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

CURRENT TOPICS.

As was foreshadowed by Lord Salisbury, the House of Lords has emasculated the Employers' Liability Bill, by the adoption of the amendment which was rejected in the Commons, permitting workmen to contract themselves out of its provisions. This, as we pointed out in a former paragraph, destroys the value of the bill for the purpose for which it was intended, the safeguarding of the limbs and lives of employees. In the fierce competition for work, the needy and despairing will be but too glad to sign any such contract as may be presented to them, and the employer or corporation which has most to fear from the operation of the Bill, that is, whose business is most dangerous or most deficient in proper safeguards, will be the one which will take care

to exact such contracts. It is now thought certain that the Parish Councils Bill will be modified in a similar manner during its passage through the Upper Chamber. In that case it is difficult to see how the Gladstone Government can any longer delay an appeal to the people, since it would make both Parliament and the nation ridiculous were the one House to go on indefinitely enacting legislation only to have it thrown out or made abortive by the other. The growing expectation that a general election will take place before many months seems, therefore, well founded. When it comes, the struggle between Radicalism and Conservatism, or, as the Gladstonians would put it, between democracy and class privilege, will be one of the sternest and most decisive in the history of the nation.

The cruel and dastardly attempt made by a miscreant, or more probably the tool of a miscreant, to perpetrate a wholesale massacre in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, adds another to the rapidly growing list of Anarchist enormities. The fiendishness of such attempts is equalled only by their utter folly, so far as the accomplishment of any ulterior purpose, save to produce suffering and misery, is concerned. Such deeds can but evoke a stern determination on the part of an enraged people to stamp out the detestable band which plans and executes them, without mercy. The rise and growth of Anarchism, and the means used to propagate it, is one of the mysteries of human nature. Socialism, both in its better and in its more objectionable forms can be understood. It has an intelligible theory and a definite aim. Anarchism, so far as we have ever been able to discover, has neither. If we admit the thing denoted by the term anarchy to be an intelligible object, the means taken to accomplish that object are the most effective that could be devised to prevent it. What other result can so atrocious a deed as that perpetrated in the French Chamber have than that of uniting the whole nation in a stern resolve to make the civil organization a more thorough and perfect machine for the suppression or destruction of all such conspiracies against the social order. It is not unlikely that the attempt of Saturday may give the French authorities the cue which will enable them to unearth the brain which, from some hitherto safe concealment, directs the movements of the wretched dupes whom it sends forth to

execute its devilish decrees. The nature of the atrocity is such that it must destroy all sympathy in the breasts of any but the most utterly depraved, and thus turn everyonewho has a lingering spark of human feeling in his bosom, into a willing detective and a would-be avenger.

The question, who shall be our Chief Magistrate for 1894, is now pressing upon the attention of the ratepayers of Toronto. So far as we are able to foresee, an answer, and on the whole an unusually satisfactory answer, has been already found. Mr. Warring Kennedy having consented to accept nomination for the office, there is reason to hope that, in view of his many qualifications for the position and the very general favour with which his name has been received, the field will be left clear of opponents and he be elected by acclamation. We have no disposition to criticize Mayor Fleming's course very severely. He has given the city good service in many respects, and has no doubt honestly striven to do his best. If he has at times shown himself somewhat lacking in the self-command and personal dignity which should characterize the first magistrate of such a city as Toronto, he has, nevertheless, been generally found on the side of economy and straightforwardness. All things considered, Toronto has had, perhaps, few better mayors. But that is not to deny that it is quite possible that it might have a better one, could the choice but be made from the most eligible of our citizens. Those who are familiar with the character and abilities of Mr. Kennedy seem to be very thoroughly persuaded that, if elected, he will prove to be in many respects the best man for the position whom the city has had in many years. While he has had less experience in the Council Chamber and in the management of civic affairs than many think desirable, there is reason to hope, on the other hand, that his personal dignity, force of character, and business tact and ability, would more than restore the balance. Though it should be borne in mind that no ability or excellence in the Mayor can make a dignified and efficient Council out of the bad material which seems to so abound there, and that even more depends upon the choice of councillors than on that of the presiding officer, there is still good reason to believe that, if elected, Mr. Kennedy will do what an able and dignified Mayor can do to make the City Council what it ought to be, and that, we need not add, is something quite different from what the Council of 1893 has unhappily been.

A correspondent asks very pertinently why the Education Department, in apportioning its grants to Mechanics' Institutes, should have departed this year from its former custom of recognizing magazines taken by the Institutes as on the same footing with books. We were not before aware of the fact and we are unable to conceive of any good reason for the change. We quite agree with our correspondent in the opinion that much of the very best current literature of the day is to be found in the magazines, whose numbers and excellence constitute so marked a feature in the intellectual life of the period. Everyone knows how utterly impossible it is in these days for even the most omnivorous reader, giving his whole time to literary pursuits, to master one-tenth of the new books which are constantly issuing from the press, dealing with a thousand questions of intellectual interest. We are often disposed to bless the magazine-makers for the aid they give to the many busy workers who can at best snatch but odd moments for literary pursuits. How often it happens that, by reading a short magazine article, prepared by one who is thoroughly master of his subject, one can in an hour obtain a clearer view of the salient points of some important treatise or discussion than he could gain by a single perusal of a bulky volume, even did time and opportunity permit him to undertake the more formidable task. We know that it is the fashion in certain circles to sneer at these short cuts to the heart of literary and social questions, but those who thus speak are generally bookworms or dryasdusts, who forget their chronological place in the world's history, and fancy that the musty tomes in which they are specially interested cover the whole realm of things and thoughts worth knowing. In a word, we believe that newspapers and magazines of the better class are among the most potent of all the educational agencies of the day. We cannot but think that the Minister of Education, or whoever has charge of the affair, has been very ill-advised in discriminating against magazine literature in the Mechanics' Institutes. Such discrimination is sure to affect most of all our native magazines, which have enough to do to maintain their places in the race against the powerful competition of foreign publications. They surely should receive encouragement, rather than the opposite, from our Government authorities.

England, since the days of Napoleon, has suffered periodically from fears that her military or naval strength might, in case of war or invasion, be found insufficient. Not infrequently this uneasiness has produced something approaching a panic, which has not subsided until Parliament has authorized increased expenditure on army and navy. That England's military burden has assumed enormous proportions is a first corollary from the fact that it has long been her policy to keep her naval strength on a par

with that of the combined fleets of any two other nations. The recent ebullition of French patriotism caused by the visit of the Russian naval officers has to some extent disturbed England's confidence in her ability to cope with such a naval force as might result from the union of the French and Russian fleets. The announcement has been made, on the authority of The Westminster Gazette, that five new battle-ships, a first-class cruiser, and a number of smaller vessels have been ordered, to augment the British navy. In view of the expedients to which the present Government has been obliged to resort in order to secure the required revenue, it is evident that the constantly increasing expenditure necessary to keep the army and navy up to the high standard set by the other powers, must become a serious matter. The present war policy of the nations presents in some of its aspects a singular spectacle. Enormous sums of money have been and are being spent on modern appliances of war, to determine the real efficiency of which no actual test has been, or, save that of actual conflict, can be made. The time when the balance of war might be adjusted on a basis of numbers, either of men or of ships, has long since passed. Hence the expected combat between the petty fleets of Piexoto and Admiral Mello, of Brazil, is being awaited with an interest out of all proportion to the magnitude of the issues to be decided. Every adoption, by one of the powers, of some one of the newly invented instruments of war, many of which seem almost fiendish in the ingenuity of their power for the destruction of human life, introduces into this problem a new unknown quantity. It would seem that in the wars of the future, a country's success will depend much less upon the valour of her soldiers than upon the greatness of her resources and the extent to which a patient people will permit them to be drained.

It is to be hoped for the honor of Canadian public life that the current report, which represents a certain Member of Parliament for a New Brunswick constituency as having, shortly after the death of the late lamented Governor Boyd, telegraphed to Ottawa soliciting the appointment, is a misrepresentation. We should like much to be able to believe it untrue that any New Brunswick M.P.'s or any other persons whatever, are striving as rivals to obtain the appointment. The Lieutenant-Governorships are the offices of highest dignity and emolument in the gift of the Canadian Government. It ought not to be too much to expect that at least these positions should be kept out of the arena of political wire-pulling and the Government left free to select the very best men available to fill them. If there are any public offices in Canada which should seek the men and should not be sought by ambitious or mer-

cenary aspirants this is surely one of them. The very fact of its being openly claimed as a reward of party services, or a gift of personal friendship, should be accepted as proof conclusive of the unfitness of them in making such claim for so dignified a position. Once let it become—is it already such?—an understood custom that each Lieutenant-Governorship, as it becomes vacant, is to be looked upon as a prize set up in the political arena to be fought for and won by the competitor who can bring the strongest personal or party influence to bear upon the Government of the day, the people will not long continue to respect either the office or its incumbent as it is in every way desirable they should be respected. These Governorships are the analogues on a somewhat smaller scale of the Governor-Generalship. But how long could the Governor-General hope to retain the high respect and regard which are now so cheerfully accorded to the nobleman sent out from time to time to represent the British Government, were it known that the honor was put up for sale in the party market, and knocked down to the competitor who could bid highest in political or personal influence. If it be true that the office now vacant by so sad a fatality is being made the object of a struggle between rival claimants, it is to be hoped that the Government will consult its own dignity and the proprieties of the occasion by passing over all such aspirants and selecting some competent gentleman who is too modest and has too much respect for himself and the people to clamor for appointment to the highest position in the Province.

The close of the football season must have brought a very pleasing sense of relief to many an anxious parent on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who have sons at school or college in which this once-admirable pastime is practised in the latest fashion, may now breathe freely for a few months, no longer haunted with daily dread that the next broken leg or arm, or injured spine, or crushed skull, on the football battlefield may be that of one of their own boys. This way of putting it is hardly an exaggeration of the facts. On one day in October last, one member of a college team had his leg broken in two places in a football "scrimmage," another had his lower teeth knocked out; one of another team had a bad shoulder strain; another, a wrench in the knee which will prevent his ever playing again, in addition to having his eye bruised and his scalp laid open by a blow; while still another died from the effects of a kick in the stomach. A glorious day's record indeed! The statistics of the season's campaign show twenty-six deaths in England and eighteen in the United States from injuries received in playing football, to say nothing of the broken limbs and other bad wounds which run up no doubt into the hundreds. The healthy boy is,

course, so constituted that no game is wholly satisfactory which has not a spice of danger in it. The impulse has no doubt a wise purpose. We do not urge that the presence of such danger should necessarily lead to the prohibition of the game. Riding, boating, cricket, and various other manly recreations cannot be pursued without some risk of life or limb, but no one would think of condemning them on that account. A radical difference between such sports and football in the style under consideration is that in the case of the former, the risk decreases in exact proportion with the increase in skill, and the goal of ambition is the attainment of such skill that the danger is practically eliminated, while in the latter it would seem that the rule is reversed and the player becomes famous according to his prowess in a rough-and-tumble fight. We are very glad to know that this rowdyish style of football has not yet found favour in Canada, and is not likely to do so. No one who knows them would venture to say that Canadian boys and young men are less hardy, or have less courage or fortitude, than those in any other land. It is to their credit if they have too much common-sense and too much refinement of feeling to find pleasure in downright rowdyism of any kind. The effect of such exhibitions as have become common among our neighbors, upon the spectators, can be scarcely less objectionable than that of the gladiatorial contests in the old Roman arenas, or the bull-fights which still find favour among Spaniards.

Men and women who are willing to work ought not to be compelled to choose between asking or accepting charity and suffering from hunger. This is probably one of the few propositions touching the relations between labour and capital to which all but the utterly hard-hearted will assent. But if this be granted, seeing that it is impossible for the destitute to provide wage-work for themselves, it follows that it becomes the duty of their fellow-citizens who have means for the payment of labour—that is the community, or society in its broader sense—to do this, provided, that is, that the demands of ordinary business and the resources of private beneficence shall have failed to do so. It may, indeed, be argued with much force that such a matter ought to be left to private beneficence, which must inevitably give the relief granted, even through labour, a charitable tinge, whereas the good of the community and of the nation demands that honest industry should be subjected to no such humiliation, lest it tend to degradation. It is sometimes said, it is true, that for the municipality or the state to provide labour under such circumstances is but to give charity in a disguised form. Without entering into the vexed question thus raised, we may simply say that this cannot be true when the work provided is such as is necessary for the comfort and well-being of the whole com-

munity, and, generally speaking, it is not difficult in most modern towns and cities to find an abundance of just such work. These remarks are suggested by a plan which is now being carried out in the city of New York. Two or three kinds of needful work are offered to the unemployed, one of the least attractive of which is a broom and an opportunity to do street-sweeping on the East Side. The wages paid are one dollar a day, just one half those paid to the regular members of the street-cleaning force. The committee in charge had no need to advertise for workers. The news quickly spread and men of astonishingly respectable appearance immediately came asking for brooms and a chance to work. "These," says the paper from which we gain the facts, "are men who have never begged, and probably never would have begged." They are working so efficiently that those experienced in street-cleaning work say that they can be trusted to work alone." The statement is touching and suggestive. May we not safely draw this inference, at least, that during the distressful winter which is now upon us, every city and town in Canada as well as in the United States should make some similar provision for the immediate relief of honest poverty, so that no willing worker need want for "a job," or a meal. We take it for granted that the charitable organizations will suffice to meet the cases of those who are unable to work.

RATES OF LETTER POSTAGE.

We Canadians are accustomed, not without some justification, to take credit to ourselves for progressiveness. In railroad building and management, in educational matters, in our municipal system especially in Ontario, in the responsiveness of our representative institutions to the popular will, and in various other matters which test the energy and executive ability of a people, we need not shrink from comparison with the most advanced communities. It is, therefore, the more surprising that in the matter of postal facilities we should have continued for so many years to lag behind other Anglo-Saxon communities. This applies, of course, specially to the rate of letter postage. While our neighbor or our relative across the line has long been able to send a sealed letter to any part of the Republic, or Canada, at a cost of two cents, our Government has continued and still continues to exact three cents for the same service. To be sure the vast extent of the territory of our Dominion in proportion to its population materially increases the difficulty of making such a reduction. Still, it is hardly too much to say that had our Postmaster-General had the courage to try the experiment of a two-cent rate, a few years ago, we should now as a country be reaping the many advantages of greatly increased use of the mails, with a revenue-deficiency little if at all larger than that which con-

fronts us from year to year under the present system. Nothing is more natural or more certain than that a reduction of fifty per cent. in the rate for letter postage would, in the course of a few years of moderate prosperity, add very largely to the number of letters sent and the amount of business transacted by mail. Perhaps it would be too sanguine to expect that the full amount of the difference would be made up in this way, in the absence of a more rapid increase in population than has of late years been ours, but we venture to believe that the increase of the deficit, after the first year or two, would be but slight. In this connection it is worthy of note that, the annual Report of the Postmaster-General of the United States, just published, shows that the revenue for the year ending June 30th, 1893, fell short of the expenditure by considerably more than five millions of dollars. But we do not suppose that any one will seriously propose to increase the rate of letter postage to meet the deficit. Congress and the nation are satisfied that value is received for the outlay.

It is clear that there is no present possibility of bringing the postal revenue up to the level, or within a considerable distance of the level of the necessary cost of an efficient system, such as we now have. The only practical question is that of the extent to which it is expedient and profitable, in a young and sparsely settled country, to provide postal facilities at the expense of the general revenue. This is, we suppose, but an indirect way of causing or enabling the people in the towns and cities to contribute towards the cost of providing regular and rapid communication with and for the people in the remoter districts, in which it would be out of the question to make a regular mail system self-supporting by any scale of charges which could be imposed. The higher the rate, the smaller the mails. No claim of merit for generosity or liberality, or anything of that sort, can be made for the people at the business centres who thus aid in keeping up regular and reliable communication with the interior, and no hardship is involved in taxing them to that extent. On the contrary it would be easy to show that it is quite as much for the advantage of the people of the cities and towns, as for that of those of the rural districts, that the best possible facilities should be afforded for such inter-communication. Without the country as a base of supply, the city is impossible.

The question being, then, wholly one of expediency, even if it were certain that a reduction in the rate of postage would result in a still heavier balance against the Dominion exchequer, the fact would not necessarily prove that such reduction would not be a wise reform. There are many other services supported wholly or in part out of the public revenues, which no one expects to be self-supporting, but which

everyone admits to be not only indispensable but highly beneficial to all concerned. The cost of the judiciary, the bonuses to railways, canals, and other great public enterprises, the costly educational systems, at once present themselves to the mind. But what other service can surpass in its bearing on the cultivation of intelligence, or the promotion of internal commerce, or the equalization of the conditions of life—in short, as a general business and educational agency—the public mail? It is in recognition of this fact that the doubtful practice of carrying newspapers and other periodicals free is based. We think this practice a doubtful one for various reasons. An obvious political principle which is violated by it, is that the Government which pays for the service has no means of discriminating in regard to the quality of the literary matter which is thus carried and distributed wholly at its expense. Of course nothing openly or grossly immoral or degrading, if it is known to be such, is permitted to take advantage of the provision. But what tons of down-right trash, useless or worse than useless so far as its bearing upon either legitimate trade or the spread of intelligence is concerned, are scattered broadcast by means of this agency. It is of course impossible, in a free country, beyond the limits above suggested, for the Government of the day to undertake a criticism of the press publications, so as to determine what is and is not worthy of being carried free. But if even a small rate were imposed, such a rate as would tend very slightly, if at all, to lessen the demand for good newspapers and magazines, it would probably have a powerful effect in checking the publication and transmission of the class of matter referred to. And, then, taking the newspaper or other periodical at its highest valuation as an educational agency, it is doubtful, on the principle that we value our possessions and privileges in a large measure in proportion to their cost, whether a reasonable rate of postage would to any appreciable extent diminish any public benefit derived from this source. Certainly if the addition of a small charge for postage on periodicals were offset by a reduction of one-third in the cost of letter carriage, neither publishers nor readers would have any reasonable ground for complaint.

