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THE WEEK.

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Toronto, Friday, January 24th, 1896.

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Current Topics.

The Death of Prince Henry.

Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg, the husband of Her Majesty's youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, is the only victim of the British expedition to Coomasie. The unfortunate Prince was stricken down with malarial fever at Nyissa and died on his return from Cape Coast Castle to Sierra Leone. Major-General Sir Francis Scott, the head of the Gold Coast police, who commanded the expedition, had appointed Prince Henry his Military Secretary. It will be remembered that the Queen and other members of the Royal family were much opposed to the Prince taking part in the expedition. It was only on accepting certain conditions that he obtained permission to go. The remembrance of the unhappy fate of the Prince Imperial in the Zulu campaign no doubt made the Queen and the Princess Beatrice dread his departure. Her Majesty and the Princess have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole Empire in their great affliction.

A Grave Mistake.

It is a mistake for Conservatives to try to force the Liberal party into taking up a position that may appear to be either pro-American or anti-English. The attempt to turn the present strained relations between the Empire and the neighbouring Republic into some party advantage cannot be too strongly condemned. There is something very small and low in trying to make political capital out of the loyalty cry. It must be a weak cause which rests for support on a foundation such as that. We do not know that Conservatives are any more loyal than Liberals. They talk more about it, but that is of very little significance. For the Conservatives to say that Liberals are not loyal to British connection and institutions is to say that half Canada is disloyal, and that would be ludicrously untrue. We have every confidence in Mr. Laurier's loyalty, and in that of the great party of which he is the honoured leader. Were this country to be involved in war with the United States, which God forbid, we are assured that Mr. Laurier would be the first to declare that all party differences should cease and that the Government would receive the active support of himself and all his followers.

Preferential Trade.

On Monday last Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., addressed the Montreal Board of Trade on the question of preferential trade between Great Britain and her Colonies. Canada is more than willing to discriminate in favour of the Mother Country in matters of trade. Both Liberals and Conservatives are at one on this question. It remains only for England to say the word, and preferential trade would be an accomplished fact so far as Canada is concerned. But it has been generally supposed here that Great Britain is too much wedded to the principle of free trade ever to be induced to consent even to the very mild form of protection which preferential trade would involve. However, Sir Charles read copious extracts from recent speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen to show that there was some indication that Great Britain was beginning to realize that she had deliberately stripped herself of her armour by adopting a free trade policy. Protectionist notions, as The Globe points out, have several times been imputed to the Premier of Great Britain, but he has always taken pains to repudiate them. But it is important and encouraging to note that Lord Salisbury has stated in a letter which Sir Charles read at the meeting that preferential duties in favour of the Colonies could not properly be described under the term protection. The imposition therefore of a duty of, say, ten per cent. in favour of the Colonies would not mean the abandonment of the British principle of free trade. This opinion is by no means generally accepted, but it appears to be making appreciable headway. There is another obstacle: the unlucky and antiquated Belgian and German treaties which appear to prevent England from making any preferential arrangement with her Colonies. But there is every reason to hope that the elimination of the Colonial clause from these treaties is not impossible. A little firmness and tact on the part of England would have much effect. With respect to the great Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire to be held in London next June, all Canadians heartily agree with Sir Charles Tupper in the hope that Canada will have as large and as able a representation as possible from all the Boards of Trade throughout this wide Dominion. The first question that will receive attention at the Congress will be the commercial relations of the Mother Country and her Colonies.

National Spirit.

Some well-meaning people have been shaking their heads over THE WEEK of late. They say that this paper is pervaded by a spirit of jingoism. This arises from the inability of certain people to distinguish between jingoism and a proper and becoming national spirit. We are as much opposed to the travesty of national spirit and national self-respect known as jingoism as are any of our critics. The fact is that if anyone gives expression to sentiments in favour of putting an end to the country's present helpless condition in the way of means for resisting a possible invasion; if the better equipment and enlargement of the militia forces are advocated with earnestness; if it is remarked that the Americans are not all animated by the friendliest of feelings for Canada and the Empire, and that it is best to recognize the fact,—if one ventures

to say these things, and to say them with some spirit and determination, he is at once proclaimed a jingo. If this is jingoism then THE WEEK is a jingo paper, and is proud of the fact. But it is not jingoism; it is not needless and provocative extravagance of language: it is national self-respect. And what is more it is common-sense.

"One Notable Effect."

A recent number of the London Speaker, a superior radical weekly review, contains an interesting article on "Canada and England," in which it is observed that one notable effect of President Cleveland's bombshell Message "is that it has already altered 'the manifest destiny,' so-called, of the Canadian Dominion." The Speaker says it had learned from Mr. Goldwin Smith that "the Dominion is a purely artificial creation—a string of separated provinces intended by Nature to be dependent on their great southern neighbour, but strung together by the Canadian Pacific Railway, bound by the artificial bonds of a Constitution, attracted to a common centre by the magnetism of Government appropriations in aid of provincial finance." Then, later, The Speaker confesses that it once thought that the annexation of Canada to the United States was only postponed by the reluctance of the great Republic to receive the Dominion! The Speaker is surprised to learn that it was mistaken. Its eyes have been opened, it says, by the Cleveland bombshell. The Speaker is impressed by the fact that Canadians evidently do not want annexation, that on the contrary, they are prepared to go forth to war rather than submit to such degradation. Though Canada "can fully appreciate what they would suffer in a war," she "frankly takes the risk" exclaims The Speaker with evident but wondering admiration. It hears "of no dissentient voice," the "whole Canadian public, Liberals and Conservatives alike," will "uphold the British connection." "National feeling has once more triumphed over geographical considerations; and national feeling so expressed, deserves," adds this radical journal, "a hearty response on this side of the Atlantic. . . . And we should not fail to give her our best support." "It will be a curious instance," says The Speaker, in conclusion, "of the odd turns of history if the only result of President Cleveland's Message—apart from widespread but temporary economic disaster—should be to strengthen the cause of the British Empire. But it seems after all not improbable." Whether or not this is to be the only result of the Message, it will certainly be one of the results. In fact it is already seen. The Federation of the Empire is only a question of time. And that time has been shortened by several years owing to President Cleveland's bombastic and menacing message.

Clutching at a Straw.

In the current number of The Nineteenth Century are two important articles on the Venezuela boundary question, one by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, M.P., the other by Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B. Mr. Stanley's contribution is of much significance as he is a very high authority on all matters connected with Great Britain and the United States. What he has to say is most disquieting. There is smoldering amongst Americans, affirms Mr. Stanley, an intense fire of hatred towards Englishmen which nothing but war will satisfy. It is by no means confined, he says, to Irish-Americans or to politicians or to newspapers, but it is the true American spirit that is aroused now in "deep, dead earnest." Mr. Stanley sees only one way that may possibly prevent war over the Venezuela boundary, and that is by England appointing an European Commission of her own to examine her claims and to report to her Foreign Office. Mr. Dicey mildly favours Mr. Stanley's suggestion, and says that in order to give this

Commission an international character, the Great Powers might each be requested to nominate a representative amongst their own citizens, who would take part in the deliberation. "If a Commission so constituted were to confirm our existing contention, it would be impossible for the United States to dispute our right to enforce that contention. If, on the other hand, the Commission should decline to sanction our claims, we might then abandon them without loss of honour." Neither Mr. Stanley nor Mr. Dicey seems to be much wedded to this particular solution of the controversy, but they are both appalled by the thought of war and the wholesale fratricide it means. They seize upon the idea of a Commission just as a drowning man clutches at a straw. We greatly fear that the proposed Commission will be of no more effect than the proverbial straw.

A Commission Unacceptable.

The suggestion to refer the Venezuela question to a Commission is equivalent to advising England to give away what she claims. In every instance where England has submitted such matters to arbitration, particularly with the United States, she has suffered. Look at the Alabama claims. Remember San Juan Island. The only decision in her favour was the fishery award and that was because Canadians were allowed to work up the case. The Behring Sea dispute was apparently in England's favour but the party of the other part declines to carry it out and pay over what her own executive authority says she ought to pay. Consequently, therefore, arbitration is not satisfactory to England. The feeling of the ordinary foreign arbitrator seems to be that of the ordinary juryman in a case against a rich corporation. England is, to him, a fat goose to be plucked. Why, again, should England arbitrate? She is claiming her own property. The Americans who have no interest in the dispute, who were not even appealed to by either party, constitute themselves judges, erect a tribunal, and coolly ask both parties to submit the evidence in support of their respective claims to this tribunal. It may be said: If England is so sure of her case why should she not, for the sake of peace, give way to this whim of the Americans and let them have the evidence. The answer is a very sad one. Because England is beginning to understand that this request to submit her case for decision in the Venezuela dispute is only one small branch of a very large claim. That claim now stands developed in the Davis resolution reported by committee for adoption by the United States Senate. Once admit this claim to submit the Venezuela dispute to American decision and England's power on this continent is over. The American claim of suzerainty is virtually admitted. This issue is too grave to shirk and it is idle and worse than idle, it is madness for British subjects to shut their eyes to what is so plainly brought before them.

The Davis Resolution.

Mr. Davis' resolution, as formulated, stands thus: "The United States will regard any infringement of the Monroe doctrine particularly any attempt by an European power to take or acquire any new or additional territory on the American continent, or any island adjacent thereto, or any right of sovereignty or dominion in the same, in any case or instance as to which the United States shall deem such attempt to be dangerous to its peace or safety, by or through force, purchase, cession, occupation, pledge, colonization, protectorate, or by control of the easement in any canal or any other means of transit across the American isthmus, whether on an unfounded pretension of right in cases of alleged boundary disputes or under any other unfounded pretensions as hostile to the United States. If this resolution carries it means that as to Venezuela, the Mosquito territory—Nicaragua, the dispute with Brazil—England must at once stop

short. If she does not—war. She must not put money into the Nicaragua Canal except on terms of its being controlled, otherwise war. She must submit to any claim the French may make in Newfoundland, otherwise war. She must submit to any dictation as to the boundary at the Lake of the Woods or along the line of Alaska, or else war. What is the use of trying to elude such an issue? We have already in these columns foretold that these demands were on the eve of being formulated. Now, consider Mr. Olney's proposition: "Any connection between a country like England and a continent like America three thousand miles away is improper and inexpedient." How much more warning do the English people want? Is there anything that will shock the fatuous stupidity on this question of men like Lord Playfair? It reminds us of the belief the Indian officers had in the fidelity of their Sepoys just before the mutiny. They believed in them to the last and paid the penalty for their credulity with their lives. Is it going to be the same way with England? God forbid. Perhaps the better element in the United States Senate, when they see the logical conclusions to be drawn from Mr. Davis's resolution, will vote it down or modify it so that it shall be not so truculent as it is.

Our Militia's Needs.

"The first requisite of the soldier is Boots; the second requisite is Boots; and the third requisite is Boots." * So said the Duke of Wellington or Frederick the Great or both of them. Next to boots are accoutrements and commissariat. Food is abundant in Canada, but accoutrements do not grow in our fields. We must get the best for our boys, and as there are different patterns, we hope that the new Minister of Militia will choose the best. Old soldiers tell of the days when their knapsacks and ammunition were so strapped on them that their arms were benumbed. Of late, the proper arrangement of the weight necessary to be carried has been carefully studied with the object of distributing it in the several places, the back, hips and shoulders, that are the best fitted to sustain weight. It is the same principle that is now studied in taxation. Put it, not on a great many, but on few things; not on food but on luxuries, and on articles the general consumption of which should be discouraged; not where it irritates but where it is least noticed. As to accoutrements, the Duke of Connaught's report on the defective character of "The Slade Wallace" pattern, after trying them in the recent autumn manoeuvres in England, ought to be sufficient. We have seen much praise of "The Oliver," but there may be something still better. At any rate "The Slade Wallace" seem to be quite unsuitable.

Uniforms.

The question of uniform for the militia is also worth considering by Canadian experts. It is quite clear that Canada does not need a standing army, that is, five or six thousand men whose whole lives are to be devoted to soldiering. The number present in the permanent corps is quite sufficient; or if any increase is to be made it should be in Artillery and in the formation of an Engineer corps. Our dependence must be on the Militia, who are in touch with the people, and represent the best elements of Canadian life. Fifty thousand, well-armed and drilled annually for from twelve to twenty days, should be our minimum. What of the uniform? Uniform is necessary, because in war there is nothing else to distinguish men from *franc-tireurs*; and in war, no mercy is shown to the *franc-tireur*. He is considered a bandit and not a soldier. But is it necessary that the uniform should be a complete suit? Would not the regulation accoutre-

ments, and the regulation rifle, and the cap with the number of the battalion plainly marked on it, clearly mark a man out as a member of the regular militia? We ask the question because there is no disguising the fact that we have not as much money to spend as we would like, and therefore we should aim at substance and carefully avoid mere show. The modern ironclad or monitor does not make anything like the imposing appearance of the old three-decker, with top-gallant sails and studding sails aloft and aloft; but the latter has had to give place to the former. What we need are men who can move together and who can shoot, not men in an expensive uniform, which they wear for only ten or twelve days in the year, and which would be more unsuited than their ordinary clothes for the wear and tear of a long march over muddy roads or for a campaign. Let us have the essentials. At present the amount spent on office-work and "fuss and feathers" is disproportioned to the total vote. And when it is known that a larger vote is to be asked for, harpies of all kinds will clutch at it, and the militia will be left where it is, unless General Gascoigne keeps his eyes open and the new Minister is possessed of "sand."

General Campos Deposed.

General Martinez Campos, who seems to be a very worthy and honest soldier, has been recalled by the Spanish Government, and Premier Canovas has been advised to appoint General Weylor to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish forces in Cuba. The appointment has been made, and General Weylor leaves Barcelona for Havana to-morrow. He is said to be both popular and energetic, and it is expected and hoped by the Spaniards that the insurgents will soon be trampled under the dust—or mud. Though the new Commander will have a much stronger force than was granted to his predecessor, we doubt if Spain can ever suppress the rebellion, at least permanently. The Cuban is determined to shake off the Spaniard. Uncle Sam looks on with interest.

The King of Belgium's Letter.

