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# THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE, 2nd, 1893.

[No. 27.]

## THE WEEK:

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

The coincidence of Lieut.-Governor Chapleau's and Sir Adolphe Caron's visits to Paris, during Sir John Thompson's enforced sojourn in that city, has very naturally given rise to rumours of coming changes in the Dominion Cabinet. While it is quite probable that these visits may not be without political significance, it is evident that little reliance can be placed upon the guesses which have been published touching the nature of the changes which may be under consideration. It is, for instance, in the highest degree unlikely that such a movement as the offering of the London High Commissionership to Sir Adolphe could be seriously thought of, though it is far from unlikely that the retirement of that gentleman from the Government at an early day may be contemplated. Nor, in view of well-known incidents in his official history,

is it easy to believe that, notwithstanding his admitted ability and influence, Mr. Chapleau's return to office as a Cabinet Minister would be regarded with complacency, much less desired by the Premier and his colleagues. Perhaps the one element of truth in all the rumoured changes is the belief indicated that recent events have seriously weakened the hold of the present Government upon the country, and that its Premier and some of its leading members are not blind to the necessity of strengthening their position before the next meeting of Parliament. But as they are not in the habit of taking newspaper reporters or the public into their confidence in such matters, we shall probably have to await developments with what patience we can command.

Whatever may be the fate of the attempt to obtain Home Rule for Ireland, the Parish Councils Bill now before the British Commons, with, it is believed, every prospect of being passed with the consent of both parties, bids fair to make parish home rule, in the fullest meaning of the term, a fact accomplished. The Bill is said to have been framed with great care by a number of the men of largest experience and ripest judgment in the ranks of the Liberal Party. The new Bill accepts the parish as the unit of English rural life. The power heretofore vested in the squire, the rector, and the church-warden, will hereafter be vested in representative local parish councils. Parishes containing less than three hundred persons are to be grouped for the purposes of the Bill. All parishes containing more than three hundred, which category comprises, it is said, nine thousand out of a total of fifteen thousand, will elect councils composed of from five to fifteen members, according to population. These councils will act as administrative and executive bodies in all local affairs. They will have the management of parochial property, water supplies, fire-engines and fire-escapes, lighting and local improvements of all sorts, public libraries, etc. The "Speaker" describes the Bill as a restoration of the early methods of English village life, before it was handed over to a feudal aristocracy. It is quite likely that popular squires, rectors and church wardens will be given a prominent and influential part in the working of the new machinery for some time to come, but none the less its effect in developing intelligence, manliness, business capacity, and independence of spirit, in the common people, cannot fail to be powerful.

Putting aside, as we think we can do, all local feeling, it strikes us as not unnatural or unreasonable that the members of the Canadian Institute should be unwilling to accept for it a position of subordination to its younger though more ambitious sister, the Royal Society of Canada. Like individuals, societies which have achieved a certain measure of success by their own unaided efforts and in the face of serious obstacles, develop an individuality in which they take an honest pride, and which they are loth to sacrifice even for the sake of superior advantages in certain respects. To such, the loss of individuality means often a loss of strength. We have never been able to take kindly to the close-corporation idea in literature or philosophy, any more than in manufactures or commerce or professional life, and hence, perhaps, are hardly in a position to offer an opinion upon such a matter. But there is surely room for question whether the Royal Society might not strengthen its position and enlarge its usefulness by making provision, if its constitution does not now admit of such an arrangement, whereby old and well-established societies such as the Canadian Institute might become associated on terms of equality, or at least on conditions which would enable the two to work together and become mutually helpful, without offending the natural *amour propre* of either. We venture the remark on general principles for what it is worth, and without any knowledge, other than that gleaned from the rather spirited discussion at Ottawa, of the views and feelings of the members of the Canadian Institute, of whom we have not the honour to be one.

Not the least interesting among the proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada, at its recent annual meeting, were the felicitous address read by the President, Dr. Bourinot, to His Excellency the Earl of Derby, on the occasion of his retirement from the position of Honorary President of the Society, as a necessary consequence of the termination of his term of office as Governor-General of the Dominion. The deep affliction through which His Excellency has been called to pass rendered especially appropriate the expression of sympathy in which the members of the Society gave voice to the feeling of all classes of Canadian citizens, as well as to their own. The same remark may with equal confidence be made with regard to the warm tribute paid by the Society to

the fairness and ability with which His Excellency has discharged the duties of his high office, and the warm desire he has always manifested for the prosperity of Canada and the welfare of its people. His Excellency's reply was peculiarly graceful and pleasing, no less in the tribute which he paid to the memory of his distinguished brother, a tribute rendered especially fitting by reason of the late Earl's intelligent interest in colonial affairs, than in his modest allusions to the part which he himself has taken in the affairs of the Dominion, and his warm and evidently sincere expressions of interest in Canada and Canadians, and of regret at the necessity of leaving them. His eulogistic reference to his successor was as generous as we believe it to be just. However valid may be the political and constitutional reasons which justify the rule or usage which decrees those periodical changes in the office of Governor-General, which the Society very naturally deplures, it is pleasing to know that in almost every instance the departure of the distinguished nobleman who has filled the position for the allotted period is an occasion of sincere and mutual regret. Earl Derby may certainly carry with him, wherever his duties may call him in the future, the assurance of the respect and well wishes of the Canadian people.

We do not profess to be wise enough to explain fully the cause or causes of the astounding facts revealed in the trade statements of the United States for the year ending the 30th of April, 1893. The falling off in value of exports to the extent of nearly \$163,000,000 as compared with those of the preceding year is a phenomenon for which even the iniquities of the McKinley Bill are inadequate to account, though it no doubt had much to do, directly and indirectly, in bringing about the result. One lesson, however, we may learn, and rely upon with perfect confidence in its correctness. That lesson, a most valuable one to us as well as to our neighbours, is the utter failure of the high tariff to accomplish the end for which it was specially designed. There can be no doubt that if those who devised and enacted that famous measure had any one chief end in view it was to decrease imports and increase exports, or at least to increase the volume of exports in proportion to that of imports, so as to produce what is generally supposed to be a favourable balance of trade. Yet the very opposite result has been reached. While the exports have decreased to the alarming extent above indicated, the imports have increased to the amount of about \$94,000,000, making the total balance of trade against the Republic no less than \$78,000,000. The utter failure of what seemed a most cunning and was certainly a most selfish scheme to give American manufacturers either access to foreign markets or control of their own is writ so large that he who runs may read. The demonstration of

the fact that unadulterated selfishness in trade is bad in policy as well as in morals is most opportune at this juncture. It can hardly fail to strengthen the hands of tariff-reformers in Canada as well as in the United States, for the object-lesson is put before our eyes almost as plainly as before theirs. Protection fails to protect. It can neither secure home nor open up foreign markets. Its chief effect is to burden consumers and create millionaires. Surely if the American trade report teaches anything it teaches these lessons. And they are lessons of sterling value.

The project of the Toronto Aqueduct Company, as explained by Alderman Leslie on Friday evening, is certainly an ambitious one, and one which, if it can be shown to be at all practicable, deserves the sympathy and consideration asked for by its representatives and promoters and pledged by the citizens present at the meeting. The capital required is very large, and so far we have failed to understand from what sources it is hoped to procure it. If, however, it can be shown to the satisfaction of capitalists that the canal can be built for \$65,000,000, and that the income from freights alone may reasonably be expected to pay four per cent. upon a capital of \$100,000,000, there should be no serious difficulty in raising the amount required. It is pleasing to learn that no bonus or subsidy is to be asked from the City. With that condition every one must wish success to the Company. It is not quite clear what amount of importance is attached by the promoters to the proposal to supply the City with water at the rate of three cents per thousand gallons, or at any other rate. It is to be hoped that this is not by any means a *sine qua non*, as indeed it need not be if the calculations presented by Alderman Leslie are at all near the mark. To say nothing of other weighty objections, it is quite clear that the City cannot afford to wait for the completion of so formidable an undertaking. It is imperative that an ample supply of pure water be had at the earliest possible moment, and that moment must surely arrive before the end of the present summer. Indeed, there is now good reason to hope that it may come in a very few weeks. No one, we suppose, doubts the purity of the source of supply in the lake, and if the engineer can but complete a real connection with that source, which is certainly feasible, and can prevent leakage of bay water into the conduit, which there is good reason to believe can be done by the erection of an auxiliary pumping plant at the Island, if not otherwise, the problem will have been solved, and solved without removing any part of the work from City control. It is clear, moreover, that the saving of the cost of a trunk sewer, on which Alderman Leslie reckoned, should not and must not be relied on. The trunk sewer is a necessity under any circumstances.

The people of Toronto cannot afford to have the waters on the city front permanently polluted, no matter whence they draw their supply for domestic purposes.

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers this week an extended abstract of the admirable address delivered by Dr. Bourinot, the President of the Royal Society of Canada, at the recent meeting of that society. Every thoughtful reader will agree heartily with Dr. Bourinot in deprecating the tendency of the time, especially in this western world, to an overestimate of material success, and a corresponding indifference to those higher things without which life, even at the acme of material prosperity, is not really worth living. In the bird's-eye glance which the learned President gives us of the intellectual development of Canada, during each of the three historical periods into which her history so naturally falls, he supplies the young student of that history with an outline which is even more valuable in its suggestiveness than in the not inconsiderable amount of information which is so well condensed within the small compass of a public address. Canada's intellectual record is necessarily meagre, and her literary honour roll necessarily brief, even during the last and most fruitful half-century of her existence. Yet both the record and the roll are such as we have no reason to feel ashamed of under the circumstances.

The future prosperity and progress of our Confederation, material, political, and moral, as well as intellectual, depends largely upon the preservation of harmony and cordial sympathy between the two peoples of different race and language who make up the bulk of its population, and every intelligent patriot must desire with Dr. Bourinot to see a friendly rivalry on the part of the best minds among French and English Canadians, along all the lines of a true national development. We see no reason to doubt the correctness of his forecast that the use of the French language in Canada will continue into a far-off future. English will no doubt become more and more the language of business and commercial life in all parts of the Dominion, but the *habitants* will cling to the speech of their fathers in their homes, their social circles, and their churches, for many generations. Who can blame them or wish it otherwise? This, however, suggests the query whether the English-speaking people of Canada do not besides losing much from a literary point of view, deprive themselves of a legitimate source of influence, in failing to acquaint themselves and their children with the language of so large and important a part of their fellow-citizens. A considerable and, it is believed, constantly increasing number of French Canadians are learning English for practical and business purposes, but it is idle to expect that the great mass of them will in the near future

do so. They have neither the desire, nor, in the imperfect state of their educational arrangements, the means, to do so. But no one can doubt that this mutual ignorance of each other's language, and the consequent inability to understand each other's views and aspirations, and habits of thought and feeling, are fruitful and dangerous sources of misunderstanding and consequent friction between the two peoples. Who can estimate the effects that would follow in the way of mutual enlightenment were a large percentage of our English writers and speakers able to address their French fellow-citizens in their own language, and to read their books and newspapers? It is needless to add, what new stores of literary treasure would be opened up to our children had they the mastery of that language. And then how easily and profitably could this knowledge be acquired by the young were there only provision for carrying on the study of it *pari passu* with that of English in the public schools.

At one point we are half disposed to take issue with Dr. Bourinot. We refer to those paragraphs near the end of his address in which he deprecates the tendency of the age to get as much knowledge as possible by short cuts, and to spread far too much learning over a limited surface. The tendency is no doubt unfriendly to the classical culture and patient scholarship which he admires. But then what are we to do? We are in our own age and must face its conditions. The days in which one could hope, even by a lifetime of study, to overtake the march of either science or literature, or to compass in a studious and scholarly fashion the whole world of known literature and philosophy, are forever past. The sphere, even of the knowledge which might fairly be expected of every educated man, has been expanding through the century until the alternatives for even the profoundest intellect are either to circumnavigate that sphere at railroad and steam-boat speed, or to spend a lifetime in taking soundings in some one little bay or roadstead. It is necessarily the age of superficiality and of specialization. Nor is it so clear that for the great majority the former is not better than the latter, just as the mechanic who has a working knowledge of the steam engine is a broader as well as a more useful man than the one who knows everything about some minute part of it, but nothing of other parts or their correlation for practical use. Then, again, it must not be forgotten that ours is emphatically an age of great problems. The race of man has been discovered. The new science of humanity is superseding the old study of the humanities. Tremendous social, industrial, political, and religious issues stare us in the face at every turn. That man must needs be almost more or less than human who, with the consciousness of superior talents and a due sense of responsibility for their use, could turn his back on all these

problems which are questions of life and death for the millions, and give himself up to a life of literary leisure. Of course the President of the Royal Society could not bring all the points of the compass within the focus of a single address. What we wish to ask is simply whether the pressure of these great questions of a democratic age must not seriously modify in kind the future of literature, and of all intellectual development?

THE BOY AND THE FARM.

"What shall we do to keep the boy on the farm?" is a cry which is heard on every side. Would it not be well to change the form of the query sometimes and say, What shall we do to induce the town and city boy to go to the farm? It always seems to us that the question is too often discussed as if it were the natural and desirable thing that the sons of farmers should invariably choose their father's pursuit; as if, in fact, the accident of having been born in the country should determine the future occupation and career of farmers' children. Many speak and write almost as if there were something abnormal and sinful in the inclination or ambition which prompts so many country-born children to choose business or professional pursuits. We fail to recognize, in this particular case, that the old order of things which decreed that the child should not quit his father's guild has changed. In almost every case we recognize the fact that the greatest good of the greatest number will be best promoted by encouraging every youth to choose the calling for which he seems by nature best adapted, and to which he is, in consequence, most strongly drawn by taste and inclination. Why not permit the law of natural selection to operate freely in the case of farmers' sons as well as in that of the sons of merchants and professional men in the cities? And why should not parents in town and city, tradesmen, business men, professional men, on the same principle, note carefully the tastes and aptitudes of their boys, and encourage those, of whom there are doubtless many, who seem specially fitted for agricultural or horticultural pursuits, to choose their future callings accordingly; not, indeed, by stinting their education, but rather by giving them every facility for thorough culture, both general and special, to fit them for successful and honorable lives in those congenial lines. How many a boy's life is to a large extent a failure in consequence of his having been forced into a business or profession for which he lacked inclination and ability, when there is every reason to believe that the same boy might have lived usefully and happily in some more congenial occupation which would have taken him into the outdoor life and country air for which he longed? On the other hand, every one knows that nothing is more common than for the country boy for whom the farm has no at-

tractions, to rise speedily to the top in some business or profession to which he was drawn by inclination or instinct.

If it be said that neither the conditions nor the emoluments of farm life are such as to make it worth while for men of position and means in the cities to educate their sons with a view to it, the ready rejoinder is, why should not the farmer be just as free and just as ambitious to choose the most eligible calling for his sons as the merchant or the lawyer in the city? As we have intimated, daily observation proves that the city boys have no advantage in the matter of brains over those of the country. On the other hand, many considerations indicate that the change from city to country, and from country to city, would have the best possible effect in developing both the physical and the intellectual strength of the nation. The tendency of those who are brought up and live in the city from generation to generation, to physical and mental degeneracy is well known, as is also the fact that constant reinforcement from the sturdy physique and equally sturdy mentality of the country is the most important factor in keeping up the standard of brain and brawn in the teeming city populations.

The reference to the lack of sufficient financial inducement to make it worth the while of city parents in good positions to educate their sons for country life and pursuits, suggests the further query whether this fact, if such it be, does not take away the basis of complaint in respect to the alleged growing disinclination of country boys to remain on the farms. Unless we are to except agricultural and other rural pursuits from the operation of the law of supply and demand which rules in all other departments of active life, the low prices realized for products of these industries, proves that the number of those who still devote themselves to them is sufficient to meet the world's requirements in those lines. There can be no doubt that if, as a consequence of a great European war or some other cause, there should arise a scarcity of food products, and a corresponding rise in prices, there would be a speedy revival of the popularity of the farming industry and a speedy reversal of the city-ward currents which we now so much deplore.

While, however, we would vindicate the right of our country-bred youth to the same freedom of choice in the matter of their life-work which the city-bred claim for themselves, and while we cannot see that the fact that their fathers were professional or business men gives the latter any just claim to pre-emption or monopoly of the pursuits which are believed to offer the best chances for future distinction or opulence, we deem it equally obvious that the standards of success which are nowadays set up in city and country alike, are by no means the highest or best. Any influence which could be brought to bear to prevent the narrowing "lust of lucre" from

occupying so supreme a place in the eyes of the average young man in both town and country, when choosing his life-work, would be an inestimable boon not only to the individuals but to the nation. If a larger proportion of such young men could be taught to put a lower estimate upon mere wealth, and a higher one upon a simple competence with usefulness, intelligence, and true refinement; if they could be brought to realize with Horace that the happiest man is he on whom the gods bestow with sparing hand only what is sufficient for his reasonable wants; and if, on the other hand, the conditions of life on the fruitful farm, and in other rural occupations, could be ameliorated, by being made less toilsome and less barren of social and intellectual pleasures, there is no doubt that thousands could find in Canadian country life sources of true comfort and enjoyment far surpassing those which fall to the lot of the great majority of those whose time and energies are all absorbed in the exhausting struggle for wealth and position. The most effective agency for accomplishing this reform is unquestionably a right education. By this we mean not so much learning as culture—not simply the practical training which is given in the technical and agricultural schools and colleges, though this is indispensable, but that education which develops a taste for the delights of science and literature and philosophy, thus giving to the mind sources of pleasure to which it can constantly turn, and which are to a great extent independent of outward circumstance.