In an interesting discussion of this subject, published originally in Queen's College Journal, and more recently in pamphlet form, Mr. A. T. Drummond, of Montreal, points out as an unfairness and an anomaly that our Post-Office department, while it exacts the large fee of five cents extra for the registration of a letter, gives no guarantee for its safe transmission. It says, in effect, to the citizen who is anxious to secure the safe delivery of a letter containing value: "For an additional five cents we will instruct our clerks to register your letter at certain points in the course of transmission,

with a view to aiding you and us in tracing its course; but should it be lost or stolen between any two of these points, the risk and loss are yours, not ours." The principle is unbusinesslike and unsound. The premium paid fails to insure. It is simply an enforced tip to the Government for a little extra care on the part of its servants.

Either the charge for registration should be greatly reduced, or the Government should hold itself responsible, up to a certain amount, for the safe delivery of the letter. Or, better still, as Mr. Drummond if our memory is not at fault, proposes, it should issue postal orders for the convenience of the public. If the increase of the registration fee was intended to promote the use of postal money orders, it has signally failed of its intended effect, but no doubt postal orders of various small denominations would be freely used.

CANADA'S COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITY.

In an article on revenue and protection the Winnipeg Commercial says: Even some of the Liberals themselves admit that if their party was placed in power, they would not be able to reduce their duties to any very great extent on account of the revenue requirements of the country. In reviewing the political position as to the probable outcome of the popular outcry against protection, which, it has been clearly proved, levies a double tax on the industry of the country, part of which goes into the pockets of the protected individuals, and part of which is a first charge by the Government upon the industry of the people for revenue purposes, we desire to ascertain its probable effect upon the legitimate goal which should be the resting place of the agitation, namely, the simple principles of free trade, which frees individual industry from taxation, and collects the revenue for Government requirements upon its prosperity, by voluntary contributions through taxation upon its luxuries.

The problem of revenue then resolves itself into the fact of being able to collect as large a revenue from a more populous and wealthy community by voluntary contributions instead of limiting the sphere of labour, and collecting a revenue by enforced taxation upon the necessities of the people. We think we quote Thomas G. Sherman correctly when he states as a result of his calculations, "that under protective taxation, ninety per cent. of the revenue is collected from the people whose incomes are below \$500.00 per annum," the class which Free Traders desire to relieve in the interest of the industrial progress of the country, and the more equitable distribution of its wealth.

We are not among those who believe that the race after wealth should be the ambition of individuals. Wealth has its responsibilities and its cares, and there is just as much contentment and happiness in the homes that bring families to maturity on \$500.00 a year, as in the homes of the wealthy, but we believe the state should endeavour to place the comforts of life as much within their reach as possible by giving them the benefit of the most extended competition among those who can provide them

with those comforts, both for the needs of their families, and the profitable prosecution of their various callings.

The greater the purchasing power the masses possess with their limited incomes, the greater the sphere of employment for the unemployed, which, in their minds, is a desirable result, in the interests of that suffering humanity, who, though able and willing, cannot find the means of earning an honest livelihood.

Protection pretends to increase their incomes, but it reduces them again by lowering the purchasing power of those incomes, and at the same time generates selfishness in the body politic. As I have before stated in your columns, the labouring classes object to the encouragement of emigration into a protected country, because it is attracting competitors for their employment in a restricted market for production without enlarging the market for the sale of their product, while Free Trade enlarges the market for the product of their industry in consequence of the economic condition under which they labour, which enables them to compete with the world in the world's markets, and thereby distribute the benefits of civilization more largely, and the more Canadians who engage in that trade, the stronger their national life will become, though with cosmopolitan instincts.

As an example of the desire to limit population in protected countries, France, one of the highest protected countries, shows, I believe, by her statistics of population through her census, that a national increase has not been maintained, and therefore there must have been an effort to limit the growth of families, an unhealthy condition of national life. However, I have digressed from the purpose of my article, which is to review our political situation and apply it to the experience that brought about Free Trade in Great Britain. The Government are holding on to protection, and will only yield to the force of public opinion which can best be expressed through its voting power. The leader of the Liberal party has unmistakably declared for Free Trade as it prevails in Great Britain, but the editor of the Winnipeg Commercial states the case correctly when he says that there are many Liberals who will make the necessities of revenue an excuse for very few changes in the present status, and the desire for reciprocity expressed through the resolution of their convention, shows that the Liberal party are not indoctrinated with the principles enunciated by their leader.

Reciprocity in which both the Government and the Liberal party are competing with one another for public favour is really an alliance with the protectionist wing of American politicians, and retards the realization of the sound economic principles which President Cleveland gave voice to and which he has maintained so firmly. The President's policy would give us the reciprocity both parties desire but without restriction on our trade elsewhere, but the reciprocity which both political parties in Canada are seeking means the restriction of our trade within protected lines and shows the hold protection has on the life of our public men, although there is an unmistakable majority of the people opposed to it in the light of to-day.

We are in advance of our neighbors in the principles of political economy as applied to our commercial life, from the fact that we have for some years been admitting raw materials

free, a policy they are only now discussing. They are abandoning McKinleyism, but protection has not let go its hold, and it will in all probability be some time before they reach the ideal held up by their President. We, on the other hand, are in the same stage of commercial progress the English people were in after the tariff reform, instituted by Sir Robert Peel, in 1844, but which concession did not act as a clog to the efforts of Cobden and Bright, who would not cease from their untiring efforts until their principles prevailed.

The first signs of yielding in the principles of protection, which were as dear to the Whig mind as to the Tory, came from Lord John Russell, the leader of the Liberal party, who in November, 1845, wrote a letter from Edinburgh, acknowledging the soundness of Cobden's principles. In December, the following month, Sir Robert Peel, who had himself also gradually become a convert to Free Trade, recognized that in the face of public opinion he could no longer continue to govern as the exponent of protection, especially when the leader of the Opposition had declared in favour of Free Trade, and he proposed to his Government to reverse the policy upon which they had been elected, in view of the change in public opinion. He was, however, only supported by three of his Cabinet, and he therefore resigned and recommended Her Majesty to call upon Lord John Russell. He at the same time wrote to both the Queen and to Lord John Russell to say that should he be successful in the formation of a Government, he would give him his support. After a fortnight's efforts Lord John Russell found he could not form a Government on the principles of Free Trade, and he resigned, recommending the Queen to again call upon Sir Robert Peel, who was sent for. He accepted, and called upon his old colleagues to support him in bringing in a Free Trade measure. They all consented, with the exception of Lord Stanley, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Gladstone being among the number; the Iron Duke, though he did not believe in the new-fangled notions, such was the confidence he reposed in the patriotism and judgment of Sir Robert Peel, agreed to stand by him in the change, and in February, 1846, three months after Lord John Russell had given his adhesion to Cobden's principles, Free Trade became the law of the land, and has since remained an impregnable commercial fortress to this day.

The present condition of Canada fits her as well to enter the extended field of competition in the world's markets under this celebrated patent as the people of Great Britain were in 1846. Her magnificent coast line on two oceans, her extensive resources on land and water, the intelligence and industry of her population and the healthiness of her climate—all combine to enable her to step out into the world's arena if she is not tied by the leg through the cupidity of protection.

C. A. BOULTON.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—IV

COLUMBUS AT THE FAIR.

The Columbian Exposition is certainly not in any respect like "the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." Columbus, his achievements and memorials, met us at every turn, beginning with the fine group of sculpture that crowned the centre of the Peristyle, and greeted every visitor who entered the ideal "white city" from the ocean-like expanse of Lake Michigan. The height of the group above the beholder, and the multiplicity of other surrounding decorative figures to some extent deprived this group of its due meed of admiration. So far as one could discern from below, the figure of the explorer mounted on his quadriga, or triumphal chariot, was finely conceived and executed—the backward poise of the figure conveying the idea of the elation of exultant success. The moment is certainly well chosen for such a memorial; the first flush of achievement, after so long period of struggle with adverse fates, and before the success had been stained by the cruelties and oppression which have followed, with such dreary monotony in the track of the explorer. Could this stately figure on his lofty pedestal be supposed to be endowed for a moment with life and consciousness, we might easily fancy in the pose of the figure a certain gesture of welcome to the millions who throng in at these noble portals to the superb Exposition which bears his name and commemorates his genius.

We have not far to go, after entering the Fair, before finding other and more significant memorials of the discoverer of America. Following the grand canal at right angles to the smaller one which crossed it at right angles towards the southern colonnade, we come upon the three caravels which reproduce for us the celebrated trio whose adventurous voyage gave to the world a new continent. Such small vessels they look! after the large ships and ocean steamers to which our eyes are accustomed! They hardly seem larger than a good-sized river steam yacht, and one of our lake propellers could swallow them all up bodily, without looking much larger for the addition! How were they ever navigated across the great ocean waves, without being swamped by the way? The prow and stern rise high enough, after the manner of ancient galleys, but the deckless centre looks as if the waves of an Atlantic storm must soon have filled the little craft. No wonder that the mariners grew uneasy as the voyage lengthened, and that their leader had so much trouble to persuade them to continue to trust his leadership and skill! Indeed, when we realize the wonderful courage of Columbus in venturing, with ships so ill-fitted for distant navigation, and requiring repairs at the first start, over such an expanse of unknown seas, without chart or guide as to tides or currents, rocks or shoals, or any of the unknown obstacles he might have to encounter, our admiration of his unconquerable resolve, undaunted by the long struggle of the past and undismayed by the perils of the future, must rise in proportion to our appreciation of the facts. Of the caravels, by far the finest is the Santa Maria, Columbus' own vessel, eventually lost off St. Thomas, which has its lofty prow decorated with the lions and castles of Leon and Castile, the Spanish standard under which he sailed,

and is in other ways more elaborate in its construction. The Pinta comes next—the Nina being the plainest as well as the smallest. As we look at them, it is not difficult to imagine the scenes elsewhere presented on canvas—the mutiny of the sailors, quelled duly by the determination and tact of their commander—the sailing of the little fleet from Palos, after the solemn religious ceremonies at La Rabida—first sight of land from the mast-head of the Pinta—the approach to a strange tropical shore—the putting off of the boat, in which Columbus and his men landed in such state as they could muster. One can imagine, too, the awe and admiration with which the simple aborigines must have seen the strange barks bearing down on them with white sails set! No wonder if they regarded them as superhuman and divine. Unhappily they had to learn before long that whatever else these Spanish strangers might be they certainly were *not* "angels unawares."

Leaving these fascinating caravels, which seem to transport us back to the Middle Ages, we have to continue our walk only a little farther before we reach a building which represents more than mediæval antiquity. The monastery of La Rabida, of which this irregular white building is a reproduction, dates from the second century, and the reign of Trajan, and its restoration from the eleventh century. The rambling blank wall, pierced by small windows, and rising from a rough, rocky slope, suggests something of its former fortress-like character. As the Monastery "of the Frontier," the translation of its name, it had at several times, to withstand the shock of arms. But we enter—and the scene is changed! Its bare whitewashed cells, contrasted by the black timber beams that cross and recross them, open into an arcade running round a rectangular area, filled with the herbs and semi-tropical foliage which are to be found in the original monastery garden. This quiet monastery was to Columbus a haven of refuge, when, weary of unavailing applications to the Court of Spain, he was on his way to leave his little Diego with his sister in Portugal, before visiting England in the hope of a more favourable result. Begging for food and shelter at the convent, he was hospitably entertained, and found in Juan Perez, the prior of the monastery, a friend capable of entering into his project and furthering his plans. How often, under the black-timbered arcades here-reproduced, the lion-hearted adventurer, sick with "hope deferred," must have paced the flags, chafing at the interminable delay, and discussing the chances of success with his friends, the monks! And when, after even the prior's influence seemed to have failed in inducing Ferdinand and Isabella to take up the grand quest, he had finally determined to seek England's help as his last resource, it was from this convent that he began the journey on which he had proceeded only a few leagues when the messengers of the king and queen overtook him, promising him success at last! Among the numerous pictures, representing the principal events in the history of Columbus, we see him seated among the monks in the library of the convent, exhibiting his maps and charts to the interested prior and the other dignitaries of the place. The cells and other apartments of this reproduced monastery were filled with pictures and relics of Columbus and his times of every imaginable description—pictures, photographs of Spanish and

Years ago there used to lie on the river-bank, at Niagara, opposite the American fort, a great boulder known as Brock's Seat from the fact that it was a favorite resting-place of General Sir Isaac Brock when he lived at Niagara. Fifteen years since it rolled off the bank onto the sandy beach, neglected and forgotten, save by a few elders among the townspeople. Lately Mr. Wm. Kirby has had the stone removed to St. Mark's Churchyard, where it will be lettered and remain "a memorial of Brock forever."

tropical scenery, old maps and charts, the first books published on the new discoveries, original autograph letters and documents, of which the most precious was the original commission given to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella, and signed by their own hands, which was guarded by an American soldier night and day, lost some covetous relic hunter should carry it off. It is no small proof of the confidence reposed by the Spanish Government in the management of the Exposition, that this unique and precious document should have been trusted so far from home, in this western world, to which Columbus found his way under its royal encouragement.

Among the multitude of pictorial illustrations of the history of Columbus and his times, was a series of more than eighty copies of portraits of the explorer, including a copy of every portrait known to exist—among others a copy of Hogarth's notable picture of the Episode of the Egg. As some of the portraits represented him as a mere lad, or a very young man, long before he had arrived at any celebrity or even consequence, one could not but wonder how far they were authentic, and how they had been originally produced. But in such a place it does not do to be too critical as to literal truth. The portraits of the other historical personages connected with the history of the discoverer or his discoveries, are both interesting and historical. Among the actual relics of his expeditions and of the first settlements on the new continent or its adjacent islands, there were many objects most interesting from their nature or associations. Among these were one of the original anchors of the Santa Maria—the other being in the Government building of Hayti, and an old-fashioned cannon from the same ship—probably the one the firing of which so overawed the simple islanders. Near this, by a curious conjunction, was the old bell presented by Ferdinand to the first town founded on the island of Hayti, or Hispaniola, and named after Queen Isabella—the first church-bell which ever awoke the echoes in the New World. One could look at it with more satisfaction, if it were not for the knowledge of the crimes and cruelties of so-called Christians, which had even there preceded its peaceful chimes. Besides the bell are many other relics of this town of Isabella, brought from the island of Hayti by a U.S. man-of-war. They included a number of rusty tools and implements of all sorts, among which we can see the old clumsy form of the scissors used four hundred years ago. Still more interesting were the relics of the savage life of the islands visited by Columbus. We see the rude canoe excavated from the trunk of a tree the fishing and hunting implements used by the people of Watling's Island and others of the first spots visited by Columbus. There was an old arquebus, too, of that age, which suggested comparison alike with the rude savage weapons near it, and with the Remingtons and Martinis of our own time. Finally, as if to mark the sharp contrast of fortune within the history of this one man, there was a bolt from the fetters worn by Columbus, when thrown into prison by his jealous rival Bobadilla, and taken from Hayti to Spain in chains. There was a picture of the house in Seville in which he spent his last days, and lastly—strange witness to the brief span of the most illustrious life—there was a little crystal case containing what is declared to be a portion of the dust of the great explorer, taken

from the casket which enclosed his remains in the cathedral of Havana. A fac-simile of the old metal casket in which they were found was also shown. Of all the personal relics, however, the most interesting to many were the autograph letters and will of Columbus himself written in the stiff and crabbed characters so difficult to decipher, by reason of their contractions as well as their crabbedness, and signed with the familiar yet unfamiliar words, "Cristoforo Colombo," or a contraction of the same. Among the maps and charts hung on the walls there is a map of America, marking all the places in the New World named in honour of its discoverer—including four in Canada. So, that, as has been well said, if the honour of giving a name to the whole continent was stolen from Columbus and given to Vespucci, that continent has herself done what she could to remedy the injustice. Among the photographs were some very beautiful views of the original La Rabida, its cloisters, garden and library, as well as those already referred to, of places and buildings specially associated with his history, both in the Old World and the New. Altogether, the reproduced monastery and its interesting exhibits furnished such an object lesson of the history of Columbus and of the discovery of America as must fix them on the mind of any intelligent visitor, young or old, better than any amount of reading could ever do. And when we consider how many millions of people have passed through its chambers, it will be seen that it has presented an educational influence of no slight value, and one most happily in keeping with the name and purpose of the Exposition.

Of course there were other memorial figures of Columbus besides the famous group over the Peristyle which represented his triumphal progress into Lisbon. The spirited figure waving a flag, in front of the Administration Building is a feature of every view of that superb central palace. A fine statue also represents the discoverer in the act of commanding his mariners to sail. In the Art Gallery, of course, one met Columbus and his caravels in almost every room. Russia had some of the largest canvases, representing the approach by sunrise to the new and strange coast. Italy gave us "At Sea on XII. October, 1492." Germany had a modern rendering of "Columbus and the Egg," by Zimmermann, and an etching or engraving by Horte, of "Columbus Scoffed by the Council of Salamanca." Belgium had a charming landscape by Carvain—a view of Cogoleto, near Genoa—said to be the birthplace of Columbus. Spain, of course, had several large paintings in honour of her hero, including one very large canvas in the Spanish Government building. In her gallery, we had a picture of Columbus presenting the trophies of his quest before Ferdinand and Isabella; another of Isabella dictating her will, and still another of Columbus himself on his deathbed, performing the same sad ceremony. Russia gave us a whole group of large Columbian pictures, by Ivan Alvazovsky: "The Farewell of Columbus in Palos before going to sea," the arrival of the little flotilla on the American shore, the landing of Columbus with his suite at San Salvador, the scene of mutiny in the storm on the Santa Maria, and an incident in the youth of Columbus—saving himself on the mast of a merchant ship which had been set on fire by a

Venetian galley off the shores of Portugal. In one of the galleries was a picture of the savages on the island, watching from a cliff with eager curiosity the approach of the strange foreign vessels, bearing the pioneers of the new race which was eventually to destroy and replace their own. "The survival of the fittest may be inevitable, but man's inhumanity to man" has traced its accomplishment in lines of blood all through our world's history. May we not hope that, in the New Era, for which this great Columbian Exposition seems to have been preparing the way, the course of progress may be guided more happily by the influences of peace and the far-reaching bond of the brotherhood of man. For the great watchwords of civil and religious liberty and human brotherhood, have certainly been recognized as the guiding influences of this wonderful World's Fair, which, even though it is now a thing of the past, will exercise a powerful influence for good for years to come. One could hardly even travel to Chicago, and watch the troops of pilgrims forever pouring into the trains from back-woods villages as well as from distant cities, from our Canadian towns and farms, as well as from the remote lands where the very name of Chicago had been unknown before without being impressed by this hope. The big, dusky city on Lake Michigan, with her wonderful energy and progress, has certainly in a few months altogether altered the associations with which we have formerly regarded her—which now it seems a sort of desecration to mention in the same breath with the beautiful "white city"—the fairest material vision of this century. It may be most poetically fitting that the vision should disappear as mysteriously as it arose, and should not suffer the vulgarizing influence of use and wont—that its memory should act only as a spur to stimulate human power to still higher achievements. Yet while there lingers round it the pathos which accompanies the "passing away" of the fairest things with our "Ave" there must mingle the exultant sense of having secured a new possession—a mental picture—or rather many mental pictures, which must often

"Flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude!"

