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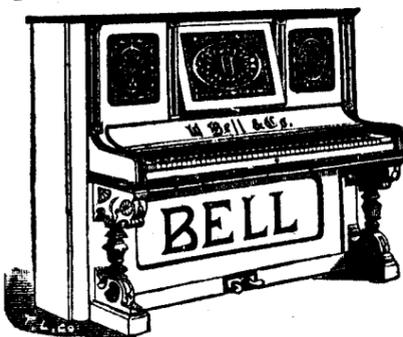
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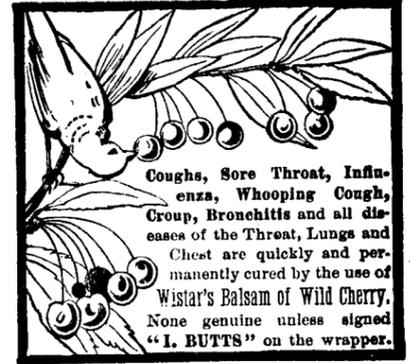
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

IT is, we think, much to be regretted that the Federal Government does not frankly admit that the Dominion Franchise Act was a mistake, and consent to return to the system which it superseded. There can, we believe, be no doubt that the present Act fails to meet the approbation of the majority even of supporters of the Government. It has again and again been asserted on the floor of the House, and so far as we have seen the statement has not been distinctly denied, that the Conservative members, as a rule, decline to defend it in private, though most of them, through a sense of loyalty to Sir John A. Macdonald, continue to vote against repeal. The diminishing majorities by which the Government is sustained at each successive division on the subject make it pretty clear that its abrogation is but a question of time. Mr. Trow's motion for repeal last week was defeated by only twenty-one votes, a very significant falling-off from the usual party majority. The objections to the Act are many and weighty, e.g., great expense, cumbrous working, liability to errors in preparing voters' lists, violation of political propriety in that the officer who virtually prepares the lists is an appointee of the Government, inconsistency with sound federal principles, etc. In view of such an array of hostile arguments, the Minister of Finance was surely reasoning like a member of a juvenile debating club, when he described the speeches in which such objections were urged as "a mass of harsh denunciation, utterly devoid of argument." Equally unconvincing was his plea that if the principle of the measure was right, the expense, however large, was justifiable. That would surely not follow if the principle were practically not worth so high a price, or if some cheaper way could be found of reaching the end without violating the principle. As Mr. Mills pointed out, the House equally affirmed the principle when it voted to adopt the Provincial lists and franchise. Apart from any question as to the good faith of officials, it can hardly be denied that the liability to mistake must be very much greater when the lists are prepared by one who is without personal knowledge of the majority of voters, and

then printed and corrected at Ottawa, than were they drawn up by the local assessor and printed at a local printing house. Most interesting of all the questions involved is the Constitutional one. It is admitted that the B.N.A. Act as finally shaped contemplated a Dominion franchise. Mr. Mills, however, quoted from the articles adopted at the Quebec Conference to show that a Provincial representation in Parliament was contemplated by the fathers of Confederation there assembled, and that this principle was carried out by giving the Provinces power to fix both the franchises and the bounds of constituencies. These provisions were afterwards changed at the Conference in London, no doubt in accordance with the centralizing preferences of Sir John A. Macdonald and others, but with questionable deviation from the principles of the Quebec resolutions which should have been followed in framing the Act. It would not be hard to show that the Quebec proposals were, in this respect, more truly in accord with sound federal principles. But apart altogether from this Constitutional question, it is seldom that the weight of argument in a Parliamentary discussion is so unequally divided as in the debates on the merits of the Dominion Franchise Act.

THE promoters of Imperial Federation are wise in seeking to fix public attention upon their great project and to draw out public opinion in regard to it, by proposing a series of questions to be answered by all who are willing to express their views. While we admire their courage and zeal we cannot conceal our opinion that this step will leave them farther than ever from their goal. We cannot see how the serious study of several of the questions they propose can fail to convince the reader of the hopelessness of the project. Many of those questions are, it is true, of the peculiar kind which are sometimes called "leading"; nevertheless the judgment of the dispassionate reader will, we feel sure, refuse, in several cases, to be led. For instances, affirmative answers are evidently counted on, in the case of those which refer to the necessity that all the colonies should have a voice in "affairs of common concern to the whole Empire;" that an imperial council or central body of some kind should be established "to deal with and be supreme in matters common to the whole Empire;" that a "British family trade policy" should be adopted; that the colonies should bear some share and as their wealth increases "a fair proportionate share" in the expenditures of the United Kingdom, etc. Apart from the intrinsic merits of the project, and the previous question of the abstract desirability of a family compact of such world-wide dimensions, the boldness of those who can set out coolly to solve such problems as those above suggested falls little short of the sublime. The simple statement of some of those questions must suggest to the thoughtful mind a whole catechism of related queries. Why, for instance, should Canada in the western, or Australia in the southern, hemisphere wish to have a voice in the affairs of the whole Empire, which are of common concern? What portion of those affairs are of common concern, and how shall the lines be drawn? What shall be done in the case of affairs which concern, say, only England and Canada, or England and Australia? Of what practical value would Canada's proportionate voice be in an affair in which the whole Empire was concerned? By what conceivable argument could England be induced to reduce the historic Imperial Parliament of which she is so justly proud to the dimensions of a local Legislature, or to subordinate it to any form of Imperial Council? What conceivable influence could be brought to bear to induce Great Britain to mutilate the free trade policy which has made her mistress of the world's commerce, and to erect barriers against the great nations in the interest of the comparatively poor and feeble colonies? What will become of Canada's national policy, and the manufactures it has cherished, when the tariff wall which now shuts out British manufactures shall have been levelled to the ground? Whence will the public revenue then be derived? The Ottawa branch of the Imperial Federation League evidently wishes to look the whole question fairly in the face. It will not therefore object to these little additions to its series of skilfully framed questions, even should they suggest others of similar character, and possibly still more troublesome.

WE will gladly do our best to answer the questions asked by "Inquirer" touching the University curriculum, in its relation to the masters and pupils in the secondary schools. In doing so it is but proper to observe that our answers merely represent our own opinions, aided by such information as we have been able to recall and glean in regard to the matters touched upon. They are, therefore, of course, without any official weight, and it is quite likely that some of them might not be approved by the authorities of the University. The first three questions relate to the system of variation in the texts in literatures. It is true that the Second Book of Virgil was prescribed for Junior Matriculation without change for ten or twelve years or more. That method always seemed to us indefensible. It put an immense premium on cramming. Teachers and pupils had only to procure the examination questions of the University for a number of successive years in order to have before them every form of question which could be devised. We have been told that in some cases pupils who could afford it were kept at work upon the book for years, taking but a line or two at a lesson, and being drilled upon every conceivable point that could be raised in connection with it. A teacher and examiner of great experience at one time, before the change was made, declared that he found it no longer possible to differentiate between candidates on a Virgil paper, for all pupils were able, with the help of their teachers, to anticipate everything. The present method is, we think, to change the Greek and Latin texts every second year, or rather to change one half the prescribed work in these subjects each year, alternately. This may not be of great advantage to the student. It may sometimes seem to be the opposite, e.g., in the case of one who having prepared the work is obliged by sickness or other cause to postpone his examination to another year. The advantage to the teacher must be considerable in that he is thus required by the conditions of his professional work to read more widely than he might otherwise think it possible to do. The amount of new selections prescribed each year is so small and has to be taught so gradually that the work of accurate preparation cannot press hardly upon the competent teacher, while his knowledge of classical literature will be constantly broadened. The same remark holds good in regard to question 3, touching the rotation in English texts. The change makes little, if any, difference to the student, while to the teacher it must bring a pleasing and profitable variety. The custom of annually changing the English texts has prevailed for several years past, and we do not find, on inquiry, that any complaints have been made. We learn, also, that though the draft of the proposed curriculum has been freely circulated amongst High School masters very few objections have been made. The changes proposed have been almost unanimously approved by the teaching profession, as affording a very desirable relief from monotony in their work, as well as a profitable stimulus to wider reading and literary culture. Nor is it, we think, without some advantage that the students of the High Schools and Universities are saved, in the aggregate, from the tiresome uniformity and narrower range of thought that must have ensued had the young men and women all over the Province read in College precisely the same selections, necessarily very limited, in English and classical literature.

TO "Inquirer's" first question in No. 4, we should be disposed to answer yes, so highly do we value the literary growth and freshness which result from a wider range of critical reading and so great do we deem the danger of the teacher's falling into mechanical and lifeless routine when required to carry classes over precisely the same ground year after year. "Inquirer" moreover fails to distinguish between change of texts and change of text-books, two very different things. The University Senate does not meddle with text-books. It is said that it even contemplates striking out the lists of books of reference hitherto published, thus throwing, so far as it is concerned, the responsibility upon the teachers, where it properly belongs. The text-books referred to are prescribed by the Education Department which is not now under criticism. We may add, however, that there is surely an obvious distinction between the study of literature, English or classical, and that of such a subject as grammar or

algebra, in its relation to text-books. In regard to the latter, every suitable text-book must, in a measure, cover the whole ground, while the range of the former is illimitable. Coming to question 5, we do not wonder that the principals and masters, particularly in the smaller High Schools, are thrown into perplexity, if not brought to the verge of despair, by the wide range of options. We cannot very well understand how schools with but two or three masters manage the business. Still, it must be admitted that to a certain extent this multiplication of subjects is a necessary outcome of modern educational conditions and necessities. But "Inquirer's" questions relate to the University, which has to do with the High School programme only so far as the work needed for matriculation is concerned. The curriculum says nothing about mensuration, reading, drawing, gymnastics, calisthenics, drill, music or phonography. The draft in question puts all work in English under three heads, (1) Composition, (2) Grammar and Rhetoric, (3) Poetical Literature.

"INQUIRER'S" sixth question suggests a dilemma from which we must leave the Senate to escape as best it can. Scott's "Marmion" was not banished from the University curriculum, but an alternative text was added for the sake of teachers and pupils who objected to "Marmion." We are informed that though Byron's "Childe Harold" and "Prisoner of Chillon" were on the curriculum for 1889-90, no complaint or remonstrance has been made. We are also told that though Byron is on the draft curriculum it is probable that Wordsworth will yet be substituted, not because of any objection to the two poems named above, but because the prescribing of the two would probably lead in most cases to the use of the whole volume. The question raised is undeniably difficult, since, if all the productions of an author are to be tabooed because of objections which apply only to parts, the field of choice will be seriously narrowed, and many gems of literature lost. May it not be that the objections urged against the use of expurgated editions is mainly fanciful, and that in these must be sought the solution of the difficulty? It is probably true to some extent, we know not to how great an extent, that Greek is giving place to French and German in the schools. But this is obviously no reason why the teaching of Greek should not be made more efficient for those who still take it. We must still train up Greek scholars, and make them as thorough as possible. We think "Inquirer" will agree with us that to this end the new departure proposed by the Senate is a good one. Sight translation in particular is, in our opinion, the best of all tests, and we should not be much afraid to predict that the day is not far distant when it will be the one almost exclusively applied. Reading and pronunciation are unquestionably of great importance in the study of French and German. We do not know whether there has been any falling off in respect to these in the schools. It is claimed by some instructors that the writing of French and German from dictation, which has for some years past been required from candidates for honours in these branches, is the best of all tests of pronunciation. The Senate evidently thinks so, and proposes, we believe, to apply this test to pass candidates as well. On the point touched in the last question we heartily concur with "Inquirer's" view as suggested in the form of his request. Twenty five per cent. is an indefensibly, we had almost said absurdly, low *minimum* to be required in the answers to any reasonable question paper. The draft curriculum sent out by the Senate to teachers to elicit their opinions contains the following: "It is recommended that the percentage required for pass standing be 33 per cent. in each subject." This is better, but is not yet, in our opinion, high enough. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are questions and questions, examiners and examiners, and that so much depends, first, on the kind of questions set, and, second, on the mode of estimating values, that minimum percentages are really worth very little for purposes of comparison. None the less, most teachers will, we believe, agree that the ends in view can be much better attained by placing the pass percentage high, and framing the questions accordingly.

IT is not easy to conceive of anything more injudicious, unkind or discourteous than the spirit in which Premier Mercier's proposal that the Legislature of Quebec should make a small grant in aid of the restoration of Toronto University is being met by certain Ontario newspapers and some of their correspondents. By almost universal consent nothing is more ungenerous than to question the motives of those who thus tender, unsolicited,

a token of sympathy and friendship. Even those who are ready to believe the worst in regard to Mr. Mercier should see that, under the circumstances, the proposed rejection of the gift, should it be offered, would be an outrage which there is nothing in the existing relations between the two Provinces to justify or excuse. There has been no declaration of war between Ontario and Quebec; and, were it otherwise, there could scarcely be any conceivable guile lurking in a ten thousand dollar cheque in aid of an educational institution, such as could warrant the most suspicious of Ontario Laocöons in shouting out that they fear their French-Canadian fellow-citizens, even when making offerings at the shrine of Minerva. To allege that the sister Province cannot afford to make such an appropriation, and that it must in the end be taken from the Dominion coffers, is to add insult to insult. When Quebec or any other province makes unfair demands upon the Dominion purse, there will surely be constitutional modes of resistance, and then will be the proper time to resort to such modes. In thus writing we do not, of course, for a moment assume that the authorities of the University could or would be guilty of the discourtesy in question; but it is greatly to be regretted that such a cry should have been raised, in reference to what would have been in itself a graceful expression of provincial good-will, just at a time when every good citizen must wish to allay mutual exasperations. There is reason to fear, moreover, that this cry, putting, as it does, an additional argument into the mouths of Quebec extremists, and arousing fears in the minds of others lest they should be subjected to the humiliation of a refusal of their proffered help, may lead to the rejection of the Premier's motion. Such an event would, in its turn, be laid hold of as a means of intensifying the prejudices of race and creed, which have already been stirred to a deplorable degree.

THE motion now before Parliament for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the statements made in the House with reference to certain valuable furs alleged to have been taken from Charles Bremner, during the North-West Rebellion, is one which touches the honour, not only of the officers named, but of the whole militia force engaged in suppressing the Rebellion. It is, therefore, one which very closely concerns the people of Canada. The public should with one voice insist upon a most searching investigation. We are, in the meantime, in accordance with the time-honoured principles of British justice, bound to hold that the officers in question are innocent, and absolutely incapable of stooping to dishonourable acts, such as those charged against them. At the same time, the people of the country generally, and the friends of those gentlemen in particular, cannot well refrain from sharing in the feeling of astonishment and regret which was expressed on the floor of the House, that those officers themselves should have been content to lie for years under an imputation so odious, without taking steps, either by demanding an investigation, or by taking action against those who have from time to time re-iterated the charges, to purge away the stain which will otherwise rest upon their good name. It is to be hoped that, in the interests alike of private justice, of public morality and of national honour, the Government will not only grant the investigation demanded, but will take care to have it so searching and complete that the facts shall, as far as possible, be put beyond all reasonable question. Such an investigation, whatever the result, could not fail to have a good effect as a kind of object lesson, in impressing upon the minds of all the officers and members of the militia a proper view of the high sense of honour which Canada expects to be characteristic of those to whom she entrusts the defence of the property and liberty of her citizens.

FARMERS in Ontario who are feeling the pressure of hard times resulting from low prices of farm products and other causes, may not derive much solid comfort from the interesting chart which has recently been issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, but they will at least be convinced that nothing is to be gained by removal across the lines. The chart in question represents to the eye by means of a row of triangular diagrams the results of a comparison between Ontario and nine States of the American Union with respect to the average yearly value to the farmer, per acre, during a period of six years (1882-1887), of the crops of wheat, barley, oats, corn, rye, buckwheat, potatoes and hay, raised during that period. The diagrams represent respectively the value of ten acres in each of the above eight crops, during the six years. The authorities for prices and yields are, respectively, the United States

Department of Agriculture, Washington, and the Ontario Government Bureau of Industries. The States chosen for comparison are New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Kansas, Missouri and Iowa. The values of the products of the eighty acres during the six years declines, in the order in which the States are named above, from \$7,474 for New York to \$4,958 for Iowa, while Ontario towers above them all with a total of \$8,640. Ontario's average during the six years is shown to be better than the average of the nine States by 45.75 per cent. Another row of diagrams representing the results of a comparison between the total number of pounds of the aggregated crops produced varies considerably the order of precedence amongst the nine States. New York still leads the van with 12,963 pounds, while Missouri now brings up the rear with 12,354 pounds, but, though the variation is in this regard so slight in the case of the States, Ontario again stands high above them all with a total of 18,300 pounds. Another diagram of a different kind on the same chart shows by means of an arrangement of red and black squares the proportion of products of Canadian farms taken by Great Britain and by the United States respectively during the consecutive years from 1868 to 1889. That which strikes the eye in this table is that whereas during the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty and up to 1872, the United States took about one-third more of Ontario's agricultural products than Great Britain; since that period the proportions have been about reversed, the Mother Country now taking on the average about sixty and the United States about forty per cent. During 1888 and 1889, however, there has been a tendency towards equalization, the percentages being Great Britain about fifty-two and the United States about forty-four per cent. The chief lesson taught, as it is no doubt the one intended to be taught by the carefully prepared diagrams, is that of the marked superiority of Ontario as an agricultural country over even the best of the neighbouring States. It can be, as we have intimated, no real consolation to a generous mind, when circumstances are not so prosperous as could be wished, to know that other persons somewhat similarly situated are still less prosperous, but the fact will pretty certainly have the effect of preventing the former from wishing to exchange places with the latter. It is to be noted, however, that the exodus of Canadians, so much deplored, has not been as a rule to the farms, but to the cities and manufacturing districts of the United States.

RUMOURS of an impending dissolution of Parliament are once more flying thick and fast through the streets of London. How much ground for these rumours is afforded by the present state of feeling in the British Ministry it is impossible at present to determine. Lord Salisbury and his Cabinet have at least the faculty of knowing how to keep their own counsel. It is very likely, however, that their own minds are as yet undecided, and that the decision may be largely influenced by the course of events during the present session. All parties must now be pretty well tired of the unusually bitter contentions which have marked recent proceedings, culminating the other day in the suspension of Labouchere. One honourable tradition of the British Parliament which one could hope to see handed down intact to posterity is that the word of a member of Parliament is the end of all controversy in regard to the matter of fact concerning which he affirms. To openly challenge the truthfulness, not merely of a member of Parliament but of a Minister of the Crown, is a thing which is happily of rare occurrence. An incident of so bad omen would to a certain extent be deprived of its significance by the fact that the offender was Labouchere, were it not for the further fact that his bold imputation was loudly cheered by many members of the Opposition. Whether it was the veracity of the Attorney-General or of the Premier himself which was thus called in question is not made quite clear by the despatches, nor does it much matter. The dignity of debate was promptly vindicated in this instance by the suspension of the offender. That which makes the incident specially noteworthy is the bitterness of feeling of which it was but one of many indications. When the spirit of political opposition degenerates into personal dislike on the part of many members on both sides of the House, there can be little hope of further useful legislation by that Parliament. There is too good reason to believe, moreover, that these animosities are likely to manifest themselves among electors as well as members whenever the battleground is shifted to the constituencies. This tension of personal feeling—for which the huge blunder of the *Times'* charges and the Parnell Commission are no

doubt largely responsible—combined with the influence of exciting political questions such as those of Home Rule, the tithe system, the educational question, etc., bids fair to make the next election, come when it may, the most important that has taken place in Great Britain for many years. The chances are, however, that the great struggle will be postponed for at least another year.

