hither thou Evil One that draweth the life from Innisco;

Hither, come hither thou Foul One and fight with me, even with Sinse;

I, Sinse, the Medicine Man, defy thee!  
Come, come let us wrestle—Innisco is the prize!"  
See, see how Sinse danceth; list, list how he singeth;  
Ha, ha!—he draweth the Foul One, the Evil One from Innisco;

Ha, ha!—he lureth him on to the fight.  
As the Evil One relinquisheth his hold, Innisco sitteth upright,

And, with starting eyes, watcheth the conflict.  
See, see how they struggle!

Round and round they reel—how they stagger!

Over and over they roll on the ground,  
Sinse the strong one, and the Evil One.

How hard they battle together!

Sinse pecketh him with the eagle beak

And teareth him with the bear claws,

He groaneth for the dead toads,

He suffereth anguish for the rattlesnake.

But vain, vain, all is in vain;

He (the Evil One) is too strong for Sinse, the mighty Medicine Man.

He seizeth Sinse by the throat, they struggle, they wrestle;

Sinse, the strong one, grows weak and weaker—

He reels, he struggles—ah!—ah!—he falls!

Senseless he falls to the ground.

The Evil One darteth back to Innisco and fasteneth on him again.

Innisco falleth back as one dead!

Wail, Cummetatco! Wail, Pilehatco! Lament for thy brother.

See, see the sun riseth!—it riseth, but never more shall Innisco see it rise; when it dieth he shall die.

See, see Sinse riseth; hear, hear his words of anguish:

"Hard have I fought with the Evil One;

Long, long have I fought, but my strength hath failed;

He (the Foul One) is mightier than I.

Lo! am I vanquished—Innisco dieth with the sun."

Gather in the horses, send off the messengers,

Even the messengers of death.

Let them ride up the valley and down the valley,

Hither and thither, seeking the kinsmen of Innisco.

Bid them say: "He is dying, he is dead; with the sun he dieth. Come, ye feast at his funeral;

Lay him in the earth with many sighs.

Cummetatco bids you come, Pilehatco bids you come;

They make ready the feast even now."

Haste, Kiwas! Haste, Lucca! Haste, Oula! Haste, Yahoolla!

Mount, mount and ride swiftly; slack not your speed,

Draw not your bridle till all are warned, till all are bidden.

Ah, how they fly up the valley, down the valley, hither and thither!

Bring in wood from the forest; more, bring in more;

Hew down the pitch-pine to make a great blaze.

Bring in much game—prepare, prepare!

See, see the sun declineth; breatheth the mighty hunter yet?

Ah, he breatheth; still he liveth!

Throw a buffalo robe over him—cover up his head with the robe—

For his sister, the wise woman Cummetatco, hath said:

"He dieth with the sun."

Sinse, the mighty Medicine Man, hath said:

"He dieth with the sun."

See, see, he moveth, he struggleth;

Pile more robes over him—more, more;

It is meet ye watch his last struggle with the Evil One.

More robes—pile on more.

See, see the sun sinketh lower and lower.

Wail, children of Innisco, wail; the sun hath set, he is dead!

Shear your locks, ye children of Innisco;

Shear your long tresses, Cummetatco and Pilehatco,

Ye sisters of the mighty hunter;

Blacken your faces that they may reflect the darkness of your hearts;

Shear your tresses, wail and lament.

#### THE MOURNERS COME.

Fast are they coming, they are coming from up the valley,  
They are coming from down the valley, from hither and thither;  
From over the mountain are they coming, the kinsmen of Innisco.

Wherefore come ye in such hot haste;  
Wherefore ride ye in the night, ye kinsmen of Innisco?  
"We were bidden to the feast, even the last feast  
Of our mighty hunter, were we bidden.  
We were bidden come to lay him to rest with many sighs;  
To mourn with Cummetatco, to mourn with Pilehatco, have we come."

Kindle many fires, pile on the pitch-wood,  
Make the darkness light!  
Spread out the feast, the feast for the kinsmen of Innisco;  
Bring forth the corpse, aye, bring forth the mighty hunter  
Even on the couch whereon he lieth; bring him forth to share the feast!

Why liest thou so still, Oh mighty chief, why liest thou so still?

Calm is thy brow and steadfast, still is thy breast and silent is thy tongue;

Thy buckskin shirt is rich with beads of many colours,  
Thy robes are soft and warm, yet art thou ice cold, Oh mighty chief!

Thy feet are cased in moccasins embroidered with the quills of the porcupine,

Yet standeth thou not on thy feet!

See, see thy friends feast, they make merry till sunrise;

And thy portion of the feast, mighty chief,

The flames devour it, the fire consumes it.

Bring gifts, bring offerings to the mighty chief;  
Cast them in the fire, cast them in the bright blaze.

Lead out the horses of Innisco, lead them round the corpse;

Lead them again, and yet again.

Speak, Cummetatco! Speak, Pilehatco! Ye sisters of the mighty chief.

Who shall ride Innisco's horses?

"Let Kiwas take ten, let Catla take ten,

Let the rest be driven out into the darkness;

Let the kinsmen of Innisco take lassoes,

Let them pursue them through the darkness;

That which they capture, let them keep. Haste, haste ere the day dawneth!

Ah!—the sun riseth; wail, wail and lament."

#### THE BURIAL.

Dig deep the grave, dig deep the dark and silent house;  
Lift the chief gently, lay him therein;

Lay his bow and arrows at his feet, place his knife in his hand;

Bring more gifts, throw them in, lay a robe over all;

Throw on the earth, cover him up;

Pile up stones—aye, raise a high pile.

What saith Sinse—what saith the mighty Medicine Man:

"Let not the synkeliss howl over him,

Let not the scalloola hover near him;

In peace let the mighty hunter rest, but with us sorrow abideth."

#### INNISCO'S SPIRIT IS DISTURBED.

Thrice hath the snow whitened the grave of the mighty chief,

Thrice hath it melted and sunk into the earth,  
Thrice hath the service-berry ripened beneath the summer sun,

Thrice hath the Indian gathered in his harvest;  
Happy and contented hath he been.

But now what cloud ariseth to dim his joy?

Why whispereth Oula, why shuddereth Cummetatco,

Why trembleth Pilehatco, as they gaze at the

Slender crescent of the new moon?

Hearken! Oula whispereth: "Last night it rose,

I saw it rise, even from out the grave of Innisco

Came a tall, gaunt thing—a form, a frightful form.

It twirled and it whirled, round and round;

With sighs and lamentable cries it glided up the valley.

From out the sockets of its sightless eyes

There gleamed a fearful light;

From its horrible fleshless jaws went out fire and smoke,

And fear dried up my blood; my heart fluttered as the

heart of a snared bird;

My life went out, and for a time I died.

When I lived again, it was gone."

Nay, nay my Oula, thou didst dream,

And when thou didst waken, lo—thy dream had vanished!

Laid we not Innisco to rest with sighs and many tears?

List, list Cummetatco; list, list Pilehatco!

What meaneth that knocking against the wall of thy

lodge?

What fearest thou, Oula, it is naught but the wood-pecker

seeking his food.

List, list Pilehatco! What meaneth that scratching—that

rustling?

What fearest thou, Oula, 'tis naught but the wood-rat

seeking his food.

Why croucheth Oula so close to the ground?

It cometh! It cometh!

It cometh—that form so awesome, so loathsome;



MAY 8th, 1891.]

It beareth the foul odour of the charnel house in its mouldering robes.  
 Ah, those eyes of horror—that breath of flame!  
 Whence comest thou, Oh visitant from another world?  
 Wherefore art thou disquieted, Oh mighty chief?  
 Why fittest thou through the midnight gloom?  
 Wherefore seekest thou the abode of men,  
 Thou that art of another world?  
 Nay, nay, threaten us not with thy wrath,  
 Show us what disquieted thee.  
 Send for Sinse, the wise one, the strong one;  
 Send for Sinse, the wise Medicine Man.  
 What wouldst thou, Cummetatco? What wouldst thou,  
 Pilehatco?  
 Ye sisters of Innisco, what would you with Sinse, the  
 Medicine Man?  
 Spread out thy mat, whereunto ye beguile alike the spirits  
 of the living and the dead;  
 Spread out thy mat, Oh Medicine Man!  
 Whence cometh this strange being? 'Tis not a man, 'tis  
 not a grizzly!  
 Yet hath it the head and skin of a grizzly,  
 It hath the feet and arms of a man.  
 Who art thou, Oh strange being; whence comest thou?  
 It is Sinse, the Medicine Man, the wise one, the strong  
 one;  
 See, see how he danceth—list, list how he singeth!  
 List, list to the song of Sinse, the mighty Medicine Man:  
 "Nearer, nearer, draw ye nearer;  
 Wandering spirit, draw ye nearer.  
 Mighty chief, what grief hath raised thee?  
 Why hast left the silent tomb,  
 Where, with many sighs, we laid thee,  
 Sad beneath the crescent moon?  
 Wherefore is thy rest disturbed, mighty hunter?  
 Thy shade wandereth alone, perturbed,  
 From the grave our hands had made.  
 Hither, hither, come ye hither,  
 We thine anger would appease;  
 Tell thy grief in voiceless language,  
 Like the whispering of the breeze."  
 Who so strong as Sinse, the wise one, to battle with the  
 spirits of the dead.  
 See, see how he draweth it nearer and nearer;  
 See, see he lureth it on to the mat!  
 Oh, how they struggle—Sinse, the wise one, and the shade  
 of Innisco!  
 Sinse draweth him as a bird is snared with a noose round  
 his neck;  
 Even as a snared bird he cometh, nearer and nearer.  
 Ha, ha!—he is safe on the mat—the mat wherefrom no  
 spirit escapeth.  
 Why dancest thou round, mighty Medicine Man;  
 Why singest thou sadly and low?  
 "I talk with a spirit departed; the shade of Innisco, the  
 chief;  
 He answers in language that's voiceless, and this is the  
 answer he giveth:  
 "In the ground am I laid and forgotten,  
 My memory and flesh have decayed;  
 Because I am not, none thinketh of me.  
 Other men ride my horses and saddles;  
 My dogs follow other men to the chase;  
 My sisters have ceased to lament me."  
 What wouldst thou, Oh shade of the departed,  
 What wouldst thou with Cummetatco and Pilehatco, thy  
 sisters?  
 Never have they ceased to lament thee; thou hast but to  
 say, and 'tis done.  
 "My robes are all musty and mouldy  
 With the must and the mould of decay,  
 No feast has been held in my honour.  
 See thou the wrong righted,  
 For thou wert ever my friend."