The London Times on Saturday last gave great prominence in its columns to a letter signed "A Foreigner" discussing the reasons of England's isolation and unpopularity. The importance of the letter lies in the fact that the writer is King Leopold of Belgium, who has shown, during half a century, the keenest interest in English politics. He expresses his great admiration for the spirit of enterprise, unflinching love of liberty, and great achievements of Britain all over the world, and is astonished to find that not only Americans, Turks, and Boers, but nearly all the nations of Europe and Asia manifest great animosity towards the British. He asks himself what may have caused this unanimous hatred. This is his answer:

"In the first place it is envy and jealousy which have made England hated and feared by her rivals in the field of competition. The sight of a relatively small nation spreading a net of colonies and possessions all over the globe, bringing forward extraordinary and salutary changes in the social and political conditions of distant wild and semi-civilized nations, and, above all, earning moral and material successes for her strenuous work, could hardly have been viewed with indifference by those European nations, whose awakening is of more recent date, and who do not possess the means and qualities which have helped you. Success has in all time engendered envy and animosity, and particularly when this success is the outcome of national qualities in which others are lacking. Germany, France, and Russia, in comparing their gigantic military budget with the comparatively small outlays of England for her defence, must certainly feel vexed, and still more will their respective peoples envy the British citizen who does not feel the burden of compulsory military service and still enjoys the liberty, might and power

of the greatest empire that ever existed. The Frenchman of the better class is comparatively less blind in his judgment than the others. He says: 'Je deteste les Anglais, mais je les admire.'

There is much more on this interesting subject. The King concludes with the prophecy of many disturbances similar to the present but a final triumph for Great Britain over all her adversaries. The King of the Belgians would make an excellent tutor for Emperor William.

Coomasie
Occupied.

Coomasie, the principal Kraal of Ashantee, was peacefully occupied by the British expeditionary forces last Friday afternoon.

King Prempeh, who appears to be little more than a puppet in the hands of his advisers, is to be brought to Cape Coast Castle, where he will be required to abide until the settlement of the indemnity which Great Britain demands from Ashantee on account of the trouble and expense in sending the expedition to King Prempeh's capital. The Chief of Coomasie is an utter barbarian, who delights in human sacrifices, and who is regarded as a fatal impediment to the spread of any kind of civilization. How far he was himself responsible for deliberately breaking his treaty with England, it is difficult to say. It is stated that his advisers occasionally drug the Chief. If this be true it may explain many of his shortcomings. He has been impeding commerce, and threatening friendly tribes—to whom he sets a most vicious example—and has gone so far as to claim independence. Prempeh has been allowed nearly absolute power. No attempt was made to control him until he began to interfere with established trade relations. A Resident will now probably be appointed with right of advice, but this will not change the nature of Prempeh. He has been killing people ever since he succeeded his father, and has re-established human sacrifices. No subject of his will ever be really secure, nor will the people ever be safe from exactions fatal to quiet trade, and even to successful agriculture. It is clear that Ashantee cannot be allowed to continue under its present system of Government. It has been suggested by the London Spectator that Ashantee should be governed as England governs Uganda. That must be the course in the end. Great Britain is bound to give the people in return for the loss of independence, as decent a system of Government as they can be induced to bear. In the meantime Sir Francis Scott and his forces are enjoying some exciting cricket matches. Does Prempeh play cricket?

Mayor Fleming's
Message.

The inaugural address of the Mayor of Toronto is an interesting production. The matters he deals with are all of them important, and Mr. Fleming evidently means business. He is, of course, one man, and the aldermen are many. But a strong Mayor has, after all, a good deal of power, and if he is thwarted in any of his proposals he can at all events see that the person who stands in the way can be known to the electors. Then, if the Mayor is right and his opponents wrong they will be left out at the next election. The taxpayers are in no humour to endure any more shilly-shallying with the reforms the Mayor has brought to their notice. Let Mr. Fleming now take measures to ensure the discussion of each of his proposals on its merits. He may rely on absolute fair play from the press, and cordial support from the ratepayers if he does what is right. Each of the items he deals with in his address must be separately considered. But perhaps no more important one can be mentioned than the proposed cleansing of the City Hall. There are too many officials, and too much "pulling" to keep them in office. To

bring down the cost of the city's civic management within reasonable limits will, we fear, be like attacking a hornet's nest. If the Mayor succeeds on this point he will do more than any single man has ever been able to do to date or than most of his predecessors have ever attempted.

Montreal's
New Mayor.

Alderman R. Wilson-Smith has been elected Mayor of Montreal by acclamation.

In another column our Montreal correspondent deals with this happy event at some length. Mr. Wilson-Smith will make an ideal Chief Magistrate. It is a matter for general congratulation that Montreal did not follow the example set by Toronto three or four years ago and reject the services of a distinguished financier. The speech made by Mr. Wilson-Smith when his election was announced was admirable, and the splendid reception he received from the large audience present makes us feel hopeful that Montreal will give a firm and united support to its new Mayor. He has a heavy task before him. May he meet with all encouragement and success.

Hannibal Ante Portas.

THE debate on the address at Ottawa has developed some very unsatisfactory traits in our legislators. Where there are three or four hundred men collected there will always be a percentage of an inferior type; there will be a large number of average ability, and there will be a few leaders. It is a fortunate thing often if there is one leader, one man who stands so far above the others who are with him that they themselves acknowledge his supremacy just as clearly as the outside world does. At Ottawa, just now, there is no such man, there are a number of members of about the same standard of ability and reputation and against any half dozen on one side, another half-dozen equally good can be pitted on the other. If the average tone were high the country would be the gainer probably in the end. There would be the usual rivalries and personal jealousies which are never absent wherever men do mostly congregate, and perhaps what A. proposed would be opposed by B., merely because it was A's proposition. But the higher the general tone the less are personal rivalries likely to do harm. At Ottawa, unfortunately, the tone seems sinking. The debate so far has been a mutual recrimination. To answer Sir Richard Cartwright's charge that Nova Scotia is a nest of boodlers by abusing Sir Richard's grandfather, is an act of silly absurdity. What does it prove? Does it satisfy the world that Nova Scotia is not a nest of boodlers? If Sir Richard Cartwright's assertion that Nova Scotia is such a place—which nobody takes seriously—is worth discussing at all, it should be treated logically, disproved or admitted. Then follows an attack on Mr. Laurier for a speech he made at Boston. In the most explicit terms he had repudiated the sentiments he is reported to have there expressed and again angrily repudiated them in the House. But, what does it all prove? It would not be so important if it were not that the offenders are the men who hold or have just quitted the chief offices of state. The "back benchers," the "funny men" of both parties might be excused. It is what might be expected from them, but from leaders of opinion more is wanted.

What is worse, however, is a certain vulgar strain which seems to run through nearly all the speeches. The Government speakers taunt the Opposition with not being able to seize the "loaves and fishes." The Opposition accuse the Government of holding on to their salaries. To both sides it is apparently a game of grab. Office, salaries, patronage, that is what is in question to judge from the tone of the

speeches. Is it really come to such a pass that between the "ins" and the "outs" there is nothing but who is to handle the revenues of the country? Surely members are forgetting that their speeches are read, that they themselves are being taken stock of, and that the great world outside the rooms of the House of Commons has some brains. The House has been, for the last fortnight, like a debating society when there is a lively run for the Presidency. Dignity appears to have vanished, and schoolboy antics to have taken its place. But even schoolboy antics, though bad enough in a House of Commons, are welcome, compared with the introduction of a low, vulgar, mercenary spirit which degrades politics to a struggle who can steal most spoons. Mr. Foster, as a leader of the Government, should be above insinuations of dishonest motives to men like Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright. However mistaken they may be, and they are quite as able to be right as Mr. Foster, to abuse them is not to answer them. The members should understand that the time has gone by to appeal only to passion. "Thinking bayonets" furnish the rank and file now-a-days, and the electors are the rank and file, and cannot be treated as if they were children.

It is very much open to argument whether the farce of the debate on the speech from the Throne should not be wiped out. It opens a floodgate for all kinds of abuse, irrelevant statement, anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It humiliates the country. At present, we all want to see the members go to work. Gentlemen, *Hannibal ante portas*. Hannibal is at the gates. While you are losing time, the country is going backward, its defences are not being pushed on; its wide prairies continue untilled; its mines are unworked; the merchants are complaining of dull times; the workmen are looking for work. You are sent to Ottawa to remedy all these troubles; you are not sent to Ottawa to abuse one another; "birds in their little nests agree," etc. You are not sent to Ottawa to lay traps for one another; you are sent there to do the best for Canada, not for yourselves. We have the curious spectacle of a Protestant Orangeman advocating remedial legislation in favour of Roman Catholics in Manitoba. We find that Orangeman opposed by a French Roman Catholic. It would seem as if the positions should be exactly reversed. The Frenchman sees the Orangeman in heroic and pathetic struggle with his followers to induce them to carry out the principle he has pledged himself to. Is there one sign of encouragement to Sir Mackenzie Bowell from Mr. Laurier which will show Sir Mackenzie that the French Canadians whom Mr. Laurier represents understand the sacrifices the Premier has made? Not one. Where has generosity gone? What has become of nobility? If the Opposition were to come patriotically to the assistance of the Government on this question by making whatever conclusion is come to unanimous, so that Manitoba can understand she has a united Dominion to deal with, that question would be ended. Such a course would be patriotic, and in politics, like everything else, honesty is the best policy. This question out of the way, let the intellect of the Dominion be devoted to internal development; extension of trade relations with the rest of the Empire, and the rest of the world too, if they will deal on fair terms; a policy of assisted immigration to the North-West and for farm lands; a new canal route, *via* the Ottawa Valley; a north extension of all existing railway systems; development of mines; communication with the North-West by Hudson's Bay. Are not these and similar matters more valuable to Canada than discussing Sir Richard Cartwright's grandfather? The people are getting angry at the delays at Ottawa, and both sides are to blame.

The Question of Defence.

THE hint thrown out in the speech of His Excellency at the opening of Parliament to the effect that measures would be taken to improve the defences of Canada struck a responsive chord in the heart of every true Canadian irrespective of party. The attempts made by some members to raise the jingo cry over a measure that meets with the hearty approval of all are deeply to be deplored. There are occasions when all political parties should sink their differences for the common good and this is certainly one of them, and a question on which very little political capital is to be made. If the government of the day endeavours to meet a public demand for the improvement and re-armament of the militia, it is only doing its duty and there are very few Liberals who would quarrel with the leaders of their party should they give their hearty support to such a measure. Nothing would certainly do more to allay the spirit of jingoism.

Canada has no quarrel with the United States. But no one can remain blind or deaf to the hostile acts of the Government at Washington and the out-spoken voice of the United States press. A man is not called a jingo if he locks his doors to keep out burglars, when such members of society are abroad and threatening depredations. Neither should it be construed as jingoism on the part of the Canadian Parliament to carry out a measure of militia reform in keeping with the spirit of the age, and the responsibilities it owes to protect our homes and industries. Jingoism is synonymous with bluster, and the spirit to seek a quarrel without just cause, as distinguished from patriotism which is the desire to maintain one's country in a proper state of defence, in order to prevent war. It is to be hoped that all efforts to bring about the improvement of the militia will be met by all men regardless of party in the spirit of patriotism.

It is essential, as I have already pointed out in THE WEEK, that the militia should be armed with a modern rifle. The machine gun also is a cheap and effective weapon and in action properly handled it is equal to two companies of infantry. It does not draw pay, and a very cheap method of increasing the effectiveness of the militia would be to strengthen each regiment by giving it two Maxim guns.

The Canadian artillery, an excellent branch of the service and perhaps the most efficient as a whole, is deserving of consideration. A section of two modern guns should in justice be added to each battery bringing its strength up to six guns. Six gun batteries are more economical than four gun ones. The new 12 pounder wire gun of six cwt., breech-loading, now being introduced into the British service, is the weapon required. It is effective up to about four miles.

These are military measures that the public are demanding, and that are absolutely necessary.

The transport service also needs attention. It exists only on paper. An officer should be detailed in every district to look after this important subject. In Austria every horse and draught animal in the country is kept track of by the Government so as to be ready in case of war.

The Navy League is already a flourishing institution in Toronto, with Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick as its chief officer, a gentleman who is a Canadian to the core.

Might I suggest to the members the advisability of establishing a naval school on Lake Simcoe. This spot is central, there is plenty of water to float a fair-sized training-ship and I believe it does not come under the treaty stipulations with respect to the great lakes. The defence of the sea board can very well be left to the British Navy. The lake captains and officers, if they were able to take a course in gunnery and torpedo service at such a school, would be invaluable for the defence of the great lake system, for whichever power holds the great lakes will command the military situation. These lake captains have no equals as pilots, and the additional knowledge referred to, I have reason to know, they are only too anxious to acquire. This is a practical outlet for the energy of the Navy League and the cost to the country would be only trifling. Besides I would like to point out that the Dominion Government demands a stiff examination in navigation and pilotage from the lake captains, and no schools are established where they can acquire this knowledge.

J. A. CURRIE.

Canada to England.

—1896—

If England's golden noon to-day should wane,
Though England's summer drew unto a close,
We crown her mistress of the world again,
And twine our maple leaves around her rose!

Canadian hill and long Canadian plain
Shall deck her autumn wreaths with younger flowers,
And by her side we norland sons remain,
Remembering her liberty means ours.

For their old home can English hearts forget?
O island home, across Canadian snows,
And cleaving seas, we crown thee mistress yet:
Our maple leaf shall redden to your rose!

Oxford, 1896.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

* * *

The Modern Theory of Evolution.

THERE are always prominent features in the advance of science which either round off historical periods or form new points of vantage from which to survey the future. One of these appears to be Lord Salisbury's address to the British Association, 1894, which has been the subject of much discussion, and which has been deemed of sufficient importance by Mr. Herbert Spencer to induce him to put together the evidence in favour of the theory of evolution as the origin of species. His article appears in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1895. It is of special importance at this juncture as a concise review of all the evidence in favour of the theory. If the evidence adduced is conclusive the theory may be regarded as established; if not it remains a hypothesis.

That part of Lord Salisbury's address is first made the point of attack, in which he said: "I quite accept the Professor's [Weismann's] dictum, that if natural selection is rejected we have no resource but to fall back on the mediate or immediate agency of a principle of design." "Absence of direct proof," Mr. Spencer proceeds, "of natural selection is duly emphasized by Lord Salisbury. He says: 'No man or succession of men have ever observed the whole process in any single case, and certainly no man has ever recorded the observation.' And as direct proof of the hypothesis is not forthcoming, it is tacitly assumed that we must accept the alternative hypothesis which is equally without direct proof." Mr. Spencer asserts that if the theory of natural selection were disproved the theory of organic evolution would remain. It is difficult to follow this. If it means that the development of all organized beings was produced by the addition of modifications to individuals and their reproduction in descendants, it bears a striking likeness to the theory of natural selection. However, as he does not consider that the theory of evolution is disproved, there is no necessity to explore beyond it.