THE brilliant and venerable Dr. Pressensé has been carrying on a discussion in the columns of the *Christian World* with Mr. Snape, the President of the Peace Society in Liverpool, on the subject of the present state of Europe and especially of France, in respect to war. In a closing reference to the matter Dr. Pressensé reiterates his previously expressed views to the effect that he is in favour of international arbitration, opposed to anything like aggressive warfare, ready to vote with a quiet conscience for all military measures necessary for effective national defence. He does not hesitate to declare that he should regard it as a culpably imprudent act of simplicity for France to disarm before Germany. We do not suppose that any one would advocate anything less than simultaneous disarmament. We shall not enter into the general question, or point out that it would probably be a work of centuries for disarmament to be brought about by apostles of peace of the type of Dr. Pressensé. But we have been particularly struck with what appears a strange want of logic on the part of Dr. Pressensé and others like him in their views in respect to the part the clergy should take in patriotic warfare. Dr. Pressensé favours, he is, we think, the author of, the proposal that in France the clergy and clerical students shall be exempted from actual warfare, as unbecoming to their cloth, but shall be liable to military duty in connection with hospital and ambulance services only. Pressed rather hard on this point he wishes it to be understood that these clerical soldiers, if such they may be called, would not be shielded from danger but would perform their duties under shot and shell, and at the peril of their lives. This avoids, however, the real question, which is not one of danger but of right and wrong. The real question of conscience is not touching the exposure of their own persons to danger or death in the service of humanity, but in taking part in the slaying of enemies. One might well claim that the clerical members of the army should be examples of every Christian virtue. Why then should they be shielded from the painful duty, or denied the glorious privilege, of helping to destroy the enemy as well as to save their friends? If it be, as Dr. Pressensé maintains, that "patriotism is no less a Christian duty than peace," why should not the Christian leaders be foremost in the ranks of actual fighters? The crucial question, with the conscientious man, is, as we have seen, that of shooting or bayoneting his brethren, of one blood, in the opposing ranks. Why should the Christian leaders be spared this ordeal? Does not the very fact that Dr. Pressensé cannot reconcile such patriotic work with the sanctity of the clerical office suggest a hiatus somewhere in the logic of either his patriotism or his religion?

HOWEVER difficult it may be to determine what are the proportions of fact to fiction in the stories of Russian atrocities in Siberia, there can be no doubt that most revolting cruelties are from time to time perpetrated upon the wretched political prisoners who are sent to that terrible place of exile. The system is, in itself, an abominable cruelty, and it would be too much to expect of the military guards and gaolers of the most civilized race in Christendom, to say nothing of those of semi-barbarous Russia, that under such circumstances, and at such a distance from the central authority, it would be carried out without the grossest abuses and outrages. The time seems to have come when the public opinion of the civilized world should make itself felt, if such a thing is possible, in St. Petersburg and in the imperial palace itself. It would be well, therefore, that in every great city, public meetings should be held, and the indignant remonstrances of free peoples uttered aloud. Such remonstrances, if conveyed through the diplomatic agents of the great nations, could scarcely fail, sooner or later, to come to the ears of the Czar. Could the governments of the great powers unite in calling the Czar's attention to the matter, and urging the need of reform, there would be more reason to hope for practical results. The question forcibly presents itself whether a point has not been reached, or may not soon be reached, at which the more civilized nations will be justified, in the interests of humanity, in calling upon the Russian Government to desist from its cruelties?

Were the nation guilty of them weak Bulgaria or even Turkey, instead of mighty Russia, interposition would not have been so long delayed. It cannot surely be that even Russia will be permitted much longer to inflict such horrible barbarities upon her subjects.

A MINORITY GOVERNMENT.

NOTHING could better illustrate the present system of government in the North-West than the recent action of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories in selecting a new Advisory Council chosen out of the minority in the Legislative Assembly. It is true that the Governor appealed first to the majority to form a Council, but the majority were precluded by their own record from forming a Council unless their contention was admitted, viz., that the Assembly should have full control of the Territorial finances, both those derived from purely local sources and those voted by the Dominion Government for territorial purposes, i.e., the Dominion grant. This the Governor refused to admit. A similar refusal was the source of the trouble of which something has been heard, and it would be curious politics on the part of any majority to form a "government" during the recess on terms which they refused during session.

The curious feature is not, however, that Lieutenant-Governor Royal has formed a "Government" out of the minority—that was to be expected—but that he can do so with impunity. In most English countries it would be considered difficult for a minority to carry on "the business of the country." Not so in the North-West. His Honour and his little body-guard of four can run the North-West as he and they choose until next session, and, unless some change is made, they can run it right along even then, majority or no majority.

Of course such a council might have a few annoyances to submit to next session, with a hostile majority glaring and howling at them, but they can easily make that right with their consciences by calling the majority "Grits." And then a dinner at Government House with smiling aides-de-camp and numerous courses assisted by a greatly improved brand of "four per cent." may surely make up for a *mauvais quart d'heure* now and then. At the same time the Lieutenant-Governor, by appointing such a council, is not alone taking the only available course open to him, if it be true that his instructions from Ottawa prevent his acceding to the demands of the Assembly, but also the best possible course to show how reasonable those demands are, and that they are reasonable needs no extensive argument to show.

In the Dominion the Governor-General, as in the Provinces the Lieutenant-Governors, theoretically appoints the Executive Council. That the same form is followed in the Territories Act is proper enough. But as long as the control of the money is in the hands of the representatives of the people, the practical appointment of the Executive Council, Dominion or Provincial, is, as we all know, where it should be. All modern Governments amongst the various sections of the English-speaking race are based on this power to withhold supplies. This is so trite a truth that it would be waste of words to state it, were it not that the apparent theory of government in the North-West is precisely the reverse. There the local assembly cannot withhold supplies, so that the form of words which empowers the Lieutenant-Governor to appoint his own Executive Council, or "Advisory Council" as it is called, which is merely a form elsewhere, is a certain and most unpleasant reality there. The Lieutenant-Governor can, as a matter of fact, keep his Council in office if the whole Assembly were against them, and the Assembly is powerless to prevent it.

We have said the Assembly cannot withhold supplies. It is true that the Assembly can withhold about \$16,000 out of a total of \$160,000 in round numbers, that being the amount which the Lieutenant-Governor admits to be under its control. The balance is easily seen to render the Advisory Council totally independent of the Assembly. This is not representative government in any sense of the word, and it cannot but seem, on the face of it, that the Dominion Parliament, in giving the Territories its present Constitution—that is, a Legislative Assembly of twenty-two members, out of which the Lieutenant-Governor shall select four to "act as an Advisory Council on matters of finance"—never intended that those four should be persons who did not possess the confidence of the Assembly, as last session showed plainly they did not.

What then results if the majority refuses either to support a council of the Lieutenant-Governor's choosing or to suggest one of their own? That is for those who dispute the contention that they should have control of all the funds to find out. The majority have a constitutional right to take either course. If, by so doing, they show that upon no other basis than that of control of the funds can the present constitution be worked, then that control should be given or the constitution changed.

This is not all, however. It seems that when the present constitution was given, the Lieutenant-Governor conceded the right at first of full financial control to the Assembly, and under that arrangement the Assembly, who were then consolidating their "ordinances," or local statutes, bestowed many other powers on the Advisory Council by interpreting the words "Lieutenant-Governor in Council" where they occurred in the ordinances, to mean the Lieutenant-Governor by and with the consent "of the Advisory Council."

This was right enough as long as it was understood that the Advisory Council was to have the confidence of the Assembly. But when the "trouble" occurred, and it became apparent that the Lieutenant-Governor both could and would choose his Advisory Council from the minority, things became different. When it is understood that amongst other powers conferred upon the "Lieutenant-Governor in Council" that of appointing the Board of Education for the Territories, which administers all educational matters in the North-West is included, it will be seen how necessary it was for the Assembly to change the meaning of the words "Lieutenant-Governor in Council" where they occurred in the ordinances; this they did. They brought in an ordinance declaring the words "Lieutenant-Governor in Council," as used in the ordinances, to mean the Lieutenant-Governor by and with the advice and consent "of two members of the Legislative Assembly to be selected from time to time by the Assembly."

One would suppose that the Assembly could amend its own ordinances, but it seems not. The Dominion Government have disallowed this ordinance. THE WEEK, not very long ago, gave a doubtful approval to this disallowance. It would be curious to know on what grounds. It would be still more curious to know on what grounds the Dominion Government disallowed it, none having yet been authoritatively given.

We have left alone the wearisome details of the "trouble" between the Lieutenant-Governor and the Assembly. In brief, the Assembly wants control of all the Territorial finances, of which the Dominion grant forms by far the larger part. The Lieutenant-Governor says he cannot give them this control under the Act, although he gave it at the first session, withdrawing it the next. We think that if without such control the Lieutenant-Governor can select and keep in office an Advisory Council which does not possess the confidence of the Assembly, sufficient reason is shown why such control should be conceded. In showing, as he has just done, the state of affairs created in the absence of such control, the Lieutenant-Governor is doing the Territories a distinguished service.

F. T. F. W.

LONDON LETTER.

THERE are people in this work-a-day world who are, I think, enchanted, and who, feeling everything immensely, yet cannot express what they wish to say. One has often met these tongue-tied folk, practically dumb. In the fairy stories when the right prince or princess arrives then the spell is broken, and in real life a skilful sympathetic touch will often act the part of a magic wand. But one has known cases where from some cause the enchantment has lasted all ways.

And it seems to me, an onlooker in the Globe theatre, that Mr. Benson is one of these unfortunates. Beyond the fact that to excel in his profession one requires a rare combination of gifts (so rare, indeed, old play-goers will tell you, that there come not more than four real actors in a century) he is handicapped by an expression of face at times so curiously immobile, by a manner occasionally so hard and graceless that it takes a very patient audience to discover whether under all this austerity he has any feeling for the beautiful verse which he repeats in such an unmoved fashion. Mr. Benson has reached a certain position by dint of perseverance; but, like Vanderdecken, I think he must beat for ever towards that point which he can never round. Yet he tries so hard, does this well-looking shrewd young man. He is always letter-perfect. One can be sure he will speak his lines correctly. But something is wanting ("a little more and how much, and a little less and how far away") before one can hope to be an actor, something which we all miss from the first word to the last. Perhaps we are not able to explain what we wish, though it is clear in our own minds nevertheless; and perhaps much of our dissatisfaction is due to Mr. Benson's ambition. Supposing we were to leave Shakespeare alone for a time (and for my part I think Londoners say, as regards the Bard and his work, that if they can't have Irving in the plays they must politely decline to attend) and were to try a modern comedy? I have heard his ill-success put down to all manner of reason, but people have never insisted on the true one, which is that he has mistaken his own power, the power of his leading lady, and the power of his own company. If he were to turn resolutely away from attempting that which he is incapable of performing, and were to give us an everyday piece in which everyday acting alone is required, I believe Mr. Benson would do well yet. If, on the contrary, he insists on going through with the rest of his ambitious rôles, most surely Shakespeare will spell ruin for him.

It is impossible to criticize "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that exquisite faultless fairy story of which I heard someone speak yawningly at the end of the play "as a slight thing with a few pretty lines." Here it is made more exquisite still by Mendelssohn's music, to which the elves and sprites at the Globe trip and sing delightfully. Even the heavy handling of the Benson company, even the excitable, not to say awkward Fairy Queen, and the stiff Oberon who thought only of his fine attitudes and nothing of his lines, could not destroy the delicate grace and beauty of the loveliest of Dreams. Oberon gabbled over his charming compliment to Elizabeth (can't you imagine how Her Majesty smiled, as the actor, in the centre of the stage, directed this pretty speech straight at where the Queen sat, twinkling in diamonds among her ladies) or gave directions to the

"merry wanderer of the night"—a Puck, by the way, worthy of the Seven Dials—in such an incoherent fashion he might have been speaking Choctaw. Titania made nothing of anything, and worse than nothing of these beautiful lines in which she cries out against the wind and rain. Indeed, I think if the author had been in the house he would have been tempted to lie down on the floor of his box to the end of the performance, as did Dickens in his anguish at a dramatized version of "Nicholas Nickleby."

"Do you realise," said my companion as the curtain fell on the usurpation by the Fairies of the stage on which Bottom and his friends had acted a moment before, "do you realise the Pyramus and Thisbe which they rehearse in the wood is different to the play they give in the Palace?"

As we went past the looped wreaths decorating in a Midsummer fashion the corridor of the theatre my companion told me a curious little fact about one part of the music. He says that Mendelssohn, trying to compose the fairy dance in act four, was interrupted by one of his children who begged him to come and play in the garden. The musician paying no attention to the appeal, the child caught at his moving hand and so produced a peculiar and beautiful chord, a sort of shirred movement, which Mendelssohn, after a game in the garden, let us hope, introduced into the Fairies' Dance.

If Mr. Benson finds this more or less of a disastrous season (by the way this gentleman is not a son of the Archbishop of Canterbury: a remark which may remind you of Vincent Crummies) in his small theatre in the Strand, what will Mr. Barnum's losses be like at Olympia? Those who know say he has dropped at least fifty thousand pounds at the vast unlucky place out at Kensington. How did he ever expect to recoup? He comes over here with an inferior circus, and a handful of monstrosities, and begins the campaign by charging theatre prices for his seats. In London very few of the better class care for this sort of entertainment. Hengler's, our only circus this side the Thames, has ceased to draw, though over Waterloo Bridge, at famous Astley's the crowds are as great as they were in the days when Kit and Barbara eat oranges in the gallery. But the audience there has never been aristocratic; rather, indeed, of the unwashed order, who scream with delight in the shilling places, and are apt to shower with orange-peel the swells, mostly small shopkeepers, in three shilling stalls. It was at first considered the smart thing to make up parties for Barnum's, and the quality sat patiently in boxes, smothered with dust and dirt from the flying hoofs of the horses, to watch a show certainly bigger than anything they had seen in their native land. Bigger, but not better! "Nero," even admitting the terrible music, and the lengthy choruses, and the interminable ballets, was pronounced more or less a success, but I cannot think the monstrosities were viewed with that surmised approbation and pleasure, which, from the giants at one end of the rude ill-decorated platform to the Aztecs at the other, these freaks seemed to consider as their due. Whatever may have been the cause, whether it was the horrible crushing at the doors, or the rowdy look of the place, when at last you did get in, or the combined odours when you sat down, it is certainly true that the more fastidious classes did not after a while patronize Barnum to any great extent, so the skeleton dude was left to puff his cigarette-smoke in the faces of 'Arriet and 'Arry, who enjoyed his attentions, while the bearded lady occupied her leisure moments in selling her life for a penny, not to Lady Clara Vere de Vere, but to Mary the housemaid and John the groom. Sometimes the audience expressed in a more or less low tone (for fear of assault and battery from the objects before them) their belief that the bearded lady was only a man, or that her beard was false—and this in the face of her statement that she possessed a moustache and mutton-chop whiskers at three years of age. Sometimes they murmured their disappointment that the fat lady was no fatter ("She ain't really bigger than Martha, I declare," said one), but over the two-headed boy, over the appalling little Midgets, and the man with no arms, there was no word of disapprobation. Apropos of the two-headed boy, I saw the two heads talking to and answering each other, so there must be two minds in the poor wizened creature, though there is but one body and one pair of legs. It (they!) never walks; if it moves alone from its chair, it overbalances and falls; but it is more or less contented, they tell you, and quietly proud of its personal appearance.

Barnum's is closed now, and the great hall which has brought nothing but ill-luck to any of its lessees, is again to let. The public houses about, notably the "Hand and Flower," near to the railway-bridge, have made their fortunes and the latter is going to retire at once. The "Hand and Flower," at all events, has cause to bless the name of the great Yankee showman, and should christen, at least, one son by his name, in grateful remembrance of a glorious and prosperous winter season. WALTER POWELL.

DR. KUHNEMANN has found, says *The Medical Record*, in sections of warts (*verruca vulgaris*) a bacillus which is always present in the prickle layer. It has distinctive qualities as regards its capacity for colour, and is found both between and in the cells. Its form is that of exceedingly delicate, slender rods, the thickness bearing the proportion to the length of one to six. It is seldom found in the skin surrounding the warts, and is found most plentifully when the wart is recent.

SONNETS.

I.

I, LIKE a ghost, revisiting the earth,
Find once familiar sounds and sights full strange;
There's something lost to me where'er I range;
I am not as the men I meet. The birth
Of day that with imperial glory crowns
The sky, the air, the stream, the tree, the flower,
Seems pale and sickly, and its gracious dower
Of jocund beams, is dulled with darkling frowns

As though the mighty sun, himself bereaved,
Were growing weary, and Titanic pain
Deprived his daily task of its great gain
Of joy beneficent, and he were grieved,
And never more would gladly mount on high,
Nor meet his worlds with an untroubled eye.

II.

Full oft I fancy that I smell the sea
Which made and mingled with my cradle's breath,
Full oft I dream that, thwart the gulf of death,
I scent flower-breathings from eternity.
Around are wonders we hold not in fee;
Within us paths we cannot all explore,
Winding away to that untravelled shore,
Whose growling seas nor time nor life can flee.

And there are subtle chords which bind our souls,
Chords which can stretch o'er continents and seas,
Chords which the fingers of emotion thrill,
And with this globe, a tender music rolls,
The music of soul-spheres, whose notes appease
Pained bosoms, which with blissful lays they fill.

III.

Deep pain, great gladness, rock strength, shifting sands,
And moody dreamings, and the cares of time
Make up my life, which seems, at times, a chime
Of bells discordant, rung by madmen's hands:
Now clanging festal notes, now knelling doom,
And rolling resonant fear, thro' tempests dark,
O'er thundering seas, to some far-foundering bark,
From whence, in vain, distressful signals boom.

Another turn, and joyful peal on peal,
Makes the brain's belfry ring and rock with glee;
The cloudless heavens, lit up with love, reveal
Eternal hope, and on the placid sea
Shed peace, while stately ships, my hand in thine,
Convey us twain across the singing brine.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

A THEOLOGICAL THAW.

THE Westminster Confession has until recently been regarded by Presbyterians with nearly as much reverence as the Bible. Time has told on it, however; the limbs of the Presbyterian body have outgrown it. A more liberal ideal of what a theological garb should be shows it to be wanting in important particulars, and to have been constructed on principles too narrow. It suited the Presbyterians of an age when as yet science was not. It was large enough for them. To-day it is too contracted and is in places outworn.

Dr. McCosh, the late President of Princeton College, pointed out one grand defect; he said there was no room for love in the whole grim edifice. This was referred to last Sunday evening in St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, by Mr. Herridge, whose sermon was itself a part of the theological thaw, and directly and indirectly drew attention to the broadening tide, going whither? The action of the New York Presbytery a short time ago was at once instructive and wholesome. Clergymen, ministers of broad liberal views are determined to abandon the dangerous, if not dishonest policy of keeping their doubts or divergences to themselves. The noble Achilles abhorred the man who thought what he dared not speak. Abhorrence is not the sentiment to cherish for a religious teacher who cloaks unpopular convictions, but contempt.

