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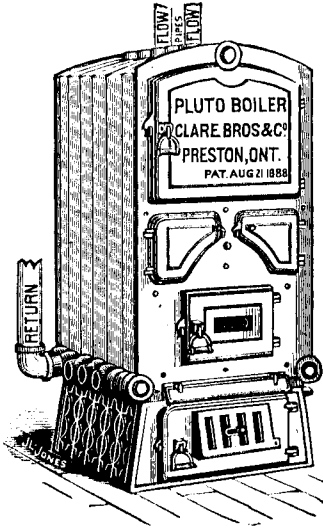
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE census returns of 1891, so far as they relate to population, are no doubt a surprise to many, as they must be a disappointment to all Canadians. It is useless to attempt to disguise the fact. Here is a young country, with a vast extent of unoccupied territory, as fertile as any in the world; with immense resources in forests, mines and fisheries, and with an energetic population, derived largely from the very best stock the world affords, and yet for some reason or other its progress during the last ten years is only about equal to that of the long-settled and over-crowded Mother Country, from whose shores emigrants are constantly embarking by thousands for the New World. The percentage of increase in Canada is less than half that of her next door neighbour, notwithstanding the comparatively dense population of the latter country. A still more disappointing aspect of the fact is that notwithstanding the considerable number of immigrants who have landed on our shores, the total addition to our population during the ten years is less than the average natural increase. The first obvious inference is that the emigration from the Dominion must be discouragingly large. The fact, too, that while the Maritime Provinces have been almost stationary, and Quebec and Ontario have made but slight progress, the rate of growth in the North-West and the Pacific Province has been comparatively large, emphasizes the truth already well known, that the movement of population trends constantly westward. The same tendency is equally manifest in the Eastern and Central States of the American Union. But it is little consolation for us to be told that our showing is no worse than that of New England, so long as the fact unfortunately is clear that the westward-moving people of the Republic stay in their own country, while a large percentage of ours cross the line. To speak plainly, that is just the chief source of our trouble. The conditions of life in the two countries, from some cause or other, are such that there is a constant flow of some of the best elements of our population across the boundary. The young men in particular, those who should be the bone and sinew of our young nation, are steadily leaving us, to find the remunerative employment which they cannot obtain in their own country. They are scarcely to blame. Many of them love Canada as their native land, and leave it with

the deepest regret. But the country is weakened, nevertheless, by their loss. To find out the cause or causes of this deplorable result, and to point out the remedy, if remedy there be, is a task worthy of our best statesmen. It may be that those causes lie beyond the control of statesmanship, that they are to be found mainly in the operation of laws, geographical or economic, over which we have no control; that there is nothing to be done but to content ourselves with a slower but sounder and surer development; or to wait for the change which is sure to come as the great cistern to the south becomes more nearly full, and the stream begins to flow back in this direction. But so pessimistic a conclusion should not and must not be accepted without the closest and most profound investigation of which our public men are capable. Now is the time and here is the opportunity for the true statesman to come to the front.

HITHERTO, since the commencement of the revelations of this memorable session, the attention of Parliament, the press and the public has been so fixed upon the work of investigation, that little thought has as yet been given to the work of reformation. Yet it is now surely time that all thoughtful citizens were beginning to enquire seriously not only how those who have been found guilty of criminal carelessness or dishonesty in the public service shall be punished, but what means shall be taken to prevent, as far as possible, the repetition of such betrayals of trust in the future. As most of the offences with which the Committees, at least those of the Commons, have had to deal have been in connection with the official work of the Departments, the thoughts naturally turn to the Civil Service as the field in which radical reform is most imperatively needed. *Hansard* is now to hand with a full report of the debate which took place in the Senate, a week or two since, in connection with the enquiry of Hon. Mr. McInnes as to what measures the Government proposed to take to effect the needed reform. The reply of the Premier indicated, it will be remembered, two steps in particular which the Government propose to take in the way of reorganization—first, the appointment of a non-partisan Royal Commission to prepare and recommend an improved scheme for conducting the business of the Departments, and second, the appointment of a Comptroller or Inspector, standing independent of the Government of the day, to a large extent, whose duty it would be to scrutinize the management of the finances of the Departments, as well as the conduct of officials and the way in which the work was done. We have already expressed our doubt as to the efficacy of such an arrangement. The fuller light thrown upon it by the debate and from other sources strengthens that doubt into a conviction that the Government proposal fails to go to the root of the evil. Is it not, by the way, a little singular that Premier Abbott, almost in the same breath in which he states the Government's intention of appointing a Commission of enquiry, announces a purpose which must have the effect of limiting that enquiry to mere matters of detail? Hon. Mr. McInnes, in his brief address, reminded the Senate of several previous attempts which had been made by Parliament to reform the Civil Service. He recalled particularly the Commission appointed for that purpose in 1880, and its chief recommendations, viz., the abolition of political patronage, open and competitive examinations, promotion by merit, and the appointment of a permanent Civil Service Commission. These are substantially the measures that have wrought so complete and salutary a reform in the Civil Service of Great Britain, and that are bringing about a similar improvement in that of the United States. Compared with such a system, any reorganization which could be effected under Premier Abbott's scheme would be superficial and worthless. The pernicious patronage system, which is the origin and fountain of most of the wrong doing, it would be, if we understand the proposal, beyond the power of the Commission to touch. Premier Abbott thinks that all that is necessary is the introduction and observance of business principles in the management of the Departments. Has it occurred to him that one of the first and most indispensable of business principles is that officials shall be appointed solely on their merits? Every successful manager of a great business will

insist on the power of appointing and dismissing his subordinates, realizing that thus only can he be enabled to select as foremen of the different branches of the business, and, in fact, as employees generally, thoroughly capable and trustworthy men. He knows well that upon the presence of such men, more even than upon the most complete system, depends the efficiency of the service. Does the Government propose to give their Commissioner the power of appointment and dismissal, or in any other way to abolish the baneful system of patronage? Apart from this radical change, all plans of reform, if not foredoomed to failure, must fall far short of completeness.

WILL not the honest and patriotic newspapers, on both sides, join us in advocating the abolition of patronage in the Civil Service? So radical a change can be brought about only by concurrence of Government and Opposition. But what a relief it would be to members of the Government and of Parliament? What a boon to the country generally? Till that is brought about it is idle to hope for any thorough reform in the Civil Service. But we are far from supposing that even this great reform, were it accomplished, would effectually purify the political life of the Dominion. There are other sources of corruption inherent in our present political methods which must be removed before we can hope to see the politics of the country lifted to the high plane on which every honest citizen would like to see them. Chief among these is the subsidy system, which has grown to such monstrous dimensions within the last few years. It is unnecessary, even had we space, to describe it at length. Every reader knows what it is and how it is worked; knows, too, how it is tainting and demoralizing the political life of the whole Dominion. It is rapidly converting whole constituencies into marketable commodities, setting them up at political auction, to be purchased by the highest subsidy-bidder. It is destroying the public spirit, never yet, alas! so strong as it should be, of the people of the Provinces. No wonder that an influential journal in the United States exclaimed, when it got a clear conception of the working of this system, that such a system would ruin any nation. It cannot be denied that under this system millions of dollars have been squandered, or embezzled; that railway charters have been made merchandize of; that individuals have been enriched at the public expense. It cannot be doubted even by the most credulous partisan that of the millions upon millions of dollars that have been expended in railways and canals, a large part has been appropriated under political pressure, or with a view to political effect, rather than with a single eye to the welfare of the Dominion. It is a hopeful sign that even the members and supporters of the Government are appalled at some of the revelations now being made, and are resolving and declaring that it is time to call a halt, and that henceforth subsidies must be voted much more carefully and sparingly. A most significant remark was that made, we think, by a Minister the other day, in defence of an appropriation for a post-office in some small place, while large towns were left without one, to the effect that that Province, or that section of the Province, had not had its share of the public money! We have no hesitation in saying that this system of voting large or small sums of money by the Parliamentary majority at the bidding of the Government, for the construction of so-called public works in various localities all over the Dominion, is far more mischievous and dangerous to political morality than even the pernicious patronage system itself. What is to be done? Is it not time that honest politicians on either side of politics were putting their hands together, resolved to find and apply a radical reform of the subsidy system?

THE census returns have diverted public attention during the week, to a considerable extent, from the investigations of the various Committees at Ottawa. There have been no new or startling developments in connection with these investigations. The Senate Committee and the Commons Committee on Privileges and Elections seem to be approaching the end of their labours. In regard to the latter, the public interest has centred mainly in the argument of Mr. Fitzpatrick, on behalf of Mr. Thomas McGreevy, and the factums presented by the other lawyers

concerned. To say nothing of the course of argument by which Mr. Fitzpatrick sought to explain away most of the alleged evidence in support of the charges against Mr. McGreevy, the admission by the advocate that his client did receive contractors' money and apply it to political purposes, and that he was the real owner of the steamer *Admiral*, is sufficient to condemn Mr. McGreevy as unworthy of public trust and unfit to be a Member of Parliament. His refusal to give to the Committee the names of those to whom this money was handed, his attempted resignation, and his refusal to obey the summons of Parliament, and his consequent flight, have, of course, sealed his political fate. Mr. Fitzpatrick's statement that "there was no one in the Committee who would have thought better of McGreevy if he had betrayed the confidence of those who had given money for political purposes and revealed their names to the Committee," suggests a question of ethics, or rather of casuistry, which we shall not attempt to decide. The practical question is what should be done in the matter to satisfy the demands of public justice. The emphasis that has been repeatedly placed on the fact, or alleged fact, that Mr. McGreevy and others who received money improperly did not use any of it for other than political purposes, as if that fact lessened their guilt, seems of itself to indicate a low standard of public morality. Premier Mercier has permitted the results of several interviews to be published, but his statements are, in every case, devoid of anything in the shape of explanation or defence in regard to the very serious charges under which he lies. Some of his utterances are remarkable as revealing either a peculiarly guileless and childlike simplicity of mind on his own part, or a touching faith in the prevalence of these traits in the minds of other people, "especially the latter," as the reader will mentally add. In the Senate Committee Hon. F. Langelier seems to have utterly failed to establish his very serious charge of "misappropriation" against the members of the former Baie de Chaleurs Railway Company. The report, or more probably reports—for it is very unlikely that the members will agree—of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, will now be looked for with anxiety.

AN incidental result of the deluge of scandals at the seat of Government is that attention is largely diverted from the regular proceedings of the House, and the newspaper reports are correspondingly meagre. The Indian policy of the Government was up on Monday, in connection with appropriations asked for this service, and some facts were brought out which will be a surprise to many. In connection with a money vote asked for the removal of the Oka Indians, the Minister of the Interior stated that the dissatisfied Indians still refuse to go to the new reserve, and that the Government could not force them to leave, the courts having decided in favour of their claims to the lands they now occupy. Mr. Dewdney added that the Government did not wish to force them to remove. This is satisfactory, though it recalls the fact that on a former occasion the Minister did attempt to force them by a threat of withholding the Government allowance from those who refused to go. That injustice public sentiment would not permit. Mr. Dewdney further stated, in reply to Mr. Charlton, that compensation was given to those who removed, for the buildings and improvements they abandoned. This seems to require explanation, as the compensation ought surely to be paid by the Seminary for whose benefit the removal is desired. That which will attract most attention, however, is the fact that out of a sum of \$6,000 expended amongst the Indians of New Brunswick, more than \$2,000 have been appropriated for the payment of salaries of clergymen or missionaries, all Roman Catholics. The Minister had the impression that these missionaries were doing a certain amount of other Indian work, and promised to look the matter up. He further stated that in Nova Scotia most of the Indian agents were Roman Catholic priests. The matter may be thought a small one, but the principle involved is important, the more so as in the North-West large sums are being paid to missionaries of various denominations for educational work, in violation of a well understood and very necessary rule in Canadian politics. The question is whether the time has not come when the Government should make provision for the compulsory education of all the Indian children of school age in the North-West, leaving the various religious societies to carry on their missionary work on the purely voluntary principle, which commends itself to the people of Canada. This is the direction in which the Indian

Bureau of the United States Government is now finding it necessary to work, and it is doubtful if the Canadian Government can do better than to follow so good an example. The astonishing facts that among Indian expenditures were charges for beer and cigars, and that between 1883 and 1889 the expenditure for agricultural implements was under one treaty \$218,615, under three other treaties \$201,000 for the same purpose, and on a population of 12,000, and that during these years the total amount spent on agricultural implements and general expenses exceeded two millions of dollars, suggest the probability of a North-West Indian scandal at an early day.

PENDING the receipt of full reports from the International Workmen's Congress at Brussels it is impossible to form a reliable opinion in regard to the outcome of that great experiment. There is reason to believe that in some important respects it has been a failure, or at least has fallen far short of the results anticipated by the more sanguine of its promoters. Such meetings, nevertheless, suggest possibilities in the future which may well set serious people in all countries to thinking. Their great lack hitherto has been the want of unanimity. This seems to be due largely to the more sober and conscientious views of the British delegates. These must find it extremely difficult to work with the rabid Socialists and Anarchists of the continent. On more than one question it appears, from the meagre information to hand, that the Conservative counsels and votes of the British delegates prevented the international combinations which would have added tremendously to the strength of the revolutionary forces and tendencies of the Congress. In one respect only, it is said, was the necessity for international instead of national organization insisted on. This was with a view to the overthrow of militarism and the prevention of war. Of this few will be disposed to complain. Nor would it be surprising if the world's deliverance from these terrible evils should yet be accomplished through the medium of these international unions of workingmen. It is no wonder that as the working classes become more intelligent and more independent they should become the avowed enemies of the whole military system; for upon them its burden mainly rests. Theirs it is to suffer the hardships, to pay the taxes, to do the fighting and to pour out the blood, but their interests are, in most cases, but slightly involved in the results. Had the workingmen had their eyes open to their own true interests, and had they realized their own latent power and known how to develop and use it politically, wars would long since have ceased to the ends of the civilized earth.

TOUCHING the matter of workingmen's organization and influence, we are reminded of the new conditions they are introducing into the politics of the Mother Country. Late despatches tell us that in quite a number of constituencies labour candidates are to be brought out at the approaching election. To what extent this will embarrass the Liberal party, with whom they are naturally allied, does not yet appear. It is evident, however, that the presence in the ranks of any party of a number of members representing a special class, and pledged first and always to promote the legislation specially desired by that class, must give rise to considerable anxiety, and may at any moment become a source of weakness and danger. The condition is, however, unavoidable and will have to be faced. It is an inevitable result of the extension of the franchise, as that extension itself was and is an inevitable result of the spirit of the times, and the spread of intelligence among the masses. The only wise course for the so called "ruling classes," destined not much longer to rule, is to "educate their masters" as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. As a matter of fact, one of the hopeful features of the situation is the rapidity with which the workingmen are educating themselves. Their unions and other organizations are most efficient schools, many of themselves are apt scholars, and some of the men who figure as leaders in these societies are becoming the equals in general intelligence and trained brain power of many who have long been accustomed to look down upon them from a height of fancied superiority. An illustration was afforded at the recent pan-Congregational Council in England. The reports of the papers which paid special attention to the meetings seem to be pretty well agreed that the most interesting and influential of all the meetings were those at which social and economic questions were discussed, and that at one of the most important of these meetings, when Ben Tillett was placed on the platform

beside such well-known orators and sociologists as Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Gladstone, the labour representative and late champion of the striking dockmen, delivered the most effective speech of the evening. But it can be readily understood and believed that labour representatives in Parliament can hardly be counted on as reliable party men. They may in fact yet prove as disturbing a force in party politics as the Irish Home Rulers have been.

WHEN the opium question was under discussion by the British Parliament and people a few months since, we did not hesitate to express our sympathy with Sir Joseph Pease and others like-minded, who were striving to induce the Government and nation to do what is now in their power to atone for the great national iniquity of having forced this destructive drug upon the Chinese, in spite of the most determined resistance, diplomatic and military, which that deeply wronged nation was able to offer. Recalling, probably, our remarks upon the question, some kind friend has sent us some marked copies of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, one of which has an elaborate article, of more than three columns in length, in defence of the policy and practice of the Indian Government. This article is devoted largely to pointing out the immense loss which would result to the Indian exchequer were the views of the British philanthropists to prevail. After describing somewhat fully the relation of the Government of India to the cultivation and sale of the plant, the main facts in regard to which have already been briefly set forth in our columns, the *Pioneer* goes on to picture the results that would follow from a surrender of this profitable monopoly. The loss of the six crores of net revenue now derived from this source would, it avers, plunge the Indian finances into hopeless disorder, if not the country into absolute insolvency:—

Every sort of improvement must be abandoned; railway construction must come to a check; popular education must stand still; roads and public buildings must be allowed to lapse into disrepair and ruin; the provision now made in prosperous years for relief in time of famine will of course be swept away; the military defence of the empire must be curtailed to danger point; in fact, India, instead of being one of the best administered countries in the world, must be brought to a standstill on the road to improvement.

This is, of course, a very serious question. But that sooner or later British statesmen in India and in England will have to deal with it is morally certain. The conscience of the nation is becoming so thoroughly aroused that it will not much longer consent to have its great Indian empire depending so largely on the proceeds of iniquity. It is becoming pretty clear, moreover, that, apart from the operation of the moral forces now at work, the loss of the greater part of the opium revenue is inevitable from economic causes. Chief among these is the growing cultivation of the drug by the Chinese themselves, now that their Government is permitting home production, on the principle, probably, that they may as well share the profit from the national vice which it is beyond their power to forbid or prevent. The *Pioneer* itself tells us that the revenue derived from opium by the Indian Government has fallen from eight and a-half crores estimated for 1891-92. "Inclusive of the excise on home-consumed opium," it says, "the revenue may be said to have dropped from nine crores to six, or thirty-three per cent." But from the point of view of those who are waging war, with so much determination and promise of success, upon the Indian opium monopoly, the main question is one not of finance but of ethics. However sentimental, Quixotic, or transcendental such a view may seem to politicians of the stamp of the *Pioneer* writer, there can be no doubt that to the better classes, including, it may be hoped, a large majority of the British people, there can be no counterpoise or compromise between the money and the morality considerations. The traffic which is wrong, degrading and demoralizing in its very nature, and in its whole tendency, cannot be justified to the national conscience by any considerations of expediency whatever. That conscience, once thoroughly aroused, will find a way out, or make one, as it did in the matter of negro slavery sixty years ago.