He first deals with the question of direct evidence. But his manner of disposing of Lord Salisbury's postulate is not satisfactory. "Thus, supposing the two hypotheses—special creation and evolution by natural selection—are to be tested by the directly observed facts assigned in their support, then, if the hypothesis of evolution by natural selection is to be rejected because there are no directly observed facts which prove it, the hypothesis of special creation must be rejected for the same reason. Nobody has seen a species evolved and nobody has seen a species created." This proves nothing in favour of evolution, nor does it in the least disprove the theory of creation. There are the species. Whence came they? Every effect must have a cause. Therefore, we cannot reject the notion of an originating power somewhere. And so "the mediate or immediate agency of a principle of design" is a necessary hypothesis, if we are indeed to believe in the existence of anything, until another theory is conclusively established. We await some other explanation and naturally demand convincing proof of it; and the necessity of proof is acknowledged by its being offered. Before disposing of the question of the existence or non-existence of direct evidence we must inquire whether evidence of either process is, from the nature of them, likely to be obtained. It has so far baffled the wit of man to produce a new, stable and reproductive

species out of existing material. It is yet asserted that the process has taken place, and is taking place, and that the theory is not weakened by such failures. The hypothesis of special creation cannot be rejected for the reason that no one has seen a species created. But we can reject the theory of evolution until transitional forms are produced. Creation is the expression of one accomplished fact. Evolution, if anything, is the name of an existing process. It is perfectly fair, then, to call for the proof that ought to be at hand of a process alleged now to be going on. No one asserts that successive acts of creation are taking place from time to time. But it is asserted that the evolutionary process is going on. It is not essential to the theory of creation that there should be repetitions of creative acts. It is essential to the theory of evolution that the transmutation of species, or the formation of new species, should be, not repeated, but continuous. We do not expect, therefore, to find "directly observed facts" of acts of creation, but we have a right to expect "directly observed facts" of the process of evolution in operation, or else evidence that it ceased at some prior date having completed its work. If it cannot be established affirmatively that natural selection produces species, then, having no other hypothesis, we must fall back on creation. If Mr. Spencer had asserted first that creation was not, because no one had seen the process, Lord Salisbury might have retorted, evolution is not, because no one has observed the process. At any rate he would have been, and in fact is, justified in challenging the evolutionists to produce proof of a process said to be going on at the present time.

Mr. Spencer passes on to the question of indirect evidence. The first bit of evidence dealt with is the geological record. And we may assume that he has here, as elsewhere through his paper, selected the most telling bit of evidence extant in favour of the theory. He says: "Recent discoveries, especially those which show by intermediate forms that the bird-type is derived from the reptile-type, and those which show that, beginning with the four-toed *Orohippus* of the Eocene strata, we ascend, in later strata, through *Mesohippus*, *Miohippus*, *Protohippus*, and *Platylippus*, up to the modern horse, have given strong support to the hypothesis of evolution; support so strong that Professor Huxley, who had, up to the time he saw Professor Marsh's fossils, made reservations in his acceptance of the hypothesis, thereafter accepted it without reserve. Not only do fossils furnish in this and other cases the lines of linear ascent to existing forms, but they simultaneously disclose a general fact of great significance—the fact that early types of creatures in any class display the commonest or most general traits of structure, and that later types of the same class are more specialised in this or that direction: relationships which are necessarily implied by the evolutionary process of divergence and re-divergence with accompanying modifications." Critically examined the evidence may be sufficient to connect the *Orohippus* with the horse, and that, too, through the intermediate links. But every form, from the original to the modern, must possess a sufficient number of the characteristics of the horse to render it capable of identification with that species. If not, there would be no evidence at all of the continuity of the species, or the descent of the horse from the *Orohippus*. But once admit that the characteristics of the horse are so indisputably present in all the archaic forms as to entitle each to the appellation of *hippos*, and you prove that the horse has always been a horse, so far as geological evidence goes, with (it is true) modifications in different ages, which, however, are not so great as to obscure his identity at any period. Where is the evidence that the *Orohippus* descended from, or was connected with, some more primitive form which was not distinctly a horse, or was so indistinctly one that it might, under other conditions, have been evolved into something else? That is the point on which evidence is wanted and wanting. If it be answered that the changes in the different ages are so manifest and so great, when the extremes are regarded, that we may infer that a more remote form than the *Orohippus* would be still more unlike the modern horse than intermediate forms, then we must also be entitled to assert that, so far as evidence goes, there must still have been continuity of and persistence in special identifying characteristics which were transmitted by heredity, though modified by environment, through all the forms down to the modern horse. The geological evidence that later types of

creatures "in any class" are more specialized than the earlier types of the "same class" proves no more, but rather limits the conclusion, and tends to establish that the variations do not destroy the class, but merely vary the individuals, leaving them still capable of identification with the class. It merely shows an improvement in the creature itself, not a transmutation from one species to another, nor the emergence of a specialized form from one void of special characteristics.

The next bit of evidence is said to be the classification of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which disclose such remarkable relations "among their divisions, sub-divisions and sub-sub-divisions, their classes, sub-classes, cohorts, orders, genera, species, varieties. The fact that these fall into groups within groups, successively decreasing in size, consists perfectly with the supposition of common origin." In other words, because we commence with a vast number of varieties, and proceed upwards through a decreasing number of orders and classes, therefore there must in the beginning have been one solitary cell as the origin of all. The argument certainly is to be commended for its simplicity. But is it consistent with evidence, or is there any evidence to sustain it? Does it not beg the whole question? Prove that any two species have descended from a common origin, and the whole of the proposition may be admitted. But because numbers of individuals may be classed together on account of their similarities, that does not of itself prove a common origin. Besides that, is classification certain and complete? There are breaks and breaches beyond and over which we cannot pass, just as in the case of the horse we come to a point at which there is no further known evidence. To say that classification consists with the theory does not prove it. It must also be shown that it is inconsistent with any other theory. It is not inconsistent with the theory of creation that there should be wonderful symmetry in, and harmonious relationship between, all the wonderful designs and productions of a creator.

The illustration given by Mr. Spencer of the branch of a tree does not advance us. "Suppose," he says, "an arm of a large tree to have been buried in such-wise as to leave only the tips of its twigs visible; and suppose a man from the Faroe Isles, ignorant of trees, taking one of these protruding tips for a separate plant, attempted to uproot it. He would find that below the surface the twig he uncovered joined with others like itself to form a small branch; and explorations all around would prove that everywhere the local clusters of twigs thus converged. Further excavations would show that the adjacent branches, composed of clusters of twigs, themselves united a little deeper down, and were sub-divisions of a medium-sized branch, etc., etc. And now observe that while there are thus symbolized the relationships of species, genera, orders, etc., as they now exist, there are also symbolized the relationships which, so far as we know them, exist among remains contained in the earth's crust; the two sets of phenomena correspond." If, in fact, all species have a common origin, then the branch and twigs of a tree form an apt illustration of the theory. But until we know that they have a common origin it is useless to picture it. To assert that the branch is symbolic of all nature is to demand a vast amount of credulity in place of supplying evidence.

The distribution of plants and animals in space is used in the same way, but does not amount to more than a suggestion of the theory as an explanation of the phenomena.

By far the most interesting of all the evidence adduced are the facts of embryology, but they are equally unconvincing as evidence. Perhaps the proposition cannot be stated with more startling clearness and assurance than it is stated by Haeckel: "The individual organism reproduces in the rapid and short course of its own evolution the most important of the changes in form through which its ancestors, according to laws of Heredity and Adaptation, have passed in the slow and long course of their palaeontological evolution." (Quotation from *Generelle Morphologie* at beginning of Chap. I, *Evolution of Man*.) And again: "This fundamental law, to which we shall recur again and again, and on the recognition of which depends the thorough understanding of the history of evolution is briefly expressed in the proposition, that the history of the Germ is an epitome of the history of the Descent; or, in other words, that Ontogeny is a recapitulation of Phylogeny; or, somewhat more explicitly, that the series of forms through which the individual organism passes during its progress from the egg cell to its fully developed state is a brief compressed reproduction of the long series of forms through which the animal ancestors of that organism

(or the ancestral forms of its species) have passed from the earliest periods of so-called organic creation down to the present time." (*Evolution*, p. 6.) This theory is not as dogmatically asserted by Mr. Spencer as it is by Haeckel. He says: "In the case of the human embryo, it is only after exhibiting successive kinships of organization to lower mammals, that it at last assumes the form proper to man. Marvellous as is this repetition of traits belonging to lower types, rudely indicated, it is quite congruous with the hypothesis of evolution—implies a kind of transcendental heredity."

If we regard Haeckel's proposition alone, and read it as the opening assertion of a work on *Evolution*, it requires a great deal of sympathy with the evolutionists to bear with it at all. It is not an axiom, but the very proposition to be proved. But instead of proving it he states that it is a fundamental law. Now it is perfectly clear that if it is at the foundation of the whole scheme of Nature, this law must have been promulgated at the threshold of creation, by a competent authority, capable of exacting obedience to it, for the fulfillment of the design of its author. And every step in the whole development of species would be but an act of obedience to this all-pervading law. But if the law was not promulgated in the beginning, when did it become a law? If it originated in a single instance, and was repeated in succeeding instances, not owing its origin to any antecedent direction of an originating power, it was not a law at one time, but became a temporary law, or rather a habit, in a particular phase of evolutionary action. And furthermore, it must be confined to that phase which succeeded multiplication by fission and began with reproduction by generation; and may again disappear, if it is conceivable that multiplication of living things may occur in the future by some as yet unknown process more convenient for continuation and preservation of the species than generation.

An examination of this evolutionary theory, on the premises furnished by evolutionists, will show that it cannot be sustained as a fundamental law at all. Quoting from Mr. Spencer, it appears that "every superior animal commences as a nucleated cell, a form common to the smallest and simplest creatures, the *Protozoa*. While, among the *Protozoa*, this nucleated cell, by undergoing fission gives rise to others which part company (which derived cells again divide and part company), the trait common to the *Metazoa* is that, instead of parting company, the cells formed by successive fissions remain together and constitute a cluster. The members of this cluster divide into two layers, between which, in higher types, there arises a third; and from these all the external and internal organs are formed." Fission being the mere dividing of a primary cell into two parts, does not involve the idea of heredity at all, and excludes altogether the facts of embryology, which belong to a later period. This process takes place also in the case of certain worms, which, when cut in two, become two complete worms, each part becoming as fully developed as the original. It cannot be asserted that either is the parent, that one is descended from the other; and embryology and its facts are out of the question. As long as this process of multiplication of cells by fission continued, there could be no fundamental law that the history of the individual is the history of the race. The newly produced cell does not repeat the process of its ancestors, if indeed it has any, but is in fact a part of an original cell, containing in itself all the properties, potentialities, capabilities, and parts of the original. So far, there is no law of heredity.

This stage is said to have been succeeded by one in which the hermaphroditic form is prevalent, the organism reproducing itself. Now, unless this startling alteration in the method of reproduction or multiplication was the result of, or induced by, external causes, it could not have been produced at all. Heredity is out of the question, for it is not yet a law or a practice. The hermaphroditic form could not have inherited from its fraternal relatives by fission properties which they did not themselves possess. Among the dividing cells there was no law of heredity as now understood. And laws, and the facts of embryology which are acts of habitual obedience to laws, belong necessarily to a date at which the organism reproduces itself by generation, and does not multiply by fission. If it be answered to this that the cell in reality produced its own kind, then we are driven to the hypothesis that the primitive cell contained within itself, perhaps not male and female genital organs, but male and female properties by which it could fructify itself,

conceive and bring forth its own kind—in other words that it was in reality a lower or less organized hermaphroditic form—and that the later and more highly organized hermaphroditic form inherited from the cell all those properties, and merely assumed its more highly organized form from the influence of its surrounding conditions. But, on this hypothesis, the fission theory disappears altogether. Adhere to the theory of multiplication by fission, and the law of heredity does not arise until an organism appears which is capable of reproducing itself, or in other words, of being an ancestor. This position is again obnoxious to the criticism that the first of these possible ancestors had no ancestor of the kind, could therefore inherit no such reproductive properties, and that the remarkable transition from one mode of reproduction to another must have been due, not to a law of heredity, but to the influence of eternal causes—an assertion that is almost incredible and certainly requires very convincing proof for its acceptance.

A later phase exhibits the differentiation of the hermaphroditic form into the two sexes. How this was produced is as void both of explanation and evidence as the transition from fission to reproduction, though perhaps more conceivable and susceptible of explanation. It is not important otherwise, however, in considering the so-called law. Once establish the fact that at some period the organism began to reproduce itself, and then, and not before, embryology is a fact, and the laws of heredity begin. But if fission was the only original method of multiplication, there was at that period no embryo, no embryology, and no laws depending on or directing it, no heredity and no laws of heredity. The transition took place not in obedience to a law, but in defiance of the existing law of multiplication by fission.

It may be well to pause here and ask why, since the three forms spoken of are still extant, no transitional forms are found? If multiplication of cells (*protozoa* and *metazoa*) is still going on, and if the hermaphroditic forms are still reproducing, and their production by opposite sexes is still going on, where is the evidence that the hermaphroditic forms are appearing from cells, and that sexes are being differentiated from hermaphroditic forms? Evolution is an existing process or nothing: and if an existing process, evidence ought to be forthcoming.

If the foregoing reasoning be correct, then we cannot adopt Haeckel's statement that "the individual organism reproduces . . . the most important of the changes in form through which its ancestors, according to laws of heredity and adaptation have passed." If we do accept it we must either admit the original promulgation of a law by which the cell, when the favourable moment arrived, ceased, in certain individual instances, to divide into two, and began to reproduce itself; or else we must treat reproduction, first by the hermaphroditic form, secondly by the union of differentiated sexes, as mere phases through which the animal organisms are now passing, possibly to be succeeded by other phases unknown to us and undreamt of. And furthermore we must attribute the mysterious changes in the mode of reproduction entirely to external causes, which so far have been found to modify structure and habits only.

The former alternative is not accepted by Mr. Spencer. He says: "If the development of the embryo had been divinely arranged, it would surely have gone along lines of direct growth from the germ to the finished form; would not have displayed various metamorphoses having no relation either to passing needs or to ultimate structure and mode of life. With which evidence may be joined the evidence furnished by rudimentary organs, which are full of meaning on the evolutionary hypothesis, but worse than meaningless in the special creation hypothesis." There is an assumption of omniscience in this that borders on the offensive. None of us are entitled to say what the "divine arrangements" were or might have been. None of us are entitled to say that the metamorphoses have no relations to passing needs or ultimate structure or mode of life. So far as human knowledge goes they have none. But human knowledge is very fragmentary. A like statement made, say with regard to the blood, before its circulation was discovered, would be treated to-day with ridicule and contempt; and the same fate may befall Mr. Spencer's statement, when future discoveries are made. It is true that certain parts of the human organism are, as far as human knowledge goes, useless. But can it be asserted that no use or purpose will ever be discovered for them

There is an assumption of absolute learning and foreknowledge in this that calls more loudly than ever for evidence.