With regard to the other great drawback of country life, the dearth of opportunity for social enjoyments, it has always seemed to us that our farmers make a mistake in not adopting to a much greater extent the plan of living in villages, instead of isolating themselves in their lonely farm houses. We have no doubt that as the country grows older this plan will be adopted to a larger extent. One of the chief hindrances, hitherto, has been the want of good roads, especially at the seasons of the year when the most undivided attention has to be given to the farm. The movement which is now making such salutary progress for the improvement of the roads and of means of communication in the country districts will, it can scarcely be doubted, so commend itself to the practical good sense of the dwellers in the country that benefits, social as well as pecuniary, hitherto unknown, will in the not distant future make country life far more attractive than it has hitherto been.

One English judge has held that if a woman spend her own money in supplying necessaries to her household, it is not to be regarded as money advanced to her husband, in the absence of a definite engagement to repay it on his part. Another holds that if husband and wife invest money made by them in their joint business in their joint names, the husband alone can use the income as he pleases.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

DR. BOURINOT'S ADDRESS ON CANADIAN INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

The twelfth meeting of the Royal Society of Canada since its foundation by the Marquis de Lorne in 1891, was held in the Parliament building at Ottawa, in the week commencing on Monday, May 22nd, and closed on the succeeding Friday. The programme comprised elaborate essays and monographs on the various historical, literary and scientific subjects, to which the Society has specially devoted itself. Among the contributors were Sir W. Dawson, Abbe Laflamme, Dr. Bourinot, Mr. Whiteaves, Mr. Lambe, Lieutenant-Governors Royal and Schultz, Dr. Withrow, Rev. F. E. J. Lloyd, Mr. Matthew, Mr. James Fletcher, Mr. W. Harrington, Dr. Ellis, M. Faucher de Saint-Maurice, Abbe Gosselin, Mr. Dionne, M. Decelles, besides a number of other members and non-members, as it is the wise practice of the Society to encourage contributions from all literary and scientific sources. In the course of the meeting Dr. Kingsford gave a scholarly paper, in memoriam, on the late Sir Daniel Wilson, one of the original fellows, and Sir James Grant followed with a similar essay on the late Mr. Gisborne, also a member. Among the papers of the English literary section, we notice that a contributor to *The Week*, the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, has written Annals of that interesting section of the Dominion, which will appear in due course in the *Transactions* and in separate form. In publishing these local histories with maps and illustrations, the Royal Society is doing a most useful work for Canada.

Prof. Ramsay Wright, of Toronto University, delivered during the week, a most valuable lecture on "The Natural History of Cholera," in accordance with the plan recently adopted by the Society of having one of its members contribute a popular science essay on some practical subject of the day. The President, Dr. Bourinot, C. M. G., gave an elaborate address on "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness," of which we have obtained an abstract, as the subject is one of special interest to our readers.

Dr. Bourinot commenced by citing some remarks from a brilliant address made before Harvard University by James Russell Lowell, in which he took occasion to warn his audience against the tendency of a prosperous democracy towards an overweening confidence in itself and in its home-made methods, an overestimate of material success and a corresponding indifference to the things of the mind. The success of a nation should not be measured by the number of acres under tillage, or bushels of wheat exported; or, as a Canadian reading the newspaper accounts of our exhibit at the World's Fair, might add, by the weight of a big cheese. The real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the balance of trade. The measure of a nation's true success, is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope, and the consolation of mankind.

The lecturer then went on to review some of the most salient features of the intellectual progress of Canada since the days Canada entered on its career of com-

petition in the civilization of this continent. So far, there are three well-defined eras of development in the history of the Dominion. First, there was the era of French Canadian occupation, which has in many respects its heroic and picturesque features. Then after the cession of New France to England came the era of political and constitutional struggle for a full measure of public liberty, which ended in the establishment of responsible government about half a century ago. Then we have that era which dates from the Confederation—an era of which the first quarter of a century has only passed, of which the signs are still full of promise, despite the predictions of gloomy thinkers, if Canadians remain true to themselves and face the future with the same courage and confidence that have distinguished the past.

In the daring ventures of Marquette, Joliet, LaSalle and Tonty, in the stern purpose of Frontenac, in the far-reaching plans of La Galissoniere, in the military genius of Montcalm, the historian of these later times has at his command most attractive materials for his pen. But we cannot expect to find the signs of original intellectual development among a people where there was not a single printing press, where local freedom of thought and action was repressed by a paternal absolutism, where the struggle for life was very bitter up to the last hours of French supremacy, in a country constantly exposed to war, and too often neglected by a king, who thought more of his mistresses than of his harassed and patient subjects across the seas. Yet, that memorable period of our history—days of heroic struggle in many ways—was the inspiring influence of a large amount of literature which we, in these times, find of the deepest interest from a historic point of view. The English colonies during the same period, cannot present us with any books which, for faithful narrative or excellence of style, can at all compare with those of Champlain, L'Escarbot, Sagard, Potherie, Boucher, Le Clercq, the Jesuit Relations, or Charlevoix. These writers were not Canadian in the sense that they were born or educated in Canada, but still they were the product of the life, the hardships and realities of old Canada—it was from this country they drew the inspiration that gave vigour and value to their writings.

During the second era of development under British rule, the brightest and strongest intellect of the province found scope for its display in the legislature, and at no period of the political history of Canada, were there more fervid, earnest orators than appeared while the battle for responsible government was at its height. The names of Neilson, Papineau, Howe, Baldwin, Robinson, Wilmot, Johnstone, Rolph, Mackenzie, recall the times when questions of political controversy and political freedom stimulated mental development among that class which sought and found the best popular opportunities for the display of their intellectual gifts. In the legislature, in the absence of a great printing press and a native literature. It is an interesting fact that Joseph Howe, then printer and editor, should have published the first edition of the work of the only great humorist that Canada has yet produced, "The

Clockmaker," in which Judge Halliburton created "Sam Slick," a type of a down-east Yankee peddler, who introduced "Soft sawder and human natur'" During this period, however, apart from Halliburton's works, we look in vain for any original Canadian literature worthy of special mention. It was not to be expected that in a poor country, still in the infancy of its development, severely tried by political controversy, without any system of public schools, with a small population from Sydney to Niagara, there could be any intellectual stimulus or literary effort except what was represented in newspapers like the Gazette and Canadien of Quebec, the Gazette of Montreal, or the Nova Scotian of Halifax, or found expression in the legislative halls or in the court rooms of a people always delighting in such displays as there were made of mental power and natural eloquence.

It was in the years that followed the concession of responsible government, that a new era came to Canada—an era of intellectual as well as material activity. Political life still claimed the best energy and talent, and the names of Archibald, Baldwin, Brown, Cartier, Dorion, Galt, Hicks, Howe, Lafontaine, Morin, McNab, John A. Macdonald, Darcy McGee, W. Macdougall, Alexander Mackenzie, Tilley, Tupper, Uniacke, Young and of many others familiar to us all, are associated with the most memorable and progressive period of Canadian history. The newspaper press kept pace in essential respects with the material progress of the country, and represented pretty well the tone and the spirit of the mass of people. Public intelligence was more generally diffused; and according as the population increased, the public school and university system expanded, and the material conditions of the country improved, a literature of some merit and importance commenced to grow. The poems of Cremazie, of Howe, of Chauveau, of McLachlan and of Sangster were imbued with a truly Canadian spirit—with a love for Canada, its scenery, its history and its traditions. In historical literature Canadians have always shown some strength. In French Canada, the names of Ferland and Garneau have received a proper recognition for their clearness of style, their spirit of research, and their scholarship. Since their days history has continued to enlist the earnest and industrious study of Canadians, with more or less success, as the works of Dent, McMullen, Withrow, Casgrain, Sulte and Kingsford notably show. Of poets, we have had since Cremazie our full share, and it is satisfactory to know that the poems of Frechette, Le May, Dewart, Reade, Davila, Mair, Murray, Roberts, Bliss Carman, Kirby, Wilfrid Campbell, Lampman and Macnar have gained recognition from time to time in the world of letters outside of Canada. The poems of Canadians take frequently an elevated and patriotic range of thought and vision, and give expression to aspirations worthy of men born and living in this country. Even Mr. Edgar forgets the politician and lawyer in the poet,—and years of opposition—and has given us a national song, of which this is a part:

"Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes  
When darkest danger lowers,  
And with our life-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of ours.  
Fair Canada,  
Dear Canada,  
This Canada of ours."

But while Canada can point to some creditable achievements of recent years in history, poetry, and essay-writing, her writings have not yet won any marked success in the novel or romance. With the exception of *Le Chien D'or* by Mr. Kirby, F.R.S.C., and *Les Ancien Canadiens* by de Gaspe,—the latter, annals rather than romance—few of them show any creative skill. In this respect Canadians have not at all come near the Australians.

Science has had in Canada many votaries, who have won high distinction as the scientific libraries of the world, and the names of many men on the list of membership of the Royal Society of Canada, can conclusively show. The literature of science, as studied and written by Canadians, is exceedingly comprehensive.

The Royal Society of Canada was founded for the express purpose of bringing together both the English and French elements of our population for common study, and the discussion of such literary and scientific studies as may be useful to the Dominion, and at the same time develop the literature of learning and science. Its Transactions are now circulated in every civilized country of the world. They contain contributions from writers, whether members or not, who have something to say of permanent value to scholars and students everywhere. All the historical, scientific and literary societies of standing publish in its volume yearly reports of their work. The Society is attempting to do such work as the Smithsonian Institution is doing, so far as the publication of important papers is concerned. It has no other desire than to co-operate with scholars and students throughout the Dominion, and to show every possible sympathy with all those engaged in art, culture and education, and all it asks from the Canadian public at large, is confidence in its work and objects, which are in no sense selfish or exclusive, but are influenced by a sincere desire to do what it can to promote historic truth and scientific research.

Dr. Bourinot then went on to say, that without claiming for Canada any striking results, he thought on the whole there have been enough good poems, histories, and essays written in the Dominion for the last four or five decades to prove that there has been a steady intellectual progress on the part of our people. Our intellectual faculties only require larger opportunities for their exercise to bring forth a rich fruition. Our progress in the years to come will be far greater than any we have yet shown, with the wider distribution of wealth, the dissemination of a higher culture, and a greater confidence in our own mental strength, and in the resources that this country offers to pen and pencil.

Largely, if not entirely, owing to the expansion of our common school system—so excellent in Ontario, if defective in Quebec—and the influence of our colleges and universities in every province, the average intelligence of the people of this country is much higher. Speed in everything, however, is at once the virtue and vice of this generation. The animating principle with the majority of people, is to give a young man a business or a profession as soon as possible, and the consequent tendency

is to consider any education that does not immediately effect that end, as relatively useless or superfluous. For one, he still ranged himself among those who consider the conscientious and intelligent study of the ancient classics—the humanities, as they have been called—as best calculated to make cultured men and women, and as the noblest basis on which to build up even a practical education. The tendency of the age is to get as much knowledge as possibly by short cuts, and to spread far too much learning over a limited surface—to give a child too many subjects and to teach him a little of everything. These are days of cheap cyclopaedias, historical summaries, scientific digests, reviews of reviews, French in ten lessons, and interest tables. All is digested and made easy for the student. Consequently, not a little of the production of our schools and of some of our colleges, may be compared to a veneer of knowledge which easily wears off in the activities of life and leaves a good deal of the original and cheaper material very perceptible.

As our libraries are small and confined to three or four cities, so our public and private galleries of art are very few in number. In this respect Montreal is very much ahead of Toronto, which has no public collection and very few good pictures even in private houses. While it is desirable that there should be brought to this country, from time to time, the best examples of artistic genius to educate our own people for better things, it is still more necessary that Canadians of wealth and taste should encourage the efforts of our own artists. Canadian art has hitherto been imitative, rather than creative; but while we have pictures like those of O'Brien, Harris, Brymner, Jacobi, Lawson, the Hamels, Homer Watson, Huot, Bell Smith, Raphael, and of other excellent painters in oil and water-colours,—illustrating in some cases, the charm, picturesqueness and grandeur of Canadian scenery and the variety of Canadian life,—it would seem only a little more encouragement is needed to develop a higher order of artistic performance among us. It is to be hoped that the same generosity which is building commodious science halls and otherwise giving our universities additional opportunities for usefulness, will also ere long establish, at least, one art gallery in each of the older provinces, to illustrate, not only English and foreign art, but the most original and highly-executed work of Canadian painters. Such galleries are so many object lessons—like that wonderful "White City," which has arisen by a Western lake, like the palaces of Eastern story—necessary to educate the eye, form the taste and develop the higher faculties of our nature amid the material and gross surroundings of our daily life.

In conclusion Dr. Bourinot said that, in all probability the French language will continue into a far indefinite future, to be that of a large and influential section of the population of Canada, and that it must consequently exercise a great influence on the culture and intellect of the Dominion. As both the French and English nationalities have vied with each other in the past to build up this Confederation, and have risen time and again superior to those national antagonisms created by differences of opinion at crises of our his-

tory—antagonisms happily dispelled by the common-sense and patriotism of men of both races—so we should look forward in the future to a friendly rivalry on the part of the best minds among French and English Canadians, to stimulate the genius of their peoples in art, history, poetry and romance. Each should give every possible sympathetic encouragement to the intellectual efforts of the other. By cultivating that social and intellectual intercourse, which may at all events, weld them both as one in spirit and aspiration, however different they may continue in language and temperament, many prejudices must be removed, social life must gain in charm, and intellect must be developed by finding strength where it is weak and grace where it is needed, in the mental efforts of the two races. With this widening of the sympathies of the two national elements of the Dominion, with the disappearance of that provincialism which means narrowness of mental vision, with the growth of experience and knowledge, with the creation of a wider sympathy for native talent, with less of that spirit of self-depreciation which is so essentially colonial, and with the development of more self-reliance and confidence in our own mental resources, we may expect to reach a condition of far higher intellectual life and feel the full influence on our national character, of what can best elevate Canadians and make them even happier and wiser.—

"The love of country, soaring far above  
dull party strife;

The love of learning, art, and song—the  
crowning grace of life."

#### PARIS LETTER.

M. Flourens, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, having, like the frozen-out gardeners "got no work to do," takes in hand the defence of Holy Russia. He proves at the same time, how poor is the supply of statesmanship in France. He commences by a fling at the Anglo-Saxon race, that can only be kept in check by the Slav. He is indignant at Mr. Gladstone's assertion, "in violation of all treaties to the contrary, that France has no more right to meddle with Egypt than any other European nation." It may be accepted that if France possessed these rights by treaty, she would have acted upon them long ago. The right of conquest, due to the invasion of Napoleon, was superseded when the British drove him out of the Land of Pharaoh. M. Flourens next deplores the neglect of France to materially succour the starving Russians during last year's famine; in this they were cut out by the Yankees, who sent ship-loads of grain, accompanied by cartoons representing the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race giving the Moujiks barrels of flour, while the French only chanted the "Marseillaise" for the empty stomachs. M. Flourens also asserts, that the Czar does not expel the Russian Jews from Russia on account of their creed, for in point of religious toleration Russia surpasses France, but because they are usurers. These Jews, it appears, are free to remain in Russia, if they return to their native heaths, and obey the Russian will. What does "Stepniak" or "Free Russia" think of the ex-Minister's apology?

Those who have been counting upon a reduction of the Custom Dues, may abandon that hope. Deputy Meline, the leader

of the Protectionist majority, has not the slightest intention of reducing the minimum tariff. Hence, no commercial treaties, can be negotiated. He asserts, while facts and figures attest the contrary, that everywhere throughout the country, work is prospering; that it would be more so if the manufacturers and traders displayed more enterprise by establishing agencies in foreign countries. The railway returns, those best of business barometers, do not attest a flourishing state of affairs. The Protectionists are to bring out a journal in Paris, to defend and propagate their views, as the newspapers of the capital are heretical; the latter believe the doctrine of M. Meline to be, to prevent importations, and restrict exportations.

The eccentric weather, after parching and scorching, has suddenly swung round to a cold snap: a heavy white frost up to positive ice, has recently committed great havoc among vineyards, tender cereals, orchards, etc. Parisians have just witnessed an agreeable miracle—the presence of rain,—they are inclined to attribute that godsend, as do the Neapolitans, to "Saint" Garibaldi, whose anniversary the Italian colony here has just celebrated. After all the Latin sister is not wholly ungrateful.

It is to be hoped that the boiling and bubbling patriots will henceforth cease their practical joking, of trying to make up the deficiency of the budget—this year amounting to 150 millions frs.—by proposing a poll tax for foreigners, who come to spend their incomes in France. The Minister stated such a measure to be impossible, and that it would provoke reprisals.