WHILE we refuse to accept the financial as an offset to the moral argument, there are other points in the *Pioneer's* article which deserve consideration. Amongst these the plea that the Government has taken "stringent measures to check the consumption of the drug in those parts of India in which it threatened to become excessive," with the result that not more than one in 500 of the popu-

lation is addicted to the practice, is certainly poor justification for encouraging or forcing the trade in China, where, according to the *Pioneer's* own "lowest estimate," the consumption is proportionately fifteen times greater, and the victims may be assumed, therefore, to number one in thirty-three of the whole population. (This must surely be an excessive estimate, but it is a fair arithmetical deduction from the *Pioneer's* statement that while in India the consumption is but thirty-two chests to the million of population, it is at least 475 chests to the million in China.) Equally futile is the argument drawn from comparing the India Government's derivation of a revenue from the control of the opium trade with that of the British Government from control of the liquor traffic. In the first place, the abstainers, now becoming formidable, will protest that two wrongs can never make a right. In the second place, if any reliance can be placed upon the evidence—we will not say of the missionaries and other philanthropists, at whom the *Pioneer* unmercifully sneers—but, of such men as Sir George Staunton, Sir Thomas Wade, Mr. Bruce and other distinguished British officials and diplomats, the opium habit is so much more destructive to every higher attribute of humanity than the most excessive use of intoxicating drink, that all comparisons must fail. But the most noteworthy point in the *Pioneer's* ardent defence is its contention that "there is not now and never has been since Lord Elgin's treaty of Tientsin in 1858 any sort of coercion or even pressure exercised by the British Government on the Chinese in the matter of opium"; that when, subsequently, the customs tariff was settled by a Convention, "the Chinese members of that Convention acted of their own free will"; that "similar forbearance was exercised at the time of the Chefoo Convention in 1876, Sir R. Alcock and Sir J. Wade both being as scrupulous as had been Lord Elgin, not to force the opium traffic on the Chinese Government against its will"; and that the additional article of the Chefoo Convention, ratified in 1886, provided that after the expiry of four years the Chinese Government should be at liberty, by giving a year's notice, to make what changes it pleases. "There is, accordingly," says the *Pioneer*, "no shadow of a pretence that the opium trade with China is now maintained for any other reason than because the Chinese and their rulers desire it." These statements afford a striking instance of the way in which words may be strictly accurate and yet seriously palter with the truth. Can the *Pioneer* forget that the first article of the Treaty of Tientsin abrogated the Supplementary Treaty of 1843, by which Britain bound herself to discourage opium smuggling, or doubt that the most important result of the Second Chinese war, in the eyes of the British Government, was the legalization of the opium traffic, under the tariff supplement to the Treaty of Tientsin? That Treaty, with its all-important supplement, is still in force. The main question, that of legalizing the importation of opium, was not raised at the Chefoo Convention, but only the minor one of the kind and extent of internal taxation. The Chinese view of the meaning of the "Additional Article" may be inferred from the dying words of the Marquis Tseng, the very man who drew it up, "We are not free." The Chinese may be in error, not understanding the advance of British sentiment during the last thirty years, but there can be little doubt that the question asked a few years since by the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, "Would not the demand for a prohibition treaty with Great Britain bring on a third opium war?" represented the prevailing opinion in Chinese Government circles, whether the declaration of Sir Rutherford Alcock, one of the framers of the Chefoo Convention, that "if they (the Chinese) were to say, 'we decline to admit opium,' . . . they must be prepared to fight for it," correctly represents the present feeling in British Government circles or not.

THE capture of Valparaiso by the Congressional forces has, in all probability, ended the civil war which has been going on in Chili for the last six or seven months. It is so difficult to get accurate and reliable information in regard to events in the South American Republics that one never feels very sure that he understands the real merits of such an affair as this. There can be little doubt, however, that the struggle was the outcome of President Balmaceda's overweening and unpatriotic ambition. It is apparently true that in claiming the right to nominate his successor he was within the letter of the Constitution. But that extraordinary constitutional provision is evidently of such a nature as to admit and almost invite flagrant abuse. Such abuse seems to have been attempted by

Balmaceda, in the nomination of one who would have been but a mere puppet in his hands, and through whom he could have carried out his traitorous designs. On being thwarted by Congress he seems to have resorted unhesitatingly to arbitrary and unscrupulous measures to carry out his designs, and all through the struggle to have played the part of an unprincipled and cruel tyrant, relying on his control of the army for success. The fact that the victory of the insurgents was the signal for the destruction of his palace by the mob, and an attempt to seize or do violence to his person, appears to show that he had no hold on the confidence or affection of his fellow-citizens, but had retained his ascendancy over them by tyrannical means. It is possible, however, that the city may have been divided in sentiment, in which case the defeat of his forces would give the opposing faction an opportunity to wreak their vengeance. Still, if one-fourth of the reports that reached the outside world from time to time concerning Balmaceda's violent and cruel conduct, not only his fellow-countryman but the world may be congratulated upon his overthrow. So far, reports indicate that the victorious generals have held their troops well in hand and are showing praiseworthy moderation. However, the presence of war-vessels representing the various powers may have had much to do with this. We may, at least, hope that the Congressional leaders will justify their brave and determined and now victorious course, by reestablishing the Government on a strictly constitutional basis at the earliest opportunity, and that the country may now enter upon a career of permanent peace and progress.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

IN dealing with such an important question as political morality, the writer recognizes shortcomings that hardly justifies the expression of opinions on his part, but when the public conscience is so thoroughly aroused as it is in Canada to-day the opportunity should not be lost to enquire whither are we drifting? for Canadians who know no soil but their own, who love their country because it is their own, may fairly ponder over their probable future if political corruption continues to be recognized as part of their political system. The exposures which the census year of 1891 has brought to light shows that if we want to make ourselves respected or that if we want to respect ourselves we must put down with a strong hand the system of raising money out of the resources which the Governments have it in their power to grant or withhold in order to keep themselves in power.

In this art there is a disposition to yield the palm to the Province of Quebec, but this is not just; although the revelations before the Senate Committee have astounded everyone at the magnitude of the sums abstracted from the public treasury and the disposal of them, they only differ in their degree of boldness, and not in the principle adopted. We are not educating our public men to be statesmen, but to be politicians, and the ultimate effect of that policy is but too apparent, because it is to our public men that we have to look for the guardianship of the integrity and welfare of the country.

Since the New Year dawned three distinct public acts on the part of Canadian Governments have been the subject of enquiry. In Ottawa the Tarte committee has exposed to view a system of converting the public treasury into a fund to be used for corrupt purposes. In Quebec the Senate Committee has exposed the most unblushing appropriation of public moneys the ultimate disposal of which was for private advantage. In Manitoba the Provincial Government attempted to legalize a fund which was interpreted by a leading public journal to be a fund created for corrupt purposes, a charge which the courts of the Province of Manitoba on two separate occasions held to be justifiable. In the Province of Ontario, which has attained an enviable reputation for the successful management of its affairs, it is currently reported that the brewers and license holders are systematically levied upon for the purpose of extracting an election fund for favours granted, which, if true, marks a downward step in the political life of the chief Province of the Dominion.

All this is not a system by which patriotic individuals are induced to assist their friends in the incidental expenses attendant on public life, but an organized system of exchanging public favours for pecuniary support, which has the effect of placing a floating vote, that is amenable to the corrupt influence of money, in a position to sway the destinies of the country at the dictation of a Government, and if the system becomes an acknowledged system, it will cease to be a question of, what is public opinion? but what amount will it take to sway the balance that gives effect to public opinion? Having educated our people up to that standpoint, the country may in the future fall an easy prey to the exigencies of a Government who hold lightly the value of the constitution which the people have inherited as a birthright.

We may take the history of unhappy Poland as a warning and example of the sacrifice of national dignity and national independence through corrupt influences—an empire which numbering many millions of a population that stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea, once pow-

erful, independent and glowing with patriotism, fell through the corrupting influences of its rulers, became dismembered, and since its fall it has been an easy prey to foreign nations, who have cut and carved it at their will.

It is from the lessons of history that we must learn to guide ourselves if we would preserve our own country in its dignity and independence. We must not overlook the fact that we have as a neighbour a powerful and wealthy nation embodying two political forces which affect us; they are at present latent, but might at any time spring into life as active forces, one is the Monroe doctrine of the manifest destiny of this continent, and the other is the commercial absorption of this continent under the extreme protective views that at present prevail. To either of these forces we might be compelled to succumb if we train ourselves to recognize that money is a potent factor in an electoral campaign. It is desirable to realize that the welfare of Canada, that the welfare of this continent, can be best promoted by maintaining ourselves free from the entangling influences of our neighbours, who have already a large country to control and govern; and this can only be done by erecting such safeguards over ourselves as will tend to preserve the franchise of the people pure, and as the Honourable Mr. Blake says: "Whatever we do, do with our eyes open," and let us not run the risk of being caught in a foreign trap. It is only necessary for Canadians to realize that there is danger in the political methods of the day, both morally and politically, to put on the brakes and abandon what had come to be recognized by many as a manly system of defending their political principles.

To wash our dirty linen in public is one of the penalties we have to pay as a nation when we abandon the path of rectitude, but it has to be so cleansed if we would purify ourselves, although a leading merchant remarked that, if such revelations as have come to light were common, we might fear for the debasing effect on our young men and upon their business connections, and when one newspaper as was lately the case openly advised its friends to take money from their opponents, but not to vote in accordance with the terms of the bribe, we may well pause and contemplate the downward path of political life. If left to their own will untrammelled by sinister forces, Canadians may be trusted to govern their country well, and it is safer to trust to their patriotism than to any organization which the purse strings are supposed to perfect. "All gone in boodle," was an expression extracted before the Senate Committee of enquiry; with men's wages unpaid and banks striving to get their own, and should ever the nation's dishonour cause its demise, "all gone in boodle" will be the epitaph.

C. A. BOULTON.

August 24, 1891.

ADVENTURE IN CANADA—1760-1761.

CANADA, from the time of the landing of Jacques Cartier down to the conquest by the British in 1759-1760, has been written up by French authors in a manner and with an emphasis which does honour to the French nation. The incidents of travel and adventure during that most interesting period have, by the forethought and care of Jesuit missionaries and explorers, been preserved to us in pages of burning eloquence by these most worthy pioneers in the cause of science and religion. When we look back and think of the difficulties with which they had to contend, we stand appalled at the courage, wisdom, self-sacrifice and perseverance of those men, as it were, opening up a new world. The almost impenetrable forests of Canada, the home of the Indians, the bear, the wolf, and other beasts of prey, to men less determined and less persevering, would have presented insuperable obstacles to progress and civilization. The early explorers cared for none of these things; they left behind them a noble example to be followed by those who were destined to succeed them in similar enterprises, but under another flag.

No sooner had the Union Jack superseded the Tricolour than Britons, inspired with a love for adventure and keen for the activities of commerce, appear on the scene, armed for a conflict with the resistances of nature and the oppositions of civilized and semi-civilized man.

When in August, 1760, the French fort of "De Levi," a few miles below Oswegatchie, surrendered to the British, General Amherst continued his voyage down the St. Lawrence to attack Montreal. Not only was there lost in the voyage down the rapids below Lake Francis, called the Rapids-des-Cédres, several boats loaded with provisions and military stores, together with upwards of a hundred men, but a British trader suffered the loss of three boats loaded with merchandise, and saved his own life only by gaining the bottom of one of his boats, which lay among the rock shelves and from which he was extricated by one of the General's aides-de-camp.

Nothing daunted, this Briton, immediately after surrender of Montreal, proceeded to Albany, procured a quantity of goods, intending to carry them to Montreal and dispose of them in the new market opened up to British adventure. His immediate design was, however, frustrated by the early setting in of winter; he was only able to reach Fort-de-Levi, now given the name of Fort William Augustus by the English, when he found it necessary to dispose of his stock, finding ready purchasers in the officers and soldiers of the garrison. The goods being got rid of, the adventurer was still determined to get to Montreal if it were possible to do so. It was in the month of January, and, as he tells us himself, "the journey was to be performed through a country inhabited only by

Indians and by beasts of the forest, and which presented to the eye no other change than from thick woods to the broad surface of a frozen river."

With the aid of snow shoes and a guide the trader was enabled to reach the head of the Long Sault rapids, that part of the stream being unfrozen. Here the guide discovered a bark canoe, which had been left on the shore in the beginning of winter by some Indian wayfarers. This was seized upon by the guide, who, with his master, betook themselves to the canoe, got wrecked on an island, again committed themselves to the wrecked craft and finally "completed the voyage with success, but sitting all the way in six inches of water."

The adventurer to whom I have alluded was Alexander Henry, who, it will be seen further on, was concerned in most thrilling incidents at the time of the first occupation of Canadian territory by the British after the conquest.

Mr. Henry, in his journal, not only describes to us how he narrowly escaped death by the flood on this voyage to Montreal, but he also shows how near he came being a victim to the tomahawk of the Indians whom he met on his journey, and only escaped death by the friendly interposition of an Indian woman, who ascribed the Indians' fury to potatoes of fire-water.

We learn from the description of this journey from Oswegatchie or Ogdensburgh to Montreal, that at this period all that part of the region to the St. Lawrence was a dense forest. It will be interesting to follow Mr. Henry in some of his other travels, if for no other purpose than to get an insight into the condition of Canada in its inceptive stage as a British Province, its topographical aspect and in its relation to the Indians and to the settlers, who had been suddenly called upon to change their allegiance from the Crown of France to the Crown of England.

It will be in the recollection of the reader that the French during their undisturbed occupation of the country had established major trading posts all along the border of what has since become the United States in order to secure the trade of the Indians to the north and west of the great lakes. The most prominent of these above-mentioned were Catarqui, Niagara, Detroit and Michilimackinac. When Mr. Parkman in his most valuable work, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," takes us to the scenes of that most redoubtable warrior's conflicts and treacheries, he takes us by the route of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes.

It is well, however, to be reminded that the French in their occupation of Canada had provided themselves with quite another and different route to the great west and north for the purpose of controlling the Indian trade of those regions so rich in the peltries and products of the chase.

The Ottawa route, as it was called, was in constant use by the traders of Montreal in the French days as a way of transporting goods from Montreal to the trading posts on the upper lakes. The country between Montreal and Lake Huron, with the exception of about ten miles above Montreal, was a wilderness. Nevertheless all along the route of the Ottawa the French had way or trading posts for the convenience of voyagers using the river as a highway to the lake of the Hurons. The usual mode of transportation of goods was by bark canoes, thirty-one and a-half feet long and four and a-half feet wide.

There were, as a rule, eight men assigned to each canoe; and to every three or four canoes, which constituted a brigade, there was a guide or conductor. The freight of a canoe usually consisted of sixty pieces or packages of merchandise of the weight of from ninety to a thousand pounds, and provisions to the amount of one thousand pounds. The whole weight of goods, provisions and the eight men to man the canoe exceeded eight thousand pounds, or it may be said averaged four tons.

Henry, on the 3rd of August, 1761, sent his brigade of canoes from Montreal to Lachine (nine miles) to avoid the Lachine Rapids, and on the following morning embarked with them for Michilimackinac, the old French fort and trading post of the straits that lead from Lake Huron into Lake Michigan. In a short time the brigade reached the rapids and carrying place of Saint Anne, two miles below the upper end of the Island of Montreal.

Saint Anne's was considered to be the starting point from civilization to savage life, and it was here that the voyageurs went to confession and prayed for the intercession of Saint Anne, the patroness of the Canadians, whom they considered to be ever with them in their voyage and who watched over them till their return.

Setting out from Saint Anne's in the morning, Henry and his brigade had at noon reached the Indian Mission of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, situated on the north bank of the Lake des Deux Montagnes, or Lake of Two Mountains. There seems to have been an Indian village at this place, or rather two villages, Algonquin and Iroquois, each of which contained as many as an hundred souls.

Henry relates that there was a "Long Sault" of the Ottawa as well as a "Longue Sault" of the St. Lawrence, and that at fourteen leagues above the Longue Sault of the Ottawa he reached a French fort or trading-house surrounded by a stockade; that at three leagues further on he reached Hare River, which descended from the north, and here he passed another trading-house; and that a few leagues still higher on the south bank there was the mouth of a river four hundred yards wide, and which fell into the Ottawa perpendicularly from the edge of a rock forty feet high. The appearance of this fall procured for it the name of the *Rideau* or *Curtain*, and that hence the river was called the *Rideau* or *Rivière du Rideau*.

The next fall met by Henry was at three leagues above the fall of the Rideau, and that was that of "La Grande Chaudière," or the great kettle, familiarly known at the present day as the Chaudière Falls, and are now within the City of Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion of Canada. Some description of those falls may be given as they appeared to the trader Henry in 1761. He says: "Here on the north side of the river is a deep chasm running across the channel for about two hundred yards from twenty-five to thirty feet in depth and without apparent outlet. In this receptacle a large portion of the river falls perpendicularly with a loud noise and amid a cloud of spray and vapour, but embellished from time to time with the bright and gorgeous rainbow. The river at this place is a mile in width."

What a grand sight the approach to those falls must have been in these far off days. Surrounded by an immense, dense and almost impenetrable forest, the voyager meets a sheet of water descending, as it were, from the clouds, lashing the watery element into white foam,

The yeasty waves confounding and
Swallowing navigation up.

Here a portage of a quarter of a mile had to be made to reach the upper level of the tumultuous stream. That reached, another stretch of three miles carried the party to the second Chaudière; here another portage, and then a third Chaudière fall were reached. This latter fall was sometimes called the "Portage des Chenes." This latter name was derived from the oak trees covering the face of the portage. This portage was half a mile in length, level, and of an agreeable aspect. Overcoming this portage of thirty-six miles before they came to another carrying place. They found the current of the Ottawa there scarcely perceptible, and the lands on either side high and the soil good. This run of water was called Lake des Chaudières, from the falls below. At the head of the Lake des Chaudières they found that they had to make another portage over high, uneven rocks to reach the upper water. This portage was called the Portage des Chats. At the distance of a mile above the portage a beautiful sight presented itself. The ridge of rock crossing the stream occasioned not only one but numerous falls, separated from each other by islands. Seven openings presented themselves to the eye, along a line of two miles, which, at the point indicated, is the breadth of the river. At each opening was a fall of water of about thirty feet in height, and which, from the whiteness of the foam, might have been mistaken for a snow-bank. Above for six miles the current was strong. To overcome the difficulties of this part of the navigation, the canoes first carried one-half of their loading, and at a second trip, the remainder.

Above the islands the river is six miles in width, and was called the "Lake des Chats." The lake so called was thirty miles long.

On Lake des Chats, Henry's brigade met several Indians returning from their winter's hunt to their village, at the Lake des Deux Montagnes. With them he traded provisions in exchange for maple sugar and beaver skins. The Indians who had left Montreal before the surrender of that place by the French to the English, having learned of enquiry that Henry was an Englishman, in their peculiar expressive way observed, "that the English were mad in their pursuit for beaver, since they could thus expose their lives for it." "For," added they, "the upper Indians will certainly kill him," meaning Henry.

Above the Lake des Chats are the channels of the Grand Calumet, lying amid numerous islands, and about twenty miles in length.

It will give some idea of the difficulties attending a voyage of this nature just to refer to the portages necessary to be made, and which were made at this place. We give Mr. Henry's own relation, he says: "In this distance of twenty miles there are four carrying places, besides three or four décharges, or discharges, which are places where the merchandise only is carried, and are therefore distinguishable from portages or carrying places, where the canoe itself is taken out of the water and transported on men's shoulders. The four carrying places, included in the channels, are short, with the exception of one, called the Portage de la Montagne, at which, besides its length, there is an acclivity of a hundred feet. On August the 10th we had reached the Portage du Grand Calumet, which is at the head of the channels of the same name, and which name is derived from the *pierre a Calumet*, or pipe stone, which here interrupts the river, occasioning a fall of water. This carrying place is long and arduous, consisting in a high steep hill, over which the canoe cannot be carried by less than twelve men. The method of carrying the packages, or pieces, as they are called, is the same as that of the Indian women, and which, indeed, is not peculiar, even to them. One piece rests and hangs upon the shoulder, and is laid a second, which usually falls into the hollow of the neck, and assists the head in support of the burden."