Haeckel further illustrates his theory as follows: Assume the various evolutionary phases to be represented by the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, . . . Z. The stages through which the human embryo passes do not correspond exactly with them, but are represented by the letters, say as follows: A, D, F, . . . Z. The intermediate gaps are supplied by "knowledge of comparative anatomy" and argument (Op. cit.). Now, as the growth of the embryo is continuous, it is difficult to imagine its proceeding by leaps and bounds over ancestral forms which it ought, by law, to have passed through. Again, if there are these breaks in the continuity of the history, how can it be asserted that it is a complete repetition of the history of the race? If these gaps now occur, is it not probable that in future ages other gaps will occur? And what then becomes of the law? And the whole argument is subject to the hypothesis that the complete history of evolution was known and proved before the discovery of these remarkable embryological facts, in which was recognized a repetition of the history. Certainly the mere contemplation of the growth of the embryo itself cannot establish the truth of the evolutionary hypothesis, especially if, as Haeckel asserts, there are breaks in it which have to be supplied from other sources.

Another consideration still. Mr. Spencer says, "In the case of the human embryo, it is only after exhibiting successive kinships of organization to lower mammals, that it at last assumes the form proper to man." What are we to infer from this? Either that these lower mammals descended the one from the other until finally man was developed? or that these "successive kinships" are only likenesses to related mammals which descended, with man, from a common ancestor? The facts are consistent with both theories, assuming the great hypothesis underlying the whole. But each theory is attended with difficulties.

Assume that the first theory is intended. It should be possible on this assumption to ascertain, by an examination of embryonic forms, the exact course of descent. That is to say, taking mammals *a, b, c, . . . z*, an examination of the human embryo *z* should disclose, say forms *y, w, u, . . . a*. An examination of mammal *y* should disclose forms *w, u, . . . a*. And so on. Each form being descended from a preceding one, which is mimicked in its embryo, ought, according to the "laws of heredity and adaptation," to show all the preceding forms, man being the final result. Until this is done, we have no right to conclude that there has been a descent through them, ending in man. Again, another difficulty besets this theory. Man survives as the fittest of the forms. He was produced, it is said, because by the acquisition of peculiar characteristics when in an imperfect state he became better able to withstand in the struggle for existence, and thus survived where other forms became extinct. Now, if he owes his existence to the ascent from lower forms, and if his higher characteristics enabled him to survive them, they (the lower forms) ought long ago to have disappeared. But, as a matter of fact, those very mammals through which he is alleged to have descended exist alongside of him to-day. They have by their presence been found just as fit to survive as man, and man did not, therefore, survive as the fittest.

Assume now the second theory, that the "successive kinships" are likenesses to an ancestral form related to mammals which descended, with man, from that common ancestor. According to this hypothesis, that common ancestor must have been unfitted for the struggle, and developed into a variety of better equipped organisms which survived it, the common and unfit form having become extinct. It is out of the question to assert that evolution has completed its work and ceased to operate. If anything, it is an existing process. We ought, therefore, to be able, not only to find remains of these common ancestors or transitional forms, but also to point out organisms of the same kind now on the earth; and not only such organisms, but also all the intermediate links down to the fully developed species. For instance, there are at present in existence the lowest forms of life, the *Protozoa*, corresponding to or being the alleged original cells, multiplying by fission, as these cells are said to have multiplied. In what part of the earth is the process going on of transmutation from cell-life to the hermaphroditic form; and where, the process of differentiating the hermaphroditic form into two sexes? It is difficult to

Imagine why these archaic forms survived through the 100,000,000 years which are said to have been necessary to produce man, if they were not as fit as their more highly organized descendants. It is difficult to imagine why they have ceased to fulfil their office of supplying new forms, or ceased to obey the law or impetus under which they began to throw off more highly equipped descendants. According to the hypothesis, the whole of Nature ought to be in a state of flux from the cells to the man. The earth ought to be full of transitional forms. Indeed every organism ought to be a mere link between a lower and a higher one, or else the process of evolving higher forms out of the cells must have ceased long ago.

After collating the evidence thus adduced, viz., the geological record, classification in time and space, and the facts of embryology, Mr. Spencer asks for the "observed facts which indirectly support the alternative hypothesis," and answers that "there are none." "Should any one say that having taken into his room a bowl containing nothing but clear water, he saw a fish suddenly appear in it; or should he say that he had seen near the ground a mass of cloud which, contracting and getting more dense, assumed the form of an unknown animal; what comment should we make? Simply that he was either deluding himself or trying to delude us. We should show by our ridicule that the idea of a special creation, when brought distinctly before us by alleged cases, is too absurd to be entertained." Mr. Spencer, in a subsequent part of his paper, objects to Lord Salisbury's "burlesque" on natural selection, but surely he lays himself open to attack when he proposes to dispose of any theory by ridicule; and is liable to be told that his alleged cases are rather illustrations of accelerated evolution than special creation. He dogmatically asserts that "the process of special creation cannot be rationally conceived, the negation of it is perfectly conceivable."

But it is no more inconceivable or absurd than the theory of evolution. Evolution postulates pre-existent matter for the production of new forms, and has no relation to creation at all. The evolutionist who accounts for the material upon which the process is to operate, must predicate either the eternity of matter, or (denying creation) spontaneous generation of the original cell, made out of nothing, appearing in obedience to no law (there being no one to promulgate a law, and nothing for it to operate on), endowed, of its own gift, with the positive characteristics of ability to re-produce its own kind (though it ought to have produced nothing, being descended from nothing), with adaptability to surrounding conditions (though there are none, the cell standing alone until itself produces the conditions), dividing itself for no reason, and as a result of no external influence, producing and reproducing not only its own kind, but other kinds, which, in the war with each other, adjust themselves so as to leave only the fittest surviving, and finally establishing the laws of heredity and adaptation.

Eternity of matter is inconceivable, man being unable to conceive of anything without a beginning, and that is a sufficient reason for rejecting the notion; for Mr. Spencer adopts the theory of the survival of the fittest because "the negation of it is inconceivable." We are, therefore, driven to the alternative hypothesis of spontaneous generation of the original cell by the primeval nothing. That matter should have first appeared without an originating cause is less conceivable than that it should have first appeared in obedience to one. It is no answer to say that we have to account for the originating cause. We cannot compass it. While we are dealing with matter, we are, to a certain extent, able to investigate its qualities, and account for the origin of certain portions of it. Every effect has some cause. But unless we can truthfully attribute to nothing the quality of producing something, we are perforce driven to refer its existence to a cause which is incapable of material investigation by us. Spontaneous generation, though alleged by Haeckel to have produced the first cell, should be rejected on Mr. Spencer's reasoning, because, like natural selection, it "connotes a conscious process." But, so far as modern experiments have shown, there is no such thing. Therefore it is a pure hypothesis, unsupported by any evidence, inconceivable; and we are driven to assign some other cause for the first appearance of matter. We say it was created. Once we are obliged to assign a cause for the origination of matter, we are at perfect liberty to assign the same cause for the varieties or variations of matter.

To sum up. In an article written for popular reading, by one of the ablest exponents of the theory of evolution, we might expect to find the very best and most convincing kinds of proof extant in favour of the theory, laid before us in the most expressive and convincing manner possible. We may take it that that has been done. But while this evidence is as unconvincing to the ordinary reader, as it is diffidently hoped this examination shows it to be, and while Mr. Spencer himself goes no further than to say that the theory is a hypothesis, but to be accepted by the scientific man only as more probable than special creation, we may conclude that, as far as human knowledge and experience yet goes, the theory is not proven. EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

Lettres de Cachet and the Bastille.

AMONG the numerous, interesting and novel sights and monuments which greet the eye of the visitor to Paris, one monument in particular, on a recent occasion, attracted my attention, less on account of its artistic dimensions, than from the grim memories the site on which it stood awoke. I mean the Colonne de Juillet on the Place de la Bastille.

The Column was designed by Alavoni, in 1834, superintended after his death by Duc and solemnly inaugurated on 28th July, 1840.

Like other tourists I ascended the 212 steps of the excellent stair case, in the interior, leading to the top of the monument 154 feet high, to enjoy the fine view obtainable, particularly of the neighbouring cemetery of Père Lachaise; little, however, then realizing that on this historic site, where, until 14th July, 1789, had stood the dreaded state-prison of the French kings, the Bastille, more than one Canadian by virtue of a *Lettre de Cachet* had spent some dreary hours, and that when the little colony from old France, now settled in Montreal, were celebrating the centenary of the fall of the Bastille, the descendants of colonists in New France might have claimed a share in the auspicious ceremony. Researches made in dry-as-dust folios by my learned friend, Benjamin Sulte, of Ottawa, and curious letters and old documents recently procured in Paris by that industrious antiquary, Phileas Gagnon, and published in his "Bibliographie Canadienne," threw light on this distant period of Canadian history. "These famous *Lettres de Cachet*," says M. Gagnon, "were, invariably, documents printed with blanks leaving space for the sender to indicate the name of the state prison, the name of the prisoner and his quality, the place where the *Lettre de Cachet* was to be signed.

On receiving it the Governor of the prison inserted, on the back of the document, the name of the captive, the name of the state messenger bearing the prisoner, the day, date and hour of the captive's admission or exit. In the latter case, the prisoner was required to endorse his name on the back of the State warrant, when by good luck or by some friendly intercession, he might be restored to liberty and to the light of day.

In order to indicate more precisely the form and wording of these precious *Lettres de Cachet*, Mr. Gagnon quotes *litteratim* one incarcerating a certain Abbé de Joncaire—a Canadian, he thinks.

The italics show where the blanks existed in the document, to be filled in:

* "Monsieur De Jumilhac,—I write you this letter to tell you to receive in my castle of the Bastille, *Sieur Abbé de Joncaire*, and to detain him until a further order from me, on which I pray God, Monsr. De Jumilhac, to have you in his holy keeping.

"Written at Fontainebleau, 27th Oct., 1765.

"(Signed.)

LOUIS.

"Philippeaut."

The warrant for the discharge of a prisoner from the Bastille or other royal dungeon was transmitted by another *Lettre de Cachet*; it ran thus, and was addressed to the Governor of the prison:

"SIR,—I write you this letter to tell you to allow ———

* "Monsieur De Jumilhac,—Je vous fais cette lettre, pour vous dire de recevoir dans mon chateau de la Bastille le Sr Abbé de la Joncaire, et de l'y retenir jusqu'à nouvel ordre de ma part; surce, jé prie Dieu qu'il vous ait, Mons De Jumilhac, en sa sainte garde.

"Ecrit à Fontainebleau, le 27 Obre, 1765.

"(Signe.)

LOUIS.

"Philippeaut."

to leave my Chateau of ——— le Sieur ——— detained by my order. On this, I pray God."

Before enumerating the names of Canadians immured under *Lettres de Cachet* in the famous Bastille, it may not be amiss to recall its origin: "The Bastillo or the *Bastille St. Antoine* was formerly a castle, which was left standing when the Paris boulevard was levelled in 1670. This strong-hold, which was erected by Kings Charles V. and Charles VI., was afterwards used as a state prison, chiefly for the confinement of persons of rank who had fallen victims to the intrigues of the court or the caprice of the Government, and at length obtained a world-wide celebrity, in consequence of its destruction on 14th July, 1789, at the beginning of the French Revolution.

"With its massive walls, ten feet in thickness, and its eight heavy sombre towers, it rose just at the entrance to the city, and the cannon on its battlements commanded the adjoining suburb of St. Antoine, the quarter occupied by the artisan classes. It formed the standing cognisance of despotic power under the old monarchy, and presented a formidable barrier to the advancing tide of the Revolution.

"*Down with the Bastille!*" soon resounded throughout the whole of Paris. Notwithstanding the moats, the walls and the guns with which the castle was defended, the execution of the scheme presented no great difficulty. The garrison consisted of 138 men, one-third of whom were Invalids; their provisions consisted of a couple of sacks of flour; they were unable to prevent the stoppage of their supply of water; and all hope of aid from without was cut off. From the suburbs an interminable multitude of armed men converged towards the entrance; and from the city came several companies of the regiments which had gone over to the Revolution, headed by the French guards. De Launay, the commandant, however, refused to capitulate, and the struggle began. A number of the citizens with reckless bravery succeeded in cutting the chains of the drawbridge, and the first court of the castle was speedily taken; but to the excessive exasperation of the assailants their attack on the second court was repulsed with great loss.

"The courage of the garrison was now exhausted. The Invalides desired to capitulate, and DeLaunay, who had been prevented by his officers from blowing up the castle and its inmates, let down the second bridge on being promised a free retreat. The victorious crowd immediately poured into the ancient building, some of them enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, others bent on murder and destruction. The lives of the garrison were now in great jeopardy. The French guards succeeded with difficulty in saving the common soldiers, but DeLaunay and his officers, in spite of the long and heroic attempts of the leaders of the populace to protect them, were slain, and their heads cut off as trophies."

On descending the lofty stairs, I could not help thinking of that bloody hand of brave DeLaunay, exhibited by a soldier to the Revolutionary committee to prove that the hated prison had capitulated! When the grim dungeon was sacked by the infuriated mob, the furniture and rolls of official papers were thrown out of the windows in the court below, and there remained exposed to rain. When the Paris authorities sent to reclaim these documents and searched for a portion at the residence of Beaumarchais, the author, who resided near by, some had already been picked up and found their way to the possession of Pierre Dubrowski, secretary to the Russian ambassador, then in Paris. Dubrowski brought them with him to St. Petersburg, where those relating to Canadian history were recently transcribed through the agency of Lord Dufferin, then British ambassador to Russia, and form part of our archives.

M. Gagnon acquired by purchase several registers of these state-papers owned by a dealer in old-books in Paris. One volume contained the *Lettres de Cachet* which consigned to the Bastille, on their landing in France on the 13th November, 1761, Bigot and his accomplices, Breard, Pean, Penissault, Cadet, Corpron, Maurin and others, previous to their trial. It is curious to read on the back of each warrant the regulations as to the visitors to be admitted to view the state-prisoners, the name of the visitor, the dates and number of visits granted by the Judge of Police de Sartine.

Long before 1761, an important Canadian official, Francois Marie Perrot, Governor of Montreal in 1672, had been imprisoned three months in the Bastille, by a *Lettre de Cachet*, issued at the request of stern Count de Frontenac,

Governor of Quebec, to punish him for having disobeyed orders, at Montreal, in favouring the sale of brandy to the Indians. "In order to punish him," wrote Louis XIV., "I had him sent for a time to the Bastille, which will render him more circumspect in the future and be a lesson to others."

Opinions seem divided as to the severity shown to prisoners. It has been alleged that some prisoners had access to the library of the castle and were even allowed the services of their valet; doubtless, prisoners of rank. One instance is on record of an unfortunate prisoner remaining in jail forty-seven years, without being told why he was there. On his being released, he sought in vain for his father, mother and other relations. All had died or disappeared since the date of his incarceration. Aged, forgotten, forlorn, unprovided with any means of subsistence, he petitioned the King to be returned to prison and died shortly after.