The Messrs. Appert are now able to produce glass "hollow ware" of any size, without the operative having to use his lungs. The blowing business is all executed by machinery. Glass-blowers are reputed to be exempt from tuberculosis, as grave-diggers are noted for their centennialism. The "Tartar" at last caught. M. Gallippe has shown before the Academy of Sciences that the formation of dental tartar is due to microbes—perhaps as coral reefs are produced by insects. He has extracted the microbes from scaled bits of tartar freshly taken from the teeth; then he placed the "midgets" in human saliva, when they at once went to work, night and day—no eight hours with such over-riars—manufacturing dental tartar. But how to stop their toiling is the difficulty; how disgust them into a strike; how subject the "ephemeral train" to a "lock-out?" Gentle reader, have you remarked that of the discovery of microbes, like the making of many books, there is no end; the desideratum is, how to holocaust the infimment petite. A shop advertises a new discovery, "the electric insecticide;" M. Pasteur ought to try the preparation on the pathogenes; when electricity can kill a man in four-fifths of a minute, in a Sing-Sing arm-chair, it ought to be able to deal out death—and even the accessory—to animalcule. Good news for distressed agriculturists: beds of phosphate of alumina have been discovered in the grotto of Minerva, in the department of Herault, containing more than half its weight of phosphoric acid—the one thing needful for fertilizers and farmers. If it turns out to be a bonanza, M. Meline might, in his joy, lower the import duties. Up

to the present, Jupiter has not helped French agriculturists when invoked—and all the time Minerva possessed the open sesame.

The Picture Show in the Champ de Mars is unanimously voted superior to its rival in the Champs Elysees; but Chicago has spirited away the best things destined for both markets.

A few mornings ago, I witnessed a regiment of infantry marching into Paris, in full campaign outfit and order. The fellows were white as snow from dust, as they had been on the road for six hours. Even a temperance lecturer would hand them a drink instead of a tract. The head of the regiment was preceded by three soldiers on bicycles, the leader wore spectacles. Then followed buglers, drummers, and the band. The rank and file kept step very well; the men still carry their batterie, not of artillery, but de cuisine in sections. I observe also for every company a certain number of corporals have slung by their sides, like a rolled-up mackintosh, a canvas bucket. The overalls of the officers when rolled, and carried across back and breast, is not more voluminous than a thick rope; a pair of stockings, or a mouchoir, have ere now been contained inside a walnut. (Has not Homer been put in a nut-shell too?) The naval authorities of England and Switzerland had better note, that the officers of war ships are now taught to ride; so the horse-marines are not a joke for the future. The greatest amusement for Jacks ashore is equestrian exercise of some kind, even of the horses of a merry-go-round. The French authorities have also decided that navel cadets must know bicycling. Wheelers in the cock-pit, and four-in-hands on the quarter deck. Shiver my timbers, what progress!

Putting aside the four subventioned theatres of Paris, and the three leading unendowed houses, the cafes, concerts, and public balls, make more money than the secondary theatres. The public is so violently opposed to paying extraordinary prices to enter a theatre and sit out an uninteresting play. There is another change; metropolitan actors prefer the provinces, and the provincial artists the capital. All is topsy-turvy, like nature in Australia.

#### AFTER RAIN.

Clouds rifted, seaward drifted like white sails,

A silver rain upon the tangled grasses,  
A sweet wind on the mountain where it passes

We'll follow sunward by the lichened rails.

Within the grey, thin shadow of the beeches,

By white pools sleeping in the yellow sun,

On fountain slopes where sparkling shallows run

Beyond the meadows into plough reaches—

Your hand, dear, so—I'll guide you where the flowers

Are new-blown, blue, and golden, where the drumming

Of some lone partridge sounds and brown bees' humming—

Into the silentness of dim bowers.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.



JUNE 2nd, 1893.]

THE LATE UNITED STATES CONSUL TAYLOR.

A TRUE FRIEND OF CANADA.

By the death of United States Consul Taylor, at the Winnipeg General Hospital, on the 28th day of April last, Canada lost one of her greatest and most useful friends. Born in the State of New York seventy-three years ago, Mr. Taylor was there educated for the bar. After being admitted to the practice of his profession, he removed to Cincinnati in 1842 and continued to reside there for four years. During that period he became interested in the abolition of slavery, and established the Cincinnati Morning Signal. Mr. Taylor continued to reside in Ohio until 1856. He was a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention in 1849-50 and took a prominent part in reforming and simplifying the judicial procedure of the State. The proceedings of the Convention directed his attention to the early history of the Ohio valley. In 1852 he became Librarian of the State of Ohio, a position which he continued to hold until 1856. An ample opportunity was thus afforded him for historical research, and during that period was published his "History of the State of Ohio, First Period, 1650-1787." It was while engaged upon this work that his interest in the Red River valley and the great West of Canada became aroused. He himself has said, "My interest in the great valleys of Riviere Rouge, Saskatchewan and other river systems converging to Hudson's Bay, dates from 1850. While engaged in the publication of a history of Ohio, the authorities I consulted were a revelation of the sleeping empire here and beyond; and I anticipated in 1855 all my subsequent utterances on the subject in an open letter to W. R. Marshall, of St. Paul." On removing to St. Paul in 1856, Mr. Taylor was given further opportunities to study the Canadian West and Northwest, and to apply his great intelligence and energy in directing the attention of the world to their vast resources. Again relinquishing the active practice of his profession, he was appointed secretary of the Minnesota and Pacific Railway, which has since become the Great Northern Railway of J. J. Hill. Its charter provided for a railway from Stillwater, via St. Paul and St. Anthony (now Minneapolis) to the Red River of the north at Breckenridge, and a branch (which was really its chief division) to the international boundary. Its main line was endowed with a valuable Congressional land grant. In 1857 such a scheme was anything but attractive. To the world at large Minnesota was a region of ice and snow, and Rupert's Land, as the terminus of a railway, appeared about as desirable as the North Pole. Moreover, in their rush to California and the gold fields, the western immigrants were both blind and deaf, so far as other portions of the continent were concerned. The selection of Mr. Taylor to overcome this almost universal ignorance, and to open the eyes of the West was in every way most fortunate. With tongue and pen he laboured assiduously and with wonderful effect. He has told the story briefly in his own words: "When in 1856, I became a citizen of St. Paul I was commissioned, as secretary of

the Minnesota and Pacific, now Great Northern railroad, to reiterate the argument in season and out of season. It was taken up by others—the word Saskatchewan was pounded down the Moll ears of the world; our securities were floated in Amsterdam; Canada was fired with ambition to have a west, and you know the rest." The opportune discovery of gold on the Fraser River, now the Cariboo mines of British Columbia, contributed, of course, to the result. It was in the discharge of this task that Mr. Taylor, deputed by General Sibley, the first governor of Minnesota, made his first visit to Fort Garry in 1859. In the same year the first steamboat arrived from the south and the first newspaper commenced publication. As the writer once had occasion to say, Rupert's Land was blessed by the arrival of these great civilizing agencies at the same time, steam navigation, the newspaper press and Mr. Taylor. In 1860 Mr. Taylor's report was published and widely circulated, and created great interest in the new west. To what extent he was instrumental in arousing the attention of the people of Canada to the illimitable possibilities of the great west, and how far his exhortations contributed to develop Canada to her present vast national proportions, are questions of sufficient interest to require separate treatment.

In 1860 Mr. Taylor removed from St. Paul to Washington, where he became a special agent of the Treasury Department under Secretaries Chase and McCulloch, a position which he continued to fill until 1870. The particular duty allotted him was the investigation of all questions relating to commercial intercourse with Canada. The task could not have been entrusted to better hands. On three different occasions, in answer to unfriendly resolutions emanating from Congress and addressed to the Treasury, he submitted reports favouring reciprocal trade with Canada, all of which were approved by Secretaries Chase and McCulloch and published by Congress. In the same spirit, at the Detroit Commercial Convention in 1866, he was recognized as an envoy from Selkirk Settlement, and drafted a resolution which was brought before the Convention, in favour of an international commission to discuss the enlargement of the reciprocity schedules of the treaty of 1854, and the extension of the treaty to Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, as well as to eastern Canada. From the New England section bitter opposition to the resolution was expected; but the activity of the St. Paul delegation, supported by the eloquence of Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, secured its unanimous acceptance.

In September 1870 President Grant and Secretary of State Fish appointed Mr. Taylor to the position which he continued to hold under successive administrations until his death. The history of his life during the almost quarter of a century which has elapsed since his appointment as Consul is to some extent the history of the Province of Manitoba, then created, and is replete with instances of great services rendered by him to the Province and to the Dominion. In the autumn of 1871, through an interesting circumstance, which may some day become modern history, he was made aware of a contemplated Fenian raid on Manitoba. He experienced considerable difficulty in convincing the Canadian authorities that there was any real cause

for alarm, but they consented to the American troops crossing the international boundary, if necessary, in pursuit of any persons who might be found violating the neutrality laws of the United States. A despatch to General Grant found him dining with Mr. Jay Cooke, at Washington, and orders were issued by the General at once to Col. Lloyd Wheaton, commanding at Pembina, to cross the boundary and overtake the invaders. The result was the capture of Gen. O'Neil and thirty others in the Hudson's Bay port of Fort Pembina, and the complete annihilation, at the outset, of a movement which otherwise would have assumed great and most dangerous proportions. For this service Col. Wheaton and Consul Taylor were formally accorded the thanks of the British Government.

Distinguished services rendered by Consul Taylor to Canada in 1879 may be passed over for a moment, to refer to the part which he was enabled to play in aiding to suppress the rebellion of 1885. Ever alert where the peace and good government of the Northwest were concerned, he at an early date became aware of the designs of the Saskatchewan insurgents and their sympathizers in Montana. As in 1871, so in 1885, he promptly reported the condition of affairs to Washington and urged immediate action, with the fortunate result that an armed patrol was extended from Pembina to the Rocky Mountains by the United States Government. The object was to cut off all communication between the Blackfeet Indians and Metis of Montana with the Saskatchewan insurgents. Had not this prompt and timely precaution been taken, the emeute of 1885 might, and no doubt would, have become a tragedy indeed. During this most perilous period the Washington authorities showed their implicit confidence in their representative by placing him in direct communication with the military along the boundary.

Let me return now to 1879. To Mr. Taylor, as to other men of genius and enthusiasm, soubriquets from time to time attached. When editing the Cincinnati "Signal," previous to the presidential election of 1848, his personality was so impressed upon the United States that he was known far and wide as "Signal" Taylor. While advocating the route of the Minnesota and Pacific railway he was "Railway" Taylor. From pouring the name Saskatchewan down the dull ears of the world, from 1856 to 1860, he became universally recognized as "Saskatchewan" Taylor. But no one knew better than he did that even in central British America, far beyond the Saskatchewan, lay untraced areas of fertile land, of almost inconceivable extent. On Thursday, October 2nd, 1879, Mr. Albert Peil, M. P. for Leicestershire, and Mr. Clare S. Read, M. P. for Norfolk, commissioners of the English Government, sent out to ascertain the relations of this continent to the United Kingdom in the production of grain and cattle, were publicly banquetted at Winnipeg. Consul Taylor seized upon the occasion to make the statement that "three-fourths of the great wheat-producing belt of the continent lay north of the boundary. There the future bread supply of America, and the old world, too, would be raised." To establish the truth of this statement he subsequently wrote to the St. Paul Pioneer Press, furnishing the meteorological

and other data upon which his conclusion had been based. Mr. Henry Soule Hinde, "formerly in charge of the Canadian Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition," saw fit to communicate to the State Department a severe criticism of the meteorological tables upon which Consul Taylor's conclusions had been based, and upon his deductions as to soil and climate. The charge that in his public address in the presence of the English commissioners, as well as in his published letters, he had, in his consular capacity, and without sufficient data, certified to the existence of a vast arable domain extending almost into the Arctic Circle, was a serious one, indeed. Mr. Hinde's strictures were taken into consideration by the State Department, and the Consul soon found his official head in jeopardy. The consequences to North-west Canada were most fortunate. In his defence of himself the Consul anticipated nearly everything of importance which has recently been established by the Senate Committee, obtained by Hon. Mr. Schultz, while a member of the Dominion Senate, to inquire into the value of "that part of the Dominion lying north of the Saskatchewan watershed, east of the Rocky Mountains and west of Hudson's Bay, comprising the Great Mackenzie Basin." He showed that during the season of growth and maturity—from April to August inclusive—the mean temperatures were 58.00 at Toronto, 65.05 at St. Paul, 58.19 at Winnipeg and 58.53 at Battleford; that, in the north, September and October are most favourable for the reception of the crop of the succeeding year; that though the valley of the Peace River is 1,200 miles north of the Red River valley, the northern river can be navigated for a longer season than the Red River of the north; he referred without stint to the records of travellers, Hudson's Bay officers, and missionaries, and, finally, enclosed so many samples of excellent grain from so many far-off northern points that his critics were silenced. The causes for so remarkable a northwestern extension of cereal production were placed by him under six different heads, as follows: 1. Reduced altitude—The Union Pacific crosses the dome of the continent at Sherman near latitude 40, at an elevation above the sea of 8,000 ft; on the Northern Pacific in Montana this elevation decreased to 4,000 ft; on the South Branch of the Saskatchewan, in latitude 51 to 53 to 3,000 ft; in the Athabasca district, in latitude 55, to 2,000 ft; in the valleys of the Peace and Liard rivers, to 1,000 ft; and on the Mackenzie River, to 300 ft. This difference in altitude he calculated to be equal to 13 degrees of latitude, considered climatically. The other causes were: 2. Pacific winds, 3. Summer moisture, 4. Solar heat, 5. Maximum fructification, as stated in Dr. Forrey's formula, "that the cultivated plants yield the greatest products near the northwesternmost limit at which they will grow," and 6. Fall ploughing for wheat. In an article of this nature it is impossible to more than enumerate the heads of the elaborate and remarkable argument, the result of years of careful study and investigation, advanced by the late Consul in vindication of his statement that "three-fourths of the great wheat-producing belt of the continent lay north of the boundary" and that a railway policy was justifiable "which will push within ten years the locomotive from Winnipeg fully 1,200 miles beyond its

present bourne on Red River." The locomotive has already reached Prince Albert and Edmonton; and Canada is thoroughly awakened to another great north and west beyond the west which was itself a revelation in 1856.

On February 14th, 1889, Consul Taylor advanced the standard of progress still further by delivering a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, at Winnipeg, on the Alaska and British Columbia Railway, or, as he called it at times, the A. B. C. Railway. This project was with him the most engrossing topic of the years between 1889 and his death. The route designated was to be from some point on the international frontier, central to the valley of the Kootenay River, and thence by the valley of the Columbia and Canoe Rivers, better known as Boat Encampment, thence by the valley of the Canoe River to the Tete Jaune Cache (Yellow Head Pass) on the Fraser; thence by the valley of the Fraser to Fort George; thence northwesterly to the sources of the Yukon; thence by the valley of the Yukon to Norton Sound on the Pacific. The total distance was estimated at 2,700 miles. The proposition was that the land endowment of the international railway within the respective territories of British Columbia and Alaska should be in alternate blocks of forty sections, or 24,800 acres per mile; "but in consideration of the well-known mineral wealth and other resources of the more southern district of British Columbia, for a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and the indispensable necessity of a direct communication by land from the United States to its remote northern dependencies," the Government at Washington was to assume "the payment of 4 per cent. upon \$50,000 per mile for a period of twenty-five years—said liability to cease upon the completion of twenty mile divisions of the line from its southern terminus." The scheme was taken up and discussed with great avidity by the western press, and in *The Western World* of May, 1890, the Consul urged still more vigorously his reasons for the construction of the road. The explicit testimony of Walter Moberly, for twenty years engaged as surveyor and engineer in British Columbia and on the C. P. R., and discoverer of the Eagle Pass, was adduced to show that the proposed line presented no unusual physical difficulties, and the recent explorations of Prof. G. M. Dawson and Messrs. Wm. Ogilvie and P. McConnell showed that the route would be central to the district of Cariboo, Kootenay, Omineca, Cassiar and the upper channel and tributaries of the Yukon—"each of the extent and as rich in precious and useful metals as the areas southward, of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado and New Mexico." The placer mines of Cariboo yielded \$50,000,000 in a brief period after their discovery in 1858, and there was no doubt, he contended, that the district beyond, as well as the nearer and better known Kootenay, would repeat the experience of the most favoured localities of California and Australia. Had Mr. Taylor lived a few years longer, there is reason to believe that his proposition would have become a subject of early international consideration. His last communication on a question of public importance, penned a few days before his death, was an elaborate representation of facts and arguments in favour of the international road. This might have been followed by

an effort to bring the whole subject before the International Reciprocity Convention, which meets at St. Paul in the beginning of next month. Whether the proposed railway will ever become an international undertaking or not remains to be seen. That the designated route is most valuable from a commercial point of view is being made evident by the active interest shown in it by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

How many other services the late Consul Taylor may have rendered to Canada it is impossible to say. To detail all those which are well known would be a considerable task. His annual consular reports, dealing with every new phase of agriculture, commerce and railway development of central British America, form a liberal education in themselves. His representations concerning the excellent management of the Indians by the Hudson's Bay Company destroyed the only pretext upon which the people of the north-western States might have attempted to annex our great west previous to Confederation. His public utterances on all occasions, based upon a knowledge of things material and political affecting both North Wests, supplemented by a prophetic insight into the future of the sleeping empires which he had made his life's study, were often a series of revelations even to those well versed in the affairs of both countries. What he may have accomplished through the silent channels of diplomacy cannot be known. That we should owe so much to a citizen of a foreign country, an official of a foreign government, is indeed remarkable.