It has been truly said that the ascent of this carrying place was not more fatiguing than the descent was dangerous; in performing it accidents often occurred, producing strains, ruptures and injuries for life.

On the 14th August, Henry and his party reached a trading post, or house, surrounded by a stockade, which had been built by the French, and at which the quantity of peltries received was once not inconsiderable.

Above this trading post at the rapids, called Des Amu-

ettes, were two carrying places, above which is the *rivière*, called by the English, Deep River, twenty-six miles in length. Above the River Creuse were two carrying places, of the length of half a mile each, called the Portages des Deux Joachins, and at fifteen miles further, at the mouth of the River Du Moine, there was another fort, or trading-house, where was a small encampment of Indians, with whom Henry bartered different articles of furs.

Before reaching the Mattawa, or, as described by Charlevoix, Mataouan (the Mattawa), the Henry brigade had to make two portages. First, that of Portage-du-Rocher-Capitaine, a carrying place of three-quarters of a mile in length, mountainous, rocky and wooded only with stunted pine and spruce, and second, the Portage des Deux Rivieres, so called from the two small rivers by which it is intersected.

The writer, from a personal visit to the Upper Ottawa, the Deep River and the portage "Des Deux Joachins," made some twenty years ago, can speak of the scenery in that direction as most sublime. If sublime now, what must it have been in its wilderness state when Henry ascended the river in 1761? At the present time, comfortable steamers carry the tourist up the Ottawa, from the decks of which may be viewed as pretty scenery as exists anywhere in the Dominion of Canada. At the time of my visit we had only to make two portages to reach the "Portage Des Deux Joachins," and I believe the voyage may now be made without a single transfer.

The Matawan River referred to is computed to be between forty and fifty miles in length; in some parts 100, and in other parts fifty yards wide. There were fourteen very rough and difficult carrying places in the ascent of this stream. Before reaching Lake Nipissingue, Henry had an opportunity of observing the cleverness of the beaver in building beaver-houses and dams. On the 26th August he reached the Portages à la Vase, three in number, and each two miles in length. In passing one of the beaver-dams *en route*, his men broke the dam and let off enough water to float his brigade of canoes down a stream, which would not otherwise have been navigable.

A short distance above the Portages à la Vase is the height of land, on one side of which the rivers flow into the Lake Nipissingue and thence into Lake Huron, on the other side into the Ottawa. Lake Nipissingue, in the older time, and, for that matter, in modern times also, has been celebrated for its fish, the waters abounding in black bass, sturgeon, pike and other fish. Among the pike is to be included the species bearing the Indian name of *masquinongé*.

Lake Nipissingue is 200 miles above Montreal, and about 150 miles in circumference. On this lake Henry met with a large number of Indians plentifully supplied with a large quantity of animals of the surrounding country, the beaver, the marten, the caribou and reindeer.

The conformation of the land satisfied him that in the progress of time there had been great subsidence, so much so, that in his imagination he anticipated an era at which even the banks of Newfoundland might be left bare.

From Lake Nipissingue the voyageurs descended in their canoes through many rapids, and not without danger to barque and men, the River Des Français, or, as it is called in English, French River, to Lake Huron, which they reached on the 31st of August, thus occupying the time of twenty-six days in making their voyage from Lachine to Lake Huron.

The party, nothing daunted, continued their voyage in their frail canoes over the billows of Lake Huron, heading for Michilimackinac, the place of their destination, doing some trading with the Indians on their way, who, when they learned that Henry was an Englishman, did not hesitate to tell his men that the Indians at Michilimackinac would not fail to kill him; that they would plunder his cargo, and that they would have a right to a share of the pillage.

The hostility of the Indians was exclusively against the English whom they regarded as their enemies. For two centuries the Indians of Canada had been accustomed to deal with the French, the first masters of the country; they could not reconcile it to their belief that they should acknowledge any other sovereignty. The French in the eyes of the Indians had treated them well, purchasing their furs and Indian commodities, bountifully supplying them with presents and had in so many other ways attached the natives to their order that to break the bond seemed impossible. The Englishman going to Michilimackinac with goods was looked upon as an invader and treated as such.

It may be mentioned here that Michilimackinac is an Indian name and signifies "a great turtle." Michi or Missi signifies great, and Mackinac, turtle; thus we have Michilimackinac, or great turtle. The Fort of Michilimackinac is on the main land and two leagues from the Island of Michilimackinac.

When Henry reached the island he found there a camp of about one hundred Indians of the Chipeway tribe. These Indians were very suspicious of their visitor and it was not without considerable difficulty that he secured permission to pass on to the fort. In order to accomplish his purpose he was obliged to disguise himself as a French Canadian half-breed, at least as far as a cloth passed round his middle, a shirt hanging loose, a blanket coat, and a large red milled worsted cap would enable him to do so.

From the island the brigade, headed by Henry, as soon as possible made their way to the fort. Here he found a colony of Indians and French Canadians; the French Canadians of the fort were more hostile than the Indians.

being jealous of English traders penetrating into the country. Of the vicissitudes of fortune that attended Henry while he was in Michilimackinac, I do not propose to speak in this paper. The story of the massacre of the English at the fort and of Henry's wonderful escape and rescue from death has been so well and so fully told by Parkman that it would be presumptuous in me to seek to add anything to his relation. Suffice it to say that as many as seventy of the English soldiery of the fort were treacherously massacred by the Indians, and that the French Canadians did not try to stay their hands. The means employed by the Indians to gain entrance to the fort was their favourite game of Lacrosse. The ball was allowed to be thrown into the fort, and as if innocent of murderous design the Indians were allowed to enter the gates to rescue their spheroid. The history of the occurrences attending the massacre, with all its shocking details, have been so graphically written down by another pen that I pass them over as beyond the purpose of this paper which has been written more to illustrate the mode of transportation in Canada in the last century and the general state of the country, more especially that part of it extending from Montreal to Lake Huron by the Ottawa, than for any other object. I have to thank Mr. Colby Cockburn, of Toronto, a great grandson of Alexander Henry, for permitting me to peruse his journal which Mr. Cockburn preserves as a family treasure. It is by the aid of this journal that I have been able to give most of the facts related in this paper.

D. B. READ.

LOVE AND THOUGHT.

WITH silver speech, clear brow and eyes of light,
Came Thought and clasped my hand and led me on
Into the darkness: where, when we had gone
With flying feet far down the lonely night,
Ere yet his beacon turrets rose in sight,
E'en while their distant cressets dimly shone,
A sudden terror fell my heart upon:
That Love, my master Love, was slain outright.

Our onward course we held until the grey
Of morning glimmered on the clouds above;
The high, wide portal past, he led the way:
And then—as 'twere the rustling of a dove,
A low, cool laugh—and, in bright rose of day,
There at my right hand smiling—there was Love!

J. H. BROWN.

OTTAWA LETTER.

A CANDIDATE capable of stealing or bribing to obtain an examination paper is not likely to make the sort of civil servant the country wants. For some time past the examiners have had suspicions that underhand play was going on, notwithstanding all their precautions to prevent their papers from being obtained beforehand; but, beyond disquieting hints, no evidence could be had till lately. Now it turns out that an elaborate conspiracy existed whereby the papers for the promotion examinations of mail clerks were copied in the Government printing office. The investigation has disclosed all but the actual means of copying resorted to, which is supposed to be by aborthand writing, apparently the only thing left out of the calculation when the complicated system of supervision of the confidential printing was devised. The wretched state of affairs in the Printing Bureau under Mr. Senecal's management adds to the uneasy feeling that other Departments than the Post Office may have suffered in this way. Mr. Senecal's own opinion of his management by no means agrees with that just expressed. In the Printing Bureau he has indeed erected a monument to himself more lasting than brass dogs. Even Mr. Arnoldi could not have given such a delightfully audacious interpretation of the Civil Service Act as does Mr. Senecal in his letter of farewell to the Public Accounts Committee. That tyrannous statute forbids extra pay, but it cannot, says Mr. Senecal, prevent "testimonials of esteem and of cordial relations from friend to friend." Several witnesses testified to "testimonials." Mr. Senecal thoughtfully saved his friends the trouble of searching for something appropriate by suggesting cash commissions of ten per cent. It is most unfortunate that this form of testimonial does not permit of the usual inscription testifying to the esteem and cordial relations which prompt it. A sensitive nature like Mr. Senecal's could hardly be expected to stand the rude shock of appearing before a committee which is neither capable of appreciating the services he has rendered his country nor of understanding his delicacy of feeling. He has therefore felt that his doctor's orders must no longer be disregarded. Reminding the committee gently that

He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay,

he has excused himself from further attendance upon them, and, as is the fashionable thing for witnesses wanted at Ottawa to do, has gone to the seaside. How totally incapable some people are of entering into the feelings of others is shown by the fact that he has actually been summoned to the Bar of the House to explain this departure. The revelations as to his dealings with firms supplying the Printing Bureau are getting worse and show that the total amount received by him must be very large. The charge is rather implied than made that Senecal had something beyond his own pocket in view, that the Conservative

election fund of that portion of the Province of Quebec which is in Mr. Chapleau's particular care, benefited by the transactions. As the evidence stands, however, there is no proof of this, but in one of the stormy scenes which are of such frequent occurrence in the Committee rooms, Mr. Lister threatened to bring matters close home to the Secretary of State before he had finished the investigation. The Privileges and Elections Committee have named a sub-committee of five to draft a report, but as this is all the progress that has been made in a week, and at such a rate the Greek Kalends will have arrived before the report itself is ready and adopted by the majority. That Sir Hector is to be whitewashed is a long foregone conclusion. The scapegoat, Mr. McGreevy, has fled to the mountains—the White Mountains—and is said to have stated that he would like to come back and tell his own story on his own account, but having been trusted by other people to say nothing, will carry out his promises.

Meanwhile the session drags on. Confident people speak of prorogation by the 20th of this month. It is understood that the Opposition have made about as much political material out of their investigations as they want, and that no very great length of time would suffice to wind these up and discuss the results in the House; so that there is really only the Tarte-Langevin matter to cause delay, unless the Printing Bureau scandal goes on developing. The Government evidently feel the importance of giving the Opposition a free rein and of avoiding the slightest chance of making the country think there is a desire to stop enquiry. But a Government has also the duty of being firm in the right time and place, and of guarding against the other danger of an excited public feeling, mistaking the exaggerated and distorted statements which are going all over the world for sober truth. Had the Interior Department irregularities, the Arnoldi and Senecal rascalities, and the other occurrences which have been blazoned in head lines—had these occurred at any other time than just after Sir John Macdonald's death and during the pendency of the Langevin-McGreevy enquiry, they would have been enquired into in one-tenth of the time they have already occupied, and would never have been allowed to blacken Canada's credit at home and abroad by the imputation that public life and public officers in the Dominion are what a certain class of politicians aver.

However things may be apparently drifting under no control so far as the Committee Rooms are concerned, the work of the House goes on systematically and steadily. There has been enough legislation lately, most of it useful, some of it important, to bring the Deputy Governor down for the fourth time this session to give the Royal Assent. And the Estimates have been progressing so fast that the Opposition evidently think it necessary to do a little obstruction, so as to leave them opportunity for want of confidence motions on "going into Supply." The contract for the wood used as fuel in "the Buildings" took up a whole sitting. A contractor, who is a "Chevalier," also perhaps deserves this special consideration, but Mr. Heney, locally known as "Honest John," probably appreciates it less than he does the contract. Mr. McMullen, famous for knowledge of detail, had been literally looking into this wood pile, but the proverbial nigger eluded him. The tug *John Heney* may be seen sometimes on the Canal towing the barge *Sir Hector*, an allegory dear to Grit expositors.

The Conservative caucus was a gathering at which Mark Tapley would have felt quite at home, so great was the enthusiasm and so small apparently the occasion for rejoicing. That the majority are holding solidly together is quite evident from the tone displayed by all after the meeting, which was probably intended more to bring them together than to formulate any plan of action. The only dissatisfaction which finds expression is that of Members from the distant Provinces who find it a severe task to remain at the Capital, ready at all times for the sound of the division bell, while most of the Ontario and Quebec men get away from Friday night to Tuesday, and can risk the chances of a day's absence without a pair if they want to go home during the week. The Opposition tactics just now are the well worn dodges of tiring the Ministerialists out so as to score a series of lessening majorities to be proudly pointed out as evidence of waning support, and of "piling on the agony" in the shape of charges against the Administration. It is rumoured that the Deputy Speaker is to be the next object of attack. Not that Mr. Bergeron does not fill the chair to everybody's satisfaction; he does that literally in all senses, a little too much good nature being perhaps his only fault. What his political shortcomings may be is not yet known.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy is once more *en evidence*. His return was opportunely too late for the North West Territories question, but it is looked upon as a factor in the readjustment of the Cabinet, which must take place soon after the session ends.

The results of the census were a distinct dampener to all but the most ardent Grits. There is reason to believe, however, that the statements yet to come will show that if the population has not increased in the anticipated ratio, the actual wealth of the Dominion has increased beyond expectation, and the individual Canadian will therefore be theoretically a richer man than he was ten years ago. Whether he will be more contented thereat is another question. It is tolerably certain that the Opposition will find him reason in it to grumble at the Government and to deprecate "combines." The frosts in the North-West, which happily have proved to have affected

the wheat crop much less severely than the first reports stated, recall Sir John Macdonald's famous electioneering joke that "the weevil came in with the Grits." The political Jonahs find much material for prophecy just now.

It is rather hard to understand from the newspapers just what the Senate Committee have established about the Baie des Chaleurs Railway job. To believe the local organs would be to believe contradictories from the same premises, each side finding a glaring scandal exposed and the opposite party's bubble pricked. The truth seems to be that as there was no getting over the facts of Mr. Pacaud's little operation and the Quebec Government's share in it, a bold game of bluff was tried by their counsel, who looks more to the presentation of assertions to the French voter than to the feasibility of making a plausible case before the Senate. The investigation of the charge against the old directorate that they had embezzled subsidies due to their contractors, resulted in Mr. Langelier's witness proving just the contrary. The company, it seems, got a portion of the work done for them for \$118,000 less than the subsidies received for it. There is nothing criminal in that. The consequent question whether the railway was thus made a medium for getting money out of the treasury into the shareholder's pockets depends on the actual cost of the railway. The engineers' estimates and other evidence will settle that. Mr. Robitaille has the satisfaction of having vindicated his character and of a formal acknowledgment by Mr. Langelier that the charges were not directed against him personally. The latest news is that Mr. Robert McGreevy is to be summoned to tell all he knows about the road, which, it will be remembered, he had something to say about in connection with the Tarte charges. So the Senators are really going to the bottom of the whole affair.

Mr. Foster has been kept pretty busy for some time past defending his colleagues against aspersions. Last week he was put on his own defence by Mr. Davies and Sir Richard Cartwright. The former essayed a want-of-confidence motion on the subject of the subsidies to the line of steamers from St. John, N. B., to the West Indies, charging that the Finance Minister had unduly favoured his own political friends and at the best had made a bad bargain. That Mr. Baird was one of the favoured of Foster, lent additional zest to the Opposition attack, enabling them to bring in allusions to the famous Queen's County election which caused such a fight in the last Parliament. The Government majority of twenty-six is the largest of the session, and no doubt consoled Mr. Foster amply, as he can hardly be called a popular man in politics.

Sir Richard's shot was aimed at two birds, the Departments of Finance and Railways and Canals. The issue of Governor-General's warrants for the payment of moneys not in the Estimates is supposed to be made only to meet unforeseen expenses of an unusual character. Under all Governments, however, this theory has been liberally stretched. The payment of no less than \$1,680,000 in this way last year certainly required explanation, and Sir Richard selected as the text for his homily a sum of \$300,000 expended on the Intercolonial Railway within a few weeks after the close of last session. Mr. Schreiber and his subordinates didn't know it would be wanted, and beyond that Sir Richard could not get, though he made it very evident that they ought to have known. That did not change the vote, though Sir Richard will claim in the next campaign that his argument, and not the refusal of his supporters to pair with homesick Conservatives, reduced the majority to fifteen. X.

THE RAMBLER.

THE youth of the year has fled. We feel and know it in the early morning—really early, I mean, not at half-past nine in the street-car, but five or six in the back flower-garden—where the blossoms of the *belle de nuit*, French for *Convolvulus*, remain round and full and blue or crimson till late in the day. When the ash-berries ripen from immature orange to flaming scarlet, and when an occasional yellow chestnut fan falters languidly to the ground; then we know that the end of summer is not far off. The air may seem still warm, still gracious, and a purplish haze still crown the distant hills—only this is for Toronto, just a nice literary conceit, for here we have no distant hills—but for all these signs of summer's charm, the autumn draweth on apace. And who shall say it hath not its own charm, especially to the dwellers in the cities? Autumn means the gay, glad, busy, crowding in of life and work and talents to the great centres of thought and industry, and who will deny that in the midst of toil and action we are happiest after all? No longer do the days drag wearily on, one by one, each duller and longer than its predecessor. The hours are marked off like those on Alfred the Great's candle, each bringing its duty—real or imaginary—and if these duties only be real and of importance to the race or individual, there is no better season. It is the season of hearth and home, of fireside blaze and close drawn curtain, of long, pleasant evenings around a big table. It is the season, too, of social gaieties, which may have their proper place in the unfolding of human character, and it is pre-eminently the season of the Drama and the Concert, and other means to self-improvement and increased mental cultivation. Then, too, it is the season of varied and fascinating exercise. It is possible that in our climate we allow too many of the summer days to pass without devoting them to exercise. As a

race we are apt to give out in warm weather. We fall under it, nor can we emulate the Englishman newly arrived, who, in spotless flannels and puggaree, takes a twenty mile stroll in the country in the middle of July, "to see what it is like, don't you know." As a rule, we make a terrible fuss about the heat. You see girls who can stand any amount of cold, stagger into the house, drop into a chair, and vow that they are "roasted" or "broiled"—both elegant and peculiarly Canadian forms of speech—indeed for manifesting all signs of sudden and thorough unfitness for the beautiful though certainly hot days of late July or early August. I have a suspicion that these hyperbolic ejaculations on the part of young ladyhood at large in Canada mean simply a want of self-control, and of failure to associate any pleasurable occupations with mid-summer. How would such young ladies get through a London season, it may be asked, when frequently the heat in the middle of May is in excess of what we are asked to endure later in the summer! So with the walking and skating and driving and riding—there is no reason why horse-back exercise should not continue a long way into November—the autumn takes on, not only gay, but healthful and improving aspects.