Le Maitre de Saci, Fontaine, Madame de Staël, Abbé Morellet, at one time inmates of the Bastille have stated that they counted among their happiest days the time they had spent there.

Spencer Grange,

Quebec, January, 1896.

J. M. LEMOINE.

* * *
Canada.

Whispering woods, and sorrowing sea,
And wind that ruffles her bending wheat,
Are full of the voices of destiny,
Which over and over repeat:

"Canada! white-browed queen of the north,
Whose aurora crowneth thy snow-bright hair,
From the pole-star's burning thou goest forth
To the lakes that thy commerce bear.

"Thy left hand holdeth the twisted clue
Of a hundred strands, that under the sea
Bindeth the old world fast to the new,
Thy mother England to thee.

"Thy right hand beckons the swift-winged ships
Out of the ocean where sinks the sun,
Cooling at even his burning lips
Where the western currents run.

"Who are thy children? The careful Scot,
The ready Irish, the Briton strong,
And the French of a France which was and is not,—
All these to thy house belong.

"Like a Damask blade, where the twisted steel
Makes the mottled scimitar tough and true,
The blended strains in thy race reveal
A power possessed of few.

"Their's thou art ever, and they of thee;
So shall ye together be strong and great;
For thou art the daughter of destiny,
The child of a favouring fate."

JOHN EDMUND BARSS.

* * *
The Sea Queen Wakes.

"The flying squadron, which, together with the existing available squadrons, with which it is proposed to join it, will form the most powerful fleet of war vessels ever put afloat."—Excerpt from the *Victoria Colonist*, Jan. 11, 1896.

She wakes! in the furthest West the murmur has reached our ears—
She wakes! in the furthest East the Russian listens and fears—
She wakes! the ravens clamour, the winds cry overhead
The wandering waves take up the cry "She wakes whom Nations
dread!"

At last, ye have roused the Sea Queen; at last when the World
unites

She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to Her last of fights.
Alone, with a World against Her, She has turned on the snarling
crew

No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking North Seas knew.
She calls and Her ships of battle—dragons Her seas have bred—
Glide into Plymouth harbour, and gather round Beachy Head.
She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all the Earth,
The ring of warriors' weapons; stern music of soldiers' mirth.
In the world there be many nations and there gathers round every
Throne

The strength of earth born armies, but the sea is England's own.
As she ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimaux
As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the waves are salt.
This may be our Armageddon: Seas may purple with blood and
flame

As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world a name.
What matter? There have been none like us, nor any to tame our
pride.

If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our Fathers died—
What better? The seas that bred us, shall rock us to rest at last.
If we sink with the Jack still floating nailed to the Nation's mast.
Victoria, B.C. CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

A New Society.

IN this wide wind-blown, sun-kissed stretch of land and lake called Canada that spans the continent with its diversified zone of health giving spaces and broad limpid waters there are fields of interest, observation, and delights sufficient to find employment and enjoyment to all who take interest in any of the varied works of nature.

The wild flowers alone must give delight to very many judging by the way they are collected by the inhabitants of our large towns and cities although great numbers of people are under the mistaken impression that neither wild flowers nor wild birds are at all common in Canada, and it is to plead for the propagation, protection, and multiplication of our wild-flowers near cities that this paper is written. The locality best known to the writer in this connection is that of Toronto, and judging from the multitudes of the many varieties to, and judging from the multitudes of the many varieties to, and judging from the multitudes of the many varieties to, that he has known and which he has seen to disappear from the neighbourhood during the past thirty years, this locality must have been a very paradise.

Time was, and not so very long ago, when half an acre of wild phlox could be seen *en masse* and in more instances than one in the woods at York Mills, known as Brooks's Bush, now they are few and far between, and one has to travel some distance to collect a fair sized bunch of this beautiful and fragrant flower. In the same locality large groups of the magnificent *Cypripedium Spectabilis* used to grow and multitudes of *C. pubescens* and *parviflora*, now none are left, the trowel and the basket have carried them (mostly to perish) to town gardens. A pity too it seems as the grand purple and white *C. Spectabilis* will not grow in common garden soil, and in spite of all care dies in a year or so, while no wild flower of temperate zones excels it in beauty.

So too with the fragrant trailing *arbutus*, that a few years ago could be found in many localities north of the city. Now it has practically disappeared. Even the blue *hepatica*, once so common along the creeks, is now quite scarce and the common but beautiful *trillium* retires year by year, farther a field having about disappeared, with the flowering winter-green, *hepatica* and *phlox* from the Rosedale valleys.

Now it is not possible, nor is it desirable, that the poor dwellers in city back streets and lanes should be interdicted from gathering or even transplanting wild flowers. But it occurred to the writer some few years ago that a society, such as is common in English towns, for the preservation and re-planting of wild flowers and for the introduction of new desirable varieties should be formed here, and since that time there has been some small effort to effect this object, not only near Toronto, but wherever the travels of any of their members may extend, the trouble of carrying a few seeds and planting them in likely spots being very slight.

This society or club is called "The Planters," and has succeeded in introducing one or two hardy plants among our wild flowers, which, while desirable as flowers, are never likely to be troublesome as weeds, an important point to be considered in this connection.

The three flowers not indigenous here which have been introduced and proved at once the most valuable and successful are the following:—First and perhaps best, the English scented violet which is found to be perfectly hardy, to be earlier in bloom than the native variety and to propagate itself when once it has taken hold; next the Lily of the Valley, almost as valuable, quite as hardy, and equally able to take care of itself and increase without becoming a weed; thirdly the perennial pea, a beautiful object when in bloom, and likely to be an acquisition in covering old stump fences, etc.

These are all perennial, and when once established no further care is required. Others are being tried and special efforts are being made to replace the *Cypripediums* by sowing seeds in the water of swamps, their native habitat.

The duties of a member of this Club are very slight. He can undertake to grow some special flower and supply the seed to fellow members, or he can simply undertake to plant seeds given him when he has opportunity. A small leather purse makes a good receptacle and seeds can be sown even from a car window when the train is passing likely spots. If any traveller is observed using a pea-shooter out of a car window while going at forty miles an hour he may be put down as a member of "The Planters."

T. MOWER MARTIN.

Montreal Affairs.

MONTREAL has now, for the first time in seven years, an English-speaking Protestant Mayor; or rather she will have one after February 1st, when Mr. Wilson-Smith, who was yesterday elected by acclamation, will become Chief Magistrate. Mr. Wilson-Smith has certainly established a record in being chosen to this high office without opposition; for while in by-gone years, when the mayoralty term covered but a single year, it was the custom to give the occupant of the position a second election by acclamation. There is no precedent for yesterday's unanimous selection of Mr. Wilson-Smith. It was therefore the highest possible compliment to Mr. Wilson-Smith. The French-Canadians from the outset showed no desire nor disposition to deprive the English Protestants of their claim to have a representative in the mayoral position; and Mr. Wilson-Smith's fitness for the place was so marked that the English population from the first regarded him as their candidate. A good deal of pressure was brought to bear on Mr. McShane by a little clique who do not like Mr. Wilson-Smith to induce him to run; but he declined, and to show that he meant it signed the requisition in Mr. Wilson-Smith's favour. Mr. G. W. Stephens, M.P.P., also declined a nomination tendered him by the Real Estate Association, and Mr. Wilson-Smith being thus left in the field as the only English-speaking candidate, was accepted heartily and loyally by the French-Canadians, who by their course have renewed the force of that unwritten compact as to the alternate occupancy of the mayoralty by English and French which had suffered somewhat by the attempts of Mr. Grenier, in 1890, and Mr. McShane, on two subsequent occasions, to destroy it. The action of the French-Canadians is all the more creditable in view of the fact that a very good excuse for ignoring the understanding was Mr. Wilson-Smith's lack of one qualification which might well be held to be essential, a reasonable knowledge of the French tongue. Fifteen of the twenty-six members of the next council were also elected by acclamation, so that there will be nothing very exciting in this year's municipal election.

The political crisis was, of course, deeply interesting to Montreal; and now that it has in great measure passed away, though the opinion that the reconciliation is more apparent than real is not infrequently met with, the political quidnuncs are busy trying to estimate what the probable effects will be of the new forces that have been brought into play. As things stand at present I do not think it can be held that the position of parties in this Province has been very greatly changed; but it is pretty thoroughly recognized that the present arrangement is a makeshift one to get through the session with. Should remedial legislation of an extreme enough type to satisfy that element in this Province which clamours for interference be passed at this session of Parliament, it might be possible to recall Mr. Chapleau to the leadership of the French-Canadian Conservative forces, and thus very greatly change the complexion of affairs in this Province. So far as I can gather, the French Liberals have definitely resolved to oppose, at the present juncture, any attempt at legislative interference with Manitoba. In doing this they are apparently taking very great chances indeed, for this Province has been swept before now by tornadoes of racial and religious prejudice, and it is not improbable that a master-hand might raise another and direct it with deadly results against the Liberals. But the latter do not regard the situation as so dangerous as it seems. The sections of the people who are most determined to have remedial legislation, and who will be most wrathful if it fails to pass by reason of Liberal opposition, are the Ultramontanes and the clergy; and their influence on general grounds has always been thrown against the Liberals, so in that respect the Liberals have but little to lose. They count, further, on the bill to be submitted to Parliament, being mild enough not to satisfy those who demand interference, and in this case their failure to support it will be regarded rather as a virtue than otherwise. But their chief reliance is on the magic of Laurier's name, and the absence on the other side of any strong man, for they affect to believe that Chapleau will not leave Spencerwood until the expiration of his term. "The individual wishes, and the world is more and more," the poet sings; but in politics personalities are more than platforms.

In no country in the world is this more true than in Quebec, and here the Conservatives are woefully handicapped by the absence of real leaders. The Liberals have, first of all, Mr. Laurier, and after him they have a man who is, I believe, regarded with a certain degree of distrust in Ontario, but whose effectiveness as a political force in this Province it would be idle to deny. This man is Mr. Tarte, who is incomparably the best campaigning orator in the Province, and whose talent for organization borders on genius. These two men are the real dangers to the French Conservatives; and the latter must match them with men of something like the same calibre, or they may fail, however popular their platform may seem to be.

* * *

Art Notes.

IN my remarks last week on the pictures at the Toronto Club, I touched upon most of the notable works hung in the south room and the hall, and I now invite the reader to appreciate with me a canvas which, since it is frankly a transcript of nature, requires no particular point of view or æsthetic bias. This relieves me of some responsibility! And it is much pleasanter to me to expect the ready sympathy of the reader in regard to a picture whose beauties are palpable to all than it is to ask that he should go into training in order that he might see with me the fine qualities of a work not easily comprehensible to the untrained eye. But there can be no two opinions about the Tholen landscape; the liking for it can only be subject to differences in degree. The placid canal is bathed in a sun-light which would irradiate and warm even the sapless heart of a professional art-critic: and it is a pleasure to note that the most sturdy qualities of painting can bring about this sentimental result. We pass from this golden glow to the colder atmosphere of the neighbouring picture; and admirable as is the delineation of character in this rather startlingly modern work, it is impossible not to regret that we have not instead of it, or in addition to it, the *plein air* picture of a "Pardon," or the wonderful canvas of the young violinist—the village Paganini. The Fortuny is an astoundingly clever water-colour, which is hardly to be wondered at considering its author; but how cold the sun-light is!

If the average visitor to the Club were quite candid we should find that the Peter Graham landscape was the prime favourite of the exhibition, which indicates two things—first, that if the exhibition was intended to serve an educational purpose it came none too soon; secondly, that the millenium of the "average visitor" would come with the invention of photography with colours. Near the Highland scene of Peter Graham is one of the most imaginative works of an imaginative man, whose creative gift compels him to high poetic flights which are tempered, withal, by scientific knowledge and a strict regard for the truth. But I recommend the admirer of the painter John Swan to peruse the biographical notes in the catalogue. The Orchardson picture, while exhibiting some of the technical charm of the master, is obviously defective in composition, the picture being divided into two portions. Probably it is an early work, as Orchardson is preeminent in the art of grouping, which is demonstrated by his pictures "The Queen of Swords," "Hard Hit," and "The Young Duke." The little study by Wilkie for his "Village Festival" is a gem in its way; full of movement and character. The little "Constable" near by is quite worthy of the master, and is better in colour than the larger one in the adjoining room. I am not so much overawed by the name of David Cox as to feel compelled to admire his landscape; and it troubles me to note that a man with a great reputation sometimes painted "heavy" colour, and clumsily. There remains now only to refer to the Boudin landscape, which seems to me rather an anæmic performance, the long and tiresome picture by Baron Leys, the powerful little Ribot, the commonplace Stark, the clever pot-boiler of *chasseurs* with game, and the painstaking head by Vanderhelst. E. WILY GRIER.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who has been at work on frescoes for the American Church, in Rome, has caused much enthusiasm and sensation in the Italian Art World by his bold execution of them. His various compositions are being carried out in Mosaic, and the style of reproduction is looked upon as a renewal of a long neglected art.

Music and the Drama.

OUT of a bundle of foreign letters received from my European masters, and artist friends the past holiday season, was one from Dr. S. Jadassohn, the famous composer and teacher of Leipzig. Among other things, he incidentally tells me of some new piano pieces of his composition op. 125 and 126, which he considers the best he has ever written for the instrument. I have not received copies of these opus numbers yet, but have no doubt they are all elegant and rich in poetic fancy. Jadassohn's compositions are all grateful and musically effective. For instance, take his opus numbers, 57, 114, 117, 118, 71, 66, 35 (canons) 56, preludes and fugues, the latter being most excellent material for study—and you will see they are really delightful pieces, full of the sentiment and thoughts of a refined, lovable man. It has been my good fortune to know Dr. Jadassohn quite intimately for some years, and, although knowing how he economizes time, have often been surprised at the number of compositions which yearly come from his pen. For it must be remembered that he teaches several hours a day in the Conservatorium of Music, as well as a few talented private pupils who go to his house, and besides writing a vast number of compositions—some of them very clever, too—under a *pseudonym*, he is rapidly climbing up to his 150th opus. These works comprise symphonies, seranades for orchestra (the latter a kind of symphonic suite), choral works, two piano concertos op. 89 and 90, chamber music, quartettes, trios, etc., piano pieces, songs, fugues, canons, and so on. In the composition of *canons* he is perhaps the greatest living. Certainly there is no other composer of the present time who writes so easily and naturally in this very difficult and unpliant form. And they are all charmingly melodic and strikingly picturesque in their suggestiveness and varied harmonic colouring. In these compositions and double fugues, Jadassohn proves himself a great contrapuntal virtuoso. I have heard him extemporize fugues with all the entries and exciting strettos skilfully worked out, besides such effects as enlargement of subject, etc. He invents the most enticing melodies, which flow in a warm stream of tender, expressive sentiment, in fact, if there is a fault at all, they are too luscious and sensuously intoxicating. This may be perhaps said of the beautiful slow movement from his *Trio* in E, op. 20, and the second principle theme in the last movement of the same work. They are simply charming, with the faintest suggestion of melting, pathetic melancholy. The *Trio*, op. 85, is also a work of sterling merit and happy-glowing imagination. The same may be said of the two seranades for orchestra—Nos. 4 and 5—and the almost equally beautiful one—op. 46. Jadassohn's *Scherzos* are as light and airy and full of piquant grace and ethereal elegance as those of Mendelssohn's. Playfulness is not their only charm either, for the form, rythmic variety and tonal contrasts are especially pleasing, and full of interest to the cultivated hearer. I am glad also to notice the hold his splendid, practical text books have on the musical world, as some of them have been translated into several languages. His works on "Harmony" and "Canon and Fugue," are among the best and most masterly which has appeared in any country, the Manual of Harmony particularly being practically and artistically in advance of any other with which I am acquainted. Everything is clear, simply expressed and modern.