## THE FEAST OF THE DEAD.

Gather in the horses, send forth the messengers;  
 Let them bid the kinsmen of Innisco to the feast, even  
 the feast in honour of Innisco.  
 Let them bring offerings and many gifts;  
 Let them open up the grave, even the grave of Innisco;  
 Let them raise up the mighty dead and place him in new,  
 clean robes;  
 Let them bestow on him much honour, and lay him again  
 to rest with many sighs.  
 Haste, haste messengers, ride forth; bid ye the kinsmen  
 of Innisco  
 Come feast with the mighty dead!  
 To perform the last rites, that the disquieted spirit may  
 rest in peace.  
 See, see how their horses snort and prance!  
 See how they shift and start!  
 Haste, haste ye messengers; mount, mount and ride.  
 Off, off they bound; on, on they rush!  
 Ah, how they ride! Up the valley, down the valley,  
 hither and thither;  
 Swiftly, swiftly on, speed the messengers to the kinsmen  
 of Innisco.  
 "Wherefore come ye in such hot haste, ye riders?  
 Wherefore come ye in such hot haste from afar?"  
 "We come from Cummetatco, we come from Pilehatco,  
 To bid ye to a feast, even a feast to the honour of Innisco.  
 Sinse, the Medicine Man, hath said: 'Shall Innisco, the  
 mighty hunter, be forgotten?  
 Shall his memory and his flesh perish together?"

Shall no man think of him because he is not?  
 Come, raise him from out the deep, dark house  
 Wherein ye laid him to rest with many sighs;  
 Feast ye with him once more, and pay him much honour.  
 Come ere the moon waneth, come ere three suns have died,  
 ye kinsmen of Innisco!"

Whence come those figures fitting in the gloom of the  
 night over the grave of Innisco?  
 Are they scalloloes—are they enchechims?  
 Who are they—what are they?  
 The kinsmen of Innisco!  
 "Wherefore come ye to the grave of the great chief?—  
 Answer, ye kinsmen of Innisco, answer!"  
 "We come to raise the mighty dead, to place him in fresh  
 robes;  
 To feast with him once more, to pay him much honour."  
 What saith Sinse, the wise one, the strong one?  
 "Pluck grass—pluck sweet-scented grass, I say, ye kins-  
 men of Innisco;  
 Stuff it in your ears, in your nostrils,  
 Lest ye sicken when ye smell that which was living and  
 is dead.

Pluck grass, I say; pluck sweet-scented grass.  
 Open ye the house—the dark, deep house  
 Wherein we laid our chief to rest with many sighs.  
 Raise up the dead, the mighty dead;  
 Bear him to the lodge of Cummetatco and Pilehatco, his  
 sisters.  
 Uncover, uncover that which was, but is not, man;  
 Uncover all that remaineth of Innisco!"  
 What saith Sinse—what saith the wise Medicine Man?  
 List, list ye kinsmen of Innisco; hear and obey!  
 "Open up the robe, even the robe wherein lieth that which  
 was your chief;

Let each kinsman raise a bone,  
 Even a bone from out the mass of corruption;  
 Lay it on the robe—the new, clean robe  
 Prepared by Cummetatco and Pilehatco, his sisters.  
 Search diligently, leave not one bone behind;  
 Raise the skull, place it at the head;  
 Place the rib bones in the middle,  
 Place the foot bones at the foot.  
 Search, search ye diligently amidst that which was living  
 flesh, but is not;  
 Search ye for the bones of Innisco.  
 Lay his bow and arrows at his feet,  
 Put his knife by his side,  
 Lay the new buckskin shirt, the shirt rich with beads of  
 many colours;  
 Lay a pair of moccasins at his feet, even moccasins embroi-  
 dered with the quills of the porcupine."

List, list to Sinse, the wise one: "Wrap the chief in his  
 new robe  
 Tight, wrap him tight. Lay him in the midst,  
 Gaze on him, and let him rest awhile."  
 List, list to Sinse, the Medicine Man!  
 "Hither, bring hither the robe from whence ye took your  
 chief;  
 Bring it to the fire, bring it to the bright blaze.  
 Hither, bring hither that which was living flesh, but is  
 not;  
 Hither, bring hither that which was corruptible and is  
 corrupt;  
 Let the fire devour it, let the flames consume it.  
 Hither, bring hither your gifts and offerings to the mighty  
 hunter;  
 Let the fire devour them, let the flames consume them.  
 Hither, bring hither that portion of the feast prepared for  
 the great chief;  
 Let the fire devour it, let the flames consume it."  
 List, list ye kinsmen of Innisco, to Sinse, the wise one:  
 "Eat, eat ye kinsmen of Innisco;  
 Make merry with him till sunrise.  
 Dance ye, sing ye, till sunrise, ye kinsmen of Innisco.  
 Lo!—lo!—the sun riseth!  
 Lift up the mighty hunter, lift up your chief;  
 Bear him, with many sighs, to his place of rest;  
 Let him sleep the sleep that is dreamless;  
 Lay him in the deep, dark house that is prepared for him;  
 Throw in robes, throw in many soft robes, throw on the  
 earth.  
 Wail, wail ye children of Innisco, wail!  
 Wail ye his kinsmen!  
 Never more shall he slay the callouna;  
 In silence shall he rest for evermore!"

SUSAN LOUISA ALLISON.

Innisco—The chief of the Tullameen Indians. Shnena—Owl.  
 Callouna—Grizzly bear. Enchechim—Wolf (timber wolf). Synkeliss  
 —Coyote (plain and valley wolf).

Innisco's bow was left with us for many years, and when he died  
 was buried with him.—[S. L. A.]

NOTE.—The above poem is of peculiar interest and value from the  
 fact that it is an exact description of the scenes, and a true version of the  
 death and burial customs of the Indians in the Similkameen district  
 in British Columbia, as they impress themselves upon the native imagi-  
 nation. Mrs. Allison being not only perfectly acquainted with the  
 Indian language, but having been for long years resident amongst the  
 Indians, and a close and enthusiastic student of their customs, habits  
 and traditions.—[E.D.]

PEACE of mind is the foundation of real happiness; and  
 this peace is the fruit of duty perfectly fulfilled, of modera-  
 tion in desire, of blessed hope, of pure affections. Nothing  
 lofty, nothing beautiful, nothing good is done on earth save  
 at the cost of suffering and self-abnegation, and the sacri-  
 fice alone is fruitful.—George Sand.

## ON NAMES.

THIS is the first day of spring. All the doors and win-  
 dows of the old farm-house are standing wide open;  
 and the soft warm breeze accepts the tacit invitation,  
 comes in and wanders about at will, from room to room.  
 In the tall elm beside the door, the birds are prophesying  
 a time of thick leaves and green grass, when the cunning  
 nests they are planning now shall have pretty blue eggs in  
 them. The farmer is in the out-field, ploughing. Everyone  
 is busy about the house, except the lazy visitor, who is  
 sunning himself in a large arm-chair on the front piazza,  
 and pretending to read. Spring has really come.

The farmer's little daughter, slim, rosy-cheeked, clear-  
 eyed Bess has been down in the patch of woodland for an  
 hour or more, and now she is coming along the footpath,  
 with her hands full of wild-flowers. The visitor notes that  
 she is walking slowly, for fear of dropping any of her  
 sylvan spoil. In general, Bess never walks, unless she is  
 tired, but dances or runs. Her eyes are shining and the  
 red is brighter in her cheeks than usual.

"Look what I've got!" she calls, in a voice like a bell,  
 as soon as she catches sight of the visitor and hurries up  
 to the piazza. The child has a passion for flowers; with a  
 rare patience and steadiness of purpose she tends a little  
 summer garden of her own, and all through the winter  
 cares for a windowful of potted plants. She knows the  
 haunts of the wild-flowers and the season for every one.  
 This foraging expedition of hers will only be the first of  
 many in May and June. The visitor often calls her Per-  
 dita, much to her bewilderment; but, in spite his trick of  
 bestowing such nicknames, the two are fast friends. So  
 now she brings her treasure-trove to him to be admired.

"They are always the first to come," she goes on in her  
 soft cooing voice. "Don't you think they're pretty?"

This is a needless question, thinks the visitor; there  
 cannot be two opinions on the subject. He passes it by  
 and Bess does not notice the omission.

"Won't you have them?" is the next question; for  
 Bess is generous and likes to share her pleasures with her  
 friends. This time there was no chance to reply. Before  
 the lazy visitor could thank her or put his delight into  
 words, Bess had darted through the open door into the  
 cool twilight of the house. In another minute she was  
 back with an old stone cup much chipped about the brim  
 and full of water. In this rude vase she began arranging  
 the flowers, putting the long stems carefully into the water,  
 one by one, so that the small delicate-hued petals just  
 peeped over the edge and made another and a lovelier  
 brim. Bess talked as her nimble fingers worked, and her  
 prattle was pleasant to hear; for one of her greatest  
 charms is her soft, flutelike voice. The wood was just full  
 of them, or would be in a few days—there were so many  
 buds—weren't they pretty?—didn't they look like little  
 faces?—didn't the visitor want more of them?—she would  
 get them if he did, and so on. Then her pretty task was  
 done and both the friends admired her handiwork in  
 silence. The battered old cup, gay now with its wild-  
 flower wreath, had been transformed from a very common-  
 place piece of delf into an article of fairy furniture. Titania  
 might not disdain it for her bath. The flowers were the  
 first of the year; that was why they gave so much pleas-  
 ure. It was a sort of miracle that these tender blossoms  
 should be brought forth by the hard rough earth, though  
 they had no perfume, the delicate fragile bells were  
 exquisitely pure in their airy outlines; and the fresh  
 faint tints of purple fading into pink and white at the  
 petal tips soothed the sense like a cool hand laid on the  
 forehead and eyes.

"They seem so free from assuiling, from all earthy  
 touch," thought the man, "so like the child whose soft  
 hand lies in mine; surely the wild-flower must be the  
 spirit of purity interpreted into the only form, in which it  
 could fittingly appear."

The visitor was one of those misguided persons who  
 spoil their eyesight poring over books. As a con-  
 sequence, he was very ignorant; he did not know the  
 name of the flowers: but the child did, and told him with  
 laughing surprise at his ignorance and delight at her own  
 ability to give information to a grown man. Bess is very  
 proud of her wood-craft and herb-lore. Her friend had  
 learned enough from her however to pardon the little air  
 of triumph with which she imparted her scrap of know-  
 ledge. He had himself gathered the flowers a score of  
 times, and seen their name in books, but he had never  
 before put the two together. Now the little flowers had  
 another beauty; for at the mention of their name, a  
 dozen lines of poetry out of those old books of his darted  
 into his mind, and at the same instant an aureole or halo  
 settled like a crown upon the old cup above its wreath of  
 frail fresh-coloured blooms which a word would shatter like  
 a bubble. Such sights do come to people sometimes who  
 have hurt their eyes by reading—poetry and such like.

Presently Bess tripped off to her play, leaving the  
 visitor to his book and the sunshine and Titania's bath.  
 The book was interesting but it could not hold his atten-  
 tion away from the cup with its wild flower coronal.  
 The eye could not be filled with seeing. And after the  
 fashion of idle, lazy people, the visitor fell a-musing.