Mr. Herridge took for his text the 10th verse of the 7th chapter of Ecclesiastes, which is a Hebrew way of giving Horace's sneer at the lauders of other days. It was very properly asked—if in other days men reasoned out a theology from the Scriptures, why should they not be able equally as well or better to reason out a theology from the Scriptures to-day? Why indeed? The materials for Biblical exegesis are more abundant; learning profounder; and a knowledge of the past better.

I heard Lord Westbury, speaking in the House of Lords, say it would be a good thing for England and humanity if every law-book then in existence was thrown into the fire. I do not say it would be a good thing if every treatise on systematic theology, if every creed, if the tomes of useless and puerile speculation were consigned to the flames, because humanity might be tempted to repeat its errors in religious speculation if these monuments of failure were not strewn along the paths of history. Whatever theory may be formed of the origin of the Bible, nobody but a fanatical atheist of the Bradlaugh school doubts that its study is calculated to inspire and guide. The *afflatus* in the Prophets, especially in Isaiah, Ezekiel, Hosea and Zechariah is wonderful; you feel the sough of

the Seraphim's wings, and the glow from the fire on the Altar makes your cheeks burn. The calming influence of the Gospels, especially of John's, is what is found in no other writings. One book comes near that—that attributed to Thomas a Kempis. In some of the Psalms, in the Epistles of all the Apostles and in the Revelations there is a horror of sin, i. e., wilful action against laws laid down in part indeed in those writings, but clear to reason, easily discovered by any that are bent on doing right, some of them enforcing their own sanctions. In the early books—take again what view you like of their origin—we have a picture of priceless value of the young world, and the simple stories always enforce a good moral. Review that varied literature: cosmogony, law, history, rhapsody, sermon, idyl, letter, a vast country with green valley and purling stream; mountains towering in snow-capped majesty; extensive plains; pastoral and agricultural scenes; shaggy forests; glens deep in gloom; silver falls spanned with rainbow light—your theological surveyor comes and he puts it all on a chart for you? How can he? And if he makes you believe you have only to study your chart to know the country, what incalculable harm he does you! No! Go and climb alone the mountain sublimity of Isaiah, or watch with David the storm come up from the Mediterranean; walk over Palestine with Him who spake as never man spake, or accompany Paul in his strenuous journeys, and leave the stranger behind. "The professional theologian," said Mr. Herridge, "has not a monopoly of the light that lighteth every man that cometh into this world."

The drift of his argument was that instead of growing worse things were becoming better; that a truer conception of God's character is every day outlining itself; that creeds were made as a rule to meet a danger to the Church which had now passed away; that this is a transition period; that the iconoclast may appear to have a momentary advantage, but it would be but momentary; that "the higher criticism" might be destructive, but the highest would be constructive, and that all would be well. He made an apt and beautiful use of Christ's walk with the two disciples to Emmaus. Thus, he said, He first reasons with unwilling sceptics, and then flashes the full truth on their souls.

We may be sure all will be well. We need not be surprised that people who know how necessary to the very existence of society it is to have sure anchorage in eternity, and who have been taught that there can be neither faith nor hope without props and pillows which in no way support the edifice, perhaps deface it—we need not wonder if such persons are alarmed when they see one prop after another disappear. The vagaries into which the "inner light" has led fanatics in other days are in the minds of many, who cling desperately to the burthens which the waves of time and the flux of thought have already undermined. Surely, however, it is the most faithless thing that can be conceived to fear. If there is a God and a Providence, if there are unseen Powers who take an interest in human affairs, all real progress must be a progress towards a nearer glimpse at the skirts of the great Force of whose feet the stars are but the dust.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

PARIS LETTER.

THERE is one lesson the Duc d'Orleans and his party, can learn from the violation of the banishment laws, the complete indifference of the public respecting the political escapade. With all its shortcomings, the nation, true to its electoral verdict, loves the Republic still. The Duke of Orleans is not even the lion of the day. Gabrielle Bompard and the learned lions at the New Circus cut him out. At the same time he is an actuality. Parisians relish all that teases their governments—Louise Michel one day; extinct Boulanger another; the Duc d'Orleans a third. Each incident is a novelty, and spices life during twenty-four hours.

The Bonapartists are to be pitied. The Comte de Paris renounced the right divine inheritance of the Comte de Chambord, and appropriated the "appeal to the people" platform of the Bonapartes. The Duke of Orleans follows his father's example, political thievery is hereditary, though not in the Decalogue, and filches from the same party, the "patriotic adventurism" of Prince Louis Napoleon at Strasbourg and Boulogne-sur-mer. The plot of the *vaudeville* is simple; the Comte de Paris and his brother the Duc de Chartres, (the latter's daughter, the Princesse Marguerite, is the fiancée of the Duke of Orleans,) experienced a sudden desire to visit the West Indies, and set out three weeks ago. The Duke of Orleans when his hour—the stroke of twenty-one years of age—arrives, sets out for Paris, to be enrolled as a conscript in accordance with the military law, that each citizen must serve three years under the flag. But a superior law, one of exception, and so bad, yet nevertheless the law, prohibits him from entering France, and further he received no summons to come and be enrolled as conscript, and knew he would receive none, without which he was not to appear. Now no young man on arriving at twenty-one years is ever overlooked. If he fail to respond to the summons, he is gazetted as a deserter.

Accept the Duke's alleged motive, red hot patriotism to serve his country, he would have served it better by setting the example of obeying its laws. One soldier less on the rosters of the French army of three millions would not be missed. In deliberately defying the law, he must take the

consequences as if a simple *prolétaire*; the Code is made to be obeyed by, and to be applied to, all. It was not worth the while of the Comte de Paris and his brother going to the West Indies in order to spring a mine under the Republic. Any honest and independent individual with an ordinary knowledge of France could have told them the petard would have proved—as it has turned out to be—fizz and fiasco. France wants neither saviours of society, Kings, Emperors, nor agitations.

Instead of keeping the plot within the limits of an escapade and a *vaudeville*, the Orleanists are exploiting it as a fact of high politics, and publishing letters from the Duke and interview replies worthy of the septuagenarian diplomacy of Talleyrand, and that high-falutinism which titillates the French. The Duke recalls to those whom it may concern that he is the descendant of Henri IV.—he overlooks his great grand-father Philippe Egalité. But it is chance made him the son of a royal prince, and not of a coal porter. He is even not "his own ancestors," as the once stable boy King Murat boasted. In consequence of making capital out of an imprudence, that neither Boulanger nor Prince Victor Napoleon had the inclination to risk, the government, instead of telling him, "Be off to Switzerland, and never make such a fool of yourself again," will be forced to condemn him to the minimum punishment of two years' imprisonment, pending that M. Carnot may pardon him. A bourgeois-president extending clemency to one of the three rival heirs-apparent of the single crown of France! Oh, shade of the Sun King—Louis XIV!

The Duke of Orleans has been next to half-damned already in the eyes of the populace. The bills of fare of the prisoner's *dejeuner* and dinner are daily published, and include quite an aldermanic list of all the delicacies of the season, with the choicest wines; journals are contrasting his Belshazzar feasts with the rations of other inmates, and the starvation homes of the unemployed, and conclude he must be a true Bourbon, since he already emulates such proverbial trenchermen, as Louises XIV., XVI. and XVIII.

Our democratic period is inclement for princes. The other day an emperor, who loved Science and Schools like a Charlemagne, awoke in the morning to find his empire transformed into a United States. Panurge held there were sixty-three ways for obtaining money expeditiously, and two hundred and fourteen manners to expend it. Recently, a Bourbon prince turned trader in order to raise the wind, and he finished by being wound up in the bankruptcy court. Another prince, doubly Bourbon, has had to send his picture-gallery to the public auction mart, to meet his bills; the paintings included distinguished ancestors, not one of whom, unlike Charles Surface, he bought in. It was only then the prince learned that his so called "old masters," which he worshipped so devoutly, were not genuine. False friends imposed on him false Rubens, and it was only in the hour of poverty he detected both. The case of Prince Charles Lichtenstein is worse still. He threw himself into the vortex of Paris fast life; he had but little fortune; he was flattered to be addressed "Prince;" this forced him to find money; he drew bills on those nature's bankers, his uncles; at first they honoured his paper; later they spurned it. He was driven to apply to a Jew for aid, who accorded it at six per cent. but on condition to take part of the cash in merchandise. It was thus the prince became suddenly in possession of six waggon-loads of bacon; he could not sell it, not being a pork-butcher. The Jew found an acquaintance who exchanged the bacon against two laid-up locomotives as old as the "Rocket." A friend suggested matrimony to the prince: an "agent" secured a country-girl with a cottage home; the change was so happy that the prince became mad with joy, and is now shut up in a lunatic asylum. His young wife demanded that an inventory be taken of his "estates and property:" result—nine fitches of bacon, and two locomotives, valued at the market-price of old metal.

Who is the Duc de Luynes, that the Duc d'Orleans took into his confidence as his best man? He is the heir to one of the oldest titles of the old French nobility. An ancestor, the Constable of France, was favourite of Louis XIII., whose confidence he won by his skill in field sports, and rose by his intrigue, and executing the assassination of Marshal d'Ancre, whose wealth he secured for himself, to the highest titles and honours, even to the command of the army, about which he knew nothing. The father of the present duke served as a private soldier for three years in the Pontifical Zouaves. He came from Rome to wed a daughter of the Duc de Doudeauville; but hearing of the Garibaldian rising he left his fiancée, and only returned to be married after the battle of Mentana, where he obtained the grade of sub-lieutenant.

His married life endured two years; he was now duke, and had two sons. He gave a large donation to the National Defence Fund, in 1870, and, leaving his young duchess, as it were, between two cradles, joined the volunteers as a private soldier, in the Pontifical Zouaves corps, and on the 1st of December, 1870, "foremost fighting fell" at Loigny. His body lay for two days among the unburied dead in the battle-field, and was only recognised by his crested finger-ring. He was but twenty-five years of age. The present duke is only twenty-two years old, and is only a few months married—the ceremony was royal—to the eldest daughter of the Boulangist Duchesse d'Uzes, herself the grand-child and heiress of Champagne Widow Clicquot. France does not forget that he did his duty like the thousands of other patriotic *braves*. It was then a shrewd selection to secure the young Duc de Luynes to stand by the ducal prisoner while violating the law. Taking all these circumstances into account; their

leading up *apropos* character; and the fact that the Comte de Paris has just brought out a selection of the letters of his father—accidentally killed in 1842—the late Duke of Orleans, a most popular prince, before the timely absence trip to the West Indies, the government may be excused in not viewing the subject as a succession of curious coincidences, but rather of a well thought-out plan; to be repudiated if it failed to score the innings. Did it make the unskillful laugh?

Mlle Lapointe was the talented head professor in the Municipal Professional Schools of design and painting; she was twenty-five years of age, and had a splendid future before her. On Thursday evening, the 6th., she caught cold on leaving her class. She died on Friday morning after an hour's illness; was incinerated on Sunday, and her ashes urned two hours after the body had been committed to the flames. Though a rigid Catholic, she ordered her remains to be cremated, which deprived her of religious burial, as the Church will have nothing to do with cremation. The funeral procession was largely composed of her lady relatives and pupils, who followed the bier to the mouth of the fiery furnace; but when the door was opened, and the devouring flames commenced to rear and leap, ladies fainted and screamed, and the girls ran away horrified. The ashes were placed in the urn, on which the deceased had herself painted her own portrait. It is less lugubrious to have an urn for your ashes in your bed room, than your satin-lined and wadded coffin, like Sara Bernhardt.

At the agricultural show now being held in the Palace of Industry, the farm and garden products of all kinds seem very excellent. There was butter made up, twelve in a box, in the shape of "obuses," exclusively for the English market. May these ever be the only shells exchanged between the two countries. A discovery for those addicted to delicacies, whether in or out of season. Snails were exhibited, prepared with truffles, and ready for grilling in their shells; others were dressed with anchovy paste.

Mackerel, which cost one franc per dozen, at Dieppe, are retailed in Paris at one franc each. A large business is being carried on in the shipping of "black soles" from England to France. The latter prohibits the traffic as far as possible, but never exercises the "right of search." Z.

IMPERIAL INDIA.—II.

EXPANSION.

DURING the last fifty years a steady expansion of territory, and consequent growth of population has been one of the most marked features of the development of our Indian empire. During the Queen's reign eight great wars have been waged in India, besides many minor military operations; ten territories have been conquered or annexed, having a population of over forty-five millions of people, and an area exceeding 500,000 square miles.

The conquest of Burmah has just added a vast new territory to the Empire, while the constant pressure brought upon the Indian Government by circumstances the most diverse is continuously enlarging the area of its influence, its protection, and its power. This process of expansion is inevitable in the East. Great States must there either advance or recede, no "standing still," policy being possible. This result may be brought about in many ways, by the failure of direct heirs to the throne of some petty state, by internal rebellion and misgovernment threatening the welfare of that part of the Empire bordering on the disturbed territory, by hostile action on the part of some petty princeling, by military necessity as in the case of Afghanistan which is now practically under British protection and within the sphere of British "influence," by the necessity of preserving the prestige upon which the whole fabric of power in Asia is erected or through some of the many other causes, which seem to make such expansion an unavoidable national necessity.

The most picturesque and interesting periods of Indian history are undoubtedly those in which great pro-consuls of the type of the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Dalhousie, and Lord Dufferin have held sway over the destinies of the Empire. But one man towers above all the rest; under the Marquis of Dalhousie the extension of territory, the improvement of government, and the amelioration of the people's condition went hand in hand.

The annexation of the Punjab; the absorption of Oudh, and the annexation of Pegu; the foundation of the modern Department of Public Works; the opening of the Ganges Canal; and the introduction of cheap postage are lasting monuments of his rule. But these are not all. He gave the first great impulse to steam communication by way of the Red Sea with England, he cut the first sod of a Indian railway, laid the first electric telegraph wire across India, inaugurated the existing system of Public Instruction, and effected almost innumerable reforms in other directions, while constantly increasing the power and enhancing the prestige of the United Kingdom in the eyes of the fickle, but easily impressed, inhabitants of the Indian peninsula.

After the suppression of the Mutiny and the proclamation of the Queen's personal rule in India began a third stage in its internal development. The foundation of British power in the East was trade, its extension has been largely due to the same cause, backed up by the force of arms, and the present position and partial prosperity of India is controlled in a similar degree by its commerce.

The India of old which traded curiosities and trinkets, jewels and silks and fancy goods, is giving way to a people

who export vast quantities of fibres, food-stuffs and manufactures. The introduction of railways; the extended use of steam-shipping, and the creation of the Suez Canal have effected this transformation. The cheapening of freights; the low value of labour; the inflow of British capital; the establishment of stable and firm Government have also combined in changing the form of Indian trade, and enlarging the scope and area of its commerce. Indian exports which were valued at a hundred millions in 1854, rose to two hundred and eighty-five millions in 1874, and increased during the succeeding thirteen years to the enormous sum of four hundred and thirty-eight millions.

The increase in the export of wheat which has been so largely assisted by the fall in the price of silver, which has caused so much alarm in the minds of western agriculturists and has increased competition in the British market to a point which is destroying the profits of its production in America, reveals an important feature in this modern expansion. There can be no doubt that large available tracts of land exist, and with an enormous supply of cheap labour at hand and future railway development it will be difficult to say what proportions the growth of this export will attain to, if the wheat itself be shipped in a cleaner condition than is now the case.

But the most extraordinary change in the trade of India has been the destruction of the ancient hand-loom of the native by the factories of Lancashire and the establishment of the modern manufacturer upon the ruins of the mediæval weaving-system. A mill for the manufacture of cotton yarn and cloth was set up in Bombay in 1854. By 1884 there were over 100 cotton and jute mills at work in India, having 22,000 looms, 2,000,000 spindles, and giving employment to over 110,000 people.

This rapid progress in the very teeth of Manchester reveals a power of future expansion which must add enormously to the wealth of India and the prosperity of its people. Labour is abundant, cheap and docile, and not given to strikes; and the native has a natural capability for textile manufacture which must make him a powerful competitor with England herself. Against these advantages must be placed the greater cost of building, etc.; the higher interest on capital in India as compared with England, and the greater cost of fuel. But, strange to say, while this process is going on to the manifest advantage of India, it does not seem to effect any injury to England. Indian imports of British merchandise which amounted in 1873 to 155 millions, rose in fifteen years to 255 millions of dollars.

In one other respect has the expansion of India during the last two decades been remarkable and that is in the warm feeling of allegiance and friendship which has grown up in the minds, and been exhibited in the actions, of the native feudatory princes of the Empire. Were it otherwise, the 300,000 soldiers which those rulers now keep—some as puppets of their military splendour, some as guards against imaginary rivals and enemies, some for the purpose of assisting the Imperial Government in time of need—would be a source of continuous menace to British power. Recent events, however, notably the three millions of dollars offered the other day by the Nizam of Haidarabad for the defence of the Indian Frontier, have proved conclusively that internal prosperity and peace has developed a strong sentiment of loyalty to the sovereign power and a vivid sense of the disasters which would accrue to the princes themselves, as well as to their people, were that all-powerful and beneficent sovereignty removed, either by internal rebellion or external aggression.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

MONTREAL LETTER.

MUCH as we are becoming accustomed these days to witness the self-adjustment of the claims of man and woman in the industrial market, we cannot yet accuse ourselves of rashness or extreme activity in aiding the self-adjustment or in smoothing the difficulties. Our philosophy may tempt us to enquire for example why it is that women are taking the professional teaching out of the hands of men; but it draws the line at proceeding to ask why it is that women are denied the same remuneration for it? It has been proved not only that a woman can teach as well as a man, but that her natural faculties give her for the work an actual advantage in tact, patience and conscientiousness. Still where a man receives say \$600 a woman is paid only \$200, in as far as can possibly be asserted the same position. The women teachers of our public schools in Montreal are endeavouring to remedy matters. Were we nearer the millennium, the men would do it for them. As it is, public sentiment is being aroused on the weak side. The Protestant Board of School Commissioners admits the justice of the claim; but to grant the petition would entail an additional annual expenditure of \$6,000, and at present the revenue does not justify such an increase. That a man's salary of \$600 and a woman's of \$200 might be averaged, by making both \$400, does not seem to have suggested itself to the learned Board; and through its chairman, the Rev. Principal MacVicar, it has made a clear explanation of its position, and a convincing appeal to the citizens to stand by it in its peculiar circumstances.

The subject of a general increase of salary is not new to the consideration of the Board, and if all the funds which ought to be at its disposal were at its disposal, this and other pressing claims might be met. The Board has made every effort to secure the realization of its hopes, with but little result so far. Its revenue is derived from taxes for educational purposes, and great dissatisfaction is naturally

felt at the distribution of these taxes. It claims that it is entitled to all the taxes that are paid by Protestants, leaving to the Catholic School Commissioners what is paid by their own followers. A Bill to remedy matters is now, for the second time, to come up before the Quebec Parliament. At present the amount of taxes levied from corporations and joint stock companies is distributed among Catholics and Protestants according to population; a system which in general ought to be fair enough, but which in our peculiar circumstances in Montreal bears on the face of it an evident and deep injustice. Keeping in mind that the large proportion of the commercial enterprises which contribute towards these taxes is Protestant, and that the large proportion of the population which receives the share is Catholic, it follows that the schools which receive the largest share are supported by money drawn from that part of the population which receives the least. Last year our Catholic schools received \$12,000 and our Protestant only \$4,000, whilst the \$12,000 is about the proportion contributed by the Protestant population and the \$4,000 by the Catholic. The Separate School system is based upon the principle that the schools of each faith shall be supported by their own adherents, and that neither shall be compelled to support the other. Under the present law Protestant schools suffer an annual loss of eight or ten thousand dollars, and, regardless of conscientious convictions, are compelled to contribute to this extent to the support of schools of the other faith. In Ontario the Protestant majority has already recognized the injustice, and have readily accorded to Roman Catholics exactly what we ask of Catholics here.