In Mr. Albert Nordheimer's ballad, "Song of the Southern Maiden" (words by the late W. W. Wakelam), we have a rather plaintive melody wedded to words of the same character. This song will doubtless appeal to the popular taste, which often expresses a desire for something which gently stimulates the emotional sentiment. It is dedicated to Miss Augusta Beverly Robinson, who first sang it in public from MSS. at the Robinson-Marsick Concert in Massey Hall some little time ago.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club (J. D. A. Tripp, conductor) will give a concert in the Massey Hall on the evening of February 6th. The assisting artists will be Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, soprano, and Mr. Plunket Greene, basso, so the public will enjoy an entire evening of pure, unadulterated singing. I am told the chorus is in good form, and that the selections are interesting and form considerable variety.

Miss Adele Strauss, the popular mezzo-soprano of this

city, has been engaged to sing in Hamilton on the 14th of February, at a concert in aid of the Orphan's Home.

I shall have something to say regarding other living modern composers in a week or two. W. O. FORSYTH.

The subject of Vocal Methods is one of the most interesting and most dangerous of all topics in music; most interesting since there is probably no other question concerning which so great a diversity of opinion exists, and most dangerous because one can scarcely make any statement in this connection without treading (as it were) on someone's pet corn. Nevertheless the subject needs discussion on account of the honest and intelligent differences of opinion which it calls forth, because of the enormous quantities of nonsense written concerning it, and in view of the undeniable fact that among those who give instruction in voice training the proportion of charlatans and other incompetent persons far exceeds that found in any other department of musical study. Of course there are quacks in all branches of the art. There is the pianist who invents a system of hand gymnastics for which he makes absurd claims, there is "the only man in the world" who can instruct you how to play a scale, the only one who knows how to hold a bow, the only one who can teach the proper stroke of the tongue in playing some wind instrument, and so forth. Such impostors are, however, comparatively rare and usually work upon only the most gullible people. But when the question of voice training is to be considered, the unfortunate public is tossed about in this direction and that by the conflicting waves of opinion, not knowing which way to turn for help. Then, indeed, do the sirens (though not always sweet singers) make a wonderful catch.

A few quotations will help to prove the correctness of the statements just made; and it should be borne in mind that the passages in quotation marks are taken from the advertisements or actual writings of vocal teachers, some of whom are well known in more than one country. It is not a make-believe but a reality which we have to confront. Mr. A. has his "Legitimate School of Singing." Mr. B. has "the only school of voice training as taught to me by —." The marvel is that he does not claim to have originated his only school. Mr. C. writes in this strain: "Let me at once inform the eager inquirers after 'methods' that there is only one right way of singing, and that singing is an act of mentality, and that all attempts to make it a mechanical science must fail," a sentence wherein there is perhaps a pearl of truth, but hidden in the mire of obscure language. Mr. D. teaches "voice building;" and Mrs. E. undertakes "voice mending," but does not state whether plain sewing is also included in her course. Mr. F. treads on physiological ground with most disastrous results, for he says (I quote the exact sense, but have abbreviated the language) that there are two ways of breathing deeply, the right way being to fill the base of the lungs, and the wrong way being to fill the stomach with air. It is clear from the context that he believes the latter method is in actual use, though he does not state whether those who practise that pernicious habit are accustomed to fill their lungs with food, or whether the latter organs are merely allowed to remain idle. Mr. G., who makes a speciality of new discoveries, after hinting that the voices of Melba, Nordica, and others have not been well trained, introduces what is supposed to be an explanation of his very latest, marvellous discovery in these terms: "Indeed, the value of what will now follow is so enormous that the writer hesitates to continue, since great advantage might come to himself from sole possession and use; for any and every teacher will be able to teach more understandingly, and with quicker and surer results." Farther on he says, "It is impossible to overestimate the enormous value of this discovery, to which the writer lays distinct and positive claim." Of course only the non-essentials in regard to the "discovery" are revealed; but an advertisement in the same journal carefully provides for the deficiency by these words, "For circular containing almost incredible testimonials, also for letter of terms and conditions, address" Mr. G. As a final example the case of what should be called the "atomic" method of voice production may be taken. This stupendous system, which should prove very attractive to all students of natural science, is due to the genius of Mrs. H., and it is quite beyond my powers to give any detailed account of it. One of the most lengthy articles the lady has written on the

subject, an article in which she supports herself by the writings of Tyndall, Morrell Mackenzie and others, begins thus: "Science teaches us that surrounding the earth is a universal ether, and in this ether are contained a great number of yet finer ethers which we often term forces. These forces are undeviated atoms only waiting for a correct knowledge of their laws to be set into activity to become the friends or foes of mankind." There is something quite pathetic in the picture of these poor, desolate atoms standing around in space, no doubt shivering with cold, and waiting patiently for some one to tell them what to do. From this startling announcement, Mrs. H. seems to deduce the statement (though the matter is not clear enough to enable one to speak positively) that "the contractile tissue of the [mucous] membrane is a much neglected, but most important agent in voice production, particularly of the head tones," and that therefore if any lady will but practice very high notes according to this method, she will not only become a fine vocalist but will also experience much improvement in general health. It may seem that I am making fun of the article in question, but it will certainly hold its own, as a comic production, with many of the writings of the most celebrated humourists.

I shall have something further to say on this subject in another number. C. E. SAUNDERS.

The Second Jungle Book.*

WHEN we had finished the first *Jungle Book*, we waited eagerly for another one which we felt sure would in time follow. Now that we have read this, made up of articles which for the most part have appeared in magazines, our craving for more is still unsatisfied. This volume ends with the "Spring Running," when Mowgli turns his back on the *Jungle* people, and it looks like a conclusion, but we hope that we shall here about how "Mowgli" fought "Jocala the Crocodile;" "how he was caught up once in the Great Famine by the moving of the deer and nearly crushed to death;" "how he saved Hathi the Silent from being once more trapped in a pit with a stake at the bottom, and how next day he himself fell into a very cunning leopard-trap, and how Hathi broke the thick wooden bars to pieces above him,"—and many other adventures which "The Master of the *Jungle*" must have had. Those which are given here we consider equal to the first instalment, and this opinion readers of it consider to be very high praise. Rudyard Kipling does not draw fine ladies and fine gentlemen—we have heard it said he is quite incapable of doing so—but he can picture the life of the *Jungle* with a vividness, a reality, and an absorbing interest, such as few writers have been able to bestow on similar delineations. We welcome our old friends Baloo, Bagheera, Kaa, and Grey Brother as well as the Little Hunter himself. Between the stories and worked into them we have stirring songs, compared with which the efforts of the new poet laureate in this direction are as water to wine—at least if "Jameson's Ride" may be taken as a criterion. In the opening couplet of this volume we at once feel the author's power.

Now these are the Laws of the *Jungle*, and many and mighty are they;

But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is—Obey!

Similarly the Morning-song of the *Jungle* haunts the memory, and likewise the weird song of the Little Hunter, with its refrain "It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear." Perhaps the best of all the tales is "The Letting In of the *Jungle*," which describes the rescue by Mowgli of the Hindoo Messua who was to be burnt as a sorceress. Buldeo, who figured in the story "Tiger, Tiger," is boastfully hunting Mowgli, and he with some charcoal-burners is detained for a time in the *Jungle* by its people who ring them round, themselves keeping out of sight:

"Sing them home," said Mowgli with a grin. "I do not wish them to be at the village gates till it is dark. . . . Sing to them a little, lest they be lonely on the road, and, Grey Brother, the song need not be of the sweetest. Go with them, Bagheera, and help make that song." . . . Bagheera lowered his head so that the sound would travel and cried a long, long "Good Hunting"—a midnight call in the afternoon, which was quite awful enough to begin with. Mowgli heard it rumble, and rise, and fall and die off in a creepy sort

* "The Second *Jungle Book*." By Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

of wine behind him, and laughed to himself as he ran through the Jungle. He could see the charcoal-burners huddled in a knot; old Bulded's gun-barrel waving, like a banana-leaf, to every point of the compass at once. Then Grey Brother gave the *Ya-la-hi! Ya-la-hi!* call for the buck-driving, when the Pack drives the nilghai, the big blue cow, before them, and it seemed to come from the very ends of the earth, nearer, and nearer, and nearer till it ended in a shriek snapped off short. The other three answered till even Mowgli could have vowed that the full Pack was in full cry, and then they all broke into the magnificent Morning-song in the Jungle with every turn, and flourish, and grace-note, that a deep-mouthed wolf of the Pack knows.

The description of Bagheera's yawn when the villagers find him instead of Messua in the hut is very fine, and their course of conduct as they scatter can be readily imagined. "The King's Ankles" and "The Red Dog" describe a couple of Mowgli's other adventures, the latter being an exciting fight to the death between the Dhols of the Deccan and the Seconce Pack under his generalship, while in "Quiqueru," we are taken up into Greenland, and there are other tales in which Mowgli plays no part. We hope it will not be long before we get some more of these capital stories.

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BRIEFER NOTICE.

The Elements of the Higher Criticism. By A. C. Zenos. (Toronto: Funk and Wagnalls Co.)—Though to some minds the term Higher Criticism is a synonym of infidelity, the scientific principles covered by those words are here, and in their main lines here to stay. Goldsmith's histories of Greece, Rome, and England, however long they may be read as specimens of composition, will never find their way again even in back-woods settlement to a school-room as text books. The scriptures of the Old and New Testament, apart from their religious significance, form literatures: the one of a well defined branch of the Semitic race; the other of a branch of a part of that same people under other and later influences. It was neither to be expected nor desired that those writings should secure exemption from the painstaking and thorough enquiry which marks historical research on scientific lines. It is desirable however that Historical or Higher Criticism should proceed on correct principles. This work is, we believe, a pioneer attempt to state those principles with their necessary limitations; and we are free to say that the author has in large measure succeeded. No critical conclusions are attempted, but rules laid down, which, however obvious when stated in plain language, neglected, lead to very erroneous conclusions. Thoughtful readers and students will find very suggestive matter in this volume, and the timid Christian ought to learn how little truth suffers by honest enquiry, that the Apostolic injunction is as safe as it is brave: Prove all things; hold fast the good. JOHN BURTON.

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Recent Fiction.*

IT is granted that whatever "Q" writes, he writes well, and this half-hour's tale does not disprove the fact, but we miss the "saving grace of humour;" that delicious boy-like humour which bubbled and overflowed in the history of Troy Town. Ia, the central figure in this little tragedy, jars our sympathies at the very outset by falling in love, unasked, with the young preacher of the Second Adventists and inducing him to a reluctant and semi-barbarous betrothal. However, in this, she follows the custom of her race, for the wooing is done by the maids in that Celtic corner of England. And it is a proof of Mr. Quiller Couch's

* "Ia: A Love Story." By "Q." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1895. 75c.

"Clarence." By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press. 1895. Price \$1.25.

"In the Smoke of War: A Story of Civil Strife." By Walter Raymond. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"The Years that the Locust Hath Eaten" By Annie E. Holdsworth. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"Amos Judd." By J. A. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16 mo. 75c.

"The Sister of a Saint and Other Stories." By Grace Ellery Channing. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. Carnation Series. 18mo. Rough Edges. \$1.00.

"Black Spirits and White: A Book of Ghost Stories." By Ralph Adams Cram. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. Carnation Series. 1895. \$1.00.

strength, that through all and after all, we cannot but admire her. Pau! Heathcote, the preacher, is subsequently called to a more promising position than that of pastor to the fisher-folk of Ardevora. He goes, leaving Ia to bear the shame and responsibility of his sin. It is the subtle deterioration of the man, the insidious levelling of his self to his act, wherein lies the tragedy. It is customary, in these days, to speak of books, whose interest centres in a subject unfit for discussion, as "strong" and "courageous," and we feel it a pity that "Q" should have used his graphic and poetical pictures of Cornish life merely as a background for a very unpleasant story.

"Clarence," a story in Bret Harte's most attractive style, can be safely declared a thoroughly interesting book. It has been said that Californians will hold a public rejoicing when Bret Harte dies, for they consider that until then they have no chance of being considered a civilized community. Here, however, though the story opens in California amid exciting times, just at the outbreak of the American Civil War, he has done them no injustice. The scene shifts soon to the war on the Potomac. Clarence Brant has obtained high rank in the Federal forces while his wife is openly on the Confederate side, and is playing the spy against the army in which her husband holds a command. On one occasion Clarence is saved by the intervention of another Southern lady, who becomes converted to the interests of the North, and whom Clarence, after his wife has been shot in a skirmish, falls in love with and subsequently marries. The comic element which the author knows so well how to introduce is afforded by a Mr. Hooker, a self-advertising Yankee. Incidentally the political jobbery and wire-pulling going on all the time at Washington are gibbeted, and there is not a dull page in the book from beginning to end.

Walter Raymond again deals with that rural life in Somersetshire, which he portrays so well, in his new book entitled "In the Smoke of War." In this instance he takes us back to the time of the civil war between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and gives us a living sketch of the distress of the peasantry with war going on all around them. Cicely Durston, the heroine, is in love with an educated Puritan, but is persecuted by the attentions of Zachary Ham, a rustic farmer, whom her father favours, ignorant of her attachment and anxious for her to have a home of her own. All ends well for her, though not for her unfortunate father or for Zachary, but we feel the latter deserves richly the fate which befalls him. The plot is simple and the story throughout is prettily told.