For nearly a quarter of a century the face and figure of Consul Taylor have been very familiar to the people of Winnipeg. His grace of manner and unfailing courtesy were at once the delight and envy of all with whom he came in contact. His appearance and manner invariably and distinctively suggested the American gentleman and statesman of the old school. Little effort of the imagination was required to group his striking figure with those of the framers of the Declaration of Independence, or to replace the invariable frock coat and soft felt hat by the three-cornered hat and lace coat of earlier days. As an orator he has been compared with Stephen A. Douglas, to whom he is said to have borne a striking resemblance in his personal appearance. His facts were always numerous and well marshalled, his style vigorous and incisive. He was also possessed of a fund of anecdote and reminiscence and an amount of tact which made his public deliverances highly pleasurable, as well as instructive and inspiring. A man without personal ambition, simple even humble in his mode of living, devoid of all selfish tastes or habits, the daily routine of his life was devoted to the duties of his office, to unceasing acts of kindness to innumerable friends, and to flowers and music. In the early May mornings it was no unusual sight to behold the Consul, who had risen with the dawn, gathering his precious anemones on the uplands of Birds' Hill, several miles from Winnipeg. He is known to have distributed five hundred bouquets to as many friends at one time; and he delighted to expatiate upon the botanical peculiarities and the beauty of the wild flora of the prairies. With these simple characteristics were coupled a disinterested passion for great matters.

JUNE 2nd, 1893.]

## SONNETS.

(To Ralph H. Shaw, of Lowell, Mass., on Reading a Sonnet addressed by him to Prof. B. F. Leggett, of Ward, Penn., Author of "A Sheaf of Song.")

Yes, my dear friend, beside the Merri-  
mack;  
And, yes, my friend, whose tender music  
hails  
From some fair seat 'mid Pennsylvanian  
vales;—  
Ye both were surely sent to lead us back  
To truth and nature. Men we do not  
lack

Apt to pursue the butter-flies of art,  
Or carve conceits; but ye, with throbbing  
heart,  
Go singing on your beamy morning track,  
While Love and Memory bear ye com-  
pany.

The vague and false in art are tran-  
sitory,—  
Fashions prevail and perish in a day:  
The gaudy flower or bird we pause  
to see,—  
Smit for a moment with its vaunted  
glory:  
The Mayflower and the Robin please us  
aye.

(To the same, with a copy of Herring-  
shaw's "Poetical Quotations.")  
The 'shy grass creeps forth from the sod  
again  
In timid doubt of the awakening sun,  
That now his wintry course is fully run;  
Then, confident of the soft April rain,  
Links hands with sudden flowers o'er all  
the plain.

Now brook and breeze and bird make  
jubilee,  
And joyance rings from many a new-drap-  
ed tree,  
Where every twinkling leaf assists the  
strain.  
Now is the time for singing. See! they  
through,—  
Thrush, blue-bird, robin, black-bird, bobo-  
link!  
The stocks and stones may hardly dare  
be dumb:  
Yet, some harsh notes may falter through  
the song;  
In Concord's chain may be some leaden  
link;  
What marvel—when a thousand poets  
come!

ARTHUR JOHN LOOKHART.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. INGRAM'S HISTORY OF THE UNION  
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your issue of April 21st, "Fairplay," a literary Irish Home Ruler, in reply to a previous letter of mine challenging the accuracy of his quoted criticisms respecting Dr. Ingram's book,—manfully says: "I have to say I was in the wrong." His original quotations—which to a critical mind were self-evidently inapplicable to this particular work—are now admitted to have reference to another book of Dr. Ingram's not at present under discussion. This is the second time that "Fairplay" has from heedlessness admittedly stated facts erroneously. A gentleman in his professional position writing in the leading literary journal in Canada—which is read by those who will one day govern this country—should be very careful as to his facts. The majority of patriotic so-called facts are very unreliable. Thus Mr. W. O'Brien's "Cities of the Plain" insinuation—appearing in United Ireland—against Mr. Gladstone's Lord Lieutenant before the pair went over to Parnell, has since been acknowledged by him in open court to be a pure invention. A hundred other instances of false statements by various Irish leaders could be quoted. The seeker after truth should never credit the statements of professional Irish patriots—neither real or imaginary grievances—without first very carefully verifying the facts.

Art is the product of civilization and civilization is the product of restraint. The innumerable volumes comprising the history of modifications, of compromises. It is difficult to explain why it is better to say too little than too much, but each of us feels that it is better. We look for a reserve force even in the greatest writers, and never, one might almost venture to say it, in vain. Granted that we are unable to fathom the depths of the soliloquy, we still feel certain that Hamlet has not spoken his last word upon death. The melancholy Jaques has given us seven ages in life, it is not because he was incapable of doubling the number. It is not because there are seven exact periods in the life of each; and yet the short passage is infinitely more suggestive of life than a dozen biographies. De Musset has not poured out all his sorrow in a lyric, Byron has swallowed some of his own bitterness in silence. Aeschylus has not voiced every torment of Prometheus, Euripides has left some wail of Hecuba unheard. We feel that there is, that there must be, a certain reserve in every work of art. Were it otherwise, thought and feeling alike would be stifled instead of rendered articulate. How far this reserve is to be carried, is a question much more difficult to answer.

Civilization which produced art, may end by becoming its destroyer. The barriers which were raised when there was too much waiting to find expression, may be removed in times when there is perhaps too little. When the craving for some new thing has supplanted faith in the old, when the passion for motion and excitement has vitiated the taste for the beautiful and the calm.

Much has been said of the superior force of "naturalness" as if art in its true sense were antagonistic to nature. As if it were an excrescence instead of a development, a weed instead of a flower. By art in literature, we do not mean the trammels of French alexandrines or the law of "the Three Unities." We mean that reserve and delicacy, which are the products of good taste and which are not incompatible with genius or with truth. Your true seer is not cramped by these dictates, he obeys them without effort, perhaps almost unconsciously. The triumph of nature does not imply necessarily the decadence of art, though many would have it so. When the two have become synonymous, the decadence will have indeed set in. For this throwing away of all reserve and restraint does not mean a return to simplicity, to youth. It is not the result of a yearning for truth, it springs rather from a jaded skepticism.

Without fetters—and so they write without fetters, fearlessly, without reserve—and they say that it is strong—this inartistic "art" of theirs—because forsooth it obeys no law. These are the realists who have no art in their realism. There are others who strive to express every inmost feeling of their hearts, every sentiment, be it lofty or pitiful, in words—as if that could stifle the pain or ennoble the littleness. And yet, as Carlyle puts it: "How shall he for whom nothing that cannot be jargoned in in debating-clubs, exists, have any faintest forecast of the depth, significance, divineness of Silence; of the sacredness of 'Secrets known to all'?"

progress and national development, and a lofty patriotism which placed him upon a plane far above all but the purest statesmen. Mr. Taylor was married early in his career to Miss Chloe Langford, of Utica, New York, and Miss Elizabeth Taylor, who is at present in Paris, and whose illustrated publications in Leslie's Popular Monthly Magazine, relating exclusively to Canadian scenes, are well known. His death is greatly regretted in the homes of the old settlers of Red River, whom he first visited in 1859, and who have been daily witnesses of his blameless life since 1870. The feeling is shared by everyone who has come in contact with him socially or officially; it extends over every district of northwest Canada, and will be as acute in the far-off posts of the Hudson's Bay Company in Saskatchewan and Peace River, as in the immediate vicinity of the Consulate, where little children hung squares of scarlet cloth at half-mast. Of late years Mr. Taylor was much interested in investigating the circumstances under which the late Mr. Whittier wrote his beautiful poem, "The Bells of St. Boniface," and a most friendly correspondence and exchange of compliments was the result. The concluding verses are:

"Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north winds blow;  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore  
And our eyes grow dim with watching,  
And our hearts faint at the oar;

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace!"

Winnipeg, May, 1893. F. C. WADE.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

Do not say more than you know; do not say all that you know. Common sense you reply placidly, and then more aggressively, commonplace. But if the first clause contains the foundation of literary ethics and the second the first fundamental notion of that literary art upon which the vaunted "unities" themselves depend, what then?

Do not say more than you know. That is to say, do not be dishonest, do not juggle with words in the faint hope that they may find automatic expression. The bathos of a pedant is betrayed by the pedantry which seeks to conceal it.

And again, this, most important of all, do not juggle with feeling. If you have real emotion it will rise to the surface in spite of yourself. It should rise spontaneously or not at all. Bombast is more worthless even than pedantry, in so much as the husks of feeling are lighter than the husks of thought. Pretend to a knowledge which you have not and it is not impossible that you may one day acquire it, but sham an emotion, shed one crocodile tear and you declare yourself incapable of sentiment now or in the future.

So much for saying more than one knows—the ethical side of the question—and now let us discuss the "saying less," the artistic side. We commenced with the imperative mood—by no means a wise mood,—it is time to drop it now that we come to that essentially conditional question, the artistic in literature.

"Fairplay," now introduces fresh matter, namely, the Penal Code and the Treaty of Limerick. The Penal Code was passed by an Irish Home Rule Parliament nearly 200 years from now, and it was repealed generations ago. Truth-seekers should put this simple question to intelligent Americans. "If during the Secession War, the Southerners—imitating King James' Irish Parliament in 1689—had passed an Act of Congress, sentencing to death and confiscation of property,—without trial—all the Unionists owning real estate in the Confederate States, both combatants and non-combatants, compelling them to fly the country, what in these enlightened times would have been the retaliatory laws when the Northerners had succeeded in conquering them?" Common sense teaches us that they would not have left any power in the hands of such tyrants, and that there would have been the same as 200 years ago in Ireland, retaliatory confiscations. Three generations after the battle of the Boyne, the United States confiscated the property of the Loyalists.

With respect to the Treaty of Limerick I refer your readers to page 221, vol. 4, of Macaulay's History of England (Lovell's edition). Macaulay, as an orator, author, able and conscience-ruled statesman, was the greatest Englishman of this century and far more Radical than Whig. He states that it "was reserved for politicians of the nineteenth century to discover that a treaty made in the seventeenth century had a few weeks after it had been signed been outrageously violated in the sight of all Europe." He records—page 218—facts of which every Englishman may be proud. The English House of Commons (1692) had passed a bill that no person should practise law or medicine in Ireland till he had taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and subscribed the declaration against Transubstantiation. But the Peers considered that if the Bill was passed without some exceptions it would be a breach of the Treaty of Limerick. The treaty was ordered to be read at the table when it was found that by the second article any person residing in any fortress occupied by an Irish garrison should be permitted, on taking the oath of allegiance, to resume any calling which he had exercised before the Revolution. The celebrated Chief Justice Holt was consulted by the Peers, and was directed to prepare clauses in conformity with the terms of the capitulation. A conference between the two Houses was held. The Earl of Rochester, a high Tory, "earnestly represented"—to those representing the House of Commons—"the importance of preserving the public faith inviolate." The House of Commons, after having had the treaty read, agreed, with some slight modifications, to what the Lords had proposed." Compare this with the conduct 200 years subsequently of the Parliamentary leaders of the Irish Nationalists. With very few exceptions, they have repeatedly advocated more or less confiscation of the property of landowners, both Protestant and Catholic, and also have openly advocated lawlessness; and it is a fact that at present 27 of the Nationalists now sitting in the House of Commons were declared by the unanimous verdict of three English judges (one being a Catholic) to have been "guilty of a criminal conspiracy." In the improbable event of Home Rule becoming law in the next Parliament, these 27 "criminal conspirators" would govern Ireland. It is no wonder that the Irish Catholic Unionists rally to the Protestant Unionists against being ruled by such men, and that the son and namesake of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell has signed the great Catholic petition against the Bill. The statement by a Catholic farmer, quoted in the London Spectator, that 30 Catholic farmers in his parish had informed him that they were opposed to the Bill, is full of meaning. He added that it was so dangerous to post the letter in his locality to the Irish Times, that he was obliged to send it under cover to a friend at Liverpool. This being so under Imperial rule, what would be the state of things if Ireland was ruled by "criminal conspirators"? All the facts

show conclusively that the great majority of the Catholic property owners are opposed to Home Rule. In the Toronto Mail of May 13 there is overwhelming evidence that such is the case.

A curious side-light is thrown upon the Treaty of Limerick, in the "Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," by Mrs. Maurice O'Connell, the widow of a son of Daniel O'Connell. Among other instances she reports (p. 57, vol. 2) the case of one Fagan who fought at the battle of Aughrim, and consequently 'was included in the articles of the capitulation of Limerick,' and bought property in Kerry, etc., etc. Her work shows conclusively that many of the penal laws practically became obsolete, and that the Catholic and Protestant gentry lived on good terms with one another; also (p. 197) that the former were opposed to the rebellion of 1798. She quotes (p. 226) from a letter written by Col. Count O'Connell 94 years ago—curiously applicable to the present time—"order must be re-established, or Ireland will be ruined." She also quotes from another letter (Feb. 12th, 1801) from "her hero" to Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," then beginning his career—in which the Colonel refers to "the virtues and abilities of the present chief governor (the Lord Lieutenant) to whose moderation, firmness and humanity (Ireland) owes the peace and tranquillity it now enjoys"—and he strongly deprecated "the suggestions of ill-minded persons working on their feelings and passions." How applicable this last is to the present time!

The Colonel had been an eye-witness of the earlier horrors of the French Revolution—had fled the country, and served under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards returned to Ireland—he was therefore, as he had also served in Spain, well qualified to compare different systems of government.

Seekers after truth respecting Ireland should study her work. It abounds with curious information respecting life in the south of Ireland; and being written without Celtic heat, it is evidently reliable. The father of the authoress (Catholic) was an Italian gentleman, her mother was Irish; this partly explains the moderation and fairness of her writing. Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The demand for novels and the production of them during the last century have been enormous, but are now greater than ever. Probably there are few more lucrative trades, especially since the passing of the International Copyright Law, than that of a popular-novel writer. The rush into it, accordingly, is great, and the old love-tale having been pretty well used up, ingenuity is tasked to find new subjects and fresh stimulants. We have sensation novels, detective novels, idyllic novels, moral novels, libidinous novels, theological novels, political novels, social novels, local novels such as those of Miss Murfree, and antiquarian novels such as those of Ebers. Yet of all this multitude that no man can number, Scott remains the king. No imagination has yet appeared so vivid and creative as that which dwelt in the high-peaked head and beamed in the kindly Scottish face, with its shaggy eyebrows and blue eyes. Some of the later novelists have had a good deal more philosophy, and have analyzed character more profoundly, but they have not written such tales.

Scott's reputation perhaps feels the ravages of time most in that part of his works which formed the original essay of his genius and first made him the delight of his contemporaries. He probably knew more of the middle ages, as well

as felt a more passionate interest in them, than any other man of his time. But a great deal more is known about them now than we knew, and the weaknesses of his representation are apparent. The stucco of his Gothic edifice has crumbled. Even his descriptions of castles and of sieges show that he antedated Viollet-le-Duc. The Knights on guard at Brankseme, who "drank the red wine with helmet barred," would scarcely pass muster with the antiquaries of the present day. Moreover, chivalry has been vulgarized by melodrama and the circus, both of which are unpleasantly recalled to our minds as we read his romances of chivalry. Boys may still delight in 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Talisman'; the mature taste can delight in them no more. In the metrical romances we are carried along by the unflagging vigour of the verse, the spirit of the narrative, and the frequent occurrence of passages of high poetical beauty, such as the well-known lines on the Last Minstrel, the description of the camp at Edinburgh, the scene in the Abbey at Holy Isle, the introduction of Margaret in the "Lay," the tolling of the convent bell heard off by the stag, in "Marmion," the laying of the shepherd's body in Marmion's tomb. Then there are the charming songs. Above all there is the genuine spirit of the soldier in all the battle-pieces and military pictures. If Scott had not been laureate he would very likely have been a general of cavalry. They are right who say that the most Homeric things in English poetry are his battle-pieces. Moreover, verse itself helps the imagination and dispels the critical faculty. But when it comes to reproducing in prose the life, ideas, and language of people separated from the writer by a gulf of seven hundred centuries, the result can hardly be successful. What is produced is sentiment and thought really modern under an exaggerative travesty of ancient phraseology and costume.