Many a time and oft in dreams—waking or sleeping—we shall walk with untired feet, among the white palaces and colonnades—under the glorious Peristyle, over the classic bridges of the Grand Canal, and among the flowery pathways of the Wooded Island, beside the still waters, or the cool plashing fountains, pure in their shimmering whiteness, or gorgeous in the iridescent splendour of their prismatic colouring. Before us in the mysterious galleries of memory shall still hang the long array of pictures glowing with the soft hues of mountain, lake and stream, or with the vivid, throbbing transcription of human emotion, life and history. And back and forth through the wondrous web shall flash, like a brilliant wof, the many-tinted life of the "Midway" with mosque and minaret, grey turret and palm-thatched hut mingling in a rich-hued, complex background to the statuesque repose of the fair, white Vision whose beauty shall be the ever-fruitful theme of many a fireside talk, many an eloquent lecture, many a poet's song. And yet, all that she was to seeing eyes, the full force of the spell she exercised over responsive souls that saw in her a type and symbol of the onward progress of humanity towards a fairer goal; all this has not been, and never can be fully told.

PARIS LETTER.

France is to have a new faculty—that for the profession of pure socialism. It appears that the existing colleges are all infected with bourgeoisie, that is, with the ideas of the middle classes. It is a pity that the College of France has not a chair for professing every newism the moment it is started. Professor Rosny looks after Buddhism and the Mahatmas, and Pierre Lafitte after Positivism. There was really room for a professorship of social sciences, if only to keep the lecturer on political economy, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, up to date. Had Renan been alive, his practical-joking temperament might have anticipated the socialists. However, the latter have now taken the field by establishing a school of their own. There are at least in France five distinct clans of socialists, and each of the leaders is to be a professor in the new academy for the amelioration of the out-of-joint times. All the doctrines are dissimilar, but the students are not bound to sit under a Gamaliel whose wisdom they dislike. Only revolutionary socialism will in any case be taught. The anarchists are really the most advanced revolutionary socialists at present in the field.

The *Debats* deplores that the newest Mahdi, Rabah, is likely to occupy the shores of Lake Tchad and so put an end to the projected railway from Paris, *via* Algiers, to that unknown and hence most interesting region. Rabah's point of the sword or the Koran march will clearly be at the expense of the latest land-grabs of France and her tribal allies. Then she has also to look after Touat, which the Sultan of Morocco claims to be his hinterland. Africa is becoming the most lively quarter of the globe, and the Soudan promises to be a veritable cockpit for pioneer civilizers.

The most amusing of political writers is by far and away M. Flourens, who was at one time Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is the most frantic Russophile and Anglophobe and his influence one way or the other is not of much importance. His latest eccentricity is that Russia and France should take Islam under their wings, and by so doing they would wipe out England. That day-dream accomplished, not a power in the world dare make a move without being authorized by France. It is always *Delenda est Britannica!* By then, the *delenda* might be nearer for France. It would be well to ask the Porte what it thinks of such god-fathers. Russia has been ever willing to take Turkey—which is Islamism—but not under the wing. It is said that the quick despatch of the same number of war vessels by England to the Mediterranean, to respond to the Russian demonstration, has not only reduced the hostility in Egypt against the British occupation, but has opened the eyes of the Sultan and fortified his nerves. Constantinople does not want to be Russified, nor Alexandria Frenchified. The Sultan has always a trump card to play against Russia. By the revised Black Sea treaty he can allow a fleet friendly to Turkey, to enter the Dardanelles and scour that sea.

It is said that the good offices of England are being employed to arrange the Riff difficulty between Spain and Muley Hassan. If so, there will be one danger less. The French view the crusade in England for a special naval money grant of 250 million frs. as a bait to induce France to knock her head against iron-

clads, and to raise a panic, and so enable England to seize instantaneously, by paying the contract price, the some thirty-two war vessels private dockyards in Great Britain are now building for foreign powers. This is, at least, *ben trovato*.

M. Bernard is a veritable glutton in his appetite for pretenders to the French throne, that, even the Pope himself has discovered will not pay. M. Bernard says, now that so much is being written about the natural children of Napoleon I.—who had nearly as many as a certain Polish king—it is more profitable to look after the illegitimate son of Napoleon IV., better known as the Prince Imperial. The old story of Mary Watkins and the Prince is relished. What is true is not new, and what is new—you can judge. The boy is now being looked after by the Princesse Mathilde, whose hand is ever open as the day to charity. She has placed him in a lyceum, and it is to see the boy that the ex-Empress comes so frequently to France. She encounters him in the Bois de Boulogne, no doubt in the "Widows' Alley." The police have all the facts and all the visitings are noted.

The annual meeting of the French Young Men's Christian Association has just been held under the Presidency of Professor Waddington. The new palatial structure is the gift of a rich American commission merchant who made his "pile" in Paris, as a token of gratitude to France for sending aid to help Americans to win their independence. It is a very magnificent building and splendidly organized and doing excellent Christian work. The very energetic and able secretary stated that of the members who take their meals in the establishment, the three-fourths are abstainers from drink.

Old M. de Lesseps has entered on his 89th year. He is in Paris and is said to be rapidly regaining strength and lucidity. He can receive friends, and chats and tries his hand at a quiet rubber. It is to be hoped he will not try any Isthmian game, that might produce a relapse. His recovery is wonderful, and it is to be hoped will be permanent. Then the health of Dr. Herz is improving, but far from coming up to the Bow street ideal. He is threatened also with another wasting malady—his money is running out; if so, he will soon possess no more interest.

At no period was suffering and misery so general in Paris as the present. It is not that wages are so very low—the living wage is but an ideal, a Tantalus—but not even the low wage is to be earned. The hardship among needlewomen is especially painful, because their work is of a spasmodic character. To keep body and soul together, M. d'Haussonville says, a work girl must earn between 850 to 1,200 fr. per year. Also, in an artizan's family, it is necessary to count one-half the income to support the wife, and for every child one-third. A single woman may have slack seasons, representing from 60 to 150 days; her expenses are generally one-third more than what she earns. At shirt-making—stitching a shroud as well as a shirt—not more than 600 fr. are earned in a year. Of this sum 271 fr. defray rent, clothing and firing. The rest is for subsistence. What is the latter—limited to an outlay of 18 sous per day? Here is a daily true bill: bread, 4 sous; milk, 2; nut-tion cutlet, 5; wine, 2; coal, 1; vegetables, 2; butter, 2; total, 18 sous. If the winter sets

in cold and no work be forthcoming, it is hunger, disease, death. She has only the other resource, which is still worse—it kills the soul.

The Superior Council of Education has had a happy idea, that of imparting uniformity and method to the songs executed in the primary schools of France. A prize of 500 fr. is offered to the composer of 40 suitable pieces of poetry to fit in to airs already selected. The competition remains open till the end of next June, and the publisher is the well-known firm of Hachette & Co. A model stanza is supplied with each air, to guide the song writer. The songs are not to be at all trivial, the words and ideas must suit the capacities of the children, and appeal to their best sentiments and elevated feelings—such as those referring to God—*a la bonheur!*—nature, country, noble deeds and great men. Play ground songs are to be in character.

From the 1st of December the postmen commence to apply for their New Year's boxes. They are the earliest in the field of the not-to-be-forgotten classes, and the most deserving to be remembered. Each postal district selects the most popular and bland of its letter carriers to make a house-to-house collection. The gifts vary from one to sixty francs. About the 30th December the grand divide takes place. Each postman's share is now not more than 400 fr.; it was 500. The men who distribute the newspapers, circulars, book parcels, etc., mostly young and all probationers, have no claim on the letter-carriers' tips. They are free to solicit the smallest contribution, but not till the *hommes des lettres* have secured their harvest. The public complain bitterly that since the adoption of the postal card, that form of open communication has become the channel for extensive defamation and calumny by, of course, anonymous correspondents. What does Zola think of this phase of anonymity? A man is attacked in his honor, his commercial standing, his conjugal happiness. The post-office does its best not to deliver such missives, so that house-porters and others cannot read the calumny, and by condemning it spread it the more. Some men refuse to give an annual tip to the postmen if they have delivered such cards to their address in the year. A leading public man, when he received these card slanders, immediately composed the exact contrary and addressed them to himself. It was thus he depicted himself as hand-and-glove with the Prefect de Police, ministers, leading bankers and even the private secretary of the Prince of Wales. The venomous pasteboard was thus hooted at and attributed to all the jealousies. A few years ago a newly married man received a peculiar open letter, marked private and important, reflecting on the chastity of his bride. He called on the chief of the detectives, they traced the purchaser of the paper, had a search warrant and found the rough draft of the letter. A duel followed and the next morning the calumniator had a ball in his head.

Two up-to-date scientific curiosities: The arrival of the season of shooting stars, that is, the fragments of the Biella comet, that some years ago came into collision with some star in interplanetary space, and the fragments have been for years whisking round our earth. The comet, though having a diameter equal to that of our earth's, say 8,000 miles, was not composed of more than eight tons of solid matter.

The tail was long and the kernel "light." At the Zoo gardens people rush to see the one-eyed rabbit. Some years ago a one-eyed rabbit was lodged there, and was called "Cyclops." It pined to death for its Galatea. Monstrosities are quite common among the rabbit family. Some have three legs, and this "triple alliance" is just as convenient as the rabbit with six paws.

Z.

CACCIAGUIDA'S PROPHECY OF DANTE'S BANISHMENT.

PARADISO, CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Dante having met Cacciaguida, his ancestor, in Paradise, the latter prophesies his banishment from Florence and his seeking refuge with Can Grande, and exhorts him to cast aside fear and testify to that which he has witnessed in Infernal and Supernal regions.

I.

As by his cruel step-dame's act unjust
Hippolytus from Athens took his way,
So from beloved Florence thou'lt be thrust.

II.

Already it awaits thee ; where each day
Sees our Lord Jesus made a thing of sale,
Is one who longs to see thee thrust away.

III.

Him shall no blame attach to ; but a gale
Of wrath shall follow thee whom he ensnares
And casts forever from his country's pale.

IV.

Thou shalt have proof then how the stranger
fares
Who eats the bread of others, and be spent
With going up and down another's stairs.

V.

When first the bow of banishment was bent,
From all thy loved ones thou shalt be debarred ;
'Tis this that points the arrow that is sent.

VI.

All thy sad way shall impious fools retard ;
Wild curses rise at thee from every side ;
Thus too shall thy stern exile long be marred.

VII.

Yet after shalt thou see their foreheads dyed
Incarnadine, so that all men may see
Full plainly blazoned how they foully lied.

VIII.

In those days shall it seem full well to thee
That thou hast stood alone against all ills,
What time thou sought'st the Lombard's
courtesy.

* * * *

IX.

Then when the voice of that pure soul was
still,
His labour finished, like to one who turns
The warped woof to the perfect web at will.

X.

Thus I began, as one who strongly yearns,
Being in doubt, some counsel from a friend
Who loves him, and who uprightly discerns.

XI.

Well see I, father, how the bitter end
Comes spurring on, and well I know the
blow
Falls heaviest on us when we least defend.

XII.

Therefore 'tis well that I should rightly know,
That if the highest place be lost to view,
I by my singing may take place below.

XIII.

For I a sad and bitter world came through ;
Me, o'er the summit with the forehead bright,
The eyes of mine own lady upward drew.

XIV.

And afterward, through heaven, from light to
light,
Full many things I learned will savour well
To those who, hearing, read my words aright.

XV.

Came the reply : 'Tis easy to foretell
On consciences that are with shame o'er-cast
The acid of thy word will surely dwell.

XVI.

That cry of thine shall be a mighty blast
To rock the loftiest summits, and to shake
The hearts of many, and thy fame will last

XVII.

Far down the ages ; therefore do we take
Such pains to show thee only such as those
Who by their fame can an example make.

BASIL TEMPEST.

CENTENARY OF TOULON'S TERROR.

December of this year, 1893, will close an epoch in the history of Toulon, France ; for the 19th is the centenary of that city's terrible trial during the Revolution, which so nearly was its ruin. How might events not have trended if the great Napoleon on that day had not decided things as he did ?

Toulon is a French Mediterranean seaport, thirty miles southeast from Marseilles. It is in the Department of Var, Provence, and is situated at the eastern head of the Gulf of Lyons, close to Hyeres Islands, in latitude 43 degrees 7 minutes north and longitude 5 degrees 56 minutes east of Washington. Vessels bound for Italy view Toulon, with the great naval arsenal of France in full sight.

Toulon stands upon ground which slopes up gradually from the sea, and is sheltered by a ridge of mountains extending round the bay. A tongue of land stretches nearly across the entrance to the harbour. This strip of land, as well as all points overlooking the city, is strongly fortified. During the last generation the city has been much enlarged. The new northern quarter is far more improved than the older parts of the town. Fountains, trees and promenades abound.

Toulon has a population of over 77,800 souls according to the last Government census, taken a few years ago. The city's principal importance is created by the presence there of the establishments in connection with France's naval service. The beautiful cathedral and other old and new churches, a fine town hall, the military and naval schools, the Place of Justice, and the handsome theatre are all eclipsed by the magnitude of the military port.

Extending over two hundred and forty acres, it is the largest on the Mediterranean, and is one of the most admirable kind. Vast buildings surround it. Here are the arsenal and the floating docks. Connection with the supplementary arsenals of Castigneanu and Mourillon is also a great advantage. There is beside an immense bagné for prisoners sentenced to transportation. These institutions employ 10,000 men, not excepting the convicts. The adjacent commercial port is the most active part of Toulon. Ship-building is largely carried on, but trade and industry are principally supported by the military and naval works. Toulon was known as a harbour under the Romans, being at that time called Telo

Martius. During the Middle Ages the Saracens disturbed and damaged the city a great deal. The fortifications were first projected as a defence against pirates. Under Louis XIV. these forts became celebrated, for they withstood in 1707 a combined attack by the English and Dutch fleets and a land army under Prince Eugene. Napoleon III. extended the fortifications.

Mont Faron, whose summit is crested with Fort Croix and extensive military barracks, overlooks Toulon at the north ; whilst to the east tower the loftier eminences of La Plat-rriere and Mont Coudon, 2,300 feet high. On the west are Cap Gros and Mont Caoume, with a height of 3,268 feet. A number of forts stand on these hills, and those called Malbousquet and La Malue, at each end of the harbour, ward off hostile approach to the shore. There is plenty of water to sail into the city ; for the roadstead is roomy, and deep enough to be safely navigated. On the eastern side is the entrance to the commercial port. The town-quay is there used by steam vessels. This was once the naval dock, being that originally built by Louis XIV. Extending along the shore west of Toulon are the present government wharves, called Vauban, Castigneanu and Missiessy ; also, as mentioned, the arsenals, the bagné or convict prison and the naval stores factories.

Toulon's archives confirm history's statement that the city's foundation is of Roman antiquity ; also that it was at divers times destroyed by Saracen pirates during the Middle Ages. These archives demonstrate that it was rebuilt by the Comtes de Provence, and fortifications to defend the town were constructed by Louis XII., Francis I., Henry IV. and Louis XIV., of France.

British fleets repeatedly bombarded Toulon during different wars in the eighteenth century. The attack in 1707 was not the only one. It was in 1793 that Toulon was well-nigh captured by Sir Sydney Smith, (afterwards Admiral), the consummation of the surrender being unfortunately prevented by the troops of the Convention. A terrible conflict took place between the inhabitants and the Revolutionary forces, which was quelled by the energetic action of Napoleon Buonaparte, then a young artillery lieutenant. On his arrival he immediately took command and directed his batteries against the British so effectively that in a few days' time the troops of Sir Sydney Smith were compelled to retire. This was the beginning of Napoleon's remarkable career, which finished so disastrously at Waterloo.

Before the British evacuated Toulon, on December 19th, 1793, they destroyed the dock yard and fleet of the town. This was a daring undertaking, for the Republicans having secured the surrounding forts and heights, poured a merciless hail of shot and shell into Sir Sydney Smith's ships. These vessels had been detached from the fleet of Admiral Lord Hood to do the work of destruction. After all, the capacious magazine escaped, also a number of vessels on the stocks. Twenty-eight ships were destroyed, ignited by a fire-boat set afloat in the harbour. Two of these vessels set on fire blew up. Fifteen ships were brought away by the British.

Having held the harbour of Toulon for three months, the British fleet weighed anchor by the light of the burning dockyards and ships and withdrew. They departed, powerless to heed the cries and groans of the multi-

tude beseeching escape from the merciless Revolutionists. Nor were their worst fears unfounded. Possession of Toulon had been gained not merely by force of arms, but by convention with the Royalist portion of the inhabitants. The surrender was conditional, the British undertaking to protect the people of Toulon from the expected vengeance of the Conventionists. Admiral Hood, however, was unable to carry out this stipulation because of inadequate force. He had but a fleet of twenty ships, allied to which was a Spanish squadron of seventeen war vessels. Five thousand British troops, the amount of Hood's land force, were far too few to garrison so many forts. Little good was done by the eight thousand Neapolitan and Spanish allies. Although the surrounding posts were manned and put into a state of defence as far as possible, the important pass of Ollioules, commanding the only approach to Toulon from the west, was left unguarded, and the Republican forces, fresh from the dire massacres of Lyons and Marseilles, marched in. They speedily invested the town, to the number of fifty thousand, vowing vengeance against the inhabitants of Toulon for the surrender of so important a place.

