

# THE WEEK.

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Seventh Year  
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TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17th, 1890.

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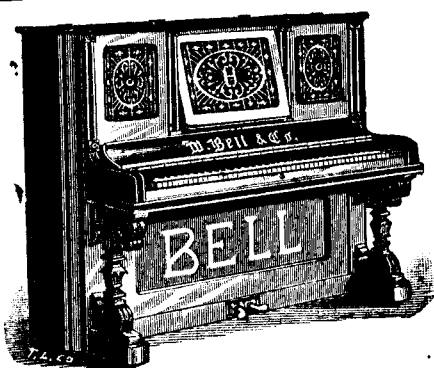
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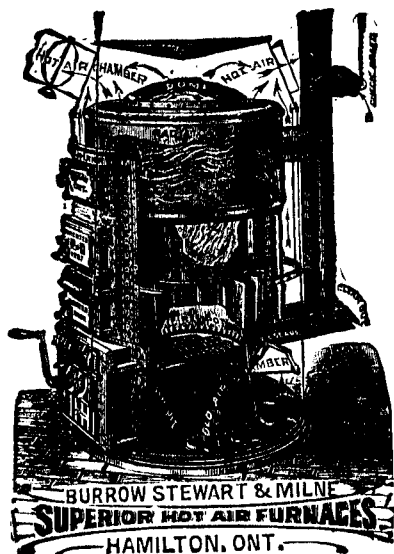
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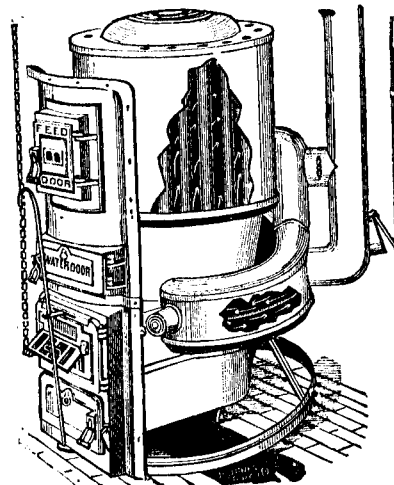


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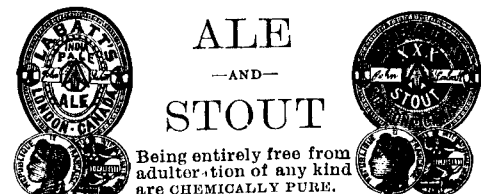
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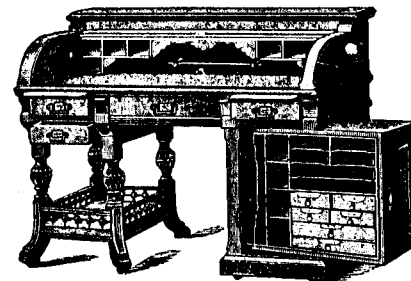
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- 2.—It must be delivered at THE WEEK office, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, not later than 1st November, 1890.
- 3.—Each competing story must bear on the top of the first page a motto and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with the same motto and the words PRIZE STORY COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.
- 4.—All the MSS. sent in to become the property of THE WEEK.
- 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

Owing to a generally expressed desire THE WEEK has decided to accept MSS. sent in for the Short Story Prize Competition whether typewritten or not.

"DURING the last fifteen months I have been in every province of the Dominion, and after inviting the frankest interchange of opinion everywhere, I came to the conclusion that there is less thought of annexation now than at any time during the last forty years. The growing sentiment of Canadian nationality is quietly killing it out." So said Principal Grant in the course of his eloquent speech before the "National Club" of Toronto, on Monday evening. We believe it, and have more than once said substantially the same thing. Canadian sentiment is undoubtedly growing, notwithstanding the disadvantages at which it is placed by geographical and racial difficulties. We are glad that Principal Grant has taken occasion to emphasize the fact, because it is one which is often obscured, both at home and abroad, in the dust raised by the recriminations of political partisans. The very fact that the word "annexationist" is deemed the most effective one to hurl at a political opponent, when an epithet is wanted to do duty as an argument, is, in itself, a pretty good indication that there is practically no annexation sentiment in the country. The real questions in regard to our future, the only alternatives worth considering, are, as Principal Grant clearly perceives, whether we shall "separate from the Empire to form an independent state, or remain in the Empire, gradually evolving into a position of closer union and equality of constitutional privilege and

responsibility." And in either case it is the duty of Canadians to be "Canada-First" men. The believer in Canadian Independence and the believer in Imperial Federation can meet on that common ground. What is best for Canada, or, let us rather say, for Canadians, for in questions of nationality it should never be forgotten that the men and women are more than the country, is the main question for Canadians to consider, though they need not approach it in any narrow or utterly selfish spirit. Were we in a controversial mood we should indeed join issue with Dr. Grant in regard to the meaning of the two kinds of development. To his argument that "the policy of the former (the Federationist) preserves our historical continuity and promises peaceful development," while "that of the latter (the believer in ultimate independence) means a revolution to begin with and weakness forever afterwards," we should be disposed to reply that the real weakling is the man who is content to live on his father's reputation, or cling to his mother's apron strings, after he has attained his majority and should be resolutely making his own way in the world. It is because we believe that absolute self-reliance is what is needed to develop the higher qualities of national as of personal character, and because, greatly as we revere all that is noble in British institutions and traditions, we believe Canada to be destined, both by heredity and by environment, to develop a character and do a work in the world distinctively her own, that we prefer to have faith in her ability to take care of herself. And just here Principal Grant will permit us to ask whether it was quite in keeping with the lofty note on which his oration was pitched, to suggest that the Government of Great Britain might not "give up without a struggle" the military advantages it derives from its Canadian possessions. Implied threats are certainly not likely to be the most convincing arguments with which to persuade those whom he is pleased to call "separationists," but who may with perfect propriety choose the term he himself has suggested, and style themselves "Canada-First" men, to become Federationists. The correlative of compulsion is submission. The British nation, we confidently affirm, would be as slow to refuse Canada permission to depart in peace and friendship, as Canada would be swift to refuse to remain in allegiance or alliance against her will. And after all good-will is the only source of strength in such a union. Canada as a colony or a federated state against her will, were such a thing conceivable, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Empire. Canada as an independent nation, bound to the Mother Land by indissoluble ties of gratitude, admiration and affection, would be a more valuable ally than a dozen reluctant and resentful colonies, held by constraint. Happily for Canada British Statesmen know this right well, and many of the foremost among them, we make bold to say, not only realize that the question of an Independent Canada is but a question of time, but approve Independence as the only destiny worthy of her great opportunities.

THE meetings of the Association for the Advancement of Women, now going on in Toronto, are likely to bring again to the front the vexed question of the aim and tendency of such societies. Is the status of women as women, in this Western World, such that the sex stand in special need of a society to promote their advancement? Do they really lie at present under any special disabilities or disadvantages demanding a philanthropic agitation for their removal? We are not so ready as many to put aside such questions with an impatient negative. We suppose there has never been a great reform movement of any kind which has not brought to the front many unreasonable enthusiasts. The canons of good taste are pretty sure to be violated whenever a large number of earnest people of all classes come together to promote some patriotic or philanthropic purpose. The practical question to be asked in connection with all such movements is: What is their general effect and tendency? Have the various societies for the advancement of women wrought any real deliverance for the sex? That the position of women has been materially improved in various respects within the last twenty or thirty years few will care to deny. Those who admit that the various changes which have been

wrought in the direction of securing her reasonable rights to property, and access to wider spheres of self-supporting activity, are changes in the direction of what is just and fair, confess by the admission that the position of woman at the outset was not wholly in accordance with fairness and justice. In other words woman was unrighteously treated, her weakness was taken advantage of, and she was imposed upon in various ways, until a few mothers in Israel arose and, in the face of much discouragement and derision, began to work for the emancipation of their sisters. To this it may be replied that sequence in time does not always mean the relation of cause and effect. *Post hoc* is not necessarily *propter hoc*. The spirit of the age is and has long been becoming broader and juster, kinder and more charitable. It is but natural that women should be benefitted by the change, so far as their rights had been treasured upon by the sex which makes and administers the laws. But such a mode of argument is not convincing, and we are afraid some of the clever women down at the Normal School buildings would make short work of it were it brought to their notice. The fact is that few will now care to deny that on the whole the women's movement has been a good one. It has secured for woman not only a better status in relation to property and civil rights, but it has opened up for her the doors of the highest educational institutions and has given to multitudes of those to whom it has not fallen to have an opportunity to fulfil woman's highest destiny as wife and mother, the light of hope, by opening the way to other opportunities of usefulness and service. If the woman's movement had wrought no other reform the fact that it has opened the doors to so many opportunities for honourable self-support and dutiful service is an ample atonement for all the disagreeable features it may have presented, and all the harmless shocks it may have administered to the ultra-conservative of both sexes. Though the battle has been so successfully waged, we do not suppose the members of such associations as that now being held in our midst regard the victory as won. Much remains, no doubt, to be done. From the literary point of view the list of topics for discussion in the meetings is a formidable one, but we do not doubt that these subjects, difficult and abstruse as many of them are, will be treated in such a manner as to command at least the respectful and serious attention, even of the philosophers and wisacres of the sterner sex.

THE Executive Committee of the Imperial Federation League in Canada has addressed a brief circular to the Canadian press, enumerating some of the advantages which, in the opinion of the members of the League, would result from Imperial Federation, and suggesting that, in view of the peculiar circumstances in which the country is just now placed by the McKinley Bill, and the disturbing influences which have led up to it, all Canadians, irrespective of party, should urge the adoption of the great scheme which the League exists to advocate. As several paragraphs in our last number were devoted to the subject of Imperial Federation, it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary that we should do more than refer the Committee to the views therein expressed. Recognizing, however, the great importance of the question, and the disinterested earnestness of the advocates of the movement, we may here attempt a specific answer to the questions implied in the circular. We sincerely regret our inability to fall in with the views which are being urged with so much spirit and ability by the Canadian League. We would most gladly second the proposition could we discover in it any good ground for hope of ending "the uneasy, restless feeling which is now injuring trade and checking enterprise" in Canada. Such ground we cannot find in the proposed scheme. The circular suggests to our mind two questions which, though closely related, are by no means synonymous or co-extensive. The first is that implied in the following statement: "The Canadian branch of the League has adopted the view that one most important part of that Federation is to promote such tariff changes as would give to each part of the Empire advantages in the markets of all." This is, as we have before said, unquestionably the *sine qua non* of the proposed Federation. The commercial advantages to accrue from the adoption by the



Mother Country of a tariff discriminating in favour of Canada is the chief, if not the only, inducement which could weigh greatly with the majority of Canadians in favour of a scheme which would certainly increase their taxes, responsibilities and dangers, while curtailing, to a greater or less extent, their autonomous powers and rights. The practical question then is: Can the Canadian federationists bring forward any tangible evidence to show that there is in the minds of the leaders of British political thought, the least inclination, we will not say, to propose and advocate such a change in the tariff, but even to regard it as a matter for discussion? We speak subject to correction, but our impression is that not even the warmest friends of the movement in Great Britain, with possibly a very few exceptions, have ever admitted the possibility of a federation on the basis of "such tariff changes as would give to each part of the Empire advantages in the markets of all." Until some such evidence is produced—so long, at least, as the evidence all points in the opposite direction—it seems to us that it would be a waste of time and energy for Canadians to agitate for the attainment of that which is almost certainly unattainable. Nor can it be forgotten that the scheme in question becomes the more improbable, we had almost said absurd, so far as Canada is concerned, by reason of the fact that we impose upon the products of the Mother Country heavy taxes, which it is not even proposed to remove. The idea that the people, the bread-winners, who are rapidly becoming the ruling power in England, would consent to have their food again taxed in order to favour a colony which is, nevertheless, to continue to put heavy and in some cases almost prohibitory taxes upon the products of their toil, is equalled in improbability only by the idea that the legislators and political economists of England will consent to jeopardize that trade with the nations of the world, which is the chief source of the national wealth, for the sake of the comparatively insignificant business they transact with the colonies. These, we are well aware, are no new arguments. The question is: Are they valid arguments? Have they ever been fairly and successfully met?

THE other question to which we have referred as suggested by the League circular is one which we do not remember to have seen discussed, but which must inevitably come up for serious consideration before the Federation movement can make any great headway. Is such a Federation desirable on the broadest grounds? Would it be in the interests of higher civilization, of permanent peace, of good-will among the nations? It is, be it observed, to be in the first place an offensive and defensive alliance. It is to be, in the second place, commercially, a close corporation, involving, so far as the Mother Country is concerned, a distinct retrogression from the large and liberal policy by which she has so long set an example worthy of all imitation. The nations have been, unhappily, slow to imitate it, but that fact only makes the nobility of her course more conspicuous, and its success the more remarkable. Two points of view present themselves in this connection. What would be the effect of Federation upon the European rivals of Great Britain? Would it not be regarded as, in some sense, a challenge, if not a menace, to which they would be likely to respond with increased armaments and counter alliances? Would it not, therefore, increase rather than diminish any danger with which the Empire may be now threatened, by reason of the jealousy or dislike of other nations? It can scarcely be doubted that the vulnerability of the federated Empire would be increased in greater ratio than its defensive strength. It will, we dare say, be replied that this could not be so, as all the colonies to be consolidated are already integral parts of the Empire, and must be defended in case of war. But the inducement to attack a distant country, as well as the moral effect of its capture, would be much greater when it was regarded as part and parcel of the federated Empire. The other point of view referred to is that which takes in the probable effect of the proposed change upon the relations of both England and Canada to the United States. An alliance of the English-speaking countries and peoples of the world would have in it an element of attractiveness and moral grandeur which is wanting in the proposed Federation. The latter could scarcely fail to intensify and perpetuate any difficulties at present existing between the two great English-speaking nations, and would thus tend to permanent estrangement, if not to bitterness or hostility. It may be said that the unfriendly commercial policy of the United States would amply justify Canada in turning her back upon her powerful

neighbour, and seeking to enter into closer political as well as commercial relations with Great Britain and her colonies. But Canada must, after all, remain forever side by side with the United States. The commercial interests of the two countries must always be more closely related than those of either can possibly be with those of any distant country. The two peoples are closely allied by ties of origin and race, by intermingling of populations, and hence by relationship and intermarriage. It is almost an exception to find a family in Canada which has not son or daughter, nephew or niece in the United States. Hence any policy which tends to erect new barriers to friendship and intercourse between the two countries, or to strengthen and perpetuate those already erected, stands, it seems to us, in need of much better justification than any which has yet been brought forward. If there were sufficient grounds for concluding that our neighbours would persist in their present purlind tariff policy, the force of these considerations would be, we admit, considerably weakened. But seeing that a strong party in the Union is already working energetically against the policy of exclusion, and that tariff reform is, in all probability, only a matter of time, it would surely be most unwise for Canada to strengthen the foes and irritate the friends of better trade relations by committing herself to a policy looking to permanent commercial isolation.

THE loss of life from accidents at level-crossings in Canada is deplorable. Such incidents as those quoted by our correspondent "X" in another column are unhappily but examples of those which our papers have to report week after week. In fact they are matters of such common occurrence that we are in danger of becoming, as our correspondent suggests, callous through use and wont to the impression they should make upon our minds and hearts. The level-crossing danger is one which can be obviated, and which, therefore, should be obviated. The people should arise in their indignation and declare that a remedy must be found and the slaughter stopped. But the question of the best remedy and the right way of applying it is a debatable one, and we shall be glad to have disinterested and competent observers give their opinions through our columns. Seeing that neither the highways nor the railways can be dispensed with and that the crossings are therefore unavoidable, the two practical points involved are, it seems to us, first whether the roads shall pass over the railways by bridges, or under them by excavations, or whether the railways shall cross the roads by one or other of these methods; and, second, which corporation shall in either case bear the expense, or whether it should be divided between the municipalities and the railway companies. "X" seems to be of opinion that the roads should be elevated at the crossings, and that, in consideration of the important benefits accruing to the district from the operations of the railway company, the responsibility and expense should be divided. To us, it seems that a strong argument could be constructed in favour of the view that the expense should be borne exclusively by the railways, and that, in the majority of cases, the bridges or tunnels should be made for the railway, and the public road left undisturbed and safe. We shall not attempt to draw out that argument, but may suggest a few considerations that would give it weight, such as that the roads are usually first in order of time and thus have the right of priority; that the railways, however beneficial, are usually the property of private corporations, whose object is simply to make money; that the railway coaches being propelled by steam can more easily overcome a slight elevation, while to the farmers' teams a railway bridge, unless built with long and expensive approaches, becomes a very serious obstacle, in a level country; that if the matter were thus understood the surveyors of new railways would so take it into account that the excavation or bridging could usually be provided for with slight inconvenience, etc. We have no desire, however, to prejudge the question, but shall be glad to give both sides a hearing. We may observe, by the way, that, pending further legislation, the decision soon to be given by the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, touching the crossings in Toronto and vicinity, will have an important bearing upon the question of the legal responsibility of the railways as the laws now stand.

CANADA is peculiarly unhappy just now in having been made the scene of a series of crimes of the most atrocious and revolting character. The facts almost give colour to the popular notion that the tendency to commit

such crimes is under the operation of some atmospheric influence or other natural law which causes them to be perpetrated in groups. The more rational theory that the sensational publicity given to the details of one diabolical deed causes those details to dwell and work in the imagination of some weak and wicked reader, until by a kind of unconscious imitation a similar tragedy is enacted, is negatived in the cases in question by the utter want of similarity in both the motives and the methods of the different criminals. Fail as we must to account for it, the appalling fact remains that our country has within the last few months gained a bad notoriety from the commission within its borders of several of the most cowardly and cruel murders of which it is possible to conceive. Taking three cases, in two of which a verdict of guilty has within a week or two been found and sentence of death pronounced, we are shocked to see how the villainy and moral degradation, which seemed to have reached almost the acme of human possibility in the first instance, have been intensified in each successive case. When a young man was convicted on irrefragable proof of having lured another young man from his comfortable home in England, and done him to death in the most treacherous and cowardly manner in a remote Canadian swamp, all, so far as appears, for the sake of a few hundred dollars, it seemed as if human depravity must have well nigh reached its lowest depth, and there could scarcely be a lower deep to which another could descend. And yet the man who could, deliberately and with coolly planned malice, entice the wife, whom he had solemnly vowed to love, honour and protect, to the edge of a Niagara precipice, treacherously and pitilessly push her over the brink and leave her there, for aught he could have known, to writhe in agony for hours or days, before death came to her relief, managed to outdo, it must be confessed, in horrible cruelty at least, the Eastwood murderer. And now both these bloody deeds may be said almost to pale beside that of the fiend in human shape who could relentlessly strangle, with his own brutal fingers, at the same moment, two innocent and unsuspecting girls on their way from school, bringing upon his soul this awful burden of guilt, not for filthy lucre, nor from fear of deserved punishment, but for the momentary gratification of a brutish passion. Surely we may now hope that the climax has been reached and that our fair land may again, for a time, enjoy the comparative freedom, which has been its wont, from such foul crimes as those which have just now, it is to be feared, done lasting injury to its reputation.