"The Years that the Locust Hath Eaten" is not a book to be read at Christmas time. It is interesting but pathetic and at times we would like to kick the chief male character, Dunstane. Priscilla his wife, daughter of a country rector, but banished from her father's presence on account of her marriage, is a very fine character and well drawn. Her husband is totally unfit for her by birth and breeding, and seems devoid of the instincts of a gentleman despite his university degree. They both have literary tastes, but he fritters away his time dreaming of a great work, while she with her pen supports him and their child until the latter dies through Dunstane's neglect. Priscilla is the light of the London street in which they live, worshipped by all, and loved by an Artist Malden. Dunstane awakens to her excellences only when it is too late, and it is thoroughly refreshing to find that he gets a candid opinion of himself from another lodger of the tenement house in which they live. The story is marked by considerable insight throughout into the conditions and characters of the various personages, but it is very mournful, though relieved at times by quaint touches dealing with the precise little spinster, Miss Cardrew.

An entirely opposite story is "Amos Judd," by the editor of Life, who has scored a decided success in this his first novel. The hero is a prince of India, brought when a child, on account of a disturbance, to a New England home. He has plenty of money and is given a typical American education. Moreover he possesses the peculiar gift of seeing into the future at will, though he does not often exercise it. Simply and graphically is told the story of his love for a charming girl, and his intercourse with the cool-headed New York lawyer, her father. The oriental temperament of the so-called "Amos" struggles with his Western education, and, combined with his strange gift, leads to startling results. The introduction of the young Rajah to his new surround-

ings is told so effectively as to capture the reader's attention at the outset, and the interest is never allowed to flag. The binding, etc., of this book and of the two which follow leave nothing to be desired.

Out of the six short stories which compose "The Sister of a Saint, etc.," four are concerned with the life of the poorest class of Italian peasants. The hardness of their life, and their comparative cheerfulness throughout, though vividly pictured, do not make very attractive reading. Still they show insight into the life of poor Italy. The other two stories are much brighter and "A Strange Dinner Party" is capital. In it we read how the inveterate prejudices of an English nobleman, a century and a half ago, are overcome by a dinner-party. He cannot make up his mind to propose to an American girl though infatuated with her and believing his affection is reciprocated. Such hesitation reads strangely now, when we consider the number of America's daughters who adorn the tables of the nobility in the Motherland. And as representing what we believe was really the feeling of the best of the old colonists, a feeling which had degenerated into jingoism, we may quote the following passage :

"Gentlemen, I will give you a worthier toast" In his turn he raised his glass, "New England, our country!" and his voice was like a clarion. "The land which we have redeemed, the wilderness which we have made to blossom, the home which our forefathers won with so much toil, so many hardships, the free soil, to advance whose sacred interests, to secure whose peaceful future, to uphold whose dignity, to protect and cherish whose liberties, we and our lives and homes and children are dedicated forever: New England! God bless her!" He drained his glass and cast it to the ground, and with a mighty cheer every other glass was drained and broken. "New England! God bless and save her!" echoed every lip, while eyes were dim and strong faces quivered. Verily these people love their land.

The little volume which comes last on our list, "Black Spirits and White" contains some thoroughly "creepy" ghost stories. The first of them recalls "The House of the Brain"—one we consider the most thrilling we have ever read. The scenes of them all are laid in the Old World, whose ruined castles and ancient buildings lend themselves more readily than American homes to such tales. Here and there amongst them—and they are the best told of their kind that we have seen for some time—are to be found descriptions of scenery which exhibit the author's knowledge of the topography of his situations and his interest in that which is beautiful :

How beautiful it was! this golden meadow walled with far, violet mountains, breathless under a May sun; and in the midst, rising from tangles of asphodel and acanthus, vast in the vacant plain, three temples, one silver gray, one golden gray, and one flushed with intangible rose. And all around nothing but velvet meadows stretching from the dim mountains behind away to the sea, that showed only as a thin line of silver just over the edge of the still grass.

And the same scene by moonlight from a window :

A flat, white mist-like water lay over the entire meadow; from the midst rose against the blue-black sky the three ghostly temples, black and silver in the vivid moonlight, floating, as it seemed, in the fog; and behind them, seen in broken glints between the pallid shafts, stretched the line of the silver sea. Perfect silence—the silence of implacable death.

Letters to the Editor.

CONCERNING PIN-PRICKS

SIR,—I have read Principal Grant's article in THE WEEK upon "Grievances" and regret that I have unintentionally inflicted even a pin-prick upon such an esteemed friend. I also regret to read the Principal's statement that President Cleveland's action in appointing the Venezuela boundary commission is "unwarranted by courtesy, by international law, by the golden rule, or by the Monroe doctrine." Perhaps our minds are influenced in judging of complicated political problems by our environment. I can understand that Canadians, in the midst of an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm, and under the glamour of "British connection," should express themselves strongly and somewhat unreasonably regarding the action of the United States. But I was scarcely prepared for such a sweeping arraignment of President Cleveland's action from the judicial mind of Principal Grant. Either he or I must be la-

bouring under some grave misapprehension of the facts of the case. To me the action of the President seems consistent, logical, and justifiable.

The case stands somewhat thus: Early in the century the question of the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela was dismissed but remained unsettled and is unsettled still. Americans note the fact that the British claims of territory have been gradually expanding as new gold fields were discovered and British prospectors and miners entered them. The Venezuelans disputed these expansions of British territorial claims and international trouble was threatened. The United States steps in and asks that the disputed boundary question be submitted to arbitration—a reasonable request surely. Lord Salisbury replies refusing to submit the territory east of the Schomberg line to arbitration claiming that all within that line is British territory. The people of Venezuela deny this claim. The Government of the United States neither affirms nor denies it but wishes to get at the facts. Lord Salisbury, in his reply to Secretary Olney, submits the facts from the British point of view, but refuses to submit them to impartial arbitration. As President Cleveland cannot get the facts of the case investigated by a court of arbitration he asks for a commission to enquire into the facts for the information and guidance of the Government of the United States. No American pretends that this commission constitutes an international tribunal or expects that its decision will be submitted to by Great Britain, at least no American whose opinion I have heard upon the subject. It is simply a commission appointed by President Cleveland to obtain information regarding facts for the guidance of his Government in any future emergency. And, in view of the fact that an impartial investigation of these facts was refused by Great Britain, I cannot see that President Cleveland merits condemnation.

As the case seems now to be developing the probability is that the British Government will place all available means of determining the boundary at the disposal of this very Commission. And thus, although it is not recognized as international, it may exercise much influence in bringing the disputed question to a final and amicable decision. There seems also to have arisen out of this trouble a very promising movement both in England and America having in view the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration. If this should result the misunderstanding regarding the Venezuela boundary will not have arisen in vain.

I am somewhat surprised at Principal Grant's interpretation of the "inspiring" idea "America for the Americans." Surely he does not seriously mean that it implies that any one is responsible for the misdeeds of any American Republics except themselves. The Monroe doctrine does not involve the protection of any insignificant South American Republic from the results of its own folly. The United States did not interfere at Corinto. The more that this great national sentiment, crystallized in the so-called Monroe doctrine, is studied the more important and vital to the welfare of this whole continent will it seem to be. The peoples and Governments of this continent may rightfully claim the privilege of working out their own destiny without the intervention or control of European powers. This continent is sufficiently large, important, and distant from Europe to make such a demand reasonable. Those countries upon this continent at present under the control of European powers may remain in that condition as long as it suits them. Even if they try to free themselves from foreign control they need expect no help from the United States, as is manifest in the case of Cuba at the present moment. But it would not be for the interest of this continent that South America should be converted into another India or Africa. And it is the unanimous determination of the American people that this shall not be done. If the claim of Great Britain to the disputed territory between British Guiana and Venezuela is found, after investigation, to be a just one, the United States will have nothing more to say in the matter. If, on the other hand, the disputed territory shall be found rightfully to belong to Venezuela, the United States will feel justified in objecting to the extension of British political control, by violence, over American territory not properly, by treaty or purchase, belonging to Great Britain.

The language of President Cleveland, in his message to Congress, may be open to unfavourable criticism, but it seems

to me that his *action* in appointing this Commission is entirely consistent with that dignity, self-respect and international courtesy which ought to characterise the head of a great nation.

ROBERT JARDINE.

[It is hardly necessary for us to say that we disapprove of the tone of this letter and disagree *in toto* with its conclusions. Mr. Jardine has ceased to be a Canadian.—ED. THE WEEK.]

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

SIR,—Much is being said upon this subject just now, and not only by the kind of people who usually discuss matters of the kind, but by many others also who imagine that they can foresee a perpetually peaceable method of settling questions which arise between England and the United States. But are such people justified in their expectations, if indeed they have considered the question with sufficient care to have arrived at conclusions which could include "expectations?" International arbitration must be by either one of two methods, namely, reference to an independent nation, or rather Government, or reference to a board of judicial experts. In the former case it has been laid down and generally accepted that such arbitration must be by a Government sufficiently powerful to enforce its decrees. This narrows the qualified judiciary to France, Germany, and Russia. Can any one suppose for a moment that either of these Governments would approach any question submitted to them in a judicial spirit, or feel bound to render a decision according to judicial methods? The first consideration would undoubtedly be their own interests if touched upon or threatened even in the most remote degree by the question in dispute; and the next would be the desire to gain a diplomatic advantage in whatever way an opportunity of doing so might present itself; and lastly, the temptation to gratify jealousy of England's greatness and to lower her prestige would be ever present. Then supposing that an arbitration has been had, and a decision rendered, can it be believed that any one of the three Governments named would contemplate for a moment entering upon a great and costly war to enforce the decree? Not even the temptation to lower England's prestige would be strong enough to bring that about. As a result to be anticipated from arbitration by judicial experts, we have only to notice the refusal of the United States to answer the obligations cast upon them by the award in the Behring Sea arbitration, excusing their bad faith by a miserable quibble; against which we may contrast England's action in the parallel case of the Alabama claims where she paid a large sum for imaginary damages deeming it beneath her dignity to scrutinise the claims alleged. In short, if the Utopian ideas on this subject which are being advanced, should lead to a practical result, England would find herself most woefully entrapped, for come what may she would never fail on her part to abide honourably by any decision against her, no matter how unjust, while, on the hand, the performance of any decree adverse to them by the United States would be governed by the question of votes to be angled for, and not by any consideration of national honour, for they have never been very scrupulous regarding that. Thus the outcome of every arbitration would most surely be, either one way or the other, disadvantageous to England, who if successful would have, after all, to resort to arms to enforce her rights as laid down by arbitration, or submit to have such rights denied, if it should suit the United States to take that course with regard to them. An international court of arbitration would be no guarantee of peace. Its existence would constantly suggest and invite arbitrations regarding matters which ordinary diplomacy would readily deal with and adjust making such matters subjects of newspaper discussion and sources of international irritation, thus ever fostering a spirit of discord which sooner or later would end in war.

ANTI-FADDIST.

REM ACU DENOUNCED.

SIR,—Correspondents when dealing with vexed international questions should not forget the amenities and courtesies of social life. In the last issue of THE WEEK Rem Acu, after stating a good deal of what is true in the first part of his letter, spoils the whole gist of it by his last paragraph. He says:—"In Canada we rarely see the best class of Americans. We see chiefly those whom New Englanders and New Yorkers call 'Westerners,' with an indescribable accent of amusement and contempt. 'Western-

ers,' generally, are people who eat with their fingers, talk through their noses, and have pie for breakfast. In Canada the adjective 'American,' applied to the conduct or appearance of any man or woman, means rampantly vulgar."

Such language is decidedly objectionable. As a Briton, with British instincts and British love of country, I would like to see a little more British fair play. We have many estimable Americans amongst us—people of refinement and culture—who are proud of their nationality and their name. There are also people on the other side—that land of supposed infancy—who frequently do courteous and graceful acts even to Torontonians. Witness, for instance, the loan of that admirable portrait of the Iron Duke to the Art Exhibition of the Toronto Club; and, forsooth! by an American. Could anything indicate better taste or truer refinement of feeling? And yet our bunkum writers, in their spiteful jingoism, insult the Americans whose lives dame fortune has cast within our midst. Could anything be more un-English?

AN ENGLISHMAN.

ANACREON.

SIR,—Some two or three years ago—I do not recollect the exact date—you published in your paper a translation which I sent you of one of Anacreon's charming odes, No. 35, one of the many of which "Cupid" is the subject. I now send a revised translation in which I have followed the Greek more closely, and which is, I think, in other respects, better than the former. Should you let it appear in your columns I would suggest your publishing at the same time the Greek. Even if already familiar with it, scholars will not, I think, object to having this exquisite specimen of Anacreon's delicate and playful fancy brought under their notice.

TO CUPID.

Playing the roses all among,
Alas! poor Cupid's finger's stung.
Running to his fair mother's side,
Fluttering his wings, he sobbing cried,
"Oh mother! Mother! Mother fly!
I am undone, I die, I die!
Stung by a nasty little thing,
A serpent small, with horrid wing,
The rustics call the wretch a bee,
A beast I know it is for me."
Then Venus softly says, "My child,
If a bee's sting thus drives you wild,
Think, cruel boy! What anguish fierce,
Must rend the hearts your arrows pierce."

Theocritus, Moore tells us, has in one of his idyls imitated this beautiful ode, and our own Spencer, in one of his smaller compositions has sported more diffusely on the same subject. Anacreon's conceit is certainly very playful and poetical, and we cannot wonder that it has found imitators and translators among the poets.

I give below a translation of a Greek epigram which I lately lighted upon in one of Moore's notes to his Anacreontic translations. (Ode 40.) It is quoted, he says, by Longe pierre from the Anthologia, and "is marked, he adds, by an interesting simplicity which has induced him to *paraphrase* it," which he does, *more suo* (i.e., after Moore's own fashion) very charmingly in eight lines. My translation in which I follow the Greek very closely is in two lines.

Ελπίς και συ τύχη μεγα χαιρετε, τουλιμεν' εἶρον
Ουδεν εμοι χυμιν, παιζετε τους μετ' εμε.

Fortune and Hope. Farewell! I'm safe in port,
With me your game is o'er, of others make your sport.

E. A. MEREDITH.

A CORRECTION.

SIR,—In the "Victorian Anthology" of Edmund Clarence Stedman, recently published, I notice that a hyphenated form of my name appears, which is occasionally used by my family. This was only intended as a descriptive detail of the biographical note, in reply to an enquiry by the distinguished critic, who has honoured me with a place in that noble volume. I was careless in the manner of framing the reply, and while not attaching importance to the matter, wish my Canadian literary friends to understand that I prefer not to be generally known by the double name. Trusting you will excuse this note, I am, sir, yours truly,

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Westmount, Montreal, Jan. 19, 1896.

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The twenty-ninth day of April is a notable day in the history of the May Memorial church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, D.D., the eminent divine who so long has ministered to them spiritually as pastor of the church.