The 'Talisman' is to a painful extent melodramatic and hippodromic. Nothing carries an adult reader at the present day through these tales, but the liveliness of the action, and the genuine sympathy of the writer, with the age which he is trying to call out of its grave.

The infirmity extends to the other historical novels, 'Quentin Durward,' 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' 'The Abbot,' 'The Monastery,' 'Kenilworth,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 'Peveril of the Peak,' and 'Woodstock,' in a degree lessening as the subject approaches the writer's time. These tales show, it is true, careful study of history and keen historic insight. Their principal characters are painted in the main with historic truth and justice, as well as with artistic force. Much knowledge of history may be gathered from them in a pleasant way, notwithstanding the audacious anachronisms of 'Kenilworth' and the still more audacious fabrications of 'Woodstock.' Still, they are more of less desperate efforts to reproduce the unproducible. In all, recourse is inevitably had to the exaggeration of antique language, fashions, and costume. All save the phisim of Sir Piercie Shafton in 'The Monastery' is a palpable travesty; and less so are the tortuous and unctuous harangues put into the mouth of Cromwell in 'Woodstock.' To a student of the

toy the historical novel altogether is somewhat 'unpalatable; he always feels that it is a falsification, and the mixture of fact with fiction affects him like a mixture of gaslight with daylight.

It is in the novels of which the subjects belong to Scott's own time, and in which his creative genius has full play over its legitimate field, that unimpaired delight is, and will always be found. 'Waverley,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'St. Rolloch's Well,' 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' can die only with human nature or the English tongue. We include 'Waverley,' 'Old Mortality,' and 'Rob Roy' because the Covenanter and the Jacobite were so near to Scott in the Scotland of his day, as to be fairly within the grasp of his imagination. Nor is there any fault to be found with the slight background of pretty recent history in 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' The weakness which has been often pointed out, is the general insipidity of the heroes and heroines. The Master of Ravenswood is about the only one of the heroes for whom we much care; and even in his case the interest is rather that of circumstances than of character. Effie Deans touches our hearts, and Diana Vernon is charming in her way. But for the most part, the heroes and heroines are little more than the figures which set the plot in motion, and about which the other figures revolve. This may be in some measure a legacy from the romance of chivalry, in which the hero could only be a knight sans peur et sans reproche, and the lady could only be a queen of beauty—both of them colourless, and interesting only on account of the feat of arms which the knight performed for the lady's sake. But it is not easy to throw much character into a number of pairs of figures alike destined to love, to cross in love, and to an early marriage. Scott himself was quite conscious of the weakness. "I am a bad hand," he said, "at depicting a hero properly so-called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, Buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description." Elsewhere he says: "My rogue always, in spite of me, turns out my hero." It is of little consequence, however, what the nominal hero or heroine is, so long as Marmion, Dugald Dalgetty, Caleb Balderstone, Dirk Hatteraick, Dominic Sampson, Meg Dods, and the rest of the characters, nominally minor, delight us as they do.

The position which 'Waverley' holds at the head of the list is rather traditional than justified by intrinsic merit. This tale was the first of the series, and it took the world by storm. But it opened what was then a new world of beauty and a new field of romance, the Scotch Highlands and the life of the Highland clans. Before Scott's time, people had spoken of the Highlands with a shudder, as a region of bleak hills, bogs, and mists, amid which wandered breechless savages and thieves. Ossian had done little to expel the idea; in fact, Gibbon cites him in confirmation of it, remarking that on every hypothesis he was a Scotchman. Walter Scott lifted the curtain, and the world was entranced at the sight, not suspecting that, as far as Highland character and life was concerned, the show owed a good deal to the showman. Now, the High-

lands swarm with tourists, and at the door of each British tobaccoconist stands the figure of a Highlander in full costume, taken to be native, though in its present elegant form it is really the device of a Hanoverian tailor. The first chapters of 'Waverley,' describing the hero's family and education, are heavy. The structure of the plot is by no means on a level with Scott's best. Col. Talbot is too palpable a deus ex machina; the pedantic learning of the Baron of Bradwardine, though amusing at first, is overdone, and the characters of Fergus MacIvor and his sister are tinged with melodrama. As to the hero, Scott himself said of him that he was a "sneaking piece of imbecility," and that "if he had married Flora, she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece as (the dwarf) Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him." He is, in fact, a nonentity.

Scott's style is loose and too often prolix, though there is always a genial glow which makes you kind to the faults. He wrote too much, and too fast to write with care and finish. The idea, however, that he extemporized his matter as well as his language, is absurd and baseless. He tells us that he gave days to thought and invention. Of 'Marmion,' a great part he says, was composed on horseback. The looseness and prolixity, of course, increased when he was producing volumes as rapidly as he could to work off his financial embarrassments. A third of the page might sometimes be struck out with advantage to the rest.

Historically, Scott belongs to the era of the Revolution, and his works form a part of the vast literature to which that great stirring of thought and feeling gave birth. But he belongs to the back-stream, not to the cataract. The cataracts of history have their back-streams; that of the Reformation was neo-Catholicism; that of the Revolution was the conservative reaction which showed itself in literature as well as in politics, and makes itself felt in the mature works of Wordsworth and Southey. The Puseyites prized Scott as one who had turned the eyes of men to the past. Ecclesiastical reactionists, however, could hardly claim Scott as a precursor. There was nothing ecclesiastical about him, still less was there anything ascetic. There was even something decidedly anti-ascetic, as the guard-room song in 'The Lady of the Lake' shows. He thought a boon companion "worth the whole Bernardine brood." His passion was for the military and social, not the religious, Middle Ages. With him the priest is little more than chaplain to the knight, pattering a hasty mass while the knight's charger is waiting. His abbots and friars are jovial rather than saintly, and much addicted to the flagon. Even for the church architecture he seems to have had no very strong feeling. There is a famous passage on the ruins of Melrose, in his 'Lay,' but his language about the Cathedral of Kirkwall would have scandalized Pugin or Newman. "The church," he says, "is as well fitted up as could be expected. Much of the old carved oak remains, but with a motley mixture of modern deal pews. All, however, is neat and clean, and does great honour to the Kirk Session, who maintain its decency." An old church was to him a place where warriors were buried. He cared little for Dante; much for Ariosto. Of Roman

Catholicism he spoke as of an effeminate and contemptible superstition. This is the more remarkable as he belonged to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, which cherished high Anglican doctrine and ritual in opposition to its Presbyterian foe.

In politics Scott was a strong Tory, had a hand in the literature of his party, and refrained during the greater part of his life from actually mingling in the fray only because his party was securely dominant. When radicalism raised its head, and Tory principles were in peril, he came prominently forward, and among the latest incidents of his life, was his maltreatment by a mob for opposing the Reform Bill. His reverence for monarchy was a religion. He was overwhelmed by his feelings at the coronation of George IV., about as farcical a piece of pageantry as was ever enacted, and he describes the whole performance, especially the embrace of those two particular scamps, George IV. and the Duke of York, as unspeakably solemn and impressive; though an antiquary and a horseman, he could not help observing that the champion was rather too much "assisted," did not display his horsemanship as he might, and, instead of the triangular shield of a knight, carried a round target which he could not possibly have used on horseback. When George IV. visited Scotland, Scott was the rapturous master of ceremonies, and dressed up his obese sovereign in a Highland costume, which he strangely chose to regard as national, though by most of the spectators, as Macaulay says, it would be regarded as the dress of a thief. He begged as a precious relic, the glass out of which his health had been drunk by Sacred Majesty in the national whiskey, and put it into his coat pocket, which he carefully held before him. However, soon afterwards, he met Crabbe, and in his delight, forgetting what he had in his coat-tail, sat down upon the glass, with consequences which would have been worse had he not, most improperly, worn trows under his kilt. How strong must the artist have been in the man who, when he took up his pen as a novelist, could completely lay aside political sentiments so fervid, and treat with impartial sympathy Cavalier and Roundhead, Jacobite and Whig High Churchman, Puritan and Dissenter! There is not in Scott's novels a trace of anything polemical, or even didactic. Those who like their theology, their politics, and their fiction respectively neat, will prefer to drink of this cup.

The novel-readers of to-day have become so much used to the strange Circæan stimulants to which, from the exhaustion of natural and wholesome subjects, novelists are fain to resort, that it is doubtful whether they would be drawn back to Scott by an assurance of his eminent healthiness. Eminently healthy, however, he is. On everything that he writes is impressed the character of a true and noble-hearted gentleman, clean, though not fastidious in spirit, as well as so sound in mind that we almost wonder that he should have taken to writing works of imagination, in the authors of which there is generally discernible something of mental or moral disturbance, something which has led them to take refuge from the real in the ideal. In his coronation raptures, and the homage which he pays to George IV., laughable as they are, there is not a bit of the lackey. He is simply worshipping the embodiments of principles and in-

stitutions which he loved; and we are sure that he would have been incapable of saying an ignoble word, or doing a base thing to win the personal favour of a whole dynasty of kings. If he speaks with hyperbolic respect of a Duke of Buccleuch, it is not because he cringes to rank, but because the Duke is the chieftain of his clan. So the eagerness to increase his estate, for which Carlyle is inclined to censure him, and which brought an avalanche of misfortune on him in his latter days, is no sordid love of money; it is the desire of realizing his social ideal in a baronial Abbotsford. He was a practical poet and romancer. In adversity his fortitude, his patience, his magnanimity are most noble and touching. Nothing, indeed, in biography is more touching than the diary of his later and darker years. His temper is never soured; it is hardly even ruffled by harsh treatment. When his creditors generally are forbearing, one miserable usurer refuses to show mercy. Scott lets fall an angry word, but at once recalls it, and finds an excuse for the wretch in the rules of the trade.

At the opening of the essay which Carlyle wrote apparently in a mood of reaction against hyperbolic obituaries of Scott, he glances at the question whether Scott was a great man, but at the time puts it by as a mere question about words. Afterwards he takes it up seriously. It is surely less than a question about words. There is no sense in it whatever. Scott was not a great philosopher, statesman, general, or violinist. But he was a great novelist—probably the greatest of them all. "The 'Waverley Novels,'" says Carlyle, "are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating in any shape. The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkest struggling heart no guidance, the heroic, that is in all men, no divine awakening voice." Their author did not attempt or undertake to furnish men with a theology, a moral philosophy, or a series of homilies for their spiritual guidance and consolation. What he undertook, was to set flowing for them a well-spring of pure delight, from which even the "sick heart" may drink, if not "healing," at least forgetfulness of sorrow. This he did, and the well-spring will flow forever.—The Nation.

### MY LOVE'S BREATH.

O violet erst nourish'd in the vale  
Of Avon, where in shining days of old  
The calm-ey'd, high-brow'd, great-heart  
Shakespeare stroll'd.  
Lo, as I greet thee close, my powers fail  
To utter in men's ears the antique tale  
Thy soul is pouring thro' my pained  
mould—  
(Too coarse a clay thy subtle sweets to  
hold,—  
Too fine to mure them in such narrow  
pale)  
I met my Love, I sought thee, when I met  
Thee, better did I know my odorate Love;  
Her breath was thine, thine hers, and  
closer yet  
Both bound me to the higher life—I  
strove  
To mix with thee, O Love! O violet!  
My better self with all the Good  
above.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Plover Mills, Ont.

Give what you have. To some one it  
may be better than you dare to think.—  
Longfellow.

### ART NOTES.

The annual art exhibit of the students of Moulton College will be held on the afternoons of Friday and Saturday, June 2nd and 3rd at the Moulton Studio, 34 Bloor street east, and will be open to all interested in art. This department is under the supervision of Mrs. M. E. Dignam, whose work is always seen at our exhibitions, and the course pursued is in line with that of the Art Students' League, New York, to which many of the more advanced students have gone. The work to be exhibited consists of drawing from objects and casts, pen and ink sketches, painting from still life, as well as from head and figure and modelling.

The display of work by the Central Ontario School of Art and Design at the Art Gallery, King street West, is very interesting and a credit to pupils and teachers, despite the fact that some of the best work has been sent to Chicago in the industrial exhibit, and some also to the Normal School here. Much of the work from the east was very good, in some there was a tendency to too great finish at the expense of good drawing and value of tone. Among the oils, Miss Hillyard's portrait and still life, showed promise, also still life and studies of heads by Miss Wrinch, Miss Bell Smith and others. In the crayons from life, F. L. Winterbottom showed both freedom and good drawing, and the pen and ink sketches, while rather elaborated, were good. It is in the designing that the most interest is likely to be taken by a spectator, or rather the greatest amount of pleasure and satisfaction is felt. Mr. Loudon's design for a panel is really very fine; designs for book covers and business cards, by Miss Jeffries, and Miss Howell showed some splendid work, good ideas well carried out without being overworked. Mr. G. W. Taylor's designs for carpets, along with samples of carpet in different colours from the same pattern, were most interesting and showed excellent ability. In this line the pupils are certainly profiting under Mr. Hahn's practical teaching; and Mr. Cruikshank's and Mr. T. M. Martin may yet be proud of pupils, who under their instruction are laying the foundations for future good work.

Had Mr. Gilbert Parker written the following a year or two later, he might have added several new names: it appeared in the "Anti-Jacobin" in October of 1891, and still is interesting as showing our standing abroad:

It is only of very late years that Canada and Australia have been represented largely in Paris. Messrs. Forster, Hebert, Peel, Huot, Alexander, and Mdlle. Colombier are all, or nearly all, the Canadians who have exhibited in the Salon; but henceforth a larger representation may be expected. There are about twenty Canadian students at work in the schools of Paris, of whom some give great promise. Of these over three-fourths are French Canadians, a notable circumstance. Mr. Hebert has exhibited his statues three times in the Salon and has been engaged in fulfilling orders from the Quebec Government for statues of Montcalm, Levis, Elgin, Frontenac and Wolfe. Like many of his Canadian confreres, he chooses Canadian subjects—a thing no less wise than patriotic, since Canada is so rich in history. Mr. St. Charles is painting a large picture for the Church of the Notre Dame at Montreal, representing the first mass ordered by Maisonneuve when he landed on Canadian soil. Mr. Charles Alexander's picture for the Salon last year showed Papineau and his crowd of sympathizers on the St. Charles River at the end of the troubles of 1837. The significance of this scheme of work must appeal to every Canadian; and it would be greatly to the credit of Canada if she would imitate Australian Victoria—give a scholarship or two to the best of the Canadian students.

### WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT.—II.

It is well to remember in either giving or receiving an opinion in art matters, that

if, as the old proverb says, doctors disagree, it is not to be wondered at, if in matters of art opinions are not unanimous, that what appeals to one fails to touch another. Our reasons for our likings are so various; sometimes it is the feeling in a picture; sometimes the clever brush-work; or again, the beautiful harmony of colour, or some startling effect. But it is probable we like no two pictures for quite the same reasons; and then, too, we hesitate to express ourselves too strongly, for what we admire to-day perhaps we did not care for yesterday, and may not like as well to-morrow. So few of our judgments are final.

Like charity, we will begin at home, and look first at our own exhibition in Art Palace. Here is Mr. Sandham's "Founding of Maryland" (which was exhibited in Montreal, and somewhat severely criticised) with rather gaudy colouring, but showing good work. Mr. John Fraser sends a number of water-colours; he also exhibits in the U. S. collection. Mr. Harris has several portraits and two other pictures; Mr. Ede, a number of landscapes, French in subject, and not examples of his best work, with black outlines to the figures. Mr. Raphael is well represented by three canvases; Mr. Hammond, St. John, N. B., shows good colour in his marine, F. Brownell's "Lamplight" has some fine effects, and William Brymner shows some good work in "County Cork, Ireland," as well as in some Canadian landscape. E. Dyonnet's "Saturday" is noticeable, partly owing to the light key in which it is painted. It shows the sculptor at work on a marble figure; the surroundings in his studio are also light, being plaster casts or reliefs. The subject might have been handled with greater delicacy of tone, but it is good. Percy Woodcock has only one small oil, and that covered with glass, so it requires some manoeuvring to get a good look at it in a rather poor light.

As we stood in front of "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," some one entering from the British room adjoining, stopped also. "Now that's good, just's good as any is there," pointing to the room from which the speaker had come. Toronto's artists are well represented, and their pictures as well hung as space would allow. Carl Ahren's "Cradled in the Net," is a baby asleep in a hammock; the subject and composition are simple and, in spite of serious faults in drawing, it is one of the best he has done. To say much of the remaining work is but to repeat what has been said at other times. Mr. T. M. Martin's "Evening after Winter" is one of his best; Mr. Forbes has four; Mr. Chal-lener five; Mrs. Dignam two; Mrs. Reid several; Mr. Grier two portraits; Mr. Bell-Smith's "Le Soir" showed well; Mr. Cruikshank's "Drawing the Mast" was well hung, with its faithful drawing; Mr. Foreshaw Day exhibits more water-colours than oils; Miss Tully and Miss Muntz are both represented, and Homer Watson has four canvases. J. W. L. Forster, G. A. Reid, and W. A. Sherwood all show work familiar to us. Miss Holden and Miss Houghton, of Montreal, are names we have seen of late here, and their work is not only strong, but characteristic in the choice of subject. From the same city were also some good things by D. P. MacKillsan and J. W. Morrice. When we offered a Canadian quarter for the catalogue, after being in the room a few minutes, and the young lady presiding over the table of these books laughingly refused, it was rather a check to our patriotism; we had been feeling so much at home among what already was quite familiar. In comparing the work of Canadians with that from other and older countries, it is well to remember our disadvantages—our comparative lack of wealth and consequent lack, until of late, of facilities for study, our distance from the great art centres. Remembering these things we need not feel discouraged; "Looking Backwards" we know we have grown.