Intendant Hocquart, writing in 1737, speaking of the rural population, said: "The Canadian (French) are naturally well made and sturdy. They love to be distinguished and caressed and are extremely sensitive to contempt or the smallest punishment. They are reserved, but vindictive, and have the reputation of not being truthful. . . . They are all attached to their religion. They are, and hence they do not succeed as they might in the arts, agriculture and trade. To this must be added idleness, which is induced by the long and rigorous winter. . . . They are, generally speaking, docile enough when stimulated by a sense of honour and justly ruled, but they are naturally refractory." Afterwards the Intendant gave great praise to the women, the soldiery, the priests, and other sections of the population. His remarks are at least interesting if, perhaps, a trifle hastily coloured.

Do you remember Ivan Tourguéneff's story of a Fool? I had some ideas myself about persons who delight in a Little Authority, and would have liked to embody them in a paper called "Impressions" or something of that kind, but "Theophrastus Such" stared at me from the shelves and said I must not rush in where only one might tread, so I desisted. But I will even give the Russian's prose poem, for it appears to me to enshrine a great truth likely to be forgotten by many who are incapable of forming separate and individual opinions, whether with regard to art, or literature, or politics.

"There lived a fool in the world. For a long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumours reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot.

"Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor darkened brain, and without delay he began to execute it.

"He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten so naïf. You are behind the time!"

"His acquaintance blushed, and hurriedly agreed with the fool.

"What a beautiful book I read to-day!" another acquaintance said to him.

"Beg pardon! are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago abandoned it."

"And this acquaintance also made haste to quickly agree with the fool.

"What a marvellous man is my friend, N. N.!" said a third acquaintance to the fool.

"Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed all his relatives! Who does not know that? I pity you!"

"The third acquaintance did as the others, and forgot his friend. Whomsoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain: 'And you believe yet in authorities!'

"Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, 'but what a head!' 'And what a tongue!' added others. 'Ah! he is a man of talent!'

"It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper; and he began to beguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations.

"And now he who inveighed so much against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards!"

HE who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks.—*Herve.*

A REPUBLIC is the government of the spirit; a republic depends on the self-control of each member; you cannot make a republic out of muscles and prairies and Rocky Mountains; republics are made of the spirit.—*Sidney Lanier.*

THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

HAIL, Isle of Dreams! Is this the land of slumber?
I see such castles, cliffs, and mountains high,
And panoramic visions, and mountain
That throng the rosy regions of the sky.
All hail! I seem awake, and tower and tree,
Appear to rise from out Night's mystery,
And as the dream-morn dawns the shades take flight,
And distant peaks glow in the early light.

See in the golden rays what shapes are forming,
See gushing founts and flowers of every hue;
With birds of gorgeous plumes the air seems swarming,
And a rich rainbow spans the arch of blue.
A thousand warbling songs I stop to hear,
And well known voices now seem drawing near,
Voices so silent in past lonely years,
But now with laughter they well-nigh bring tears.

I rush to meet this vision of my dreaming,
To see the faces that I longed to see,
To clasp that form whose eyes so fondly beaming
Once made this earth a paradise to me.
Through morning's roseate beams outstretching wide
I see a dwelling by the river side.
Oh, loveliest scene to me of all on earth,
A sacred spot I view—my place of birth!

At home again! Old friends once more I'm greeting,
The loved ones whom I thought had passed away;
I thought that years had fled since our last meeting,
But now it seems if 'twas but yesterday.
This must be so, for yonder sits my sire,
And there's my sister by the cottage fire,
And here my mother comes with loving face
Once more to clasp me in her fond embrace.

My brother runs to me with arms extended,
With joyous shout that hailed me long ago.
"With joyous! he once believed his life had ended,
And felt our bursting hearts so full of woe.
What sad illusion came? His face how pale,
His ears seemed deaf to every sob or wail.
He thought they laid him in the grave at rest,
And said his spirit was among the blest.

But here we've met again! Oh blissful waking
From dire illusions of a troubled night!
Once more together side by side we're taking
Those pleasant rambles which were our delight.
How dear those favourite spots appear to me!
And yet they scarcely seem reality.
But here are rock, and stream, and clattering mill,
And that's the old grey ruin on the hill.

How strange, how strange! Yet this cannot be dreaming,
For see, I'm quite awake and walk about;
And there's our yacht with gilded pennant streaming,
Its white and shapely sails just swelling out;
There, see the shining lake and distant isle
Which on the placid water seems to smile,
And mark you eagle, high in winding flight,
Watching his shadow in the rosy light.

Oh, scenes of peace! I'd linger here forever
And basking true and loved ones always near,
No lighting sorrow heart from heart should sever,
No parting bring the eye a single tear;
But bright and joyous as a summer's day,
Our hours, and years, and lives should pass away,
And when at last came Death's chill wintry shade
Like garden flowers together we would fade.

Stay, magic Sleep! Ah, thy bright scenes are fading
Which my delighted eyes were fain to see!
There comes some spectre indistinctly shading
The outlines of each picture dream from me.
I wake from sleep and in this new-born day
I sigh to find Night's visions fade away;
They fade to teach us—sad the lesson seems—
That human life is but an isle of dreams.

Lindsay.

WM. McDONNELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BALANCE OF TRADE QUESTION, ONCE MORE RE-OPENED.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Some recent critics of the now established theory of the balance of trade would seem to be anxious to afford a little amusement to those who have given thought to the subject, which in its elements is simple.

Thomas Barton, of Montreal, does business with John Smith in London, and with William Wilkins in New York. The business has consisted only of imports into Canada, thus creating a debit against Barton, as per current account.

Barton has conceived an idea that he can pay for the goods he has had without drawing upon his slender stock of gold, for the purpose. He goes to his banker, and asks him if he will tell him how the thing can be done. He is told by that man of business that the gold will have to be paid at the usual short interval—for the good

reason that such is all the acquaintance that the foreign merchants wish to have with Canadian or other outside paper, and that it amounts, in hard fact, to sending the gold out of the country at a quite limited date. "If I reimburse you," quoth the banker, "you will have to send me, so that it amounts to exactly the same thing; and to go into the economical question, if your personality is multiplied by the number of all the traders in outside business in Canada, we have the fact brought home to us—that, as a people, if we import goods, we must pay for them, and, in order to pay for them, we must send the gold."

"But, next year," says Barton, "I intend to get John Smith and William Wilkins to take some goods of me, such as we produce in Canada. Must I pay the difference between my imports and exports in gold, as the balance is likely still to be against me?"

"What can you pay it in, except gold or promises?" asks the banker. "Well, you know the limited extent to which promises are accepted in trade, and that only gold will fulfil them. The gold has got to go when its short limit or credit interval is expired."

"But can this be said of all the traders in Canada who import with a certain offset of exports?" "I should say so, my friend! The richest merchant in Canada will be expected to pay for what he takes, and all the merchants together form the nation, in a trading point of view."

"But could not some adjustment be made between the men in London and New York and myself, so as to diminish the gold payments?" "No sir! No adjustment possible will induce John Smith of London and William Wilkins of New York to take anything but solid money for the balances due them. If the friendly Dubois of Paris should be added to your list of creditors, it will make no difference, except to make you richer in goods and poorer in gold."

"Well, if I have a good supply of gold," Barton suggests, "I should not mind that, for the gold would, in this way, be utilized in place of lying idle, whilst I should be enjoying the benefits the goods would bring me."

"Yes," says the banker, "some of those goods, at the end of the year, would have gone down the throats of yourself and friends, either in food or drink. Some would have been used up on your respective shoulders as dress, while some of the articles in hardware would be looking as if they would last many a year yet, and have been getting somewhat richer in goods by the use of your hands. But your little store of gold will have been diminishing all the time. How will you replenish it so as to carry on your trading? I take the permissible liberty of addressing you as personifying the country in its trade."

"How does England do?" asks Barton, instead of meeting the banker's question. "Does not she import far more than she exports of goods every year that passes?"

"Well, to wander from Canada's record, I will tell you, by the way, that England has so much money loaned and invested all over the world that the gold, for interest and profits, is flowing in constantly, and quite as fast as it goes out for her imports. Will not that answer satisfy you? Moreover, these foreign loans and investments of anything are increasing from year to year. Have we anything answering to that in Canada?"

"Why, no! But then we have, in some years, imported much more than we have exported to foreign countries. How have we found the gold to pay for those goods? That is what bothers me," urges Barton.

"Simply," explains the banker, "by Government and municipal and company transactions in long-dated and extensive loans on debentures, for which the gold was sent over to us—a considerable part of the excess of our imports over exports, during the years of railway construction on the great scale, being visible in the railway iron permanently placed in the great works we have been spreading over the land. When Government and municipalities and companies begin to put a check on the extension of their drafts upon the future—with corresponding present obligations—or should Canada's credit get so low that the capitalists or money-savers of the world should cease to lend—a contingency we never like to contemplate—then you will find that Thomas Barton, and all the other Bartons, will have to equalize their trading, i. e., their receipts and deliveries with the outside world, by means of goods instead of gold; and in proportion as the general corporate borrowing shall be lessened, will the accumulation of imported goods have to be contracted, or some of our traders will be apt to get into a cloud. Of public borrowing, generally, we may say that it may be considered legitimate when the profits on the working of the future railways or canals could be fairly estimated to more than cover the annual interest on the loans. Imports in excess of exports should appear as national investments of the permanent kind, while no considerations of money profit should draw our attention away from the public safety."

"But, before all things, Tom," says the Banker, "you should cease quibbling and state this question plainly. If the balance in London is against you on the year, and in New York in your favour—or reversing the conditions, as the case may be, the one, of course, can be set against the other. It is the general balance on the whole of your outside transactions for the period, which, if adverse, has created the demand for the gold paid, and of which you have on hand for future trading, as I am led to think, little enough to spare."

"That every country has to meet its adverse balance of trade with gold is as true as Euclid. Some countries get the gold in one way, and some in others, and it is interesting to enquire how each one obtains it. In our own later experience, when Canada has been flush of gold, and her traders thus enabled to meet all their engagements, the bulk, though not the whole, of the increase has been obtained through stated loans, increasing her funded debt, with its corresponding obligations—always, in her history, duly observed and honoured." Y.

PARIS LETTER.

TWO Russian flags taken at Eupatoria have been returned to the Czar. It is proposed to change the name of the Boulevard de "Sebastopol" to that of "Cronstadt"; that of the Rue de "Crimée" to "Katkoff." It is suggested to baptize the "Alma" Bridge "Cronstadt," and to conduct the Czarina and Cæsarewitch across it to the Eiffel Tower when they visit Paris in October. Liberalism would suggest for appellation the "Bridge of Sighs." The circus has coined money by introducing a guard of Cossacks in the spectacle "Jeanne d' Arc"—a departure from the unities, as the Cossacks were *une quantité négligeable* till nearly 150 years after the University of Paris condemned the pure and patriotic maid to be burned as a sorceress. Several toys have been brought out symbolical of the alliance; the pretty Russian hymn is a morceau in every programme; it is a tune, as Sheridan would say, that will "grind," so that its massacre by the barrel organs may soon be expected. One firm distributes its hand bills by men dressed in moujik costume; in some of the cafés-concerts, songstresses and waitresses appear in Muscovite toilettes; one distiller announces a new liqueur "Czarokittine," and any man wearing a fur cap or an astrakan bonnet may count on street honours.

While the Franco-English fleet hob nob at Portsmouth and Villefranche, a monster meeting of 7,000 persons was held in the *Cirque d' Hiver* here to protest against the hypocrisy of that fraternization. A resolution, supported by deputies Millevoye and Bordeau, was carried, expressing condolence with the English and Italian nations at not being masters of their destinies, while warning them not to lose a moment to change their Governments if they wished to avoid the horrors of a punishment from Russia and France. These brainracks must not be wholly pooh poohed. It was a Paris mob taking up the cry of "*A Berlin!*" uttered by that "prince of journalists," Emile de Girardin, which plunged France into the disasters of 1870-71.

Such manifestations are not the way to keep England from heading the League of Neutrals, or from eschewing the triple alliance. It would be a blessing if the alliance-*effervescence* subsided until the Portsmouth rejoicings be terminated and the English fleet has done Kiel, the Franco-Russian union will not be put to the test. As I already intimated, it is at Constantinople the diplomatic game will be played; the moment the Sultan makes up his mind—and he must do so—to select between the dual and triple alliances, then will come the tug of war. Bulgarian independence can force the hand of Russia at any moment, and to threaten England about Egypt will rally her to the central powers, for *Honor est a Nilo* still.

The "navvies" are still on strike, and show no sign of caving in. I have just attended one of their meetings at the "Labour Hall"; the men were very orderly, cool and calmly resolute. They were mostly young, strapping fellows, or men in the prime of life. They looked robust, healthy, and anything but starving. There is a kind of work that first comers cannot take up. At the fête of the Federation, duchesses with fancy wheel-barrows, and noblemen with toy pick-axes and shovels, worked—to prove their equality—at levelling the site on the Champ de Mars, but the "aristos" could not sink wells, excavate house foundations or work at railway cuttings. The carters join the navvies, so that there will be no more dust men available, and all building operations must be brought to a stand-still. The 1,200 hands in the National Printing Office, of whom 400 are women, have struck; the event has been brewing for two years. It appears that the grievances are chiefly on the side of the fair sex, and that the men, through gallantry, have joined them. The labour world follows with keen eyes the proceedings of the Brussels Social Congress, especially the progress made in the grouping of trades and their internationalization. These accomplished, and funds stored up to meet a forty days' work fast, or hold out, employés will be able to dictate any programme to capital and employers.

The natives of Algeria, it is no secret, long for the day when they will have a chance of driving the French into the Mediterranean and all Europeans after them. They complain, following a journal, that all Western civilization has done for them is to crush them under taxation. The poll tax, which originally was six frs., is now 120 frs. In addition, their fig and olive trees are taxed, and also their cereals. If an Arab has a mule he is considered to be a tradesman, and must pay eighteen frs. for a license. A fig tree produces in money value one and a-half frs.; an olive tree, three frs., and an acre of barley yields a net profit of twenty frs. An Arab, whose income from all these sources amounts to 240 frs., has to pay a total taxation of 212 frs., so that he and his family have but twenty-eight frs. to live upon during twelve months.

All the forecasts of the French harvests agree that the deficiency will be 88,000,000 bushels. Despite the corn duty of thirty frs. the ton, and that also exists in Germany

where the cereal deficit is 40,000,000 bushels, France expects to supply her deficiency from the East and the Americas, so that the people will not be reduced, as were their ancestors under Louis XI., and compelled to live on vegetables and other green stuff, "seasoning them with their tears."

The Crampel mission to Eastern Soudan, *via* Lake Tschad, is not to be given up. The French do not intend to allow themselves to be excluded from that undivided land grab; a national subscription is expected to raise the funds for a fresh expedition. If it arrives before the English, Germans or Italians, or even Turks—for Tripolitania has its hinterland—so much the better for the Gauls. Will the race be to the swift?

The wet or rather humid season has developed an enormous quantity of vine snails—small black-striped, yellow-shelled univalves, that feed only on the delicate leaves of the vines. They have no connection with those grey fellows, carrying not a house but a mansion on their back, with trunks, not horns, and that are gathered off old walls and in the suburban churchyards. Every good housewife, desirous of presenting her family with a treat, goes out early in the morning and gathers the innocents off the leaves while bathed in dew. Doctors assert these vine snails are as nutritive as the best beef-steak; they have the advantage at all events of costing nothing, while the steak exacts thirty-four sous per pound, cash down. This snail soup, along with grazing on grapes, is as efficacious in curing lung consumption as Koch's tuberculine or Lannelognes zinc salt.

When Louis XIV. definitely settled down at Versailles, the Academy of Science, in August, 1682, received instructions from Colbert to analyze the water of the different cascades and springs, to ascertain if it were "equal in purity to that of the Seine." Colbert himself only drank water from Ville d'Avray, the fountain that Corot's bust now ornaments. The fountain in St. Cloud park, over which the ghost of the Princesse Henrietta was reputed to hover, was not good for the king, but it was allowed to be conveyed to Paris and sold to his loving subjects. If the Grand Monarque was alive to-day he would not have much admiration for Seine water. At Charenton, where the river enters Paris, one drop of water from the Seine contains 4,000 microbes; when it quits the city at Anteuil a drop contains 12,000; suburban residents on the way to Rouen are thus well provided with *infiniment petits*.

There is nothing new in water as a curative agent. Victor Hugo tells us that pouring several jugs of iced water over his neck during the day augmented his ability to grind Alexandrines. In any case he was the "poet of the fluids," according to his friend Théophile Gautier. *Der Vater Kneipp*, of Wörishofen, in Bavaria, is a well-known hydro-path by making his clients hydro-pots; not that he is opposed to a pot of beer. However, he lives in a country where only beer worth drinking is to be found, and a "kneipp" is appropriately the vater of a *Kneipe*. Since the worthy padre cured a Vienna Rothschild by flushing all the nooks and crannies of his system with water, even patients with nothing in their pocket are equally cured. A dash of faith in the virtues of cold water is a necessity for restoration to health; walking barefooted on grass plots covered with dew is also excellent. It makes one get up early in the bargain. Sganerelle prescribed wine and bread as a remedy against dizziness, the sympathy of their union inducing speech. No other food, he added, as an illustration, "is ever given to parrots." The honorarium of the Abbé Kneipp is "the smallest contribution thankfully accepted"—not the plan to create a Pactolus.

Parisians are veritable ichthyophagists, especially at déjeuner, the chief meal in France. They like carp, if it be aged. Pope recommends "old fish at table." In the Sologne, farmers rear much pond fish, as they do elsewhere cattle and oysters. They can deliver splendid carp in pans, all expenses paid, for eight sous per pound; but to buy it in the market the consumer must pay twenty-two; the middleman pockets the difference, fourteen sous. Z.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S REMINISCENCES.

IT was down by the Danube side, in the earlier days of the Russo-Turkish war. Skobelev and myself were squatting in a hole in the ground to escape the rain of bullets and shells which the Turks were pouring across the river on the detachment which the young general commanded.

"Here you and I are," said Skobelev with a laugh, "like Uriah the Hittite, right in the forefront of the battle; and how strange it is that quiet stay-at-home folks all over the world, who take their morning papers just as they do their breakfasts, know ever so much more about this war as a whole than we fellows do, who are actually listening to the whistle of the bullets and the crash of the shells!"

Skobelev did not pursue the subject further, because just then a shell exploded right in front of us, and of the mud which it threw up, a splash hit him in the face and changed the current of his ideas; but nevertheless his remark was a very true one. War correspondence and the electric telegraph have given the peaceful citizen the advantage, in the matter of quick and wide war-news, over the soldier who is looking the enemy in the face in the actual battlefield. But this intelligence, although peaceful

readers take little account of the manner of getting it, and have come to look upon it as a thing of course—as a mere matter of everyday routine—yet reaches their breakfast-tables as the outcome only of long thoughtful planning, of stupendous physical and mental exertion, of hair-breadth risks encountered. It is my purpose in the following pages to tell something of the manner of the war correspondent's working life, something of the character of his exertions to satisfy the world's crave for the "latest intelligence from the seat of war," and something of the dangers that encompass the path of his duty. If the recital of some personal experiences in this field may strike the reader as involving the imputation of egotism, I would beg of him to entertain the excuse that it is not easy for a man to avoid egotism when he is speaking mainly of himself.