More than six thousand despairing beings were slaughtered by the Committee of Public Safety, in spite of the remonstrances of Du Gommier, the French general, and his lieutenant, Napoleon Buonaparte. With such fury did the besieging soldiery rush into Toulon that they murdered without question a band of Jacobins who came forth to greet the insurgents. The awful horrors of the fusillades and the butcheries of the guillotine were enforced against the inhabitants with a blind rage which did not halt to distinguish those who had favoured the British. Fréron and the other members of the Committee of Public Safety, including the younger Robespierre, presided in person over the fusillades. They sent orders for twelve hundred masons to raze the town of Toulon, but their plans were merely partially carried out. They decreed that the town's name should be abolished and that it should in future be known as Port de la Montagne; but their devilish endeavours fell short, and there is the Toulon of to-day doing honour to her country in the enthusiastic reception of Russian Generals.

JOHN A. COPELAND.

Toronto, Canada.

A WRAITH OF THE CLOUD-HILLS.

Not a breath of air is astir for miles on miles out on the blue Ontario, and the day is dead and still and grey, with never a ray of roselight making bright in any place the great dull sky and sea and shore. All earth is sombre. Along the water's edge, clusters of tall, dark pines look black, like ebon silhouettes, and on a bare, round branch of a lone elm an old white owl is dreaming of midnight and moonshine and grey mice. Some time ago, during several calm, frosty days and nights, thick ice formed below on the cold, limpid waters, to be broken later on and swept ashore by wild-thundering waves, and piled block on block like big, soft-shining crystals, forming wondrous temples here and there among the rocks, and to-day these too are dim and full of shadows like all the grey world around them.

On the stirless lake, not very far off shore, reaching out of the west, a great chain of cloud-hills lies away to the east, ending in pale, low drifts of misty foot-hills, while through the dull light of the morning huge spectral reflections of all these shadowy uplands lie upon the waters shoreward, where grey gulls are at rest on bleak, bare rocks or slowly flying to and fro through thin drifts of vapor. Save where these are, the world seems motionless forever. But by-and-bye, as the morning wears away, a faint wind stirs in the south, and presently on one of the southern hills of mist trembles an opalescent light, and lo! from the very heart of the vast mountain, like a melting sun stealing through snow-clouds, seems to float up as from some strange world far away under the hills and the lake, a great spirit, wondrous and lone and beautiful. And grey in her robes, and marvellously fair with pale rose-light and eyes dreamful like soft-shining suns, she stirs toward the east, down the long reach of grey mountains, her robes trailing the misty slopes, her loose tresses falling round her like a veil, silken and thin, as she slowly and silently floats on from hill-top unto hill-top. And as she approaches the low foot-hills in the far Orient, she lifts her radiant face to a rift all blue and gold gleaming bright in the heavens above, then, like thistledown on a summer wind, rises softly through the trembling air, vanishing forever from the wild mountains.

* * * * *

And now the sun is shining, veiling in gold-light all the grey hills and illuming with a thousand scintillating lights the bleak ice-temple piled along the shore; the lone owl has flown off to his dingy hollow, while fleet in the sun-road over the blue lake come the merry wind-sprites chasing afar the sable clouds and singing of spring-time and blossoms and birds.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Pictou.

PERSONAL ADDRESSES.

I.

To Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Esq., Q.C., Ottawa, with Mrs. Silsby's Tributes to Shakespeare.

Once there were men, with hopes and smiles and tears,

Who shared our bloom and fading, who laid down

Their wearied lives beneath the conquering years:

Lo! they seem godlike—each with brighter crown

Than earth allows, for on each brow appears

Such lustres as on mountain summits fall.

Theban, Ionian, Tuscan—each appears

His awful front, but Shakespeare sits o'er all.

Here come his slaves with love; his worshippers

With incense, his familiar friends with praise:

The souls select, here each his gift confers,

And doth his eye-beams to his Sovereign raise:—

Great Ben, Strong Milton, Dryden,—each concurs,

With many a songful soul of later days.

II.

To John D. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Author of "Scottish Poets in America."

They are not born in vain who live to bless

And solace others; who, while others strive

Out of the spoils of men to grow and thrive,

Abjure the meed of wrong and selfishness:

He does not live in vain who maketh less

The sum of human sorrow; who inspires

Hope in the breast, and kindles love's sweet fires;

Whose charity relieves a friend's distress.
Long may he live to whom is ever dear
A brother's fame; whose eye can recognize,
Whose pen proclaim, the merit that he sees;
Who, with his books and friends holds gentle cheer,

And whom a poet's song or maxim wise
Can never fail to interest and please.

III.

To Ralph H. Shaw, Lowell, Mass.

On Reading a Sonnet by him addressed to Prof. Benj. F. Leggett, of Ward, Penn.

Yes, my dear friend, beside the Merrimack!
And, yes, my friend, whose mellow music hails

From some fair seat 'mid Pennsylvanian vales.

Ye both were surely sent to bid us back
To truth and nature. Men we do not lack
Apt to pursue the butterflies of art,
Or carve conceits; but ye, with throbbing heart,

Go singing on your beamy morning track,
While Love and Memory bear ye company.
The vague and false in art are transitory,—
Fashions prevail and perish in a day;
The gaudy flower or bird we pause to see,
Smit for a moment with its vaunted glory;
The Mayflower and the Robin please us aye.

IV.

Dollard.

Written as a Postlude to George Martin's "The Heroes of Ville Marie."

Back through his leafy range, gliding aloof
From tree to tree, daunted from Daulac's rage,

Slinks the awed savage; nor yet dares engage
A battle-temper of such matchless proof.

If here, alone, under the verdant roof
And the blue sky, this dauntless hero-band

So smote them,—trampling them on every hand,

Like mice beneath Behemoth mighty hoof,
They go no farther. The wild blood runs chill,

The vengeful savage for an hour is tame.
But, ah! why come they not! When shall we see

Our heroes? Know, sad hearts, that theirs are still!

Yet their brave deed shall be a light, a name,
An incense, in thy streets, O Ville Marie!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

THE FINE ARTS AND THEIR RELATION TO EACH OTHER.*

Perhaps there is no subject filling so large a space and so important a rôle among the affairs of men about which such vague and indefinite notions exist, and so many confused and erroneous opinions are afloat as that of art.

What art is, what use it performs for us, why we should be expected to learn anything about it, are questions which the ordinary member of society, though fairly educated, on civil, social, and scientific questions would find it hard to answer. Our remembrance of the old Eton Latin grammar, enables us to quote *Ingenue didicisse fideliter artes. Emoluit mores nec sinit esse ferus*. But how it softens the manners and eliminates the bestial character, we cannot clearly define. In this paper I propose therefore, succinctly and briefly, as time is short, to give first a short definition of art in the sense of Fine Art, subdivided into Music, Sculpture, Painting and Literature; next, to point out that through all the divergencies of form there runs the same spirit, and the same mental qualities are expressed by the methods peculiar to each.

Art, then, being a purely human faculty, and as such residing in the human mind, a knowledge of the structure of that mind must exist

* Paper read before the Canadian Institute.

or to a clear and concise understanding of what art is. It will, however, be sufficient for our present purpose if passing over for the present a definition of art in the abstract, sometimes called the æsthetic faculty, but nowhere among the old writers clearly defined, on account of the ignorance which prevails of the structure of the mind itself, we explain instead what we mean by the term artist and fine art.

The artist is a man whose ruling desire or love is to express his ideas of things in some form outside of himself—to bring them forth to view, and the manner of this production is called art—the peculiar methods of producing these ideas which are called fine arts are :

Music, which may be subdivided into instrumental and vocal. It is at once the most sensuous, indefinite and emotional of the arts.

Sculpture, divided into architectural, ornament or decoration, and imitation of natural form in the round, is in one sense the most realistic and obvious of the arts.

Painting, divided into flat ornament or decoration and pictorial representation—in black and white and colour.

Literature, divided into prose, history, fiction and poetry, and closely allied to

The Drama, divided into dancing and the representation of the passions.

It will be seen that the field is large and covers a great part of our interests in civil, social and moral affairs, in a word, in our communication of ideas to one another, and it must be well noted that art in this sense is not the mere reproduction of what we see, but consists in producing in some external form our ideas of what we see. This is the distinction which John Ruskin ignored when in his early days he wrote his "Modern Painters" and it is the distinction between photography and drawing. One reproduces the exact image of a thing, the other projects or ultimates a man's idea of the thing. Again, in this view of the subject, it may be seen that as to origin in the mind, and before development or ultimatum into form, all the arts mentioned are the same, simply a desire to give a form to the ideas that exist in the imagination. And it follows that the artist, be he poet, painter, or sculptor, is an artist just to the extent that he possesses the desire to produce. This desire must be innate, it is born, not made; what is made and always must be made, is the ability to carry out the desire. This comes first from knowledge—knowledge of materials, of means of expression, afterwards from practice, work, handling, technique, all summed up in practice. Now, assuming these premises to be correct, what follows: If the ruling desire of producing ideas externally be the artistic faculty, so the predilection for the form of production determines the career of the artist as poet, painter or musician: one man has a strong predilection for music; he would like, above all things, to express himself by harmonious sound. At first simple rhythm is a delight, then cadences in alternation, and with ever increasing pleasure he tries to express his feelings, his passions, sympathies, hopes and fears, by the vehicle which he has chosen as most in harmony with himself. Another must and will be a painter. It is not enough for him to see beauty in everything: he wants to reproduce it and himself in it. He delights in form, he revels in colour, he is a born artist, and as the passion grows, all the lives of artists that he reads, their poverty and

early struggles do not deter him, they only urge him on. He thinks it is a fine thing and a noble to sacrifice himself and his business prospects for his beloved art; he has all the ardour of a martyr and the enthusiasm of a worshipper and until he begins to look for the reward of praise, money, or fame, he is a happy man, for he is fulfilling the purpose of his existence.

And so with the poet, the sculptor, and the actor, to each his art is the art of arts, and worthy of the devotion of the greatest minds and to him the greatest minds are the men who have achieved greatness in his own particular form of art: and now as to the relation of the arts to each other, granting for the moment that they have the same source, where is the resemblance between them when they are at last ultimated into externals? In the first place all have the same basis, for all begin with rhythm. It is at once the beginning of music, the fundamental law of ornament, the guide to poetry, and the soul of dancing. The rhythmic beating of a drum is music among savages and children. The rhythmic recurrence of notches on a savage weapon, of stripes on the mound-builders' pottery, of white rings on a peeled stick in the hands of a child is the inception of ornamental art, whether of sculpture or painting. The rhythmic cadence of the old bards and troubadours, the rising and falling inflection of the lullaby that puts the babe to sleep is rudimentary poetry. While the rhythmic movement of the feet and swinging of the hands keeping time to the beating of some rude form of drum makes the dancing and the dramatic entertainment of the savage races and is the foundation of the most advanced developments of these arts.

Rhythm, of course, includes and underlies far more than this, but it is sufficient in this connection to mention these well-known examples of its importance in connection with the arts. As we proceed in our investigation of the relations of the arts to one another, we find greater and greater divergence as to form, but not as to spirit, that is to say, the spirit of art as it develops into external form through each of these mediums differentiates itself more and more in each case, but the life and soul that actuates each outward expression is the same, and this is evident from the fact that the terms used to specify the qualities of one art are often used to denote the corresponding quality in another art. Take, for instance, the terms which seem to come next in order to rhythm, that of modelling, although at first and, technically, it seems to belong to the preliminary work of the sculptor, still it applies and is often used in connection with all of the arts. It has to do with a piece of music or a picture, a poem or a play in its sense of proportion and adjustment of parts, and yet the meaning attached to the word when applied to one art is quite distinct and represents a separate idea from the same word attached to another art.

So with light and shade: here the distinction is more clearly seen, the divergence is greater from the fundamental idea, for light and shade in music differ from the light and shade of a picture or a statue, and again these differ from the same relative qualities seen in a work by Charles Dickens, where the chapters are oftentimes arranged so as to give the greatest contrast of light and shade: notably in the death of Paul Dombey and the consecutive chapter. We see the same idea in Milton's

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, and on the stage in the light jester and the low-browed heavy villain.

Note the play of light and shade in Shakespeare's *Tempest* where light indeed predominates, and in *King Lear* where shade predominates.

Of emphasis it is easy to see the application and need in the several arts, and yet emphasis in a drawing is very different from emphasis in a poem or in music: it is the same thing performing the same use—that of attracting attention to a particular point or passage but in entirely different form.

Passion again, another quality, we recognize in all the arts, or perhaps we ought to say, we feel; for it appeals to the emotion of man and by means of each of the arts in turn one man stirs up the emotions of others and rouses to deeds of daring, of patriotism, and of valour. We all know what passion can be infused into poetry, into martial music, into great pictures and into books, and acted plays. It would be superfluous to refer to the "Marschallaise," to "Scots wha hae wi, Wallace bled," to the books and plays and pictures without number where passion is the moving force.

And so with pathos and sympathy, these are expressed so well by each and every art that it would be difficult to say which has the greater success. Pictures like "Jairus' Daughter," by Gabriel Max; "The Roll Call," by Mrs. Butler, "The Closing of the Mortgage," by G. A. Reid; "The Game-keeper's Widow," by —; or "Alone," by Josef Israels; poems like Tennyson's "Aylmer's Field" and "Enoch Arden," Longfellow's "Resignation," and "Robert of Sicily," or "Torquemada," Jean Ingelow's "Four Bridges" and "Divided," Gray's "Elegy," Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," but the number is endless. Music like Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Gottschalk's "Last Hope," Chopin's "Funeral March," "The Dead March in Saul." Prose like Dickens' "Death of Dora," in *David Copperfield*, Mrs. Ewing's "Story of a Short Life," and many other examples which will occur to all, as also in numberless plays having the same end in view, namely, pathos and sympathy.

To conclude the list of qualities it will be sufficient to mention what is known in the various arts as tone, keeping and unity. This quality which belongs to all is here put last because it is the most difficult to define as it is perhaps the last the artist acquires. It is more over the one quality which most easily distinguishes between the tyro and the advanced student or practitioner of art. We all know the crudity attached to the work of beginners in painting: the harshness and halting pace of early attempts at poetry, and the absence of style and smoothness in first efforts at musical composition. Style in prose literary work seems to be the most difficult quality to arrive at, so we find men like Chas. Dickens, W. D. Howells, Henry James, and in fact almost all great writers, lamenting over the difficulties attached to the attainment of good style in writing. De Quincy's essays on Style are interesting and appear to be instructive about many things, but it seems that style must be attained, as it were, spontaneously; it cannot be taught.

These, then, are a few of the qualities that belong in their several distinct forms to all the arts that make the art world so intensely interesting. Much could be said about the distinct-

tion, as well as about the various qualities which belong to each branch of the Fine Arts—and the subject is an entrancing one to those happy individuals who have so broad a taste as to find delight in each development and subdivision of technique. But they do not come within the scope of this present paper.

Most artists in the course of a lifetime, if they are devoted to their first love—the desire to express themselves by means of their art, and not to use it merely for the making of money—will have something to tell, something gathered from the vast storehouse of nature and the contemplation of natural objects passed through the crucible of human imagination that at least to other toilers in the field may be worthy of a moment's attention.

T. MOWER MARTIN.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

On Thursday, September 28th, a most determined attempt was made to blow up the Aquidaban, by means of a launch loaded with dynamite. Canadians have probably heard of Captain Paul Boynton, of New York, now (or recently) conducting an aquatic circus at Earl's Court in London. This man has had a varied life. During the Chili-Peru war he was employed by the Peruvian Government to blow up one of the Chilean iron-clads lying in Callao. After several attempts, he succeeded in destroying one of them by letting adrift a lighter full of supplies of vegetables, etc., having underneath her visible cargo, a large quantity of explosive material, so arranged that when a certain amount of stuff was removed, or a spring released, it would explode.

All went well—the launch was picked up by the Chilean, and as the men were passing out the provisions, it exploded, and the ship sunk—some 300 lives going down with her.

This same man, some few years ago, when Prince George was a midshipman on board the Canada, on the Halifax station, placed a dummy torpedo alongside one of H. M. ships, then lying in New York. He got a considerable distance away, and making a noise was observed and captured. Many will remember the circumstances of the case, his famous rubber suit, etc., the dynamite scare in Halifax and so on. Sir John Commerell was Admiral at the time it happened.

All this is a preface to imparting a clear idea of the attempt to destroy the Aquidaban.

For some time there has been in the city of Rio a professional adventurer, scoundrel and forger, who at the present time is known by the name of Boynton and under it passes as a brother of the famous Captain, but, as will appear later, he is not. This man has been in prison more than once, and carries on his face a great scar, said to be the result of a sword slash given him on his last escape from durance. He has been all over the world, and wherever he has gone has engaged in nefarious work. He makes no secret of it either, and says quite openly that "any piece of work" required done is simply a matter of money with him. His last big swindle was in connection with the recovery of a vast amount of treasure said to be sunk off the coast of Venezuela, and of the location of which he claimed to have exact knowledge, as he could prove (he said) by documents in his possession—all forged, however.

He succeeded in interesting in this treasure a man who bought a small vessel and fitted her out, paid for diving suits, etc., in all amounting to some \$25,000, gold. Boynton and his victim arrived at Rio with their vessel and the latter went up to Trinidad to see about the diving gear which was expected from England.

Boynton was to take the vessel up the coast and run a cargo of arms, etc., to Venezuela. This was done, in part. That is, the victim went to Trinidad; found he had gone on a fool's errand, and in the meantime Boynton sold the vessel and pocketed the money! His dupe returned to Rio, but could not do anything to recover his property. This was some years back.