THE charge which Archdeacon Farrar is reported to have brought, or rather implied, against certain publishers who are said to have made large gains out of his brain-work, and given him a scanty share, raises once more the hard ethical question, which is ever and anon coming to the surface, and which will not down. That question is, broadly stated, the right of one man or class of men to grow rich by means of the labour of others, while those others remain comparatively poor. The case in question may serve well as an illustration, whether the facts are correctly given or not. Let us suppose that a certain publishing firm agreed to pay Archdeacon Farrar £500 for a certain book, that when the book proved successful beyond expectation, the firm voluntarily gave him £1,500 more, though under no obligation to do so; and that at the same time the firm had cleared £25,000 from the sale of the book. Legally the publishers have done much more than they agreed to do. They, no doubt, fancied that they were acting generously rather than justly in quadrupling the amount due the author according to contract. And yet, by hypothesis, they put more than twelve dollars of the profits from his book into their own pockets for every one they handed to him. Are they morally as well as legally justified in doing so? If not, would they have been justified had they given him one-third or one-half of the total proceeds? If the legal contract is not the measure of moral right, who shall determine, and how, what is the measure of the moral right of each? It may be urged that the publishers took all the risk, and that if the book had failed they would have been the chief losers. We are not sure that that is so. It might be plausibly argued that both the author's investment and his risk were greater than theirs, as his literary reputation was more valuable to him than the part of their capital they staked, to them. The question is simply a new version of the old dispute between capital and labour. The president of the Standard Oil Company gave, the other day, a million of dollars to a university which he is helping to found. That sum is said to represent his income for but a few weeks or months.

Can the money be accepted as good and honest money by a religious body, or has it been wrongfully taken in part from the earnings of the thousands of employees whose labours have helped to produce it, and in part from the competing corporations and their labourers whom his giant monopoly has crowded out of the field? No man, say some, can have honestly earned, or can have a moral right to the possession of a score of millions of dollars. But most of the men who have one million, or one hundred thousand, or even a paltry ten thousand have got it by precisely similar methods. The same principle must be applicable to all who acquire property, little or much, by appropriating the margin of difference between the wages paid their labourers and the selling price of the articles produced. Who shall draw the line and where between an honest and legitimate return to the employer for the capital, skill, and brain-work he puts into the business and an unfair and exorbitant one? Of course the mere fact that it is very difficult or even impossible to draw with demonstrable precision a line through such points as will satisfy the ethical conditions does not prove that no attempt should be made to satisfy those conditions. Mathematical lines cannot be drawn on moral planes, but there must be, nevertheless, a plane of moral cleavage separating between the right and the wrong in all business transactions. If the case be as stated and as we have assumed in regard to Archdeacon Farrar's book, no one can say that the publishers have not acted on what are accepted as honest business principles, but most persons will sympathize with the view that the author has been defrauded, if the case be judged by the highest ethical principles. Cannot more of ethical quality be incorporated in the political economy of the future?

IRISH affairs seem to be just now more complicated and hopeless than ever. In the first place it is impossible to learn from the conflicting accounts, which are sent through the cables, whether the poverty-stricken multitudes on the west coast are really in danger of famine and starvation, or only somewhat distressed and short of food by reason of the failure, or partial failure, of the potato crop. If in this matter we accept the pretty safe maxim that truth lies between extremes, and conclude that while there is little or no danger of absolute starvation, there is great danger of terrible destitution, the next question arises as to the sufficiency of the provision made by the Government to meet the emergency, and the necessity, or the opposite, of the proposed visit of certain of the Irish leaders to the United States. Then again we have the spectacle, to be seen nowhere else, of members of the British Parliament arrested in Ireland on a charge of conspiracy, brought to trial before a magistrate against whom they bitterly protest as a partial and vindictive judge, and finally two of the leading prisoners forfeiting their bail bonds and fleeing the country. In any other part of the Empire the man who should thus shrink from facing his accusers in open court and escape surreptitiously from its jurisdiction would be regarded as having by his act confessed his guilt. How will it be in this particular case? The Irish Home Rule party will no doubt exult in the flight as a brilliant stroke of genius, and the fugitives will be received with open arms by their compatriots in America. The view taken by the English Gladstonians will depend mainly, we suppose, on the degree of credence they give to the allegation that the Government made the arrest and prolonged the trial as a ruse to prevent Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien from making their projected visit to America. Those who can believe Mr. Balfour capable of misusing the exceptional powers entrusted to him in Ireland for such a purpose will be quite as ready to condone or applaud the act of the fugitives. To those who have faith in the Government and its Irish Secretary, that act will be simply another proof of the contempt of law and lack of principle of the Irish leaders. A veil of mystery is thrown over the whole proceedings by the failure of Mr. Parnell to appear on the scene, or to make his voice heard in tones either of approval or of warning. The suspicion, born of his startling speech before the close of the session, and fostered by his studied reticence in the obscurity of his hiding-place, that he may have some surprise in store for both parties on the reassembling of Parliament, adds to the darkness which envelopes the future of the Irish question. The one thing seemingly certain is that that question will be to the front once more when Parliament meets and will continue to be, as it has so long been, the chief topic of discussion, to the exclusion of legislation much needed by England, Scotland and Wales.

WHILE the effect of the McKinley tariff on foreign countries is being narrowly watched by those interested, all is not plain sailing with the operation of the Bill in the nation which it was, presumably, designed to enrich. The rumour that a special session of Congress is to be called at an early day to consider and probably modify some of its provisions, with the view to minimize the damage it is likely to do the Republican Party in the November elections, may or may not prove well-founded, but it is a straw which shows how the wind is blowing. Those who assume that a well-nigh prohibitory tariff is to be the settled policy of the United States for many years to come, may, after all, be found reckoning without their host. Apart altogether from the injury that is being wrought in different sections and in various industries by the tariff and the resentment thereby aroused, it must not be forgotten that a very strong anti-protection crusade is being waged throughout the country on broader grounds. That the Republican leaders themselves are seriously alarmed is pretty evident from the apologetic and pleading tone of some of the leading journals. Witness the following from the *New York Tribune* :—

The Republican leaders . . . have spent ten months in careful examination and adjustment of means to ends. If they have failed, they know that they have sacrificed their own future and the chances of the party. . . . It is the hope of the Democrats that the new tariff will meet, at least at the outset, an adverse decision by the people. Its merits and benefits cannot be realized for months. . . . The good results of the new tariff cannot be realized within thirty days. Its most unwelcome and injurious results, the sacrifices which it makes to secure greater prosperity hereafter, may be more fully felt then than later.

No great penetration is needed to discover much apprehension between the lines of such an article. The result of the November elections will be awaited with interest. The reaction may not set in quite so soon, but it is morally certain that it must come. And when once the bubble has burst, and the eyes of the practical and "cute" American have been opened, the progress towards a rational trade policy will probably be much more rapid than the process of climbing to the height of the present tariff absurdity has been.

AMONG the many theories which were given to us as fixed facts, and stored away as such in our memories during our school-boy days, but which are being swept away one by one by later investigations, we shall probably have to class that which professed to describe so accurately the course and influence of the Gulf Stream. The time-honoured teaching of the old geographies that the full force of the current, after entering and making a complete circuit of the Gulf of Mexico, made its way northward through the cooler waters of the Western Atlantic, and even affected the temperature of Europe, has been materially modified by the more careful observations of modern science. The view that is now favoured if not fully established by recent observers is that the Gulf Stream as a current really begins at Florida Strait and ends somewhere near the Grand Banks. The fact that the drift from the stream is found largely in the western part of the North Atlantic is explained by the influence of the prevailing winds, but Lieutenant Pillsbury is thought to have shown that high winds do not interfere with either the velocity, position or direction of the stream itself. Patches of the stream drift have been found during the last few years closely packed along the eastern shores of the Middle and North Atlantic States. This has led some to fear that the Gulf Stream was shifting its position to one nearer the coast and that a gradual change of climate was the result. But Mr. Jaques W. Redway points out in a recent article that there has been a systematic and periodic change in certain of the elements of the stream ever since it had an existence; and he argues that the assumption that in a very long period of time the procession of the equinoxes may affect the position and direction of the line of maximum flow is a question of theory and not of fact. Mr. Redway admits that there is a remarkable correspondence between the track of this current and the cyclones of the North Atlantic, but asserts that positive proof of any connection between the two phenomena is lacking. The records of the Weather Bureau of the United States show that during the summer months, when the current of the Gulf Stream is putting forth its greatest strength, the cyclones come most frequently; and it is thought possible that the excess of moisture which hovers along the track of the stream may be the fuel to which the cyclones owe their energy. A writer in the *Philadelphia Record* suggests that the accu-

mulation of the drift of the current along the coast may also affect the seaboard weather. He says:—

During the hot and excessively moist July of 1887 Gulf Stream drift was almost heaped along our eastern shores. The establishment of stations at the Bermudas and the West Indies would greatly aid in the task of securing data of importance in regard to this subject, and the laying of a cable between Bermuda and Halifax is a step in advance. If the connection of accumulated stream drift with coast weather be granted, there is no reason why forecasts of certain conditions of weather may not in time be made with as much certainty as those of the storms which travel across the continent.

#### THE COMING REFORM.

IT is probably a safe thing to say that, if ever we are to have anything approaching to an ideal condition of society, it will be one in which every human being capable of work will be usefully employed according to the measure of his or her strength and capacity. I am very far from being an admirer of Mr. Bellamy's "Utopia," or a believer in the possibility of the realization of any such scheme as he has set forth; but, at the same time, I feel that he has rendered the world a service in setting a brand of reprobation upon luxurious idleness. An apostle had long ago hinted somewhat broadly that non-workers should be non-eaters; but the interpretation generally put upon this has been that people *who needed to work* and would not work should be left to starve, not that it was not an eminently desirable thing to raise oneself, or be raised by inheritance, above the necessity of work. In these latter days, however, a feeling is abroad that no man can pay another's debt to the world, and that every man owes to the world his work fair in measure and sound in quality. Not so distinctly defined is the feeling that every woman owes a similar debt to the world, but it is gaining in definiteness every day; and, ere the century closes, we may expect to find it recognized as a cardinal principle that every human being, male or female, born into the world is born for some distinct and honourable ministry of social usefulness.

Now in an article published in *THE WEEK* of the 5th ult., I ventured to call attention to the change rapidly taking place in the status of women and the more independent relation in which, as I thought, they were destined in future to stand towards men. I spoke of the *cultus* of man, such as he is, as a far from ennobling form of worship. I spoke of woman escaping out of the hands of man, meaning, of course, out of his control and thrall. I spoke of this as involving such an education of man, meaning an education in self-control and general decency of habit, as he had never had before. I spoke of "debased appetite" as a thing that ought to be destroyed, and the destruction of which would give a chance for the production of a better and happier generation than the present one. Horace spoke of his contemporaries as

Mox datus  
Progeniem vitiosiorum.

I ventured upon the opposite prediction that our children and our children's children would be *less* vicious than ourselves.

This whole train of thought must have been singularly unfamiliar to certain otherwise enlightened persons in the city of Toronto, for in one quarter, the *Toronto World*, I find myself very contemptuously referred to on the strength of the article in question and specifically accused of talking in an almost blasphemous manner; while, in another, I am credited with having perpetrated a huge and far-fetched joke. As *Grip* is an excellent judge of jokes, and as any humour I indulged in was entirely unconscious, I fear I must take it that my views seem nearly as absurd to our leading humorist as they are offensive to our leading champion of morality. The conclusion is discouraging; and yet I do not despair of securing a fair appreciation of what I have said, and may yet say, from a considerable number of the readers of *THE WEEK*, and that is all I ask.

The position that must be taken by those who disapprove *in toto* of what I have said on this subject must be that in the development of civilization we have reached a perfectly satisfactory adjustment of relations between men and women, and that the time has come, in Lord John Russell's celebrated phrase, to "rest and be thankful." I feel therefore like asking: Why are we to draw this conclusion? A certain change has been in progress through the ages: What are the grounds for supposing that an equilibrium has been reached? If we go back to the times of Chaucer and Boccaccio we find in the story of the patient Griselda a type of what men then expected of women, and of the kind of submission to man that was thought a virtue in woman. Nobody, it may be presumed, wants to go back in this respect to the standards of the 14th century, but when Chaucer says of "wedded men" that they

Ne connen no mesure  
When that they find a patient creature,

he uttered a truth that has not yet lost all its significance. The French philosophers of the 18th century, enlightened as they were in many respects, had but low conceptions of woman's place and worth in the world. Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, all assumed the natural inferiority of women, all maintained that she was made for man's amusement and pleasure. Not very different



was the view of Tennyson's "fat-faced curate, Edward Bull," who was fond of repeating that

God made the woman for the  
Use of man,  
And for the good and increase  
Of the world.

The founder of Positivism, Auguste Comte, held a very high estimate of the moral influence that women are adapted and destined to exercise; but even he could not rise above the idea of woman's dependence on man; he had no prescience of what time had in store as regards the emancipation of woman.

Now strange and *outré* as the views expressed in my former article appear to the very competent local authorities referred to above, I cannot really discover that they are out of joint with the best thought of our own time. Quite by accident, since writing that article, I have come across a copy of *La Minerve* newspaper (of Montreal) which I had put aside months ago as containing an article to which I might afterwards wish to refer. *La Minerve*, it is needless to say, is not a revolutionary paper, and would not willingly give place in its columns to anything of a revolutionary character. Yet the article, for the sake of which I preserved it, is one in which an abstract is given of an address delivered in Paris at the Continental Hotel, by a M. Maréchaux, on "The Rôle of Woman in Society." M. Maréchaux is far from thinking that woman yet occupies her proper position in the world. "There will be no true cohesion," he declares, "in society, there will be no reciprocal respect, there will be no *family* in the highest sense of the word until we shall have recognized the equality of man and woman—their absolute equality." Referring to the dangers that threaten society to-day, he says that it is high time, and of urgent necessity, to put into requisition a powerful resource hitherto too little prized—the intelligence of woman. It is in the matter of marriage particularly that moral reform must begin. Young women are not properly prepared for marriage, and men regard it only as a diversion from the monotony of an earlier life spent in degrading pleasures, which leave as their result a stupid contempt for woman, whose true nature they have never given themselves an opportunity to understand or appreciate. M. Maréchaux, however, hails the appearance of a powerful movement in favour of woman, a movement that is destined to carry all obstacles before it. So far is *La Minerve's* version of M. Maréchaux's address, the whole drift of which I make bold to say was in the same direction as my former article.

But in the current (October) number of the *Forum*, I find what is still more to my purpose in an article by a lady, Mrs. H. E. Starrett, on "The Future of our Daughters." This writer welcomes as a boon to the world "the necessity that forces young girls and women from the shelter of the home to become bread-winners for themselves and for their children." "Considering," she says, "the case of fairly well educated young women who now, in cities and villages the civilized world over, go forth every morning to specific, money-earning work, what do we find in all the higher occupations? Generally bright faces, cheerful countenances, neatness and daintiness of attire and person, modest, self-respecting manners, faithful industry, and comfortable remuneration." Formerly the appearance of a woman in the street or other public place arrested the attention of men, and subjected her to unpleasant remarks, whereas the result of the constant association in our own day of men and women in all the ranks of organized industry has been that "men accord to women that quiet, unobtrusive respect which is the best possible expression of a normal relation." The women themselves, on the other hand, have been similarly "educated into unconsciousness and self-respect." The conclusion is drawn, and rightly as I believe, that *all* girls should be "educated to be independent, self-sustaining workers, as a condition not only of their safety in this world of vicissitudes, but of their happiness as rational beings." In the words I have italicized we come to the root of the matter. "Not more imperious," says Mrs. Starrett, "is the necessity for those who must earn their own living, than for those who spend weary hours in homes of comfort and wealth, and who sit with hungry hearts longing for some worthy aim to come into their lives and fill them." But what, for a woman, are too often the diversions of an empty and aimless life? Surely coquetry and social frivolity, conduct that is lowering to the female sex, and which, if it eventuates in marriage, seriously discounts the dignity, if not the purity, that ought to belong to it.

The "coming reform," then, consists primarily in the elevation of women through education and work to a position that will enable her to exert the full influence of which the potentiality resides in her nature. The aforetime depression of woman has bred certain vices in men which her elevation will not less naturally correct. One of my critics—the one who finds my line of thought verging on impiety—has declared that "the lust of man will continue to be tempered by the laws of that society in which he happens to find himself." He has added the delicate remark that "ugly women will continue to be patterns of abstemious virtue." Evidently there are regions into which the idea of any other than a legal or police control of "lust" has never entered. That reason, that a careful study of the laws of nature, that a voluntary regard for the rights of others, including a progeny yet to be, could have anything to do with the matter—all these are conceptions still below the mental horizons of some people even of some who undertake to instruct the community. Yet all these considerations and many others are *verae*

*causae*, and are destined to become more and more efficacious as civilization develops. Read E. B. Lanin's article, in the September *Fortnightly*, on "Sexual Morality in Russia," and compare the condition of things, which he describes, with what obtains in freer and more enlightened countries. Have our police regulations made all the difference? Or is it a question of intellectual and moral advancement? Well, if we have not yet reached the goal of a *true* sexual morality, it is well we should know it. If we have, let the fact be stated; or, at least, let those who think so say so, and give reasons for their opinion. If they can manage to do this over their own signatures, the public would perhaps on the whole be better satisfied.

Well does Mr. Lanin say, in the article just referred to, that "the social position of woman is admittedly the key note of a nation's civilization." Ibsen has powerfully taught us in his "Doll's House," that a woman's first duty is to herself, and that she is not to trust to wifehood or motherhood to raise her to her true level, but should see that she occupies her true level, and has grounds for a true self-respect before she consents to become either wife or mother. All the greatest voices of the present age are, indeed, striking the same note, of which nothing more than a poor diminished echo is to be heard in aught that I have myself written.