The chairman of the Board intimated to the Premier that a measure to amend the law would be presented to Parliament, and his reply was that the Council of Public Instruction had unanimously resolved that it was not expedient to make any alteration, and that no amendment might be offered without first being approved by that Council. This Council is composed of Cardinal Taschereau, ten of his bishops, eleven Catholic laymen and eleven Protestants. An appeal was made to this body. The Protestant Committee passed a resolution that the petitioners were entitled to what they asked, that they had always thought so, and that they still thought so; and made solemn declaration that the resolution of the Council referred to had never been formally put and adopted, and that the minute must be inaccurate. These facts were then laid before the Premier, but he declined to receive them or retire from his position. Since then the Board of Commissioners has used every effort to induce the Council to deal with the matter of the correctness of the minute. Meeting after meeting has been held. One resolution after another has been drawn up to no purpose. The Superintendent of Public Instruction was appealed to. He referred it to the Premier. Acting upon a promise by telegram that the Premier would call a meeting of the Council as soon as possible, the Board, under advice, delayed presenting its Bill to Parliament. The meeting of Council was delayed, Parliament opened and the Bill had to be withdrawn for a year. A petition in its favour was drawn up by the Board for signature. So red-hot are we for our own interests and the interests of others that this petition secured 3,000 out of 50,000 signatures. Let us hope that when the Board gives another opportunity we shall reverse the record.

It is a matter for surprise that in the question of an educational system like that over which our Board of Commissioners presides, in which more than half of the teachers are women, and more than half of the scholars are girls, no provision is made for their special representation in its management. Such a representation is urgently desirable, not from any equal distribution of power theory, but from the necessity of consulting the special capacity, needs and aims of such an important element. The position and learning of the members of the Board, and their general usefulness would in no way be interfered with by the addition of one (or even two) of our practical everyday matrons, who have at least one advantage over their "patient, grave and approved good masters"—that of actual contact in the letter with the provisions in hours, studies, curricula, ages, etc., which in the spirit form the object of their angust deliberations.

VILLE MARIE.

THERE are probably moths in that dazzling world which would have been angels of light and leading in the sweet meadows of virtue, and which have dashed into the flame, heaven only knows why and wherefore! I have only pity where I have not respect and veneration for women; and it is in no Pharisical humour that I tell these thousands of sophisticated and unsophisticated girls and boys, women and men, who read "Ouida," that the world she writes of is not Society, is not the world of Mayfair and Belgravia, is not a description of English mothers and sisters, and of the girls and boys who are to be the mothers and fathers of the next generation of English men and women. If it were so, God help us! Sodom and Gomorrah were white cities of paradise compared with the great toiling, self-sacrificing, soul-inspiring metropolis—this world within a world, this city where the men work harder and women are as good and true and pure and self-denying as any that history ever dealt with! Do we judge the populace by the men in our prisons? Do we estimate our culture by the coster of the streets? Do we denounce all statesmen because of the one or two time-servers? Do we call every person a thief because one man stole an umbrella? Do we found our verdict touching English art on the works of mediocrity? —*Old Lamps and New, by Joseph Holton.*

THE WIND.

THY harp strings are the crags, oh, wind!
And by thy strains beguiled,
I am as if I had not sinned,
A raptured, wondering child.

No melody like thine, I know,
So soothes the soul's unrest;
No dulcet siren lures me so,
To quit life's bootless quest.

I love thee on the sunny beach,
When the ships sail gaily by,
And the sea-gulls swing o'er the billowy reach,
That blends with the drooping sky.

For then thou playest to the dancing waves,
That merrily come and go;
And in every wave the shore that laves,
Is a mermaid singing low.

But 'tis when wilder passions stir,
Thy free impetuous muse,
When tugs its roots the stalwart fir,
And snaps its woody thews,

When riggings shriek o'er clinging crews,
And ominous thunders the wave
On the cliff, that never mercy sues,
And sings the sonorous cave,

'Tis then, oh, wind! thou hold'st me fast,
Thy music thrills me thro';
My soul's uplifted on the blast—
In the storm-chord vibrates true.

Ottawa, Feb., 1890.

ANDREW C. LAWSON.

THE RAMBLER.

PROPOS of the Laureateship, shall it be suffered to cross the ocean? And, if so, who among the younger American poets shall be found worthy to wear the laurel? Of Lowell and Whittier it may truly be said—and perhaps of Mr. Aldrich as well—that they were never in better literary form than at present, and never appealed to a larger public, but for all that they are poets of only the second order. The more strikingly original Americans—Whitman, Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, have never come up to the expectations entertained of them. The elegant Edgar Fawcett is long since written out. Even a handsomely edited *Magazine of Poetry* does not make for great names, nor launch any very powerful or original song. Could it then fall to the lot of any colonial singer? The impassioned Australians, Gordon, Kendall and Domett—it could never have gone to them, despite many and great gifts, for their subjects were alien to English minds, and all their work was governed by strictest limitations. Anglo-Indians are hardly represented, and Africa is nowhere. And Canadians—*Canadians!*—why, we have so many singers now that the wreath would have to be split into very many fragments indeed before the rival cliques would be satisfied with its disposition.

Mention of the Australian poets calls to my mind the fact that the February *Atlantic* contains a rambling notice of "Antipodean Verse," which is not kind. It is not exactly cruel either, but the writer is evidently incapable of comprehending the colonial situation considered from a literary point of view. How should he, a citizen doubtless of that Republic which has fostered so carefully the veriest pigmy of a shrub as well as the taller and more grandiose flora, understand the difficulties in the way of those Australians? With such an exceptional market as the United States has always afforded, and with that magnificent intensity of national feeling back of it, no native American can possibly sympathize with the Anglo-Australian or Anglo-Canadian who lacks both market and national stimulus. Poor Gordon! His heart was ever in England although he loved his adopted country too. Horne, another Antipodean poet, Richard Hengist Horne, wooed the refractory British public in a venture called "Orion." It is not a little singular that one of the first and still best volumes of verse written by a Canadian bears a similar title.

Still talking about the laurel, the progressiveness of the sex makes it not improbable that it may one day be offered to a woman. Now, if that were possible, I know what name ought to leap to the lips of all who love our pure and beautiful English literature, that of Jean Ingelow. I very much fear this truly gifted writer is not read as much as she should be in these modern days. Her poems duly appear as prizes at school-closing, but rarely elsewhere. People read Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Amelie Rives, and the dreary, dreary magazine verses and sonnets that crop up everywhere—the product of the industrious female brain. Woman's verse is apt to be either very hum-drum, goody-goody and unattractive, or else feverish, erratic, dissatisfied, unnatural and even abandoned. To strike the true feminine note, domestic yet not didactic, tender yet not voluptuous, spiritual yet not diseased, has been given to very few women. But Miss Ingelow is one of these. Her poetry came, a swift and mighty revelation in the sixties to thousands on both sides of the Atlantic.

Now, alas, the younger generation in the nineties is in danger of remaining ignorant of her existence. The London *Athenæum* said when its harassed critic read her first unpretentious volume: "Here is the unmistakable touch and breath of freshness; the clear, early carol and dewy light. Here is the presence of genius, which cannot easily be defined, but which makes itself surely felt in a glow of delight such as makes the old world young again."

I suppose very few Canadians had ever heard of Emily Pfeiffer. She visited Canada some seven years ago and recorded her impressions in a work dealing with travel entitled "Flying Leaves from East to West." She was a woman of much spirituality, delicate in health, exclusive, and perhaps a trifle singular, but possessed of fine literary instincts. England has produced very few female poets of eminence since the death of Mrs. Browning, and during the publication of Mrs. Pfeiffer's poems—six volumes or more—critical interest ran very high; as it was seen that the writer's power of work was equal to that of many men already prominent in literature. But while careful, spiritual, and impassioned to a degree her poetry was lacking in the creative element which chiefly marks the supreme artist. The "Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock" is, nevertheless, a fine poem of the ballad order sufficiently well sustained to challenge comparison with Rossetti's "King's Tragedy" and "Rose-Mary." Mrs. Pfeiffer took much more than the amiable society interest of a cultured and wealthy dame (her husband, whose premature death was the cause of her own sad removal, being worth one million pounds sterling) in the various conditions of her sex, and was emphatically a supporter of all schemes for the higher education and enfranchisement of women. Even the divided skirt is claimed as having at one time engrossed her attention and enlisted her patronage. Her hospitality at Mayfield, Putney, was never lavishly bestowed but not grudgingly either. "Gerard's Monument," "Glan-Alarch; His Silence and Song," "Quarterman's Grace" and "The Fight at Rorke's Drift," are among her best known works.

I knew that my remarks on the subject of Theosophy would unearth some of its disciples. A correspondent, evidently extremely *esoteric* in his tendencies, writes to say that "Theosophy is not a religion at all but a philosophy and does not attach any more weight to the teaching of the law of Karma by the Buddhist system, than to the propagation of the same doctrine in the Christian faith, to the effect that 'Whatsoever a man sows, that will he also reap.'"

All this is perfectly well known to the "Rambler" and was understood when the notes alluded to were penned. But whether considered as a religion or a system of ethics, Theosophy exists fashionably in modern London circles as the sport, the toy, the pastime of the hour, and it was in this connection that I drew attention to the curious vagary—the discussion in circles, not warranted as far as thought and sympathy go to deal with them adequately, of matters so spiritual and far-reaching.

I shall next expect to hear from a Buddhist. There are several in town, and one I am specially familiar with. I am sure he will be glad to confess that his home is in Tibet. Tibet, I mean; the *Contemporary* spells it without a "t."

To the courtesy of the Rev. Canon Du Moulin I am indebted for a survey of the recent wonderful improvements in the Cathedral. My words refer, of course, to the edifice known as St. James' Cathedral, our most interesting Anglican monument. The German saying, "All that Time brings, Time also sweeps away." Therefore have the fathers recorded the deeds of men for their grandchildren," was forcibly recalled to my mind as I stood at the extreme south-west corner of the building and looked up at the noble arches that were for the first time fully revealed through the absence of the galleries. Time may indeed sweep away much, and it is good to have a place such as this wherein may be recorded some of the worthy names that must not ever be forgotten. Fitting shrine, at last, will be the unanimous verdict of all who love the associations indelibly connected with the churches of old England for the memorial tablets to Toronto's venerable, martyred and distinguished dead. As my eye traversed the graceful gothic of its arches, the Cathedral of St. James, Toronto, had power to carry me mentally across the ocean to the beauties of Wells, with its lovely inverted arch; Salisbury, set in an unparalleled close, and Chester, Exeter, and Winchester. The remembrance will certainly be more complete and genuine when the present old-fashioned pews are discarded with their faded hassocks and drapings, to be followed by plain rush-bottomed chairs and a marble floor. The improvements in the Church are very marked and include very handsome choir stalls, a fine triple ledge of granite steps, and of course the new organ. The arrangements have been most admirably managed on the whole, although what must look very much like an upheaval to some older members of the congregation cannot but have cost it followers as well as money. There are a good many points—essential ones too—which, if proper Cathedral service is being aimed at, need looking after. No female voices should be allowed in the choir, albeit we are hearing occasionally of ladies' surpliced choirs both in Australia and the mother country. Again—but this is only a query—do the choristers wear cassocks underneath their surplices or not? The latter would appear to be longer than are ordinarily worn and somewhat different in make. The organ is a noble instrument—one of Messrs. Warren's best.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

LETTRES DU DUC D'ORLÉANS. By the Comte de Paris. (Levy.) The eldest son of King Louis Philippe was most popular in France. He was killed by a carriage accident at Neuilly, a Parisian suburb, in July, 1842. It was felt to be a national calamity,—the French funds fell four per cent—for he had all in his favour to make a popular successor to his father, who was laughed at and joked at, rather than despised and hated. The Comte de Paris no doubt has concluded, that in bringing out this selection of his father's letters he might exploit the occurrence to advance his claims to the one crown of France, which is disputed by three pretenders. The present generation, the masses, have no idea of either a kingdom or an empire; they are as ignorant of the Comte de Paris as of Prince Victor Napoleon, or Prince Jamie, son of Don Carlos, the third aspirant to the French throne. They are all ancient history due to the fact that the Republic has taken root in France, and the people have not the slightest desire to remove it.

The letters cannot be read without a certain feeling of sadness at the premature death of an heir apparent, full of chivalry and unchilled patriotism. He showed that he was endowed with many advantages for a sovereign. Destiny did not permit to test, had he all the qualities. For example, did he possess what constitutes the "grand politics"—prudence, the true appreciation of men, and the sense of reality? His known blemishes were: excessive enthusiasm; indiscriminate generosity; addiction to abstract principles—a Guizot doctrinaire, united to the chauvinism of Thiers? By his death, the reign of Louis Philippe received its death blow, bringing down at the same time, the régime of constitutional monarchy, that had been compromised by the personalism of the king; by the race for riches of the middle classes, and determination of the ministry to modernize, to let in air, and to continue the tight-lacedness of a bad copy of the English constitution.

It was in separating himself from these destructive elements, which were gnawing away his father's throne; it was the belief that the Duke of Orleans understood his epoch better, that he comprehended the wants of a society, the offspring of the Revolution, by subordinating religious tradition to political faith, that made the Duke be looked up to with so much hopeful confidence. His son, however, makes a grave error in representing the Revolution merely as a struggle of France against a coalesced Europe. Mirabeau could have founded constitutional monarchy, had Louis XVI. not been vacillating, and Marie Antoinette not hostile to a curtailing of the royal privileges. The latter collided with what the Revolution represented, an ensemble of political and social privileges, whose realization even in 1890 is very far from being achieved. The Duke of Orleans ambitioned power, to accomplish the outstanding social regeneration. His remarkable letters upon the siege of Antwerp, the riots of Paris and Lyons, the Algerian wars, etc., attest that the writer fully comprehended his mission, and might be entrusted to fulfil it. In the democratic temperament of the Duc d'Orleans there was nothing destructive, and, in his military enthusiasm, the love of peace with honour dominated.

LA PRISE DE JEANNE D'ARC DEVANT COMPIÈGNE. By Alexandre Sorel. (Picard.) Was Joan of Arc captured by the Anglo-Burgundians, or sold to them by her own friends, the Armagnacs or Charles the Seventhists, at the siege of Compiègne? M. Sorel's official position has enabled him to examine the legal archives of Compiègne on that debatable point, and he concludes that Joan did not order the sortie of the 23rd May, 1430, from the castle of Compiègne, but only obeyed the orders of Commander de Flavy, who was only too happy to have an opportunity of getting rid of the *genesse*. The sortie was undertaken at such terrible odds, that only a supernatural intervention could make it a success; Joan's troops fought desperately, but her return was cut off by the enemy, who surrounded and captured her at a corner of the chief boulevard of the town.

M. Sorel scouts the idea that De Flavy shut the gates of the town against her; the gates were closed, but to keep out the enemy—not Joan. However, he made no effort to rescue her; and more, the citizens, when they learned that the maid was captured, did not indulge in the slightest manifestation of regret. De Flavy was not bribed; nor had he a pre-decided plan to let Joan perish; but from the moment she left the castle he followed the fight from the ramparts, and was perhaps suddenly seized with the "diabolic idea," to get rid of Joan as a nuisance, by leaving her to her own resources. M. Sorel confirms what every student of history knows, that no effort was made for the release of the Maid. Charles VII. and his court liked De Flavy, regarded the brave, ill-treated Joan, also, as a *genesse*. And the English still followed suit. She was for them a fifteenth century Madhi.

PORTRAITS ÉTRANGERS. By Victor Cherbuliez. (Hachette.) These are a score of reprinted sketches that appeared in a periodical under the signature "Valbert." Many of them are well written, but are occasionally marred when the writer dips into politics, or is influenced by chauvinism. Such for example, Signor Crispi and Lord Baconfield. An academician like M. Cherbuliez ought have displayed the tranquil indifferentism of a Renan, when dealing with the lives of public men. Or, he might lay down an ideal by which public men ought to be gauged, and commence, say, by illustrating the standard with a few samples from France. Politics and cookery, as Madame de Staël observed, ought not to be examined too closely.

It would be interesting to learn, what an "Immortal" thought of the literary side of Disraeli's character; his political profile is nearly as well-known in France as in England. M. Alexandre de Haye, in his translation of Lord Beaconsfield's "Letters to his Sister," is far superior to the Academician in estimating Disraeli's ability, for he discards all those common places—so common to all men. Two strong points M. Cherbuliez does not bring out; Disraeli believed in himself, and had a defined life-aim, qualities alike excellent, whether in Whig, Tory or Radical. The author missed an excellent opportunity for drawing a comparison-picture to Disraeli's; that of a Frenchman, say Talleyrand, indicating where they fused and where they diverged. The other sketches may lead Frenchmen to fix their attention on countries exterior to the Boulevards, and "to read, mark and learn the lessons there to be studied.

SIÈGE DE PARIS. By Alfred Duquet. (Plon.) Of the making of many books, on the 1870-71 Siege of Paris, there is no end, and can only be paralleled by the multitude of volumes treating on Joan of Arc. M. Duquet has a merit and excuse. With a Benedictine patience, he has read and re-read all that has been published or accessible on the siege, whether official, officious or personal; and boiled the mass down into intelligent, co-ordinated and methodical history. It is a dramatic tale full of sensation, and international instruction, and will interest those who were spectators of the four months' lock in of two and one-half millions of souls, as well as the young, for whom it is history. The official documents connected with the orders and the operations of the army were nearly all burned by the Communists; the few that exist are under lock and key at the War Office, and are seldom allowed to be consulted.

Only the memoirs of General Trochu—written to defend himself; those of General Ducrot—to attack his adversaries, and those of General Vinoy—to excuse everybody, are officious but not the most reliable from the archives. Those who played very important rôles, as Generals Guyot, Blanchard, Smitz, etc., have remained modestly silent, abstaining from all polemics. Yet there were the quarrels between the generals, that perhaps most favoured the Prussian steel ring fence round the capital. Upwards of two and one-half millions of inhabitants daily expected deliverance by the generals. The latter had to rear them daily in the faith of success, while well-knowing extrication could only be effected by succour from without, and that the enemy assiduously prevented arriving. General Ducrot's unmanageable temper was a terrible obstruction.

M. Duquet clearly shows that Paris was badly defended, in the sense that all its available forces were not utilized. But he does not wish it to be understood, that even if these forces had been utilized, Paris could have escaped capitulation. The generals had more to fear from the *émeutiers* inside, than from the enemy outside, the city. Paris was full of the elements of social dissolution.

It is the current opinion, that all the faults committed were nothing in comparison with the errors of General Trochu. The latter simply "conducted the funeral of Paris." The defence of the capital soon became a heroic folly; the National Guard was organized too late, and its initial patriotism, left unemployed, was allowed to ebb away, when it was replaced by obsessional politics, to satisfy or hypnotize which became apparently the paramount duty of the army commanders.

PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN.*

THE first and most important fact connected with Sir Charles Dilke's very able book is that it pricks the glittering bubble of Imperial Federation, and scatters to the winds the literary and political soapbuds of which it is compounded. That such a result is achieved will call up a feeling of devout thankfulness in the minds of all who are possessed by the wider rather than the narrower patriotism, and who are above all things anxious that the future of the whole English race shall be glorious and secure. Those who desire not to establish an *imperium* for these islands, but to see the English-speaking peoples bound together by the nobler and more lasting ties of a common kinship, had begun to fear lest some inopportune and ill-considered step might be taken on behalf of the Mother Country. They dreaded a rash experiment inspired by the desire of empire for a section of the race, rather than of brotherly union for the whole, which should end in blasting for all time the promise of a destiny more auspicious than has ever before been unfolded to any portion of mankind. Fortunately, the information carefully collected and set forth in "Problems of Greater Britain" shows that the public opinion of the Colonies, even if our own people were for a moment to lose sight of their true goal, and to pursue, instead, a will-o'-the-wisp, would sternly force us back into the right path. Australian and Canadian statesmen may be too friendly and too courteous to tell our politicians that they are in the wrong; but for all that, it is clear that the leaders of Greater Britain recognize "the authentic fire," and mean to follow it. But though we pick this out as the most significant result of Sir Charles Dilke's volumes, it must not be supposed

* "Problems of Greater Britain." By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart. In 2 vols. With maps. London: Macmillan and Company.

that he draws any such direct conclusions. His attitude throughout is that of one who desires to place both sides of the question fairly before his readers. It is the irresistible logic of the facts stated in this book, rather than any attempt to argue against Imperial Federation, that hurls Lord Rosebery's idol from its pedestal.

The author of "Problems of Greater Britain" shows clearly by implication that there are only two alternatives as regards the future of the Empire,—Separation, and a system under which the Colonies shall practically stand to the mother country and to each other in the relation of autonomous States joined together by the bands of perpetual and unbreakable alliance. At first sight it may seem as if there was little or no distinction between these plans. In reality, there is a world of difference—at least for those who believe that the future belongs to the English. If in the coming ages civilized mankind is to become English, as seems at least possible, let us do our best to prevent the repetition of the evils arising from war, and from the existence of the international hatreds and jealousies of the old system. But if this is to be brought about, then everything should be done to prevent the scattered portions of the English kin from assuming a political configuration tending towards the growth of national antagonisms. Let the Colonies become as independent as they desire, or as the abolition of every restriction, real or nominal, can make them, but let us never commit the mistake of encouraging them to drift into an attitude towards each other, or towards the mother country, at all resembling that in which, unfortunately, the United States now stand to Great Britain. Let Australia, Canada, and the Cape become Republics, or reflections of our Constitutional Monarchy, exactly as pleases them best; but let us and the whole world feel that hostilities between us and them would be civil war, and no more to be contemplated than civil war. If this is made the ideal of those who feel themselves members of the English-speaking world first, and only secondly inhabitants of a particular portion of it, it is certain that what we now call the Empire may become a belt of land and sea stretching across the globe and dedicated to a common prosperity and peace. Who knows, when such an alliance has transformed the British Empire, that the United States also may not be willing to range herself beside it, and that then the sisters Powers, may not be able to impose upon the whole earth, civilized and uncivilized, not the "might and majesty" of universal dominion, but of the Pax Anglicana?

The following quotation is from his chapter on "Colonial Democracy":—

"The Conservative and resisting forces of strong Upper Houses, difficult, indeed, to create except upon the federal and provincial system, seem, however, to be little needed by our Colonies, for there is in them no such sign as is to be seen in the Mother country of the growth of extreme views hostile to the institution of property and obnoxious to the richer classes. Revolutionary Socialism, as contrasted with State Socialism, is far stronger in Europe than in our Colonies; and if it be true that the Australian Colonies, and in a less degree Canada and portions of South Africa, present us with a picture of what England will become, we shall find reason to suppose that the changes of the next few years will be much less rapid and much less sweeping than many hope and most believe. It is in Great Britain of all the countries of the world that Revolutionary Socialistic views appear to be the most generally entertained among thoughtful people at the present time. The practical programmes put forward by moderate European Socialists are indeed, mostly law in the Australian Colonies, but the larger proposals which lie behind appear to have less chance of being entertained there than they have in the Old World. The programme of the Young Democrats of the democratic republic of Switzerland contains a large number of items most of which are already the subject of legislation in Australia: the railways to be in the hands of the State, stringent labour legislation to be adopted, the separation of Church and State, and so forth. But while Swiss Social Democrats put last in their programme the item which looms largest—the nationalisation of commerce and industry, and equality of the profits of labour—they doubtless give to it the greater portion of their thought. Now, in Australia, such ideas have little weight. Revolutionary or democratic Socialism, in short, in Australia, in Canada, and in the United States, is not popular with workmen, who largely own their houses and possess land and shares; but, on the other hand, State Socialism advances rapidly in Australia. While in Canada, as in the United States, the great body of small agricultural proprietors seem disinclined to try many of the experiments of State Socialism, in Australia the householding town democracy has no such fears. The Australian Colonists feel that their Governments are Governments of the whole people, and that the people should make full use of the capacity of Government to do all that can be done.—Spectator.

THE foundation cause of the anti-Semitic prejudice is the superior business ability of the Hebrews. Ages of persecution—the denial of the Jews' right to hold land, their exclusion from public and military service—forced the vigour and brains of the race into the commercial channel. As a consequence, a genius for business has been developed in them, and in this commercial age they are reaping at once the reward of their past sufferings and revenge for the wrongs of centuries.—Exchange.

TO THE HEIGHTS.

Sic itur ad astra.

As fair to the Hebrew leader
O'er the desert pathway dun,
The distant shadowy mountains
Loomed—soft in the morning sun,

Although on their radiant summits
His feet might never stand,
And, but from the Mount of Vision,
He might view the Promised Land!

So fair on our inner vision,
As on through life we go,
Loom the shadowy hills of promise,
Soft in the morning glow:

How long is the way to reach them,
But little we heed or care;
How hard and weary the climbing
To the summits so bright and rare!

Yet still they recede before us,
And ever their promise sweet,
Like a spell they have woven o'er us,
Lures on our wandering feet:

And though we may reach them never,
Till the cold dark stream is past,
For us they shall keep their promise,
And the heights shall be ours at last!

FIDELIS.

THE HEAD OF THE DISTRICT.

(Concluded.)

IV.

IT was to the unknown district of Kot-Kumharsen that Grish Chunder Dé was travelling, there formally to take over charge of the district. But the news of his coming had gone before. Bengalis were as scarce as poodles among the simple Borderers, who cut each other's heads open with their long spades and worshipped impartially at Hindu and Mahomedan shrines. They crowded to see him, pointing at him, and diversely comparing him to a gravid milch-buffalo, or a broken down horse, as their limited range of metaphor prompted. They laughed at his police-guard, and wished to know how long the burly Sikhs were going to lead Bengali apes. They inquired whether he had brought his women with him, and advised him explicitly not to tamper with theirs. It remained for a wrinkled hag by the road-side to slap her lean breasts as he passed, crying:—"I have suckled six that could have eaten six thousand of him. The Government shot them, and made this That a king!" Whereat a blue-turbaned, huge-boned plough-mender shouted:—"Have hope, mother o' mine! He may yet go the way of thy wastrels." And the children, the little brown puff-balls, regarded curiously. It was generally a good thing for infancy to stray into Orde Sahib's tent, where copper coins were to be won for the mere wishing, and the tales of the most authentic, such as even their mothers knew but the first half of. No! This fat black man could never tell them how Pir Prith hauled the eye-teeth out of ten devils; how the big stones came to lie all in a row on top of the Khusru hills, and what happened if you shouted through the village-gate to the grey wolf at even "Badl Khas is dead." Meantime Grish Chunder Dé talked hastily and much to Tallantire, after the manner of those who are "more English than the English,"—of Oxford and "home," with much curious book-knowledge of bump-suppers, cricket-matches, hunting-runs, and other unholy sports of the alien. "We must get these fellows in hand," he said once or twice uneasily; "get them well in hand, and drive them on a light rein. No use, you know, being slack with your district."

That night there was a public audience in a broken-down little town thirty miles from Jumala, when the new Deputy Commissioner, in reply to the greetings of the subordinate native officials, delivered a speech. It was a carefully thought-out speech, which would have been very valuable had not his third sentence begun with three innocent words, "*Hamara hookum hai—It is my order.*" Then there was a laugh clear and bell-like, from the back of the big tent where a few border land-holders sat, and the laugh grew and scorn mingled with it, and the lean, keen face of Debendra Nath Dé paled, and Grish Chunder turning to Tallantire spake:—"You—you put up this arrangement." Upon that instant the noise of hoofs rang without, and there entered Curbar, the District Superintendent of Police, sweating and dusty. The State had tossed him into a corner of the province for seventeen weary years, there to check smuggling of salt, and to hope for promotion that never came. He had forgotten how to keep his white uniform clean, had screwed rusty spurs into patent-leather shoes, and clothed his head indifferently with a helmet or a turban. Soured, old, worn with heat and cold, he waited until he should be entitled to sufficient pension to keep him from starving.

"Tallantire," said he, disregarding Grish Chunder Dé, "come outside. I want to speak to you." They withdrew. "It's this," continued Curbar. "The Khusru Kheyl have rushed and cut up half a dozen of the coolies on Ferris's new canal-embankment; killed a couple of men

and carried off a woman; I wouldn't trouble you about that—Ferris is after them and Hugonin, my assistant, with ten mounted police. But that's only the beginning, I fancy. Their fires are out on the Hassan Ardeb heights, and unless we're pretty quick there'll be a flare up all along our border. They are sure to raid the four Khusru villages on our side of the line: there's been bad blood between them for years; and you know the Blind Mullah has been preaching a holy war since Orde went out. What's your notion?"

"Damn!" said Tallantire, thoughtfully. "They've begun quick. Well, it seems to me I'd better ride off to Fort Ziar and get what men I can there to picket among the lowland villages, if it's not too late. Tommy Dodd commands at Fort Ziar, I think. Ferris and Hugonin ought to teach the canal thieves a lesson, and . . . No, we can't have the Head of the Police ostentatiously guarding the treasury. You go back to the canal. I'll wire Bullows to come into Jumala with a strong police-guard, and sit on the treasury. They won't touch the place, but it looks well."

"I—I—I insist upon knowing what this means," said the voice of the Deputy Commissioner, who had followed the speakers after an interval.

"Oh!" said Curbar, who being in the Police could not understand that fifteen years of education must, on principle, change the Bengali into a Briton. "There has been a fight on the Border, and heaps of men are killed. There's going to be another fight, and heaps more will be killed."

"What for?"

"Because the teeming millions of this district don't exactly approve of you, and think that under your benign rule they are going to have a good time. It strikes me that you had better make arrangements. I act, as you know, by your orders. What do you advise?"

"I—I take you all to witness that I have not yet assumed charge of the district," stammered the Deputy Commissioner, not in the tones of the "more English."

"Ah, I thought so. Well, as I was saying, Tallantire, your plan is sound. Carry it out. Do you want an escort?"

"No; only a decent horse. But how about wiring to head-quarters?"

"I fancy, from the colour of his cheeks, that your superior officer will send some wonderful telegrams before the night's over. Let him do that, and we shall have half the troops of the province coming up to see what's the trouble. Well, run along, and take care of yourself—the Khusru Kheyl job upwards from beneath, remember. Ho! Mir Khan, give Tallantire Sabib the best of the horses, and tell five men to ride to Jumala with the Deputy Commissioner Sahib Bahadur. There is a hurry toward."

There was; and it was not in the least bettered by Debendra Nath Dé clinging to a policeman's bridle and demanding the shortest, the very shortest way to Jumala. Now originality is fatal to the Bengali. Debendra Nath should have stayed with his brother who rode steadfastly for Jumala on the railway line, thanking gods entirely unknown to the most catholic of universities that he had not taken charge of the district, and could still—happy resource of a fertile race!—fall sick.

And I grieve to say that when he reached his goal two policemen, not devoid of rudé wit, who had been conferring together as they bumped in their saddles, arranged an entertainment for his behoof. It consisted of first one and then the other entering his room with prodigious details of war, the massing of bloodthirsty and devilish tribes, and the burning of towns. It was almost as good, said these scamps, as riding with Curbar after evasive Afghans. Each invention kept the hearer at work for half-an-hour on telegrams which the sack of Delhi would hardly have justified. To every power that could move a bayonet or transfer a terrified man, Grish Chunder Dé appealed telegraphically. He was alone, his assistants had fled, and in truth he had not taken over charge of the district. Had the telegrams been despatched many things would have occurred; but since the only signaller in Jumala had gone to bed, and the station-master after one look at the tremendous pile of paper discovered that railway regulations forbade the forwarding of imperial messages, policemen Ram Singh and Nihal Singh were fain to turn the stuff into a pillow and slept thereon very comfortably.

Tallantire drove his spurs into a rampant, skewbald stallion with china-blue eyes, and settled himself for the forty mile ride to Fort Ziar. Knowing his district blind-fold he wasted no time hunting for short cuts, but headed across the richer grazing-ground to the fort where Orde had died and been buried. The dusty ground deadened the noise of his horse's hoofs, the moon threw his shadow, a restless goblin, before him, and the heavy dew drenched him to the skin. Hillock, scrub that brushed against the horse's belly, unmetalled road where the whip-like foliage of the tamarisks lashed his forehead, illimitable levels of lowland furred with bent and speckled with drowsing cattle, waste and hillock anew, dragged themselves past and the skewbald was labouring in the deep sand of the Indus-ford. Tallantire was conscious of no distinct thought till the nose of the dawdling ferry-boat grounded on the further side, and his horse shied, snorting at the white head-stone of Orde's grave. Then he uncovered, and shouted that the dead might hear:—"They're out, old man! Wish me luck." In the chill of the dawn he was hammering with a stirrup-iron at the gate of Fort Ziar where fifty sabres of that tattered regiment, the Belooch Beshaklis, were supposed to guard Her Majesty's

interests along a few hundred miles of border. This particular fort was commanded by a subaltern who, born of the ancient family of the Derouletts, naturally answered to the name of Tommy Dodd. Him Tallantire found robed in a sheepskin coat, shaking with fever like an aspen, and trying to read the native apothecary's list of invalids.

"So you're come, too," said he. "Well, we're all sick here, and I don't think I can horse thirty men; but we're bub—bub—blessed willing. Stop, does this impress you as a trap or a lie?" He tossed a scrap of paper to Tallantire, on which was written painfully in crabbed Gurmukhi: "We cannot hold young horses. They will feed after the moon goes down in the four border villages issuing from the Jagai pass, on the next night." Then in English round hand—"Your sincere friend."

"Good man!" said Tallantire. "That's Khoda Dad Khan's work, I know. It's the only piece of English he could ever keep in his head, and he is immensely proud of it. He is playing against the Blind Mullah for his own hand—the treacherous young ruffian!"

"Don't know the politics of the Khusru Kheyl, but if you're satisfied, I am. That was pitched in over the gate-head last night, and I thought we might pull ourselves together and see what was on. Oh, but we're sick with fever here and no mistake! Is this going to be a big business, think you?"

Tallantire told him briefly the outlines of the case, and Tommy Dodd whistled and shook with fever alternately. That day he devoted to strategy, the art of war and the enlivenment of the invalids, till at dusk there stood ready forty-two troopers, lean, worn and dishevelled, whom Tommy Dodd surveyed with pride and addressed thus:—"O men! If you die, you will go to Hell. Therefore endeavour to keep alive. But if you go to Hell, that place cannot be hotter than this place, and we are not told that we shall there suffer from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dying. File out there!" And they grinned, and went.

V.

It will be long ere the Khusru Kheyl forget their night attack on the lowland villages. The Mullah had promised an easy victory and unlimited plunder; but behold, armed troopers of the Queen had risen out of the very earth, cutting, slashing and riding down under the stars, so that no man knew where to turn, and all feared that they had brought an army about their ears, and ran back to the hills. In the panic of that flight more men were seen to drop from wounds inflicted by an Afghan knife jobbed upwards, and yet more from long-range carbine-fire. Then there arose a cry of treachery, and when they reached their own guarded heights they had left, with some forty dead and sixty wounded, all their confidence in the Blind Mullah on the plains below. They clamoured, swore and argued around the fires; the women wailing for the lost, and the Mullah shrieking curses on the returned.

Then Khoda Dad Khan, eloquent and unbreathed, for he had taken no part in the fight, rose to improve the occasion. He pointed out that the tribe owed every item of the present misfortune to the Blind Mullah, who had lied in every possible particular and talked them into a trap. It was undoubtedly an insult that a Bengali, the son of a Bengali, should presume to administer the Border, but that fact did not, as the Mullah pretended, herald a general time of license and lifting; and the inexplicable madness of the English had not in the least impaired their power of guarding their marches. On the contrary, the baffled and outgeneralled tribe would now, just when their food stock was lowest, be blockaded from any trade with Hindustan until they had sent hostages for good behaviour, paid compensation for disturbance, and blood-money at the rate of thirty-six English pounds per head for every villager they might have slain. "And ye know that these lowland dogs will take oath that we have slain scores. Will the Mullah pay the fines or must we sell our guns?" A low growl ran round the fires. "Now seeing that all this is the Mullah's work, and that we have gained nothing but promises of Paradise thereby, it is in my heart that we of the Khusru Kheyl lack a shrine whereat to pray. We are weakened, and henceforth how shall we dare to cross into the Madar Kheyl border, as has been our custom, to kneel to Pir Sajji's tomb? The Madar men will fall upon us, and rightly. But our Mullah is a holy man. He has helped two score of us into Paradise this night. Let him therefore accompany his flock, and we will build over his body a dome of the blue tiles of Mooltan, and burn lamps at his feet every Friday night. He shall be a saint: we shall have a shrine; and there our women shall pray for fresh seed to fill the gaps in our fighting-tale. How think you?"

A grim chuckle followed the suggestion, and the soft *whweep, whweep* of unscabbarded knives followed the chuckle. It was an excellent notion, and met a long felt want of the tribe. The Mullah sprang to his feet, glaring with withered eyeballs at the drawn death he could not see, and calling down the curses of God and Mahomed on the tribe. Then began a game of blind man's buff round and between the fires, whereof Khuruk Shah, the tribal poet, has sung in verse that will not die.

They tickled him gently under the armpit with the knife-point. He leaped aside screaming, only to feel a cold blade drawn lightly over the back of his neck, or a rifle-muzzle rubbing his beard. He called on his adherents to aid him, but most of these lay dead on the plains, for Khoda Dad Khan had been at some pains to arrange their

decease. Men described to him the glories of the shrine they would build, and the little children clapping their hands cried: "Run, Mullah, run! There's a man behind you!" In the end, when the sport wearied, Khoda Dad Khan's brother sent a knife home between his ribs. "Wherefore," said Khoda Dad Khan with charming simplicity, "I am now Chief of the Khusru Kheyl!" No man gainsaid him; and they all went to sleep very stiff and sore.