"Why did I wish to discover the name of these wood-  
 land dainties?" he thought. "Could I not have been  
 satisfied with their unnamed freshness? As the poet says  
 of the sea shell in my book, giving a long, learned name  
 or any name could not add to their beauty. Granted.  
 The fact remains that they took on a new glory in my  
 eyes, when Bess—Perdita pronounced that homely name

of theirs, that smacks so of the soil. That name was the spell by which the lines of verse were changed into the halo that is still hovering over the flowers. Besides, what a convenience it is to have a name to refer to! What a relief to Tityrus to make the grove resound with 'lovely Amaryllis,' instead of 'maid-who-causeth-all-my-care.' Tityrus knows, as every lover knows, that the musical name is the most potent charm to summon up the absent face. The name is the closest thing except the life. If we could only know the names of all our friends. There are so many of them that are not only nameless but whom we shall never know. We walk along a crowded street and brush sleeves with a hundred men and women who really are our friends except for the slight accident that we have never been introduced. These people read the same books, laugh and cry over the same passages, admire the same leaders in politics, hold to the same form of faith or unfaith that we do; they have had like ambitions and losses; and yet, unless by happy chance we are cast away together on a desert island, we shall never come to know one another. Oftenest we pass one another by, unwitting. But not always. Now and then, some trifling incident reveals one of these unknown comrades: character cannot be hidden, it flashes out continually in unconscious self-betrayal. This potential comradeship may be revealed by a smile at some street scene, which we find mirth-provoking but which, for the crowd, does not exist. A common sense of humour is among the strongest of bonds. Or it may be a sentence heard in passing, a racy phrase, an accent on a word, some tone of a rich voice which tells the tale and reveals the possible but unknown friend. That fair woman who stood absorbed in the sight of a noble picture, that dashing young fellow, who turned back to help the paralytic old negro over the crossing—we know them as well as if we had lived under the same roof or had been children together. If, in addition, we only knew their names (suppose them to be Agatha or Alfred), what an advantage! how much easier to call them up! Even if the names were more prosaic, they would never sound commonplace again, such owners having ennobled them forever. In most cases, we have to be content with the beauty of the person or the act, as I was with my flowers, before my child friend told me their name."

And so the visitor mused over his gift, forgetting his book and the time. By telling him their name, the little maid had given him more than the flowers—many thoughts. Henceforward, these first-born children of the spring will not be to him unknown friends.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

### THE RAMBLER.

PREJUDICE still survives. I went up in the car the other day opposite two gentlemen who were evidently discussing a recent journalistic appointment. I have, of course, not the faintest idea what appointment in particular. One of the two appeared ignorant of the credentials and abilities of the candidate, and rather wished, I gathered, to get at them from his companion by judicious questionings, appearing at the same time to be somewhat astonished at the evident non-fitness of the unknown for the post.

"What's the matter with him? He's clever, isn't he?" Yes, without doubt he was clever. "Some experience?" Yes, a great deal. "Steady enough—or perhaps not steady?" Yes, quite—oh! quite steady.

Mystified, the first speaker relapsed into silence. Finally his companion—a brisk, well-shaven, shrewd customer—said, in tones whose contemptuous disparagement I can never forget, "Well, you see, he's one of these long-haired fellows, you know—writes poetry, and all that." This reply was more than significant—it was conclusive. More than conclusive—it was crushing. What can you do with a man in these degenerate days, who wears long hair and writes poetry? Nothing! Not even hold him up to the adoration of Byronic young ladies; the type is extinct, obsolete. It no longer serves as a good "ad." The poet of to-day is a sensible man of business, sharp about bargains, making sure that cantos are to be exchanged only for cheques, and sonnets found equal to shares. Epics and real estate—this is the burden of his song, *arma virumque cano*—and very good—but back of that decision is the worthy one to realize, to realize. Indeed, the wish for realization, of schemes, of visions, of desires, is the strongest element and one of the strongest motives in modern life. When it is accompanied by impatience it is despicable; when associated with imagination and generosity to others it is to be commended.

Might not the following "lines" come well under the head of a literary curiosity? I say no more, but even devoted Anglicans will agree with me.

#### THE REASON WHY.

I love the Church; for she is old,  
Her hoary head is wise;  
I ask no infant sect to guide  
My steps to Paradise.

I love her for her Liturgy,  
Her prayers divinely sweet,  
So Scriptural, devotional,  
Time-honoured and complete.

And who would not a Churchman be,  
Confest, in heart and life?

Who would not flee the fevered realms  
Of Sect, and Schism, and Strife?

Then, happy in her folds, may I  
Have grace and wisdom given  
To live in her, to die in her,  
And so ascend to Heaven!

Churchmen are occasionally given to a little too much church—especially in the pulpit. And along with this defect I might mention uncomplimentary reference to the sects. Now—I have, in the course of the past year, listened to a number of good sermons from Presbyterian and other pastors, and not once did I hear any allusion made to the Church of England, either depreciatory or the reverse. The sermons were, for the greater part, upon the pure Gospel matters of sin and repentance—as they should be. But it is no uncommon thing for a stranger to enter an Episcopalian Church and before he leaves be forced to listen—well, not exactly to insults, but to disparagements of his particular form of doctrine or ritual. Such a course does much to weaken the standing of the Church of England, taking from her dignity and not even interesting her own members, who being already "good Churchmen" are naturally *au fait* on the subject and do not require weekly doses of technical and historical detail which are very far removed indeed from what I have termed the pure gospel.

I know a man and a scholar who reads for recreation—"Kit," every Saturday of his life. That is his weakness. Mine is—the *War Cry*. It is astonishing how much there is in the latter frequently much-abused publication if you will take it up without prejudice. The tales told in its pages by the unfortunate Unemployed who straggle into the Temple Soup Kitchen are among the most pathetic things I ever read, and I think they are true. Somehow these things carry conviction with them. They are like pages out of Zola and Tolstoi, you don't like them and you refuse to talk about them, and you thank Heaven you are not as these people are—and all the time the consciousness that there are such things and such people is somewhere about you, making you both very miserable and very grateful.

Don't despise the Salvation Army. What the *War Cry* says is true. Here is a man who has had no lodging but the street for eighteen nights. Would you—respectable Presbyterian or fastidious Anglican—like him next you on Sunday in church? But the Salvation Army takes him up—cleans him as well as it can, for even soap and water costs something—and gives him one kind of church—the best it can give.

Would not a couple of mission churches—one Anglican and one Methodist or Presbyterian—be of great use in the heart of Agnes or Lombard Streets, to aid in the work begun by the Salvationists?

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### DEATH BY RAILWAY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As the monetary or traffic view of the railway question is the one that engages the attention of our journals, almost to the exclusion of all that relates to the safety of passengers, or of the public who come into contact with the trains, or of the employees of the lines, or of the people who are still suffered to trespass upon the tracks, it would be doing a great service to our people and advancing the honour of this Dominion, including all that concerns its home and foreign travel, if those journals who occasionally furnish worthy paragraphs on this latter or human class of interests, which involve so much (!) that is so deeply interesting to all the families, would considerately make at the present juncture rather more comprehensive reports than common on the existing conditions as regards safety of the lines in their immediate districts. How many of our well-established journals will undertake this sacred duty at the assembling of a new parliament? If any shall be found to do the subject justice, let those papers be noted for the reception of the popular favour. At the same time let them be assisted by all the means in the power of the travelling public, and let the discussions they initiate be taken part in by all who can contribute to the general body of information on a subject hitherto so imperfectly entertained. There would be a fine common sense in this course, and we should be showing ourselves to the world, just beginning to cast its eyes in our direction, as a people capable of self-protection—a characteristic which forms the true basis of all permanent and impregnable liberties. It is true the majority of us are not experts; there is no occasion that we should be. Let us have the proper regard for the expert and his grand function, and estimate aright the precious results that invariably follow from placing our most vital interests in his competent hands, and one of the greatest reforms of these times of confusion will have been at least hopefully inaugurated for this Canada of ours. X.

April 29, 1891.

#### THE LIMITATIONS OF LOVE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with interest the following sentence which appeared in your issue of the 24th of April. "He who determines to love only those who are faultless will

soon find himself alone." This conveys an important truth, well worthy of the attention of the many bachelors amongst us. There are two classes of them. Of the one I will only say, by all means let them remain bachelors all their days—the shorter those days are the better for the community possibly. On the other hand, there are many noble-hearted men, who would make excellent husbands, to whom it has not occurred, perhaps, that they have not the right to live for themselves alone. By doing so they are defrauding some soul of its just claim. They do not fully realize that, in some place, somewhere, there lives a woman whose life is largely one of shadow—to say the best of it—to whom it might be sunshine if they would give them that great need—the essential need of every true woman—the right to pour out her love on someone who is worthy of it. Think over this, my brothers. Surely it would be worth while to rouse yourselves out of your present lethargy to feel that it is really in your power to make life better and brighter for someone else. Remember, also, that the benefit would not be all on the one side. Your own life would be so much fuller, nobler and more unselfish; and, may I not add, much better worth the living. REX.

Toronto, May 1, 1891.

### PROFESSOR SANDAY ON INSPIRATION.\*

THE hostility which has been displayed during the past forty or fifty years by English and American theologians and theological students to Biblical criticism, as displayed more especially in Germany, shows some signs of moderating. The methods of German criticism have been regarded with sentiments of profound distrust, its results with positive horror. Nor can it be denied that there has been considerable ground for these emotions. The attitude of negation adopted by a certain school of critics towards Revelation, the jubilant reception of their results by acknowledged foes of Christianity, naturally shocked and startled its friends, too prone to identify Revelation and Inspiration themselves with certain views and opinions about them inherited from their forefathers, but possessing neither the authority of the Word nor the Church.

If we may venture to indicate the error into which our theologians have fallen, we should say that it lies in a failure to discriminate between methods and results. Uniformity in method will, in the long run, probably lead to uniformity in result; but experience proves that this is far from being the case at the outset of a new movement.

The mere fact that men like Delitzsch and Dillman in Germany, or like Driver and Davidson in England, adopt the same methods of study as Kuenen and Wellhausen, should induce sincere students to pause before pronouncing a sweeping condemnation upon all critics and all criticism alike.

It can scarcely be maintained that the recent efforts towards mediation coming from various quarters have been very successful. Prof. Cheyne—to whom, together with Prof. Driver, Delitzsch dedicated the last edition of his great work on Isaiah—judging from some remarks which lately appeared in the *Academy*, is not satisfied with the result of his attempts to construct a *modus vivendi* between the old school and the new, whilst Mr. Gore's essay in *Lux Mundi* has been stigmatized as heretical.

But we are disposed to think a better fate awaits Prof. Sanday's lectures on "The Oracles of God," delivered at Whitehall and Oxford, in which he discusses in a thoroughly popular style the intensely interesting topics of "The Nature and Extent of Biblical Inspiration, and the Special Significance of the Old Testament Scriptures at the Present Time." Should this forecast prove correct, it will afford but another illustration of the old truth, that "one soweth and another reapeth," and that weeping is the lot of the sower, but joy of the reaper.