Since writing the above I have read Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's article on "Human Selection," in the September *Fortnightly*. One or two of his observations bear so strongly on the matter now in hand, that I beg leave to reproduce them. Speaking of a certain proposition of Mr. Grant Allen's, he says that it would tend to increase pure sensualism, "the most degrading and most fatal of all the qualities that tend to the deterioration of races, and the downfall of nations." He does not believe that only "ugly women"—to repeat the chivalrous phrase of the *World*—are "abstemiously virtuous." He says that already there is a considerable number of women who feel no strong inclination to marriage (page 335), and that were our social arrangements such as to give women in general greater independence, "the number of unmarried from choice would largely increase." He anticipates that in future "a large selective agency will rest with the female sex." This is precisely the position I took in my article of the 5th ult.

Ottawa, Oct. 4, 1890,

W. D. LESURER.

#### AUTUMN.

RESPICE—ASPICE.

NATURE'S masque is all departing,  
And across the grassy land  
Where bright fairies, dancing, darting,  
Tripp'd their sunny saraband,  
Dull grey spirits, chill and cheerless,  
In a solemn measure slow,  
March in silence, wan but tearless  
And the wind moans sad and low;  
Drooping ferns are turning yellow,  
Brush and brake are red and brown,  
Berries dry and late fruit mellow  
With dead weight are dropping down;  
Shrivell'd leaves in coloured showers  
Fall incessant from the trees,  
And a few belated flowers  
Breathe their dying fragrances;  
All the birds have ceased their calling,  
And the bees no longer hum,  
All is falling, falling, falling,  
Farewell, Summer! Winter, come!

SAREPTA.

#### PARIS LETTER.

THE military operations of 65,000 men in the north of France were the nearest approach possible to what the actual fighting of the future will be. The teachings of the manoeuvres were important. Many popular errors have been corrected, and much of the new strategy will be a surprise. Contrary to the general impression, red is not a dangerously showy colour in smokeless shootings. Dark and brilliant colours were those most easily distinguished. The infantry were the most, relatively, invisible; their red caps and red pantaloons were not discernible, while their busts, that is, their dark blue tunics, were perceptible—at long distances understood. Between 1,200 and 1,800 yards no colour is visible. The conclusion of the experts is that red is the best of uniform colours.

Anything white and shining is fatal. Regiments were discovered and their strength ascertained by the shining sword scabbards of the officers. Henceforth the scabbards are to be "browned," or made of leather. The tin cooking utensils of the soldier's kit are terrible tell-tales of his presence; they are to be blackened. The brass handles of the bayonets must be darkened. The white nose-bags, etc., of the cavalry are to be dyed chocolate-shade. Officers and soldiers, who are in the habit of employing white pocket handkerchiefs from beneath their caps to protect the neck, by hanging down, against the sun, have to select dark-coloured material.

Napoleon said the spade was as important to the soldier as his musket. That is truer to-day than ever. The best battle-ground henceforth is that possessing most undulations. A region where little hills skip with joy is admir-

able. A wood, unless very extensive, is objectionable: it can be raked with cannon and machine guns. Dry ploughed land is a drawback: the movements of artillery and of men raise dust. Meadows, corn-fields, vineyards, etc.—these are covers to be sought out. The balloon observatory did not realize anticipations, as scouts, cavalry are at the mercy of concealed out-posts. Reconnoitring work must be entrusted to picked men—active, *rusé*, intelligent and full of resources. They will creep forward like Indians to scale the summit of an undulation, or worm forward to an entrenchment. They are to be divested of top-coat and knapsack; their rifle and cartridge belt will be all their impediments.

In the actual fighting there will be less noise: *sang froid* will replace the yelling and shouting of the past. Not only officers but even the men will have to rely more on themselves. The new field wagons were a success; they carry at once ammunition, pick-axes and spades, knapsacks, etc. The selection of a battle-field will be the great aim of a commander: how to bring the enemy to fight in a chosen region will be the measure of his tactical skill. It is in defence that strategy will, for the future, be displayed. It is not how to attack your enemy, but how to beat him off, that constitutes the new science of war. To attack the adversary on his flank, since a direct front assault is next to impossible with smokeless powder and repeating rifles, and having once shaken his lines to rapidly press forward, such constitute the chief secret of success. To these must be united reliance on trenches, above all, behind the crests of undulations, and temporary fortifications, with a good map of the district and a well-arranged compass to detect the whereabouts of artillery. The unanimous opinion is that in the next war the burial will have more to do than the medical corps.

September is a month not favourable to the enemies of the Republic. It was in September, 1792, that the convention abolished royalty, and gave birth to the Republic. September, 1870, recuscitated the Republic, and September, 1889-90, saved it from the monarcho-Boulangist conspiracy. It is time for the dead-beat parties to bow to the manifest will of the country, and labour for the development, not the destruction, of France. President Carnot intends to carry the war into the social midst of the royalists; the latter have their aristocratic days and nights at theatres, operas, concerts, and circuses. Henceforth M. Carnot and his suite will put in an official appearance at these manifestation-gatherings of the fashionable world. It is this stalwart move on the part of the President which has compelled the Princesse de Sagan—as enthusiastic a royalist as the Duchesse d'Uzès, only she will never pay a franc, much less three millions, to restore the sly and slippery Comte de Paris—to vacate the State box that she rents at the Theatre Français. The Jacobin party in England, the Secessionist party in the States, had the good sense to bow to destiny, and become frankly a constitutional opposition. The played-out royalists ought to do the same. Whether they do so or not the Republicans have decided to ride rough-shod over all adventurers and pretenders for the future, and energetically take in hand the labour, social and financial ameliorations so long held in check by pseudo-Conservatives and marketable patriots.

Trouville is the most fashionable seaside resort in France. The upper crust honour it with their presence during August; on their departure the village is occupied by the well-to-do professional classes. Ten days ago the latter filled every vacant department; at present there is not a soul in the place. Typhoid fever broke out, smote several, and destroyed a few, the most notable being the actress, Madame Jeanne Samary, of the Theatre Français, a loss not only for that house, but for dramatic art. Young and very popular, she had a great future before her. She interpreted nature, while never omitting to study. Pailleron divined her talent, and wrote for her the delicious *role* of "Antoinette," in "l'Étincelle"; she was equally successful as "Suzanne de Villiers," in the "Monde où l'on s'ennuie." In her domestic life she was a model wife and mother; it was to spend a few days more romping with her two dolls—as she called her little girls—on the sands, that she caught the infection. The detritus of the town is run into a small stream, presumed to empty itself in the sea and to be tided away; the filth lodged in the sand decomposed rapidly by the late great heat; the disease germs lodged in the atmosphere and drinking water, and with the natural consequences. It is one more proof that drainage cannot be played with.

"*Similia similibus curantur.*" It was a maxim among Roman juris consults, that in every crime, "Seek the Woman." In every disease at present the rule is: find the bacillus or microbe. To cure cholera by inoculating a patient with the virus, or microbe of typhoid fever, does not appear less strange than Dr. Bahtchinski curing diphtheria by inoculating with the virus of erysipelas. He has so operated upon his own son at St. Petersburg, and several other children, with success. The irreconcilable microbes attack and destroy each other—leaving the battle-field, the patient, free. The eminent physicians of the Children's Hospital, of Paris, give no opinion on the subject; they admit the experiment is curious, but that it will require to be carefully controlled and for a long time repeated. They add that one of the most curious features about diphtheria is that many of the cases are cured spontaneously.

A very close eye is being kept on Portugal. She cannot raise money in France till she redeems her repudiated bonds of 1832, and that the Chamber of Deputies in July, 1880, declared the Government ought to sustain the defrauded in being indemnified, both in capital and

interest. The rejection by Portugal of her treaty with England may give rise to serious contingencies. Lord Salisbury is not expected to continue stroking the naughty boy much longer down the grain; nor will he put up with England's signature being spurned without making his resentment felt—even should the House of Braganza go to the wall, and Europe count one *voitelet* less. Two parties are pushing Portugal to a collapse, one that wishes to regain power, and the other that aims to set up a Republic. Lusitania is not held to be as ripe for a Republic as Brazil. However, its advent is seriously discounted by cool heads here. The enthusiasts declare that Spain will follow Portugal in setting up a Republic, and Italy will follow suit. Then the Latin union will be complete and the triple alliance a fiasco. Q. E. D.

Scouts are out feeling the financial pulse of moneyed people on the Panama Canal enterprise. The Liquidator will not be able to break silence till all the negotiations with the Colombian Government are concluded, which will require some time yet. If the millions, as indemnity or compensation, that that Government demands, be taken in shares and dividends be accepted out of earnings, that will facilitate bringing to a focus: first, the practicability of completing the canal in the cheapest manner, and next, if the estimate submitted will meet with the approbation of financiers, who, unlike the British East African Company shareholders, would not take their dividends out in philanthropy. The public continues to be supremely indifferent to the whole negotiations. However, when French duchesses can squander three millions at once on seedy politicians, they might club together the capital to try and preserve to France the glory she has so hastily sought—that of marrying the two oceans.

The rain is playing sad inundation havoc in the south of France; some of the best vineyards have been ruined. Near Nismes, a cemetery has been swept away, and coffins, fragments of corpses, furniture, hogsheads of wine, and farm animals, float on the waters. Z.

#### LIFE ON A CATTLE SHIP.

"If I get you the chance of going to England for nothing, will you go?"

"Go? I'll go in a minute—I am ready to go to-morrow."

We were two poor young school teachers from the back townships who had met in Toronto that fine July morning and were strolling under the maples of College Avenue. We had been students at the Normal School the year before, had roomed together and taken out our second-class certificates at the same time. Now the ordeal of the first term's teaching had come to an end and we were both feeling somewhat worn and run down in body and mind. We had had the usual disappointments and trials which attend the green young man's attempt to rule the district school, and felt the need of a complete rest and change. The holidays were welcome, but we wanted some pleasure over and above. After comparing our experience, Johnson had roused my curiosity and envy by talking in a mysterious way of going to England, of it costing nothing and at last, seeing how eager I was for such a trip, asked me the question quoted above.

To say I jumped at his offer is a poor, weak way of putting it. It seemed too good to be true. I was half incredulous at first but that feeling was swept away in a tumult of excitement at the dazzling prospect. It is the dream of every Canadian who reads at all to go to England some day; but that day seemed very far off indeed to a poor young pedagogue, who had to make his own way in the world on three hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. To go to England to see the places I had read of; places that seemed to belong to the geography of Fairyland, and to go now was almost too much. What would I not do or suffer to get the opportunity? I had no idea how Johnson was going to fulfil his promise but when he went on to explain that we should have to work our passage over in a cattle-ship, I was not in the least disenchanted. It would mean some rough, hard work, I suppose, but it could not last forever; no matter what it was I could stand it, and then—then I should see London. Besides there were good precedents. Did not Trefoil from our town, who made such a good stand at the University, disappear one summer vacation and come back in the fall with a new suit of clothes and fifteen dollars in his pocket, and, best of all, with the experience of travel in the old world? Moreover, I did not have as clear a conception of what would be required of us, as I had afterwards, or I might have hesitated. Johnson was glad to have someone with him he knew and so he took me to his boarding house to dinner. We soon came to an understanding, and explained further what we had to do and what we might expect.

That afternoon we went out to the great stock yards in West Toronto, a wilderness of sheds and dirt. They were quite empty and silent except at one place where half-a-dozen men were trying to pen a small flock of sheep. We made enquiries for Brown, the exporter, and a slight man with a reddish moustache was pointed out to us. He was standing by a horse and buggy, overseeing the work in progress. On finding out what we wanted he took us to one side and put several questions to us. When he found out that we had never been across the water before, he looked rather dubious. At last, however, we were hired.

"I take you two men," said Brown, "pay your passage to London and back, and your hotel bill while you are in Montreal. But you'll have to work for it."

We assured him that we were not afraid of work and had been used to taking care of stock on the farm.

"But you have never been at sea before," he said, "you'll likely be sick and I can't afford to pay you and have other men do your work."

"There's a great deal in not giving way to sea-sickness," Johnson remarked, and we let it go at that.

"She's a great big ship, the one you are going in—the *Arcola*," continued Brown, "the biggest ship that sails out of the port of Montreal, always has a dry deck. She was built just for this trade, with special quarters for the cattle hands, and she's new. This is only her third trip. So you'll be comfortable, but you must work."

"We'll do our best, sir," said Johnson, "and—and will there be any remuneration?"

Brown laughed. "Remuneration! Its remunerative enough for green hands like you to give you your passage there and back."

We did not insist, because we wanted to go at all hazards, and Brown, on his part, agreed to extend our time so that we need not come back on the *Arcola*, but might return by any boat of the line.

"You come here to-morrow afternoon and ask for me. If I'm not here go to the 'Black Bull' tavern and ask for the papers I'll leave there for you. Take the night train for Montreal and go to the Point St. Charles hotel. I'll see you there and tell you what to do next."

Then he took down our names in his pocket-book, Caleb Johnson and Philip Lake, got into his buggy and drove away.

Well it was all settled now. We were Brown's hired men and looked for Thames Haven. There was no retreat even if we had wished it. We walked back to the city in the highest spirits. We were really going to make an ocean voyage, not in the most fashionable way, it is true, but at the end we would see England; knock round in disguise as it were, and immeasurably extend our limited experience. There was the work between. It would be hard, no doubt, and unpleasant; but it could not last forever, or be much rougher than farming or more disagreeable than teaching.

Our preparations for our long journey were soon-made; for our luggage must necessarily be compact. We sent home our trunks, reserving only the coats and trousers that would still produce a half decent appearance ashore, and a couple of flannel shirts for the ocean. We then invested in a suit of brown overalls a-piece, such slops as workmen wear, and our outfits were complete. We found our drovers' passes at the "Black Bull" the next afternoon as Brown had promised; and the same evening, at eight o'clock, we swept out of the Union Depot on the Canadian Pacific express for Montreal.

As we were school teachers no longer but only drovers (though the professions are not very dissimilar) we had to travel in the second-class carriage or "emigrant-sleeper" as it is called. But this was no great hardship, for these cars are simply dismantled Pullmans, that is Pullmans without upholstery of any description. The bedding is furnished by the passengers, as in the steerage of ocean steamers; or you can buy a blanket from the Company for a small sum. We made ourselves comfortable with our bundles for pillows, in the upper berths, slept the broken sleep of the sleeping-car, and in twelve hours after leaving Toronto, we were stretching our legs and yawning in the C. P. R. station in Montreal.

We found our way to the Point St. Charles hotel, the rendezvous of cattlemen in Montreal, with some difficulty, for it is at the opposite end of the city, on the flats near the river, and neither of us had been in the city before. We walked over and carried our bundles with us. Brown had come down a train ahead and was waiting for us on our arrival. After breakfast he told us the way to the *Arcola's* dock and then drove off in a cab, ordering us to follow immediately.

We followed the long line of Montreal's riverside wharves and docks till we reached the Bonsecours Market and found the *Arcola* moored at a warehouse just below, with her head up-stream. There was nothing to do yet, Brown said; and so for an hour or so, we lounged round the dock and the warehouse, examining the steamer and watching the sailors at their work. She was a fine vessel, as big as a regular liner. Her main deck was built up about four feet with wooden sheep-pens; and on top of this bales of pressed hay were piled for fodder. A strong piece of scantling made a temporary rail, and all the wood-work was painted black, to match the hull. There was a great square opening, gaping in her side and a huge wooden gangway with high sides led up to it like the entrance to Noah's Ark. This is where the cattle are driven in and when we are ready to sail the massive iron doors will be closed and barred, not to be opened till we are tied up to an English quay.

As my chum and I were lying on a bale of hay, in the cool warehouse and wondering what it was all going to be like, we noticed Brown talking to a big, sullen-looking man with a black beard. He wore a peaked cloth cap and a blue-and-white checked slop. Presently Brown came up.

"That's my foreman," he said, "he'll take charge of things. There'll hardly be enough to keep you busy. There's only a hundred and fifty cattle and the sheep, and there'll be five of you, the largest gang on the ship."

We found out afterwards that this foreman answered to the name of William, and so we called him to the end of the chapter. I do not think that he took off that cap or that blue slop from the time we saw him till we dressed

to go ashore. And I can never look at a check of that pattern without seeing William's huge form and hearing his gruff voice.

This informal, one-sided introduction over, Brown said:—

"Here! let me see you get that bale of hay on board; lively now!"

We went at it with a will and tumbled the big clumsy thing, end over end, up the gangway and into the ship, in fine style. Here William cut the wire bands of it with his hatchet, and we scattered the hay along in the pens for bedding. When we had brought in bales enough, we went up to the railway siding where the cars containing Brown's hundred and fifty "beasts" had been shunted, and began operations. We soon had them out and driven down to the wharf; and here the real fun began. The steers had to be driven up the steep gangway, one by one, and secured each in his proper place inside. The space assigned to our lot was amidships on the starboard side. Part of the gang drove them up; one man stood at the passage way, to turn them down into the right pen, and two others secured them there. They looked ugly, the great creatures with their long horns, but it was all looks. Once in a while, a more timid steer than usual would get obstinate and refuse to stir for all the blows rained on him. Then there would be a cry of "Tail him," and he would be prevailed on to hurry, by having his tail twisted into a sort of bovine corkscrew. Once at the top of the gangway, all was easy; but often they would halt and fumble and stare into the obscurity of 'tween-decks, till the yelling man with a sharp stick would prod them into the way that they should go. The hardest part of the job was after they were in the pens. Each beast had to be turned facing inwards, towards the centre of the ship, a noose slipped over his horns, drawn through an auger hole in the stout head-board and made fast. It was not easy to deal with the terrified mob of cattle, huddled tight at the end of the narrow pen. It was a wild scene, what with the heat and the half darkness and the trampling, lowing steers. Sent in with head-ropes for the "boss," I found the redoubtable William in the narrow "alley-way," outside the bars, cursing and swearing and watching his chance to slip the noose over the steer's horns and get it fastened before it would be jerked out of his hands. Inside, his right-hand man, "Long John," a dusky, long-legged figure, was climbing over the cattle's backs, pounding them with a stick and running the risk every moment of being crushed or trampled to death. It was exciting work while it lasted; but, finally, William drew the last rope through the last hole, and hot, dirty but triumphant, Brown's "gang" adjourned for dinner to a little French tavern near by.