Mention was made at the dinner table at Carson's Hotel one evening of this matter, and it was said that as a brother of the famous Captain Boynton was in town, he would probably make an attempt to destroy the Aquidaban, if it were made worth his while. Who should hear this suggestion but the victim of Boynton's treasure swindle, who thereupon told his experience with the man!

Nothing was known (at least, publicly) at the time that the attempt was to be made, but preparations were at the moment going on, and the next day Boynton and five or six others, on a launch which had been prepared for the purpose, ran out towards the Aquidaban flying the red ensign.

The bird was not smart enough, however, for the Sirius, suspecting something from the general appearance of the launch, immediately arrested it! It is generally believed that Mello was perfectly aware of the attempt, and that had Boynton succeeded in passing all the sentries, he would have been captured by the Aquidaban.

Boynton and his companions are now prisoners: he on the U. S. S. Charleston, one or two, who claim to be English, on the Sirius, and the Brazilians of the party, in Fort Villegrignon. They will all probably be liberated, as the Brazilian Government will not be likely to ask that they be held. Of course, if Mello catches them, they will be shot. It was reported at one time that Mello had caught Boynton and "passed him by arms," but it was only a rumour.

The Government made an attempt to settle Mello by sending him a book filled with dynamite, and so arranged that it would explode on opening. The scheme failed. Boynton was to receive £30,000 (!) if he succeeded in destroying the vessel.

The public is not permitted to know how many of the soldiers have been killed, or in fact anything about the position of the Government.

The morning after the engagement between the Aquidaban and the Castello Hill, etc., the stones of the pavement at the Caes Mineros were in many places slippery with blood, and yet the papers said nothing about it. The most important paper in Rio, The Journal do Commercio, is so completely "gagged" that it does not say a single word about the affair! And it is an independent paper! The Paiz and Tempo, Government organs, are publishing the most absurd lies, or probably, as the telegraph is open only to the government, the capitals of Europe and America are being regaled with accounts of "crushing defeats," and so on, of the revolutionists. Telegrams, arise by a fiscal, and in plain language, not re-

ferring to affairs political, are allowed to pass. When an Italian sailor was killed, and the huge indemnity of £5,000 paid for him, some one was heard to say, "Why, we'll have these confounded fellows getting killed on purpose now."

On Tuesday, September 26th, while the Aquidaban was firing, a man was seen hiding behind his umbrella! and another behind a small kiosk!

It is quite true that the thunder of the guns, and the shrieking of the shot were enough to make anyone feel scared, but to be in such a state of funk as that—there is simply no excuse. The state of affairs is getting monotonous and now nothing less than a prolonged cannonade arouses much interest.

The most absurd talk has circulated about the foreign men-of-war preventing a general bombardment. They cannot, and will not, interfere in any way with the revolted squadron. The same kind of talk was indulged in, in Chili, but all the same the Chilean fleet bombarded Iquique, Arica, Taltal, Antofagasta, Vina del Mar and other places, causing the deaths of more than 1,000 persons; and the Brazilians will, or can, do so if they like. During the bombardments in Chili many foreign men-of-war were present, and did nothing.

On reaching the city on the morning of September 30th, the following message from Mr. Wyndham, the British Minister, was found:—

The United forces have taken measures to protect all foreigners in the event of the town being given up to anarchy and pillage; in such case they should resort to the Palace Square, where they will be protected by the joint forces of the Squadron.

Mr. Wyndham is informed that Santa Cruz will be bombarded between twelve and one o'clock, or earlier, to-day, and recommends that all British subjects should resort to places of safety without delay."

The French Minister published a similar notice.

This was alarming enough to cause nearly every British establishment to close, and a regular stampede ensued.

Plans were arranged on this day (Saturday, Sept. 30th) for the occupation of a part of the city in case of riot. It was intended to land 740 men and 10 field and machine guns, and to take charge of any suitable place, such as the Palace Square, which would serve as a place of refuge. The detachment, which had been prepared to land, was to have been under the command of the captain of the Portuguese ship Mendello, as he is master of all the languages.

At two o'clock heavy firing commenced, and the scene of the 13th September was repeated. To judge by the number of people wending their way to points from which a good view of the bay could be obtained, it might be imagined that some races or something of that kind were to be seen, but the heavy booming of the guns soon dispelled any such notion.

At about four o'clock a heavy mist came driving in from sea and hid the ships and forts. Soon the firing ceased, and the mist clearing a little, the war ships could be seen returning to their anchorages. The amount of ammunition expended was very large, but the damage done, if any, is not known.

As they say here, "the bombardment is suspended on account of bad weather, and will be renewed after a proper announcement." On Sunday, Oct. 1st, all was quiet. The Paiz

and Tempo were overflowing with righteous indignation at the proposal to land foreign forces to protect foreign citizens. In spite of anything they can say, the forces will be landed at the first sign of riot, and it will probably be necessary to land the moment Floriano sustains a reverse. The sack is the real danger.

C. B.

Rio de Janeiro, Oct. 2nd.

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

All along the frontier between Canada and the United States can be found old residents who have a lively remembrance of the "skedaddlers." This was a term—an expressive term—coined for a special occasion, viz., to denote those Americans who had fled to Canada to avoid the horrors of the war between the wearers of the blue and the gray. As early as Christmas, 1860, this exodus began, when it had become apparent to even the dullest that war was inevitable, and thereafter for four years the stream of American fugitives flowed into Canada in greater or lesser volume. The term "skedaddler" on the American side soon passed into a scornful word of reproach, as indicating a coward, and there seems much justice in this resentment of a high-spirited people towards those in the community who deserted in the hour of peril. But if many of the unwritten, but not outspoken facts of history were jotted down in the chronicled accounts, we would not have to seek far for parallels to the American "skedaddlers." During the Servo-Bulgarian war it was found that many of the Servian recruits—sprung from a brave, hardy people—had blown off their thumbs so as to incapacitate them for military service, and so frequent did this practice become that the death penalty was finally introduced as a deterrent. Indeed in every country there will always be found those who, rather than engage in the horrors and dangers of war, will flee, even if by so doing they incur the opprobrium of cowardice. However, the Canadians along the frontier among whom the "skedaddlers" resided, generally speak of them as being fairly good citizens. Many of them were of good families, and not a few fell easy victims to the winning glances of Canadian maidens. Along the St. Clair river the "skedaddlers" found work among the farmers, cutting firewood, whilst others engaged in business in the towns and villages. In the early days of the war it was comparatively easy to slip over the border into Canada, but after the first campaign when each able-bodied citizen was sorely needed at the front, pickets were stationed along the frontier, and the man who had no desire to face Southern bullets found great difficulty in reaching Canada, and even when he did so his property in the United States was usually confiscated.

But if the "skedaddlers" caused the North some uneasiness, much more did those Southern sympathizers, who, having taken refuge in Canada, looked upon it as a vantage ground to project mischief and confusion into the Northern border States, and thus by causing a scare, hold troops at home, who else might be used in crushing the rebellion. Competent authorities of that period place the number of Southern refugees in Canada at 2,000, and these were scattered along the frontier, from Halifax to Windsor. These refugees were suspected of having the most horrid designs of waging un-

natural war, and in the minds of the people of the Northern frontier cities nothing loomed up so portentous as the alleged manufacture of "Greek fire" at Windsor. This "Greek fire" had an element of misty supernaturalism about it that intensified the dread. In the popular imagination it was a semi-liquid, that when scattered about a city took fire, and the pouring on of water only increased the flame. No city could be safe against this subtle agent, which silently scattered about in the dead of night would inevitably destroy all before it. The military could face an open enemy, but here was a silent foe that artillery was useless against. We find the following official report of this new and formidable force:—

Headquarters, District of Michigan,
Detroit, Dec. 3rd, 1864.

Sir,—I have the honour to report that from information I have received, I am satisfied that very extensive preparations are being made in Canada for burning not only cities on the lakes, but others, and it is very necessary that great precaution and vigilance should be observed everywhere.

I have the assurance that "Greek fire" is being prepared in Windsor, Buffalo, Cleveland and this city will be principal cities to be burned, and there will be armed attempts to rob and plunder. Cincinnati and Louisville are also mentioned. I am also informed that by some means a large number of rebel soldiers have been introduced into Canada, some it is said have been furloughed and have made their way through the lines. I have at this time very excellent means of obtaining information and the only apprehension I have is that the person in my employ may fail me at the last moment. In this city I have called the attention of the hotel keepers to the necessity of observing great vigilance in regard to their guests, and the hotels are daily visited by a secret agent in my employ.

I am,

R. H. HILL,
Lieut.-Col. 5th U.S. Arty.,
Comdg. District of Michigan.

To C. H. Porter, Captain and A.A.G.,
Headquarters, W. Dept., Cincinnati, O.

The attention of Viscount Monck, then Governor-General of Canada, was at once called to this matter and steps were taken to prevent the carrying out of the project—if such had been the intention. It was strenuously denied by the Southerners, then resident in Windsor that they had any intention of burning Northern cities, and it is now pretty well settled that the main object was to keep Northern troops away from the scene of conflict in the South. For a time it succeeded admirably, as nothing so alarms a community as a horrible, vague, unknown enemy. The vigorous measures of the Canadian authorities to stamp out this alleged plot restored confidence, for we find the able American Secretary of State, W. H. Seward, writing to the British *attache* at Washington in this manner:

Department of State, Washington,
14th January, 1865.

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 31st. ult., informing me of the measures adopted by the Governor-General of Canada to prevent the manufacture in that province of "Greek fire" to be used by the insurgents in their attempts to burn the Northern cities of the United States, and in reply to express my satisfaction with the action of Viscount Monck in the matter. Accept, etc.,

(Signed) W. H. SEWARD.

To J. H. Burnley, Esq.

The bugbear of "Greek fire" having been finally laid at rest, another horrible rumour was started, well calculated to again alarm the community. This was that infected clothing would be sent into the United States from Can-

ada for the deliberate purpose of spreading smallpox and other diseases among the soldiers serving on the Federal side. The leader in this infamous scheme was said to be one Dr. Blackburn, a prominent Southern sympathizer, then residing in Montreal. He was arrested in that city on a warrant issued in Toronto, brought back to Toronto and committed for trial. The point was raised by his counsel whether he could be placed on trial for an alleged intention to commit murder in the United States. The matter being referred to the Imperial authorities, they clearly decided that he could be so arraigned, as the following letter shows:

Downing St., 22nd July, 1865.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's despatch, No. 128, of the 2nd ult., transmitting among other documents, a copy of the Report of the Solicitor-General of Canada West in the case of Dr. Blackburn, who is charged with having conspired with others to send infected clothing into the United States, and I have to inform you that Her Majesty's Government are advised that Dr. Blackburn is liable in Canada for conspiracy to commit murder in the United States, though it is not apparent how he can be indicted upon the same facts for that which is termed a breach of the "Neutrality Laws." I have, etc.,

(Signed) EDWARD CARDWELL.

Governor Viscount Monck, etc., etc.

The evidence disclosed at the trial before the Police Magistrate in Toronto showed that whilst there could be no moral doubt that such a hateful conspiracy had been planned, yet the evidence was not sufficiently strong to convict the prisoner, and he was accordingly discharged on his own bail. It is only fair to add that no Canadian was connected with this unnatural plot, and that it and its authors were regarded with detestation by all citizens, no matter which side they favoured—the blue or the gray.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

CANADIAN STUDENTS AT CORNELL.

Canadians are justly proud of their educational institutions. It is doubtful if any other country in the world possesses a better system of schools—a system which has diffused an intelligence among the people of Canada, that is at once the glory and pride of every true Canadian. Go where you will and you will not find the masses more liberally educated than in Ontario. Nor is it a superficial education. Scholarship there means serious labor—personal toil, brainy effort. What effect has such schooling, such mental training upon the character of the people? It assuredly builds up stalwart manhood. If there is one lesson more than any other which the youth of to-day requires, it is the lesson of subjecting themselves to hard mental discipline, while treading the steep path of knowledge acquirement. It is not enough that we have facts pumped into us by the latest and most approved methods; we ourselves must labor at the pump handle if we would hope to benefit by the exercise involved. Commendable, however, as is the Canadian system of education, it is lacking in one particular—provision for carrying on special investigation, or, if you will, post-graduate work. This want drives to American Universities such as Johns Hopkins, Harvard, and Cornell a large number of Canadian young men who, not satisfied with graduate work, desire to penetrate the very *arcana* of the temple of knowledge and lay bare its inner secrets. It

is not surprising, therefore, that a great university such as Cornell—great in its professoriate, great in its curricula of studies, great in its library, great in the very ardor and zeal of its young life-blood—should attract to its lecture halls many of the brightest and most brilliant of our Canadian young men. Indeed, it is safe to say that more Canadian students are registered at Cornell this year than at all the other American universities together. Nearly every Province in the Dominion is represented in some one of its courses, the total number of Canadians here being in the neighborhood of sixty, of whom fifteen are post-graduates hailing from the following well-known Canadian colleges: Manitoba, Trinity, Victoria, Ottawa, Acadia and Dalhousie. That the graduate students from Canada are worthy of the "mettle of their pasture" is evidenced in the fact that three of their number hold fellowships: J. A. Leighton, Trinity University, Fellow in Philosophy; T. W. Taylor, Manitoba University, Fellow in Philosophy; and W. H. McGee, Dalhousie University, Fellow in Chemistry, while M. S. Read, of Acadia College, holds a scholarship in Philosophy. The other Canadian post-graduates are: J. Findlay, gold medalist in Mathematics, Queen's University; W. P. Elkin, Manitoba University; John F. Marstens, Acadia University; Miss Agnes Baxter, Dalhousie, one of the most gifted young women at Cornell; W. R. Turnbull, F. R. Higgins, Acadia; Miss E. Muir, Dalhousie; Miss Highet, Victoria; C. J. Barr, G. A. Cogswell, Dalhousie; and Thomas O'Hagan, Ottawa University.

Nor do Canadian young men and women while here forget the land of the Maple Leaf. A Canadian Club, organized and fostered largely through the activity and enthusiasm of its president, Mr. Leighton, cherishes and feeds the fire of Canadian patriotism under an alien sky. The club convenes every two weeks, and Canada, its history, its literature, and its life is ever the theme of discussion and entertainment.

At present there are seventeen hundred students attending lectures at the University, of whom more than 200 are post-graduates. These are distributed through the various departments, one of the most largely attended being the School of Philosophy which has gained a world-wide reputation through the eminence of its dean, Dr. Schurman, to whose wisdom, tact and progressiveness as President the present excellent condition of the University is in no small measure due.

A mistake is sometimes made by those who know Cornell only through hearsay, in regarding its excellence or superiority as lying chiefly or only in the technical line. I am in a position to speak with some warrant of its English and historical departments, and in my opinion both are very strong. Prof. Corson, who is at the head of the English literature department, is not only a ripe scholar but the most sympathetic interpreter of literature it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Prof. Corson hates sham scholarship of every kind, and in particular, the sham scholarship which is the outcome of superficial literary study. He brings his students at once to recognize and value the vital, and absolute, in literature. That the work done in the English department is appreciated and appraised highly is seen in the fact that some twelve post-graduates have chosen English literature as the major subject of their work for the degree of Doctor of Phil-

sophy. Under the regime of Dr. Schurman as President, the English department at Cornell will surely grow in importance and attract wide attention, for the gifted and popular President of Cornell is keenly alive to the necessity of not only encouraging but promoting in every way possible the interest of every department of instruction in the University.

The University spirit prevalent at Cornell is a most commendable one, and the American student, as seen here, is manifestly an upright and honorable young man.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Cornell University, Nov. 27.

THE PROFESSOR FROM OVER THE SEA.

The learned Professor from over the water
Comes here for a moderate fee,
What does money and even society matter,
When a Grecian crosses the sea.
Oh, ho! ho! ho! what does he not know,
The Professor from over the sea!

He readeth his lectures with unction and ease,
As he restlessly paceth the floor;
The brains of his hearers prickle and freeze
With his glances haughty and froze.
Oh, ho! ho! ho! why doth it not snow,
Professor from over the sea!

But the minister meek of an outlying town
Is convinced of his world-wide fame,
And looketh with awe on his hood and his gown,
And regardeth the fur on the same.
Oh, ho! ho! ho! is it not so,
Professor from over the sea!

The Professor he trains his monocle with care,
And stands in a suitable pose,
Our wives and our daughters are blessed with
his stare,
And thank the good gods when he goes.
Oh, ho! ho! ho! 'tis a pity 'tis so,
Professor from over the sea!

Yet he deigaeth to enter the fume and the fust,
No negative character he;
He maketh himself organic to us,
And runs as a school trustee.
Oh, ho! ho! ho! what joy it is so,
Professor from over the sea!

And he knows that the rhymes that I hereby
indite
To himself and his family too,
Are nothing but nonsense and doggerel. Quite
Away from the right point of view.
Oh, ho! ho! ho! what doth he not know,
The Professor from over the sea!

COLIN A. SCOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MANITOBAN HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Mr. Hopkins disputes "the historical accuracy" of my criticisms in three respects:—

1. I was wrong, he says, in saying that "the rebellion was all over long before the transfer of the territories to Canada."

Two sentences further on he himself says: "That the transfer was not technically made at this time, hardly affects the general statement that the rebellion occurred after the union with Canada." If in chronology "technically" *after*, means really *before*, then, of course, I am wrong; but if *after* means *after*, clearly I am right and the fact is not of mere technical significance. If *after* means *before*, then there was an "avowed and open rebellion," such as Mr. Hopkins speaks of. But if *after* means *after*, then the "rebellion" becomes a proper and successful defence.

2. I said that there never was "any Govern-

nor McDougall of, or in, the Territory whose proclamations were disregarded." To prove me wrong, Mr. Dent is quoted as saying that Mr. McDougall's appointment "was generally regarded as a fitting reward," etc. But this is not fair to Mr. Dent. His next sentence is: "It was to take effect *after* the formal transfer of the Territory to Canada." Mr. Hopkins' "desire to adhere strictly to historic truth" never can be realized until he recognizes the distinction between *before* and *after*. The appointment "was to take effect *after*" the period at which Mr. Hopkins brings it into full operation. As a matter of fact it never took effect at all, and Mr. Dent does not say that it did.