Dr. Calthrop was born in England and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wits that followed in the traditions of Macaulay and his associates at the university. In the middle of the century he visited Syracuse and received his first impressions of the young city that nearly a score of years later he was to choose as his home and in which his labors have been so long and effective. The masterly pulpit addresses of Dr. Calthrop have had their fundamentals drawn from the deepest research. His people have been instructed by him, not only in things spiritual, but in the elements of the broadest culture, in literature, in art and in science. His young men have been taught a muscular system of morality. In these and in many other ways has he endeared himself to his congregation, which is one of the most highly cultured and wealthy in the city.

Dr. Calthrop has a striking personality. To the eye he is a most picturesque figure. His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky, snow white hair and beard, are of the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old his rather spare figure is firm and erect and every movement is active and graceful. His whole life long he has been an ardent admirer and promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor and skill of a young man. To Syracusans, perhaps, this remarkably versatile man is most widely known, apart from his profession, as a scientist.

On a bright April morning a reporter followed the winding driveway that curving around the hill leads to Calthrop Lodge,

an old-fashioned red brick mansion, surrounded by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing a black skull cap and a black coat of semi-clerical cut, the master of Calthrop Lodge graciously received the reporter who called to inquire about his health, for, though manfully repressing all possible evidence of his suffering, Dr. Cal-



REV. DR. CALTHROP, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

throp for many years had been the victim of a distressing affliction, until by fortunate chance he was led to take the remedy which has effectually cured him.

During more than half of his pastorate in Syracuse, Dr. Calthrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the pain was so great as to prevent him from walking. Many remedies were tried without success and he and his friends had given up hope of a permanent cure or of more than temporary relief when he took the preparation that drove the disease completely from his system.

In a letter written to the editor of The Evening News, of Syracuse, last year, Dr. Calthrop told of his affliction and its cure. This is Dr. Calthrop's letter:—

To the editor of The Evening News,—
Dear Sir: More than 35 years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial juice kept leaking from the joint.

This made me lame for years, and from time to time the weak knee would give out entirely and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About 15 years ago, the swelling recommenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism setting in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so often that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a packet in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference at Buffalo, I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I got to Buffalo, my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects that Pink Pills were having in such cases, and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, but I will add that my knee is far stronger than it has been for 35 years.

I took one pill at my meals three times a day.

I gladly give you this statement.

Yours, S. R. CALTHROP.

Since writing this letter Dr. Calthrop has not had any visits from his old enemy and is even more cordial now in his recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was then. To the reporter he said:

"I am continually recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to acquaintances and those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia.

"Pink Pills," continued Dr. Calthrop, "are the best thing of the kind I know of. They are infinitely superior to most medicines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain and I consider it an ex-

cellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor, but he would not give it in such a compact form and so convenient to take.

"I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia or any impoverishment of the blood."

Periodicals.

Blackwood's Magazine for January is as interesting as ever and that is saying much. A strong paper on American history as conveyed in American school-books shows in what a distorted light the events of the Revolution are taught. It is a pity that so many American educationists delight in teaching lies and in vilifying Great Britain. There are two excellent stories in this number. Mrs. Oliphant rightly denounces those novels which she styles "the anti-marriage league." The literary articles are of the highest value.

The Pocket Magazine—devoted to short stories—published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, has already achieved distinction. It is a capital publication, and deserves the success it has met with on all sides. The January number opens with a story by Rudyard Kipling "The Devil and the Deep Sea," which is tremendously clever and effective. Gilbert Parker, our Canadian novelist, tells "The Story of the Lime-Burner," and in telling it shows that he knows how to do it. The other contributors are Frank Stockton, Louise Chandler Moulton, Francis Gribble, and Opie Read. All the stories are complete. The star secured for the February number is Conan Doyle.

Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co., the well-known New York publishers, are to be congratulated on the great success of their handsome literary journal, The Bookman. The December and January issues are remarkably good. "Kate Carnegie," the first novel by Ian MacLaren, the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," begins in the current number. But the peculiar value and charm of The Bookman will not be found in fiction but in its devotion to literary affairs *per se*. It is a literary journal of an unusually comprehensive character, and edited with fine taste and judgment. Its "Chronicle and Comment," its contributed articles, book reviews, and novel notes are altogether admirable.

The article which Canadians will at once turn to in opening The Westminster Review for this month is that entitled "Canada, Britain, and the United States," by some individual who claims to have been born in Canada, and who signs himself with much modesty "Cosmopolite." Now "Cosmopolite" is very ill-informed and very much out of date, and his article is without any significance or any value. How he managed to get such rubbish printed in The Westminster is a mystery. So far as we can make out from his rambling and foolish discourse he is trying to prove that Canadian loyalty to the Mother Country is declining and that Canadians are indifferent to Imperial unity. As everybody knows the very reverse of this is the fact, and "England" is writ large on the hearts of all from one end of the Dominion to the other. Apart from "Cosmopolite's" screed the articles in this number are of considerable interest and importance.

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Literary Notes.

Roberts Bros. announce for early publication the "Family Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," with a memoir by W. M. Rossetti; and "Modern Women."

Mr. Alfred Austin's new poem, "England's Darling," to be published by Macmillan & Co. early in January, is dedicated, by permission, to the Princess of Wales.

Mrs. G. J. Romanes's memoir of her husband will be published in January or February. It will consist chiefly of letters, including a large number from Darwin.

The Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp has had the unprecedented honour of being almost simultaneously elected a Fellow of Worcester College, Cambridge, and St. John's, Oxford.

Macmillan & Co.'s latest announcements are "Jewish Ideals and Other Essays," by Joseph Jacobs, and "Alternating Currents and Alternating Current Machinery," by Professor Jackson, of the University of Wisconsin.

Three characteristic letters by James Russell Lowell, never before published, will be printed in the February Century. The letters describe the habits and the songs of the birds at Elmwood, the Cambridge home of Lowell.

Messrs T. Y. Crowell & Co. will shortly add to their Library of Economics and Politics, "Proportional Representation," by Prof. John R. Commons; and "The Internal Revenue System of the United States," by Dr. Frederic C. Howe.

A reviewer who signs only with initials gives to Mr. Barrett Wendell's "Study of Shakespeare" a very high compliment in the London "Speaker," saying, "It seems to me to contain more sensible—luminously sensible—talk about Shakespeare than was ever packed into an equal space."

The Tower Publishing Co. of London is to issue immediately a new dictionary of the biographies of living men, entitled "People of the Period," containing some 6,000 entries. This work, if well done, will be very useful, for what may be called living biography is sometimes the most difficult to obtain.

Macmillan & Co. will publish a volume of "Studies in Structure and Style," by Mr. W. T. Brewster, A.M., Tutor in Rhetoric and English Composition in Columbia College. The work is based on seven modern English essays, and is furnished with an Introduction by Professor G. R. Carpenter, also of Columbia.

Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons' new books include "Renaissance Fancies and St. dies," by Vernon Lee; a popular and cheaper edition of Paine's "Rights of Man"; "Joan of Arc," by Mrs. Oliphant, in the Heroes of the Nations series, and "The Crime of the Century," by R. Ottolengui, in the Hudson Library.

Two novels of especial interest are announced by the Messrs. Scribner. "A Lady of Quality," by Mrs. Burnett, her first book for "grown-ups" in several years; and "Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis. The former will be published in book form only; the latter, which is Mr. Davis's first novel, will appear serially in Scribner's Magazine.

"As good as any story in his 'Old Man Savarin,'" is the high commendation a New York critic applies to "Dour Davie's Drive," which Mr. Edward William Thomson contributes to this week's Youth's Companion. The Ottawa River region, a favorite field with Mr. Thomson, is the scene of the story, which tells, with admirable directness and intense though quiet force, how a young lumberman with a broken leg drove eighty miles through the winter woods.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" (dramatised from the novel), which was first given in New York months ago, has just had its first regular production in London on Jan. 7th. The triple role, played here by Mr. Sothorn, was in the hands of Mr. Alexander, who played the title part here in Mr. Irving's "Faust" some time ago. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the author of "The Prisoner," showed particular interest in the scenery, which was notably fine, in particular in the view of the forest.

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The January issues of the Riverside Literature Series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York, and Chicago, are [No. 89] Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, and [No. 90] Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag. These books are published in paper at 15 cents each, and are also bound together in one volume in cloth covers, at 40 cents. The publishers have added several most attractive features which have never before appeared in the inexpensive editions of Gulliver's Travels.

Among Mr. F. Tennyson Neely's recent publications are "The Bachelor and the Chafing Dish," a "chummy book on good cooking," by Deshler Welch; "A Daughter of the King," being an answer to "The Story of an African Farm"; "The Comedy of Sentiment"; and "The Right to Love," by Max Nordau; "The Land of Promise," by Paul Bourget; "The Charlatan," by Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray, and "Father Stafford," by Anthony Hope. The same publisher announces "An Army Wife," by Capt. Charles King.

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Personal.

Mr. John Bryson, M.P., for Pontiac, died on Sunday morning at his residence, Fort Coulonge. The deceased was forty-seven years of age.

There is a movement in the Irish Parliamentary party to accept the resignation of Mr. Justin McCarthy as leader, and Mr. Edward Blake's name is mentioned as a probable successor.

The Rev. Dr. Wm. Reid, clerk of the General Assembly and financial agent of the Presbyterian Church in Canada (Western section), died at his residence in Toronto on Sunday afternoon last. The deceased was in his 80th year.

The Rev. E. J. Fessenden, rector of the Anglican church at Ancaster, Ontario, died very suddenly on Saturday morning. Paralysis was the cause of death. He was a strong supporter of parochial schools, believing that there should be increased religious education.

After a three months' post graduate course at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, for the degree of Ph. D., Mr. Pelham Edgar, son of Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., has just won the English scholarship over competitors who have been several years in the University. While at Toronto University Mr. Edgar headed his class in moderns and won the Governor-General's medal, and his many friends throughout the Province will hear with pleasure of this further and brilliant success.

Mr. Robt. S. White, the new Collector of Customs for the Port of Montreal, was given a complimentary banquet on Saturday evening last by his friends of the Montreal press. The dinner was given at the Queen's hotel, and was a most successful affair. Mr. John Garvin, of The Herald, presided, and nearly one hundred of Mr. White's newspaper friends joined in the testimony of regard. In response to the toast of his health Mr. White made a most felicitous speech, referring to his newspaper work, and thanking his brethren of the press for their kind appreciation.

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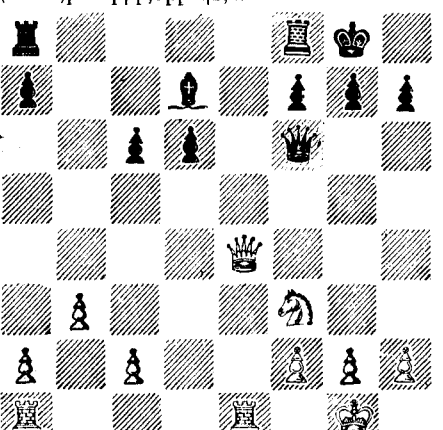
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2 K Kt B3	Kt QB3	JC	hd
3 B Kt5	Kt B3	Ae	RF
4 Castle	Kt xKP	11J	F44
5 P Q4	B K2	tv	H77
6 Q K2	Kt Q3	s22	44x
7 B xKt	KtP xB	ep	gp
8 P xP	Kt Kt2	v55	xg
⁹ Kt Q4 sometimes played.			
9 P QKt3	Castle	bc	88R
10 B Kt2	P Q4	jb	3W
¹⁰ ... better than P B3.			



8, 1P3N2, PBP1QPPP, RN3RK1)
 11 P xP ep P xP 55x qx
 11... Kt Q4, P QB4, 12 Kt B6, Q Kt 13 Kt xBeh, Qx Kt, 14 Kt Q2
 12 QKt Q2 B B3 at 77P
 13 B xB Q xB bF zF
 14 K RK1 Kt B4 A11 go
 14... P Q4, 15 Kt K5, R Kc, 16 Kt K4, Q K3, 17 Q B1, Q Q2, 18 R xR ch, Q xR, 19 RK1!!
 15 Kt K4 Kt xKt 144 o44
 16 Q xKt B Q2 2244 1Y
 16... P Q4 not nearly so good.



(r4rk1, p2b1ppp, 2pp1q2, 8.)
 17 diagnosing weak spot.
 17 P B4 KR K1 kn H88
 18 Q Q4 R xR ch 44v 8811
 19 R xR Q xQ 1 11 Fv
 20 Kt xQ K B1 Cv RH
 21 K B1 P QR4 JA 75
 21... better have left it.
 22 P QR4 R K1 24 8 88
 23 R xR ch K xR 1 88† H88
 24 K K2 K Q1 A22 88z
 25 K Q2 K B2 22t zq
 26 K B3 K Kt3 tm qf
 27 P B4 P KR4 BD YW
 27... nothing much superior,
 28 P R3 K B4 TU fo
 29 P B5 P Kt3 DE QP
 30 P B6 P Q4 EF xw
 30... showing down the gauntlet.
 (8, 3b1p2, 2p2Pp1, p1kp3p, P1PN4, 1PK4P6P18)
 31 P xP K xP nw ow
 32 Kt B3 K K3 vC w66
 32... K K5, 33 Kt Q2 ch, K B5
 33 Kt Q2 K xP Ct 66F
 33... P QB4 more likely to draw.
 34 Kt B4 P R5 tn WV
 34... P K4, 35 Kt xP, B xP, 36 PxB, P K5, 37 P xP P R5, 38 Kt B4, P R6, 39 Kt Q2, PR7, 40 Kt K4 ch K K4, 41 Kt B2, K B5, 42 K Q2
 35 Kt xP K K4 n5 F55
 36 Kt B4 ch K B5 5n† 5D
 37 Kt Kt6 B B4 nf yE
 38 K Q4 B K5 mv F44

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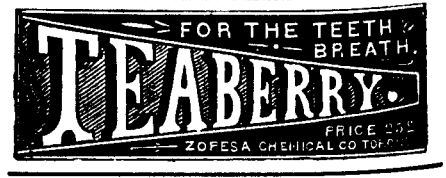
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40 K xP	B xP	vo	44K
41 P R6	P Kt4	56	PO
42 Kt Q5 ch	K K4	fw†	D55
43 Kt K3	B B6	w33	KC
44 P Kt4	K B5	cd	55D
⁴⁵ the finishing touch			
45 P Kt5	B K2	de.	C22
46 Kt Q5 ch	resigns	33w†	ill.

(8, 5p2, P7, 1PN2p1, 5k1p, 7P, 4b3, 8)

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- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.
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- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.
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- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York St. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.
A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.
Octavius Newcombe & Co. Wareroom, 107-9 Church St. Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuators, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
- Stocks & Bonds** { Æmilius Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.
H. O'Hara & Co. Member Toronto Stock Exchange. Stock & Debenture Brokers, 24 Toronto St.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.
- Undertakers** { T. W. Kay & A. M. Craig. Embalming a specialty. 1265 and 529 Queen Street West.

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