William, the indefatigable, had us all at it again in about twenty minutes. The six hundred and odd sheep had to be taken out of the cars like the steers and herded in the big warehouse. The sheep were inclined to bolt and we had to do collie-dog work, chasing and keeping them together. It was hot enough along the road, but it was ten times worse when we had the whole dusty rabble in the warehouse at once, ba-a-ing, bleating, and running insanely this way and that. Of course it was out of the question to drive the whole flock into the ship at once; only a dozen or two would be let out at a time and driven, coaxed or carried up the gangway to the pens. The sheep are not secured separately but so much space is allotted to so many sheep; the upper deck is used for their accommodation, for they must have plenty of fresh air. The pens are in two tiers, one above the other, about eight feet high altogether. The fronts of the cages are slatted like a big hen-coop, and the pens open into one another by means of moveable slats. These slats are taken out, the sheep driven in at one end, and then divided, about twenty to a pen, afterwards. They were much harder to manage than the steers, for the sheep is the most wonderful combination of stupidity and irritating mute obstinacy under the sun. Time and again they would stop in mid-flight up the gangway and pile over one another in great, woolly heaps; then some one had to go and carry up one or two bodily, till the flock started again. Playing nurse-maid to a big fat sheep on a plank, sloping like the roof of a house, under a July sun, is no joke. A sheep cannot be beaten or prodded like a steer, they are too easily injured; and its tail is not adapted to twisting, so you are compelled to fall back on moral suasion. It came to an end at last, but not till after sunset when Brown told us there was nothing more to do but bring our traps on board. We would sail at sunrise.

The cattlemen's quarters were locked up, we found, when we got on board and were not to be opened till we were really under way. This was necessary to prevent stealing and keep any of the ragged gang of helpers and hangers-on from smuggling themselves on board, and getting a free passage across, so there was nothing for it but to stretch ourselves on the bales on the upper deck for the night. The stars looked down on us through the cordage and the air was cool, but we were so tired that we soon dropped asleep. "Brum," as we called the little English man from Birmingham, was given a lantern and sent to keep watch below. The watchman's duty is to see that no steer lies down and gets his head-rope "crossed" with his neighbour's; this is done by one steer straddling across another which is lying down; when number one stands up the heads of the two are much closer than is comfortable or safe. This precaution of setting a watch is not so necessary when the ship is lying at dock as when she is rolling and pitching in a heavy sea. In a storm the head-boards often carry away by the cattle being thrown against



them and then the confusion between decks is something terrific, many a valuable beast has been lost in this way. Sometimes a steer manages to scramble right over the head-board when his rope loosens and wanders stupidly about the "alley-ways," then the cattlemen have a fine time getting him back to his place. Once in the night we heard the sound of a scuffle but it did not wholly awaken any of us. It was only in the morning when "Brum" came up, haggard with his night watch, with yesterday's dirt still on his face and his cheek bloody, that I realized there had been a fight.

"It was about twelve o'clock," he said, "when the one they call 'Ned' came aboard drunk, an' he comes up to me an' says he wants the lantern for his watch. I told him to get one for himself an' he offs with his belt and takes me across the face, but he didn't get the lantern."

Ned was the most quarrelsome rowdy on board and twice "Brum's" size, but pluck counts.

While we were tending to the cattle which were suffering from the heat, the great square openings in the ship's sides were closed and secured so that you could hardly tell where the gap had been, and the *Arcola* began whistling for tugs. She was moored with her head up stream and she could not turn of herself in the swift current of that narrow passage for fear of grounding. The tugs soon came and made fast, and now it was the sailors turn to be busy; and the cattlemen lounged about, forward of the bridge, watching what was going on as the steamer slowly swung round into the stream.

When the tugs cast off and the swift current caught us, it was touch and go for five minutes whether our voyage would not end at St. Helen's Island; there is a dangerous reef at the foot of the island and we came within an ace of grounding on it. The French pilot walked the bridge from side to side, almost frantic with terror, his cap crushed in his hand, grinding out a grist of prayers and imprecations in French between his set teeth and groaning every now and then in English: "O-o-o-oh! captain! O-o-o-oh! captain!" much to the amusement of us all. Captain Lawson was as steady as a rock; he did not say a word or move a muscle, nothing could be done. He stood by his signalling bells, perfectly motionless, looking very handsome in his blue uniform and a perfect contrast to the nervous Frenchman. It was only afterwards when he called up the fourth mate, through whose error the danger had been caused, that he showed any feeling. The tone in which he said, "I wish to goodness, Mr. N—, you had been at your post," was worse than any swearing, and the blonde young giant in blue seemed absolutely to shrink together for shame.

But ho! for England. We were really off, and plowing the blue St. Lawrence under the double impetus of a rapid current and a full head of steam. At eight bells we all got together in the cattlemen's quarters for our first meal on board. This consisted of porridge and sugar, coffee, canned corned beef and bread, all you wanted. "Brown's gang" were all in the port side of the ship, for one of the sailors had told me that there was a complete new kit for it, new blankets, mugs, plates and knives. Our quarters were two rooms in the bows under the turtle-back, with bunks for fifteen men. Everything was iron except the table; the berths were like lidless iron coffins on chests, from its being right in the nose of the steamer; it was a pretty close fit, when we were all in at once, and hot as a general thing. Still it was much more comfortable than on most ships in this trade. Cattlemen think themselves lucky if they have even a rough deck-house of planks, knocked up for them amidships among the pens, dark, leaky, and cheerless. Often they have to sleep on the hay, or wherever they can, and have their pilot bread and beef served on the top of a bale of fodder. On board the *Arcola*, our quarters were nearly as good as the sailors in the forecabin, only not so roomy nor so clean. The bosses had intermediate accommodation somewhere aft. But I am forgetting breakfast. It was brought to us by a poor old chap, who was working his way back to England as our steward. He was a Tyne-sider, a "Geordie" with bad teeth, and a bad digestion, always talking religion, and prophesying disaster. He gave us a lesson in politeness by making us take off our caps.

"It's not manners to wear your caps at meals, lads," and then he hoped we would behave ourselves. He was a little afraid of us, and I do not wonder at it; for we were a rough lot, and if not actually jail-birds, were drawn from the class from which the ranks of criminals are recruited. One sign of this was a certain delicacy about asking a man his name. The subject was generally approached by asking, "Say, mate, what do you want me to call you?" We were all known by our christened names or nicknames.

There was "Long John," a tall, muscular fellow, who had lived by his wits for some years in the train of circuses and "side-shows;" he could keep us laughing by the hour with his imitations of the cheap Jacks who haunt the country fairs. "Sam," was a red-headed rough from Toronto, who had been across many times, and was full of yarns about his experiences. The best of the lot was "Yorky," a keen, foxy-faced Yorkshireman; a poacher and fisherman in England, and a gardener in Canada. He was a perfect mine of knowledge about birds, beasts, and fishes, and the way to trap and hunt them, very good-natured and funny. "Tom" was a soft, good-looking Irishman, who collapsed utterly with sea-sickness the third day out; he had been in a Dragoon regiment, and the Royal Irish Constabulary. My chum was always known as "Black Whiskers," a name the humorous William bestowed upon him; I

was called indifferently "Tam o' Shanter," on account of my Scotch cap.

All that hot morning, we were hard at work tending the cattle, getting the proper number of sheep into each pen, separating the bales and bags with Brown's marks on them from the rest, and getting them where they would be most convenient for feeding, namely, forward. There was a lot of heavy lifting and we worked like slaves. From time to time there would be a lull, and then I could look over the side and watch the beautiful scenery past which we were gliding, the blue water, the green banks, sloping up to the higher ground, the distant mountains, the little farms and white houses, the succession of villages, each with a great church or nunnery; and all bathed in the clear light of a brilliant July day.

It was an eventful day. About noon the "bosses" had a row with the first mate. It was a very important matter to provide water for so many animals, especially in such hot weather. It is managed by having huge casks lashed securely to the deck, and filled twice a day from the ship's tanks. The trouble was that every foreman wanted the casks where they would be handiest for his own lot; and, in order to lighten his own labour, wanted more than could be made room for on the deck. They argued and swore for a long time, and at last got violent and began to gesticulate and crowd around the brown-faced man, with the clear eyes, and the determined ring in his voice. William's checked slop was in the front rank, of course. At last the mate just looked at them in his firm, unexcited way:—

"Well, if you don't put the casks where I want them, you shan't have a drop of water. I'll tell the donkey man not to work the engine."

That ended it at once. He had the whip hand of them, and they sullenly gave in.

Later in the day, "Long John" told me in great glee how our boss had knocked down another, the one with the crooked nose. "He had him down and was choking him when I jumped on him and pulled him off," John said. They were a nice set, to be sure. These little incidents were caused by the necessary amount of friction in getting things ship-shape. There is often much brutality on the cattleships, but for the rest of our voyage the men were peaceable enough. Sometimes the "bosses" were abusive, but they never lifted a hand to us, not even the terrible William, though his cursing and swearing was terrific.

In the afternoon, a thunder storm swept down from the blue Laurentides. It was a grand sight, and I watched the march of the storm across the wide stretch of country, from behind the great smoke-stack. It lasted till we reached Quebec, and took on the new pilot. My first sight of the glorious old city was through flashes of blue lightning and driving sheets of rain.

After supper we tended the beasts again. We were all tired out, and when I turned in I slept so soundly that I never heard the iron cable rattle through the hawse-hole close to my head; for we had to anchor below Quebec, to wait for the turn of the tide.

(To be continued.)

#### "WAITING FOR THE ANSWER."

THERE never was a more suggestive cartoon than that which appeared in the columns of the *London Punch*, when the strained relations between Great Britain and the United States imperatively demanded a "yea or nay" to the question: Will you recede from the untenable position you have assumed in taking from beneath the *aevis* of the British flag those persons who were under its protection as passengers on the high seas?

Who, that viewed that cartoon, will ever forget its significance? A "man-of-war" prepared for action, the guns shotted and run out, the lion awakening from his slumbers ready for a spring, Britannia with grave and sombre mien, the lanyard in her hand "waiting for the answer."

It was a time when good men and true of all countries anxiously awaited with bated breath the result of the final appeal that was forced on Great Britain by the worse than folly of the United States' authorities.

Admiral Wilkes may or may not have exceeded his instructions, and it was not on behalf of Slidell and Mason, as members of the Southern Confederacy, that impelled Great Britain to demand satisfaction for the outrage on her flag, but because it was a grave breach of maritime law, a law that the United States had, in the past, most strenuously upheld. Happily, at the last moment, when hope had almost vanished, the United States' authorities appeared to realize the fact that their position was untenable, that they had been in error, and, like wise men, they instructed their officials to deliver up the parties who had been so outrageously taken from beneath the British flag.

One would have imagined that a recurrence of so grave a nature could not again happen. Unfortunately, however, the lesson appears to have been forgotten, or, if not forgotten, at least, ignored.

Yet, again, another vexed question has arisen, and one equally grave in its tendencies! Yet, again, British vessels have been boarded and seized on the high seas, the cargoes confiscated, and the officers and crews said to have been most cruelly treated.

The question naturally arises: How long is this state of things to continue? Does Mr. Secretary Blaine wish to

go a step further than his predecessor, Mr. Seward? President Harrison and the much lamented Mr. Lincoln can be spoken of as truly honourable men, *sans peur et sans reproche*, but what can be said of the unwisdom of their Secretaries of State? Mr. Seward nearly involved the United States in a conflict with Great Britain, and it has been said that it required all Mr. Lincoln's (and his friends) keen perception and good common sense to avert the evil. There is a point beyond which "forbearance ceases to be a virtue"—that point had been reached—hence the ultimatum.

In the present unseemly state of things, Mr. Blaine appears desirous of seeing "how near he can sail to the wind" without getting the ship of State "in irons" amid the breakers. It may be a part of his policy to appear antagonistic to Great Britain, but 'tis a very unwise and dangerous game, tampering with the evil passions of men. The Secretary of State well knows the stupendous interests that are involved in the *brotherhood* of the two peoples, each aiming for right, each desirous of the other's welfare, each side by side in every good work of humanity and civilization. We know, however, that Mr. Blaine is terribly handicapped by exigencies almost beyond control.

Differences of opinion may arise, now and then, to throw a passing cloud across the horizon—fiscal matters and a wordy war of "tariff"—that create sectional differences (the McKinley Bill to wit), but, happily, they are seldom of such a character as to affect the honour of the whole people. When such cases do arise *party*, like chaff, must be scattered to the wind, and principles, truth, honour, and justice must be the guiding stars. In the present case, which is admittedly a very grave one, England's Premier in the interest of peace has held out the Olive branch to the President, and the solution of the question by arbitration is one that must commend itself to all who desire to live in harmony.

On the question at issue, let us imagine a vessel, no matter of what nationality, being boarded and seized some forty or fifty miles from land, under the pretence that the seals (skins) found on board had been born and bred, on some undefined territory, said to belong to the United States. Verily (and with due respect for Mr. Blaine's position), it must be said that the honourable gentleman has discovered a mare's nest instead of a *mare clausum*.

As well might Canada, who has expended millions of dollars in the protection and development of her fisheries, claim "all the fishes in the sea" that are spawned and brought to life within her four thousand miles of seacoast. As well might she, Canada, object to the United States or other fishermen, netting, seining or otherwise catching mackerel, cod, herring or other fish outside the three miles limit, because, forsooth, they have been brought to life within her territory. I dare affirm that two-thirds of all the fish that are caught (save those on the banks) are spawned within British or Canadian waters. So long, however, as the American or other fishermen keep without the limit, no one can say them nay, for they are within their right. So, also, with the fisheries off the Alaska shores. No alien has a right to trespass within the three miles' limit, under penalty. Beyond that, however, there is no legitimate authority to prevent fishermen of any nationality from catching seals or any other denomination of "fish, flesh, or fowl," or even the Aldermanic turtle, if haply they were found in those waters. The responsibility of any interference with the nationalities engaged in their lawful pursuits must rest on those who are so unwise as to interfere. Mr. Seward was much blamed for what was called his "Alaska purchase" and the official documents that are extant tend to prove at least that more precaution should have been observed in dealing with a not over scrupulous power in a *presumed* purchase, to which the vendor had no right.

The mines in Alaska, said to be very rich, were great factors in facilitating the purchase. Interested parties and speculators held that the "old abandoned gold mines" and others were more than an equivalent (in value) for the whole proposed purchase money.

From parties who have visited these old gold mines (for a specific purpose), I have understood that it would be unwise to attempt to work them again. Of other parts of the territory, favourable reports have been received as to its mineral wealth.

As regards the protection of the seal, it is to be hoped that some satisfactory solution of the question may be arrived at to prevent its total destruction. It is to be feared, however, that in the present unsatisfactory state of things, and from the cupidity of so-called civilized man, that the seal and the salmon will meet with the same fate as the buffalo, that so short a time since roamed in countless thousands over the prairies of the far west.

Ottawa, Sept. 23, 1890.

SPECTATOR.

DURING 1889 there were 1,076 people killed in the working of the railways of the United Kingdom, and 4,836 injured. Of the above numbers, 183 persons killed, and 1,829 persons injured, were passengers. But of these only 88 were killed and 1,016 injured by accidents or collisions with trains. The remaining deaths were mainly due to carelessness on behalf of the individuals themselves. The total number of passengers carried, excluding season ticket holders, was 775,183,573 for the year. The proportion of passengers killed and injured during the year from all causes was 1 in 4,236,000 killed and 1 in 423,380 injured. In 1888 the proportions were 1 in 6,642, 336 killed and 1 in 527,577 injured.



## TRANSLATIONS FROM MARTIAL.

(Living merrily in the heathen sense, religiously in the Christian.)

"To-morrow" you will live, "to-morrow" you are always saying,  
But, Postumus, when comes this morrow that's so long delaying?

How far is it away? where, or whence is it to be sought?  
Among the Parthians lies it hid? is't from Armenia brought?

E'en now this long to-morrow numbers the years of Nestor's ending,  
Or Priam's, when th' unwarlike hand its last vain shaft was spending!

To-morrow, what's its price? At least you'll live to-morrow—eh?  
Too late to-day! The wise man, Postumus, lived yesterday!

The favours you've done I keep ever in mind,  
And deeply my feelings they touch:  
Then why am I silent? you think it unkind?  
You, Postumus, blab them too much.

When I chance of your gifts to speak to a friend,  
At once he exclaims "There's no need;  
He told me himself." Ill for two to attend  
To the very same thing, 'tis agreed.

One's enough for this work; if you wish me to speak,  
Be silent, I pray you, yourself.  
Of the greatest of gifts no mem'ry we keep,  
If the donor parade his poor self.

J. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

REMEDIAL MEASURES ON CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As soon as any one of us finds himself entirely engaged in literary pursuits, the mind's eye can be easily and altogether withdrawn from terrestrial objects, and the world of fancy becomes the sphere of his existence. As long as the glow of the thoughts continues harmonious and constructive, he feels no very strong desire to return to the sublunary environment; and if we allow ourselves to be so engrossed, we are apt to forget that, ceasing to fulfil its functions, we have really lost our claim to the honours of citizenship, and to its great preliminary reward the pleasure of doing our own share in maintaining the flow of affairs of the community we form a part of. So immersed in abstractions, we become, in the civic view, of no more importance than the man afflicted with apraxia, or the inability to recognize the use or import of objects—otherwise called blindness and deafness of the mind. In a case of this sort adduced in the books, the subject could see physically, but what he saw conveyed no impression to his mind. An object presented itself before him which he could not make out, but when this object emitted sounds of the human voice, he at once recognized it to be a man. In attempting to read he saw what he considered must be letters or words, but they were unknown symbols to him; they conveyed no impression of their meaning; the memory of their signs was gone; it was a sealed book to him. In an accident that this man had sustained a portion of the internal table of the skull had been detached, and had exerted pressure upon the brain. Removal of the bone resulted in complete recovery from the pain and the mental symptoms.

Now, it would seem to the writer, that if our Canadian public were all literary persons, or all afflicted with apraxia, they could not exhibit a much greater outward indifference to the horrors so constantly presented to our minds in the daily operation of our great railway lines.

How are we to account for the phenomenon? We perfectly well know it would go hard with any single individual whose careless arrangements had so resulted in the destruction of the lives or usefulness of his fellow citizens. But when a chartered company and a representative body together occupy the stage, all this is changed, and there is a tacit, but not the less general, understanding that the calamity is to be ranked as an accident that should be deplored by all right-thinking citizens, and, their grief subsiding, should form neither warning against future like calamities nor example for future measures of protection or relief.