3. I said that there was no "defence for several days against extreme odds" of Dr. Schultz's house—that not a shot was fired, and not a man wounded. Mr. Hopkins, in reply, quotes authorities which speak of the house being "besieged." The word is ambiguous, and does not justify the inference that there was a "defence . . . against extreme odds" which implies a heroic fight. There was no fight—not even the swing of a shillelah.

JOHN S. EWART.

Winnipeg, 1st Dec., 1893.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—“Imperial Federation” seems to have made a fresh start. My sympathies are wholly with its advocates. I deem it the British question of the day, although drenched with much cheap and shallow ridicule. But, I confess, I can't understand how federation of mere dependencies with a dominant power could be effected. Is not equality of political status a prerequisite for federal union? Another requisite is perfect freedom to enter, or the reverse. Could a dependency be thought possessor of that freedom? My opinion is, that independence must precede federation. But independence, under present conditions, is both undesirable and unattainable. No colony can secede. I say this deliberately, notwithstanding the almost universal belief to the contrary. Yet, a change will come. My own aspiration is this: that, some day Britain will simultaneously set free all the great dependencies, with a quiet understanding that the first great act of each after emancipation shall be to unite with her in one world-wide impregnable empire. I should not like to see this done at present: the chances are each colony would become a republic. Better wait till the democratic wave is full-grown and burst: not many decades hence. After that cataclysm, under a clear sky the human mind will turn fondly back to monarchy of a purified order: the colonies will be kingdoms acknowledging the one old centre suzerainty: bound into one such power as the world has not yet seen. I believe that will be the epoch for federation. Meantime, keep in port: a tempest is fast brewing.

A full discussion on Canada's future will shortly be given to the public.

Yours, JOHN MAY.

BALLOT PAPER REFORM.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—It may be argued that a reform, if such it be, is always in season; but whether it is so or not, I think I may claim, in view of the large number of ballot papers shortly to be used, that the change herein suggested is not altogether inopportune.

To the ardent partisan on either side my suggestion will not appeal; but to the "free and independent" elector, who usually figures so prominently in election addresses, I would like to point out a way of escape from a dilemma in which, unfortunately, he must often find himself.

At present, if an elector is absolutely indifferent as regards the candidates for office, or actually hostile to both or all of them; he has two alternatives—either to stay away, or vote for the least objectionable.

The former loophole seems, at best, somewhat cowardly, and would be closed were voting made compulsory.

To vote for a man whom you do not wish

to see elected, just because there is another to whom you more strongly object, partakes very much of the nature of deception; and it is the more particularly to be condemned since the result of an election is, and should be, treated as something more than the mere appointment to office of one of the candidate—presumably the most eligible; for the figures are taken as an index to public sentiment, and on this assumption we see numerous comparisons made with the figures of previous elections, and deductions drawn therefrom. It is, therefore, all the more necessary that the figures should denote the state of public opinion as accurately as it is possible for figures to do.

To this end I would ask, and surely it is a modest request, for an additional half inch in the length of the ballot paper, wherein one might record an independent vote, and so, in fact, vote *against* all the candidates, instead of for any one of them.

Were voting made compulsory in Canada, as it is to-day in some European countries, something of this kind would seem imperatively necessary; but, in any case, under existing conditions, it could do no harm, and might be productive of much good.

It is a reform, moreover, against which, one would think, no opposition would be aroused, for it is impossible to conceive of any grounds on which such opposition could be based.

Yours truly,
INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

ART NOTES.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien has on exhibition at the studio of Messrs. Matthews Brothers, 95 Yonge Street, a collection of paintings representing recent brush work of this favorite and eminent artist. Our readers will enjoy a visit to these fine examples of the best Canadian art.

One of our best known artists is Mr. T. Mower Martin, who is, indeed, one of our pioneers in art, with all the word "pioneer" means in the overcoming of obstacles. Mr. Martin was born in the Inner Temple, London, England, and settled in Toronto in 1863 to find himself without confrères in this then inartistic atmosphere. He it was who originated, and for the first two years of its career was director of the Ontario School of art, when he resigned his office to devote his time more fully to painting. He joined the Ontario Society of Artists at its beginning and the Royal Canadian Academy at its first exhibition, to both of which he has since contributed yearly, besides sending pictures to the Water Color Society, the National Academy, and the Etching Club, all of New York. One of Mr. Martin's best known works, "The Northern Wilds" is in the national collection in Ottawa; another, "The Untouched Wilderness," is in Her Majesty's collection at Windsor Castle; two pictures of animal subjects are owned by Mr. Dobell, two by Mr. Drummond, of Montreal, and a large number in Quebec, in our own city, and by various owners of private collections throughout England. One of the latest, now in the rooms of the Ontario Society, has for its subject a group of lumbermen who are helping a comrade injured by a fallen tree. Mr. Martin has been a loyal Canadian in choosing Canadian subjects; he has travelled from ocean to ocean in his sketching tours and shown us examples of the varying scenery of our own land, and, although he has studied the works of the greatest masters, ancient and modern, he has always sought to preserve his own individually, to go to nature herself for his inspiration. To use his own words, "I believe an artist's mission is to interpret the beauties of nature into a language that all can understand irrespective of passing fashion in art, and I think that no impressionism, or any other *ism*, will make up for the lack of honest study and faithful attention to the truths of nature, and I am impressed with the fact that no one should attempt to pass his life as an artist who is not prepared to accept the love and delight of the work itself as a substitute for the *auri sacra fames*." So say we all (perhaps even the impressionists themselves)! As may be inferred from observation of his

work, Mr. Martin has a preference for low-toned pictures, his feeling being that the harmonies to be found in the tertiaries appeal to a higher order of taste and intelligence than the more pretentious contrasts of the primary tints. To again quote his own words, "Although I have endeavored to meet the popular taste for brilliancy and vivid colors, I still continue to devote myself more to the subtler effects of nature's quiet moods—the twilight sky, the half-tones of the winter woods, the stretches of dew-colored meadows in early spring before the bright green appears, the leaf-covered ground of late autumn; while the weather-stained costume of the farmer, trapper, or backwoodsman, are more to my taste than the more gaudy and pretentious life and dress of cities." Many of Mr. Martin's pictures are now to be seen at R. J. Hovenden's, 88 King street west. Those who fail to see his late exhibition should go and judge for themselves.

In the course of one of the lectures which he is now delivering at the Metropolitan Museum, of New York, and which are so greatly and widely read and appreciated, Mr. John La Farge makes the following remarks: "To many, art is a trade merely more difficult than others. The artist, to them, would be a person who played with certain tools, delighting in the skill which he can display in using them. Art, then, would be the processes of art. It is true that the artist, more especially the sculptor and the painter, is a workman, and that view of himself is a healthy one for him, the more literally he holds it. It might save him, if he really believed in it, from frequenting the houses of the rich and the fashionable, and losing therein his personal dignity. Anything which will help his remaining humble will keep his work fresh as coming from himself alone. We can see what really happens when processes—methods—are separated from sentiment. How often have we heard, how often have we read, such and such a painting is in the first, the second, the third style of the artist? It is frequently possible to divide the periods of artistic production, and in its lower forms the life of the artist very often runs this way. In the first period he learns his methods, re-creating them for his own special use. In the second, more or less a master of them, through them he expresses himself, his life, his creation of the world in his mind. In the third—through some decadence of internal life, some loss of that vital faculty which exists in all men, and which in its highest sense we call genius, but which is simply the power of organizing ideas, images, signs, without employing the slow processes of apparently consecutive thought by some beginning of death—he no longer expresses himself, but repeats the methods he has invented, or which, in certain cases, he has partly assimilated from others. And these methods, having once been immediately connected with interior life, recall, through the ordinary action of memory, the impression of a vitality once connected with them, so that he is often unconscious of the fact that all he gives is these methods belonging to his own past, which no longer express him as he is to-day. He is then dead—emptied, as the French painters say—the exterior vase remains, the contents have run out. With the works produced at these moments of an artist's life the galleries and collections of the world are filled. Sometimes they puzzle us; sometimes we pass them by. And the history of art shows numbers of artists who, grouped around some greater men, imitate their processes in the full belief that all there is of art is process, or what is sometimes called technique. The greater man has made the dress he wears as the birds wear their plumage. The imitator imitates the dress. Often, for a short time, fame, success, fortune, attend the imitator. He is sometimes, for a time, more famous than the original he imitates. There are cases that are examples of works of art, which again fill spaces in museums, where there is no pleasure in the looking upon the process, where the process has been a pure one originally, and where we can hardly realize, so poor it is, that it is an imitation. In fact, we only realize that it is an imitation

because of the apparent impossibility that any strong feeling should not show even in a contradictory way to such a weak use of material."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Vocal Society concert, with the distinguished Canadian violiniste, Miss Norah Clench as soloist, has been postponed until the 21st inst.

The Orpheus Society concert, at which appeared the well known soloists, Mrs. Agnes Thompson, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, Mr. H. M. Field, and Mr. Pier Delasco, last Friday evening the 8th inst., had not a very full house, probably owing to the prevailing influenza. All of the soloists performed their numbers in excellent style, and were enthusiastically received.

Richard Hofmann, of Leipzig, has published his great work on Instrumentation, on which he has been engaged for several years past. It treats of (1) stringed instruments; (2) woodwind; (3) woodwind and strings together; (4) horns; (5) strings, wood and horns; (6) trumpets, cornets, trombones, tubas, and percussion instruments; (7) harp, mandolin, zither, guitar, piano, cymbals, organ and harmonium.

The forthcoming convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians, on the 27th and 28th December, to be held in the theatre of the Normal School, promises to be highly interesting. Several essays with discussions are to be heard, among which is one on "Wagner," by Mr. A. S. Vogt, and then there are to be four or five concerts by well known and excellent talent, the whole closing with a lecture by Louis C. Elson, the eminent critic and lecturer of Boston, and a reception on the same evening in the beautiful rooms of the Canadian Society of Artists, King street west. Tickets can be secured from the members of the Society, and at the Conservatory of Music, which entitle bearer to all concerts and lectures, and the reception as well.

It was unfortunate that Mr. H. M. Field's piano recital on Dec. 11th, in Association Hall, happened to be on such a stormy night, for it undoubtedly had considerable to do with the slim attendance. However, those who were there had no cause to regret, for the programme was attractive and on the whole was well rendered. Mr. Field's numbers were all chosen from the works of Liszt, and included "Mephisto Valse: Consolation; Valse Impromptu; Polonaise in E; Love's Dream; Etude; Venice and Naples; Chant-Polonaise, and the 14th Rhapsody. These numbers received a brilliant performance, some of them being played with great vigor and robustness of style, whilst others, again, received the most delicate and finished treatment. Mr. Field succeeded in pleasing his audience immensely. Mr. Dinelli played several solos on the violoncello with splendid tone and technic and was much appreciated. Miss Hibbard, of New York, sang Gounod's "Jewel Song" and two or three Liszt songs carefully, although she is by no means a concert singer, not having perfect command of her voice, which, by the way, is not of the most pleasing quality. Mr. Hewlett played the accompaniments with care and expression.

A stone around which happy memories cluster is the "witness-stone," a great boulder which stands on the bank of Niagara River within the lines of Paradise Grove. The grove used to be called Lovers' Lane, and upon the stone young couples used to plight their troth and make their mutual vows which were never broken.

Our measure of rewards and punishments is most partial and incomplete, absurdly inadequate, utterly worldly; and we wish to continue it into the next world. Into that next and awful world we strive to pursue men, and send after them our impotent party verdicts of condemnation or acquittal. We set up our paltry little rod to measure heaven immeasurable.—Thackeray.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE DEVIL, A GENTLEMAN. By Ralston Follett. New York: Saalfeld & Fitch. 1893. 50c.

This book should never have been written; it is dull, insipid, absurd, a grievous waste of time to the writer, still more so to the reader. Its influence, if it has any, will be mischievous and in no sense instructive or improving.

THIRD HAND HIGH. By W. A. Murdock. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1893. 50c.

One cannot understand what reasonable excuse can be offered for the infliction on the public of this grotesque book. The plot, if plot it may be called, is forced and unnatural, the characters are nonsensical, and money comes and goes in its pages with a lavish touch that recalls the genii of the Arabian Nights Entertainment. The author dedicates it to his wife, "who is largely responsible for the appearance of this story." We trust that the good lady's strength is equal to the burden of this really large responsibility.

WITHIN COLLEGE WALLS. By Charles Franklin Thwing. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1893. \$1.00.

Perhaps there is no one in the United States who has given more thought to or taken a keener interest in college life and related topics than the learned President of Adelbert College and of Western Reserve University. It will be remembered that Dr. Thwing's first book published now many years ago was on the subject, "American Colleges," and to the enthusiasm with which our author then entered the field of academic discussion he has added the ripe wisdom of many years' experience, observation and thought. This neat little volume of less than 200 pages should find multitudes of readers both within and without college walls. It will correct many erroneous impressions of college aims, life and work; and its mission is both wise and beneficent. "To the true man of alert intellect, pure heart, and strong will, the college represents a new birth and a new life," are the wise concluding words of the author.

THE CENTURY WORLD'S FAIR BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Tudor Jenks. New York: The Century Company. 1893. \$1.50.

The Century Company having through their famous magazine, by illustration and description, so well laid before its adult readers many of the attractions and wonders of the great Chicago Fair have now most fitly addressed themselves in this beautiful and captivating volume to the juvenile world. Just fancy, boys and girls, being taken in charge by the witty and clever Mr. Tudor Jenks, your old friend of the St. Nicholas, and together with Harry Blake, his country cousin Philip, and their tutor Mr. Douglass, being shown the greater part that was worth seeing of that marvel of the present age. Nearly 250 large pages of beautiful print and still more beautiful pictures seem all too few for the purpose. Those boys and girls who were privileged to see the Fair will with pleasure here see it all again, and to those who saw it not this charming book will prove a most welcome gift from gracious Santa Claus.

ELEMENTARY COURSE OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY: From the French of Brother Louis, of Poissy. New York: P. O'Shea. 1893.

This is a very remarkable volume, whether we consider what logicians would call its extension or its intention. As regards the former, it may be said to include the whole compass of philosophy. We have logic, deductive and inductive, here, ranged under the heads of dialectics, science and methodology. Then we have ideology, general and special, criteriology, or the motives of certitude; and after that ontology, cosmology, and psychology. Further come natural theology, ethics, econo-

mics, politics; and finally, a sketch of the history of philosophy. The whole is comprised in a volume of less than 600 pages. Some parts are less adequate than others; for example, the notes on the history are very slight; but we cannot think of any one volume in existence which gives so much and gives it so well. It is, of course, a Roman Catholic book; but only a few pages, and those near the end, have any special bearing upon questions of church doctrine and government. The earlier parts are specially excellent. For example, in the first 48 pages, we have really a quite adequate treatise on dialectics or deductive logic. The book will be of value to teachers or students who may use other text books. Its lucidity is beyond all praise, and its arrangement is clear and logical.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS. By L. Dougall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

There are 445 good sized pages of reading in this novel, so that brevity is not its fault, yet it does not seem long. Miss Dougall, herself a Canadian, has placed the scene of her story in Canada, and notably in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec. The life she describes for the most part is poor, squalid, unlovely. An unfeminine, pessimistic and morbid tone pervades the whole volume. The settler's daughter who escapes in the coffin, out of which she has taken the remains of her father, from the companionship of her father's chum, who becomes a family help and an hotel housekeeper, and finally, out of pity or something akin to it, goes off and marries the sickly chum, is an inscrutable character, suggestive perhaps more of pig-headed obstinacy than of actual stupidity, although the latter element is not wanting in her character. There are Douglaldists in the Eastern Townships and Miss Dougall dramatically depicts one of their gatherings, but in this, Samantha or Josiah Allen's wife has long forestalled her. The healthier part of the book tells the struggle of two brothers, sons of a successful English butcher, but college bred, for the hand of a young lady of good birth. The younger one, who expressed his intention of carrying on his father's trade, is the happy choice of the discriminating young woman, while the elder, the head of a large school destined to become a rural university, meets his disappointment just as he is about to haul down his borrowed colours, and calmly sit under the ancestral butcher's flag. The names Rexford and Trenchome applied to the lovers are too well known in Montreal to be bandied about in a Canadian novel. That a woman should marry an infirm old man because he says he cannot live without her, and that a man should stick to butchering and be proud of it because his father was a butcher, may be moral actions from a certain standpoint, but their morality is by no means clear to the ordinary observer from an ordinary point of view. Self denial and truthfulness are doubtless the virtues Miss Dougall seeks to illustrate in her book in a somewhat roundabout way. Nevertheless, "What Necessity Knows" is a striking book, original and full of character, which will repay perusal, and for which, as a Canadian story, we, as Canadians, ought to be thankful. It is a pity that, owing to lack of enterprise on the part of our Canadian publishers, Miss Dougall, like so many of our native writers, has been compelled to publish abroad. A Canadian publishing house, with good London and New York connections, would be an immense boon to our national literature.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA. By Lew Wallace. Toronto: William Briggs.