"In my day dreams"—I am quoting from a lecture I delivered some ten years ago—in my day dreams, indulged in mostly when smarting under the consciousness of my own deficiencies, I have tried to think out the attributes that ought to be concentrated in the ideal war-correspondent. He ought to possess the gift of tongues—to be conversant with all European languages, a selection of the Asiatic languages, and a few of the African tongues, such as Abyssinian, Ashantee, Zulu and Soudanese. He should have the sweet angelic temper of a woman, be as affable as if he were a politician canvassing for a vote, and at the same time be big and ugly enough to impress the conviction that it would be highly unwise to take any liberties with him. The paragon war correspondent should be able to ride anything that chance may send him, from a giraffe to a rat; be able to ride a hundred miles at a stretch; to go without food for a week, if needful, and without sleep for as long; never to get tired—never to feel the sensation of a "slight sinking, you know;" and be able at the end of a ride—of a journey however long, arduous and sleepless—to write round-hand for a foreign telegraph clerk, ignorant of the correspondent's language, at the rate of a column an hour for six or eight consecutive hours; after which he should, as a matter of course, gallop back to the scene of action without a moment's delay. He should be a competent judge of warfare; conversant with all military operations, from the mounting of a corporal's guard to the disposition of an army in the field. He ought to have supreme disregard for hostile fire when real duty calls upon him to expose himself to it; and his pulse should be as calm when shells are bursting around him as if he were watching his bosom-friend undergoing the ordeal of the marriage service. He must have a genuine instinct for the place and day of an impending combat; he must be able to scent the coming battle from afar, and allow nothing to hinder him from getting up in time to be a spectator of it. He should be so constituted as to have an intuitive perception how the day hath gone; to be able to discern victory or defeat, while as yet to the spectator not so gifted the field of strife seems confusion worse confounded; and so to rely on his own judgment as to venture, ere the turmoil has died away, to turn his back upon it, and ride off, the earliest bearer of the momentous tidings. To potter about waiting till the last shot is fired; to linger for returns of killed and wounded, and for the measured reports of the generals; to be the *chiffonnier* of the rags of the battlefield; that is work he must leave to his helpers. Alas! there never was such a man, and there never will be such a man. I think Julius Caesar would have been an exceptionally brilliant war-correspondent, if the profession had been invented in his time, and if he could have weaned himself from the meaner avocations of commanding armies, conquering countries and ruling nations. But the first Napoleon, if only he could have been a little truthful occasionally, would have eclipsed Julius Caesar, and knocked William Howard Russell into a cocked hat.

It was the Franco-German war of 1870 which brought about the revolution in the methods of war-correspondence, although at Saarbrücken in the earliest days of that great contest, there was as yet no perception of the opportunities that lay to our hands. But if at Saarbrücken the correspondents thus early on the war-path were still unregenerate in this respect, we had some experiences in which the comic and the tragic were curiously blended. Within two miles of the little town lay a whole French army corps, which any day might overwhelm Saarbrücken and its slender garrison of a single German battalion. So we lived, quite a little detachment of us, in an hotel on the outskirts, ready for a judicious bolt. At this hotel there arrived one morning a young German girl who was engaged, we learned, to a sergeant in the regiment garrisoning Saarbrücken. She had come to say farewell to her sweetheart before the fighting should begin, and he should march away, mayhap never to return. Some of the livelier spirits among us conceived the idea that the pair should get married before the parting should be said. Both were willing. The bridegroom's officer gave him leave, on condition that should the alarm sound, he was to join his battalion without a moment's delay. All was in readiness, and the clergyman was just about to join the pair in holy matrimony, when the sound of a bugle suddenly broke in on the stillness. It was the alarm. The bridegroom hurriedly embraced the bride, buckled on his accoutrements, and darted off to the alarm-platz. In ten minutes more the combat was in full swing; the French had carried the heights overhanging the town, and were pouring down upon it their artillery and mitrailleur fire. Our hotel was right in the line of fire, and soon became exceedingly disagreeable quarters. We got the women

down into the cellar and waited for events. A shell crashed into the kitchen, burst inside the cooking stove, and blew the wedding breakfast, which was still being kept hot, into what an American colleague called "everlasting smash." It was too hot to stay there, and everybody strategically manœuvred to the rear, including the German battalion which had constituted the garrison. A few days later was fought, close to Saarbrücken, the desperate battle of the Spicheren, in which the bridegroom's regiment took a leading part. The day after the battle I was wandering about the battlefield helping to relieve the wounded, and gazing shudderingly on the heaps of dead. Suddenly I came on our bridegroom, his back resting against a stump. He was stone dead, with a bullet through his throat.

The Franco-German war, with its bloody battles, with its sudden ruin of the French imperial régime, with its astounding wreck of the French military prestige, culminated in that stupendous event, the capitulation of Paris to the besieging German army. Paris, in Bismarck's blunt phrase, had been "stewing in her own juice," till at last there was no juice left in her; and the pangs of sheer starvation forced the proud city, with passionate rage in her heart, to bow her arrogant head, and succumb to the ring of blood and iron that had girdled her about, and cut the nutriment from her vitals. It will be readily understood how, when the capitulation was imminent, the correspondents with the besieging forces, stimulated by the ardour of competition, were on the alert each to be the first to enter the beleaguered city, and tell the outside world of its plight. The good fortune happened to me to anticipate my rivals. I threw myself into a hurried investigation of the misery and the heroism of Paris. There needed no acuteness to discern to what a plight of hungry misery she had been reduced before she had brought herself to endure the humiliation of surrender. That night she was alone with her grief and her hunger: not until the morrow came the relief and consolation which the sympathy of Britain so promptly forwarded to the capital of the ally with whom had been endured the hardships and earned the successes of the Crimean war. Wan, starved citizens crept by on the unlit boulevards, before and since the parade of luxury and sleek affluence. No cafés invited the promenader with brilliant splendour of illumination and garish lavishness of decoration, for there were no promenaders to entice, no fuel to furnish gas, no dainty viands wherewith to trick out the plate-glass windows. The gaiety, the profusion and the sinfulness of the Paris which one had known in the Second Empire days had given place to quiet uncomplaining dejection, to utter depletion, to a decorum at once beautiful, startling and sad. The hotels were all hospitals. The Red Cross flag floated from almost every house, indicative of sick or wounded inmates, bandaged cripples limped along the streets, and the only traffic was furnished by the interminable procession of funerals. I had brought in, stowed in a wallet on my back, some five pounds of ham. The servants of the place where I stayed put the meat on a dish with a cover over it, and showed it up and down the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré as a curiosity, charging a sou for lifting the cover.

In a dingy eating-house I found at supper several of my journalistic comrades, who had remained inside Paris during the long siege. They were eating steaks of horseflesh, followed by ragout of dog; and the few scraps of bread on the table consisted of a sort of dingy paste about one-half of which was sand. Horseflesh is far from bad eating, only you require to get a little accustomed to it before you can quite relish it. It has a curious sweetish taste, and the fat is scarce and not quite satisfactory. The Parisians during the siege had become great connoisseurs in horseflesh. It was discovered that the tenderest joints were furnished by a young grey filly, and that the toughest meat was that of a chestnut stallion. I did not try the dog; anyone who is curious as to the flavour of this viand can easily kill a dog and make the experiment for himself. Some people averred it went best with mushrooms; others praised it eaten cold in a pie with truffles.

At the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war, in the spring of 1877, the first great desideratum with the correspondents who were detailed to follow the Russian fortunes was to obtain an authorization to accompany the armies in the field. Without such an authorization the correspondent, if he gets forward at all, is liable to be treated as a spy, and soon finds himself in trouble. I suppose there is no war correspondent of any considerable general experience who has not been in custody once and over again on suspicion of being a spy. I have been a prisoner myself in France (made so both by Germans and by French), Spain, Servia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria; and I cannot conscientiously recommend any of those countries from this point of view. The authorities of the Russian army were very fair and courteous about the authorizations of correspondents. On principle they accepted all who presented themselves accredited by respectable papers, and bringing a recommendation from any Russian ambassador. There was to be no field-censorship; you gave your word of honour not to reveal impending movements, concentrations and intentions. You might, with this exception, write and despatch just what you chose; only a file of your paper had to be sent to the headquarters, and a polyglot officer—Colonel Hausenkampf, by name—was appointed to read all those newspapers, and to be down upon you if you transgressed what he considered fair comment. Then you got a warn-

ing, or if you were held to have gravely and spitefully transgressed, you were expelled.

I always pitied the unfortunate Colonel Hausenkampf from the very bottom of my heart. He had to read all the letters published in all the newspapers of all the correspondents, and I predicted for him either speedy suicide or hopeless madness. But he remained alive and moderately sane, spite of this arduous duty, and of the task which at the outset devolved upon him of listening to every correspondent who made application for a permission. He was fearfully badgered. One day I called on him at the headquarters in Ploesti, and found him seated in a bower in a garden, resolutely confronted by a gaunt man in a red beard and a tweed suit. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Colonel, "will you oblige me by taking that man away and killing him? He is a Scotsman and I don't understand the Scottish language: he knows none other than his native tongue. He comes here daily, and looms over me obstinately for an hour at a time, firing off at intervals the single word 'Permission!' and tendering me, as if he would hold a pistol at my head, a letter in English from a person whom he calls the Duke of Argyll—a noble, I suppose, of this wild man's country!" It is needless to say, since the "wild man" was a Scot, that he achieved his permission and did very good work as a correspondent.

We were all numbered like so many ticket porters, and at first carried on the arm a huge brass badge, which heightened our resemblance to members of that respectable avocation. The French correspondents' sense of the beautiful was, however, outraged by this neat and ornamental distinguishing mark; so at their instance there was substituted a more dainty style of brassard, with the double-headed eagle in silver lace on a yellow silk ground. The permission was written on the back of a photograph of the correspondent to whom it was granted, which photograph was duly stamped on the breast of the subject with the great seal of the headquarters. A duplicate of this photograph was stuck in a "Correspondents' Album" kept by the commandant of the headquarters. When I last saw this book, there were some eighty-two portraits in it; and I am bound to admit that it was not an overwhelming testimony to the good looks of the profession. I got, I remember, into several messes through having incautiously shaved off some hair from my chin which was there when the photograph was taken. In vain I argued that it is not the beard that makes the man; the sentries were stiff-necked on the point of identity, and I had to cultivate a new imperial with all speed.—*Archibald Forbes, in Nineteenth Century for August.*

REGRET.

SHE passed through the meadows at sunrise,
I followed her flying feet;
A lark from the blue of the heavens
Sent greeting my love to greet.
Her path as a queen's was on purple,
So joyous the violets ran;
But I was the blindest of mortals
Since ever the world began.

We entered the wheat-field together,
The harvest was ample and fair;
She gathered the crimson of poppies
To bind in the silk of her hair;
I, caring for nothing but treasures—
The gold of the plentiful wheat—
Went crushing the delicate blossoms
That jewelled the print of her feet.

So she passed while I lingered still groping
For ingots to add to my store,
She passed as a breath of the morning
That noon-tide can never restore.
When the lark in the heavens grew silent
I searched for my darling in vain,
I had but a handful of treasure
That weighed as a mountain of pain.

EMILY McMANUS.

ART NOTES.

THE well-known landscape painter, Germain Léon Pelouse has departed this life in Paris and was buried on the 31st July. Although still a young man he had accomplished good work, and his early death will be regretted by all lovers of art in this country as well as in Europe.

THE proper object of architecture is to express by its appearance the use for which a building is destined. A church that resembles a barracks, a hall that is like a church, a private house built on the mode of a fort, are the absurdities that disgrace an architect. A single look at an edifice should show to what use it is to be put, and whether it is to be the dwelling place of gods or of men; whether the gods are amiable or terrible; whether the men are resting or working, amusing themselves, or passing their lives in guarding and defending themselves; whether they are citizens or monks, kings or peasants. A thatched cottage which says—well what it ought to say, is more a work of art than the palace which either explains badly, or not at all. Thus an architect who is an artist shows by its form that which occurs in a dwelling, that which is done there, the kind of life led, or, to speak more exactly,

the idea which we ought to have of it, the impression we should receive. How can that be done? By what means, by what artifice can the stone be made to speak? The method of symbolic arts is indirect imitation. Resemblances are replaced by analogies. An analogy is an imperfect likeness existing between things of a different order. Certain moral impressions and those producing certain natural effects are united in bonds so close that we cannot prove the one without being made sensible of the other. Lines straight or curved, broken or flowing, angles turned inward or projecting outward, produce in us spiritual impressions. Vary their combinations so that they shall unite with ease or agree with effort, clash or harmonize, seem to hide or to seek, and we find our emotions likewise affected. If there were a harmony of three dimensions in the body, and one could be sacrificed in order to increase the value of the other two, that body would have a character, and that character would communicate itself to the image left in the soul, and the soul would be stamped with it. According as a building shows lines simple or complex, strongly marked or softly curved, according as it seems to us broader than high or higher than broad, or develops in us a sense of depth, according as spaces predominate, we will be inspired with ideas of calmness or effort, of peace or uneasiness, of contemplation or festivity, of short-lived caprice or eternal duration, of opposition or yielding, of fatality or free will, of frankness or mystery. This house seems to partake of the repose of the people who live in it; the other has a look of labour. This building appears to defend itself against invisible enemies or jealously to guard its secrets from the curiosity of the passers-by. The other parades itself to you, and has an air which says: "Enter and examine!" One has so air a foundation that the most furious storms would fail to disturb it. It has taken possession of the earth. The other shoots up toward the sky like a rocket, like a prayer, like an aspiration. The analogies which furnish means of expression to the art of building find their models in nature. That which we feel at the sight of an edifice, the artist has felt a hundred times in contemplating the shifting curves of a hill, the bold edge of a haughty peak, the immensity of an even plain, a ground hollow, or gently undulating, a sheet of water which loses itself in the mists of the horizon. All the effects produced by architecture are only an interpretation of natural ones. What is a pyramid? A hollow cavern in a mountain. What is a Greek temple with its porticoes and columns? A memory of the sacred woods, where were dressed the first altars. What do we feel in entering a Gothic cathedral? The shudder felt at the divine awfulness of the forests. And it is also from the natural world that architecture has taken its decorations. Columns and capitals, rosettes, flowers, intertwines, ovals, foliage, modillions, all remind us of something seen in the fields and in the woods, in plants and animals. As all these ornaments are in a sense primitive, and by nature mere objects of convenience, the architect should be inspired to use them judiciously and employ only the best parts. The deep study of the secret affinities, naturally existing between our feelings and certain forms, is one of the most important for the architect to use in obtaining the effects he seeks in order to make the desired impression on our eyes and feelings. In architecture, as in all art, the supreme quality is divine sincerity.—*Translated for the Public Opinion from the French of Victor Cherbuliez, in the Paris Revue des Deux Mondes.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. TORRINGTON has arranged with Mr. F. Boscovita to teach at the College of Music. The Boston *Home Journal*, in noticing his playing, says: "He is a charming executant and a most versatile and accomplished interpreter, and, with the Chopin selections, his treatment with the poet-composer's music was with a serenity and refinement of mood that seemed no less admirable than the sincerity and wholeheartedness with which he entered into the spirit of the Bach Concerto. Mr. Boscovitz's playing is the appropriate interpretation of his thought, and he is possessed as but few artists are of the faculty of placing himself entirely at ease with every style of work."

MADAME PATEY is now *en route* to England, after a very successful tour through Australia and Japan.

THE famous Madame Agar, of the Comédie Française Company, has died in Algiers. She was for many years a leading tragedienne.

MR. SAINT-SAENS has just returned to Paris, bringing with him a somewhat elaborate piece for piano and orchestra, entitled "Africa."

M. PADEREWSKI, after a short provincial tour in England, proposes next year to make a journey round the world piano-playing.

By Jenny Lind's will the Municipal Library of Hamburg becomes possessed of Beethoven's will, which had been presented to her by the violinist Ernst in 1855.

THE BARONESS KORFF, the daughter of Meyerbeer, has given to a musician at Berlin the composer's travelling piano, specially made for him, and his portrait as he was as a child of seven years.

FRANCE has an illustrious invalid on her hands just now. Gounod's health has become so badly shattered as to forbid him doing any work whatsoever, and his physicians have denied him the sight of callers.

MUSIC occupied a prominent place at the recent celebration of the anniversary of Swiss Independence. Fifteen thousand voices took part in a choral work by Gustave Arnold, entitled "The Oath of Grütli."

JOHANN STRAUSS has sold his latest comic opera, "Ritter Pazman," to Simrock, the Berlin publisher. Strauss receives 35,000 florins, and Doczi, the librettist, 5,000 florins. Both authors are to receive a royalty besides.

ALFRED GRUENFELD, who is coming to America this season under the management of Leo Goldmark, is court pianist to the Emperors of Austria and Germany. His brother, Heinrich, a violoncellist, will appear in concerts with him.

THE rumours about Patti's voice being unsound were dispelled at the brilliant opening of her private theatre at Craig-y-Nos. All who heard her sing say her voice is still good. Patti is now fifty-one (?) years old, and probably does not make as much effort as before.

MAX BRUCH has composed a new violin concerto, and played it through with Professor Joachim, at Berlin. The great violinist is charmed with the work, and declares that his own repertory and that of the instrument in general are enriched by it. The concerto is dedicated to Joachim.

AN enthusiastic precentor the other Sunday on leaving church, happened to meet one of the churchwardens. "Well," said the man of music, "how do you like the Gregorians?" "I haven't the pleasure of knowing the family," rejoined the other, and then enquired with naive simplicity, "Whereabouts do they sit?"

A HINDOO princess, the Begum Ahmadee, has distinguished herself in London society as a singer of superior voice, talent and cultivation. She is a descendant of the emperors of Delhi, and possesses a mezzo soprano voice of extraordinary richness and power, which is used with very high artistic taste. She also has great personal beauty.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ, the eminent pianist and musical composer of London, proposes during the coming winter to revive Schumann's so-called profane oratorio, "Paradise and the Peri," in Manchester and London. This well-known work of the great composer was first performed before an English-speaking audience in New York in the year 1844.

MR. S. ADELSTEIN, who has recently been on a visit to Italy, writes in the *Leader* of Boston that at the Circolo Mandolinista Regina Margherita at Florence he heard four able players perform one of Beethoven's string quartettes on two mandolins, mandola and lute, and that the performance was a revelation to him of what beautiful effects could be obtained on these instruments.

THE Italian tragedian, Ernesto Rossi, is playing in Italy. At Brescia recently, after playing in "Otello," "Lear," "Ivan IV.," and other tragedies, he gave on one evening a recitation of Canto XXV. of Dante's "Inferno." "It is impossible to imagine," says the Brescia *Sentinello*, "a greater and more overpoweringly original interpretation of the thoughts of the divine poet."