There is not a Canadian citizen who, if he thinks at all, does not know that our national practice is irrational and wrong, and derogatory to a young and progressive community.

Now, let us take the latest examples from the record of the daily journals, who so commonly give these items without comment:—

CORNWALL, OCT. 1.—John McMillan, aged about fifty years, employed on the canal works, was struck this morning by the down express and instantly killed. He was walking along the track west of the town on his way to work.

Sad, indeed, that our fellow-citizen should have been "instantly killed;" but, taking example by the journals, I am going to reserve my comments on this case for a future occasion, because there is even worse to come:—

MASKINGONGE, OCT. 2.—The wife of Dr. Dostaler, of this place, left yesterday morning to visit her sister at Louiseville. She was

accompanied by Mrs. Piché, Miss Heroux, and two young children about five years old. In returning to Maskingonge in a carriage last evening about nine o'clock, and while crossing the track at a point known as the third crossing above Louiseville, the carriage was struck by a freight train of the C.P.R. bound for Montreal, and all three ladies instantly killed. The two children escaped without a scratch. At the time of the accident they were in the arms of their mothers, and when the dead and mangled bodies were picked up by the train hands the children were locked in their mothers arms and complaining bitterly of being held too tight. The bodies were brought to Louiseville and the Coroner at Three Rivers was summoned. An inquest has been ordered for this afternoon.

This, our readers will perceive, is a "level-crossing" case. The three poor ladies so instantaneously blotted out of earthly existence! The two poor little orphans so miraculously spared! I will not enlarge, now, upon either the one or the other of these pictures; there is enough in them to fill a poem or a romance, and to equal either Greek or British drama in tragic horrors! What I wish to say now is practical. It is that the remedy for the level-crossing misery and constantly threatened danger is a plain one. We have only to build waggon bridges across the railway line, and as our individual citizens, literary or otherwise, do not so much refuse as neglect to take up the question seriously, let it at once come to be considered in our municipal councils all over the country. Those councils and councillors have heavy responsibilities indeed upon them in the lives of their people and travellers committed to their care. Now, I suppose, a waggon bridge of timber, with well selected approaches, could be put up in any country district for a very few hundred dollars, whilst an iron bridge fulfilling the same admirable purpose would cost as few thousands. Ought, then, a township or a county municipality to be frightened at such small amounts, when the vital and important purpose of the expenditure is considered? The municipalities first in the field in this reform will distinguish themselves greatly. Of course the very first question that would arise in local discussion would be the responsibility of the company concerned, which would seem essentially to be to leave the roads their line had had to cross in as good a state as they found them. In consideration, however, of the important benefits accruing to the district from the operations of the railway company, some division of responsibility and resulting expense might be arrived at, and form a basis for legislation. Writers in the Dominion who are unfettered by any corporate interests are solicited to give the public their opinions on these points. Sir John Macdonald may honourably boast his great work for railways, but he cannot wish the lives of the people he governs to be sacrificed when some earnest attention to the question, on his part, might stop the carnage. The question should obtain ventilation before the meeting of Parliament, and it should be clearly seen who are the members who are willing to come forward in the vital interests of the people. The clergy are with us in spirit, though the hindrances to Samaritan work may be numerous. Our Faculties of applied science will have pleasure in providing practical guidance, and the people, be assured, will never grudge the means for the work. If we can only get the movement fairly and speedily started we shall be much better able to gauge the common sense of a people who have accomplished so much in the past, who are benevolent in sentiment, and require only to be well led to make them eminently so in practice.

X.

## THE RAMBLER.

I AM very glad to see that my remarks upon the burning question of the "Kreutzer Sonata" have been caught up with approval by several American papers, musical and otherwise. Tolstoi's depraved book is, upon the whole, meeting with the condemnation it deserves.

In this connection it seems timely to say a word about the astounding folly and criminality of the daily press in despatching such minute and horrible accounts of an unnatural crime as for the last week we have been confronted with at breakfast. It is all nonsense to say that we need not read such. If we know better, servants and children do not, and nothing is gained for morality by such supping or lurching on horrors. There should be some limit set to the portrayal in all the newspaper man's rabid colouring of such inhuman and unnatural atrocities. I could say a great deal more upon the subject, but, like all morbid themes, the less said the better.

O, there was never anything beautiful in the Morbid yet! Curse of Carlyle, sting of Byron, sin of Shelley! Failure of Keats, death of Poe, suicide of Chatterton—the world is only barely better for such.

Even the high-souled introspectiveness of George Eliot is marred by her want of healthy, spontaneous cheerfulness and good nature. We want every aid we can get to render the world—tolerable, which is, perhaps, as pessimistic a speech as anyone could make. Addison said: "The vicious man and the atheist have no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour and enjoy his present existence who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation, of being miserable, or of not being at all."

A very funny phase is that of the prize-giving, prize-winning craze. (That rhyme is quite unintentional; I have been reading "Hexameters and Rhythmic Prose" in the *Atlantic*; *c'est pour quoi*.) The sad mechanic exercise of verse-making is nothing to the fascination of finding and sending in 2,500 English words in alphabetical

order, hoping thereby to attain to the glory of going to Europe with 200 dollars in gold for expenses in the breast-pocket of an Alaska seal jacket, and seated upon a Shetland pony.

I have not a word to say against these contests; they assuredly lead to the better understanding, and let us hope, spelling of our vernacular, but how are the prizes managed? Suppose three people out of one house send in the three largest lists, will they get the three leading prizes? I know a whole family at present engaged in this improving occupation. The mother has visions of the jacket; the two boys—two, if you please—of that pony, while three girls are dreaming by day and night of a china tea-set, a quadruple electro-plated tea-set and an "elegant" *portière* curtain—(*portière* curtain is good).

Have I anything to say about October? Scarcely as yet, for indeed the September days linger on still, and there is little of autumn in the air. But here is a prettier sketch of early autumnal fields and colourings than I could ever give you, or few others. There are no writers like the old ones, to be sure, and I leave you to find out who it is that has said: "October is, to me, the most delightful month of the year—often a dry one, sufficiently warm and yet with a fine bracing air that makes exercise delightful. And then what noble exercise for you in your shooting-jacket! To saunter through the rustling woodlands, to stalk across the stubble-fields, yellow with the last glare of day; to skirt the loin of the hill, and, over-leaping the dyke, tumble away among the ferns and reach your door just as the great red moon comes up in the east, how invigorating! I say nothing of the clear fire within and the new magazine just laid on your table. But, oh! the dismal look of a wet October and a late harvest! The central figure of the dreary picture is the farmer on the first dry breezy evening that comes after a fortnight's incessant rain in the end of the month, bending and looking through his black bean-field, sticking sodden to the ground in every stook, slimy with slugs, all going to slaver, and losing the sprouted pulse from every open pod. The miry hunters, riding homeward, sink to the fetlocks as they cross the deep clayey country. The husbandman turns cheerlessly to the higher lands. The small birds, starting from his feet, shriek adown the wind in the watery evening light. The green and yellow (both in one) glint of the oats, tussled by the wind on the edge of the waste, with the chaff of the top pickle (thrashed out by the wintry blasts that have contrived to blow in every interval of the rain) shimmering thin and white to his level eye, fluctuates away before him.

But where are the whirring gorcocks, crowing so wildly triumphant, where the deep-blooming heather of the mountain side, powdering the sportsman's ankles with rich-coloured dust; where the antlered king of the red deer, scornful of the stalker, hanging high and far in the weathergleam of the north, magnificent, momentary, as he stretches the natural living, untanned, unsophisticated buckskin of his loins away over a hundred hill-tops in the wild Highlands of Braemar; where the soft streams of pencilled light, lacing divergingly the glistening clouds of the western afternoon and falling like a silent kiss on the far ancient pine-wood; where the shoulder of the green distant hill, steeped in the sunny brightness of evening, beautiful as the shoulder of Pelops; where the orange-necked wheat; where the many-coloured beauty of the autumnal woods; where the harvest moon?

This is something like that much maligned article—Descriptive Prose—is it not? What a pity it is that a greater love of the country and appetite for country walks do not exist among our people; I can count on my fingers the few I know who care to take a real country walk out along the Davenport Road and back again, and these are all Englishmen and Englishwomen. As for the Park, the better class of people are never to be seen there, nor any merry ball-playing groups of children, as in England.

## PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

LA FRANCE ET LA RUSSIA. By Alfred Rambaud (Alcan.)—This summary title may be accepted to designate the seventh, and most important, volume of the collection of instructions given by the French Government to their ambassadors to Russia before 1789. It is impossible not to see a correlation of circumstances in the past, and the contemporary history of both nations. In arranging and collating these Archives of the French Foreign Office for publication, M. Rambaud, in his preface, as in his notes, allows the politician to dominate the historian. It is that drawback which renders him less an authority on Russia than M. Anatole—Leroy Beaulieu.

M. Rambeau forgets that neither sentiment nor fine language constitute policies or necessities and that state reasons dictate the conduct of Governments. France and Russia are two States that have had for a long time Governments of a like order, and yet they remained hostile towards one another. To-day they are governed by régimes as opposite as the poles—one is democratic and the other autocratic. With whom is an alliance possible? Only the French now base the reasons for an alliance on a general belief in the past and present magnanimity of Russia towards France, dating from 1814-15, as well as from 1875.

It is at present passed into a legend that Alexander I. joined the allies to prevent Paris from being sacked and

France from being dismembered. The Grand Allies united to get rid of Napoleon as the disturber of the world and render France free from his grip. After 1813, the Czar, Alexander, saw the necessity of common action against the common evil, and from 1813 to 1815 he cheerfully joined in the ally work. In 1814, when Napoleon turned in part successfully against the invaders, but so much so that the Grand Alliance hung upon a thread, it was to the combined firmness of the Czar and Castlereagh, that the invasion of France was persisted in. And these two personages secured the treaty of the 1st March, 1814, the most remarkable document in historic times, wherein the four allies bound themselves to reduce the frontiers of France to what they were in 1792.

"Let us march to Paris," exclaimed the Emperor Alexander, on the 25th March, 1814. The allies followed his counsel, arrived on the heights of Chaumont, the Russians and Prussians fired on Paris, and twenty cannon sent bombs as far as the Boulevard des Italiens of to-day. As commander and chief, the Czar in the name of the allies, assured Parisians that nothing like pillage would be tolerated. Just as after Waterloo, Wellington issued a similar proclamation, and placed one Highlander only on the bridge of Jena to defy the Prussians to execute their threat to blow up that monument. The Czar even prevented the Parisians themselves from pulling down the Vendôme column, but which the Communists effected fifty-six years later. The Treaty of Paris was signed, and though not a village was reft from old France, not a palace sacked or a museum rifled, the French felt disappointed that the Czar refused any republican conquests to France.

Alexander, having become guarantee for Napoleon's word of honour not to escape from Elba, left him to his fate when he violated it. At the 1815 Congress at Vienna, the extraordinary spectacle was witnessed of England, France, and Austria, negotiating an alliance to check the territorial rapacity of Russia. The Crimean war was undertaken to keep Russia out of Turkey; and Russia, in exchange for the permission to tear up the Treaty of Paris of 1856, allowed Germany to crush France in 1870-1: By menacing Austria and Italy did they fly to the rescue of the Gauls? The assertion that the Czar prevented Germany in 1875 from invading France is untrue, but the fable is accepted as gospel by the French.

M. Rambaud does not give his countrymen these sobering and additional illustrations, that alliances are dictated by the force of circumstances, by interests, and not by fine phrases or sentiment. At present war is viewed as nearer between Austria and Russia than between France and Germany, although three centuries have elapsed since Russia and Austria battled. Why? Because the Czar pursues the traditional policy to obtain Constantinople, while Austria replaces France—England remaining unchanged—to bar him out. It is not unnatural that M. Rambaud should desire to see his country regain her rank as the first European Power—the real Alsace-Lorraine restoration; equally natural is it that she be free to select what ally can best aid her in that object.

Under Richelieu and Mazarin, Russia counted for little; the country was too far away; besides, as Retz observed, Richelieu did not consider the State beyond his own life interest therein. He cannot be blamed for not seeing two centuries and a-half into the future. The test of a modern statesman is to have forethought for two years. Bismarck was held to possess this "precious seeing of the eye," till his pupil, William II., destroyed the legend. The foreign policy of Richelieu was to protect France on the east of her frontier, by paralyzing Austria, and checkmating her with Sweden, Poland, and Austria. Then France held the commerce of the Levant in the hollow of her hand: the French ambassador was the Grand-Vizir of the Christians. To have a body of Turks ready to march on Vienna assured quietude on the eastern frontiers of France. That explains why Louis XIV. protected Turkey, defended Poland and upheld Sweden. Today, in order to bar out Russia from invading Western Europe, England and Austria protect Turkey, and uphold Roumania and Bulgaria.

In 1814, Talleyrand prophetically observed, when it was mooted to augment Prussia by giving her Saxony, and so make her a boulevard against Russia: Supposing Prussia should support herself upon Russia, to gain extension in Germany, in exchange for her conniving at the Muscovite's advance on Constantinople? The Germans at Versailles and the Russians at San-Stefano illustrate his prediction. By marrying Marie Leszcinska, and so remaining on the Freedom-shriek side of Poland, Louis XV. was the hereditary enemy of Russia; had he married the daughter—Elizabeth—of the Empress Catherine, Russia might be now in Constantinople, and the Poles not the less devoured and digested. To day, France thinks more of her Tonkinois than the Poles. But that marriage would have entailed on France the alliance of sacrificing Turkey to the Czar, while compromising her commercial and Latin influence in the East. At Tilsit, where Alexander and Napoleon agreed to divide the world between them, Bonaparte would concede everything save Stamboul, which he wanted for himself. Alexander could not destroy the commerce of his empire by joining the continental blockade against England and having the Baltic closed against Russian trade. Even with the aid of France—could Russia take Constantinople?—two British warships made her victorious legions halt at Stamboul a dozen years ago. The most permanent alliances are those founded on commercial interests; when such are destined for fighting, they ought only to be limited to the job in hand. In neither is there room for mutual admiration.

MADAME DE STAËL. By Albert Sorel (Hachette). The most extraordinary circumstance about this celebrity is the few books that have been written about her, as compared with the position she filled in the public eye in her day. She made a noise rather than a mark. The dead it is said have no sex, so it is as writer, as an authoress she must be judged. Following this standard, then, her *bagage littéraire* is not heavy, and may be rapidly estimated. If "Delphine," her first serious work, and published when she was thirty-six years of age, be added to her "Corinne," published three years afterwards, and her "De l'Allemagne," given three years after the latter, there are not sufficient claims to give her a niche in the temple of posterity, even making every allowance for the sentimental epoch in which she moved, and the so-called "Age of Reason," based on gush and pathos. All is a torrent of words, highly coloured, and weighted down with imagery. We wade through Ruben's-run-mad, in search of Raphael. Madame de Staël gives us neither individualism of style nor of ideas. In the absence of these there can be no originality; the few ideas her readers may encounter belong to others. She had a retentive memory. "Corinne," that she took twelve months to write, is still "a picturesque tour couched in the form of a novel." "De l'Allemagne," which she spent two years to write, is not French, according to Napoleon, and it lacks much to be German.

It is as a woman of society that Madame Staël is remarkable. She was an incomparable *saloniste*, if the Academy will excuse the coinage. And that was the only accomplishment she copied from a mother, between whom and her child there never was sympathy. But Anne Necker loved her father, and became a rival in a sense of her mother for his affection. Her mother was a Swiss Calvinist, rigid as Puritanism; in trying to bend her daughter to the same standard, she nearly wrecked the young girl's health. Madame Necker was very handsome and intellectual; she cultivated intellectual society of the profound class. Gibbon, the historian, who was a Wilkes in plainness, was her first lover. Her daughter was very ordinary; she resembled a country wench, strongly muscled, with deep expressive eyes, and a wealth of intellectual power. She was married at twenty to the Baron de Staël, the plainest of men, aged thirty-seven, and first secretary of the Swedish Embassy; he was poor; she was the daughter of the wealthiest banker in France.

When presented at court after her marriage, Marie Antoinette received her coldly; the courtiers observed that she was very economical in the matter of bowing, and very indifferent about the lace trimming of her dress. She despised the court, its puppets, and their frivolities. But she emptied her woman's heart of pity when the Queen was beheaded. Her *salon* was the rendezvous of philosophers and politicians under the Directory, during part of the Empire, and the Restoration; and it was held in her Swiss home at Coppet, when she had to leave Paris. She kept up her *salon* by sheer force of cleverness, for she lacked that beauty which "draws with a single hair," and those magnetic manners that enchain, possessed by her friend, Récamier. Madame de Staël, Byron said, "made Coppet as agreeable as society can make any place on earth." But her *salon* would not have made her so famous had Bonaparte not declared war against her; tried to boycott her and her friends; her pin-cushion war of the pen goaded him, so that he descended to break the butterfly on a wheel. He detested blue stockings. She pestered him, as she did other great men, and, by securing the Emperor's point-blank hostility, obtained the right to pose the darling weakness of her strong character and the passion of her temperament. She rescued Talleyrand from suicide by prevailing on Barras to appoint him Foreign Minister. Then she had her lovers; that too was part of the age of sentiment and tears in which she lived. She separated amicably from her husband; they had three children: One—the only daughter—became mother of the present Duc de Broglie. The journal of Benjamin Constant shows us Madame de Staël with her turban off, indulging in idle tears of love. She was married, twice over, to "mak sicker," to de Rocca, a Swiss officer twenty-three years her junior. She had uncleared up relations with Narbonne; but then she was all sympathy: all her life was passed swimming in love for human nature. Her text books were: Rousseau, Clarissa Harlowe, tempered with Montesquieu. She was proud of her conversational powers, but in "Delphine" and "Corinne" where she depicts herself, the embellishments she lays on are the measure of charms she lacked. Leonce loved "Delphine," and Oswald "Corinne," but neither had their loves; they obeyed their parents and espoused other ladies.

Here she displayed inability to observe life and interpret its passions. She replaced nature by theories of nature; hence her novels, or rather rhapsodies, want precision, exactitude and *eclat*. The French do not pardon Madame de Staël for her taking side with Bernadotte and Moreau, and the kings against France. Murat, too, fought against his countrymen. M. Sorel skips over this part of the biography, and none was in a better position to clear it up than the Secretary of the Senate, and that might account for much of Napoleon's hate and severity towards her. Byron asserts: Madame de Staël was a good-natured creature. She even undertook to see his wife, and reconcile them. She loved her father, and nursed her separated husband on his death-bed, and de Rocca when in consumption. She had a religion of her own; dreaded a nation without faith, and crowds without belief. Before expiring she said: "I have always been the same, lively and sad; I have loved God, my father, and liberty."