From the standpoint of modern criticism, Dr. Sanday aims at the noble task of reassuring those who cannot help feeling perplexed by the discordant voices which arise around them. He regards the duty of theological professors on the one hand to be specialists in their own proper sphere, on the other hand to inform and guide "the public mind in times of difficulty and perplexity." He is a critic, but he does not despise the unlearned. He has the most profound sympathy with those for whom he writes. "I must beware, or do my best to beware," he says, "of making sad the heart of the righteous, whom the Lord hath not made sad." And few will deny that it is with a gentle hand he seeks to bind up the wounded spirit. But it is also a firm hand. There is no semblance of liberality disguising a real contempt for the achievements of the great Bible students of the century. There is, he admits, a human element in the Bible, and it is probably more extensive "than many good people now, and nearly all good people not long ago, supposed it to be."

The science of textual criticism has revealed the painful fact that we cannot be sure that we have the *ipsissima verba* of the sacred writers, whilst with regard to the great questions between science and the faith, he says, "It is coming to be agreed among thinking men that the Bible was never meant to teach science, and that the Biblical writers simply shared the scientific beliefs of their own

\* The Oracles of God. Nine lectures on the nature and extent of Biblical Inspiration, and on the special significance of the Old Testament Scriptures at the present time. By W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Dean Ireland, Professor of Exegesis, in the University of Oxford.



day, and expressed themselves in the language which was currently used all around them."

So far Dr. Sanday is mainly negative. It was necessary to say these things in justification of his position in regard to inspiration. But he takes no pleasure in it. He believes they must be said, and that the time has come for saying them. But all his bent is towards positive faith. In his preface he says, "The lectures contain partly what the author wished to say, and partly what he was compelled to say." "Our age needs, above all, something positive, . . . positive reasons, few, simple and fundamental, which it can apprehend for itself, and on which it can take its stand." These he seeks to supply in the chapters on "The Divine Element Generally Considered," "The Divine Element in its Special Manifestations," "True and False Inspiration," "Christ and the Scriptures." And it is in these we feel the strong faith of the writer. That God is, that He lives, that He orders the course of this world, that He may be known and loved by man, he firmly believes and finds taught in the Bible with an authority which claims acknowledgment from rational men.

What then is the ground of our belief in the existence of a Divine element in the Holy Scriptures? Dr. Sanday's reply to this question is briefly stated as follows: In the Bible we find the recognition of a spiritual sphere distinct from but not sharply separated from the sphere of natural life. Through the medium of the history of individuals and of peoples, the spiritual aspirations, the outgoings of the heart to God, on the one hand, and on the other the condescension of God to man, are displayed, and this in such a way that we can clearly see that in contradistinction to the literature of other peoples, the matter of the history, the form of the poetry, and the method of the philosophy of the Bible, are altogether subordinate, the main end and object of the inspired writers being to convey through the medium of their choice an ever increasing knowledge of God and His relations to man.

It is simply a matter of fact, but surely the most profoundly interesting of facts, that there is a steady evolution of Revelation, whose starting point is lost in the obscurity of primeval history, and which emerges from darkness into light with the call of Abraham, and can be traced out with comparative ease from that remote event to the present day. The Canadian Christian of to-day is as truly the spiritual descendant of Abraham as he is the physical descendant of his Saxon or Celtic forefathers.

The facts concerning the spiritual life which we gather from the Bible are such as meet our needs. They find a point of contact with our spiritual faculties. They interpret us to ourselves, and our spirit leaps forth with joy to embrace the revelation. They are spoken in a language understood of the people. "This it is which has made the Bible so precious to the thousands and tens of thousands who have used it. The question of interest to them has not been what sort of external attestation it brought with it, but what was its inner verisimilitude." The first test then which Dr. Sanday applies is that of experience, not of one or two favoured individuals, not merely of one generation of men, but the experience of "millions of men and women living or who once lived, who have found it both true and adequate."

It will be noted that this is by no means a new argument for the authority of the Bible, nor is it claimed as such. Its importance however at the present time, and in Dr. Sanday's hands, lies in the fact that it stands unshaken by any "results of criticism," and one of the lessons it teaches us is that we may and should calmly face the great Biblical questions of the day in the sure confidence that the earnest search after truth will not lead to the destruction of the faith, but must be attended with a fuller knowledge of the ways of God, and a more intense inward conviction of His Providence. "The mechanical and verbal inspiration of the Bible may be questioned, but its real and vital inspiration will shine out as it has never done."

From the Divine element in its general, Dr. Sanday passes to the Divine element in its special manifestations. Its presence is to be found in the claim of the prophets themselves. They describe a choice and a call from God to a work which is clearly not the result of self-will. The extreme reluctance of Moses, the terror of Isaiah, and the diffidence of Jeremiah, are phenomena, which cannot be accounted for on the supposition of imposture. Nor are they isolated. The prophet always delivers his message as "the Word of the Lord." "If anyone, at the present day, presumed to use such language, not quoting the Bible, we should say that he was either an impostor or mad. The prophets were certainly not impostors and they certainly were not mad. . . . And we looking back at this distance of time can see more clearly than it was possible for their contemporaries to see that they spoke the words of truth and soberness. Words more sublime or more really illuminative never fell from the lips of men."

And here again Dr. Sanday draws attention to the continuity of this feature of the Bible. It is not one prophet who speaks with authority, nor is it one prophet whose word commends itself to us as a Divine word, but all. And "it forces in upon the mind the conviction, which cannot easily be shaken, that there has been at work in it something more than natural, the influence—the sustained and vitalizing influence—of a higher power."

The admission of a human element in the Bible of necessity leads to the question of its extent. Dr. Sanday draws a line of demarcation between the history, or, we

may say, more generally between the medium of Revelation and the revelation itself. There is reason in this, because, as we have observed above, it is in the conveyance of spiritual truth the Bible writers are chiefly interested. But the exact relationship of the human element to the Divine is a difficult question, and one to which all answers must at present be tentative. Christians believe that the Holy Spirit resides within the Church, and its history on the whole justifies the belief, but who shall define the exact nature of His efficiency!

To many a sincere believer who reads such discussions as these comes the question, *Cui bono?* In every great movement involving a radical change in men's social or religious opinions, the sense of danger is experienced and the fear of probable loss is excited long before it is possible to estimate the advantages to follow. Its destructive aspect is of necessity first presented to view. The old edifice is demolished, but only with a view to its reconstruction upon a better plan, and mainly out of its old material.

It is not denied that the new views of the Bible involve some loss. "They make the intellectual side of the connection between Christian belief and Christian practice a matter of greater difficulty than it has hitherto seemed to be." But on the other hand must not the most ardent adherent of the verbal inspiration and infallibility of the Scriptures admit that this view has not prevented the growth of unbelief, has not deterred professing believers from lives of open or secret sin, and, what is perhaps more to the point, has not produced that measure of union amongst Christians which is essential to the well-being of the Church. The theory of verbal inspiration has resulted in an arbitrary and unprincipled method of interpretation. When it is fully admitted (as it is rapidly coming to be) that the same methods of interpretation must be employed in the elucidation of the Bible, as in that of the Dialogues of Plato, may we not well believe that the day will not be far distant when a general agreement will be attained, and with it a breaking down of the barriers between denominations, and a hastening of that unity of the Church so earnestly desired to-day by many of the foremost leaders of the Christian world.

It is generally admitted that we stand on the verge of great changes in the world of thought and of action, and it is a remarkable fact that in the history of Christendom such times are characterized by a return to and a new and radical investigation of the Bible. It is a good omen for the future that the present forms no exception to the rule. To those who desire to understand the nature of the work on the Bible now being done by reverent and devoted students, we cannot at the present time recommend a more useful introductory book than "The Oracles of God," whose value is much enhanced by the known candour, sincerity and moderation which its author unites to a Biblical learning at once extensive, profound and accurate.

O. T.

#### ART NOTES.

THE nineteenth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will open on the 18th inst. at the Society's art rooms, Academy of Music, King St. West, Toronto. The artists are doing all in their power to make this exhibition a success, and the feeling among them is that it will be in every respect as good if not better than the exhibition of the R. C. A. held last March. The artists as well as the public are taking a good deal of interest in the art union, in connection with the coming exhibition, and the O. S. A. is trying to make this feature a greater success than it was last year and in previous years. The quality of the coupon sketches during the last two or three years has been very good, and all subscribers to the *Art Union* have been well satisfied with the sketches they have received. A new feature of the coming exhibition will be an illustrated catalogue containing reproductions of about forty of the pictures, which has been got up at a considerable expense by the Society. Mr. J. W. L. Forster will exhibit a portrait of his mother, also one of Col. Cubitt, a well-known figure in the County of Victoria; he will also send some subjects of Canadian life in oils. Mr. Geo. A. Reid has a figure piece of two children entitled "Played Out," a portrait, some landscapes in oils and several pastel drawings. Mrs. M. H. Reid will send two landscapes and some flower studies in her usual charming style. Mr. F. S. Challenger will exhibit the "Interior of a Blacksmith's Shop," several figure subjects and some of his landscape work of last summer. Mr. R. F. Gagen will contribute two water colours, viz.: "Smoky Day at Mount Desert," and "Dirty Weather on the Coast of Maine." Mr. F. M. Knowles will send some very fine marine scenes taken last summer at Percé and Gaspé on the St. Lawrence. Mr. M. Matthews will be represented by a number of Canadian scenes. Mr. W. A. Sherwood has some portraits figure pieces and landscapes. Mr. G. Bruenech will exhibit water-colour scenes on the Coast of Maine, Coast of Cornwall, Channel Islands and some Vermont scenery. Many of the other members of the O. S. A. will no doubt be well represented at this exhibition. We make this announcement with peculiar pleasure as the high character of the art exhibitions which are being held in Toronto, the large number of exhibits, and the warm, intelligent and increasing appreciation which our people take in them is becoming very noticeable. Canadian art is advancing. Let our artists aim at and maintain as heretofore a high

standard. Let them not be discouraged at the sneers of ungenerous and incompetent outsiders. And year by year their noble and refining profession will extend its power and influence and more amply remunerate its votaries.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

At a late Chatelet concert at Paris a novelty was presented in the shape of an orchestral arrangement of Schumann's delightful piano pieces, "Scenes of Childhood," by Benjamin Godard.

A HARP concert given by Pauline Veiga at Leipsig has attracted considerable attention in that music-loving city. The lady played pieces of music in various styles, and seems to have won considerable applause by her skilful performance.

THE Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace takes place next June with every prospect of success. Four thousand vocal and instrumental executants will speedily be in rehearsal, and arrangements have been concluded with the very best available soloists.

A PERFORMANCE of some of Carl Czerny's music has recently been given in Vienna by way of commemorating the birth of this prolific composer. He is said to have written a thousand works, but is now chiefly known by his still famous "School of Velocity" for the pianoforte.

THE great Marcella Sembrich recently made a tremendous success in Moscow, where she appeared for the 100th time in her life, in the part of "Lucia." The centenary was celebrated with a shower of flowers and a laurel wreath with the figure 100 woven in in silver numerals.

MME. BERNHARDT says of Julia Marlowe: "She is a marvellous and interesting artist, refined, subtle, sympathetic and expressive. In five years hence she ought to be not only a fine actress, but one of the few really grand dramatic artists on the stage. She is particularly free from the great faults of most American actors. She never exaggerates her tones or gestures. All that she does is dainty and delicate."