A MEMORIAL tablet has been placed in the well-known "Schumann Corner" of the Restaurant "im Kaffeebaum," at Leipzig. It bears an inscription which runs as follows:

To this corner came
ROBERT SCHUMANN
in the Circle of the Davidshändler,
every evening from 1833 till 1840.

After his marriage he came also, but less regularly. When on a visit from Dresden he never failed to seek out a place so full for him of pleasant memories of the past.

FERNANDO VALERO is a tenor and, like Gayarre, is a Spaniard. He is of very pleasing appearance, and his greatest success has been achieved in Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." He first made his mark in sentimental rôles and appeared with much success in "Sonnambula," "Puritani," and "Mignon." In 1883 he scored a success at the Scala in Milan, where he played the part of "Faust." Some time after he played in another work of Gounod's in St. Petersburg, called "Philemon and Baucis." Perhaps one of his most successful parts has been that of "Don José," in "Carmen." He understands the rôle perhaps better than anybody else, owing to the fact that he was born in the very land of Carmen—Andalusia. He managed to represent the part with the fire and spirit of that province. Valero created in Milan the part of "Nadir" in Bizet's opera, "The Pearl Fishers." He was born at Eciza, near Seville, on December 6, 1857. Professor Salzar, of the Madrid Conservatory, heard him sing one day and induced him to go to Madrid, where he studied. He made his *début* in that capital in "Fra Diavolo," on March 30, 1878.—*The Musical Courier*.

THE record of the operatic season, 1890-91, at the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, shows that no less than 224 performances of 30 different operas and nine symphony concerts were given during nine months. Ten French, nine Italian, eight German, and three Swedish works have been performed during the course of the season, of which "Undine," by R. Hennerberg, heads the list with twenty-two performances, followed by Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" with sixteen. Besides these, Thomas' "Mignon," and "Wermäländningarne," by the Swedish composer, And. Randel, have been given each fifteen times. The opera season at Stockholm closed with a performance of Verdi's "Otello." The opera house at Stockholm, which at the present time claims to

be one of the oldest in Europe, was built by the command of the art-loving Swedish King, Gustavus III., and was inaugurated on September 30, 1782, with Joh. Gottlich Naumann's celebrated opera, "Cora and Alonzo," which was conducted by the composer in person. At the Centenary Festival, held on September 30, 1882, the same opera was performed. It is sad to think that its stage was coloured with King Gustavus' blood (on March 17, 1792); but during the century which has passed since his untimely death not only have Swedish song and music found a home here, but by their triumphs made themselves worthy of their royal founder. It is interesting to remember that it was here Jenny Lind was received as an actress-pupil at the age of ten years, and was entirely educated at the cost of the nation. It was also on its boards that she, on March 7, 1838, made her memorable *début* as Agatha in Weber's opera, "Der Freischütz," and we are told in her "memoir" that it was at this occasion she for the first time became artistically alive to her great power, and that she knew "what she was to do on earth."—*H. W., in Musical News*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE KEEPER OF BIG LIGHT-HOUSE: A Canadian Story of To-day. By Maud Ogilvy. Montreal: E. M. Renauf.

This, though a short story, is interesting as a purely Canadian one. The authoress has a fairly good style, but condenses far too much; and the narrative suffers also from being disjointed. The character of the "noble lord," as depicted, we are glad to believe, if not altogether overdrawn, is rarely to be found in society of the present day, and why a writer should paint blacker than nature, we cannot see. However, we commend the little volume to those in quest of something new in the way of light literature for summer reading.

AN EASY METHOD FOR BEGINNERS IN LATIN. By Albert Harkness, Ph. D., LL. D. American Book Company.

At a time when elementary Latin books of a sensible character are greatly needed in Ontario, anything new in this line is of special interest. The book before us, while not realizing the aspirations of many of our ardent classical workers, yet contains much that ought to inspire and help them. Its motive is good—to make Latin to young beginners a thing of life and interest. Its title, in the word "Easy," indicates one important step in that direction. The novel device of engravings and coloured prints, even though strangely applied in the midst of grammatical exercises that have no reference to the subjects of the pictures, tends to arouse curiosity regarding the life of the nation whose literature is about to be studied. But here is the point where some Canadian teachers of classics will, quite justly in our opinion, part company with Mr. Harkness. He is trying to resuscitate the "cadaver" of Latin—but for what? To make it a living medium of conversation—a thought currency for to-day. Is not this like carrying coals, and dead coals at that, to Newcastle? Shall we ever converse with or write to each other in Latin? Surely not. What then is the use of distorting a breathing monument of art, a permanent embodiment of wisdom, beauty and literary grace into an every day nineteenth century jargon of small talk? There is a growing feeling that Latin should be studied for the sake of its literature—for the intellectual, practical and moral influence that familiarity with the life, thought and language of such a nation as Rome must carry with it. Study Latin on the basis of a modern language and its usefulness is gone. The desire to encourage the latter is the one fault of this book.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO: Studies in Local Colour. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

This is a most entertaining book of travel through the two interesting countries of Spain and Morocco. The author has not given us the dry details of a guide-book, but has written an unconventional record, which irresistibly takes us with him, of the various scenes, places of historical interest, manners, customs, etc., he daily witnessed during a two months' sojourn in the two countries. Some statistics are given, but sufficient only to increase the interest and render the descriptions more intelligible. From Paris to Bordeaux is hurriedly passed over, the latter city being described as resembling "a copy of Paris made by a second-class artist." The scenery of the Pyrenees, where snow was lingering in May, is described as "in some places grand, in others delightfully picturesque." To Madrid about eighteen pages are devoted, referring to its cosmopolitan character, the English and French influences, its cafés, hotels, meals and wines. The bull-fight is, of course, witnessed. "Six bulls were to be killed, but," says the author, "I left after the third had been butchered and the carcass dragged out by the mules; and nothing could ever induce me to attend another such exhibition. Bull-fighting as at present conducted is cowardly and unsportsmanlike." Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Cadiz are next visited, and their attractive points and local colourings are very acceptably presented.

From Spain to Morocco the author says "the distance which separates them is insignificant, yet the contrast between the two countries is startling. Surely in all the world there can be no excursion more suggestive than

this, during which Europe and Africa, the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean are in sight at the same time, affording the imagination a wide scope for exercise." Tangier, the "Infidel City," with its strange Moorish sights and customs forms a very interesting chapter, and conveys in a very readable manner an insight into Oriental life. "On Horseback to Tetrian," a ride of forty-five miles along the northern coast of Africa, is graphically described. Gibraltar and Malaga, Granada and the Alhambra and Mediterranean Spain form the concluding chapters of an entertaining and instructive volume.

Temple Bar for August maintains its well-known prestige. The table of its contents embraces "Mr. Chaine's Sons" (continued), "Poor Beelzebub!" "Irish Balls, and Balls not Irish," "The Congress of Vienna," "Wayfaring in the Quercy," "Letty Coe," "The Guelph Exhibition and the Eighteenth Century," "Sweet Hay," "Misplaced Ambition, and What came of it," and a continuation of "Love or Money."

THE *Forum* for August is replete with able essays on current subjects, such as "Russia and the Jews," "Immigration and Degradation," "The Chilian Struggle for Liberty," "Literature in the Market-place," "The Profits of Fruit-culture in California," "Does Public Life Give Long Careers?" "The Greathead Underground Electric Railway," "A New Route to the North Pole," "Will Dr. Nansen Succeed?" and "The Causes of Gold Exports."

A NUMBER of articles of travel and description open the September number of the *Methodist Magazine*, all of which are pleasant reading. "Through the Hungarian Plain" is by John Sziklay; "Locarno and its Valleys" is by J. Hardmeyer, and "Over the Cottian Alps—the Mont Cenis Route," is by V. Barbier. Science is represented by Professor Winchell in "The Destiny of the Earth." Other articles of interest will be found in the number.

CANADA IN MEMORIAM—1812-14; Her Duty in the Erection of Monuments in Memory of her Distinguished Sons and Daughters, is the title of a very interesting paper of which we have received a copy, which was read on the 25th of July, 1890, by Mrs. Curzon, of Toronto, at the annual commemoration of the Battle of Lundy's Lane of 1814, before the L. L. Historical Society. Mrs. Curzon's able and patriotic appeal will touch a responsive chord in the heart of every true Canadian.

Cassell's Family Magazine for September has a very interesting and too short article on "River Birds," from the pen of M. G. Watkins, M.A. A sensible article on "Cheap Delicacies" follows, written by A. G. Payne. Frederick Langbridge contributes a humorous poem, "At Last," "A Friend of the Jintons," "A Guinea Guest," and "Out Over" are all very readable stories. "Fossicking" and "Hereditary Traits" are also very interesting. The *Gatherer* has its usual store of instructive matter.

"PRESENT PROBLEMS IN EDUCATION" are very ably dealt with from a variety of standpoints in the September *Forum* by the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coil, President David S. Jordan, Prof. H. W. Tyler, Alice Freeman Palmer and Charlotte W. Porter. "Authors' Complaints and Publishers' Profits," by Geo. H. Putnam, will interest both classes referred to. Lovers of music will enjoy "The Growth and Triumph of Wagnerism" by Henry T. Finck, and lovers of progressive science "The Future of the Electric Railway" by Frank J. Sprague.

CANADA is represented in the September number of *Scribner's Magazine* by Duncan Campbell Scott in a melodious sonnet, "For Remembrance," and Charles G. D. Roberts in one of the most thrilling and pathetic short stories that we have read for some time. To the literary reader, the greatest treat of the number will be "Adventures among Books," by that cultured and captivating critic and scholar, Andrew Lang. There is other very interesting matter for a variety of readers. The illustrations of this number seem rather dim, and the perspective of the frontispiece surely must be exaggerated.

THE *Westminster Review* for August came rather late for notice in our last number. It opens with a rambling article on "Federation and Free Trade," brim full of prophetic utterances and historic allusions, in which we have failed to find any light on the question of "Federation," and as to Free Trade, well, it certainly is a part of the title of the article. In Tennyson's "Lincolnshire Farmers: A Retrospect," Mr. Joseph J. Davies argues that the Laureate has not done full justice in his treatment of those "bluff, honest, brave, hard-working, plain men." "The Politician as Historian" is a capital article, thoughtful and well written.

A VERY charming story by Ruth McEnery Stuart, called "Carlotta's Intended," is the chief feature in *Lippincott's* for September, which also contains a number of able and thoughtful papers, among which are "Julia Marlowe" (with Portrait), by Alfred Stoddart; "Where Love Hath Been," by Susanna Massey; "September," by Bessie Chandler; "Real People in Fiction," by William S. Walsh; "A Murderer for an Hour," by Julius Chambers; "Life," by Douglas Sladen; "A Plea for Helen," by Julia C. R. Dorr; "Thou or I," by Jeanie Gwynne Bettany; "Derby Day on Clapham Common," by Thomas P. Gill, M.P.; "Incense," by Clinton Scollard; "Society in Different Cities," by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, and a dozen more all vying with those enumerated in attractiveness.

For attractive and artistic illustration no periodical surpasses the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and its August number well upholds its reputation, both in artistic work and quality of letter press. The good things it contains consist of a paper entitled "George Wilson," by John Todhunter, followed by "Tewkesbury Abbey," by the Very Rev'd H. D. M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester; "Gentle Jim," by Mary Gault; "Dickens and Punch," by F. G. Kitton; "Old Landmarks," by Dewey Bates; "The Witch of Prague" (continued), by F. Marion Crawford, and "The Russo-Jewish Immigrant" (commencement), by the Rev'd S. Singer.

The September *Wide Awake* is full of the sort of stories children like. Mrs. Clara Doty Bates' "Red Lilies" is capital. "Two Fishermen," by Rowland E. Robinson, describes a Quaker boy's holiday. "All Because a Blue-bird Sang" is by Mrs. Maud Lincoln Langley. "Aunt Betsy's Cap Box" is an amusing family incident, by Clarissa Potter. "The Sovereign of '45" is perhaps the best story yet written by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. "A Tale of the Black Forest," by Sally Thorndike, is a very good fairy story. Short articles, poems and humorous pictures, together with the four pages of original anecdote called "Men and Things," complete a good number.

ISAAC BESHT BENDAVID proves a foeman worthy of the polished and trenchant blade of Professor Goldwin Smith in the current number of the *North American Review*. The Hon. C. K. Tuckerman's gossip "Anecdotes of English Clergymen" will find many readers. Ouida writes most affectionately on "Dogs and their Affections." Clara Morris leads us confidently behind the scenes in her "Reflections of an Actress." As does the Hon. Frederick Douglass on another stage in Hayti and the United States. And "Is Drunkenness Curable?" as treated by the four able specialists: Drs. W. A. Hammond, T. N. Crothers, E. N. Carpenter and Cyrus Edson, will be eagerly read by a large circle.

The September *Magazine of American History* contains General Meredith Read's concluding chapter on "The Spartans of Paris," with portraits of Owen Meredith and M. Jules Simon. Emanuel Spence has an article entitled "Courtship and Marriage of Queen Isabella," which is accompanied by a portrait of the Queen. The frontispiece to the number is another portrait of Columbus, being the *fac simile* of an engraving made in Holland in 1671. The third paper of the issue is by the editor on "Some Interesting Facts about Electricity." It traces the progress of electrical science through its chief phases from the beginning. "California as an Outpost of Civilization" is by Hubert Howe Bancroft. "The First English Foundation" is an instructive contribution from Dr. B. A. Hinsdale, former president of Hiram College, Ohio.

As a magazine of a superior class we commend to the scholar and intellectual reader the August number of the *Andover Review*. Ability and force mark all the articles it contains. These consist of "Poetry and Philosophy," by Professor Dewey; "Alexander Vinet," by Professor Pollens; "What Value has Goethe's Thought of God for Us?" by Miss Julia H. Gulliver; "A Neglected Limitation of Criticism," by the Rev'd Arthur Smith; "Slavery as it appeared to a Northern Man in 1844," by the Rev'd A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D.; "The Indwelling Christ," by the Rev. John W. Buckham; editorial articles comprising "The Positive Side of Biblical Criticism," and "The Papal Encyclical on Labour," besides "Biblical and Historical Criticism," "Social Economics," etc.

A most interesting number is the September issue of the *Arena*. The first paper it contains is entitled "The Heroas," by the Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D.D., followed by "Harvest and Labourers in the Psychical Field," by Frederic W. H. Meyer; "Fashion's Slaves," by B. O. Flower; "Un-American Tendencies," by the Rev. Carlos D. Martyn, D.D.; "Extrinsic Significance of Constitutional Government in Japan," by Kuma Oishi, A.M.; "University Extension," by Prof. Willis Boughton; "Pope Leo on Labour," by Thomas B. Preston; "The Austrian Postal Banking System," by Sylvester Baxter; "Another View of Newman," by William M. Salter; "Inter-migration," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, besides others of equally marked excellence.

The *Quiver* for September has appeared, and its contents are fully up to that standard of excellence reached by its anterior issues. For the home and the family circle it is the best magazine extant. "Homes of some Foreign Reformers," by S. W. Kershaw, F.S.A., is the commencement article, followed by "The Crowns of Gold around the Holy Vessels of the Tabernacle," by the Rev'd Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.C.S.; the continuation of "Sundays with the Young," by the Rev'd Arthur Finlayson; "Toggs' Temptation," by Jennie Chappell; "The Shield and the Sword and the Battle" (continued), by the Rev'd G. Everard, M.A., and many more equally good papers, besides serial stories, nearly all accompanied by the most charming illustrations, complete the number.

IN "A Disturber of Traffic" Rudyard Kipling in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September goes to the sea for his theme, and from the lips of Fenwick, the keeper of the St. Cecilia Lighthouse in the English Channel, spins for his readers a very weird and interesting sailor's yarn, bright with eastern colouring. Mrs. Catherwood's "The Lady of Fort St. John" sustains its interest. "Speech as a Barrier between Man and Beast" is a curious and unique article by E. P. Evans. John Burroughs contri-

butes an agreeable "Study in Analogy," and John Fiske displays his well-known culture in a piece of ingenious reasoning on the early discoveries of America by the Norsemen, styled "Europe and Cathay." The poems of T. W. Parsons, T. W. Higginson and Philip Bourke Marston, with other good matter, complete an excellent number.

Harper's Magazine for September is up to its usual standard of excellence. The table of contents comprises: "Much Ado About Nothing," by Andrew Lang; "The New York Chamber of Commerce," by Richard Wheatley; the continuation of "An Imperative Duty," by William Dean Howells; "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins," part I., edited by Laurence Hutton; part fourth of "Peter Ibbetson," by George Du Maurier; "Glimpses of Western Architecture," by Montgomery Schuyler; "A Wheat-field Idyl," by Elizabeth Stoddard; "Germany, France, and General European Politics," by Mr. De Blowitz; "An Untold Story of the Florida War," by Herriet Pinckney Huse; "Chinese Secret Societies," by Frederick Boyle; "London-Plantagenet II., Prince and Merchant," by Walter Besant; "Under the Minarets," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Ill-considered Utterances," drawn by George Du Maurier; "Editor's Easy Chair," etc., etc.

The list of contributors to the *Popular Science Monthly* for September has a number of strong names. The opening article by Prof. John Fiske is on "The Doctrine of Evolution: its Scope and Influence," and is very ably written. Herbert Spencer writes on "The Limits of State-Duties," and argues against attempts by Governments to mould artificially the characters of citizens. Dr. Andrew D. White continues his Warfare of Science series, describing the displacement of fetishism by hygiene. A fifth paper is contributed by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson to his illustrated series on "Glass-making." It describes the making of thermometers, hydrometers, telescope lenses, and other instruments of glass. A sketch is given, with a portrait, of the retiring President of the American Association, Prof. George Lincoln Goodale. The editor writes on "The Warfare of Science" and "Individuality for Woman."

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for September is a very bright and attractive number. It is appropriately styled "A Woman's Number." The contributors of all the articles, apart from the regular departments which come from the hands of Murat Halstead, Edward Everett Hale and Brander Matthews, are women. Lady Dilke opens with a gracefully-written art article on Edouard Detaille as "France's greatest Military Artist," ably illustrated from Detaille's works. In "A Forgotten City" Eleanor Lewis has written an interesting description of the Sicilian ruins of Soluntum. Mary Bacon Ford revives memories of Napoleon and Josephine in "Malmaison in the Market." "Tattersall's" is well described by Elizabeth Bisland, and Ella Noraikow does justice to "Woman's Share in Russian Nihilism." Brander Matthews' views "On Certain Recent Short Stories" is scholarly and discriminating. The other contributions are commendable.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

AUSTIN DOBSON is likely to visit the United States next autumn and give a series of readings from his own works.

W. E. HENLEY has prepared a selection of verse dealing with heroic action and sentiment and covering the past three centuries.

KATE FIELD, who has made Washington her home for the last eighteen months, calls both New York city and Boston "idiotically anglomaniacal."

Outing for September contains a capital sporting article from the graphic pen of E. W. Sandys, under the pseudonym of Nomad, entitled, "On the Plains of Assiniboia."

ELLIOT STOCK for publication "The Socialism of Christianity," a series of essays on the higher motives for socialism in the present day, by the Rev. William Blizard.