## THE IMAGINATION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

MR. ALDERMAN BAILEY, in an address to a body of engineering students at Manchester, has been telling his hearers, and telling them very rightly, that they ought to cultivate their imaginations. Engineers, he pointed out, must necessarily be on one side of their minds very hard-headed, practical persons. They must be accurate, for instance, to the hundredth part of an inch, for an error in measurement is certain to bring its results—results which are not unlikely entirely to spoil the finished work. But this worship of the two-foot rule, this devotion to the concrete, is apt to stunt the mind. A man who is perpetually thinking of minute material details, who is forced to train his mind to abhor the inexact, and who can never allow himself to imitate the liberal maxim of the social polity, and declare that *de minimis non curat scientia*, is very apt to find his intellectual faculties growing crystallised, and his mind approaching every new question with the deadening interrogation: "Isn't it contrary to common-sense?" The necessity for expressing every idea in terms of yards of earthwork or masonry, or tons of iron, is, in fact, constantly tending to deprive him of that inspiration which is nevertheless as essential to the great engineer as to the great poet. The man who proposes to undertake the subjugation of the forces of Nature in a hundred different ways never attempted before is specially bound to prevent any hardening of the mind. The soldier and the statesman, the physician and the man of science, the scholar and the mathematician, no doubt all require imagination to succeed; but the technicalities of their various professions do not in anything like the same degree deaden that faculty of the brain. Hence it is perfectly right that the engineers should be particularly warned that they cannot do their work well unless they cultivate the imagination.

But how is the imagination to be cultivated? That is a question which it is far easier to ask than to answer. Still, if the cultivation is to be attempted, a reply must be found, for it is obviously necessary to know the nature of what we intend to foster. Perhaps the best definition that can be given of the imagination is: that it is the creative faculty of the mind—that function of the intelligence by which the brain moves outside the circumscribed orbit of experience, and becomes capable of construction on its own account. Of course this process is never purely independent of trains of thought that have their ultimate origin in our sensuous impressions. No man can imagine something absolutely different in kind from all human experience and utterly divorced from knowledge, except, indeed, it be in regard to a future life and the existence of a Deity. In these two particulars alone is the product of the human mind isolated and unconnected by some ladder of thought, however slender, with the ordinary perceptions of mankind; and it is, therefore, far more reasonable to regard them as due to intuition than to suppose the rule broken only twice. In every other instance, man, even when he scales "the highest heaven of invention," has all the time only risen from the earth by a series of steps, one based upon the other. But though it is thus impossible for a human being to think thoughts new in kind, he may construct images that are different to any previously conceived. Man takes his sensuous impressions, and so combines them as to make a fresh development. To take a very simple instance: Experience has made known to him the bird and the snake. Imagination works upon these, and we have the freshly created creature, the dragon. This is typical of the process by which is being gradually built up the whole fabric of human thought, and by which every fresh invention is made. Nature provides us with a view of the material universe in which the objects perceived by the senses appear under a certain configuration. The imagination, however, gives a turn to the kaleidoscope, and out of what are precisely the same materials produces a perfectly new set of appearances. It is not satisfied with the order of Nature, but "selects the parts of different conceptions," and forms thereof a whole more useful or more pleasing, as the case may be. Imagination is no doubt sometimes used almost as if it meant a certain power of producing fantastic or unreal images; but this is a wholly mistaken use. The part of imagination which is thus restricted in its scope should more properly be called fancy. Imagination includes fancy, but is far wider. In truth, imagination is co-extensive with invention. It is the faculty by which the mind leaves the plane of human experience, and builds up, stage upon stage, new phenomena of thought, some destined to remain abstractions, others to be applied to the material universe. But imagination, as usually employed, means, we admit, something more than this building-up of thought-structures. It means not only the process, but its carrying-out with rapidity. The man of imagination is he who can skip, or rather appear to skip, the series of gradations by which his new conceptions are connected with what may be called the *terra firma* of thought—i.e., the phenomena of human experience—and project his mind almost instantaneously to the desired conclusion. Imagination, in a word, builds up, and then employs the ladder of thought with lightning rapidity. It seems to be leaping, though in reality it is climbing. When, then, we say that an engineer should have imagination, we mean that he should be able to spring to or climb to fresh conclusions, as if he were more than a limited human being. The imaginative are coral insects who pile cell on cell so rapidly that we cannot follow the process, and who, therefore, half-persuade us that they have



snatched some of the "authentic fire" of Heaven, and made themselves creators indeed.

But if imagination is ultimately the power of forming new rungs on the ladder of thought, and of forming them rapidly, we can cultivate this faculty by teaching people to think, and to think quickly. To go back to our old instance, the best way for the engineers to cultivate their minds is to acquire the power of thinking. Now, roughly speaking, education consists in being taught to act, to observe, and to think. The first two are supplied by the technical studies which an engineer is compelled to pursue. The thinking is best got by the study of those "humanities" which were the educational ideal of the mediæval world. The accident that in the Middle Ages literature, poetry, history, and philosophy, were confined to the ancient tongues, unfortunately set up the notion that Greek and Latin alone were *Littere humaniores*; but, in truth, the phrase should have no such restricted meaning. Poetry, if by that is meant not mere lyrical outbursts, is one of the greatest teachers of the art of thinking, and especially of thinking rapidly, for the Muse must of necessity move with flying foot. Indeed, when we speak of poetry being of an inspiring kind, we mean that it affords the presentation of thought in a form so lively and active, that it at once begins to sprout and blossom anew in the mind that receives it. That is why the general sense of the universe has always declared that poetry stimulates the imagination. The study of logic and of grammar in its highest sense—that is, considered as the machinery of thought—also develops the power of thought, and so the imagination. Philosophy and mathematics are, of course, also strong stimulants to thought, as, indeed, is everything which was included under the old description of "the arts."

It is possible that, notwithstanding the plainness of the case, some so-called "practical men" will ask for a better, or, rather, for a more practical proof that engineers become more efficient by cultivating their imaginations. We think we can give them an instance in point. The man who invented the lock on canals and rivers was surely a great engineer. This was Leonardo da Vinci, who had probably the keenest and subtlest imagination ever possessed by any human being. That he was so great an inventor and engineer was, we cannot doubt, due in no small measure to the fact that he had cultivated his imagination to a point where it became positively uncanny. So agile was his mind, that it was impossible to detect the use of the ladder of thought. In him, imagination seemed like some demoniac possession, and did not so much build up as create the new instrument of power.—*The Spectator*.

#### ART NOTES.

DURING the past week a valuable collection of pictures by the well-known artist, Paul Peel, has been offered for sale by auction in Toronto. A look at some of these works of art would well repay the time spent, as many of them are interesting and a few really good. Among the latter perhaps the one portraying an old artist and his juvenile model stands foremost, while a rural scene depicting a flock of sheep quenching their thirst at a pond by the wayside runs it very close, the foliage and water in this painting being especially praiseworthy. Other landscapes deserving of mention are "A Shepherdess watching her Flock," and "A Country village" scene. There is one good marine view and also a painting representing "A Market Place," which from point of detail is well executed. Several others are worthy of notice but it would take too long to deal with each separately. There is little doubt that year by year art in Canada is gaining a stronger foothold, and it is only necessary for the public to learn to appreciate the work done in their midst and patronize Canadian artists, instead of going abroad for their works, in order to give that encouragement necessary for the formation of a distinctly national school which should in time become deserving of a place in the highest ranks.

THE Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts began its winter session on September 29th. Mr. E. H. Coates, the new president, has, first as member, then as chairman of the Committee on Education, shown sincere desire to promote the welfare of the arts in America, and under his leadership the progress will no doubt be satisfactory.

A UNIQUE encouragement to art is contained in a bequest recently accepted by the Académie des Beaux Arts. According to the terms of the bequest, a prize of about \$400 a year will be awarded to a sculptor and painter on alternate years for the reproduction in clay or on canvas of a nude infant of from eight to fifteen months of age. It has been a well-founded sneer that Frenchmen loved to utter, that the royal Academy was ruled by the British baby; but if this fatal bequest is carried out, the *Salon* may soon be in like bondage itself.

THE travelling scholarship, founded by the American Architect, is open to competition for the second time. The applicant of either sex or colour must have served for two years in an office of a member of the American Institute of Architects or of the Western Association of Architects. He must be a citizen of the United States, between twenty and twenty-five years of age. The successful candidate must leave in six weeks and receive \$100 on departure, and four following months a similar sum. Each candidate must pay an examination fee of \$5.

IN New York the schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art opened October 1st, under the direction, as usual, of Mr. Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. Large rooms have been

provided in the Museum, and students will be given the privilege of visiting the Museum exhibitions free of expense. The preparatory class is under the charge of Mr. Lucas Baker; the drawing from the antique is under Mr. B. W. Clinedinst of the Paris School of Fine Arts. Separate classes for men and women are announced in drawing and painting from the life, under the charge of Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray, pupil of Bonnat, and of Mr. Dennis Bunker, pupil of Gérôme. Mr. Charles A. Vanderhoof will instruct in illustration and etching; Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, assisted by Mr. F. J. Rey, in sculpture; Mr. Arthur L. Tuckerman in architecture and Mr. V. G. Stiepevich in ornamental design. Prizes are offered for the best work in the various departments.

It is idle to talk about the lofty and the ideal in an art unless the subjects upon which that art is exercised are worthy. There must be a subject which demands the artist's best powers for its expression, the treatment of the subject must be in a measure governed by the emphasis laid upon its poetic elements, and the artist himself must have that seer's insight which reveals to him the deeper meanings in all that his art is exercised upon. It is said that Millet imposed upon himself a "mission;" that he felt impelled by strong convictions of duty to paint the sadness and dignity of agricultural life; that he read his Bible nightly and believed what he read. That a man should paint under the influence of such impulses, and paint pictures of striking power, seems to a technical critic not only distasteful, but incomprehensible. Indeed, one of the modern critics, in despair at such a phenomenon in the French art-world, is driven to express his opinion that this peasant with his Bible readings, his convictions, his love of the labourer, and his wooden sabots, must have been a good deal of a charlatan, and all these things a kind of pose. But if Millet had a "mission," let us hope that more artists will be inspired in the same way. There are none too many prophets willing to go into the wilderness and endure hardship for the truth's sake. The world needs such in art to protest against mere cunning imitation, and to insist upon offering to man's love of the beautiful something better than sensuous beauty, something which is not only beautiful to the eye, but lovely to the thought, inspiring to the imagination, charming to the fancy, and uplifting to the spirit.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

THE decision of the famous painter, Vereschagin, to sell his pictures at auction in this country is the latest proof that the United States is fast becoming the world's home for art. Many critics consider the gifted Russian the greatest master of the century; in the line of severe realism there is certainly no one whose effects are so startling and whose vigour is so tremendous. Born to wealth, he devoted the best years of his life to travel and study, and when he transferred his recollections and his conceptions to canvas he refused to exchange them for coin and kept them for himself. A sense of duty impelled him, in 1887, to exhibit them in the Grosvenor Gallery in London. The world of art was then amazed at the rugged power displayed in his battle pieces, in his "Blowing Sepoys from the mouth of cannon," in his "March of Prisoners," while critics could not decide whether to applaud or condemn his entirely novel treatment of such well-worn themes as the "Crucifixion" and the "Resurrection." The storm raised by the pre-Raphaelite uprising of forty years ago was a gentle zephyr in comparison with the controversy he caused. From London part of the collection was transferred to this country, where it has been exhibited in the leading cities of the East. It is now proposed to sell it, and the event will naturally raise the old question whether the private ownership of paintings of the first merit is consistent with the true interests of art. There are numbers of persons in the Eastern States who have the means to buy Vereschagin's master-pieces, and who are quite willing to invest money in such property. If they do, the works will practically be lost to art and will merely become a source of gratification to their owners and their guests; whereas, if the whole collection could be bought and placed in some such gallery as that of the Metropolitan Museum, it would educate hundreds of promising painters, and might in time bring to life an American Vereschagin who would shed lustre on his country. We have before us examples of the two ways of dealing with art. In France the greatest paintings produced invariably drift into public galleries. They do not all get into the Louvre or the Luxembourg, but there are other galleries to which students have access where canvases by the great masters of the day find a resting-place. Occasionally a wealthy operator at the Bourse like M. Secretan sets up a picture gallery, but the collection is generally dispersed at his death if not before. The consequence is that in France students of art have always access to the supreme conceptions of the greatest masters, and—if the divine fire is in them—can learn to do likewise. Precisely the opposite rule is pursued in England. The National Gallery contains some fine paintings, and there are in London fifty other galleries of art where the student can spend a day with pleasure and profit. But the noblest paintings of the century are in private houses, in the galleries of noblemen and wealthy commoners who buy pictures as they buy palaces, as a matter of ostentation or personal delectation. From these the student is generally excluded. We are drifting in this country in the wake of the English. Our millionaires—and they are numerous—are the best customers of European artists; the choice works at each successive *Salon* are apt to fall into American hands and to adorn galleries to which the public has no right of admission.—*San Francisco Call*.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE JUCH OPERA COMPANY AT THE ACADEMY.

EMMA JUCH next week plays at this house and will present a change of bill nearly every evening. This is one of the most perfect travelling organizations on the road. Emma Juch herself is well worth hearing.

ROSINA VOKES AT THE GRAND.

THIS favourite comedian will reappear here next week supported by a strong English Comedy Company, including Felix Morris, Courtenay Thorpe and other well-known names. She will present some entirely new pieces, including "Percy Pendragon," in which Felix Morris appears in an entirely new character.

THE HANLONS' "SUPERBA."

A CROWDED house greeted the first performance at the Grand Opera of the above spectacular extravaganza, and we think that no one went away disappointed. For a travelling company which has to transport all its scenery and other stage effects, from place to place, too much cannot be said in praise of the completeness and effectiveness of the way in which everything was carried out. The performance lacked in one way, and that an important one. There was hardly any singing and no comic songs whatever; everything rested with the dialogue and comical situations, and while these latter crowded one upon the other, a little more music would have infused a certain degree of life into the performance which it seemed to lack. The various comic characters were well taken, Mr. George D. Melville being especially entertaining, and the costumes were varied and rich. This is the nearest approach to a genuine pantomime that we have ever seen in Toronto, and as such we trust it will be appreciated.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE first of the Saturday afternoon Recitals given by pupils of the Conservatory took place on Saturday last in the Y.M.C.A. lecture-room. There was a large attendance of the pupils and their friends. The selections given embraced numbers from different Pianoforte schools, while the artistic manner in which they were rendered illustrated the careful training of the pupils no less than their own individual capabilities. The vocal, elocutionary and violin numbers were also rendered in a very creditable manner by the ladies to whom they were intrusted. The Conservatory Orchestra, we understand, has resumed its practices for the season under the leadership of Mr. Dinelli, and good work is being done. In order to make these as successful as possible it is desirable that all the parts should be complete. There are some not yet filled up, and invitations are given to all who desire to join to have their names enrolled at the Conservatory office.

It is again reported that Christine Nilsson contemplates a farewell tour in the United States. It is, however, certain that no definite arrangements to that effect have yet been made.

E. H. SOTHERN in "The Maister of Woodbarrow" has made an undoubted hit in New York. So great has been the demand for seats that special Wednesday matinees have been inaugurated at the Lyceum Theatre.

MRS. PEMBERTON-HINCKS made her *début* at the Savoy Theatre in London as "Gianetta," in "The Gondoliers," and won a veritable triumph in her part. Among the Americans present in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Abbey, Mrs. Ronaldo, Mr. Creighton Webb and Mr. Charles Chatterton.

THE family of the late tenor Giulano Gayarré are erecting over his remains at Roncal, in Spain, a monument of marble and bronze, on designs furnished by the Spanish sculptor, Beullière. Among the figures in *alto relievo* on a bronze funeral urn are groups of angels singing melodies—so it is set forth—from the operas of Gayarré's *répertoire*, and above the urn stands a life-size figure of a genius leaning over as though to hearken to a voice from the tomb.

ACCORDING to the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* Mr. Anton Rubinstein is preparing a volume of literary works, including "Thoughts on Musical Art, on Musicians and the Culture of Music." According to another German paper, the original manuscript of Wagner's essay "On Conducting" has recently been discovered at Leipzig. On comparing the manuscript with the edition published in Wagner's collected works, it seems that a large number of modifications have since been introduced. The published treatise on conducting is, in all conscience, warm enough, but Wagner's original was, it is said, a good deal hotter. The variations between the two will be pointed out in a series of articles to be published in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.—*London Figaro*.

THE Dickens Carnival and Bazaar to be given by the W.E.L.U., in November, at Music Hall, Boston, bids fair to be the success of the season. All the members of the Union and hosts of outside people have entered warmly into the project. Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz will be assisted by Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler in the editorship of the *Dickens Bazaar* paper, which will contain interesting and instructive matter from various sources. Colonel Couthouy, of the Governor's staff, will be chief marshal upon the occasion. There will be tableaux illustrative of scenes in Dickens' stories. Mr. Walter Dugan has consented to repeat his finely arranged tableau "Dickens' Dream." That was the notable feature of the carnival given at Mechanics' Hall several years ago. There will also be a grand character ball, which will close the affair.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Knowledge*, October, '90, has a full description of North Carolina, a notice of Madame Blavatsky, and other useful information.

*Book News* for October is full of fresh and interesting information for all interested in books. It has Andrew Lang's article from *Harper's Weekly* on "Rudyard Kipling," with a capital wood-cut of this now famous writer, and a pleasing portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly.

We have to thank Mr. Blake Crofton for an interesting pamphlet—"Memoir of John Robert Wills," the first Nova Scotian conchologist, and who seems to have been, as our correspondent says, one of our unappreciated geniuses. The brochure is by Messrs. Piers (Assistant Legislative Librarian, Halifax) and Ganong (tutor in botany at Harvard), and contains Wills' list of Nova Scotian shells. It forms a just and needed little memorial (perhaps in the future to be expanded) of one whose early researches have been of the greatest use to his scientific descendants.