Whenever we do what we can, we should immediately do more.—Clarke.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Philharmonic Society have prepared "Sullivan's Golden Legend" to be given in the Mutual Street Rink on the 6th of June. A large chorus has been rehearsing the work for some time, and with an efficient orchestra and good soloists, it should have a good production.

Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor, appears in the Pavilion this Friday evening, when he will be assisted by the charming and popular contralto, Mrs. F. McKelcan, (of Hamilton) Mr. F. Warrington basso, and Mr. John Cheshire harp. An interesting programme has been arranged, which, no doubt, will be both artistic and enjoyable.

A large audience gathered in St. George's Hall on the evening of the 25th of May to hear Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's third piano recital. On this occasion he was assisted by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette, composed of the following popular and well-known artists: Mme. d'Auria, first soprano; Mrs. Scringier-Massie, second soprano; Miss Edith Miller 1st alto; and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, 2nd alto. They sang with splendid ensemble, and beautiful shading, "The Poacher," "Maiden, O Come, Come, to Me!" both by Carl Pitag, and the "Blue Bells of Scotland," in each case winning an enthusiastic encore. Mr. Tripp played "Prelude and Fugue," in G sharp minor, Bach; "Warum?" Schumann; "Perpetuum Mobile," Weber; "The Blue Violet," Mendelssohn; "Air de Ballet," Moskowski; "Staccato Caprice," Vogrich; "Valse in E minor," Chopin; "March," Holst; "Nocturne," Field; and "Valse Caprice," Rubinstein. These numbers were all played skilfully, with excellent finish and sureness, especially good being the "Prelude and Fugue," Vogrich's "Staccato Caprice," and Schumann's "Warum," although no fault could be found with the other numbers, unless it was that the "March" and the Rubinstein "Valse" were taken a trifle too fast, which in a measure destroyed their clearness and that the Chopin Valse was deficient in imagination and sentiment. Mr. Tripp was obliged to play two encore numbers, choosing Nevin's charming and falling "Narcissus" and Liszt's popular "Love Dream" No. 3, which were played in a style both poetic and pleasing.

The Orpheus Society which was organized last fall for the purpose of presenting operas as oratorios are performed—without action, costumes or scenery—gave its first public performance on Tuesday evening, May 23rd, to an audience which nearly filled the immense Mutual Street Rink. The work chosen was Rossini's "William Tell," and a chorus of some 250 voices was well drilled, although there was a preponderance of female voices over males, in consequence of which there was not a proper balance of tone. The soloists were Sig. Del Puente, Tell; Mr. Wm. Stephens, Arnold; Mme. Kronold-Koert, Matilda; Sig. Delasco, Melchital and Walter; Mme. d'Auria, Jenny; Miss Edith Miller, Hedwiga; Mr. Warrington, Gessler; Mr. J. Hartley Dennison, Luodi and Rudolph; Mr. Chas. Baguley, Hunter. Signor Del Puente was in capital voice and gave a splendid interpretation of the title role. Mr. Stephens was also in good voice, but failed to make a good impression, partly because the music is written very high, and almost beyond the compass of his voice; consequently the tone did not carry, and partly because of the bad acoustical properties of the building. Mme. Kronold-Koert has a voice of most excellent quality, powerful and sweet, and her singing of the beautiful Romance, "Wild Craggy Hill" was really superb. Sig. Delasco, in the dual capacity of Melchital and Walter, was very satisfactory, his deep and powerful voice creating a good impression. Mme. d'Auria, and Miss Miller gave eminent satisfaction in their parts, and sang with discriminating care and judgment. Mr. Dennison was entirely unfit for the excessively high and difficult music allotted to Luodi, and it was a mistake for him to attempt

to sing the part. His voice in the lower and medium registers is of pleasing quality, and where the music did not exceed this compass, he sang most acceptably. The chorus sang with splendid effect, considering the difficulty of singing in so vast a place, and the disproportionate balance of the parts before spoken of; and they deserve great credit for their painstaking and conscientious work. We do not remember ever hearing a local orchestra play so well as on this occasion. Sig. d'Auria is a really admirable conductor, who being an educated and really excellent artist, and moreover truly sensitive as to what constitutes refined beauty of tone colour, gets effects not hitherto attained from any local orchestra. The playing of the overture and the accompaniments was highly praiseworthy, although the accompaniments to some of the solos were too loud, so as to make voice almost inaudible; still the building may have had something to do with this, as it is totally unfit for any musical performance of the kind. Should the Society again produce an opera next year, we hope they will perform it in the Grand Opera House, as it should be produced with action, costume and scenery.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM: A Popular Exposition of the Gospel according to Matthew. By C. H. Spurgeon. Price \$1.50. New York: Baker and Taylor; Toronto: W. Briggs. 1893.

Dr. Pierson, who writes an Introduction to this volume, tells us that this is the latest and the ripest of Mr. Spurgeon's life's labours. We are not sure that we should rank it as high as his work on the Psalms, but it is remarkably good. For the devotional study of S. Matthew, it will be very helpful; and, if sometimes we desiderate rather deeper views of the spiritual connection of some parts of our Lord's teaching, the comments are never other than sensible, devout and practical. Even those who are not ill-provided with commentaries may do well to add this volume to their stock.

COSMOPOLIS. A Novel. By Paul Bourget. Price \$1.50. New York: Tait, Sons, and Co. 1893.

Powerful, but unwholesome, this is our judgment of the book before us. There can be no question of its power. The author of "The Disciple" may be counted upon in this respect, and we are not prepared to deny that the characters are drawn in a natural manner and act with consistency. Cosmopolis is Rome, and nearly all the characters in the book are, more or less, immoral, in the real and in the conventional sense of the word. We know that a great many persons are of opinion that this is the kind of novel which ought to be written, that it is true to nature, and, if we are disposed to be warned, it is full of warning. All this may be true, but we prefer the school of Walter Scott. Having said so much, we will say no more. Those who care for the kind of thing which we have indicated, will doubtless possess themselves of Cosmopolis.

JOHN PAGET. A Novel. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1893.

This is at once a powerful and interesting story told in clear, crisp English. The author has the art of rendering vivid scenes which would be merely sensational but for the absorbing halo of realism, or to speak more accurately, of reality, which she has thrown over them. All this is, however, secondary. The real value of "John Paget" lies in the fact that it is a psychological study of quite an unusual nature. That John Paget, upon whom the interest of the story is to a certain extent centred, is in no respect

an admirable character, is not of any importance. The author shows us this nature, at once phlegmatic and stormy, religious and passionate, not by introducing him as one man in one chapter and as a totally different one in the next, but with the freedom which is born of a completely mastered analysis. "Elizabeth Marsden" and "Beatrice," two utterly opposite types of character, are admirably portrayed, while amongst the minor characters, "Mrs. Van Kuyster" is in herself an interesting study.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES in Convocation Hall, Queen's University, Kingston. Published by the Students.

In two former years we have drawn attention to the admirable series of Sunday afternoon lectures delivered at Queen's College, Kingston. We are happy to say that this third series is, in no way, inferior to its predecessors. The first lecture by Principal Caven is worthy of his reputation as a profound, acute, and devout thinker. He answers the important question: "How shall study be so prosecuted as not to hurt the life of the soul, but, on the contrary, to minister to its growth and completeness?" Every earnest student will be helped by Dr. Caven's judicious guidance. Dr. Campbell's discourse is not quite on the old lines. For example, he says, "The prevailing Old Testament notion concerning God was that of an oriental monarch, subject to no law, ruling absolutely, sitting upon the circle of the earth and looking down upon its grasshoppers beneath"—which is a little too strong, since it is the conversion of poetical rhetoric into prose. The whole sermon is a little bold, but it sets forth, perhaps with some exaggeration, important truth. The Rev. A. Gandler speaks well and impressively on "Motives to Missionary Work," and is followed by Professor Watson, who gives us the "Lesson of Ecclesiastes" in such a manner as we have a right to expect from the profound and accomplished Professor of Philosophy in Queen's. Dr. Watson shows the truth and the imperfection of the pessimism of the remarkable book. In passing from a shallow optimism we must encounter some form of pessimism; but if we are true to ourselves, to reason and to history, we shall not acquiesce in this, but go forward to more hopeful views of the destiny of man and the triumph of good. Next comes Professor Symonds, who discourses admirably on the important subject of Continuity and Progress, so does Dr. Ross on the question: "Are Christ and His Teaching superseded?" Professor Shortt has a most useful discourse on "The Influence of daily occupations and surroundings on the life of the people," with special reference to our circumstances in Canada. The two discourses which follow are on the great subject of the Reunion of Churches. Rev. G. J. Low discusses the question with great ability, candour and moderation, and very wisely postpones questions which cannot at the present moment be dealt with. The second, on "Christ is Divided" is by the brilliant and eloquent Principal, Dr. Grant. The discussion is a very powerful one, demonstrating that denominationalism is not only inconsistent with the fundamental principle of Protestantism, but with the apostolic conception of the Church. No less striking are his calm and judicious remarks with respect to our immediate duty. Dr. Grant has a right to speak on this subject. He has already been the chief instrument in bringing about the union of Canadian Presbyterianism. The pamphlet concludes with an admirable Baccalaureate Sermon" by Dr. Williamson, who has, we are told, been a Professor in Queens for fifty-one years.

Ravenstein's estimate of the earth's fertile region, in square miles, is 28,269,200; steppe, 18,901,000; desert, 4,180,000; polar region, 4,888,800.

## PERIODICALS.

June brings us the Quiver full of that pleasing yet profitable matter which has made it so popular and yet so practical in the best sense. No one wishing to welcome a pure, instructive, and enjoyable magazine into the household could do better than try either the Quiver or Cassell's Family Magazine—the June number of which is a good average specimen.

St. Nicholas for June will prove a treat to more than juvenile readers, for is it not an assured fact that many a time-silvered head bends over its clever pages with almost the delight of youth. Many and varied are the attractions of this number. We enjoyed "The Beaver's Home," with its capital illustrations, also that wonderful horse-story "The Apple of Arabia's Eye" and the paper on "Hakluyt's Voyages," not to mention many another pleasant rhyme and reading in this jolly number.

A fine portrait of the distinguished Scotch geologist, Sir Archibald Geikie, forms the frontispiece of the Popular Science Monthly for June, the accompanying sketch lends added interest to the life work of that eminent scientist. This is an excellent number both in original and selected articles, among the former may be mentioned: Irrigation in the Arid States; by C. H. Shinn; Modern Miracles by Prof. E. P. Evans; The Phenomena of Death in Battle by G. L. Kilmer—and among the latter: the conclusion of the series on "The Inadequacy of Natural Selection," by Herbert Spencer; the first paper by Dr. Ernest Hart on "The Revival of Witchcraft" and a capital and most sensible article by Dr. N. E. Yorke-Davies entitled "Why Grow Old?" which cannot be too widely read.

The Expository Times for May has its ordinary supply of thoughtful and useful theological matter. Dr. Salmond, of Aberdeen, writes with appreciation of Professor Ryle's contributions to Old Testament Scholarship. Rev. G. H. G. Williams gives a favourable account of Mr. Mayor's great work on the Epistle of St. James. Now that people have given up the notion that there is a contradiction between St. Paul and St. James, the epistle of the latter may receive somewhat more intelligent consideration, and it is hardly possible that we should have for many a day a better book than Mr. Mayor's. Among the other contents we may mention a continuation of Bishop Elliott's Teaching of our Lord as to the Authority of the Old Testament, and of Rothe's Exposition of the First Epistle of St. John. The short notices are excellent.

Arthur Hill opens the June number of Scribner's with an interesting contribution entitled "Life in a Logging Camp," which is followed by "Under Cover of The Darkness," an exciting short story by T. R. Sullivan. Robert Blum contributes a most readable paper (in his series) entitled "An Artist in Japan," which no reader of this issue should skip. William Henry Bishop writes upon "The Trouble in The Bric-a-Brac Mission." "Egotism" is the name of a forcible little poem by G. S. Martin. "The Birds That We See" are described by Ernest E. Thompson, in a paper that should prove attractive to lovers of natural history; this paper is ably illustrated by the author. Robert Grant commences "The Opinions of a Philosopher," a sequel to his "Reflections of a Married Man," and which, we feel sure, will prove equally amusing. Edith M. Thomas contributes a sonnet of real beauty entitled "Endymion and a Portrait of Keats."

"Caught on a Lee Shore" is the title of the opening and very readable contribution to The Century for June from the pen of Lieut. William Henn. "Where Helen Sits," is a pathetic little poem, by Laura E. Richards. Archibald Forbes is the author of a contribution entitled "The Death of The

Prince Imperial," which readers of every kind would do well to read. August F. Jaccacel contributes an unusually interesting paper entitled "The Father of Modern Illustration," in which Danlel Vierge Urrabieta is discussed at length. Walter Camp writes upon "College Athletics." Christina Rossetti is the subject of a critical, but withal appreciative study from the pen of Edmund Gosse. Mary Hartwell Catherwood commences an interesting serial in four parts entitled "The White Islander." Grace King's "The Story of a Day" is distinctly clever. "With Tolstol in The Russian Famine" is the title of an interesting sketch by Jonas Stadling.

To all who are interested in the grave consideration of important questions of politics or society, the Annals of the American Society of Politics and Social Science, will be congenial reading. In the May number Mr. Isaac Sharpless considers the "Relation of State to Education in England and America" to be preferable in America. Under the title "Our Failures in Municipal Government" Mr. Gamaliel Bradford wrestles with the statement of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain "that the Americans pay for less efficient service in their large towns nearly five times as much as is paid in the case of a well-managed English municipality," Mr. Bradford sapiently suggests as one of the possible causes of this most creditable result to England "the subservience of the lower to the higher classes." Other questions such as "Cost and Expense;" "Home Rule for our American Cities;" "Relation of Economic Conditions to the Causes of Crime;" and the "Nature of the Federal State" are ably discussed, and the usual departments of the number are well filled.

Algernon Charles Swinburne has a ringing song on the first two pages of the Nineteenth Century for May: entitled "The Union." Captain Young-husband adopts a novel but effective presentation of a serious military question of the future, when under the title: "The Invasion of India by Russia" he simulates a Russian officer's report on the subject to his own government. That important Russian implement of conquest, an elaborate map, accompanies the feigned report. The Rev. Dr. Jessopp treats us to a piece of ecclesiastical history in the paper on "St. William of Norwich." That learned and philosophic linguist, Professor Max Muller, has a paper entitled "Esoteric Buddhism." His reason for writing is given in these words: "It is because I love Buddha and admire Buddhist morality, that I cannot remain silent when I see his noble figure lowered to the level of religious charlatans, or his teaching misrepresented as esoteric twaddle." Theodore Watts continues his papers on Tennyson: "Tennyson as a Nature Poet" is the subject of the present. An interesting related ethnological study is that touched upon in the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's article, "The Influence of Climate on Race," and Lady Mary Wood throws a strong side-light on present-day history in her paper "Count Cavour on the Repeal of the Union."

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The New York Critic for May 20 devoted its opening pages to an authoritative statement of the summer plans for work and play of ninety-seven well-known American authors. The list of the ten American books that have received the largest number of votes from The Critic's readers during the past few weeks appeared in the issue of that paper dated May 27.

Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, B.A., the talented and successful editor of the Trinity University Review, is, we understand, contemplating a trip to Australasia. Mr. Troop's well known energy and agreeable personality, combined with his ex-

cellent literary taste, will, we are sure, win him a welcome wherever he goes, and, as an old contributor to The Week, we may hope for an occasional paper from his graceful pen on matters antipodean and otherwise.

In the course of his presidential address before the Royal Society, Dr. Bourne made the following reference to The Week: "We have only one literary paper of merit in this country, and that is The Week, which, despite the indifference that is apt to meet a journal not influenced by party motives, has kept its literary aim always before it, and endeavoured to do such work as The Nation has been doing for years under far greater advantages in the neighboring country with marked success and ability."

The following books are announced as ready for publication by Harper & Brothers: The second volume of the illustrated edition of Green's Short History of the English People; The Story of a Story, and Other Stories, by Brander Matthews; The Unexpected Guests, a farce, by William Dean Howells; The Rivals, by Francois Coppee; and Kirk Munroe's new story for boys, Raftmates; a Story of the Great River. All these books will be illustrated. A revised edition of William Black's Adventures in Thule; Phillips Brooks, by the Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., and George William Curtis, an address, by John White Chadwick, both in the "Black and White Series"; Heather and Snow, a novel, by George MacDonald; The Love Affairs of an Old Maid, by Lillian Bell; Practical Lawn-Tennis, by James Dwight, M. D.; and a new revised edition of Yolande, by William Black.