THE most conspicuous feature of the forthcoming September number of the *Review of Reviews* will be an elaborate political article upon the Hawaiian Queen and her kingdom.

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS" is the title of a new work by the Rev. S. Baring Gould that Methuen and Company have in the press and hope to issue shortly. It will be illustrated from busts, gems, cameos, etc.

THE oldest newspaper in the world is the *Peking Gazette*, a pamphlet seven and a-half inches long by four inches broad, consisting of about twenty pages, bound in a yellow cover, in which form it has existed for 1300 years.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN AND COMPANY have arranged to publish a new three-volume novel by Miss Florence Marryat, entitled "A Fatal Silence," and a one-volume novel by Christie Murray and H. Herman, entitled "Only a Shadow."

Two very popular volumes of short stories—"The Uncle of an Angel and other Stories," by Thomas A. Janvier, and "Iduna and Other Stories," by George A. Hibbard—have just been added to Harper's "Franklin Square Library."

MR. J. MACDONALD OXLEY's recent work, "The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa," has received commendation

from the *Critic* (New York): Mr. Oxley is one of the most industrious of Canadian *litterateurs*, and his work is well and carefully done.

ARTHUR W. PINERO has written an introduction to the translation of Count Tolstoi's comedy, "The Fruits of Enlightenment," which Mr. Heinemann will publish. The book will be uniform with "Hedda Gabler," and will contain a portrait of the author.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS publish, in leatherette covers, Mr. Spurgeon's address, entitled "The Greatest Fight in the World." It is a zealous defence of the infallibility of the Bible, and abounds in arguments which convince the writer, with characteristic dogmatism and anecdotes.

THAT admirable literary journal, the *Critic*, of New York, announces that at the beginning of October an increase of 33½ per cent. will be made in the amount of its reading matter. This is necessitated by the growth of the publishing business, as indicated in the constantly increasing number of publications sent for review.

THE matter of Aërial navigation is to be treated in the September and October numbers of the *Century* in two papers—the first, a brief one on "The Possibility of Mechanical Flight," by Professor S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; and the second by Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor of the famous gun which bears his name.

EUGENE FIELD'S book of Horace translations is now passing through the press. It is to be a sumptuous volume, with wide margins and many finely engraved vignettes. Mr. Francis Wilson, the actor, who is a Horace enthusiast, is getting out the book for private distribution. Mr. Field's new volume of verse will be issued next fall. The royalty on his two books published last year was \$1,999.86.

AN autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln to a friend is said to contain the following: "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

A NEW life of William Wordsworth has been published by Percival and Company, written appropriately enough, by Elizabeth Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. It traces the career we all know so well of the poet of winds and streams, mountain-sides and whispering woods, the poet of nature, who loved the voices of earth as opposed to the voices of the world, and found happiness in peace, instead of seeking it in uproar, as seems to be the way of the multitude now.

A SECOND edition of the first volume (the only one yet published) of Prof. Alfred Marshall's invaluable "Principles of Economics" has been brought out by Macmillan and Company at a reduced price. This edition is not inferior in style to the first, and its contents differ only in points of detail and in arrangement. Books V. and VI. have been fused into one, and other alterations made which are noted in the preface to this edition, both generally and specifically.

GINN AND COMPANY announces Cardinal Newman's "Essay on Poetry with Reference to Aristotle's Poetics," edited by Prof. A. S. Cook, of Yale University. The essay is a notable example of the literary work of one who has been considered the greatest master of style in this generation. The illustrative apparatus provided by the editor includes some practical hints on the study of Greek drama in English, an index, an analysis and a few suggestive notes.

MESSRS. S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY announce for early publication "A Study of Greek Philosophy," by Ellen M. Mitchell, with an introduction by W. R. Alger. The author endeavours to explain what is meant by philosophy, and gives a concise and interesting exposition, discussing the character and source of the Greek philosophy; also a new contribution to current polemical literature, entitled "Mens Christi and other Problems in Theology and Christian Ethics," from the pen of John Steinfort Kedney, D.D.

BARON TAUCHNITZ of Leipzig has started a magazine which he calls the *Tauchnitz Magazine*. It is a monthly periodical, and the first number contains eighty pages of short stories, either new or taken by arrangement from recent numbers of English magazines, with an article of "Table Talk" and a few pages called "The Paper-Cutter," which gives an account of the new English books added to the Tauchnitz collection. In the first number are stories and articles written by Bret Harte, James Payn, Lady West, E. Nesbit, and others. It is intended for circulation on the continent only.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Cook, William W. The Corporation Problem. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
 Duc de Broglie. Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
 Kinglake, A. W. Eothen; Knickerbocker Nugget Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
 Newhall, Chas. S. Leaf Collector's Hand-Book. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
 Newton, R. Heber. Church and Creed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
 Ross, Clinton. The Adventures of Three Worthies. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
 Stevens, H. Morse. Portugal; Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD POET.

In Memoriam.

FROM purest wells of English undefiled
None deeper drank than he, the New World's child,
Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,
Shaming a monstrous wrong. The world-wide laugh
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half
The walls of slavery down ere yet the ball
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

James Russell Lowell.

(Horace's Odes, I., 24.)

God gave thee power to make such music as should soothe
Our wounded hearts, Melpomene;
Sing to us now, for, oh! we mourn, without regret or shame,
One most beloved.
Eternal sleep clasps our Quintillus, whose like nor Honour,
Truth, Justice, nor Loyalty shall see again!
By good men wept, he died; Virgil, our friend is gone!
Yet all thy tears are vain—
Thou canst not call him back; nay, had thy lute
A subtler magic than the Thracian's harp
It could not summon from that Yonder Shore
The phantom that has crossed thereto.
Hard—hard is this!
And yet sweet Faith lightens the burthen of the cross
We likewise could not bear.

—Eugene Field, in the Argonaut.

THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

FROM whence does the deep gloom which predominates
over Russian literature proceed? Is it the effect of the
long winters, where, as Ladislav Mickiewicz says, a yellow
spot seen with difficulty reveals the existence of the sun
in the afternoon? Is it an outcome of the political régime
which keeps suspended over the heads of the citizens the
menace of Siberia? The fact is undeniable that the most
pessimistic of our writers do not approach the depths of
despair seen in the works of the Russian novelists. The
very strange statement is made that the greatest poets and
romancers of Russia have had horrible destinies. Pouch-
kine and Lermontoff suffered violent deaths. Nicolas
Gogol died in a state of mind bordering on insanity, tor-
mented by a sickly religious exaltation, and trying in vain
to find something earthly to which he could again become
attached. Tourgueneff was a prey to profound melancholy;
Tolstoi has subjected himself to the accusation of madness;
Dostojewski was transported to Siberia early in life, and
there lost his health. Perhaps the best reason is the one
given by Ladislav Mickiewicz, that the dark pictures
spread so lavishly through the Russian romances, comes
from the fact that in this kind of literature alone it is law-
ful for the ardent complaint of the people to voice itself.
History and journalism are submitted to a discipline so
rigorous that neither one nor the other dare do anything
except to interpret the policy of the Government. To
read a Russian journal is simply to be informed as to the
wishes of the Czar and the orientalizing of his politics.
The personal tendencies of the Russian reviews are per-
ceived rather than indicated, and one is reduced to the
necessity of reading between the lines; not that which is
written, but that which one would like to write. Among
the following Russian writers: Joukofski, Pouchkine,
Lermontoff, Nicolas Gogol, Tourgueneff, Tolstoi, Dosto-
jewski, Garchin, Veretchagine and Soltykoff, the latter is
the only one who has approximated gaiety by the use of
irony. Therefore, says Mr. Mickiewicz, it is well for
France to read the Russian novels. The evil in them will
be without bad effect, because her conditions are entirely
different from those which inspire Russian writers, and
she will be benefited by their great originality and depth
of feeling.—Translated for Public Opinion from the Paris
Revue des Revues.

ERASTUS WIMAN'S LETTER.

THE long letter which Mr. Erastus Wiman has taken the
trouble to have cabled to England is, a Canadian correspond-
ent writes, as misleading in its statement of facts as it is
insolent in tone. The audacity with which it presumes on
public ignorance is extraordinary. The charge that Sir
John Macdonald alone was responsible for the tariff wall
between the United States and Canada is at once upset
by the simplest statements of the facts of the case. The
reciprocity trial, which Lord Elgin negotiated in 1854,
and which conferred such advantages on both countries,
was abrogated in 1886 by the sole action of the United
States, and numerous attempts to improve trade relations
by repeated delegations to Washington were rejected by
American Governments almost with contempt. It was
simply when it was quite manifest that only by the sur-
render of national independence could Canada expect
freer trade with the States that the national policy was
announced by Sir John Macdonald, and the great task
was entered upon of making Canada as commercially
independent of the United States as was possible under
the circumstances. Even Sir John's formally expressed
policy has always been to enter new negotiations when
so, and his appeal to British loyalty in the last election

was coupled with an undertaking to use every endeavour
to meet the wish of Canadian people in regard to free
trade with the United States. Mr. Wiman is singularly
unfortunate in selecting the fishing industries of Canada
to illustrate his point. Party exigencies at Washington
alone prevented the acceptance of the Washington treaty
which Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet had accepted as a fair
settlement of the fishery question—a settlement largely
due to Sir John Macdonald's wise diplomacy. If Mr.
Wiman would devote his energies to denouncing in his
own country Mr. McKimley and his tariff he would be
better employed than in falsifying facts in connection
with the memory of Canada's lost statesman.—Manchester
Examiner.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON THE IRISH RACE.

MR. ARTHUR BENNETT, author of "John Bull and his
other Island," has received the following letter from Pro-
fessor Huxley: "Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged for
your interesting volumes. Years ago I had occasion to
visit many parts of Ireland, and my impressions of the
country and people accord extremely well with yours.
They are the most charming people in the world to have
to do with in business, the transaction of which requires
neither punctuality, accuracy, nor moral courage, and with
all their surface *bonhomie*, they have as keen an eye to
the main chance as the children of Israel. The Irish
difficulty lies in the nature of the people and the physical
character of the country, plus the operations for the
Papacy to make Ireland the base of operations for the
religious reconquest of Great Britain. The last is prob-
ably the key to the present position of affairs. The
bishops want to use Home Rule for their own purposes,
and the price, I take it, is the endowment of their
churches and schools: and it would not surprise me if
the assisted Education Act just passed through the House
of Commons were made a precedent for legislation on
that subject before we are much older. Ever yours, very
faithfully, T. H. Huxley."—English Paper.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

IT is worthy of remark that the idea of university
extension has taken root in other than English-speaking
countries. A Danish correspondent writes to the Oxford
Gazette in regard to work in Denmark: "About five years
ago the undergraduates of the University of Copenhagen
undertook to give free instruction to the working classes
and others who were in need of such instruction. Courses
were given in languages, natural science, and all subjects
commonly taught in high schools. The rooms in which the
instruction was given were lent free by the schools and
other institutions. The movement succeeded, and after
three years the organizing committee applied for and got
State aid, to which, however, no conditions were attached.
It was only an encouragement given to the brave efforts of
the students. The undergraduates now give free legal
advice through competent men, and the movement is
extending in every direction. Branches of the central
society in Copenhagen have already been established in the
chief towns of Denmark, and it is only a question of time
when the whole country will be covered by a network of
similar instruction."—Science.

THE O'GORMAN MAHON.

HE first went to Paris, and appeared at the Court of
Louis Philippe. His handsome face and form and his
readiness to fight, and his formidableness when once in a
duel, soon won him fame and favour at Court. He became
the friend of the King and intimate with Talleyrand. All
the brilliant society of the capital of fashion was open to him.
Women loved him, men sought and envied him, his ene-
mies feared him, and his fortune rose high. With Paris
as a centre of operations, he travelled over all Europe dur-
ing the next few years. All sorts of wars, great and
small, were waging, and The O'Gorman Mahon was in
them all, now a captain, now a colonel, now a general.
He fought under nearly every flag, and distinguished him-
self among the brave men around each European monarch.
He went over into Africa, he fought under the banners of
Oriental princes. At the end of ten years of this exciting
life, for which he never lost the keen edge of appetite, he
returned to the county Clare, and sat in Parliament for
five years. At the end of that time he was beaten by five
votes. He left his native country and did not return to it
or to England for twenty years. He threw himself into a
career of adventure with renewed energy. He was now
in the full strength of his manhood. Hardship, restless
activity had not impaired his health or strength in the
least. He could still drink, ride, shoot and fence with the
best and bravest. Women still found him first in attrac-
tiveness, with his bold, almost beautiful face, and his rec-
ord of reckless daring, and his low, sweet voice that could
say compliments or deadliest words of anger with equal
grace and force. After remaining in France a while he
went into Russia and joined the hunting party of the
Czarewitch to shoot bears and wolves in Finland. The
Czar made him a lieutenant in the international body-
guard, which gave him rank above most of the generals.
He fought against the Tartars, visited China, India and
Farther India, camped with Arabs, fought under the
Turkish flag, then took service with Austria, then drifted
back to France and joined an expedition to South America.
He first fought in the armies of Uruguay and then enlisted

under the Chilian Government. There he changed from a
soldier to a sailor, and rose to the rank of admiral. The
wars in Chili being over, he travelled across the mountains
to Brazil and became a colonel in the army of the Emperor
of Brazil. When Brazil was quiet, and not a speck of
war-cloud was in the horizon of South America, he crossed
to France. There were rumours of war in Europe. He
found his old friend, Philippe Egalité, departed, and
Louis Napoleon governing in his stead. But the change
of government had no effect upon the fortunes of the
knight-errant. Napoleon gave him a colonelency in a
regiment of chasseurs and made him a lion at Paris again.
But he remained only a short time and went to visit the
German Empire. His fame had gone before him, and he
was received with marks of high favour. Count Bismarck
and he became bosom friends, and their friendship lasted
to the end of his life. He also became a favourite com-
panion of the Crown Prince. For no one could equal The
O'Gorman in his graces of conversation. To his natural
talents were added the thousand thrilling, strange, unusual
experiences of his long, restless life. But age at length
began to tell upon him. The customs of the times had
changed. Duelling was no longer the fashion, and per-
sonal daring was no longer the feature of war. So he
returned to Ireland and re-entered politics. He became
an intimate friend of Gladstone, and it was to an enquiry
from that gentleman that he replied: "I have fought
twenty-two serious duels. And in all my life I have never
been challenged. I was always the aggressor."—New
York Sun.

ENERGY AND CLIMATE.

IT is curious how whole populations of intelligent peo-
ple jump at conclusions that are flattering to themselves
while utterly in contradiction of the best established his-
torical facts. One of the most widely accepted of these
pieces of nonsense is the dictum that human energy is
effected by climate. Now the fact is that human energy
has reached its fullest development in every kind of
climate and in every latitude except the frigid zone. The
equatorial regions furnish us with the history of Car-
thage and Egypt, the heated latitudes give us Tyre and
Sidon, Troy and Babylon. Then, in those latitudes
which are now sneered at as effeminate and enervating, we
have the unequalled science of Greece and the matchless
mastery of Rome. But, nonsense, say our theorists, do
you not see with your own eyes that people will not work
at the South, while they will at the North? Is not that
the effect of climate? Is not that better than history?
On the contrary, we find that in our Southern States an
extraordinary amount of energy has developed since the
war. We find that a population which under former con-
ditions was charged with indolence and negligence is
under the new conditions credited with an energy and an
enterprise that have redeemed its country from the deso-
lation of ruin and brought it to the front of progress and
prosperity. Then look abroad. In the very same line
of climate, everywhere, you will find the two extremes of
industry and indolence. The Southern Chinaman, Sia-
mese, East Indian, Egyptian, is laborious and industri-
ous; the West Indian and Central American refuses to
work. The enterprising Yankee himself lives in the same
climate and region where primitive savages scorned to
labour. The hardy, industrious, persevering, enterprising
highlander of Scotland, the Swede, the Norwegian, enjoy
about the same icy surroundings as the lazy Esquimaux
who hibernates like a bear. What, then, is the explana-
tion of this vastly varying experience of human energy
that infuses one generation with enterprise and industry,
while leaving another in the disgraceful fetters of sloth
and indifference? Why, it is simply—motive. The
motive makes the man, and the population is the repeti-
tion of the man. The greatest of all human motive
powers is hunger; the next is ambition. Hunger does
not move the West Indian or the Central American
because the fruits of nature are for him both plentiful
and free. The climate exempts him from the necessity of
roof or clothing, while the wild banana forest generally
feeds him and his family. He knows no other needs and
does not comprehend the philosophy of making himself
tired. But if some American natives were transported to
Siam or China, where every inch of land is under fence at
a high rent, where nature is in slavery and where food
implies incessant labour, he would soon find himself work-
ing as hard as his neighbours. Contrast the ancient
Roman and the modern. The former was consumed with
the fires of ambition. Conquest and mastery were his
dream day and night. There could be no rest, no repose
while something remained to be conquered; no danger,
no bodily labour, no intellectual training was avoided that
might help to the coveted end. But such fires burn out;
modern Rome is but the scorie of the ancient volcano.
Is all this climate? Would Vesuvius be more active at
the North Pole?—New Orleans Morning Star and Catho-
lic Messenger.

"A Book of Scotch Humour" illustrates anew of a
native of Annandale the saying that a prophet is not with-
out honour save in his own country. "I ken them a',"
said the rustic, speaking of the Carlyles; "Jock's a doc-
tor about London. Tam's a harem-scarem kind o' chiel,
an' wreats book an' that. But Jamie—yon's his farm you
see owre yonder—Jamie's the man o' that family, an' I'm
proud to say I ken him. Jamie Carlyle, sir, feeds the best
swine that come into Dumfries market."

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE distance of the horizon is governed by the height of the eye above the earth or sea. On the sea, with the eye at a height of five feet, the distance would be three miles; at sixty feet in height, ten miles.—*Scientific American*.

AN ingenious amateur, Mr. A. Batut, has made at Enlaure (France) a paper kite furnished with a photographic apparatus, with which he is able to take views, remarkable for their clearness, at a height varying from 90 to 130 metres.—*Paris Revue Scientifique*.

THE Peroxide of Hydrogen is a valuable deodorant and disinfectant, but it must be used with caution about the hair, if the colour of this is a matter of importance; for, under an alias, it is the golden hair bleach of the *nymph's despare*, and a dark-haired man with a candy-coloured moustache is a striking object.—*Can. Health Journal*.

A FRENCHMAN, by means of a specially invented instrument called the photo-chronograph, has succeeded in photographing the flight of insects. So delicate is the instrument that the exposures were estimated to be only 1-25,000 of a second in duration. The insect was placed in a glass box in front of the camera, and was then encouraged to fly by concentrating the rays of the sun upon it by means of a large condenser. The objective used had great depth of focus to allow for variations in the positions of the insect.