*The Monist*. October brings the initial number of this magazine just issued by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. It is remarkable for the scientific character of its articles, and the profound thought and unusual ability shown by the contributors. Dr. G. J. Romanes opens the number with a critical examination of "Mr. A. R. Wallace's theories on Physiological Selection." Alfred Binet then treats "The Immortality of Infusoria." Professor E. D. Cope has a wise and just article on "The Relations of Sex in Society." There are other able articles such as Dr. Paul Canes' on "The Origin of Mind," and a fascinating paper "The Magic Mirror," by Max Dessoir. Lucien Arreat's letter from France is also well worth reading.

*The Cosmopolitan* for October has two interesting stories, each with a pathetic ending. "A Successful Man," by Julian Gordon, and "Miss Devilet," by Macdougall Buel. There are also a number of interesting articles, some descriptive, such as "A Flying Trip Around the World," by Elizabeth Bisland; "A Glimpse of Guatemala," by Francis J. A. Darr. "The Twin Cities of the North-West," being a capital description of points of interest in St. Paul and Minneapolis, by Capt. Charles King, U.S.A. Murat Halstead treats of "The Silver Bill," "City Smoke," etc., in Current Events, and E. E. Hale in "Social Problems" deals with "New England Precedents," and "The Chaperon Bureau." James J. Roche has a bright sketch of the late James Boyle O'Reilly. The poems are good. We should not omit mention of the clever sketch of the distinguished French journalist, Francisque Sarcey, by Brander Matthews.

The last number of the *Dominion Illustrated* is quite up to its usual record. Much attention is devoted to the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association championship games of the 27th ult., and a portrait of the secretary of the "Salford Harriers," Mr. J. H. Hardwick, will be prized by lovers of sport. There is a group of the leaders of the Methodist Conference, just closed in Montreal. The likeness of Dr. Kingsford is a really fine one. The portrait of Mr. W. Whyte, General Superintendent of the Western Division, C.P.R., is good. The views of the Hamilton Public Library, of the Harvesting Scenes in the North-West, of storied St. Anne's, and of the Royal Scots afford a rich variety. In the letter-press we find a timely article "The Duty of the Hour," and the contributions deal with the "Muskoka region," a stirring adventure in the Burmese jungle, etc. The *Dominion Illustrated* is published by the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Company, at the Gazette Building, Montreal.

*Scribner's Magazine* for October presents an attractive bill of literary fare. It opens with a chaste and classic frontispiece founded on the well known Ode IX., Book III., of Horace, and is styled "The Lover's Quarrel," by J. R. Weguelin. There are two notable articles that savour of salt water: "With a Cable Expedition," by Herbert Laws Webb, and "From Port to Port with the White Squadron," by Rufus F. Zogbaum—both well written and well illustrated. John W. Root has an entertaining, architectural contribution on "The City House in the West." Other interesting matter follows, such as "Nature and Man in America," by Professor Shaler; "The Lake Country of New England," by Newman Smyth; "Sand Waves at Henlopen and Hatteras," by John R. Spears; "The Private School for Girls," by Mrs. Sylvanus Reed. The poems are good, and "Point of View" is as pleasing as ever.

*The Century* for October has a frontispiece portrait of Joseph Jefferson, the celebrated actor, and the last instalment of his interesting autobiography appears in this number. It has two very interesting contributions to popular science, one from the pen of G. H. Darwin, a Cambridge Professor, and son of the late Charles Darwin, on "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems," and the other from the pen of F. T. Bickford, on "Prehistoric Cave Dwellings," both capably illustrated. Lieut. W. H. Shelton gives a thrilling personal reminiscence of the war in "A Hard road to Travel out of Dixie." Travel is represented by Dr. Edward Egglestone in a pleasant pen-and-pencil sketch of "Out-of-the-ways in High Savoy," and John La Farge's bright "Letters from Japan." Mrs. Mason closes her first series of artistic articles on "The Women of the French Salons." Miss Helen G. Cones' "Women in American Literature" is unique, and begins

with a not misplaced apology. The other departments are well sustained, except poetry, which is becoming a lost art with *The Century*.

*Harper's Magazine* for October. The old magazine comes to us with a richness and variety of matter and a beauty of illustration, which keeps it still in the van, tho' pressed by younger rivals. In "Antoine's Moose-yard," Julian Ralph writes with sportsmanlike vividness of the chase of the lordly game in Canada. The "Bull Fight" frontispiece is an admirable illustration. Fiction is well-sustained in the continuation of Daudet's story, "Port Tarascon." "The Dragoness," by George A. Hibbard; "The Strange Tale of a Type-writer," by Anna C. Brockett; "A Floggin," by S. P. McL. Greene; "A White Uniform," by Jonathan Sturges. Travel and descriptive writing are represented by Theodore Child in "Agricultural Chili," and Joaquin Miller in "Nights at Newstead Abbey." Other interesting articles are "New Moneys of Lincoln's Administration," by L. E. Chittenden; "The First Oil Well," by Prof. J. S. Newberry, and the delightful "Piece of Reminiscent Biography of N. P. Willis and Lydia Maria Child," by G. T. Curtis. The poems are pleasing, and the editors are as bright and entertaining as usual.

DUST AND ITS DANGERS. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. G. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

In this age of scientific research all departments of life are being forced to yield up their secrets to man's aggressive skill, for man's benefit. Even the simplest of the elements, the air we breathe, is being seized, and sampled, and tested; and its contents laid bare. Where pre-eminent ability, large experience and advanced knowledge address the public for the public good in a style at once clear and terse, upon a common place subject, it is true, but one that under certain conditions is charged with the germs of decay and death, it behoves us to carefully read and as carefully to profit by the advice given. Dr. Prudden's little handbook is invaluable. It is a model primer of its kind. The suggestions as to the precautions to be taken in the case of consumptives alone are of the first importance. We cannot commend this little book too highly. The letter-press is large and clear, the illustrations admirable and the index very helpful.

HANDBOOK OF ATHLETIC SPORTS. Edited by Ernest Bell, M.A. Vol. I., Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Tennis, Rackets, Fives, Golf, Hockey. London: George Bell and Sons.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is an old maxim, but it is endowed with perpetual youth. The love of manly games is deep seated in the British heart whether it beats on the island home of our Race, or in any other part of the world. The tireless energy and the frame made vigorous in youth, aye in manhood, too, on the cricket field, in the racing shell, on football ground, in the tennis court, or after hounds, or with foil, or single stick, or glove, spurred and sustained by a dauntless spirit and unyielding determination have made the British name and fame so honoured and renowned. It almost goes without saying that when you get an educated expert to write upon the theory and practice of his favourite game, tho' other experts may differ from some of the views advanced, yet you have gone to the fountain head, and you cannot very well do better. In this book we have the benefit of thoroughly reliable modern skill and experience coupled with useful plans and illustrations. Cricket is treated by The Hon. and Rev. E. Lytton; Lawn Tennis by H. W. W. Wilberforce; Tennis by Julian Marshall; Rackets by Julian Marshall and Major James Spens; Fives by Rev. J. A. Arnan Tait; Golf by W. T. Linskill, and Hockey by Frank S. Creswell.

RIVERSIDE EDITION. The writings of James Russell Lowell in ten volumes. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston and New York. For sale by Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. Vols. I and II.; \$1.50 each.

No United States' writer of to-day typifies more fully the literary skill, the broad culture, the travelled polish, the native shrewdness, the engaging humour, or the poetic genius of his countrymen than does James Russell Lowell. Every page of these two volumes illustrates the truth of what we have written: From that bright sketch "A Moosehead Journal," brimful of learned but not pedantic reference, keen observation, and droll humour, through the sparkling series of papers, "Cambridge Thirty years Ago," "Leaves from My Journal in Italy and Elsewhere," "Keats," "Library of Old Authors," "Emerson, the Lecturer," "Thoreau," "New England two Centuries Ago," "Carlyle," "Swinburne's Tragedies," "The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival," "Lessing," "Rousseau and The Sentimentalists," "A Great Public Character," to that on "Witchcraft," which ends the second volume. In all we find a writer rich and racy in the best sense, a keen discriminating critic, outspoken and fearless yet withal kindly and humane. One who pours the wealth of his learning and the results of his travel and observation into your mind in such a genial, kindly, engaging fashion, that you leave his pages reluctantly and return to them with delight. Too much praise cannot be given to the publishers for the excellent manner in which they have done their work. The steel engraving of the Author is a work of art in itself.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DOYLE AND WHITTLE, Boston, have issued an artistic official list of the Popes.

CAMPANINI, the famous tenor, has written a striking article on "How To Train the Voice" for *The Ladies' Home Journal* for November.

THE LONGMANS announce "The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during His Life in the English Church," edited by Rev. J. B. Mozley.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY announce the publication of the two concluding volumes, Nos. VII. and VIII. of Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century."

*Harper's Magazine* for November will contain poems by Julian Hawthorn, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Annie Fields, Archibald Lampman, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and Bliss Carman.

*The Scottish Canadian* is the name of the last new Toronto paper. Its heading typifies its mission, the blending of the thistle and the maple leaf. It deserves and no doubt will win success.

THAT indefatigable Shakespearian scholar and editor, Dr. William J. Rolfe, has prepared a new edition of "Shakespeare's Poems," which will soon be issued by Harper and Brothers.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce the early publication of a unique and beautiful volume for the holidays entitled "Christmas in Song, Sketch, and Story," compiled by Professor J. P. McCaskey.

A TRANSLATION of Philippe Gaspe's historical romance, "The Canadians of Old," will be published in October by D. Appleton and Co. The translation of the story has been made by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts.

FOR the convenience of its readers in making up their lists of "Twenty Immortelles" for an Academy to be composed of women only, the *New York Critic* prints the names of 125 American lady writers not unknown to fame.

THE two daughters of W. P. Frith, R.A., have added themselves to the list of London business women. The firm will be "Monckton and Frith, Decorators and Art Furnishers." Lady Monckton will supervise the salesroom.

A LITERARY treat may be looked for in "The Correspondence of Hans Christain Andersen," whose fairy tales have achieved such a world-wide popularity. Letters will be included from Charles Dickens and a great many other celebrities.

A RECENT issue of the *New York Journalist* contains an appreciative sketch of our "Canadian Lady Journalists," written by Mr. Frank Yeigh, of this city. The list of names includes several who are well known to the readers of THE WEEK.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND CO. announce "The Song of Hiawatha," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, illustrated, by Frederic Remington; "The Life of Cardinal Newman," by Richard H. Hutton, and "Our Old Home," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON has just finished the most important work that she has yet undertaken. The name of this novel is "Flower de Hundred, the Story of a Virginia Plantation," and it will be published during the fall by the Cassell Publishing Company.

BRENTANOS announce a facsimile edition of the manuscript of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in the form in which it left his hands, with the inscription on the title-page:—

"My own and only MS. of the Book.

CHARLES DICKENS, MDCCCXLIII."

MESSRS. CARSWELL AND CO., law publishers, have in press a new work, by Wm. Houston, M.A., entitled "The Constitutional Documents of Canada," which will, doubtless, prove exceedingly serviceable to lawyers, politicians and students of the Canadian Constitution. We have been favoured with a perusal of some of the proof sheets of the book, and can testify to the ability and thoroughness with which Mr. Houston has done his work. The book contains the full text of all Treaties, Terms of Capitulation, Imperial Statutes, Proclamations, Commissions and Instructions directly affecting the Constitution of Canada from the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, to the Commission and Instructions to the Marquis of Lorne in 1878. In addition to all this there is an appendix containing extracts from treaties relating to Canada prior to and including 1783; documents authoritatively defining Canadian boundaries; Treaty stipulations respecting fisheries since 1783; Upper Canadian Acts, introducing English Law and Trial by Jury, 1793; documents relating to the introduction of Responsible Government; the Quebec Resolutions, 1864 and 1887; and U. S. Constitutional documents. The advantage of having these important documents collected in one convenient volume can only be properly appreciated by those who have had occasion to make laborious searches in order to consult the originals. The annotations, which are numerous and exhaustive, are by no means the least important part of the work, and give abundant evidence of Mr. Houston's excellent judgment as well as of his industrious and painstaking research. He has carefully avoided giving expression to his own personal views or those of others. The notes are merely explanatory of the text, or indicate sources of information respecting its subject matter. They furnish not theories but facts to the student, and cannot fail to be exceedingly helpful to him. The work will appear in the course of a few weeks.



## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## A HINT ON LIBRARY MAKING.

SOME years ago, having settled in London and in a neighbourhood not far from the principal centres of the second-hand book trade, I sat myself down, so to speak, to collect a library. Since then I find that I have, on an average, bought a book a day; some persons may be interested to know the result. In the first place, a library—and we speak, of course, of the ideal library—is not a mere collection of books, but a collection with a character. Its formation consists in the discovery and accumulation of the greatest original productions of the past, the most valuable sources of information; in fine, of the materials, it may almost be said, of thought, study, and actual intellectual or literary activity. Having settled what one is attempting, it is absolutely necessary to form some idea of the scale and proportion to be adhered to. Most libraries, perhaps, and almost all collections, grow, as it seems, unavoidably, certainly unrestrainably: the dazed proprietor sometimes looking on in helpless confusion, as the Directors of the East India Company did upon the increase of the territories which now become a vast empire. My own idea of size is that a good-sized study, in which a man can reach any volume in three or four steps from his own working chair, should contain what is wanted; and that, as for number, an excellent representative collection which omits no important field of human thought or production may be got together in the form of, let us say, 1,500 to 2,000 volumes. This I am inclined to think a rather liberal estimate even for an individual of the most human tastes surrounded by a group (which should not be too large) of sympathetic borrowing friends. To attempt to be exhaustive, even in any single branch, is to go to the British Museum (where, after all, there is no "subject-index"), or to go mad. But to be representative is still possible.—*The St. James' Gazette.*

## BEAUTY AND PHYSIQUE.

BEAUTY is a result of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life and of continuous diet, not of intelligence and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even begun. A man or a woman who inherits his or her face and mental habitude, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its shape than assiduous training can turn a smooth fox terrier into the wiry kind from Airedale. It may even be doubted, strange as many will deem the assertion, whether continuous education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society. The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe of Nyassaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, and who are really as perfect as bronze statues, are as ignorant as fishes, and, though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind. The Otaheitan when discovered was as uncultured as the Papaun now is; yet the former approached as nearly to positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of semi-civilized mankind, while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome. The Circassians, who know nothing and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race—far more so than the Germans, who, though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor—Nature—had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modelling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose-lipped variety. The keenest race in the world, and probably the one most susceptible to culture, the Jew, presents few types of beauty, being usually at once hook-nosed and flabby-cheeked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples. The tamed Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains, and, of course, have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome; while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse dealer, who, outside his trade, knew nothing. No modern men of culture would pretend, in mere perfectness of form, to rival the old Greek athletes, who intellectually were probably animals, or the Berserkers, who were for the most part only hard-drinking soldiers. The royal cast, which has been cultivated for 1,000 years, seldom produces beautiful men and still seldomer beautiful women; most princesses, though sometimes dignified, having been marked, as to features, by a certain ordinariness often wanting in the poor, and especially the poor of certain districts like Devon in England and Arles and Marseilles in France. Devon is no better taught than Suffolk, but mark the difference in peasant forms. In the last century the ablest men in Europe were remarkable for a certain superfluity of flesh, of which Gibbon's face is the best known and most absurd example; and in our own time intellect, even hereditary intellect, is constantly found dissociated from good looks, and even from distinction, some of the ablest men being externally heavy and gross, and some of the ablest women marked by an indefiniteness of cheek and chin, as if they had been carved by the fingers in putty. No stranger ever saw Tennyson without turning round,

but Browning would have passed unnoticed in any English or Austrian crowd. The air of physical refinement, which is what continuous culture should give, is precisely the air which is often lacking among the cultivated, as it is also in many aristocratic families. Indeed, though caste must mean more or less hereditary culture, it is doubtful if it secures beauty. It does not in the royal houses, and in any regiment, though an officer or two will probably stand first, the proportion of splendid men will be found greater among the non-commissioned than the commissioned officers.—*London Spectator.*

## BRIDE OF THE AUTUMN SUN.

O, GOLDEN rod! sweet golden rod!  
Bride of the Autumn Sun;  
Has he kissed thy blossoms this mellow morn,  
And tinged them one by one?

Did the crickets sing at thy christening,  
When, in his warm embrace,  
He gave thee love from his fount above,  
And beauty, and cheer, and grace?

He brightens the asters, but soon they fade;  
He reddens the sumach tree;  
And the clematis loses its sunny bloom,  
But he's true as truth to thee.

Scattered on mountain-top or plain,  
Unseen by human eye,  
He turns thy fringe to burnished gold  
By love's sweet alchemy.

And then, when the chill November comes,  
And the flowers their work have done,  
Thou art still unchanged, dear golden rod,  
Bride of the Autumn Sun.