A BRANCH of the Mozart Association has been formed in London, and admirers of the great master are earnestly invited to join in, and further the International Mozarteum Institution at Salzburg. Its special objects are: To keep up the museum established in the house where Mozart was born; to support the Mozarteum Public School; to give festival performance of Mozart's works, and, if possible, to contribute towards the erection of a special theatre for model representations of Mozart's and other classical operas.

WHEN Charles Lever, the delightful novelist, was at Trinity College, Dublin, a favourite jest was to make ballads and to sing them in the streets, a practice not befitting respectable undergraduates nowadays. The wit confessed he got, in this Bohemian fashion, thirty shillings in coppers one night. The frolic of singing and playing in disguise is rather in fashion just now; so it may be a matter of curiosity to know how this itinerant musicianship pays, though, of course, all are not blest with the wit and capacity of Charles Lever.

PADEREWSKI, the famous pianist and composer, will visit America next November and will be heard in a series of concerts and recitals. His repertory is enormous, and though he has the reputation of being the first Chopin player of the age he will not confine himself to the compositions of that master, for he plays the whole literature of the instrument from Bach to Brahms equally well. His personality is very magnetic and winning, and of his temperament and technic there is but one opinion—he is *sui generis*.

"WAGNER," writes Mr. Elson, "alone of all the great masters, does not use the harp for celestial tone-colouring, but violins and woodwind in prolonged notes, in the highest positions. Schumann, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, in fact all the modern tone-colourists who have given celestial pictures, use the harp in them, purely because of the association of ideas which comes to us from the Scriptures, and this very association of the harp with heaven and the angels only came about because the instrument was the most developed possessed by man at the time that the sacred book was written."

TENNYSON'S "Cycle of Songs" was sung at St. James' Hall, London, England, by the tenor Bispham, the contralto Suratlowski, and the soprano Carlotta Elliot. The cycle includes four unpublished poems. The music by Lady Tennyson is original, but rather overstrained. The elaborate dramatic accompaniments had been revised and were finely played by Miss Janotha. The programme was well received by a large audience, which included Princess Beatrice and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The musical settings show Lady Tennyson to be a gifted musician. The songs include "To Sleep," "Airy Fairy Lillian," "Break, Break," etc. The new songs are unpretentious. They include a revision of "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," which reads:—

Home they brought him slain with spears;  
They brought him home at even fall;  
All alone she sits and hears  
Echoes in his empty hall  
Sounding on the morrow.

The members of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, in which the Duke of Edinburgh is the leading violin, played selections during the concert.—*Sun*.



## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IRISH TALES, KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

These are two very interesting volumes of "Representative Irish Tales," being chiefly selections from the works of Irish authors of the last generation. Some comprise the entire work, such as Miss Edgeworth's famous tale of "Castle Rackrent" which gives an admirable description of the good-natured, easy-going, reckless landlords of ninety years ago. The readers of that valuable work (written by an eye-witness) will understand some of the difficulties of raising the level of civilization in Ireland to that of the sister-lands. "The Battle of the Factions" by Carleton will also enable the reader to appreciate the difficulty that that good Bishop had who, about twenty-five years ago, succeeded in settling the feud between the two factions of the "Two-year-olds" and the "Three-year-olds," which arose from a quarrel in the last century between two men about the age of a bull. "The Battle of the Factions" has a tragic ending, but it is many years since we laughed so heartily over a book, as we did when reading the first part of that tale. We highly recommend the two volumes.

A COLLECTION OF WORKS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE DANCE OF DEATH in the Library of George Edward Sears, with photographic reproductions of rare and curious title pages and plates selected therefrom. New York: Privately printed. 1889.

Not often in a lifetime does one see, much less become the possessor of, a library catalogue in an *édition de luxe*; yet Mr. Sears' little volume (of which only one hundred copies have been printed) may be so described. The Dance of Death has always been a favourite topic for bibliographers, and most English readers probably know at least Douce's excellent dissertation on the subject. The theme has attracted others besides this learned antiquarian, as, for example, Humphreys, Massmann, Edel, Lippmann, Dufour, Langlois, Kastner and Piénot. Mr. Sear's collection includes more than four score of volumes bearing directly upon the subject, and some of these are exceedingly rare. The catalogue itself is probably unique in character, for it is embellished with fourteen beautiful plates photographically reproduced, in addition to elegant wood-cuts, tail-pieces, etc. Certainly it is one of the most interesting of books, and one worthy of the zeal of so enthusiastic a bibliophile.

DRINKING-WATER AND ICE SUPPLIES AND THEIR RELATION TO HEALTH AND DISEASE. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Dr. Prudden did good service to that portion of the public—which is wise enough to avail itself of good, sensible, scientific advice—in publishing "Dust and its Dangers." We think that he has done even better service in the present valuable little volume. No subject is of more importance to the individual or to the community than that of obtaining pure and wholesome water. The author in his first chapter says that "he wishes only to ask his reader to consider with him, in the light of some of the new and marvellous discoveries of modern science, sundry relationships which water bears to civilized life, and some of the ways in which we are enabled to supply ourselves with it, both for cleanliness and nourishment, in pure and wholesome form." We may say that the subject is admirably treated in its varied phases in the light of scientific progress. The book is capably illustrated, and abounds with well considered and helpful advice and suggestions, and cannot fail to benefit even the indifferent reader of its useful contents.

THE PORTUGUESE ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST OF AMERICA, AND THE FIRST EUROPEAN ATTEMPT AT COLONIZATION THERE. A LOST CHAPTER IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Rev. George Patterson, D.D., read a paper on the above subject before the Royal Society of Canada on the 28th day of May last, which has since been published. Mr. Patterson deals with an interesting portion of the early history of this continent—a portion that has been subjected to neglect, which warrants the writer in styling his paper "A Lost Chapter in American History." The paper opens with an introductory chapter on "Portuguese Discovery in the 15th Century." The subsequent chapters deal with the "Voyages of the Cortereals"; Explorations in Newfoundland and Labrador; Effects of the Cortereal Voyages on Fishing and Trade; Explorations of Nova Scotia and adjacent Coasts; the question: "Did they Explore the Gulf of St. Lawrence?" the "Attempt at Colonization," and in conclusion the learned writer says that "the result of the whole investigation then is to show that this people occupied a foremost place in the exploration of this part of the continent, that for a long period they exercised a commanding influence along its shores, and derived from its waters, if not also from the land, an important addition to their national wealth. Further, that they were even the first Europeans to attempt colonization on our shores, and that there was a time when it seemed likely that they should rule the destiny of these lands." Dr. Patterson's paper is full and comprehensive, and it is a creditable contribution to the

history of this continent. Careful and painstaking research, original enquiry, independent reasoning and judicious inferences are its characteristics. A number of illustrations from the maps of those early navigators are interspersed through the paper, and an appendix contains the "Names of Places of Portuguese Origin on the North-East Coast of America."

THE LAW OF BILLS OF EXCHANGE AND PROMISSORY NOTES, BEING AN ANNOTATION OF "THE BILLS OF EXCHANGE ACT, 1890." By Edward H. Smythe, LL.D., Q.C. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Company (Limited).

The perpetual changes to which our statute law is subjected and the difficulties which these changes present in the way of interpretation and practice, not only to the public but to the legal profession, are neither desirable nor commendable. Were it not for the works of the character of Dr. Smythe's, these difficulties would be much more serious than they are. One of the formidable obstacles in the study of the law in Canada in former years arose from the necessity of reading English text books which were adapted to the statute law of England. The student of to-day in Canada, through the industry and enterprise of Canadian lawyers and publishers, has the much easier task of reading, to a large extent, Canadian text books, which deal with the statute law of Canada. Dr. Smythe's work, it may be said, is not a text book, but as its title page sets out "an annotation of the Bills of Exchange Act, 1890." The fact that Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes enter so largely into the transactions of commerce gives an added importance to the law on the subject. Dr. Smythe has adapted his division of the subject and the table of contents, to the sections of the Act, and this arrangement is excellent. The page on which each section occurs is indicated in parallel lines with the sections. The notes are clear and as full as could be expected, and where important subjects present themselves, such as the "conflict of laws," the reader is directed to the leading authorities. The English and Canadian cases are referred to, and definitions, citations and references aid the reader in comprehending and applying the various sections. The Introduction is a succinct historical reference to the general law on the subject. The preliminary part very clearly indicates the changes which the Act has made in the prior Canadian statutes. Forms are given at the end of the volume as well as a capital index. The mechanical features of the book are praiseworthy. We heartily commend this work to the profession and the public.

HEGEL'S LOGIC: A Book on the Genesis of the Categories of the Mind. Vol. VIII. of Griggs' Philosophical Classics. Pp. xxx., 403. Chicago: Griggs and Company. 1890.

In this book the valuable series of volumes written in exposition of the masters of German idealism comes presumably to a close. The editor, Professor Morris of the University of Michigan, died after arranging for the eight volumes now published. They cover the ground from Kant to Hegel (inclusive) very thoroughly, and, while the separate volumes vary much in expository and critical power, yet the whole series is perhaps the best presentation in its compass that we have of this brilliant but abortive movement in the history of modern philosophical thought.

The present volume, by the accomplished Commissioner of Education in the United States, deals with Hegel's Logic. Hegel's Logic is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the dialectics of abstract bodiless thought. If there ever was an instance of what Herbert calls "pure position," in the sense of pure arbitrary postulating, it was when Hegel announced, one by one, the successive "insights" which Dr. Harris retraces in this volume with such delightful faith that things are what the philosopher finds they ought to be. The Hegelian postulates and the method of "insight" is described so frankly and truly by Dr. Harris in his preface that criticism is disarmed, and one sits in the presence of Hegel with the same feeling of reverence that has always been felt for Plato, and for all the enthusiasts of speculation.

Dr. Harris says: "As early as 1858 I obtained my first insight into this philosophy . . . God, freedom and immortality have seemed to me demonstrable ever since the December evening in 1858 when I obtained my insight. . . . In 1863 I arrived at the insight which Hegel expressed in his *Für-sich-sein*, or Being-for-itself, which I called, and still call, 'independent being.' . . . It cannot be borrowed from another, it is itself an original insight . . . it is the seeing at first hand the necessity of all existence to be grounded in self-determining being. . . . It was a year or two later that I came upon a distinction between the true actual, as totality, and the changeable real, which is partly actual and partly potential—in the process of change I saw that the full actuality is involved, partly affirmative as giving what reality there is to the phenomena and partly negative as producing the change which negates the present real and actualizes in its place a new phase of potentiality. In 1864 I obtained an insight into the logical subordination of fate to freedom. In 1866 I arrived at my first insight . . . that is the most important *aperçu* (insight) of Hegel's logic. It is the insight into the nature of true being to be altruistic and to exist in the self-activity of others. It is the thought that lies at the basis of the doctrine of the Trinity," etc.