G. W. S. cables thus to the Tribune: "Mr. Balfour's brief speech on Literature at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner on Wednesday (April 26) has started a discussion on the position and prospects of literature. The discussion is less fresh than the speech. Mr. Balfour speaks as one who desired to break with the traditions of the Victorian epoch. He does not disparage the greatness of its greatest writers, but he points to the generation preceding his own as the one which felt their influence most strongly. Inasmuch, however, as they have no successors, the younger intelligence of the present day must go somewhere for inspiration, or somewhere for models. Mr. Balfour's refuge is the eighteenth century. He is, of course, attacked for venturing to question the supremacy of the second-rate poets and third-rate novelists of to-day. One of them says that the complaint has been heard during every period. Another insists that only posterity can judge fairly, the usual consolation of those whose merits their contemporaries fail to recognize. But the public, in spite of its morbid interest in mere novelty, silently agrees with Mr. Balfour."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce the following books: "Thomas Chalmers" by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. With a portrait. Crown 8vo., \$1.00. "American Guide-Books." By M. F. Sweetster. Carefully revised to date. "New England." A Guide to the Chief Cities and to popular Resorts of New England, and to its Scenery and Historic Attractions. With 6 Maps and 11 Plans. Fourteenth Edition. Thoroughly revised for 1893. 16mo., \$1.50. "The White Mountains." A Guide to the Peaks, Passes and Ravines of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. With 6 Maps and 6 Panoramas, including the new Appalachian Club Map. Thirteenth Edition, revised for 1893. 16mo., \$1.50; and "The Maritime Provinces." A Guide to the Chief Cities, Coasts, and Islands of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. With 4 Maps and 4 Plans. Ninth Edition, revised for 1893. 16mo., \$1.50. "Boston Illustrated." A Pictorial Description of Boston and its surroundings. Containing a full account of the City and its suburbs, the Harbour and Islands, with



numerous allusions to historic events. An entirely New Edition. Rewritten by E. M. Bacon. With 150 entirely new Illustrations drawn from photographs expressly for this edition by C. H. Woodbury, and a Map. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; and "Latin Lessons." Designed to prepare for the intelligent reading of Classical Latin Prose. By Henry Preble, formerly Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek in Harvard University, and Lawrence C. Hull, Latin Master in the Lawrenceville School. 12mo, \$1.20, net.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bird, H. E. Chess History. London: Dean & Son.
- Kennedy, Jas. B., B. A. Afloat for Eternity, cloth 60c., paper 40c. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; Montreal: C. W. Coates; Halifax: S. F. Huestis.
- Mathers, Helen. Venus Victrix, 25c. New York: Tait Sons & Co.
- Norris, W. E. A Deplorable Affair, 25c. New York: Tait Sons & Co.
- Preble, Henry; Hull, Lawrence C. Latin Lessons. \$1.12. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Reed, Elizabeth A. Hindu Literature, \$2.00. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- Young, Egerton Ryerson. Indian Wigwams & Northern Camp Fires, \$1.25. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; Montreal: C. W. Coates; Halifax: S. F. Huestis.
- The Drama: \$1.25. New York: Tait Sons & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NONE THE LESS.

Is the age sordid, impotent, and cold?  
None the less sweetly shrill the thrush's call,  
None the less swiftly snowy blossoms fall  
On slim young grasses and buds manifold,  
Where kingcups raise their chalices of gold,  
As tender breezes drift the hawthorn's pall;  
None the less milky sway the chesnuts tall;  
Or royally are large white clouds enrolled,  
Where up the azure mighty branches climb.  
On eyes that see 'and hearts that contemplate  
No shadow fall of days degenerate—  
They reckon but by season's change the time;  
Here the vain babblings of unlovely hours  
Cringe into silence before holier powers.  
—Macmillan's

LORD ROBERTS' DEPARTURE FROM INDIA.

The Allahabad Pioneer says: Lord Roberts has won the highest distinction that it is possible to achieve in India short of the Governor-Generalship, and the honours he has won shine with the greater lustre, inasmuch as he has gained them solely in the military service of the Crown. His career is one that the Indian Army may well be proud of: it is that of a soldier among soldiers, skillful in martial exercise, brave to a fault, imbued with the true spirit of English manliness, and proud of his profession; of a leader endowed with those personal qualities which command the enthusiastic devotion of the men whom he commands in the field, their admiration and affection in time of peace; of a General whose ability and power impress themselves upon all who come within their range; and of a Commander-in-Chief unsurpassed for his capacity for work and his talent for administration. The Calcutta English-

man thus writes its farewell: To-day Lord Roberts, of Kandahar and Waterford bids farewell to the land he has served so well for 41 years. He sails from Bombay this afternoon, leaving a record of notable deeds and unpretending kindness that it would be hard to match. The fact alone that half a lakh of rupees have been subscribed in a few weeks to erect a statue to his memory in Calcutta, shows how real is the respect and liking that is felt for him among all sections of the community. The hero of a hundred fights, and almost worshipped by every soldier who has fought under his command, it is as an administrator that his splendid abilities and foresight have shown themselves most conspicuously. The man who has made the Army of India more efficient than it ever was before, who has worked out a great mobilisation scheme, and collected the stores and armaments necessary for it; who has replaced the antiquated Snider in the Native Infantry by the Martini and arranged the issue of magazine rifles to British troops; and who has put the North-West frontier into a reasonable state of preparation to face the advance of Russia, in spite of a falling exchange and a Central Government harassed on every side by financial difficulty, would deserve to be considered great, even had he never accomplished anything else in the course of his life. It is, however, Lord Roberts' proud distinction not only to have helped to preserve peace by preparing for war, but also to have led England's armies to victory in the dark days of political danger, and to have shown, by deeds of personal courage, how the coolest in council may be the foremost in daring, where audacity is wisdom. Few Englishmen will ever forget the suspense of that anxious time after the disaster of Malwand, when for weeks there was no news of Roberts and his little army of 10,000 men who had cut themselves off from their base of operations in order the more speedily to force their way through the heart of a fanatical and bitterly hostile country, to the relief of Kandahar. Military history can scarcely record a bolder or better executed deed than that march of 318 miles in 23 days, conducted, as it was, swiftly and surely, without loss, and terminating in the avenging of Malwand and the utter defeat of Ayoub Khan.

FEAT OF A PYTHON.

A remarkable occurrence took place lately, says our Berlin correspondent, in the Zoological Gardens at Breslau. In the cage of the large snakes, a South American boa constrictor contended for a rabbit with a very large python from West Africa. It did not succeed, however, the python being the stronger of the two, and it withdrew. About two hours later the keeper found the same snakes fighting for another rabbit, as the keeper supposed that the boa, which was the weaker of the two, would again give up its prey, he left them to themselves, and went home. The next morning he was horror-stricken to find that the unfortunate boa had not let go its hold, and had been swallowed by the python, as a pendant to the rabbit. The boa was nearly seven feet long, and correspondingly thick. The python had already swallowed one rabbit before the one which proved fatal to the boa. Its circumference throughout its length was from 23 to 28 inches, and its skin was expanded to double its usual size. The supposition that the snake might perhaps not be able to digest the boa, proved false. Digestion only proceeded somewhat slower than usual.—Daily News.

Fond Mother—"I am to understand, then, that you have accepted Mr. Lorry's proposal? He's an excellent match, you know." Ethel—demurely—"Oh, yes, mamma!" Fond Mother—"Of course, he told you he loved you?" Ethel—"Oh, dear, no, mamma; I didn't let him get as familiar as that."

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## A MONTREAL MIRACLE.

FACTS PROVED TO BE STRANGER THAN  
FICTION.

The Remarkable Cure of a Long-Time Sufferer—  
Rheumatism of Ten Years' Standing Permanently  
Cured—A Story Full of Interest to all Other Suf-  
ferers.

Sunday Morning News, Montreal.

Impressed with the persistency with which the most astonishing accounts of cures effected through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in almost all the newspapers of Canada and the United States, a reporter for The Sunday Morning News, to satisfy himself generally of the genuineness of these cures, determined to investigate a case for himself, which had recently been brought to his notice, where the cure was claimed to be due entirely to the efficacy of this medicine. Aware that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had been tried in the case of a gentleman residing at 709 Sherbrooke Street, in the City of Montreal, who had for years been afflicted periodically with rheumatism, the reporter set out on a journey of inquiry to ascertain what the result had been. Arriving at the home of Mr. Granville, the gentleman referred to, he found him apparently enjoying perfect health.

"You don't look as though you had been suffering a great deal lately, Mr. Granville," said the reporter, accepting the invitation of his host to be seated.

"Well, no, you would scarcely suppose from my present appearance and activity, that I had just recovered from a most acute attack of chronic rheumatism, which kept me in bed for over two weeks. You see," continued Mr. Granville, "I am an habitual sufferer from rheumatism, or at least I have been for ten years past, and although I have tried almost every remedy, it has only been since recently that I have found anything to do me good. It is now about ten years since I first became afflicted with this painful disease, and when it first began to come on, having never experienced it before, I was at a complete loss to understand what it was. It was in Chicago that I had my first attack, and I remember the circumstances very well. While walking on the street I was suddenly seized with a violent pain in my left knee, which continued to grow worse, until I could walk no longer, and was compelled to call a cab, and be driven home. Once there I took to my bed, and did not leave it for ten days, being totally unable to move my leg without experiencing the most excruciating pain, which nothing I could get seemed to relieve."

"Did you not have a doctor?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes; but he didn't seem to do me much good. He wrapped the limb in flannels, and gave me some decoction of salicylic acid to swallow. But it was of no avail. Each year as winter passes into spring, I have been seized with this painful disease, and laid out for some weeks, nor have I been able, until lately, to obtain anything which would even help me a little. You would not believe it if I were to recount the various patent medicines which I have taken, both

externally and internally, during all that time in an endeavour to obtain relief. I must have tried a hundred so-called cures, and never experienced any beneficial results until I came across Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I must frankly confess, that at the outset, I had no great faith in the pills. I had tried so many medicines, all to no purpose, but I was willing to give them a trial anyway, so I sent out to the drug store on the corner, and got a supply. I followed the directions carefully, and soon experienced relief, and before I had been taking the Pink Pills long I was able to get out of bed, and although I was still a little stiff, the pain had almost completely disappeared. I am still taking the pills, and shall keep on taking them for some time, and furthermore, I don't intend to be without them in future."

"Then you ascribe your relief entirely to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," suggested the reporter.

"I most certainly do, and Mr. Curtis, the druggist on Bleury street, will verify what I have said."

The reporter next visited Mr. H. H. Curtis, the druggist referred to, whose place of business is at 291 Bleury street, and interrogated him with reference to the case. Mr. Curtis stated that he knew of Mr. Granville's ailment, and that he had suffered for years, and he had no doubt Pink Pills did all Mr. Granville said. He further said that Pink Pills had a very large sale, and gave universal satisfaction. The reporter then withdrew, quite satisfied with the result of his investigation.

The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medical Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminate disease from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen, or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders, and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

## CREDO.

Through dim cathedral shadows  
A flood of music swells,  
Now loud as thunder pealing,  
Now sweet as silver bells;  
Above each crimson casement,  
Through fretted arch and shrine,  
The mighty sound is rolling  
In harmony divine.

"Credo in unum Deum!"  
A single voice we hear  
That rises through the chorus  
Sustained and pure and clear;  
Up through the purple twilight,  
Above the organ's tone,  
It floats upon the music  
As though it sang alone.

The world sweeps on forever  
To life's great organ tones,  
Earth's myriad voices blending  
Peal from its rolling zones;  
Songs of exulting Science,  
Paeans of progress won,  
The low and muttering thunder  
Of Labour's march begun.

Sighs of the heavy burdened,  
Their cross by Faith unblessed,  
And mad, despairing laughter  
Wrung from the atheist's breast;  
Babble of giddy pleasure  
That dances on the tomb,  
And warning tones unheeded  
That preach the hour of doom:

All sounds of woe and sorrow,  
Rejoicings, clash of wars,  
Meet in the mighty chorus  
That rises to the stars.  
Yet purer, sweeter, clearer,  
One strain is borne above  
The warrior's shout of Freedom,  
The Poet's song of Love:

"Credo in unum Deum!"  
It rises night and day  
From countless holy altars,  
From countless souls that pray—  
Man's spirit, earth disdaining,  
In glorious vision soars  
Where senses, sight, forgetting,  
He knows, and he adores!

O voice of faith triumphant!  
Still raise that great refrain,  
Though heaven seems far and empty  
Through clouds of doubt and pain;  
O hearts that Death's cold sceptre  
Is touching one by one,  
Sing on of life immortal  
And joy beyond the sun!

When hushed Earth's mighty music,  
And mute her songs of pride,  
When Wealth and Fame have vanished  
With gods they glorified,—  
"Credo in unum Deum!"  
Shall sound when Darkness hurls  
His bolt, eternal Silence,  
Upon the wreck of worlds!

—L. A. Lefevre.

Vancouver, B. C.

# DOMINION BANK.

Proceedings of the Twenty-second Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders,

Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, May 31st, 1893.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the Institution on Wednesday, May 31st, 1893.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, Hon. Frank Smith, Wm. Hendrie, Major Mason, I. Lorne Campbell, William Ince, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Wilmot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadley, Aaron Ross, E. B. Osler, W. J. Bancey, John Scott, John Stewart, W. T. Kelly, S. Risley, David McGee, G. W. Lewis, Gardiner Boyd, G. Robinson, Walter S. Lee, etc.

It was moved by Mr. D. McGee, seconded by Mr. Edward Leadley, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Mr. R. S. Cassels moved, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler, and Resolved,—That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as Secretary.

Messrs. R. S. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed Scrutineers. The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1892	\$ 6,988 00
Profit for the year ending 30th April, 1893, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	215,040 27
	\$221,978 27
Dividend 5 per cent., paid 1st November, 1892	\$75,000 00
Dividend 5 per cent., payable 1st May, 1893	75,000 00
Bonus 1 per cent., payable 1st May, 1893	15,000 00
	165,000 00
Carried to Reserve Fund	\$ 56,978 27
Balance of Profit and loss carried forward	50,000 00
	\$ 6,978 27

# “German Syrup”

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumption becomes germ-proof and well.

An Agency was opened at Seaforth, Ontario, in April last, which promises to be of service to the bank.

JAS. AUSTIN, President.  
Toronto, 11th May, 1893.

Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, and

Resolved,—That the report be adopted. It was moved by Mr. Walter S. Lee, seconded by Major Mason, and

Resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. Wm. Hendrie, and seconded by Mr. Geo. W. Lewis, and

Resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Cashier, Agents, Inspectors, and other officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. Anson Jones, seconded by Mr. John Stewart, and

Resolved,—That the poll be now opened for the election of seven Directors, and that the same be closed at two o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the Scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. S. Risley moved, seconded by Mr. Gardiner Boyd, and

Resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. James Austin for his able conduct in the chair.

The Scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. James Austin, William Ince, E. Leadley, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, James Scott and Hon. Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. James Austin was elected President, and the Hon. Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing year.

## GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid up	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	\$1,450,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward	6,978 27
Dividend No. 44, payable 1st May	75,000 00
Bonus 1 per cent., payable 1st May	15,000 00
Reserved for interest and Exchange	91,428 87
Rebate on Bills discounted	82,816 25
	1,671,228 39
	\$3,171,228 39
Notes in circulation	\$1,021,118 00
Deposits not bearing interest	1,225,100 00
Deposits bearing interest	8,619,565 16
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	263 22
Balance due to other Banks in Great Britain	236,394 39
	11,102,440 77
	\$14,273,664 16
ASSETS.	
Specie	\$ 351,240 04
Dominion Government Demand Notes	736,483 00
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation	75,000 00
Notes and Checks of other Banks	258,550 64
Balance due from other Banks in Canada	121,277 32
Balance due from other Banks in the United States	1,422,927 56
Provincial Government Securities	149,942 42
Municipal and other Debentures	1,564,506 48
	\$4,699,927 46
Bills discounted and Current (including advances on call)	\$9,175,192 06
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	111,312 94
Real Estate	9,960 63
Bank Premises	272,317 20
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	4,953 85
	9,578,736 70
	\$14,273,664 16

R. H. BETHUNE,  
General Manager.

Dominion Bank,  
Toronto, 30th April, 1893.

Nothing in God's earth is so mean as to be below his notice; nothing can be so untoward as to thwart His purpose.—Carson.

# Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

## To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

# Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

# Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.  
**100 Doses One Dollar**

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." A pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty!" "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" Another pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"

It is pointed out that the only mechanic buried in Westminster Abbey is George Graham, a native of Cumberland, the inventor of the dead-beat escapement, the cylinder escapement and the mercurial pendulum, besides several other improvements in apparatus useful in astronomical work. He was buried in 1751, and his funeral was attended by all the members of the Royal Society.—English Mechanic.