On the plain below Tommy Dodd was lecturing on the beauties of a cavalry charge by night, and Tallantire, bowed on his saddle, was gasping hysterically because there was a sword dangling from his wrist flecked with the blood of the Khusru Kheyl, the tribe that Orde had kept in leash so well. When a Rajpoot trooper pointed out that the skewbald's right ear had been taken off at the root by some blind slash of its unskilled rider, Tallantire broke down altogether, and laughed and sobbed till Tommy Dodd made him lie down and rest.

"We must wait till the morning," said he. "I wired the Colonel just before we left, to send a wing of the Beshaklis after us. He'll be furious with me for monopolising the fun, though. Those beggars in the hills won't give us any more trouble."

"Then tell the Beshaklis to go on and see what has happened to Curbar on the canal. We must patrol the whole line of the Border. You're quite sure, Tommy, that—that stuff was—was only the skewbald's ear?"

"Oh, quite," said Tommy. "You just missed cutting off his head. I saw you when we went into the mess. Sleep, old man."

Noon brought two squadrons of Beshaklis and a knot of furious brother officers demanding the court-martial of Tommy Dodd for "spoiling the picnic," and a gallop across country to the canal-works where Ferris, Curbar and Hugonia were haranguing the terror-stricken coolies on the enormity of abandoning good work and high pay, merely because half a dozen of their fellows had been cut down. The sight of a troop of the Beshaklis restored wavering confidence, and the police-hunted section of the Khusru Kheyl had the joy of watching the canal bank humming with life as usual, while such of their men as had taken refuge in the water-courses and ravines were being driven out by the troopers. By sundown began the remorseless patrol of the Border by police and trooper, most like the cowboys' eternal ride round restless cattle.

"Now," said Khoda Dad Khan, pointing out a line of twinkling fires, "ye may see how far the old order changes. After their horse will come the little devil-guns that they can drag up to the tops of the hills, and, for aught I know, to the clouds when we crown the hills. If the tribe-council thinks good, I will go to Tallantire Sahib—who loves me—and see if I can stave off at least the blockade. Do I speak for the tribe?"

"Ay, speak for the tribe in God's name. How those accursed fires wink! Do the English send their troops on the wire—or is this the work of the Bengali?"

As Khoda Dad Khan went down the hill he was delayed by an interview with a hard-pressed tribesman, which caused him to return hastily for something he had forgotten. Then, handing himself over to the two troopers, who had been chasing his friend, he demanded escort to Tallantire Sahib, then with Bullows at Jumula. The Border was safe, and the time for reasons in writing had begun.

"Thank heaven!" said Bullows, "that the trouble came at once. Of course we can never put down the reason in black and white, but all India will understand. And it is better to have a sharp, short outbreak, than five years of impotent administration inside the Border. It costs less. Grish Chunder Dé has reported himself sick, and has been transferred to his own province without any sort of reprimand. He was strong on not having taken over the district."

"Of course," said Tallantire bitterly. "Well, what am I supposed to have done that was wrong?"

"Oh, you will be told that you exceeded all your powers, and should have reported, and written, and advised for three weeks until the Khusru Kheyl could really come down in force. But I don't think the authorities will dare to make a fuss about it. They've had their lesson. Have you seen Curbar's version of the affair? He can't write a report, but he can speak the truth."

"What's the use of the truth? He'd much better tear up the report. I'm sick and heart-broken over it all. It was so utterly unnecessary—except in that it rid us of that Babu."

Entered unabashed Khoda Dad Khan, a stuffed forage-net in his hand, and the troopers behind him.

"May you never be tired?" said he cheerily. "Well, Sahibs, that was a good fight, and Naim Shah's mother is in debt to you, Tallantire Sahib. A clean cut, they tell me, through jaw, wadded coat, and deep into the collar-bone. Well done! But I speak for the tribe. There has been a fault—a great fault. Thou knowest that I and mine, Tallantire Sahib, kept the oath we sware to Orde Sahib on the banks of the Indus."

"As an Afghan keeps his knife—sharp on one side, blunt on the other," said Tallantire.

"The better swing in the blow, then. But I speak God's truth. Only the Blind Mullah carried the young men on the tip of his tongue, and said that there was no more Border-law because a Bengali had been sent, and we need not fear the English at all. So they came down to avenge that insult and get plunder. Ye know what befell, and how far I helped. Now five score of us are dead or

wounded, and we are all shamed and sorry, and desire no further war. Moreover, that ye may better listen to us, we have taken off the head of the Blind Mullah, whose evil counsels have led us to folly. I bring it for proof,"—and he heaved on the floor the head. "He will give no more trouble, for I am chief now, and so I sit in a higher place at all audiences. Yet there is an offset to this head. That was another fault. One of the men found that black Bengali beast, through whom this trouble arose, wandering on horseback and weeping. Reflecting that he had caused loss of much good life, Alla Dad Khan, whom, if you choose, I will to-morrow shoot, whipped off this head, and I bring it to you to cover your shame, that ye may bury it. See, no man kept the spectacles, though they were of gold!"

Slowly rolled to Tallantire's feet the crop-haired head of a spectacled Bengali gentleman, open-eyed, open-mouthed—the head of Terror incarnate. Bullows bent down. "Yet another blood-fine and a heavy one, Khoda Dad Khan, for this is the head of Debendra Nath, the man's brother. The Babu is safe long since; all but the fools of the Khusru Kheyl know that."

"Well, I care not for carrion. Quick meat for me. The thing was under our hills asking the road to Jumala, and Alla Dad Khan showed him the road to Jehannum, being, as thou sayest, but a fool. Remains now what the Government will do to us. As to the blockade—"

"Who art thou, seller of dog's flesh," thundered Tallantire, "to speak of terms and treaties? Get hence to the hills—go, and wait there starving, till it shall please the Government to call thy people out for punishment—children and fools that ye be! Count your dead, and be still. Rest assured that the Government will send you a man!"

"Ay," returned Khoda Dad Khan, "for we also be men." Then, as he looked Tallantire unwinkingly in the eyes, he added: "And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man!"—*Rudyard Kipling, in Macmillan's.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNIVERSITY CURRICULUM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR.—I feel certain you are interested in the revision of the Curriculum of the University of Toronto, and perhaps you or some of your correspondents can supply information which many overworked and underpaid teachers would, I am sure, be thankful to obtain from any reliable source. For the sake of brevity I shall indicate by questions some of the points on which the High School staff of this province humbly desire to be enlightened.

1. Is it true that the second book of Virgil, and other similar works were assigned for junior matriculation through a number of consecutive years without change on some of the Curricula formerly issued by the Toronto University?
2. Is it true that subsequently these books were changed every year? If so, what advantage has accrued: (a) To the students who have left the secondary schools, (b) to the teachers who have been continuously preparing new work with each fresh class of matriculants?
3. Is it true that in the proposed curriculum now under discussion, all the authors in English are to be changed as often as the leaves fall? If so what is the contemplated advantage likely to be secured: (a) To the students who leave school for college, (b) to the teachers who remain to teach the succeeding class of matriculants?
4. Is it true that High School teachers are so constituted that they can teach a new subject each year with greater efficiency than they can teach a subject on which they have already spent a year's work? If so, what is the contemplated advantage of retaining a fixed series of textbooks in grammar, algebra, geometry, chemistry, geography, history, latin, prose and other subjects?
5. Is it true there are numerous options and a wide range of subjects on the programme of our High Schools, so that in many high schools it is found difficult to place them all on the time table even when the school law is contravened by teaching seven hours a day instead of six? *Memorandum for reference.*—Arithmetic, algebra, geometry, mensuration, trigonometry, reading, penmanship, composition, grammar, practical English, prose, literature, poetical literature, spelling, history (four varieties), geography, book-keeping, drawing (five branches), gymnastics, calisthenics, drill, latin, French, Greek, German, chemistry, physics, botany, zoology, music, phonography—the last two optional.
6. Is it true that Scott's *Marmion* was banished from our schools on account of the licentious character of the hero, and on account of the scene describing the immuring of a nun who forgot her vows? If so, what is the moral advantage contemplated by prescribing the poems of the licentious Byron whose own life was an illustration of his doctrine of free-love?
7. Is it true that French and German have almost completely supplanted Greek in our secondary schools and that the number of Greek pupils is constantly decreasing? If so, what is the advantage contemplated by prescribing Greek prose and sight translation in Greek?
8. Is it true that under the present system of French and German, reading and pronunciation is extremely defective, and that the reading of Latin and Greek is equally inaccurate? If so, how does it come to pass, that there is, as I am informed, no oral examination in these languages as formerly? Is the continuous changing of authors supposed to compensate for this lack of thoroughness.

9. Is it true that some members of the University Senate have swallowed the east wind, and consequently are so be-fogged as to imagine that there is more culture and training to be obtained by a standard of 25 per cent.—by a smattering—of a long list of "higher branches," than by a higher standard on a shorter list? If this is not so, what is the advantage contemplated by admitting pass candidates who can answer only one quarter of the questions on the examination paper? Is Toronto University in the position of certain girls' schools, and medical colleges—dependent on the fees of students?

These are some of the enigmas that require explanation. If you can throw any light on these problems, or misconceptions—if they are such, I am sure you will gratify many readers. Yours truly,

INQUIRER.

LAST WORDS OF BERNSTEIN.*

"No atom of force is lost," he said;
"Each step of our weary way
Gives life and power to the conquering tread
Of those who bring in the day."

"No atom of force is lost," he said:
"Each link of this bitter chain,
When we, the victims of wrong are dead,
Will magnify freedom's gain."

"No atom of force is lost," he said:
"Each stroke of the cruel lash
Will be repaid with its interest red
When God shall the tyrants thresh."

"No atom of force is lost," he said:
"The life of a man is not lost,
As we now die shall wrong soon be dead,
And the gain will be more than the cost."

Then welcome the knout, the dagger, the rope;
For the gain, O welcome the cost!
Light and life will come to the souls that grope:
"No atom of force is lost."

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.

ART NOTES.

ALMA TADEMA'S "Frigidarium" which he has just finished in readiness for the Royal Art Exhibition, is spoken of as one of the best works he has produced. It represents a Roman lady finishing her toilet in the cold room, while through the open curtains three others are seen bathing and chatting gaily.

PROF. EDWARD BENDEMANN, late Director of the Academy at Düsseldorf, whose death we noted, is described as the last of the painters who instigated the great German Revival of the current century. His largest work was the wall decoration in the palace of Dresden, in which he was assisted by his son-in-law, Prof. Hüber. His pictures of Jewish history are widely known from engravings.

MR. M. MATTHEWS, R.C.A., who has been suffering from the prevailing epidemic, is able to attend to his business again. The influenza attacked the other members of the family, and ended fatally in the case of Mr. Matthews' youngest son, a bright little fellow who has often appeared in the foreground of his father's pictures of the shady nooks and sunny hill-sides of Wychwood Park, where the family reside.

DR. LIPPMANN, in his "Art of Wood Engraving in Italy in the Fifteenth Century," a translation from the German, just published in England, claims the priority in the art of wood engraving for Germany over Italy although he mentions an illustrated book "De Re Militari," published at Verona in 1472, and a large view of Florence, dated 1490. The earliest wood-cuts he states to have been religious pictures of saints, etc., which is doubtless true.

MR. BELL SMITH, having recovered from his attack of influenza, is about to pay a visit to Cincinnati for a few weeks, during which time he will paint a picture for the forthcoming spring exhibition of the National Academy to be held in New York, thereby escaping the necessity of paying the above-mentioned duty of 33 per cent., which is an incubus on Canadian artists, who by the way have never attempted to retaliate but welcome Boston and New York artists' works to compete for public favour in the R. C. A. exhibitions.

PROTAIS, whose death on the 27th ult. we announced last week, was born in Paris in 1826. He was noted for his paintings of battle scenes, which although rarely giving the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," were perhaps the more effective from the suggestive treatment adopted, which brought the horrors of war home to the mind, as in his "Evening After the Battle," "The Last Thought the Morning before the Attack," etc. Among his noted works were "The Battle of Inkerman," and "The Taking of a Battery."

POWELL AND SONS of the Whitefriars Glass Works, London, England, have made a great success in reproducing the old Dutch forms of drinking and other glasses, in soda lime glass. They exhibited these at the late Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and they seem to have met with great favour. They are very light in the hand, tough and strong, and the charming old tints, honey yellow, pale olive green and

* See THE WEEK, Jan. 17th, page 101.

aquamarine blue, are all reproduced. No lead or potash is used in this glass which is principally composed of soda, silica, and lime with small portions of magnesia and alumina.

It seems a pity that Senator Ogilvie should have gone to Boston to procure a bad likeness of Sir John A. Macdonald, for the purpose of presentation to that gentleman, when we have resident in the country at least five artists capable of making a good portrait worthy of the occasion. It appears to be generally admitted that the picture is not a success. One account says that "there is a technical fault, in that the head appears to be in the background, while the body and limbs are very much in the foreground," in consequence of a "mistiness, an uncertainty and a flatness about the head, while the rest is brought out and strongly insisted on."

MR. BRITON RIVIERE at the late Edinburgh Art Congress advocated the consideration of the public wishes by artists who paint for the present generation, but it may be replied that the artist should not only please but direct his public. Mr. G. F. Watts wrote: "When the nation understands that its art is inextricably bound up with all its material prosperity, its spiritual life and vigour, then and only then will Britain boast an art that will live for future ages by the side of her great and noble literature. Speaker after speaker denounced South Kensington and the Government schools. The result of the Kensington system, said Mr. Hodgson, R.A., was the production of legions of painters whose pictures are worthless, and who know nothing of the decorative arts. On the whole the existence of the Art Congress is considered to be thoroughly justified."

A VERY nicely written paper by P. G. Hamerton, appears in the February *Portfolio*, wherein Pennell's new book on "Pen-drawing and Pen-draughtsmen" is gently but firmly criticized, and objection is taken to some of Pennell's claims for his favourite art, especially to the statement that pen-drawing is specially popular with the multitude because it is a cheap substitute for wood-engraving, and at the same time superior and more artistic. Hamerton on the other hand holds that it can never rival wood engraving from the great deficiency in tone, specifying examples of Pennell's own drawing in which the middle distance is jet black, the distant fields and foreground road both white as snow, although the subject is a warm summer day; he also deprecates the making of each separate branch of art work a separate trade, and farther on, strongly opposes Pennell's criticism of English art appreciation as compared with French, and American. Here, he seems to me to entirely vanquish his opponent, as he truly states that no one would attempt to open an Exhibition of English Art in Paris, although this is done constantly in London with French pictures, and he reminds Pennell that it has not yet occurred to the English nation to put a duty of thirty-three and a third per cent. on foreign art coming into the country. Judging from previous cases in which he has been attacked, Pennell will reply to all this, his motto being *noli me tangere*. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MRS. LANGTRY'S greatest trouble is that her bronchial attack has left her almost without a voice.

MISS HUNTINGTON has decided to return to the United States, taking with her a full operatic company.

MR. ARTHUR BEARNE, of the Comedy Theatre, will start his tour of *Æsop's Fables* at the Theatre Royal, Bath, on April 5th next.

MR. H. SAVILE CLARKE has written a poem, founded on an incident in the siege of Lucknow, expressly for Miss Amy Roselle, who will shortly recite it at the Empire Theatre.

ANOTHER prospective attraction is the Swedish Ladies' Quartet. Dates for this interesting combination are not yet announced. Probably they will appear in Toronto about the last of this month.

MR. HASLAM'S musical paper, the *Herald*, contains some good critical writing, but a paucity of original matter. We trust the paper will gather a good constituency. A really first-class musical publication is much needed among us.

THE pianist, Von Bülow (the first husband of Frau Cosima Wagner), in consequence of disagreements with the royal supervisor of the Berlin theatres, has resigned all his offices at court. And now his visiting cards bear this inscription: "Doctor Hans v. Bülow, orchestra leader and pianist in ordinary to His Majesty the German People."

AT the Prefecture of Parma has arrived the cross with a diamond plaque of the Order of the Polar Star, sent by the Scandinavian government to Verdi. It appears that this order is equivalent to that of the Black Eagle in Germany and to the Collar of the Annunziata in Italy—that is to say, it is the highest of the orders of knighthood of Sweden and Norway.

THE charming Fanny Reeves (Mrs. E. A. McDowell), will appear, supported by her husband and an efficient company, at the Grand Opera House next week. Mrs. McDowell is one of the most natural and gifted women upon the American stage, and is too well-known in Toronto need special advertising. The plays will be "Moths," "The Private Secretary," and the inevitable, evergreen "Shaughraun."

MR. J. L. TOOLE was recently entertained at a public banquet at the Hôtel Métropole, and a most representative gathering assembled to bid farewell to the popular comedian on the eve of his departure for Australia. The Solicitor-General presided, and proposed the health of the guest of the evening, who replied in an amusing speech. Sir Edward Clarke also presented Mr. Toole with an album containing the photographs of 100 of his friends. Mr. Irving gave the health of the chairman.

THE present revival of *Our Boys*—at the Criterion—is the third to which the piece has been subjected in London since the first famous "run" at the Vaudeville. The first revival was at the Strand, in June, 1884, when Mr. David James and Miss Richards resumed their original roles, with Mr. Frank Archer as the baronet, Mr. Sugden as Talbot, Miss Fortescue as Mary, and Miss Lucy Buckstone as Violet Melrose. The second revival was at the Criterion, in August, 1887, with Mr. James again as Middlewick and with Mr. Brandon Thomas as Sir Geoffrey, Mr. Giddens as Talbot, and Miss Rose Saker as the "poor cousin."

THE anxiously awaited Patti season of opera at Mechanics' Institute, Boston, is now not far away, since the opening night will be Monday, March 17. It is the intention of managers Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau to make the season a real musical festival, popular, and possible of attendance by those of limited means. The prices will be moderate, exceedingly so when the grand order of offering and never-before-equalled list of artists are considered. For several weeks the forces of the Tremont Theatre and many extra men have been engaged on the scenic and other preparations which will convert the mammoth hall into not only a handsome but a decidedly comfortable theatre. The acoustics are naturally good, but they will be enhanced for this occasion by various means. Eight performances will be given, including two matinees. Besides La Diva Patti there will appear Nordica and Albani; besides the illustrious Tamagno, many other well-known artists are associated together to form the most remarkable operatic corps ever yet seen or heard in this or any other country. Where so much that is superlatively good is to be offered, the embarrassment will only be in the choosing. At all events, the music-loving public of Boston is already upon the *qui vive* and the soon-to-be-announced day of the opening of the sale is anxiously looked for. The intention of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau to give all the fairest possible chance in the purchase of seats will be carried out faithfully.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NOTES ON PRIMARY EDUCATION AND THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This book is intended, we suppose, for the guidance and instruction of parents and teachers; but we fear that any one who may be anxious to learn what Dr. Jacobi's views about Primary Education and the Study of Language actually are will find himself discouraged, if not prevented, by the extremely technical phraseology in which she has chosen to express herself. In the first essay some observations are quoted from a little work on "The True Order of Studies," and Dr. Jacobi tells us that "to this may be added the anatomical consideration that the formation of space-conceptions is the function of the cerebrum, from the impressions furnished by the optic nerve; while conceptions of time are elaborated in the cerebellum from the experience in successions of events furnished by the auditory nerve. Space-conceptions are objective, static. Time-conceptions, from the beginning subjective, are at first successive, then become progressive, finally casual, dynamic—when the conception of cause arises from the sum of antecedent events. Thus this second series of conceptions soon impinges upon moral considerations; the first remains within the sphere of perceptive intelligence. To space, or optic-nerve conceptions belongs symmetry; to time, or auditory-nerve conceptions, belong harmony and rhythm." All this is no doubt quite true. At least we are not disposed to controvert it; but it does not help us to get a clear conception of even the first step in the primary education of the child who is the subject of the experiment described in these essays; and we do not seem to be greatly assisted when we are further told that "these ultimate ramifications of the primary psychic phenomenon must be held in mind at the moment of beginning to systematize the visual and auditory perceptions which lie at their basis." The essay on "The Place for the Study of Language" is in the same style; and if it contains any suggestions of practical value they must be sought for amid an appalling mass of scientific verbiage, puzzling examples of which may be culled from almost every page.