Such writing shows us the arcana of the writer's personality: would that it showed the road to a solution of the world's problems which would suit men of other temperaments? We wonder if it is true that *épous* is often all the outcome of the world's thought as well as its abiding impulse. It may be that our "insight" is not well developed; but it is also possible that it has learned that there is more in the universe than the gropings of insight may enable us to discover. If the former be true, we will pray for more insight; if the latter—if history can help us, and science can help us—if objective methods and truths can supplement and correct that divinest of gifts, insight—then we are constrained to cry, *Gott sei dank!*

POLITICAL ESSAYS: LITERARY AND POLITICAL ADDRESSES. By James Russell Lowell. Riverside Edition. Vols. V. and VI. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

In the first of the above volumes are found gathered together, under the caption "Political Essays," nine essays more or less political in character and sufficiently diversified as to their subject matter to fully illustrate the essential features of Mr. Lowell's method, style and ability in the field of political literature. Every essay bears ample evidence of wide scholarship, independent thought, and unusual literary ability; and here and there we find that quaint yet telling humour which is such a well-known characteristic of this author. The volume opens with the essay on "The American Tract Society," written in the year 1858, which is a trenchant philippic against the pandering of the Society of that day to the institution of slavery. In meeting the argument from antiquity the writer says: "wrong, though its title deeds go back to the days of Sodom is by nature a thing of yesterday—while the right, of which we became conscious but an hour ago, is more ancient than the stars, and of the essence of Heaven." The other essays in the volume from "The Election in November," written in 1860, to that on "The Seward Johnson Reaction," written in 1866, deal with certain matters which form part of the political history of the United States during that eventful period; a period which began before the war between the Northern and Southern States and ended after its close. The subjects treated were mainly of local interest, and the essays were addressed to a people who were familiar with the men of the time and the events which were then transpiring. These events, however, were for the most part of unusual importance to the people of the United States. They have become interwoven with the most stirring period in their history as a nation, and are subjects of interest to the student of history as well. The men who figured chiefly on the scene, though they have passed away, have left large footprints on the sands of time. The memories of such men as Lincoln and McClellan are still dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart. Their virtues and their frailties are recorded on many a printed page but perhaps nowhere with more honesty, vigour or tenderness than in these essays of Mr. Lowell. We give a portion of his admirable portrait of Lincoln. "The very homeliness of his genius was its distinction. His kingship was conspicuous by its workday homespun. Never so ruler so absolute as he, nor so little conscious of it; for he was the incarnate common-sense of the people. With all that tenderness of nature whose sweet sadness touched whoever saw him with something of its own pathos, there was no trace of sentimentalism in his speech or action."

In volume second the Literary and Political addresses begin with that fine philosophic address brimful of kindness, culture and good sense on "Democracy," delivered as an inaugural as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute in October, 1884, in which Mr. Lowell paraphrases the definition of the first Napoleon "la carrière ouverte aux talents" as "that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it." The speech at the memorial meeting in Exeter Hall, London, after the death of President Garfield, is a model of dignified, chaste and pathetic oratory, and the introductory note to the memorial volume which prefaces the speech, appeals to the purest sentiments and the noblest principles which can move and mould the conduct and relations of men and nations. We like Mr. Lowell best when he is dealing with literary themes, and with such a subject as "Fielding" he is in his native element, and is positively charming. With what fine discrimination, cordial appreciation, and refined culture he proceeds with his task; it reminds one of a genial and gifted artist connoisseur dilating to an appreciative audience upon the varied features of the workmanship of one of the good old masters. What a generous tribute he pays to the great English novelist of other days. "He was a lovingly thoughtful husband, a tender father, a good brother, a useful and sagacious magistrate. He was courageous, gentle, thoroughly conscious of his own dignity as a gentleman, and able to make that dignity respected. If we seek for a single characteristic which more than any other would sum him up, we should say that it was his absolute manliness in its type English from top to toe." But our space will not permit us to do more than mention the remaining addresses on "Coleridge"; "Books and Libraries"; "Wordsworth"; "Don Quixote"; "Harvard Anniversary"; "Tariff Reform"; "Place of the Independent in Politics"; and "Our Literature." Surely no poet, essayist, orator or political writer of the United States, whether living or dead, has presented to the world

a rarer or happier combination of the best elements of virile strength, shrewd sagacity, broad culture, purity of principle or a more genial kindness than is to be found within the engaging pages of James Russell Lowell.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. xxvi. Henry II. Hindley. Price \$3.75. New York: Macmillan; London: Smith, Elder and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

The reader may perhaps remember that the latest volume of this great work ended with Henry I. It will, therefore, be at once apparent that we shall not have to complain that the present volume is without any names of eminence and distinction. If we had no more than the English kings from Henry II. to Henry VIII., we should not be badly off, for these occupy, very properly, nearly a hundred of these well-filled, double column pages; but we have a good deal more than these, as we shall see. Perhaps the first thing which strikes one in these articles on the Henries is not merely the high level of excellence attained in them all, but the similarity of tone and treatment which pervades a series of papers on different persons and characters by different writers. Thus we can hardly say whether we prefer the memoir of Henry II. by Miss Kate Norgate, or that of Henry III.—in some ways the most important of the number—by Mr. Hunt, or that of Henry IV. by Professor Tout. So again Mr. Kingsford writes charmingly of the favourite King of England, Henry V., saying that he "was deservedly more loved by his subjects than any English king before or since. All writers, whether French or English, are singularly united in his praise." If any of our readers should be undertaking the reading of Shakespeare's delightful play, this article would form a useful introduction. Professor Tout gives us an almost unexpectedly interesting paper on Henry VI., and the two important subjects of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. are excellently handled by Mr. Gairdner.

There is one thing that must be borne in mind by the readers of these papers, namely, that they are biographies simply; and more simply biographies of their subjects than if they were published in separate volumes. For example, if we want to know something of Fair Rosamond in connection with Henry VI., we are very properly referred to the article, "Rosamond Clifford." It is the same with Earl Simon of Leicester in the reign of Henry III., Cardinal Wolsey in the reign of Henry VIII., and, of course, multitudes of others.

But the treatment of the name of Henry does not end with the kings. Blind Harry receives over three columns, Matthew Henry, the Commentator, is deservedly commemorated by the Rev. A. Gordon, and his father, Philip Henry, at still greater length by the same writer. Then we have several Hepburns, and pre-eminent among them that Earl of Bothwell who married Mary Queen of Scots. The story of the murder, the marriage, and the subsequent events, is told fully and clearly; and very properly no attempt is made to settle the controversies which are almost as much a matter of dispute as they were when Mary fled to England.

The Herberts quite necessarily occupy no fewer than sixty-eight pages of the Dictionary, and many of these names furnish subjects for comment. To Edward, first Lord Herbert of Chubury, Mr. Lee, one of the editors, gives a very careful and voluminous paper, in which he points out his place of eminence among the English Deists, and the extent to which he influenced many members of that school. But in these days most readers will be more interested in the memoir of his younger brother, the saintly poet, George Herbert of Bemerton. Mr. Lee, after quoting a number of high encomiums from distinguished men, adds, as his own judgment, that "in spite of these testimonies, Herbert's verse, from a purely literary point of view, merits on the whole no lofty praise." This is quite true of some, perhaps many of his pieces; but there are others which quite justify the praise of Cowper and Coleridge. We must not tarry longer among the Herberts, so we will only further refer to a brief but satisfactory notice of one known to many still living, Sidney Herbert, first Lord Herbert of Lea.

A good, but not lengthy account of Herrick, should be read by that large class of persons, not ignorant of literature, who have no knowledge of this charming poet. "Apart from its formal excellence (he was a consummate artist), his poetry has a fresh natural charm," says Mr. Bullen, "which the simplest may appreciate. . . . Though he professed a dislike for his Devonshire vicarage, no poet has described with equal gusto the delights of old English country life. . . . He is the most frankly pagan of English poets, but his 'Noble Numbers' testify to the sincerity of his Christian piety."

Passing on we come to the Herschels, father and son, a noble pair, Sir William, the discoverer of the planet Uranus, and his son, Sir John, in one way less distinguished, yet probably even a more able man. Both were men of beautiful and exalted character. So we come to the Herveys. Was it not Lady Mary Wortley Montagu who said there were three sexes, men, women, and Herveys? Her ladyship was tart of speech and hasty in generalization. At any rate, in these pages we meet with a good many members of the Bristol family who displayed masculine virtues. Among subsequent names we have Peter Heylyn ably and fully treated by the new Bishop of Peterborough, a number of Heywoods, Hickes the

Non-juror, several Hills, some of them of considerable eminence, such as the famous preacher and his namesake, but apparently not relative, Rowland Hill, to whom we owe the penny postage. Very near the end of the volume comes a name once well-known among ourselves, that of Sir Francis Hincks.

*Book Chat* for May has its usual complement of selections of interest to the lovers, the readers and the students of books. It is an excellent aid to all who wish to be regularly and reliably apprised of the latest accessions to the world of literature.

THE *Andover Review* for May opens with a paper by Professor George Harris on "Ethical Christianity and Biblical Criticism." President Martin's paper on "Chinese Ideas of Inspiration" is a very interesting exposition of Oriental views on the subject. In "The True Use of the World: Three Types of the Christian Life," Professor Smyth very gracefully presents the Grecian, Latin and Christian views on the subject.

A PORTRAIT of William H. Seward is the frontispiece of the *Magazine of American History* for May, and a sketch of his life by Mrs. Martha D. Lamb is the leading article. The Rev. George Patterson's "Lost Chapter in American History" is a reproduction of Dr. Patterson's veryable Royal Society paper. "President Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel" is another illustration of the tender heart and unselfish character of that noble type of a United States statesman.

ANOTHER witness of the terrible scenes in the historic drama of the French Revolution is presented to us by the *Edinburgh Review* for April, in the correspondence of William Augustus Miles, "an accomplished man of letters in his day, and a real, if only a silent, actor in the tremendous drama." "The Judicial System" of Great Britain is a suggestive and thoughtful paper. "The Baffling of the Jesuits" and "Newman in the English Church" are very interesting, especially the latter, which is written in the *Edinburgh's* best style.

"DAIRYING IN CALIFORNIA—II." is the very interesting illustrated opening paper of the *Overland Monthly* for May. These papers will interest rural readers everywhere. "The Case of Matthew Munn" is a weird story of the law. C. T. W. adds another to the list of the exploratory narratives of the West in "An Exploring Expedition in 1850." A long and interesting article of a somewhat historical character is Senator Gwin's "Plan for the Colonization of Sonora," which is begun in this number. Other stories, contributions and poems make up a good number.

THE well-known amateur athlete, Malcolm W. Ford, opens the *May Ouning* with a short but graphic article on "Sprinters." Ford, by the way, is no mean sprinter himself. Mrs. E. Kennedy prettily and pithily tells of "Some of Our Fishing Experiences in Norway." Wakeman Holberton follows with "A Day on the Stream for Trout." Another interesting contribution is that of W. H. H. Murray on "How I Sail Champlain," in which the ideal yachtsman, according to Murray, is defined. A truly wonderful being he is, but rather out of place in this world of limitations.