A discussion has arisen concerning the manner in which the Egyptian tombs may have been lighted for the execution of the elaborate paintings that are found in them. Any light that would smoke appears to be ruled out, for it could not have failed to leave its mark, which is not there. Mr. W. Filders, Petrie believes that sunlight was sent into the dark passages by the use of mirrors. He says: "A very small amount of reflected sunshine is enough to work by. I have taken photographs at Gizeh (which require far more light than is needed by a painter or sculptor) by means of four successive reflections of sunshine from common sheets of tin plate, such as biscuit-tin lids. These four reflections sent the light round corners, into what was absolutely dark space, a distance of over thirty feet, and the effect was brilliant to the eye. I feel certain, therefore, that with larger reflectors there would be no difficulty whatever in lighting any part of the Kings' Tombs more brightly than by small lamps."—Popular Science Monthly.

C. C. Richards and Co.  
Gents, I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied Minard's Liniment freely, and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.  
Joshua Wynaught.

Bridgewater, N. S.  
That string on your finger means "Bring home a bottle of Minard's Liniment."



**THE WAY OUT** of woman's troubles is with Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Safely and certainly, every delicate weakness, derangement, and disease peculiar to the sex is permanently cured.

Out of all the medicines for women, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only one that's guaranteed to do what is claimed for it. In all "female complaints" and irregularities, periodical pains, displacements, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

So certain to cure every case of Catarrh is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy that its proprietors make you this offer: "If you can't be cured, permanently, we'll pay you \$500 cash."

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**

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**PUBLIC OPINION.**

Quebec Chronicle: It was gratifying to learn from the Hon. Mr. Bowell that the Ministers are anxious to obtain suggestions from all who had them to offer, —from the humblest labourer as well as from the most successful manufacturer.

London Advertiser: What this country needs before it increases its mechanical population is wider markets, better opportunities to buy and sell, freedom of employer and employe from every unnecessary tax, the right of every man to spend his own earnings to the best possible advantage. That provided for, there need be little or no exodus.

Hallfax Chronicle: There are too many people in the temperance ranks simply striving to gain public attention, riding the prohibition horse for no other purpose than to subservise political ambition. . . . These people do the temperance cause far more harm than good, and honest temperance workers should endeavour to keep them in the background.

P. E. Island Patriot: Altogether it is a queer dispute, but if the United States should be called upon to pay \$440,000, said to be the amount of the claims made by the British sealers against the Washington Government, the jingoism which found an exponent in the late Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, will be at a discount. We in Eastern Canada are principally concerned to see an arrangement come to that will prevent misunderstandings in future in regard to this troublesome seal question.

Hamilton Spectator: All that the Spectator has said in favour of electrical engineering is, that it offers more opportunities to young men than any other profession. It is the profession of the future. It is the new world which offers fame and fortune to the daring adventurer who has the ability and the courage to explore its unknown regions, but which also has pleasant lands for the less adventurous. There is room in the ranks of the electricians for men of moderate ability as there is room in an army for officers of inferior grade.

Ottawa Free Press: While Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, Mr. Craig and other Conservative members of Parliament declare they will vote to turn the Thompson Government out of power if any attempt be made to interfere with the Manitoba School Act, the French Canadian Tory papers support the course pursued by the Government with regard to that question, on the ground that the Ministers are anxious to fortify a policy of Federal interference in Manitoba's school affairs with a judicial decision warranting such interference.

Montreal Star: We must choose to be British or American. It would be better, perhaps, to write the sentence with a change of tense—We have chosen to be British rather than American. It is only now a matter of means, methods and details. No risks can be taken in so important a relation of national life and we, at all events, want to be moving toward closer Imperial unity rather than drifting away from it. We may not be ready just yet to adopt any complete scheme under any name; but we know perfectly well the direction that we would go. A further increase of our trade with Britain is in line with the chosen future; and Parliament should not delay in removing the anomaly that we now discriminate in our duties against British goods.

Montreal Witness: There are some people with no eye for colour, some with no ear for music, many with no ear for verse. We suppose there are many with the latter defect of whom nobody knows, because they have never attempted to make any verse. What is puzzling, is when some one who has no ear at all for measure attempts to write

poetry. The problem is, what impels such an effort and what charm can poetry have for such persons. The editor, however, knows that there are not a few who are tempted to give to their thoughts and feelings, metrical form, who have no conception of that quality which constitutes the charm of verse. If they make a number of lines of apparently equal length, with rhymes, or what seem to them to be rhymes, at the end of them, they think they have written verse and seem to enjoy it, and wonder why other people do not.

The Chinese gardeners are the most expert fruit growers in the world. Marco Polo even asserted that they produce pears of the most delicious fragrance and weighing 10 pounds each.

There is a good deal of guarantee business in the store-keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing. Words—only words.

This offer to refund the money, or to pay a reward, is made under the hope that you won't want your money back, and that you won't claim the reward. Or course.

So, whoever is honest in making it, and works—not on his own reputation alone, but through the local dealer, whom you know, must have something he has faith in back of the guarantee. The business won't stand a year without it.

What is lacking is confidence. Back of that, what is lacking, is that clear honesty; which is above the "average practice."

Dr. Pierce's medicines are guaranteed to accomplish what they are intended to do, and their makers give the money back if the result isn't apparent.

Doesn't it strike you that a medicine which the makers have so much confidence in, is the medicine for you?

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Keep the blood pure, the stomach in good working order, and the entire system free from morbid effete matter, by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which cleanses, strengthens, and tones the system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

"There are two ways of looking at it," said the cross-eyed man, unwittingly.

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It has more than three times  
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Sugar, and is far more eco-  
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On and after SUNDAY, MAY 14th, trains will leave  
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- 8.30 a.m. Express for Peterboro', Ottawa, Mont-  
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- 9.10 p.m. Local for Havelock.

**WEST.**

- 7.30 a.m. For Detroit, Chicago and all points  
West.
- 8.00 p.m. Local for London.

**NORTH.**

- 6.30 a.m. Elora, Fergus, Brampton, Teeswater,  
Harriston, Mt. Forest, Wingham, etc.
- 6.00 p.m. For Orangeville, Shelburne, Owen Sound  
Harriston, Mt. Forest, Wingham.
- 7.30 a.m. Streetsville, Orangeville, in connection  
with Steamships for Port Arthur,  
Winnipeg, etc.
- 8.25 p.m. North Bay, Pt. Arthur, Winnipeg,  
etc.

† Daily. ‡ Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

\* Trains leave North Toronto station at 8.45 a.m.,  
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**W. G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.**  
Mildard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

Krupp, the great gun-maker, is trying  
to operate an engine by exploding in the  
cylinders very fine coal dust.

To protect visitors at the World's  
Fair from broken glass falling from the  
roofs, wire netting is to be stretched  
overhead in four of the principal build-  
ings.

Knocking out Edison's patent on car-  
bon filaments for incandescent electric  
lights is being followed by the output of  
a number of other lamps of nearly the  
same design.

A steamer with a pair of paddle wheels  
astern, having the rudder between them,  
has been built at Renfrew, Scotland. It  
is intended, like several others of the same  
pattern, for towing lighters.

Hot water (at about 175 degrees Fahr.)  
is sold in Paris at small street stands.  
The idea is M. Robin's, who also invent-  
ed ways to use gas for heating. The foun-  
tain operates automatically when you  
drop a coin in a slot.

The Columbia River at Portland, Ore-  
gon, is to be crossed by a steel bridge  
46 feet wide, with fixed spans of 302 and  
242 feet and a draw span of 385 feet, be-  
sides the embankment and trestle ap-  
proaches, which gives the whole struc-  
ture a length of 1,621 feet.

In Cleveland there are four 6-inch  
water mains in the business streets, which  
with the attached hydrants usually re-  
main empty. When occasion requires the  
city fire-boat thrusts a nozzle into the  
river end of a main, and supplies water  
under a pressure of over 200 pounds to  
the inch.

Henry Moissan, a French chemist, has  
made crucibles for high temperature out  
of bits of lime. These can be raised to  
3,000 degrees centigrade before melting.  
In these or similar receptacles he has  
succeeded in making small diamonds. He  
first burned a number of natural dia-  
monds, to discover what elements remain-  
ed in the ash after the carbon was con-  
sumed.

Lighthouses are now distinguished by  
the mariner by colour, combinations of  
colour, or the periodicity of short flashes.  
Captain Mahan, of the United States  
Lighthouse Board, has devised a system  
of signals given by shutters over the light,  
by which each light tells its own name  
or number, and prevents any possible con-  
fusion. When tested at New-Haven last  
month it worked admirably.

A bold plan for converting the power  
of a water-fall into electricity for long  
distance transmission, is being consid-  
ered in the State of Washington. Snoqual-  
mie Falls are capable of yielding 32,000  
horse-power most of the time. The only  
city of any size where this power could  
be utilized, is Seattle, 23 miles off as the  
crow flies, but separated from the falls by  
so wild and uneven a region that 40 miles  
of cable would probably be required.

The remarkable aerolite which fell at  
Osawatimie, Kan., on the afternoon of  
April 8, striking the monument to John  
Brown, was evidently one of that meteor  
swarm called the "Perseids," because when  
they fall to earth they come from the  
direction of the constellation Perseus. At  
the time this fell, that constellation was  
nearly in the zenith. This meteorite  
weighed a little over fourteen pounds, and  
contained iron and other minerals usually  
found in meteors. About one-fourth of  
the mass is an unknown metal, with a  
specific gravity four times that of gold.  
When a fragment was volatilized in the  
electric arc, it gave the same spectrum  
lines which are found in the solar spec-  
trum, and have been attributed to a con-  
jectural element, helium. If this un-  
known metal proves to be helium, it is the  
only known specimen on earth, and the  
Osawatimie aerolite will be the most  
valuable ever known.—Toledo Blade.

**POET--LORE**

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.  
Browning Anniversary Number.  
MAY 1893.

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- From the Provençal of Sordello, Troubadour.  
Prof. Owen Seaman.
- Aristophanes' Philosophy of Poetry According  
to Browning. Helen Leah Read.
- Ideals of Beauty in Keats and Browning. Alice  
Griffith.
- Gentle Will, our Fellow. F. G. Fleay.
- Browning's Mastery of Rhyme. Dr. William J.  
Rolfe.
- Browning's Mildred. J. J. Britton.
- The Sightless. Maurice Maeterlinck.
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Prose Life of Stratford,' etc. C.
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Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m., Tuesday  
June 6, at the office of the Company, for the pur-  
pose of receiving the annual report, the election of  
directors, etc. By order of the Board.

**S. C. WOOD, Manager.**  
Toronto, 19th April, 1893.

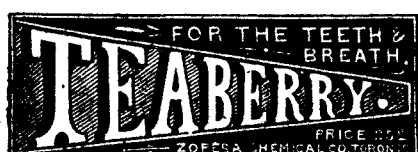
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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to two minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain **INTERNALLY.**

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious Bilious and other Fevers, aided by **RADWAY'S PILLS**, so quickly as **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**. Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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A SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigour. Sold by druggists. \$1 a bottle.

**DR. RADWAY'S PILLS**  
For DYSPEPSIA, and for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipations, Biliousness, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.  
**DR. RADWAY & CO., - MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL**

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

The latest fad to be indulged in by the seashore this summer is "penthomanacy," or fate by footprints. The "New York Times" says it has superseded palmistry, and now it will be possible to tell by toe joints and curves whether you are amiable or not, why you are not happy, though married, and all the rest.

Brown's Bronchial Troches give prompt and effectual relief in all Throat troubles. Mr. Amos R. Peachy, Hungerford, Berkshire, England, writes: "Change of climate (from South Africa) nearly cost me my life, as it produced the greatest prostration from Ulcerated Throat and Bronchial Inflammation. My friends are astonished at the remarkable change in my health from the time I commenced using Brown's Bronchial Troches.

The most expensive perfume in the market at present is the essential oil of rose petals, or otto of roses, £120 per pound. The essential oil of jasmine is quoted at £108 per pound; ambergris, £90 per pound; musk, £84 per pound.—London Tid Bits.

**TIMELY WISDOM.**

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints, or looseness of the bowels.

It is said that an ingot of gold weighing 21.4 ounces, and worth about \$50, is made by the gold-beaters into sheets so thin that it would take 48,000 to measure an inch in height. By the labour of beating, the gold acquires a value of \$400, making over 26,000 sheets of gold foil, or gold leaf as it is usually called.

**A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE.**

Many symptoms of Canadian cholera are similar to those of the real Asiatic cholera, such as vomiting, purging, intense pain, etc. For all these symptoms, Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry is a safe and sure specific. Price 35 cents at druggists.

It is stated that the Duke of Edinburgh spends about £500 a year in private pension: to old salts, who either have served under him or served with him. A boat-swain's mate once fell from the main: royal, and, sailor-like, tumbled upon something that broke his fall; but, though he saved his neck, he injured his spine; and the Duke, who witnessed the accident, has ever since allowed the man £50 a year.

**A PROMPT CURE.**

Gentlemen,—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache.

Ethel D. Haines, Lakeview, Ont.

The Valley of Hyeres, on the south coast of France, is probably the most fragrant spot on the surface of this planet. For the last hundred years the little town of the same name has been engaged in the manufacture of perfumes and essences, and the "flower-farmers" who supply the raw material for those extracts, have covered some forty English square miles with thickets of roses and jessamines, alternating with broad fields where mignonette and heliotrope flourish like clover. If the wind is from the west the perfume of the flower plantations is plainly perceptible on the hills of Toulon, at a distance of nine English miles.

**THE CHOLERA SCARE.**

Fear kills more than cholera. Severe diarrhoea, purging, colic, cramps, etc., are often mistaken for choleraic troubles. A few doses of Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry will remove both the disease and the terror it inspires.

**WONDER IN WELLAND!**

**A Representative Farmer Speaks.**



**MR. C. C. HAUN.**

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than that I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN, Welland P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. Cumines, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself: Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly,  
THOMAS CUMINES,  
Welland, Ont.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

He—sentimentally—"My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel to take you from your father's roof." She—practically—"I dont live on the roof."

"Think of starting in this neighbourhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician." Young Doctor: "Y-e-s, but—er—I shall only doctor children at first."

TAKE A PLEBISCITE.

Should a plebiscite be taken it would be found that Burdock Blood Bitters is by long odds, the most successful and popular cure for dyspepsia, headache, constipation, biliousness, bad blood, etc. It is purely vegetable.

"We've had no rain to speak of for some weeks," observed Mrs. R., "and, if this goes on, I heard some scientific gentleman say, the other day, we ought to have the land irrigated by hydras."

Knowitz—to his wife who contends that smoking is a bad habit—"There! I thought so. A scientific paper says—'There are no microbes to be found in tobacco.'" Mrs. Knowitz—quietly—"Yes, that's where the microbe shows his good sense."

TO-DAY

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head of the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Sarsaparilla cures.

"Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink our cod-liver oil without crying we get five cents each." "And what do you do with the money?" "Mamma buys some more oil with it."

Cockney Art Teacher—to ambitious amateur, who rather fancies himself, but has come for a few "finishing lessons."—"Now, yer know, what I say is, if you're going to be an artist, yer should try to make it something like!"

FRESH AND VIGOROUS.

On a fine morning and a fine road, what is more invigorating than a spin on a cycle. When it comes to a race, the suggestion of Mr. George Phillips, Secretary Leinster Cycling Club, Dublin, Ireland, has force: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil an invaluable remedy for strains and bruises, and so have several members of our club." This ought to be borne in mind.

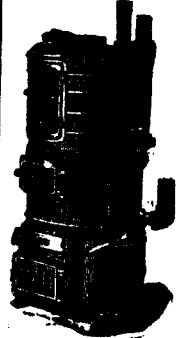
Jack—"How are you going to spend the summer?" Tom—"I'm going to put it in travelling from one summer resort to another, until I find a girl worth a million or two who wants to be loved and married for herself alone."

The Sole Inhabitant.—Fishing club keeper—to new member—"Xcuse me, sir, yer bein' a stranger so to speak, mayhap yer mayn't ha' noticed as how this here little bit be private water." Mr. Bulligan—who has had bad sport—"Shure private is it, ye say, Rodgers? Faith, an' I'm thinkin' the whole strame's pretty private, for divil a fish is there in it at all at all, 'cept wan, an' he's in my basket!"

Bad Drinking-Water.—Travellers suffer greatly from the different kinds of water they are compelled to drink, as nothing is likely to bring on an attack of Diarrhoea as citange of drinking-water. Perry Davis' Pain-Killer is the only safe, quick, and sure cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Cholera Morbus, and the valise of every traveller should contain a bottle of the mixture, which he can procure at any reputable drug-store. 25c. for a large bottle.



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— FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, —

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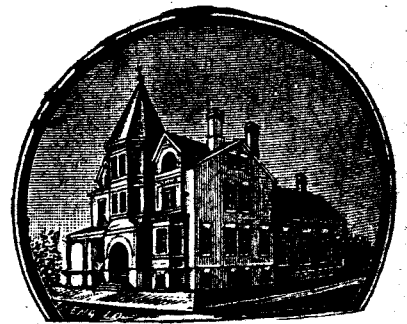
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