THE *Paris Revue Scientifique*, in an article on Mr. Lippman's discovery of colour photography, concludes thus: "During three years the experiments of Mr. Lippman have been pursued patiently and rationally. Nothing has been left to chance, and this is the magnificent part of the discovery. The scientific work is as beautiful as the result. It is the triumph of pure science over practice, of calculation over chance, and this discovery serves as a brilliant confirmation of the words of Jamin: "In natural philosophy there are two things which should never be considered, the time which is used and the trouble which is taken."

MR. STANLEY, in his "Darkest Africa," gives Emin Pasha as authority for the statement that the chimpanzees, which visit the plantations of Mswa station at night to steal the fruit, use torches to light the way. "Had I not witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally," said Emin, "I should never have credited that any of the simians understood the art of making fire. One of these same chimpanzees stole a native drum from the station, and went away pounding merrily on it. They evidently delight in that drum, for I have frequently heard them rattling away at it in the silence of the night."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

"August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness, and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benediction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness."—**Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.**
G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE last bulletin of the Geographical Society of America contains an interesting paper on the curious discovery of human remains under the Tuolumne Table Mountain of California. Bones of men and grinding instruments were there found by Professor Whitney, imbedded in auriferous gravel under lava at the foot of the mountain. Remains of plants belonging to the Tertiary age, and the bones of extinct mammalia, such as the rhinoceros of the West and the American mastodon, are also met with in the same strata. Pestles, mortars and broken spear-heads are the most remarkable of the implements discovered.

MANY have heard a series of wrappings in their rooms, which imaginative people have concluded were spirit wrappings, and which scientists have attributed to reasons scarcely less remarkable. One of our readers, Mr. A. Rossignol, chemist at Paris, has sent us, in a glass tube, two little insects which were taken in the act of making their nocturnal taps. They were found in a piece of heavy wrapping paper, but at opposite sides, and about ten centimetres apart. They wrapped loudly with the head by bending it in a sort of see-saw manner about six strokes per second, and the one insect answered when the other had finished.—*Paris la Nature*.

INSECT immigration is ordinarily a thing to be dreaded, but occasionally a foreign bug worth welcoming applies for naturalization. The Australian lady bug served as an offset for the 300,000,000 scales just imported from Tahiti, and now Mr. James Shinn has succeeded in domesticating at Niles an insect that bids fair to raise fig culture in California from the rank of a harmless amusement to that of one of the great industries of the State. The little wasp that is going to do us this favour enters the flowers of the otherwise useless Capri fig, loads itself with pollen, and carries it to the Smyrna fig. Without this assistance the latter does not mature, and it is the lack of the little wasp with the big name—*Blastophaga psenes*—that has confined us hitherto to the culture of the luscious "California fig," instead of the luscious fruit of Smyrna.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

A BOTANICAL club has been organized called the Botanical Club of Canada. The object of the club is to adopt means by concerted local efforts and otherwise, to promote the exploration of the flora of every portion of British America, to publish complete lists of the same in local papers as the work goes on, and to have lists collected and carefully examined in order to arrive at a correct knowledge of the precise character of the flora and its geographical distribution. The following is a list of the officers for 1891-92: President, Professor George Lawson, Halifax; secretary and treasurer, A. H. Mackay, Halifax; secretaries for the Provinces: Ontario, Professor John Macoun, Ottawa; Quebec, Professor D. P. Macphail, Montreal; New Brunswick, George U. Hay, St. John; Nova Scotia, E. J. Lay, Esq., Amherst; Prince Edward Island, Francis Bain, Esq., North River; Newfoundland, Rev. A. C. Waghorne, New Harbour; Manitoba, Mr. Burman, Esq., Winnipeg; Alberta, W. H. Galbraith, Esq., Lethbridge; British Columbia, Dr. Newcombe, Victoria.

THE British Consul at Hankow, in a recent report, mentions that the varnish exported from that port is the gum of the *Rhus vernicifera*. On this tree, before daylight, incisions are made; the gum that runs out is collected in the dark, and strained through a cotton-cloth bag, leaving behind a large amount of dirt and refuse. This operation can only be performed in the dark, as light spoils the gum and causes it to cake with all the dirt in it. It cannot be strained in wet weather, as moisture causes it to solidify. When the Chinese use the varnish they rub it on with a sort of mop made of soft waste silk. It should also be used in wet weather, as, if the atmosphere is dry when it is rubbed on, it will always be sticky. As used by the Chinese it takes about a month to dry. During the time it is drying it is poisonous to the eyes. It is possible that the celebrated Cremona varnish may have had in it some of this gum as one of its ingredients. It might be worth the while of our musical instrument makers to make experiments with this gum with the view to producing a varnish that would give a mellow instead of a "glassy" sound.—*Industries*.

A GERMAN inventor has devised an ingenious camera for taking photographs of the internal organs of human beings or animals. An india rubber tube contains a small cylindrical camera inclosed in a cylindrical case provided with two hemispherical shutters. In front of the lens are two very small incandescent lamps. The wires to these and a short pipe from the camera are carried in the outside incasing tube. A battery for the lamps and a pneumatic ball to operate the camera complete the outfit. The camera is provided with a sensitive plate, and when the apparatus is in use simple pressure on the pneumatic ball drives the camera forward in the incasing cylinder, and at the same instant makes the contact for the electric lamps, opening the shutters at the same time. By removing the pressure upon the ball the camera returns to its place, the lamps go out and the shutters close. In a number of cases in which this curious instrument has been employed, it is said to have been quite satisfactory.

MR. CARUS-WILSON writes to the editor of the *Chemical News* from Bournemouth as follows: "I have now succeeded in producing musical notes from sand that was never before musical, and am also able to produce similar results from those mute, or 'killed,' musical sands which have been temporarily deprived of their musical properties. Full details will shortly be made public, but, in the meantime, some may be interested to know that all my experiments have been conducted on the principles involved in the theory which I propounded in 1888, to account for the emission of musical sounds from such sands, and that the results obtained appear to demonstrate indisputably the applicability of this theory." The following note is appended in the *Chemical News*: "A short time ago I had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Carus-Wilson's experiments with musical sands—sands originally musical, musical sands which had been killed and then revived, and sands originally mute, which had had the gift of music conferred on them. Mr. Wilson hopes soon to be prepared to publish his experiments and the explanation of the phenomenon in detail.—W. C."

M. EMILE BLANCHARD read a paper the other day before the French Academy of Sciences on the existence of a terrestrial connection between Europe and America during the present geological age of the earth. M. Blanchard began by pointing out that a line from the north of Scotland through Orkney, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, by way of Davis Straits, passes from one island to another across comparatively shallow seas. Another evidence of land connection exists in the prevalence of European species of animals and plants in the eastern parts of America, especially in Greenland, where the flora of the west coast is American and that of the east coast is European. Anemones from Northern Europe are found in the Southern States; violets, too, grow there, as well as wild roses; and the astragale of the Alps flourishes in Canada. Among other plants common to the two hemispheres may be mentioned rhododendrons, saxifrages, brooms and so on. Willows, ivies, and grasses exist in both regions. Grasses may be omitted, because their seeds could be transported for great distances by water; but orchids and lilies of Northern Europe are common in North America. Three or four hundred species of beetles, an insect incapable of long flight, are denizens of both continents. The Carabides especially, which live under stones, and spread slowly, can be traced from Europe through Iceland to Greenland, Labrador and Canada. The Argymies of Lapland and Iceland are also found in Labrador, and it would be easy to give other instances of the kind. Spiders of the Alps and the North of Europe have been observed in Greenland; beavers are found in Europe and America; the reindeer is plentiful in the Hudson Bay Territories, and so is the Norwegian lemming. Several species of fish are characteristic of both regions; for example, the river perch, which never quits fresh water. These proofs of a belt of land connecting Europe with Labrador open up some interesting questions; for instance, the physical basis of the old traditions of a lost continent of Atlantis, which would seem to be America, and the origin of the American Indian race, which may have had congeners in the aboriginal tribes of Europe.—*The Colonies and India*.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Asthma—Use it. For sale by all druggists.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has a steadily increasing popularity, which can only be won by an article of real merit. Give it a trial.

You take no risk in buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

THOUGHTS come and go, some never to return. What some of us would have given at the time for an Esterbrook pen to jot down a fleeting inspiration!

WHEN the blood is out of condition disease is the inevitable result. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply the constituents necessary to enrich the blood and build up the nerves. They cure suppressions, irregularities, debility, etc. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. a box). Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

40 lbs. in 60 Days

Remarkable Improvement in Health

Statement of Facts from a Prominent Vermonter.

We call attention to the statement below from Mr. J. A. R. Corwin of Chelsea, Vermont, known not only in his own town, but all through the State as a man of the strictest integrity and uprightness. Mr. Corwin has long been proprietor of a general store, and for many years has been town clerk, selectman, and held many other positions of responsibility and trust.

"Chelsea, Vt., June 16th, 1891.

"My son had a severe sickness last winter, and after his partial recovery he was very weak, had no appetite and grew very poor, weighing only ninety-one pounds. At the suggestion of Wm. F. Hood he commenced the 16th of April to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and the result was wonderful. He regained his appetite and gained forty pounds in flesh, and now seems much better than at any time since his sickness." J. A. R. CORWIN.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

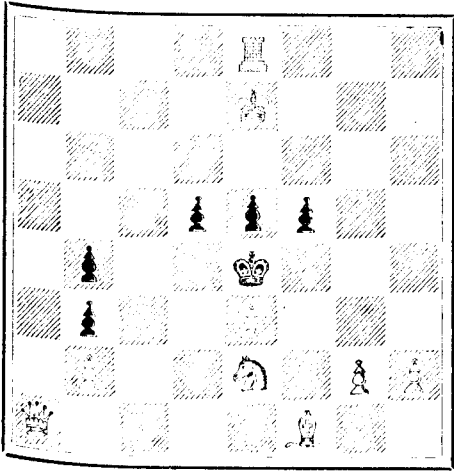
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 40 years, and no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the *hauiton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the most harmless of all the Skin Preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. F. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING MACHINE. Retail price, only \$6.00. Will knit Stockings, Mitts, Scarfs, Leggings, Fancy-work and every thing required in the household. From home-spun or factory yarn. Simple and easy to operate. Just the machine every family has long wished for. On receipt of \$6.00 I will ship machine, threaded up, with full instructions by express. C. O. D. You can pay the balance. Large commission. Safe delivery. Please mention this paper.

CHESS.

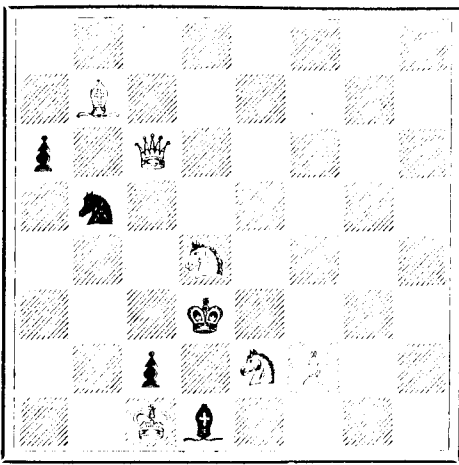
PROBLEM No. 595.
By J. C. Wainwright.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 596.
By W. Gleave.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 589.
White.
1. B-R7
2. Kt-K3 +
3. Q-B5 mate
Black.
1. B-Kt6
2. K x P
If 1. P-B7
2. K x P
With other variations.

No. 590.
Kt-K6

GAME PLAYED AT TORONTO CHESS CLUB BETWEEN A. T. DAVISON AND E. S. NEVILLE, AUGUST 17, 1891.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Mr. NEVILLE. White. 1. P-K4 2. Kt-KB3 3. B-B4 4. P-QKt4 5. P-B3 6. B-Kt2 (a) 7. Castles 8. P-Q4 9. P-KR3 10. Kt-R2 11. P x P 12. K x B 13. P-K5 14. P-KB4 15. Kt-Q2 (b) 16. B-Kt3 17. Q-B3 18. Q-Kt3 19. B-B2 20. B-B3 21. P-B5 22. P x P	Mr. DAVISON. Black. P-K4 Kt-QB3 B-B4 B x P B-Q3 Q-K2 P-KR3 P-QR3 Kt-B3 P x P B x Kt + Castles Kt-KR2 Kt-Q1 P-QKt4 P-QR4 B-Kt2 P-R5 Q-Kt5 (c) Q-K2 P-KB3 Kt x P	Mr. NEVILLE. White. 23. Q-R-QKt1 24. R x P 25. R-K1 26. Q x Q 27. Q-Kt3 28. Q x BP 29. Q-Kt3 30. Q-B3 31. Q-Kt3 32. B-QKt1 33. Q-B2 34. Q-Kt3 35. Kt-KB1 36. B x Kt 37. Q-Kt4 38. P-B6 39. Kt-Kt3 40. Kt-B5 41. Kt-K7 + (g) 42. P x R 43. K x R White resigns.	Mr. DAVISON. Black. Kt-B2 B-R3 Q x B (d) B x R P-Q4 KR-QB1 Kt-R4 Kt-B3 Kt-Kt4 KR-K1 R-K7 R-QB1 Kt-K5 Kt x B (e) R-B2 R-K8 Kt-K5 (f) R x Kt R-R8 + Kt-B7 +
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NOTES.

- (a) Too defensive; P-Q4 best.
- (b) P-K5 appears to give a strong attack.
- (c) A lost move.
- (d) With the object of freeing Black's position.
- (e) And Black gains a piece.
- (f) A trap which White falls into.
- (g) White should have played Kt x R P +



BANISHES BAD BLOOD.

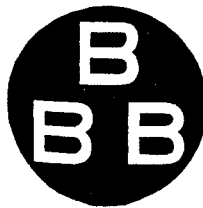
Bad Blood is responsible for all the Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases, Humors and Disfiguring Rashes that are so prevalent, especially in spring. There is a NATURAL FOE TO BAD BLOOD called Burdock Blood Bitters which always conquers, never fails and is recommended by thousands. It searches out and removes all impurities from the smallest pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. In Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Shingles, Tetter, etc., its effects are wonderful.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Two of my children had large sores on their bodies caused by poorness of the blood. They were completely cured by one bottle of B. B. B. MRS. J. PINEL, London East, Ont.

About a year ago I got a running abscess on my neck which made me very weak. B. B. B. cured it and I am strong again. MRS. GEO. LEDINGHAM, Montefiore, Man.

A Faithful Friend.



SIRS,—I have great faith in your Burdock Blood Bitters, and can recommend it for most anything. Two years ago I was troubled with an ulcer on my ankle; having used B. B. B. for bad blood I procured a bottle, and a box of Burdock Healing Ointment; after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured and can recommend it everywhere. Yours truly, Mrs. Wm. V. Boyd, Brantford, Ont.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.
THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.
W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

FOR THE WEARY

And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

"I was sick for nine months, and finding the doctors were unable to help me, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. The result has been a rapid and complete restoration of all my bodily powers." — Mrs. Lydia Randal, Morris, W. Va.

"I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great satisfaction in my family, and can recommend it to all who have the care of young and delicate children." — Mrs. Joseph McComber, Elton st., near Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Cures Others, Will Cure You

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Is a GOOD FOOD for children, supplying as it does the material that forms "FLESH," "MUSCLE," and "BONE."

RADWAY'S ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE.

For the Cure of all DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES, PAINS IN THE BACK, DRAGGING FEELING, etc., INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the internal viscera.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability to contract disease.

PERFECT DIGESTION.

Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, the food that is eaten contribute its nourishment for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

Price 25 Cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

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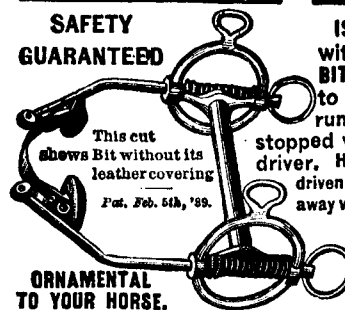
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IS THIS POSSIBLE? YES, with the AUTOMATIC SAFETY BIT, any horse who ever starts to run away, be he vicious or running from fright, can be stopped without injury to horse, or driver, HARD-MOUTHED or PULLING HORSES driven with ease. Your horse CANNOT run away with the Automatic Safety Bit.

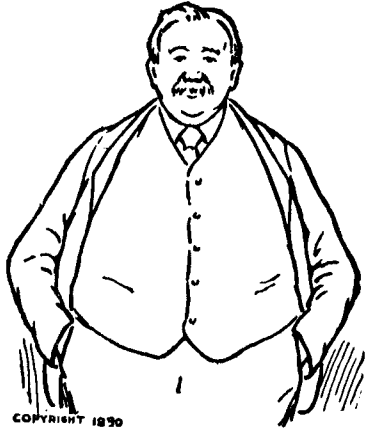


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PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.



Too large—the old-fashioned pill. Too reckless in its way of doing business, too. It cleans you out, but it uses you up, and your outraged system rises up against it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have a better way. They do just what is needed—no more. Nothing can be more thorough—nothing is as mild and gentle. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. One tiny, sugar-coated granule's a gentle laxative—three to four are cathartic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

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Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is **Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.**

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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THE WINDSOR, facing on the finest and most central square in the city, stands unrivalled in Canada. Its cool, airy situation, spacious rooms, Palatial Corridors, Parlours, and Dining-Room, hold a world-wide reputation, and place it among the Palace Hotels of the American continent. It is within one minute's walk of the Grand Trunk and new Canadian Pacific Railway depots.

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And all points east. Tickets at all G.T.R. and Empress ticket offices and on wharf.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

CHANGE OF TIME

Commencing Monday, 31st Aug.,

STR. MODJESKA,

L'Ve HAMILTON	*7.45 a.m.	2.15 p.m.
Ar. TORONTO	10.30 "	4.45 "
L'Ve TORONTO	11.00 "	*5.15 "
Ar. HAMILTON	1.30 p.m.	8.00 "

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SAFE AS MILK,



And must be used freely for a spell, especially in chronic cases, as no good can result until the vital obstructions, putrid waste and blood poisons are removed. Drink, drink, drink from early morn till night especially on retiring; dose, one cup or goblet every hour or at proper intervals, to regulate. Try St. Leon, cold, hot or mixed with milk; also take warm injections of this water, are highly beneficial.

St. Leon Mineral Co., Ltd., Toronto.

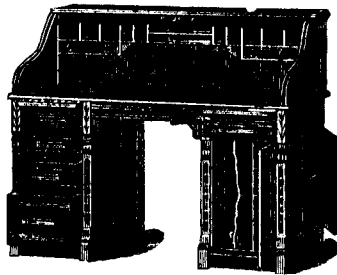
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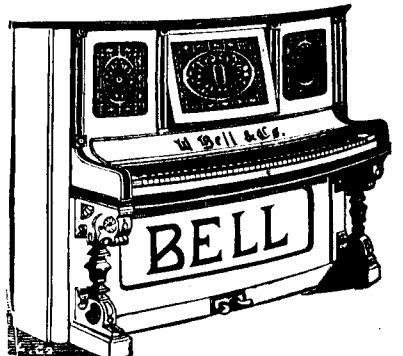
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The Annual Meeting of the C. I. R. A. S. and the Indian Conference which were to have taken place in Toronto on May the 14th and 15th have been postponed till September next. The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was then decided that September being Exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.



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