General Wallace writes vigorously, has powers of imagination, his descriptions are vivid even to being florid. Still, we doubt whether in this volume he has succeeded in writing a story. Ben-Hur took the readers of Sunday school romances and of railroad literature by storm, it had a species of inspiration. The Prince of India will fall upon an appetite that has received its stimulus and is satiated with the flavour. There was an easy flow in the earlier story, which in the present appears to jerk along as by pressure. Should this criti-

cism be deemed unjust, let the churiot race in Ben-Hur be read before the race of the boats on the Bosphorus with the storm in the Prince, and the difference will be felt. Not that the latter is without merit, far from it, but it lacks the spontaneity of the former, as both fall far behind the vivid yet naturally descriptive character which has placed such poems as Marmion or novels as David Copperfield among the classics of the English tongue. Nor has the old legend of the Wandering Jew gained much by the intricate and wavering character woven around it in the person of the Prince, who begins his course in this work by aiming at an universal religious comprehension, and leaves the scene cursing that of the bastard son of Joseph. Indeed, the method of treating legend and character which marks the Prince of India, destroys largely what might be claimed for the book as a historical romance. There is no connection between the Prince and any of the legends which gather around that mythical creation, the Wandering Jew. The historical romance keeps within the bounds of probability or of legend. This can scarcely be said of the main character here. The mysterious visit to Hiram's tomb for the mere purpose of affording means to the heir is far fetched. Some grotto or hidden treasure would have surely sufficed. In Scott's vision of Don Roderick a grand dream of coming events unfolds its panorama. Charlemagne in solemn state, with his mighty sword, awaits the crisis of the Anti-Christ, so

"—Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
Taciturn, sombre, sedate and grave;"

but Hiram sits chiefly to supply treasure trove to the Wandering Jew. True, there is Solomon's sword, which does wondrous work, but the treasure is the great demand. The frequent repetition by the spoiler of "No one has been here since—" with its ultimate completion italicized, "I came a thousand years," is surely a labored effort to create a sense of mystery. We turn instinctively as we read to the Sultana of the Arabian Nights for a more natural relation of mystery. There are snatches of vivid description, the Meccan pilgrimage, for example, and the character of Irene; still, faults of style meet one constantly. Who would look in a romance for the naïve confession that "as the introduction must be in the way of description, our inability to render the subject adequately in advance" must be declared; nor in dialogue does one expect to hear of the "opposite speaker." There is, without doubt, sufficient merit and fascination in the book to secure readers and a reader will be repaid for the perusal. There is need, however, that its shortcomings should be indicated, and that it should not be held as a model either for imitation or for emulation.

AMERICAN BIG-GAME HUNTING: The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

To the ardent sportsman there is no season of the year more eagerly longed for or heartily welcomed than the fall. When the leaves are brown, the trees bare, and perhaps the early snowflakes have been sifted from winter's cold palm through their leafless branches, the time is ripe to match his skill and woodcraft against the instinct of the fleet-footed deer, or the savage strength of Bruin. Times have changed since Robin Hood, in doublet of Lincoln green, with trusty long bow and cloth yard shaft, stalked the swift red deer in Sherwood Forest. These are the days of the repeater and express rifle, but the hunting spirit survives the flight of time, and year by year impels men to wood and wild to seek health, strength, manly recreation and worthy trophies of the chase. Nature in her wilder, grander forms is the open book of that pioneer of civilization, the big-game hunter. The rugged mountain slope, the distant forest, the remote, unvisited lake, whose silence is broken by the hoarse call of moose or cry of loon, ever lure him away from mart, office, even sanctum, to seek his noble quarry. Within the bounds of Canada big-game abounds. In Nova Scotia and the North are moose, bear and deer. Farther north are the wood buffalo and the musk ox. In the

Rocky Mountains are the white goat, the grizzly, the elk. Other species are to be found. Muskoka as well provides its quota. Our neighbors to the south are also favoured with their share of the large species of game, and their interest in its protection and pursuit is evidenced in the handsome and finely illustrated volume of 345 pages issued by the Boone and Crockett Club. The name of the Club is a tribute to the memory of those famous and intrepid pioneers and hunters, Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett and its aims, as set forth in the second article of its constitution, are as follows:—“1. To promote manly sport with the rifle. 2. To promote travel and exploration in the wild and unknown, or but partially known, portions of the country. 3. To work for the preservation of the large game of this country, and, so far as possible, to further legislation for that purpose, and to assist in enforcing the existing laws. 4. To promote inquiry into and to record observations on the habits and natural history of the various wild animals. 5. To bring about among the members the interchange of opinions and ideas on hunting, travel, exploration, on the various kinds of hunting-rifles, on the haunts of game animals, etc. The moral standard of the club is clearly shown by the fifth article—salutary reading for many a so-called sportsman: “The term ‘fair chase’ shall not be held to include killing bear, wolf or cougar in traps, nor ‘fire hunting,’ nor ‘crusting’ moose, elk, or deer in deep snow, nor killing game from a boat while it is swimming in the water.” As to the personnel of the Club, the mention of the name of the President, that honorable and eminent publicist, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, and the lamented historian Francis Parkman, late an honorary member, is sufficient. The volume is made up of an introduction by the editors on the aims and objects of the Club; ten sporting sketches, some of which have already appeared in Scribner’s Magazine, or that fine old sporting journal, “Forest and Stream,” (three in all); an interesting contribution by Arnold Hague, descriptive of the game which frequents the Yellowstone Park, and their habits and resorts; a somewhat purposeless paper (except perhaps as a warning) entitled “A Mountain Fraud,” and by no means the least interesting article in the volume, the very name suggesting its untold difficulties, “Photographing Wild Game.” There is in addition some appropriate addenda bearing on American big-game literature, forest reservations, etc. A number of illustrations, some of which are exceptionally good, for example, “The Master of the Herd,” ornament the book. We observe the fine frontispiece, a melancholy yet impressive subject: Buffalo “Going to Water” is from the pencil of that clever Toronto artist, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. Of the sporting sketches, though a man may often wield a rifle far more effectively than a pen, none of them lack interest. A plaintive story is that of the vanished buffalo, which George S. Anderson tells. “The White Goat and His Country,” by Owen Wister, and “A Day with the Elk,” by Winthrop Chauler, lack the true sporting ring and are too whimsical and facetious. Roger D. Williams is in touch with the reader as he tells him in plain, straightforward style, of “Old Times in the Black Hills.” Though we had read Mr. Archibald Rogers’s “Big Game in the Rockies” some time ago in Scribner’s, it stood the test of a second reading, though it is too bad of Mr. Rogers not to have completed for us his midnight interview with “an enraged and wounded grizzly.” All who enjoyed “The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman” will scarcely be content with Mr. Roosevelt’s modest monograph, on “Coursing the Prong-buck.” Those who know Mr. Grinnell’s style will read “In Buffalo Days” again, even if read before. To many, Colonel Pickett’s “Nights with the Grizzlies” will be the pièce de résistance of the volume: the work of a veteran indeed, instructive as well as interesting. There remains but “Blacktails in the Bad Lands,” and we shall leave Mr. Bronson Rumsey himself to satisfy the reader, as he did the foreman of the ranch on the little Missouri in Western Dakota. We have now but to thank the Boone and Crockett Club and their most

capable editors for this excellent first volume, and the publishers and printers as well for the good taste and fine finish of their handiwork. We also express the hope that this may be the precursor of many another volume from the same source, equally interesting, instructive and satisfying.

PERIODICALS.

Storiettes for the month has ten short stories, some by well known writers. The first two are Christmas tales.

Book Chat for December is brimful of Christmas announcements. Very attractive reading they are. This little publication is a most serviceable guide to good Christmas literature.

Book Reviews is in fashion in devoting its excellent first paper to “Christmas Books.” Then comes a sketch of that delightful writer, William Winter, by F. E. Partington. The notes, reviews, etc., are full and interesting.

William Carman Roberts’ poem, “Sojourners,” in the last number of the University Monthly of Fredericton shows no little imaginative power. Professor Downing’s paper on the education of an electrical engineer is of more than technical interest.

Electrical Engineering for December begins with a paper by W. S. Crosby, in which he argues that “The province of government is to protect the business of the people and not to perform it.” In W. H. Eckman’s article on “Artistic Electroliers,” some pretty patterns are shown. “The Editor’s Outlook” has also much useful information.

That fine old eclectic, Littell’s Living Age, has for half a century filled an important place in current literature. Culling, collating, reproducing for tens of thousands of readers much of the best fugitive poetry and prose from time to time appearing in leading magazines abroad, its compact, clearly printed, well filled pages are heartily welcomed to hearth and household. The issue of December 9th has poems and papers from nearly a dozen well known English periodicals, all well chosen and capital reading.

The Canadian Almanac for 1894 presents its patrons some seventy pages of additional matter to that of the issue of last year. The compilers have gathered together a really surprising amount of general and special information bearing upon the varied features of Canadian life. Here our intelligent countrymen will find in compact form and compendious array a great amount of useful information upon all such subjects as suggest the need of such a compilation. It is a book that no well ordered household can at all afford to do without.

“A San Francisco Fisherman” is the title of the beautiful toned frontispiece of The Californian Monthly for December. Facing this is a timely and well written sonnet, “The Messiah,” by L. H. Foote. A striking feature of this number from the literary as well as artistic standpoint is Adelbert von Chamisso’s “Woman’s Love and Life,” rendered into English from the German by F. V. McDonald and most appropriately and beautifully illustrated. Varied and attractive are the poetic, artistic and literary contributions to this beautiful issue. The names of Joaquin Miller, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Harriet Prescott Spofford and others guarantee its excellence.

We question whether any American magazine will provide its readers with a contribution so timely, so graphic and so engaging as Cecil Logsdail’s “Yuletide in an Old English City,” with which the New England Magazine for December begins. It is the work of a literary artist, whose heart is warmed by his subject and whose memory teems with vivid and glowing pictures of the storied past and winsome present of good old Lincoln town in Merrie England. This number has other interesting papers, such as that on “Harvard University Library,” by C. K. Bolton, and Stopford Brooke’s sermon on the colliery conflict in England, and poems of merit as well.

The Expository Times for December is an excellent number. The Notes of the Editor

touch upon a number of topics of much interest. We have a very interesting sketch of the late Master of Balliol, by one who seems to have known him well. “Keswick at Home” is one of a series of papers on the religious theories of the Keswick Brothers. There is no harm in it, that we see, nor much novelty, and we think that accurate theologians would have done it better. Dr. Wendt’s papers on the Kingdom of God in the teaching of Jesus are continued, so are the “Studies” on Tennyson’s “In Memoriam,” and Rothe on I. John. We have an immense amount of good matter here for a small price.

Lieut.-Col. O’Brien’s paper on “Our Militia” begins the Canadian Magazine for this month. Mr. E. H. Stafford contributes a fine poem entitled, “The Strange Vessel.” John S. Ewart, Q.C., still sets his lance at rest on “The Manitoba School Question.” Then we come to the choicest morceau of the number, Mr. H. Beaugrand’s charming contribution, “La quete de l’enfant Jesus.” A gentle touch of Quebec is this attractive literary picture of an old devotional custom of Lower Canada at Christmas time. We hope to hear from Mr. Beaugrand often in our own tongue. Bliss Carmen’s poem, “The Ships of St. John,” is a happy effort of his muse. A. H. Morrison’s “A Christmas Tragedy,” and W. H. Blake’s “Humors of Bench and Bar” will not be read without smiles. Mr. Ogilvie’s narrative of exploration, “Down the Yukon,” is finished. Other interesting articles and pleasing poems appear in this number.

The Magazine of Art for December is especially rich in illustration. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Dante Gabriel Rossetti’s “Veronica Veronese,” with her strongly marked and rather sensuous mouth, her graceful languid attitude, the violin and flowers that tell almost as much as does the figure. “The Alhambra” is one of H. Macbeth-Racburn’s best etchings, in which the point of view and the effect of light are particularly fine. Mr. Heseltine Owen gives the first of two short articles on the late Cecil Lawson. Very interesting and well illustrated is Mr. Percy Anderson’s “Art in the Theatre: Costume on the Stage.” Mr. John Bell gives his theory regarding the much disputed Venus of Milo, her attitude and occupation. The Old Masters in the Ruston Collection are described by Mr. Claude Phillips—a collection which we are told “must already be conceded an important place among the galleries of England.” Seven of Ernest Parson’s beautiful pictures illustrate “Grez,” a French settlement of Anglo-Saxon artists.

Mr. Hugh R. Mill, of the Royal Geographical Society, England, contributes a thoughtful paper to the Educational Review for December on “Geography in the European Universities,” which is well worth reading. Other important educational subjects are discussed in this number. Professor Royce continues his consideration of defect and disorder from the teacher’s point of view. An interesting paper is that by E. W. Scripture on color teaching, and a pleasant sketch of Brother Azarias is accompanied by that worthy scholar’s portrait. Mr. J. P. Gordy begins his review of Professor Goldwin Smith’s History of the United States with a misleading assumption. It was not to please English readers that the book was written but to seek and tell the truth in straightforward English style. Historical truth cannot fail to do the Americans good, even though told them by an Englishman, and like a timely bolus, though it may go down through a wry face, yet may be relied upon to benefit a disordered body politic. Mr. Goldwin Smith does not write simply to please but to tell what he believes to be the truth.

The laws of intellectual progress are to be read in history, not in individual experience. We breathe the social air, since what we think depends very largely upon what others have thought. The paradox of to-day becomes the commonplace of to-morrow. The truths which required many years to discover and establish, are now declared to be innate.—G. H. Lewes.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Professors Hutton and A. B. McCallum of Toronto University, have been confined to their houses by the prevalent influenza.

Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, late City Solicitor of Toronto, has resigned his position, and is visiting Florida for the benefit of his health.

Professor Lyndall's lamented death leaves a great gap in the ranks of scientific thinkers and investigators. The resulting cause makes it all the more deplorable.

Professor Goldwin Smith's new book, "Essays on Questions of the Day, Political and Social," is to be issued simultaneously in New York by Macmillan & Co., and in Toronto by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

At a special meeting of the Canadian Bankers' Association, Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, was elected president of the association. Mr. Walker is recognized as one of the ablest financiers in Canada.

Mr. Rudolphe Laflamme, who was Minister of Justice in the Mackenzie Government, died at his residence in Montreal, on the 7th inst., of bronchitis. Mr. Laflamme was a counsel of eminence and a professor of law in McGill University.

Rowsell & Hutchison announce publication of a history of Upper Canada College: 1828-1892, with contributions by old U. C. C. boys, etc., which has been in preparation for some years, compiled and edited by George Dickson, M. A., Principal of the College, and G. Mercer Adam.

The death of Lieut.-Governor Foyd, of New Brunswick, has been profoundly regretted throughout Canada. Mr. Foyd was a man of superior intellectual gifts and moral qualities. Energy, industry, probity marked the course of his successful career. His will be another memory and example to the young men of Canada to illustrate the honour and dignity within the reach of those whose aims and efforts are directed to leading lives of public good and private usefulness.

Dr. Bourinot's presidential address to the Royal Society of Canada on "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness," has been printed in full, with numerous bibliographical and general notes on Literature and Art in Canada. It is to form the first of a Royal Society series which will be published in a tasteful small quarto with broad margins, according as historical and literary monographs of interest appear in the Transactions, which are too large for general circulation. As Dr. Bourinot's address was widely noticed, when a summary was printed in the newspapers, we are sure the public at home and abroad will gladly welcome the complete publication of so interesting a contribution to Canadian literature.

An exchange has the following:—"The Scottish papers are mentioning the name of Prof. John Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston, in connection with the chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, left vacant by the selection of Prof. Edward Caird to be master of Balliol College, Oxford. Should Prof. Watson be appointed Canada will lose the deepest man in philosophy on this continent. Prof. Watson was offered the chair of Christian Ethics in Cornell University some years ago, but he declined it, and it is now filled by Prof. Schurman, who is also President of the institution. It is interesting in this connection to observe that President Schurman is a native of Prince Edward Island, Principal Rand of McMaster University, is from New Brunswick, and Principal Grant and Sir William Dawson are Nova Scotians. Fish seems to be good brain food.

Now that Professor Garner can communicate with monkeys in their own language he may collect some valuable simian views concerning the theory of evolution, and thus present Darwinian doctrines at first hand.—Baltimore American.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A TECHNICAL OBJECTION.

In a recent volume of "Reminiscences" appears a good story of Judge Harrington, of Vermont. Technical objections did not weigh heavily with the Judge, as one Daniel Chipman found in a case of ejectment. Chipman objected to the admission of a deed because it had no seal. "But your client sold the land, got his pay for it and gave the deed, didn't he?" asked Judge Harrington. "That makes no difference," said Chipman, "the deed has no seal and cannot be admitted." "Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, "give me a wafer and a three-cornered piece of paper." The clerk obeyed and the Judge deliberately made and affixed the seal. "There, Brother Chipman," said the Judge, "the deed is all right now and may be put in evidence. A man is not going to be cheated out of his farm in this court because his deed lacks a wafer when there is a whole box of wafers on the clerk's desk."

ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

England's role has hitherto been that of attack; but unfortunately most of our modern battleships are, like the *Victoria*, weak where they should be strongest. Our neighbours across the Channel seem to have fully realized the supreme importance of attack, and their latest ship, the *Jaureguiberry*, is so fitted as to be able to discharge three heavy and four lighter quick-firing guns right ahead. She is also provided with a strong and well-supported ram, in marked contrast to the weak stems of our own battleships. Some writers on naval matters have supposed that our ships might in action keep at some distance from the enemy and play at "long bobs;" but to do this, besides being contrary to all the best traditions of the service, it would, as Sir George Elliot very pertinently pointed out recently in our columns, supposing the enemy to advance, necessitate that our ships should expose their sterns to the enemy's fire. In such circumstances, however, the assistance of a fast ram might prove of the highest importance, for she might dash out and strike home before our adversary could close.—*United Service Gazette*.

QUICK FIRING GUNS.

With the 6-inch Q-F. British gun and the 15 c.m. French, comparison cannot so well be made, owing to the difference in weight of their shot, but considering the respective energies, the British gun shows a slight superiority. But neither country is standing still, and in later experiments, both English and French firms have deduced remarkable results which are useful from a scientific point of view, and tend to show that very high velocities can be obtained if length of gun be no hindrance. As yet it does not appear that the Canet gun has been widely taken up; three Chilean vessels are armed with them, but the fast cruiser just ordered by that Government from Elswick is to be armed by the guns of that firm. The French have ordered fifty guns from M. Canet, so we shall, no doubt, hear of results obtained under service conditions, such as our guns have been subjected to. In comparing our naval strength with that of other countries, it appears to us that sufficient credit is seldom given for the advantage we at present possess in the shape of the heavier quick-firing guns, of which very large numbers have already been supplied to the fleet.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

AN OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

A PERTH COUNTY PIONEER'S EXPERIENCE.

A Sufferer for Nearly Twenty Years—Had Not Done a Month's Work in Ten Years—He Regains Health and Strength—His Neighbors Discuss the Remarkable Cure!