NINE LECTURES ON THE EARLIER CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF CANADA. By W. J. Ashley, M.A. Toronto: Rowell and Hutchinson.

This little volume contains the lectures delivered by Professor Ashley in Easter term of last year to the second year students in the Department of Political Science in the University of Toronto. In the introductory lecture the various senses in which the terms "constitution" and "constitutional history" are used are pointed out and distinguished, and the meaning indicated which should be kept in view in investigating the constitutional history of Canada. Professor Ashley describes the existing Canadian constitution "as a combination of the political principles

and machinery of England and the United States. Not that all in which Canada resembles England was borrowed consciously from England—much of it was the natural growth in Canada of the same forces as produced in England the same results; nor that all in which Canada resembles the United States was consciously drawn from the United States—much of it is the necessary outcome of Confederation." He points out that it was owing to the restoration of the Cabinet System in England, after the interruption in the reign of George III. and the parliamentary reform of 1832, that "when the North American colonies obtained complete self-government in 1840 [Did all the colonies obtain it in 1840?] they secured an Executive dependent on the Legislature and not one independent of it," as in the United States system. Canada, he considers, has "an almost unique claim on the attention of the student of political science" on account of the experiment it is making "in the combination of Cabinet Government with a Federal system." Austro-Hungary is cited as the only State which can offer a parallel. "There also there is a Federal System; there also the ministers are more or less dependent on parliamentary support; and there also the situation is complicated by difference of race."

In his second lecture he shows how all the earlier colonies, with the exception of those of New England, were aristocratic in their social organization, and why they were necessarily so. In the two following lectures he describes the various kinds of government that prevailed in New France or Canada, down to the Conquest; but before concluding the course with an examination of the provisions and policy of the Quebec Act of 1774 he devotes two lectures to Nova Scotia, one on the "Expulsion of the Acadians" and the other on the "Beginnings of Representative Government" in that Province where there was a Legislative Assembly established in 1758, thirty-three years before there was any other elected Legislative Assembly in what is now British North America.

THE March *Scribner* has for frontispiece a portrait of Charles Lamb and opens with the first part of an illustrated paper, "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," by Benjamin Ellis Martin, which will be concluded in the April number. The serials "Expiation" and "In the Valley" are continued, and there is a short story, "A Deedless Drama," by George Hubbard, the title of which suggests its peculiarity. "A Forgotten Remnant," by Kirk Munroe, is an interesting account, with numerous illustrations, of the Seminoles of Florida. William Connant Church's sketch of the "Career of John Ericsson," the designer of the famous iron-clad, *Monitor*, is concluded in this number. In "The Blackfellow and the Boomerang," Horace Baker describes the weapon of the Australian native and illustrates by diagrams some of the peculiar courses of its flight.

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A., has the place of honour in *Harper's* for March, with an illustrated description of the various services in the army of the United States; but many readers will be first drawn to Ann Thackeray Ritchie's excellent and appreciative essay on John Ruskin. Mrs. Ritchie modestly disclaims any pretensions "to the knowledge, or to the infallibility of an art critic," and considers Ruskin "from her own point of view only as a teacher, as a writer of the English language, as a poet in his own measure;" but she admits that many of Ruskin's unqualified early criticisms have been "entirely modified and swept away." There is a portrait of Ruskin and other illustrations. Other illustrated articles in this number are "Venetian Boats," by Mrs. Pennell; "The Winged Victory of Samothrace," by Theodore Child; "Manilla and its Surroundings," by Dr. Samuel Kneeland, and "The Restored head of Iris in the Parthenon Frieze," by Dr. Charles Waldstein. Mr. Howells begins a new story, "The Shadow of a Dream," in this number.

IN the March *Cosmopolitan* Mary Stewart Smith describes "Berlin, the City of the Kaiser," with illustrations of its monuments and principal buildings; Herbert Pierson traces with pen and pencil "The Evolution of the Gondola;" Wm. H. Gilder gives an interesting account, with illustrations, of "Signal Codes, Savage and Scientific." Frank G. Carpenter's paper on "Easter in Jerusalem," Captain Taylor's sketch of "The Militia," Col. Chaillé-Long's interesting account of Bedouins, camels, oases and mirages in The Desert" are also illustrated; and Emily Shaw Forman contributes a critical and appreciative study of the dead poet's work in "Browning's Place in Literature." The story of the number, "A Candidate for Divorce," of which the illustrations are unusually good, is by Professor Boyesen. "Royal Authors," by Frank Linston White, gives an account with numerous portraits,—of some royal contributors to literature. In "From the Editor's Window" there is a portrait of the novelist, Howells, and also a portrait and biographical sketch of Charles F. Lummis, who contributes "Jim," a dialect poem, to this number. In quantity and quality of literary matter and in abundance and excellence of illustration the *Cosmopolitan* is becoming a powerful rival of the older magazines.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING contributes the story, "Two Soldiers," to the March *Lippincott*. It occupies nearly a hundred pages of the number and will be found to contain many elements of interest—love, intrigue and Indian warfare. In "Our English Cousins" Mr. Marshall P. Wilder discusses English people in a spirit of friendliness and appreciation which, we are pleased to observe, is finding expression with increasing frequency among our

kingsmen across the line. W. H. Stackpole in "A Hint to Novelists," suggests to "fictionists of the higher order" that, "instead of trying to invent a number of incidents so connected as to form a story, they should leave the invention to their predecessors and simply retell the old stories as they would have to be told if it were suddenly discovered that the characters of the persons in them were quite different from what the original author supposed"—treat, in short, the fictitious personages of the older novelists as historians, Mr. Froude, for example, frequently treat historical personages.

In the *Forum* for March, Senator Henry L. Dawes writes a review of the first year of President Harrison's administration. He enters into detail to show what the policy laid down by President Harrison is, and he pays his respects to the criticisms of the Democratic press. Judge A. W. Tourgée reviews the *post-bellum* amendments to the Constitution as they bear upon the right of suffrage, to determine whether or not the Southern States could, under the law as it now stands, disfranchise the Negro population if they chose. Mr. A. K. Fiske, with all the reverence of an orthodox believer, writes a protest against dogma in the Protestant churches, and an appeal for a church organization based not on creed but on conduct. Another religious essay is by Archdeacon Farrar, who writes of the good and of the evil done by monasticism—an essay *apropos* of the discussion of establishing brotherhoods in the Episcopal Church. Frederic Harrison, the distinguished English critic, who writes now, we believe, for the first time in an American periodical, makes a comparison between the condition of the French peasantry of to-day and of one hundred years ago; from which he draws the conclusion that the ability to possess land has changed the French peasant from the most miserable to one of the happiest and most substantial types of men in modern Europe. This number of the *Forum* begins Volume IX.

THE figures "400" appear conspicuously on the back of the *North American Review* for March. This venerable periodical, now well advanced in its seventy-fifth year, retains all the freshness and vitality of youth. The Gladstone-Blaine controversy on Free Trade or Protection, which attracted so much attention in the January issue of the *Review*, and which was continued by Representative Mills in the February number, is now taken up by Senator Morrill, of Vermont, well known as the author of the Morrill Tariff Act of 1861, which is still in operation, who replies to Mr. Gladstone's arguments in favour of free trade. Many readers will turn with eager attention to see what Mr. Edward Bellamy has to say on "Looking Backward" Again," wherein he replies to the criticisms of that much-read and much-discussed book which General Francis A. Walker contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* for February. Justin McCarthy, M.P., writes of "Coming Men in England" in a characteristic way; to his mind the coming men are Mr. Balfour, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Labouchère, Mr. Bradlaugh, and possibly Sir Charles Russell. A lively and characteristic article on "Lively Journalism" is from the vivacious pen of Max O'Rell. Mr. Phineas T. Barnum's ideas as to "What the Fair Should be" form the leading article in the Notes and Comments. Other timely articles in this department are "Life Insurance in the United States," "The Papistical Power in Canada," and "Heresy Hunting."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S new book is attracting much attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE *Literary World*, Boston, of March 1st, gives very high praise to a new volume of poems by George Edward Woodberry.

MR. DAVIN'S second edition of his admirable essay on "Culture and Practical Power" is dedicated to Lady Macdonald, the impersonation of both.

EDGAR FAWCETT'S latest and worst novel is "The Evil That Men Do." It is, or purports to be, a study in crime, but only serves to pain and disgust the reader.

THE third edition of Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Unknown Eros," which is going to appear presently, will be furnished with a new preface on catalectic metre.

THE annual review of books of the year, which appears in the *Publishers' Weekly* every winter, has been contributed for ten years past by Miss Marian M. Monachesi.

HE sang "Man's ways," says Mr. de Vere, speaking of Browning; but adds, "Song's short-hand strain—its key oft his alone." This is very hard on the Browning Society's bunch of skeleton keys.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL concludes his explanation of his agnosticism in the March number of the *North American Review*. Archdeacon Farrar is engaged in writing a reply to Col. Ingersoll, for the same periodical.

MR. GLADSTONE'S title gets strangely travestied by the French papers, and a Paris clothier in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, who has named an overcoat after him, puts up in large capitals, "Old Great Man Le Gladstone."

"COMING Men in England" are described amusingly by Justin McCarthy, in the March number of the *North American Review*. Among them he includes Balfour, Labouchère, Bradlaugh, Harcourt, John Morley and Sir Charles Russell.

IN the March number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, Prof. Anson D. Morse, of Amherst College, examines the political theories of Alexander Hamilton. The number also contains reviews of more than twenty recent political, economic and legal publications.

LOVERS of music, especially of the Wagnerian School, will no doubt read with pleasure the last volume of Francis Hueffer's "Half a Century of Music in England, 1837-87," published by Gebbie and Company. It was his last and most ambitious work, and was very favourably noticed by the English press.

CANADIANS are prominent in March periodicals; Miss Machar, Chas. G. D. Roberts, W. W. Campbell, W. J. Hunter, and Bliss Carman being all represented. Mr. Carman is further and specially to be congratulated upon his appointment to the editorship or assistant editorship, it is not clear which, of so distinguished a publication as the *N. Y. Independent*.

KARL BLIND has demonstrated Mr. Gladstone to be utterly wrong when he said that "the epoch of German literature lies within the years embraced by the life of Goethe." It is a palpable fact, says Karl Blind, that if Mr. Gladstone does not take more care as regards his multifarious utterances, he will soon obtain a perfect reputation as the typical inaccurate and untrustworthy speaker and writer.

WE regret to hear of the death, at the early age of thirty-seven, of Mr. J. G. Donkin, author of "Trooper and Redskin," under painful circumstances. He died in Alnwick Workhouse, and it is believed he had been in the workhouse twice before. The cause appears to have been excessive drinking. One who knew him describes the deceased, in *The Alnwick Guardian*, as a born raconteur; he had lived the life of a soldier-journalist who, "with his detachment on the boundless prairie, or in company with Donovan on the Black Sea, was ever taking mental notes."

THE new edition of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "William George Ward and the Oxford Movement," to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., will contain an interesting addition to the last chapter. The author applies the principles contained in his father's "Ideal of Christian Church," and in the last four University sermons by J. H. Newman, including the one on "Wisdom contrasted with Faith and Bigotry," to the fundamental problem of the modern agnostic controversy, and attempts to show that this controversy was in a great measure anticipated by the Oxford School fifty years ago.

LORD TENNYSON'S son has sent to Mr. Yeld, of Nottingham, the following letter upon the subject of the absurd paragraph that has been going the rounds of the papers:—"Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, February 1st, 1890.—Sir,—My father desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your apology. He was very surprised at the liberty which you had taken in quoting certain MS. lines of his, without either his leave, or that of the Bradshaws. In answer to your letter, I am to inform you that the lines in question were a mere complimentary *jeu d'esprit*, and that there was no romance in the matter.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant, HALLAM TENNYSON. Rev. Charles Yeld."

A LONDON correspondent has the following bit of gossip:—It is said, that since Stanley's accession to the office of Governor-General of Canada, the habit of cigarette smoking has increased to an extent which renders it a gigantic public evil, and this is said to be largely due to the fact that his Excellency, by smoking cigarettes himself, has set the fashion. The figures are certainly startling. It seems that the production of cigarettes into Canada has trebled during the past two years. In 1889 it was represented by no less a sum than \$22,705,660. This does not include the enormous number imported from abroad, and it is estimated that the total yearly consumption is represented by no less a sum than \$45,000,000. In the United States matters are still worse. There, in the last fiscal year, the consumption was over 2,000,000,000. An anti-tobacco movement is being started in both countries.

SIR CHAS. DILKE says:—"The first time that I saw Sir John Macdonald was shortly after Lord Beaconsfield's death, and as the clock struck midnight. I was starting from Euston Station, and there appeared on the step of the railway carriage, in Privy Councillor's uniform (the right to wear which is confined to so small a number of persons that one expects to know by sight those who wear it), a figure precisely similar to that of the late Conservative leader, and it required indeed a severe exercise of presence of mind to remember that there had been a city banquet from which the apparition must be coming, and to rapidly arrive by a process of exhaustion at the knowledge that this twin-brother of that Lord Beaconsfield, whom shortly before I had seen in the sickroom which he was not to leave, must be the Prime Minister of Canada. Sir John Macdonald's chief outward note is his expansiveness, and the main point of difference from Disraeli is the contrast between his buoyancy and the well-known sphinx attitude. Macdonald is the life and soul of every gathering in which he takes a part, and in the exuberance of his antique youthfulness Sir John Macdonald resembles less Mr. Disraeli than Mr. Gladstone, whose junior he is by a few days more than five years, and whom he also successfully follows in House of Commons tactics or adroitness, as well as in his detestation of those who keep him past midnight chained to his House of Commons seat.

WHO are the greatest purchasers of diamonds in London? Most people would find it difficult to say, but they would certainly not select omnibus conductors. Yet if we may trust the authority of a man who is intimately acquainted with the trade, the bus conductors as a class have more to do with precious stones than any other body of people outside the professional dealers. Their savings are all, it is stated, invested in this way.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE BACILLUS OF INFLUENZA.

ONE of the most serious mistakes in science is haste. The world is now told that the bacillus of influenza has been discovered by Drs. Maximilian and Adolphe Jolles, who have been at work on the subject for two months in the bacteriological laboratory of Professor Sacker, in Vienna. If they have really discovered the bacillus of epidemic influenza it may be said that their work is the most rapid of the kind on record; and if their discovery should finally turn out to be a substantial reality, it is as yet not proved. Robert Koch worked for some four years at the bacillus of tuberculosis before he convinced himself that he was right; his work on the bacillus anthracis was of almost equal duration; he worked for about two years on the comma bacillus of cholera before he made a public announcement; and when he finally gave the results of his experiments to the world there was not a stone wanting in the foundations and superstructures of his buildings. For at least six years the scientific world has waited for some one to find the microbe of epidemic influenza. Every one knew there must be such a microbe. In 1884, Seifert, of Wuerzburg, described in a German journal what he claimed was the bacillus of influenza. His description was unsatisfactory, however, because he did not prove his case; his announcement was thought to have been made upon insufficient evidence and experimentation. The mistakes of hasty bacteriologists fill a long and interesting chapter, and not the least interesting are those of the hasty workers that tried to upset Koch. That the hooded or Bishop bacillus of Jolles should be unlike the comma bacillus of cholera was to be expected. It has been many years since scientific men gave up all idea of any connection between influenza and cholera. A strong point in favour of the correctness of Jolles' discovery being real is the fact that the Bishop bacillus resembles the pneumonia coccus of Friedlaender, since there is certainly an analogy between epidemic influenza and pneumonia. Both pneumonia and Russian influenza are infectious, and one might almost say that influenza is pneumonia in miniature. The fact that the Bishop bacillus was found in well water brought to Vienna from a well a hundred miles away is, if anything, rather against the bacillus being that of influenza, since it is perfectly plain that water is not the vehicle of the infection in influenza. The germ of epidemic influenza is undoubtedly carried by the air; the cholera germ is carried in water for the most part. The rapidity with which epidemic influenza travels is positive proof that water is not its native element.—*Chicago Herald*.

CONSIDERING the unhealthy state of the diamond cutting in Holland the erection of a large new factory fitted up in the most approved manner has caused some astonishment in Amsterdam. The factory contains seven large rooms and one small one, by the side of which is found a broker's saleroom. There are 200 grinding stones, and as all of them are occupied work will begin next week.

WE believe that for a long time to come the cable will continue to serve the public convenience as an efficient means of urban passenger transportation; but we believe, at the same time, that the electric motor is rapidly gaining on it. No other conviction is possible in view of what has just happened at Minneapolis, where the street railway has actually thrown aside \$400,000 worth of cable apparatus before laying a yard of it. It was the settled intention of the company to put down the plant, but the advantages of electricity are so apparent that it has now made new plans, and is proceeding to equip one hundred and ten miles of track for electric locomotion. St. Paul follows suit.—*Electrical World*.

FROM a report in the *London Lancet*, by Dr. L. Schrotter, on the distribution of phthisis in Switzerland, it would seem that the inhabitants even of high altitudes are by no means so free from phthisis as we are wont to suppose. The tables of deaths for the eleven years 1876-86 show that phthisis is endemic in every part of Switzerland, not a single district being free from it. On the whole, the deaths from this cause are fewer in the high than the low lying districts, but it cannot be said that the mortality from this cause is inversely proportionate to the altitude. Wherever there is a large industrial population the phthisis mortality is considerable. Industrial populations always suffer much more than agricultural populations where the altitude is the same.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—The thirty-ninth annual report of this Company is in many respects most gratifying. After deducting all charges, and an amount sufficient to provide for the liability on unexpired risks, there remains a net surplus over and above capital and liabilities of \$307,089.72. The profits for 1889 were \$54,442.69. Two half yearly dividends of five per cent. have been paid, and the expenses of management have been very moderate. Glancing at the assets of the Company it will be seen that nearly three-quarters of a million are secured by United States and Canadian Government bonds. The vacancy caused by the death of the late Mr. Wm. Gooderham has been filled by Mr. George A. Cox, and Mr. W. R. Brock is the new addition to the Board.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A WINTER SUNSET.

A COLD mist, motionless and gray,
Sleeps on the dark moors where the glow
Of the last sunlight of the day
Scarce strikes a sparkle from the snow;
The red sun in the murky west
Sinks to his rest.

The red sun sinks; his ways grow dim:
From earth and heaven, east, south and north,
And from the west that welcomed him,
No voice or murmur stealth forth
To break the sombre calm, and tell
His last farewell.

Nowhere is any life or sound:
Only at times, far off, you hear,
Across the dry and barren ground,
Strange crackings from the ice-blue mere.
The moorland like a dead thing lies
Beneath dead skies.