THE *Review of Reviews* for May is brimful of matter of world-wide interest clearly, pithily and ably expressed and arranged for the information and recreation of its increasing army of readers. We again observe that in the United States edition of the *Review*, matters concerning Canada or Great Britain are presented from the standpoint of United States interests, as in the case of "The Behring Sea Question," etc. We are aware that the United States want the Earth—or at least the North American portion of it—but it seems that she must have the sea as well and all that therein is. The sketches of Sir John Macdonald, Sir Henry Parkes and the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes are admirable.

"CANADA and the United States" is the last, but to Canadians the most attractive, of the *Quarterly's* articles for April. That the great facts of "the Canadian question" are receiving due recognition in England is manifest in this very impartial and able article. It was no foe to Canada who penned these words: "Conscious of the success that must be the reward of courage and energy, Canada is prepared to meet the difficulties of the future with confidence, and asks nothing from her great competitor except that consideration, justice and sympathy which are due to a people whose work on this continent has just begun, and whose achievements may yet be as remarkable as those of the great federation to their south." "A Plea for Liberty" is a calm and well considered paper.

SANDOW, the athlete who swings great weights about as if they were trifles light as air, declares football to be the English game which pleases him most. He admires it not only as a muscular exercise, but because it involves "at every turn mental strength, coolness, quickness and judgment."

THE most famous gems extant are perhaps the Gemma Augustea in Vienna, a sardonyx nearly a quarter of a yard long, on which the triumph of Augustus is cut in the rarest workmanship by Discorides of Rome. There are magnificently cut antique amethysts, though rock crystal was, and is, mainly used for vases and cups.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT'S second notice of Prof. Goldwin Smith's work on "Canada and the Canadian Question" will appear in our next issue.

MR. HENRY J. MORGAN, of Ottawa, has been elected an honorary member of the Trinity Historical Society, of Texas, United States.

A VOLUME of essays, entitled "Criticism and Fiction," by William Dean Howells, is announced for publication by Harper and Brothers.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce, in the *Heroes of the Nations* series, "Sir Philip Sidney and the Chivalry of England," by H. R. Fox-Bourne.

JAMES LANE ALLEN'S new volume, "Flute and Violin, and other Kentucky Tales and Romances," will be ready for publication early in May by Harper and Brothers.

BRENTANO'S announce that they have in press a new edition of Lloyd Bryce's successful novel, "The Romance of an Alter Ego," under the new title of "An Extraordinary Experience; or, the Romance of an Alter Ego."

THE publishers of the *London Advertiser* have just made an important change in the publication of their favourite weekly, the *Western Advertiser*. Instead of appearing once a week as a twelve-page paper, it is now issued in eight-page form twice a week—on Tuesdays and Fridays.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "The American Revolution," by John Fiske. With plans of battles, and a new steel portrait of Washington, engraved by Wilcox from a miniature belonging to Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, and never before reproduced. Two volumes.

THE Longfellow Class of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute gave an open meeting on the first instant at the Assembly Hall of the Institute. Such meetings prove that a sound literary taste and an intelligent interest in the works of the great writers of our age are being cultivated by our young people.

MOSCOW has now a bibliographical and book-trade society, at the head of which stands N. Z. Nosson, a well-known Russian bibliophile. The erection of a bibliographical museum is intended to collect books and subjects relating to the book-trade, letter-press and lithographic printing, bookbinding, etc.

MRS. BURTON N. HARRISON is a young woman, slender, graceful and pretty, with a quantity of Titian-hued hair that is very handsome. Mrs. Harrison has written novels and plays. It was in her plays, "The Russian Honeymoon" and "Weeping Wives," that Mrs. James Brown Potter won her reputation as an amateur actress.

MR. WILLIAM HOUSTON, M.A., delivered a lecture before the members of the Young Liberal Club recently in Richmond Hall. Vice-President W. J. Clarke occupied the chair. There was a large attendance. The subject was "The Quebec Act of 1774," and the learned lecturer treated the subject with his accustomed ability.

A YOUNG Englishman, on the pretence of being a brother of Walter Besant, has recently succeeded in swindling a number of persons in Philadelphia, Princeton and Boston. He is said to be at present in New York city, operating under the name of "Wilfred H. Besant, of 32 De Vere Gardens, South Kensington, London, S. W."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have issued a very neat and useful supplementary catalogue embracing their publications issued between September 1st, 1890, and March 1st, 1891, under such headings as Belles Lettres; Poetry; Divinity; Biography and History; Political Economy and Science and Philosophy, not to mention educational subjects. Prominent notice is given of the author's cheap edition of Professor Bryce's now famous work, "The American Commonwealth," the price of which is very low indeed, being but half that of the original issue.

THE father is not going to be outdone by the son. Mr. Kipling, senior, has written a book, and it will be published later on by Messrs. Macmillan. It is called "Man and Beast in India," and will be illustrated by fifty sketches taken by the author. It aims at giving a clear general impression of the manner in which the minds of Orientals are concerned with animals in a condition of servitude. Mr. Kipling also deals with birds. As he has travelled in almost every part of India he knows his subject up and down, and his work is likely to be a curious and entertaining one.

THE granddaughter of the late Prof. John Wilson ("Christopher North") recently discovered among her father's papers a medal dated 1828. As Prof. Wilson occupied the chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University at that period, and was a forgetful man, the lady thought she had unearthed a medal which should have been presented to some one. On enquiry she found that one James Moncrieff was medallist for that year; and Lord Moncrieff, late Lord Justice Clerk, now living in retirement, around whose neck the lady has placed the medal, is said to be prouder of the honour than if it had been conferred at the proper time, sixty-three years ago.

Now and then this New World life of ours is brought in visible contact with Old World records which were engrossed, sealed and operative at a date prior to the birth



of the intrepid navigator who first bore the flag of Spain to the shores of our continent. We have before us as we write a number of parchment documents of venerable age, which are the property of a Scottish gentleman residing in Toronto. The most ancient is "A precept addressed to Duncan de Lychtown Sheriff, Depute of the Sheriffdom of Forfar, that in a court at Balgillach upon Sunday, the 8th of January, 1389, before Earl of Fife and Monteith, he elect an inquest consisting of Andrew Dempster, William de Maule and others, to decide upon the debates between Patrick de Blair and James de Fotheringham, as to the lands of Balgillach." A quaint, old-time mandate it is, with its still clear and beautiful writing and its shrivelled, corkscrew pendants and once authoritative seals. Another very interesting document is a charter by King James VI. of Scotland and 1st of England, written in Latin, opening with the words, "Jacobus, Dei Gratia Rex Scotorum," and having as a pendant a fragment of a wax impression of the great seal of Scotland. How vividly such records remind us that the men by whom they were written were *our* ancestors, and the lands with which they dealt are still part and parcel of *our* great and United Empire!

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### SHOW US WHAT YOU ARE.

Do it now! Begin! Begin! You  
"Mean to," that won't take you far;  
If the thing is there and in you,  
Show us what you are!

Future statesman, preacher, poet,  
Playwright, leader of the Bar,  
You may, but *we* do not, know it,  
Show us what you are!

Leave off dreaming, "if" and "and"-ing,  
Gazing at a distant star;  
The world's not waiting while you're standing;  
Show us what you are!

Set your lofty genius working,  
Take a task to make or mar;  
Fame nor wealth are won by shirking;  
Show us what you are!

If you're abler, nobler, stronger  
Than the rest of us by far,  
Don't just think so any longer;  
Show us what you are!

—Arthur Gundry, in *Belford's Magazine*.

##### SIAM'S ROYAL BARGE.

ORIENTAL potentates, although frequently having but a mere vestige of power, are always magnificent. Their habits, retinue and appointments never fail to impress the beholder with the evidences of wealth. This is especially noticeable when an Oriental king is on his travels. A royal barge in Siam is a portentous structure. Its lower part is an immensely long and rather flat boat, turning up at the ends, so that these are reared many feet above the water. Strangely and weirdly fashioned are these towering ends, presenting to view such wonders as a colossal dolphin covered with gilding, a multi-coloured crocodile or glittering dragon, all red, green and gold. Along the benches fore and aft are packed the paddlers, dressed in gorgeous costumes of the brightest colours, a royal red predominating; and from the middle of the hull rises the pavilion of state, a sort of pagoda, with four corners, richly covered or inlaid with coloured bits of porcelain and gilded in tinsel, hung with bright curtains, festooned with real and artificial flowers, and surmounted with one or more of the peaked emblems of royalty. Inside is a sort of chamber in which are placed old-fashioned weapons, some palace guards in gala dress, and perhaps some courtiers or officers of State. One of these great barges will carry a towering structure, with a throne at the top, upon which his majesty will sit if he comes out to honour the procession with his presence. Other less pretentious royal barges will carry only a large awning, draped with the royal standard, and looking at a distance rather like a howdah taken off the back of some gigantic elephant and lifted into the canoe. In spite of the great size of these leviathans and the smallness of the paddles, they travel at a very good pace, driven by the short, sharp strokes of a great number of rowers on each side. A procession of a half dozen such barges on the Menam River makes a spectacle unequalled in grandeur.

##### THE CORNET AND THE HAMMER.

It happened that, underneath the garrets where Langford, a poor barrister, resided, there lived a man who occupied a great portion of his time in playing the cornet—a circumstance that raised the ire of my learned friend not a little. He remonstrated repeatedly, but in vain. The cornet-player, who was of a cantankerous turn of mind, and who was not without a smattering of the law, observed that an Englishman's home was his castle, and that he should do as he pleased. This declaration of war was uttered one afternoon, and that same night, just as the musician had got well off to sleep, he was awakened by a most unearthly din. Sitting up in bed, in a semi-comatose state, his first impression was—as he subsequently

explained to the lodge porter—that someone was driving hundreds of nails into his head. He jumped wildly from his bed, and in a few moments had so far regained the mastery over his senses that he was able to localize the uproar. It was manifest that a terrible knocking was going on in the room overhead. Flinging a blanket around his shivering body, the poor fellow ran upstairs. There was a light in Langford's room, the door of which stood open, and, without ceremony, in he rushed. What he saw fairly took away his breath. The elderly barrister was sitting on the floor in his nightshirt, and, to the accompaniment of a lugubrious ditty, was driving enormous nails into the boards with a mason's hammer. In vain did the cornet-player entreat him to desist. Another nail was driven into the splintering boards—another—and yet another; and not till then did the wielder of the heavy hammer pause and speak. He said: "You make my life a misery to me all day long, and now that the night has come it's my turn;" and down again came the heavy hammer, and another nail was driven home. There can be no doubt that my learned friend occupied a very strong position, and it is not surprising under the circumstances that a truce was speedily entered into between the parties. Cornet and hammer were laid aside, and silence reigned. Langford's eccentricities were not always without a touch of malice. Arriving rather early one morning in the robing room at the Middlesex sessions, I found the old gentleman there (he was invariably the first arrival) wearing a very pleased expression. Pulling a newspaper from his pocket, he drew my attention to a paragraph contained therein. It gave an account of certain County Court summonses and judgments against a member of the sessions named Ribton, to whom, for some reason or other, my companion had conceived a most intense aversion. As Langford was reading the paragraph to me, who should enter but Ribton himself, upon which, with a diabolical smile, the malicious old fellow skipped up to him and said: "Good morning, Rib; have you seen this, Rib?" As he spoke, he handed Ribton the newspaper; and then, in the coolest manner imaginable, commenced rubbing his hands and jumping with joy.—"Later Leaves." By *Montagu Williams, Q. C.*

##### WILD FLOWERS OF THE PRAIRIE.

As birds that frequent the woods of Manitoba are different in variety from those that inhabit the prairies, so are the plants and flowers found on the plains distinct from those that grow in the shade, excepting in the case of roses, which are found everywhere in the country. The flowers on the prairie are many of them similar to those that can be noticed in gardens in the eastern provinces. This might be expected owing to the open country and the soft, friable and black nature of the soil. The most common and showy of the prairie flowers is the tiger lily which, during the wet seasons of former years, covered the plains in every direction in rich magnificence, and can be frequently found in the greatest beauty and perfection in the vicinity of the wooded districts. Although still numerous, for several seasons, these ladylike flowers have not appeared in such numbers as formerly, but with a return of the usual summer rains the beautiful slopes and valleys will once more be gorgeous with lilies.