From the Listowel Banner.

Trowbridge is a pretty little village in the county of Perth. It is five miles from a railway, and gains in rural quietness a compensa-

tion for the loss of the bustle of larger towns. One of the best known residents of the village is Mr. Isaac Deleyea, who has lived there for upward of forty years, in fact ever since the "blazed" road through the woods led to the site of what was then laid out as the district metropolis. As far back as the writer's memory goes, Mr. Deleyea has been sick nearly all the time, and unable to work, and when it was reported last spring that he was cured and claimed to be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the Banner kept an eye on the case, letting it run on until a few days ago to see whether the improvement would last, and then set out to investigate for ourselves. We found Mr. Deleyea looking both well and active to say the least. In reply to our enquiries as to his health he said he felt young again, and felt that he was fully cured, and was quite willing to tell his story as he had no room to doubt the efficacy of the remedy in his case. "I have been sick," said he, "for twenty years and I have not done a month's work in ten years. I became all bloated out and my legs swollen very much. From this trouble I could get no relief. The medicines I got from the doctor helped me but did not cure me. Nothing would take the swelling away and I was beginning to feel that my condition was desperate. I could hardly be about and could do no work, not even of the lightest description. A year ago I read of the wonders done by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and bought a couple of boxes. The first box and a half gave me the sensation of having my flesh prodded all over with pins, but I began to feel better and determined to keep on taking the pills. I have taken twenty-eight boxes in all, and although it seems a large number, I would willingly take twice that quantity rather than be in my old condition of almost helplessness and suffering. All the swelling has entirely disappeared and I feel a well man again, and better than I have been for a great many years." In reply to a question Mr. Deleyea said he was sixty-six years of age and had been ill for fully twenty years, and he added earnestly "nothing else in the world but Pink Pills cured me and I believe they will cure anyone who gives them a fair chance. Ask any of my old neighbors how sick I was, and how I have been cured. Why, I not only feel like a new man but look like one. I can do all my work that I formerly had to have hired done, and I do not feel the least fatigue. With me it is no guess work, but a case of demonstration, and everybody who knows me knows that I have been cured and by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrotula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Hamilton Herald: It will cost this country a lot of money to find out by means of the Royal Prohibition Commission that some folks like their water plain and some like it with whiskey in it.

Manitoba Free Press: It may be desirable, in the opinion of some people, to get rid of Sir Oliver Mowat's Government, but the Chinaman's plan of burning down the house in order to roast the pig inside of it is not a safe one to introduce in the affairs of a country.

St. John Telegraph: The bill introduced into Congress by a member of the staff of the New York Sun would be insulting to the loyal people of Canada were it not for its absurd character. The people of the United States ought to understand by this time that Canada is not for sale.

London Advertiser: All the doctors, says the New York Sun, seem to agree in the opinion that the best way of protecting oneself against an attack of the grip is to keep the general health as good as possible, to be careful not to catch cold, to live temperately, to breathe pure air, to avoid bad habits and to take enough sleep.

Montreal Gazette: The latest report is that it will be April 1st before the Wilson tariff bill can go into force. United States business men have before them four months of uncertainty, during which their operations will be crippled through their not knowing what fiscal conditions they will be under after March. It is not remarkable that factories are curtailing operations and dismissing employees.

Quebec Chronicle: Sir John Thompson's speech at Pictou, Nova Scotia, must rank as one of the most important that he has made for some time. In it he defined the Government's policy in view of recently created conditions, the principal one of which is, of course, the United States tariff change. The Premier had a capital hearing, and the audience he addressed was very large and very representative in character.

Halifax Critic: The commissioners who will have to decide some of the nice questions arising from the Behring Sea Arbitration will need to be clear-headed men. The claims of our own Pacific sealers already amount to over a million dollars, and under the terms of the modus vivendi for 1892 and 1893, the Government of the United States is bound to make good all just claims. It has now to be decided whether the sealers are to be compensated for the value of the seals which they have not caught, or whether the fact that though shut out from Behring Sea they have been without inconvenience profitably engaged in the seal trade elsewhere, is to be considered.

Victoria Colonist: Much is being said in Canada relative to the effect which the proposed changes in the American tariff will have on the trade of the Dominion. Such surmises—for they are at best nothing but surmises—are, in our opinion, injudicious. The Americans are revising their tariff solely in their own interests. Any change they propose to make is wholly for their own benefit. What effect it may have on the trade of Canada or any other country is not considered by the framers of the tariff, and will not be considered by the members of Congress if their attention is not persistently and inopportunistically directed to the way in which that change will probably affect foreign and, in many respects, rival countries.

Pass on the word,—be thine the lip of cheer,—
Clear let it ring aloft from slope to slope,
Till all the vales and mountain-tops shall hear
God's rallying call,—to strive—to help—to
hope!

—Pastor Felix.

Only that is poetry which cleanses and
mans me.—Emerson

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The sun, though it passes through dirty
places, yet remains as pure as before.—Sir E.
Coke.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The Eleventh International Medical Con-
gress will be held in Rome March 29 to April
5, 1894.

There were treated at the World's Fair
Emergency Hospital, 18,500 cases, and there
were 23 deaths at the institution.

Professor Garner has returned from Africa
and declares that he has learned, beyond doubt,
that there is a monkey language, and it can be
learned by man.

The autopsy in the case of Prince Alexand-
er of Battenberg showed that the original cause
of his illness was the lodging of a cherry stone
in the vermiform appendix.

Colonel Ernst, superintendent of the United
States Military Academy, at West Point, N.Y.,
says he is doubtful if the benefits derived
from the cadets playing football are com-
mensurate with the risks it entails to life and
limb.

The United States cruiser Columbia on her
official trial trip averaged 22.81 knots an hour
during a four hours' run, thus assuring the
Cramp Company, the builders, a premium of
\$350,000. In a spurt the cruiser achieved
the remarkable speed of 25.31 knots an
hour.

A few weeks ago the United States cruiser
San Francisco sighted a wreck off the Florida
coast and made two unsuccessful attempts to
blow it up with dynamite. Then in order to
remove this formidable threat to other vessels,
the captain of the San Francisco boldly rum-
maged the helpless hulk amidstships and cut her
in two.

M. Marey has found, from his continued
studies of animal locomotion by means of in-
stantaneous photography, that the modes of
progression of the viper and the eel are much
alike; that the postures of batrachians in
water (after they have acquired their limbs)
are much like those of men swimming, and
that lizards trot like horses.—Popular Science
Monthly.

Dr. J. Mount Bleyer and Dr. M. Wilton
Weill, of New York, have been making experi-
ments on the influence of the galvanic current
in promoting the formation of ozone in the
blood. They have arrived at the conclusion
that "animal electricity" is the prime factor
in all the processes of change of chemical action
or otherwise within the living body. They do
not, however, tell us what is electricity.—Bos-
ton Transcript.

The Harvey process of hardening steel for
armor plates reaches only the surface or skin
of the metal. Just before his recent death,
the inventor took out a patent for applying
the same method to toughening the top of
steel rails. He provides a way for introducing
about 5 per cent of carbon into the upper part
of the head, from 2½ to 4 per cent into the
lower part and into the web, and less than 2
per cent into the base or flange.

The "Harvey process" of hardening steel,
invented by Haywood G. Harvey, of Orange,
N. J. consisted of covering the surface of a
plate with powdered charcoal and raising the
two to a certain temperature. The absorption
of more carbon, as a result, gives the metal
higher power of resistance to a projectile. Mr.
Harvey's latest improvement in this operation
relates to the mixture of animal carbons with
the wood charcoal hitherto used, as he thereby
lessens the tendency of the powdered masses
to fly off in the form of floating dust.

Electricity was recently successfully em-
ployed to propel a boat on the Erie Canal.
The trolley system was used and applied to an
old canal barge fitted up for the purpose. A
speed of eight miles an hour was attained,
against the rate of two miles by the customary
mule or horse power. Gov. Flower, who was
present at the test, predicted that when the
new power had been generally applied on the
canal its business would be increased four-fold.
Electricians say the cost of operating a boat by
this method will be only about one-half that of
steam.

THE JUDGES Of the
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
Have made the
HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to
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On each of the following named articles:
BREAKFAST COCOA,
Premium No. 1, Chocolate,
Vanilla Chocolate,
German Sweet Chocolate,
Cocoa Butter.
For "purity of material," "excellent flavor,"
and "uniform even composition."
WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

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RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS
Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bron-
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Lumbago, Inflammations, RHEUM-
ATISM NEURALGIA, Frost-
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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty
minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this ad-
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Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for
Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains
in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the First and is the Only
PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains,
allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether
of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or
organs, by one application.

**ALL INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps in
the Bowels or Stomach, Spasms, Sour Stom-
ach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea,
Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are re-
lieved instantly and quickly cured by taking
internally as directed.**

There is not a remedial agent in the world that
will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious,
bilious and other fevers, aided by **RADWAY'S PILLS**,
so quickly as **RADWAY'S RELIEF**.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
RADWAY & CO.,
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RADWAY'S
PILLS,
Always Reliable.
Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in
restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action
the various organs, the natural conditions of which
are so necessary for health, grapple with and
neutralize the impurities, driving them completely
out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS
Have long been acknowledged as the
Best Cure for
SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDI-
GESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,
DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS
OF THE LIVER.
Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

MISCELLANEOUS.



The importance of purifying the blood can not be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world. W. G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.

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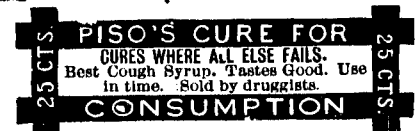
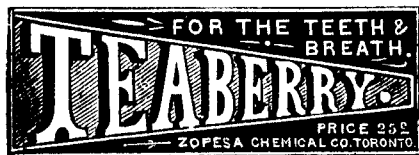
Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company for the half year ending 31st inst., and that the same will be paid at the company's offices, 24 and 30 Toronto St., on and after MONDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JANUARY PROX. The transfer books will be closed from the 22nd to the 31st inst., both inclusive.

By order,

W. MACLEAN,

Managing Director.

Toronto, December 6th, 1893.



A new process of rain making was recently brought before the Academie des Sciences, Paris, by M. Baudoin. His theory is that electricity maintains the water in clouds in a state of small drops, and that if the electricity be discharged the water will come down.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N.W.T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B.B.B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

In some sections of England it is said coal is selling at \$15 a ton.

Good men are not all dead yet. It is reported that in Lowell one of them, who owns ninety tenements, says that he will not turn out any respectable tenant this winter because he cannot pay the rent.—*Newport News.*

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge St., is an old established firm in Toronto, having made optics a speciality examines eyes correctly, charging only for spectacles.

A despatch from Teheran to the London Times says that 12,000 persons were killed in Kushan, Persia, by the earthquake recently. Ten thousand bodies have been recovered from the ruins. Fifty thousand cattle were killed. Shocks are still felt daily.

THE BEST COUGH CURE.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c.

"The boom in gold mining which has struck this state is going to make 1894 a very prosperous year for Colorado," says the Denver Republican. And it is only a few days since Senator Teller wept in the United States Senate for the ruined people of his state.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

DEAR SIRS,—I can truly say Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. It is worth its weight in gold. HARRY PALMER, Lorneville, Ont.

It is probably not generally known that there are gold fields in Scotland. There are, however, some old workings known as the Kildonan gold fields, in the county of Sutherland, in the extreme north of Scotland. The County Council of this shire have recently approached the owner of the ground and asked him to allow the fields to be worked by the resident population for a fair surface rent.

Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

The superintendent of transportation on the Brooklyn Bridge says that constant inquiry is being made for some system better than that in use, but he doubts whether it can be found. With the cable it is impossible for one train to crawl up on another, and largely for this reason, there has been a wonderful freedom from accidents. The passengers carried now number 297,000,000, and not one has been killed.—*Railway Review.*

OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with eczema (salt rheum) for about two years, but I did not bother with it until it began to itch and spread over my hand. I then took four bottles of B. B. B., which completely drove it away. It was by my son's advice I took B. B. B., as B. B. B. is our family physician.

J. S. MILLS, Collingwood, Ont.

A Greek engineer who pursued his studies in this country has prepared a plan for the electric lighting of the Bosphorus from Kanak to San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora. He proposes to accomplish this by building three machines or engines, at Armout Koei, Kanduli and Perai-Barum, where the current is unusually strong.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

Cape Island.

That string on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

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Full English Course Languages, Music Drawing, Painting etc. For Prospectus etc., apply to
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A fully equipped residential Boys' School. Besides the Classical and Science Courses, for which the College has long been famous, a thorough Business similar to the one adopted by the London (England) Chamber of Commerce is now taught—eight exhibitions entitling the winners to free tuition are annually open for competition. Winter Term begins January 8th.

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Between all points Fort William, Detroit and East, for

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS

Will make the following Special Rates for

**PROFESSORS
TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS**

Round Trip Tickets will be sold at **Single First Class Fare and One-third**, on presentation of standard form of Certificate, signed by Principal. Tickets are good going from December 9th to 30th, inclusive. Good to return until January 31st, 1894.

For the General Public

Round Trip Tickets will be sold at

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

Good going **December 22, 23, 24, 25**, returning until December 26, 1893.

Good going **December 29, 30, 31, 1893, January 1, 1894**, returning until January 2, 1894.

At Single First-Class Fare and One Third.

Round Trip Tickets will be sold, good going **December 22, 23, 24, 25, 1893**. Good for return until January 2, 1894.

These rates apply to points on the Bay of Quinte, Kingston & Pembroke, Lake Erie & Detroit River Railway, Erie & Huron, Michigan Central (points in Canada only), Central Ontario Railway.

For full particulars apply to any agent of the Company.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The good work of a cruiser depends much upon the crew, sir.

Doctor: You can either take this medicine in capsules or in liquid form. Patient: Which kills slowest?

To borrow money is to borrow trouble; and some men find it a good deal of trouble to borrow money too.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: That Mrs. Pointer is as sharp as a razor. Mr. Crimsonbeak: But you can't shut her up like a razor.

Visitor (at dinner): Aren't you going to eat any meat, Tommy? Tommy: No'm, I guess not. Mamma said I wasn't to have any if you took it twice.

Spacer: I wonder why no newspaper has ever called itself the Moon? Liner: Probably because that planet is understood to be made up of worn-out materials.

"How is Johnny getting along with his writing?" asked the fond parent. "Rapidly," replied the teacher: "I think he is already competent to write his own excuses."

"I say, doctor, what's this swelling at the back of my neck?" Doctor (probably an Irishman): Oh, it's nothing serious, but I should advise you to keep an eye on it.

"But Ethel, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?" "Oh, no, mamma! But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I'm not looking at him!"

"Dat's jess de way," says Rastus. "Here I'se stole and stole chickings for years an' never got caught. But de minnit I goes an' buys a hen for supper I's 'rested on s'picion. Honesty's de wust policy I ebber seed."

Mrs. Highleighfe: Have you had your monogram put on your carriage? Mrs. Bongtong (wh) is making her debut into society): Yes, indeed. And I had "R.S.V.P." put with it, just like your lovely invitation cards.

She: You know, Reggie, that girls are being called by the names of flowers now, and my sister suggested that I should be called Thistle. Reggie: Oh yes, I see; because you are so sharp? She: Oh no; she said it was because a donkey loved me.

How many a simple truth is explained by the preacher until it is obscured to the common understanding as thoroughly as was the word "net-work" by the definition of it in Johnson's dictionary as "anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

The Doctor (angrily): Look here, Dicer, I understand that you have been telling people that you wouldn't let me treat a sick cat of yours. Dicer: I believe I did say that. The Doctor: Well, sir, you'll have to take it back. Dicer: Very well, I will. I will let you treat a sick cat of mine. I'm not very fond of the animal, anyhow.

OLD NURSERY FAVORITES.

There was Tom, the Son of the Piper,
Jack Sprat, and Merry King Cole,
And the Three Wise Men of Gotham,
Who wen' to sea in a bowl;
The woman who rode on a broomstick,
And swept the cobwebbed sky,
And the boy who sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.

These were some of the old favorites, but they have been supplanted by the "Pansy" and "Chatterbox" stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers." The Old fashioned pills and physics have been superseded, and wisely, too, by Pierce's Purgative Pellets, a mild, harmless and effective cathartic. They are pleasant to take—so gentle in their action that the most delicate child can take them, yet so effective that they will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, stomach, liver, and bowel troubles. They should be in every nursery. As a gentle laxative only one for a dose.

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PRESTON, ONT.
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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The public have a positive guarantee that they are getting the best possible form of concentrated nourishment.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

L.E.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

ESTERBROOK PENS



26 JOHN ST., N. Y. THE BEST MADE.

God be thanked that there are some in the world to whose hearts the barnacles will not cling.—J. G. Holland.

A HIGH VALUATION.

"If there was only one bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

In reality, there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, stifle it, mortify it as much as you please, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself.—Franklin.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.—Terence.

Keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you decide to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be persuaded to take any other.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.—Isaac Iselin.

The work done by an entry clerk in a first-class business house in the busy season is enormous, but then he has an Esterbrook pen to aid him.

There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all,—that is, no instant force and energy; but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards.—Miss Edgeworth.

B. B. B. CURES SICK HEADACHE.

GENTLEMEN.—Having suffered for a number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B.B.B., and by the time I had used two bottles I was cured, and have not had any symptoms of it since. I can safely recommend B.B.B. for sick headache.

MRS. A. A. GAMSBY, Orono, Ont.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
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FAMOUS **COD LIVER OIL**

IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

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Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

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Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster

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ORDER IS NOT GIVEN, CALL AT ONCE AT
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BBB CURES DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia arises from wrong action of the Stomach and is the cause of much misery and many diseases such as Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Blood, Headache, Burdock Blood Bitters is a prompt and effectual cure because it tones the stomach, aids digestion and renovates the entire system. Cases which seemed past hope have been completely cured by B.B.B.

LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Life seemed a burden, the simplest food disagreed with me, and I was in misery from Dyspepsia, but two bottles of B.B.B. entirely freed me from it," says Miss L. A. Kuhn, Hamilton, Ont.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.