—*Sarah K. Bolton, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

## CHRISTIANITY'S DUTY TO THE INDUSTRIAL SLAVES.

THERE is a sense of right, after all, which can be reached and stirred without personal vituperation, by men called and set apart to holy offices, if they are sincere and candid, and if their lives agree with their preaching. Is it said this would foster violence and provoke insurrectionary clamour? Telling the truth has generally been safe in the long run, and it was never safer than it is now, when the truth is likely to be told at any rate. An earnest and patient treatment of social wrongs by a wide and large-hearted Church is as likely as Congress or the courts to heal discontent and forestall insurrection. Suppose the Churchmen and the dissenters had seen their duty, and had discharged it with clear-sightedness and courage; who can doubt that English statesmen, Parliament, and people would have found out in less than three generations that, through monstrous manufacturing interests and their incalculable profits, England, since the factory system came in, has made itself infamous by the most hideous and brutal form of slavery ever known to the civilized world—the white slavery which, on a vast scale, has tasked, tortured, and slaughtered children under ten years of age, exterminated chastity and decency in the dwellings of factory workers, turned men into brutes, and made society into a hell? Would Lord John Russell's remark still be true, that "it takes England forty years to accomplish a reform admitted to be necessary"? More than half the religious organizations, large or small, are at present practical contradictions of the sermon on the mount. It does not need an ostentatious hierarchy to open the door for the "prince of this world," of whom the Saviour said, "he hath nothing in me," letting him in where he does tenfold the mischief he could do by persecutions, seductions, or infidel arguments outside. He buys up the property, holds the keys of pew doors, puts rich families in the foremost seats, hires and pays the choir, raises funds by lotteries and theatricals, tells the "lower classes" to stay out in the streets or patronizes them with a mission chapel in the outskirts, makes a fashion plate of the female worshippers, sees to it that parish offices and all other marks of distinction are assigned to prosperous merchants, politicians, and leaders of society—never to mechanics and day labourers who have no qualifications except piety and good sense—suits the preacher to the tastes of the ruling set, and "runs the concern." What is all this parochial mammonism and snobbery but a surrender of the kingdom of the crucified to his adversary? Where is the divine brotherhood? Meantime, prudent care is taken to keep the holy language and handsome ceremonial safe, and not to put St. Dives into the calendar.—*Bishop Huntington, in the October Forum.*

## A GENEROUS FRIEND TO LETTERS.

THE late John Boyle O'Reilly, whose soul "is but a little way above our heads," was never found wanting when a friendly service was demanded of him. He had no petty jealousies to overcome, no envious anxieties for personal success to set aside. He gave himself freely and fully, hailing with delight the good in another's work as though it were his own. His sympathies were perfect, his expression of them was considerate to a rare degree. He listened eagerly and patiently, ever ready to speak the stimulating word of approval; or, if fault was to be found, finding it in a way that had no power to wound. His skill at detecting a flaw was unerring, but not content with marking down the error he would suggest one remedy after another, and never rest until the cure had been

effected. "Your work rings true; but I wish you had more purpose," he said once. His own purpose, as many know, was always heroically high. This is but one small view of a many-sided character that had the fire of genius in it. Yet the glimpse is significant and may afford opportunity for reflection, showing as it does how his influence worked good in younger writers. His intention, expressed a few hours before his sudden death, was to devote more time in the coming years than ever before to the higher forms of literature. In his loss there has been lost not only the product of his own mature mind, that would have gained him wider fame, but also all that he would unselfishly have aided other men to do.—*From "The Point of View" in October Scribner.*

## SHOULD DEAF-MUTES INTERMARRY?

IS the continued intermarriage of deaf-mutes in the United States tending to establish a deaf-mute variety among our population, and, if so, ought it not to be discontinued? An animated controversy, of especial interest to the students of heredity, has recently been waged over this question between well-known experts. Max Muller, Professor Cope, Professor Newcomb and Professor Alexander Graham Bell are among those who favour the affirmative position, and their openly expressed opinions have aroused a storm of criticism from the advocates of the opposite view. These, naturally enough, are to be found mainly in the ranks of the afflicted persons themselves. Prof. W. G. Jenkins, an instructor in the American Asylum at Hartford, has come forward as their champion, and replied with spirit and ability to the arguments adduced; but the evidence, while it fails to prove that the intermarriage complained of is dangerous to society, impels the belief that it may be highly injurious to the individual. The objection to Professor Cope's assertion that the "evolution of a deaf-mute variety is not more improbable than that blind species of animals should arise" is sound. There can be, of course, no precise analogy between the blind fishes of the Mammoth Cave, whose conditions preclude the necessity of sight, and beings living in an environment from which they are differentiated only by abnormal variation. The same is true of the criticism of Professor Brewer's attempt to fix the number of generations necessary to establish a new variety, and of the objection to Professor Newcomb's scheme of hereditary transmission, that it would require the marriage of congenitals with congenitals through successive generations and the elimination of those having full possession of all their faculties. It is maintained, with justice, that success in the progressive development of new species in other cases does not warrant the belief that the attempt would be equally successful in a process of deterioration, and if the perpetuation of a deaf-mute variety were to depend on rigorous selection among those whose heredity had already become fixed, with this deliberate purpose in view, there would be little cause for alarm. Statistics have always been forthcoming to prove that, in the next generation at least, the offspring of deaf-mutes are as free from liability to the inheritance of the parental defects as the offspring of parents similarly afflicted as to their other organs, and the tables used by Mr. Jenkins to show the restriction in the growth of the deaf-mute population, in spite of unfavourable circumstances, are interesting and encouraging. At the same time, nothing is proved and nothing can be proved against the ultimate reproduction of such defects in future generations. The absence of definite knowledge as to the true cause of deafness in all cases tends still further to baffle the prediction of heredity, and the argument as to the demonstrated improbability of a succession of afflicted progenitors receives additional force from the marital tendency under discussion. But experts are agreed as to the universal disposition to recurrence after the lapse of generations. The fact that there have been no deaf-mutes among the offspring of pupils of the Clarke Institution and the Horace Brown School who have intermarried proves nothing as to future generations, and while the immediate results may not be apprehended as disastrous, consideration for posterity should therefore make converts to the conservative view.—*New York Tribune.*

## THE GREAT ST. CLAIR RIVER TUNNEL.

SCIENCE has again been victorious in accomplishing what nature seemed to have forbidden. The St. Clair River with a mighty current divides the United States from Canada and forms a barrier to continuous railway transportation which has hitherto been crossed only by the tedious and costly method of using steam ferry boats. For many years the Grand Trunk Railway Company has desired to close the gap in its great highway between the Atlantic and the west, but though various schemes of bridging and tunnelling were discussed they were relinquished on account of natural or commercial objections. The character of the earth underneath the river made the practicability of boring a tunnel in the ordinary method very doubtful, but it was left to Mr. Joseph Hobson, chief engineer of the Great Western Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, to propose and to carry out the plan of starting at the surface of the earth and boring downward and thence across with a steel shield having cutting edges and forced through the clay by powerful hydraulic pressure. As fast as the shield cut its way a section of the tunnel consisting of an iron ring, four feet ten inches long and composed of thirteen segments bolted together was put in place and the walls of the tunnel were thus completed without brick or stone as the shield

progressed. Meantime the earth from the interior was removed by a force of men and animals and carried to the shore. This process was going on simultaneously from each end and in less than a year the two shields had cut their way through a distance of over 6,000 feet, and one day last week the workmen shook hands from the opposite sides through an opening in the remaining wall of earth and the great undertaking has been proven a practical success. It now remains to cut out the approaches for a distance of more than half a mile on each side and lay the tracks, whereupon the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway can run unbroken from the eastern to the western terminus, passing under the great river through a dry cylinder twenty feet in diameter. To a Canadian railway company, therefore, belongs the honour of completing by far the greatest river tunnel in the world and of demonstrating the practicability of a method of tunnelling which will probably become general under similar conditions. The possession of an unbroken line across—or under—the international boundary will give the Grand Trunk Railway Company a considerable advantage over its competitors between Canadian and United States points and will doubtless tend to force the Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific Companies to obtain equal facilities by tunnelling under or bridging the Detroit River.—*The Railway Age*.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE.

THE total of the United States census is close upon 65,000,000, giving, with our own country, upwards of 70,000,000 English-speaking people on this continent. It is estimated that the British census of 1891 will carry the number of English-speaking people to 120,000,000. The figures are startling; the increase wonderful. It is an increase of 20 millions since 1881. Is not English the most spoken tongue? Certain it is that no continental European tongue may compete with it—neither Spanish nor Russian, the two most spoken. Some will have it that more men speak Mandarin than English. But they have only guess-work for it, the speakers of Mandarin never having been numbered. It has been shown that many of the dialects of the Chinese are practically separate languages, whereas English is one and the same throughout at Manchester and Melbourne, Chicago and Calcutta. *The Widest Spoken Tongue*, at any rate, is unquestionably English. More than a third of the whole human race is under the direct influence of the English-speaking people, whose language is native and dominant throughout an area of more than 10,000,000 square miles—more than a fifth of the whole habitable globe. In the United Kingdom, in the United States, in British America, in Jamaica, and numerous other West India islands, in South Africa nearly up to the Zambesi, in Australia, in Tasmania, in New Zealand, in the isles of the Pacific, English has become the mother tongue of the millions. It is, moreover, the official tongue of India, where the knowledge of it is daily spreading among the 260 millions. It is the language of international commerce of China and Japan, and the language, also, of the high seas, being spoken in every maritime port on earth. It has the greatest literature, and more than half of the entire world's newspaper press is printed in it. Yet in Shakespeare's time English was confined to three Kingdoms, and spoken only by 5,000,000 folk.—*Canadian Exchange*.

THE LITERATURE OF FACT AND THE LITERATURE OF POWER.

IN reading the travels of Goethe, or of Sterne, or Dr. Johnson, or of Serjeant Kinglake, the interest is quite unlike that which attaches to the travels of writers like Vaillant, Stephens, Mitchell, Stanley, or even that which attaches to the romantic personal experiences of writers like Mungo Park and Du Chaillu. With the latter group of writers that fascinates us is mainly the new thing seen; with the former group what fascinates us is not so much the new thing seen as the new way of seeing it. The difference between them is, of course, a difference of kind. One belongs to the literature of fact, the other to the literature of power. To say that one is better than the other would be absurd; but in these days, when man's instinct for wonder can only be satisfied by new and still newer stories of expeditions into Central Africa, or by the latest telegrams about the Argonauts of Mashonaland and Mount Hampden, it is as well to remind the world that there was a time when that instinct for wonder could be satisfied by books recording the effect produced by scenes not new upon some new and remarkable personality—books like Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," or Musæus' "Physiognomical Travels," or Byron's "Childe Harold," or Kinglake's "Eöthen." In a word, it is as well to remind the world that books of travel may be not only historical documents, but literature. But in doing so we are confronted by a question that at first seems puzzling: How is it that among all the books of travel that have been written since Herodotus blended history, poetry, philosophy, and travel in one unapproachable and delightful amalgam, so few have passed into literature? Consider that all true literature is a reflex of the life of nature or else a reflex of the life of man, and consider the enormous mass of material for literature that has been collected since Herodotus wrote, and then try to answer the question: Why has the "literature of power," instead of fully utilizing the literature of fact, been obliged so often to spin its web, spider-like, out of its own bowels? The real world is as full of material suggestive of every possible phase of the human soul as is the imaginative world of the poets. The mountaineer who could describe the scenery of the

Andes as vividly as Milton describes the landscapes of Eden and of hell, or as Spenser describes the home of Morpheus in the "Faerie Queene," or as Coleridge describes the scenery of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" would outclimb all the mountaineers of Parnassus. What is the cause of the enormous waste of material and waste of power when the wonders of the external world are left by the poet to be described by the man of fact? The cause seems to be this: the literary artist, as a rule, has that "inner eye" which Wordsworth speaks of, and none other. The subjective power which makes a man a literary artist, which gives him his subtle sense of style in prose and music in verse, is rarely combined with the objective power which is given to born travellers. Sometimes, however, they are combined, as we see in the case of Sir Richard Burton and certain other travellers of our time. In some considerable degree they are combined in Victor Hugo. Not only does he see clearly, but he sees with eyes that are the windows of a new personality. As a rule it is the scientific observer, and not the poetic, who knows that both the lakes and rivers, and also the ocean itself, exhibit a variety of colours second only to the variety that the sky can display. Owing, it is said, to the varying nature of the salts suspended, the only water which can ever be properly called blue is that which is at once pure and deep. So various in colour are the ocean waves, that sometimes to exclaim,

Roll on, thou dark green ocean, roll!

or even

Roll on, thou sallow ocean, roll!

would be far more accurately descriptive of them than Byron's famous line about the ocean's "dark blue." It is the trained eye of the scientist, as a rule, that sees such differences as these. By the poet's "inner eye" the azure hue of the Lake of Geneva, the Lake of Lucerne's wonderful deep green, the mysterious blue of the St. Lawrence and the Rhone, are generalized with the emerald green of the Rhine. By most French poets, save Victor Hugo and Theophile Gautier, adjectives of colour are used in a conventional way and for ornamentation, not for classification. The exceptions we have named are remarkable, if we remember that the genius of both poets is essentially lyrical. For not even music is a more subjective art than literature, and, of course, the most subjective form of literary art is poetry, which is nothing more than the musical expression of the reflection of the external world in the emotions of man. And as to the lyricist, if it is true that before a musician like Weber can assimilate the beauty of a landscape he has to translate the mental image of it into absolute music, it is equally true that before a man like Shelley can do the same he has to translate the image of the landscape into metrical language. And although all this subjectivity of the poet is more clearly seen in the case of the pure lyricist, it is seen in all poets—save, perhaps, in three—Homer, Chaucer, and Scott.—*London Athenæum*.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

HIS SYMPATHETIC NATURE AND HIS EARLY MISFORTUNES.

THOSE who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become the "chosen of the Lord." Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge; and he, in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would sit tharin the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe don't cry'; an' he'd look up an' say 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief some times is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

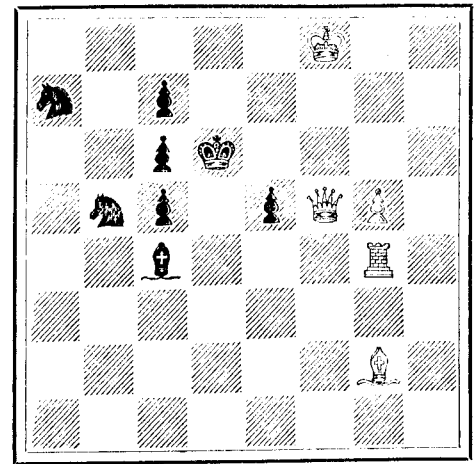
Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who, after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 505.

By M. EBRENSTEIN.

BLACK.



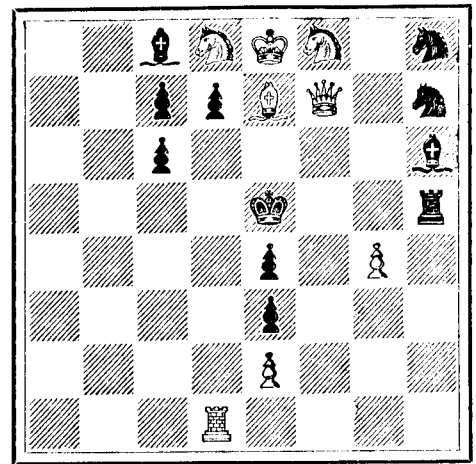
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 506.

By C. P. BROKWITH, Ann Arbor, Mich.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 499.

R-R 5

No. 498.

Kt-Q 6

TWELFTH GAME IN THE MATCH BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

ZUKERTORT OPENING.

LEE.	BLACKBURN.	LEE.	BLACKBURN.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. Kt-K B 3	P-Q 4	17. P-K-R 4	Q R-K B
2. P-Q 4	B-Kt 5	18. P-K 3	P-B 4 (c)
3. Kt-K 5 (a)	B-R 4	19. P x P	Kt-K 5
4. Q-Q 3 (b)	P-Q B 3	20. P-B 6 (f)	B-Q 3
5. Q-K R 3	Kt-B 3	21. P x P +	K x P
6. P-K Kt 4	B-Kt 3	22. P-Q B 3	Kt-B 4
7. Kt x B	B P x Kt (c)	23. Castles Q R	Kt-Kt 4
8. P-Kt 5	Kt-K 5 (d)	24. K-B 2	R-Q B 1 (g)
9. B-Kt 2	Kt-Q 3	25. P-R 4	Kt x R P
10. Kt-Q 2	Q-Q 2	26. B x P	Kt-R 6 + (h)
11. Kt-B 3	Q x Q	27. P x Kt	R x P +
12. B x Q	Kt-R 3	28. K-Q 2	R x R P
13. P-R 3	Kt-Q B 2	29. B x P +	K-B 2
14. Kt-K 5	P-K 3	30. R-Q B +	Kt-B 4
15. B-B 4	B-K 2	31. R x Kt +	Resigns
16. B-Kt 4	Castles Q R		

NOTES BY GUNSBURG.

- (a) As per Steinitz.
- (b) An effective continuation.
- (c) Black must care for his K P.
- (d) Kt Q 2 seems preferable.
- (e) Black was cramped. He miscalculated the effect of this move.
- (f) This breaks up Black's game whatever he does.
- (g) Having hope still.
- (h) He might as well die game.

No human power can force the entrenchments of the human mind; compulsion never persuades it; only makes hypocrites.—*Fenelon*.

MME. DE STAEL was right in saying, "A pretension is a third party." How true this is. There is no tête-à-tête in a salon where vanity reigns.—*Mme. de Girardin*.

THE Countess Tolstoi, who is a beautiful and accomplished woman, is unusually fond of gay society, but, to please her eccentric husband, she bravely denies herself social pleasures, and acts as private secretary to the novelist. She makes many type-written copies of those of his works whose publication in Russia is prohibited, and these are sent through the mail to their numerous friends. They have nine children, and all of the family converse fluently in English, French, and Russian, and most of them are musicians. The oldest child is an attractive girl of eighteen, who attempts to carry out her father's ideas by denying herself all indulgences, buying the cheapest of clothing, and imitating as far as possible the habits of the early Christians.



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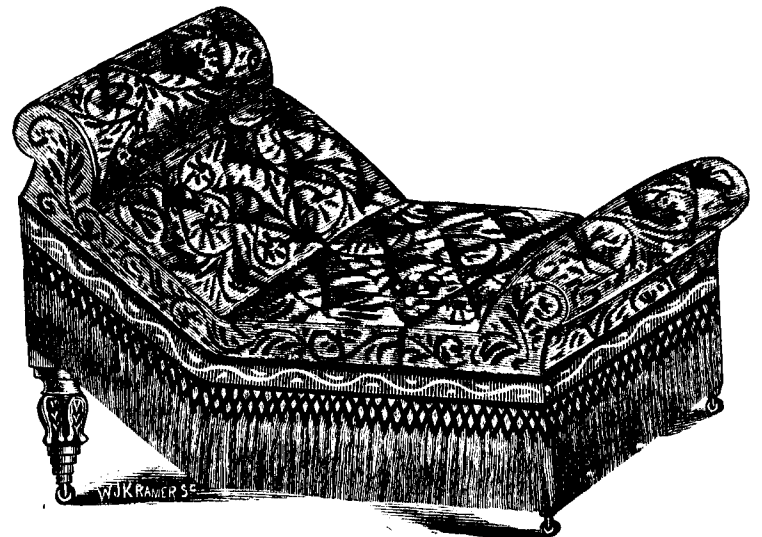
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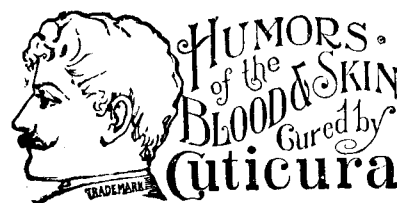
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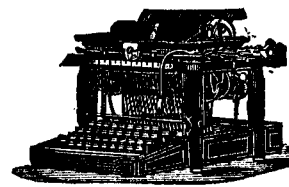
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