Asters appear much about the same time or soon after lilies, and are sufficiently plentiful and so delightfully beautiful that their presence adds an additional charm to the undisturbed portion of the old prairie, which to us is the most interesting portion of Manitoba, for there the history of the country can be read and the natural products noticed. During midsummer a very interesting and pleasing variety of marigold nods its yellow head amongst the bending grass, where many smaller flowers sparkle in varied bloom amongst the verdure.

The first flowers of spring are the crocuses. These will soon begin to show their purple blossoms on sunny slopes or sheltered spots that incline to the south, and are always welcomed on account of their early beauty. A very pretty blue violet shows its blossoms soon afterwards, and also white violets streaked with purple. The old, familiar dandelion can be frequently noticed in the valleys of small streams, but it is by no means so common as in Ontario. There are many other varieties of flowers on the prairies, some of them delightful in their bloom and fragrance. In the Tiger Hill country we have noticed several new and unknown kinds of wild flowers. One of these much resembles the balsam, having a profusion of rose-shaped, purple blossoms, set closely together on the stalks. This magnificent flower would be worthy of an effort to cultivate and perhaps improve it. The cactus is common on the hills along streams. There are two kinds that put forth beautiful, cream coloured flowers; both sorts have been cultivated with success.

In the woods there is, to some extent, a new flora composed of plants that love the shade and the peculiar soil found among the trees. The old-fashioned bush lilies, so abundant in the woods of Ontario, can be found in considerable numbers here, but the plants are not so large as in the east, although both the red and white flowers can be found anywhere in the thick woods. Several kinds of violets also grow in the shade, and, on the outskirts of the forest country or in and around the numerous groves of trees that appear upon the prairie in many districts, wild peas and vetches put forth very beautiful purple blossoms. In the woods, and especially in river valleys or near water, the wild rose flourishes in the greatest

luxuriance, and in such situations the bush becomes almost a tree in size, often carrying hundreds of flowers at one time.

There are a number of varieties of the wild rose; some are of a cream colour, some pure white, others deep red or beautifully streaked with white. The first roses appear early in June, generally in openings amongst the trees where the sun beats warmly. Later in the season the roses on the prairie appear and continue in bloom nearly all summer. In the wooded districts there are also some beautiful varieties of woodbine and honeysuckle. The flowers on the honeysuckle are either red, white or yellow. On the same partly wooded grounds, often in the vicinity of water, there flourish two kinds of convolvulus or morning glory, one white, the other of a delicate pink ribbed with white. Immense numbers of these beautiful flowers continue in bloom during the day where there is some shade and grow in common with the roses, sometimes covering hundreds of acres with colour and beauty, and filling the air with fragrance.

Water lilies are not so common in Manitoba as in the eastern provinces. We have not noticed any specimens of white lilies that made the lakes and rivers in Ontario so charming with beauty and perfume, for the white lily is the most delightful of all sweet smelling plants. Yellow lilies are common in some portions of the lakes and rivers of Manitoba, and there is little doubt but white lilies would flourish if once introduced.—*Pilot Mound Sentinel*.

"KNOWLEDGE without common sense," says Lee, "is folly; without method, it is waste; without kindness, it is fanaticism; without religion, it is death." But with common sense, it is wisdom; with method, it is power; with charity, it is beneficence; with religion, it is virtue, and life, and peace.—*Farrar*.

FROM an English point of view the most famous ruby is that which is to be found in the so-called Maltese Cross of the Crown of England, and which may be seen among the regalia at the Tower. This stone is a particularly large one, and is associated with some of the most remarkable personages in the history of England during the Middle Ages. The accepted opinion is—and there is nothing improbable in the statement—that when Edward the Black Prince led his expedition into Spain to aid Don Pedro of Castile, that Prince presented him with this stone. In course of a little time the jewel became the property of Henry V., and in 1415 he wore it in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt. It has remained a Crown jewel ever since, and an unusual interest attaches to a stone which was so closely associated with two of the most remarkable and heroic English warriors. The ruby is pierced in the usual Eastern fashion, and there seems to be no doubt that it was brought to Spain by the Moors; but unfortunately the intrinsic value of the stone is not equal to its historic interest, for connoisseurs declare it to be only a spinel.

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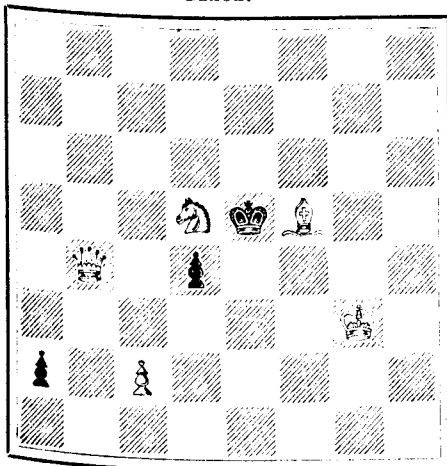


CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 563.

By J. A. W. Hunter.

BLACK.



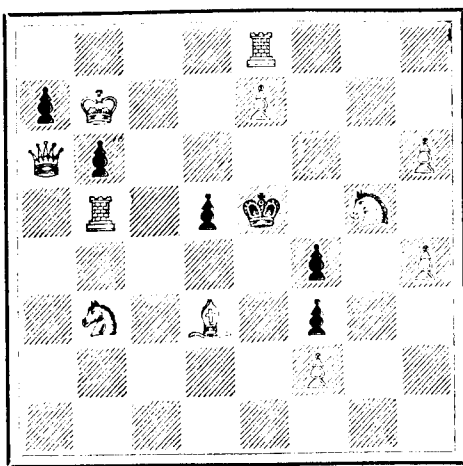
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 564.

By H. Cudmore, London.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 563. R-B7

This is a two move problem.

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- GOETZ. White. 1. P-K4 2. P-KB4 3. Kt-KB3 4. P-KR4 5. Kt-K5 6. B-QB4 7. P-Q4 8. BxP 9. BxKt 10. K-K2 11. B-K3 12. K-Q3 13. R-B1 14. KxQ 15. R-B1

- No. 564. White. 1. Kt-B2 2. Q-Kt4+ 3. Q-Kt6 mate. Black. 1. K-Kt4 2. K moves. If 1. KxP 2. K moves.

NOTES.

- (a) QxQ P is a safer and better line of play. (b) An exquisite stroke of genius. (c) Threatening to win the adverse Bishop.

- (d) Threatening mate in two moves. (e) If KxP 23, B-Q5+, mating next move. (f) The best move, and quite decisive.

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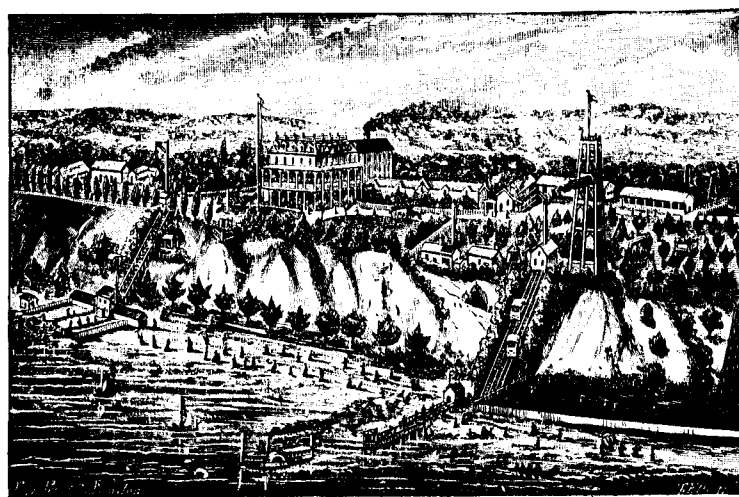


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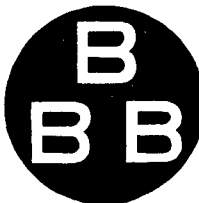
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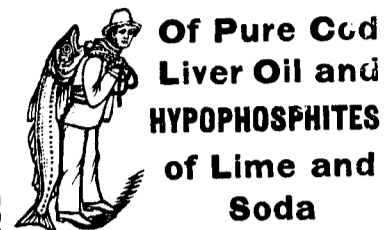
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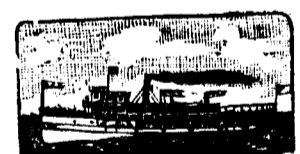
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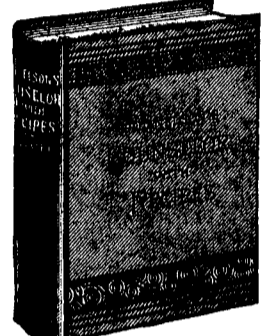
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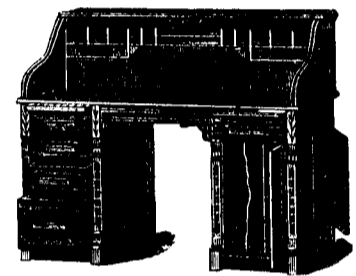


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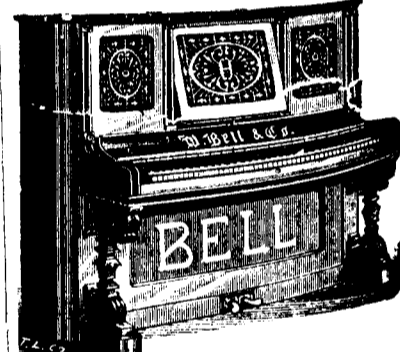


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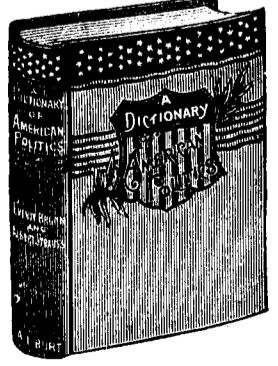
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