Yet even here quick Fancy sees
The hidden germs of patient Spring,
Watches amid the flowerless trees
The flashings-out of April's wing,
And hears, in cadence low and long,
An Easter song!

—Sidney A. Alexander, in *Cassell's Family Magazine*.

A LOST COLOUR DISCOVERED.

ARTISTS and scientific men have long wondered about the beautiful "azzurrino" found in the ruins of Pompeii. M. Fouque, the mineralogist, with a mixture of silicate of copper and of lime, has now obtained the brilliant crystalline "azure" of Pompeii. It is a tint perfectly unchangeable, and identical with the Alexandrian blue which was known to the Ptolemies, and imported into Italy in the first years of the Christian era.—*Amateur Photographer*.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON A GLASS OF STOUT.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL does not share the prejudices of some scientists against the use of alcohol. Lecturing last week at Belfast upon "Our Invisible Friends and Foes," he said that a few years ago, Cohn, a celebrated naturalist in the University of Breslau, wrote a paper which he entitled "The Invisible Enemies of the Air," in which he treated of those microscopic organisms which underlie our world, and which are the now recognized causes of putrefaction and of epidemic disease. His invisible organisms were, therefore, hostile organisms. Only certain classes of them, says Professor Tyndall, are, however, to be thus regarded. "No doubt," he went on to say, "Sir Wilfrid Lawson would throw a wider net, and would include more organisms in his ban than I do in mine. To me the organism which provides us with a tankard of Guinness's stout or Burton ale, with a goblet of that wine which maketh glad the heart of man, or with a glass of whisky toddy of Dunville's wholesome blend on a cold night, cannot be regarded as an enemy, and hence my expansion of Cohn's title to invisible friends as well as invisible foes." From which it will be observed that the Professor's taste is as catholic as the Professor's self.

A GLIMPSE OF GENERAL GORDON'S CHARACTER.

SOME interesting matter on the subject of General Gordon appears in the *Contemporary Review*. The writer of the article, which is headed "A Voyage of General Gordon," has had access to the diary of a skipper who, in 1882, conveyed Gordon in a small trading schooner from Mauritius to the Cape. Gordon was very communicative on the voyage, when he was not prostrated with sea-sickness—which, by the way, he bore no better than Marius—and one evening he told his nautical host why he had resigned. He simply could not endure the manners and customs "of the high social circle in which he was expected to move. 'Dress for dinner, dress for evening parties, dress for balls, dress and decoration, decoration and dress! day after day. I could not,' said Gordon, 'stand the worry of it, and rather than do so I gave up the appointment.'" Gordon was firmly persuaded that the site of the Garden of Eden is one of the islands of the Seychelles, and that the *coco-de-mer* of that region is true Forbidden Tree. His reason for not marrying, as stated on the same occasion, was only less original than his reason for throwing up his appointment in India. "I never yet have met the woman who for my sake, and perhaps at a moment's notice, would be prepared to sacrifice the comforts of home and the sweet society of loved ones, and accompany me whithersoever the demand of duty might lead."

PROPERTY IN WORDS.

THE whole story of civilization is embraced in the record of linguistic fluctuations; and thus in a sense the best histories are the dictionaries. Empires and people have passed away from time to time, but their words have remained to perpetuate their glories and to increase the facilities and progress of education and progress. It goes

without saying that while this work of invention and selection, of trial and adjustment, was going on, there was no monopoly of language, no corner in words. All were at liberty to use the terms which suited their purposes or preferences. Thus in the course of events our own language reached an aggregate of 40,000 words. That was a quarter of a century ago, and it was then commonly supposed that we had all the words we could ever adapt to useful service. But since then the number has been increased to 200,000, in consequence of new demands in various branches of literature, as well as in the realm of ordinary personal intercourse; and the indications point to a continued growth, or did so point until the other day, when Judge Bradley, of the United States circuit court, rendered a decision which may change the aspect of affairs in that relation by shutting off our supply of vocal novelties and conveniences. This decision is to the effect that the coiner of a new word may copyright it and thus make it his private property, and that no other person can legally use such word or an imitation thereof. The particular word in controversy before this learned and upright jurist was "celluloid," which the plaintiff corporation claimed as a noun of its own creation, which it had copyrighted as a trade-mark. On the part of the defence, Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries and Chambers' Encyclopædia were offered as evidence that the word was public property; but the court held that dictionary-makers had no right to include the word in their books, and such unlawful publication could not affect the vested rights of the originator. Assuming this to be good law, it follows that we must be content for the most part with the old familiar words which have descended to us from previous ages, and which cannot be copyrighted for speculative purposes. Our civilization has reached a point, manifestly, where it becomes in one particular the victim of its own law of development; and the new words to represent the new things which it is daily bringing to pass it may be enjoined from using by its own judicial tribunals.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat (U.S.A.)*.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphs:—Astronomical calculations show that we shall witness a most interesting phenomenon in the course of 1890. A sixth star will be added to the five fixed stars forming the constellation of Cassiopeia. If the star appears in 1890 it will have been seen seven times since the beginning of the Christian era. It was discovered last time by Tycho de Brahe in 1572, who described it as a star of extraordinary brightness, which outshone the stars of first magnitude, and could be seen in the light of day. But after three weeks the brightness faded, and after having been visible for seventeen months it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The star is on record in the annals of 1264 A. D., and 945 A. D., during the Emperor Otho's reign. It has been supposed that this heavenly body is the identical Star of Bethlehem, and it seems to appear once in about 315 years. Now, if it be calculated backwards from 945, that would make its appearance coincident with the date of the birth of Christ, and when the calculation is made from 945 forward, the star was due in 1260, 1575, and 1890. Dr. Palisa, of Vienna Observatory, who has been questioned on the subject, says that there are no proofs that the Tychoonian Star and the star of 945 are identical. There are many stars which return after a lapse of several years, but there is no authority for the certain return of a star not seen since 1572.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the shareholders of the above company was held at its offices in this city on Friday last, the 21st inst. The President, Mr. A. M. Smith, occupied the chair, and Mr. J. J. Kenny, the Managing Director, who was appointed to act as Secretary, read the following

REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Annual Statement of the accounts of the company for the past year, and its Assets and Liabilities on the 31st December last.

It will be seen from the Revenue Account that the total income of the Company was \$1,719,090.80, and after providing for losses and expenses of management, a profit balance remains of \$54,432.69.

Two half-yearly dividends have been declared at the rate of ten per cent per annum on the Capital Stock, and after payment of these there is a balance at the credit of Profit and Loss Account of \$12,286.41. This amount, added to the Reserve Fund of \$825,000, brings the total Surplus Funds of the Company up to \$837,286.41. From this, however, must be deducted the amount necessary to provide for the liability on unexpired risks, which is estimated at \$530,196.69, leaving a net surplus over and above Capital and all liabilities of \$307,089.72.

When it is borne in mind that the past year has been marked by an exceptional number of serious conflagrations (in several of which this Company was involved to a considerable extent, and that the experience of companies engaged in marine business has been generally unfavourable, your Directors feel that there is ample cause for congratulation in the figures presented herewith.

Since the last annual meeting of Shareholders the Directors have shared the deep regret felt by the community at large at the death of the late Mr. William Gooderham, who had been a highly valued member of the Board for upwards of twenty years, and Vice-President of the Company for the past four years. The vacancies caused by Mr. Gooderham's death were filled by the election of Mr. George A. Cox to the Vice-Presidency and Mr. W. R. Brock as a Director.

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1889.

Revenue Account.	
Fire Premium.....	\$1,303,496 81
Marine Premium.....	721,695 77
Less Re-Assurance.....	\$2,025,192 58
	348,484 62
Interest Account.....	\$1,676,709 96
	43,380 84
	\$1,719,090 80
Fire Losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to December 31, 1889.....	696,887 77
Marine Losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to December 31, 1889.....	458,032 12
General Expenses, Agents' Commission, and all other charges.....	599,738 22
Balance to Profit and Loss.....	54,432 69
	\$1,719,090 80
Profit and Loss Account.	
Dividend paid July, 1889.....	25,000 00
Dividend payable January, 1890.....	25,000 00
Balance.....	12,286 41
	\$62,286 41
Balance from last year.....	7,853 72
Profit for the year.....	54,432 69
	\$62,286 41
Assets.	
United States Bonds.....	529,590 00
Dominion of Canada Stock.....	211,417 50
Loan Company and Bank Stock.....	129,350 00
Company's Building.....	65,000 00
Municipal Debentures.....	84,668 49
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	130,566 25
Bills Receivable.....	47,913 74
Mortgages.....	12,100 00
Re-Assurance due from other companies.....	41,958 10
Interest due and accrued.....	6,846 73
Agents' Balances and Sundry Accounts.....	196,988 00
	\$1,456,428 87
Liabilities.	
Capital Stock paid up.....	\$500,000 00
Losses under adjustment.....	94,142 46
Dividend payable January, 1890.....	25,000 00
Reserve Fund.....	\$825,000 00
Balance, Profit and Loss.....	12,286 41
	\$837,286 41
	\$1,456,428 87

A. M. SMITH, President. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.
Western Assurance Offices, Toronto, February 14, 1890.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Western Assurance Company:

GENTLEMEN.—We certify to having examined the books, securities, vouchers and bank balances of the Western Assurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1889, and find them correct and in accordance with the annexed balance sheet and statement.

R. R. CATHRON, JOHN M. MARTIN, F.C.A., } Auditors.

Toronto, Feb. 14, 1890

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:
The report just read and the accompanying account present, I think, so clear a synopsis of the business of the Company for the past year that it is scarcely necessary for me to enlarge upon it to any extent. I may say, however, that it must be gratifying to all the Shareholders to note the position which the Western maintains among the Insurance Companies of this continent, evidence of which is presented in its premium income of nearly a million and three-quarter dollars (after deducting re-insurances) which comes to us from agencies scattered throughout all the provinces of the Dominion, the United States and the British West Indies. And while it is true that the profit realized upon the year's business is not quite so large as might be expected under ordinary circumstances, and is, in fact, smaller than has been shown in our annual balance sheets for some years past, it must be remembered that the year 1889 has been in some respects an exceptional one. It is seldom we experience within the period of a few months four such conflagrations as those toward which we were called to contribute during last year, two on the Pacific Coast (which has hitherto been a very profitable field) and two occurring within a very few days of each other in the State of Massachusetts, at Lynn and Boston. So that when, with the calls upon our treasury which these involved, coupled with the unfavourable experience in the Marine branch during the closing month of the year, we are able to meet our Shareholders with a large enough profit balance to pay their usual dividend of ten per cent, and add something to our surplus, I think you will agree with me that we are presenting ample proof that our affairs are being conducted in such a manner as to command your confidence and reflect credit upon those responsible for the active management and supervision of the Company's business, both at the head office and at the branches and agencies throughout its extensive field of operations.

In regard to the outlook for the future, I need scarcely remind you that our business, being subjected largely to elements beyond human control, is of such a nature that we do not feel safe in attempting to form an estimate in advance of the probable result of any year's transactions. We can only continue to pursue that course which experience and prudence point out as best in the interests of the company, and relying on the outcome being in the future, as it has proved in the past, such as to yield Shareholders a good return upon the capital invested, while affording Policy-holders ample security.

I cannot close without a further reference to that made in the report to the loss we have sustained since we last had the pleasure of meeting the Shareholders in the death of our late Vice-President. His worth and his many virtues are too widely known to require more than passing notice here, but I may say that in the death of Mr. William Gooderham we feel that the Company has lost a faithful officer and Director, and each member of the Board a highly-esteemed friend.

The Vice-President, Mr. George A. Cox, in seconding the adoption of the report, said:

Mr. Chairman, you have very justly alluded to our late respected Vice-President, who had for many years and with so much satisfaction to the Shareholders discharged the duty that now devolves upon me. When I say that I deeply regret the fact that he is not here to discharge that duty to-day, I am sure I but give expression to the feeling of every Shareholder and Director, every officer and employee of the Company.

The experience of the Company for the year under review affords in my judgment more than ordinary cause for congratulation, notwithstanding the fact that the profits are lower than for several years past. The year of 1889 will long be remembered amongst both Fire and Marine Underwriters as one of unusual severity. In addition to the disastrous storms on the Atlantic coast as well as on the lakes, we have been heavily interested in no less than four serious conflagrations, and I repeat that it is certainly a matter for congratulation that the large annual premium income, amounting last year to over \$2,000,000 gross, pouring into the coffers of the Company from nearly every important point on this Continent, was sufficient to meet these exceptionally heavy losses on land and sea as well as the ordinary losses of the Company, and to do that without impairing our capital, without encroaching to the extent of one dollar upon our large reserves, without reducing our usual ten per cent. dividend to our Shareholders; in short, without in any way disturbing the business of the Company in the even tenor of its way. It is particularly satisfactory to feel that our business is now so extended and so well distributed as to give us that average risk and that annual income that will safely carry the Company through such disastrous storms and such serious conflagrations as they have experienced during the past year.

It must also be remembered that in years when we escape these exceptional losses we go on rolling up our reserve funds, and in looking back over the reports of the last five years, including the one just closed, I am gratified to find that we have in that time paid \$232,589.53 to our Shareholders in dividends, have transferred no less than \$205,000 to our reserve fund, and increased the amount standing at credit of profit and loss by \$11,298.30; in other words, the company has earned for you about 20 per cent. per annum on your paid-up capital, about one-half of which has been paid to you in dividends, and with the other half a large reserve fund has been built up to protect your capital in years of unusual disaster. Another very satisfactory feature in this year's report is the fact that our business has been done at a cost of less than 3½ per cent., a rate that compares most favourably with that of any other Company. Before taking my seat, I desire to add that for these satisfactory results you are chiefly indebted to your able and energetic Managing Director and his well-selected staff, who know their business thoroughly and attend to it promptly.

The Managing Director, in reply to an inquiry, explained that the amount calculated to provide for unexpired risks was somewhat less last year than at the close of 1888, owing mainly to the discontinuance of annual ocean hull business. The marine premiums of the past year being chiefly on cargo risks, written for the trip only, were almost entirely earned at the close of the year.

The report was adopted, and a vote of thanks was passed to the Directors for their services.

Messrs. Fred J. Stewart and John K. Niven having been appointed scrutineers, the election of Directors to serve during the coming year was proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the old Board, namely: Messrs. A. M. Smith, Geo. A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robert Beatty, A. T. Fulton, George McMurrich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock and J. J. Kenny.

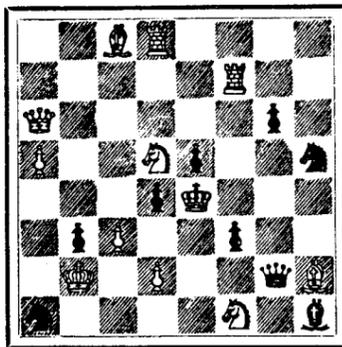
At a meeting of the Board held subsequently, Mr. A. M. Smith was re-elected President, and Mr. George A. Cox Vice-President for the ensuing year.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 441.

By T. TAVERNER.

BLACK.



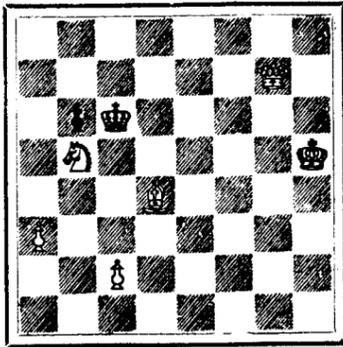
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 442

By S. LOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 435.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R-K R 7 | K-B 6 |
| 2. B x P + | P-Kt 5 |
| 3. Q x P mate. | |
| | If 1. P-B 5 |
| 2. R x P + | P x R |
| 3. B-K 4 mate. | |
- With other variations.

No. 436.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-R 8 | K x Kt on White K 5 |
| 2. Kt-Kt 3 | moves |
| 3. Q x P mate. | |
| | If 1. K x Kt on White K 4 |
| 2. Q-Q R 8 + | K x Kt |
| 3. P-B 4 mate. | |
- With other variations.

N.B.—In Problem No. 435 there should be a White Bishop on K 3 instead of a Pawn.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB BY MR. A. T. DAVISON, TORONTO, AND MR. J. G. ASCHER, MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1890.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|------------------------------|-------------------|
| DAVISON.
White. | ASCHER.
Black. | DAVISON.
White. | ASCHER.
Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 17. Kt-B 3 | P-Q 4 (b) |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 18. Kt x P | Q-Kt 3 |
| 3. P-Q 4 | P x P | 19. B-K 3 | Q R-Q 1 |
| 4. P-K 5 | P-Q 4 (a) | 20. K-R 2 | Q-K R 3 |
| 5. P x P en pas | B x P | 21. Kt-K 6 | B-Kt 5 |
| 6. B-Q B 4 | Kt-B 3 | 22. P-K R 4 | R x P (c) |
| 7. Q Kt-Q 2 | Castles | 23. Kt x R | R-K R 4 |
| 8. Castles | B-K Kt 5 | 24. B-B 2 (d) | Q x P + |
| 9. P-K R 3 | B-R 4 | 25. K-Kt 1 | B-B 6 |
| 10. P-K Kt 4 | B-Kt 3 | 26. Kt x P | Q-Kt 5 + |
| 11. Kt-R 4 | Kt-K 4 | 27. B-Kt 3 | R-B 4 |
| 12. P-K B 4 | Kt x B | 28. K-R 2 | Kt-Kt 4 (e) |
| 13. Kt x Kt | Kt-K 5 | 29. P x Kt | Q-R 4 + |
| 14. Q-K 1 | P-K B 4 | 30. B-R 4 | R-B 2 |
| 15. Q Kt x B | P x Kt | 31. Q-K 8 + | R-B 1 |
| 16. P x P | B-R 4 | 32. Q x Q and Black resigns. | |

NOTES.

- a) We prefer B-B 4. (b) B x Kt is better. (c) Bad. (d) Good. (e) R-R 4 is better.

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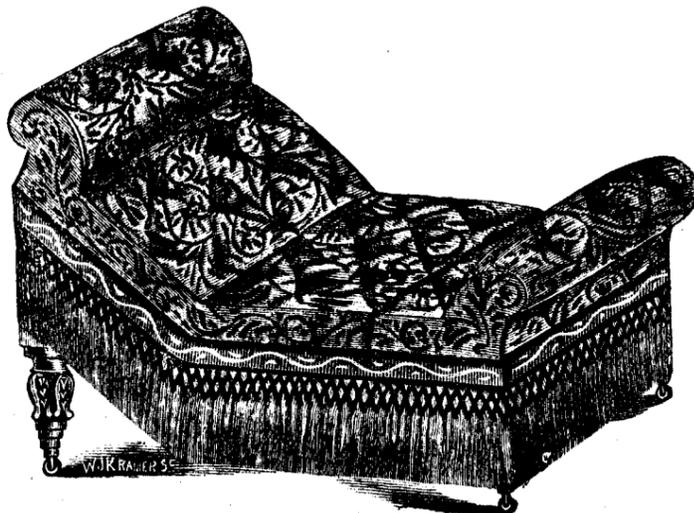
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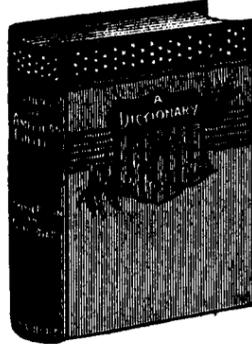
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