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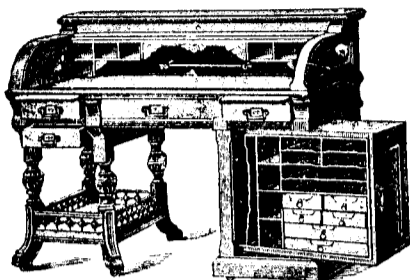
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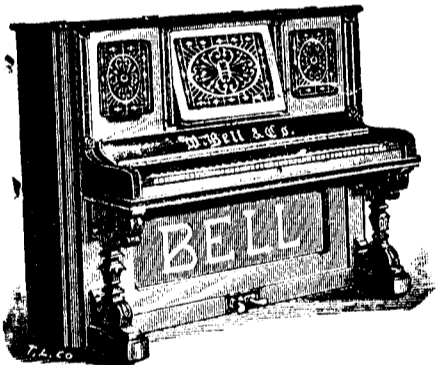
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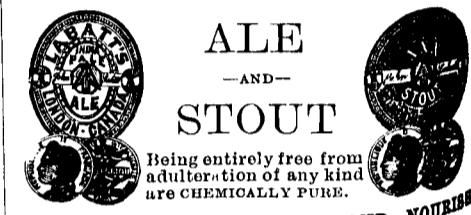
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THIS time the expected has happened. Acting on the advice of his responsible Ministers, His Excellency, the Governor-General, has been pleased to dissolve the House of Commons one year before the efflux of its full term of life, and issue his writs for a new Parliament. The time allowed for the elections is short, scarcely more than a month. Whether this is a matter for congratulation or for regret is a question in regard to which opinions will differ. Perhaps, as party politics go and as such contests are managed, it is as well that the agony should be short, and the time for wire-pulling and bringing undue influences to bear as limited as possible. Did our mode of conducting elections and transacting our political business approach more nearly to an ideal standard, it would, on the other hand, be highly desirable that the fact of a coming dissolution should be definitely known many weeks beforehand. The interval could then be used by the leading men of both parties in discussing the great issues involved and educating the people to an intelligent and dispassionate consideration of their respective policies and arguments. Good citizens would be proud to see these leaders meeting often face to face on the same platforms, replying to each other's arguments and presenting their own, openly, in the presence of the people; instead of discussing individually to meetings composed of their own partisans. It is not to the credit of our political methods that the politicians have in these days almost abandoned these old-fashioned and manly face to face discussions. With regard to the question of dissolution itself, we have before maintained what seems clearly to be the constitutional right of the Government to determine on its own responsibility when the circumstances are such as to warrant or demand a premature dissolution. They may abuse the right, just as they may abuse any other trust. The people must be their judges. In one respect we have no hesitation in saying that the Government seems to us to merit very severe censure, and the people must be careless of their own rights and hold the palladium of their liberties, the franchise, in small estimation, if they do not find means of bestowing that censure. We refer to the fact that, under the unwieldy and enormously expensive Franchise Act the Government have introduced, and through their own deliberate refusal to make the revision needed under that Act, a hundred thousand of loyal Canadian citizens

will be deprived of the right to vote in the coming election, while the presence on the two-year-old voting lists of thousands of names which should not now be there will afford facilities for fraud and personation which should not exist. If the people of Canada do not take some means both of resenting this great wrong and of preventing its repetition, it can only be because partisan zeal makes them strangely blind to their own rights and interests.

THOUGH the ground on which the sudden appeal to the people is based is, of course, the main issue in the case, it has been so often before us that we do not now deem it necessary to dwell upon it. That ground is ostensibly that the Dominion Government is making, through the British Government, certain proposals to the United States for negotiations looking to an extension of our trade with that country. The fact is significant in support of what THE WEEK has often said touching the futility of attempting to deny that reciprocal trade with our neighbours is most desirable, if it can be obtained on terms consistent with our duty to the Mother Country, and the folly of indulging in a mode of speech and action tending in the direction of either commercial or political hostility to those neighbours. The present course of the Government is a full endorsement of this view, even if it be, by implication, a rebuke of the utterances of some of the Government's most zealous supporters. Beyond this we can but repeat what we have often said, that the politicians of the United States have made it as clear as language can make it that restricted reciprocity, such as that under which Canada once prospered, is now forever out of the question, and that we are utterly unable to see what scheme of reciprocity Sir John A. Macdonald can hope to induce the Washington statesmen even to discuss, which will not be incompatible with his avowed determination to uphold the National Policy in its integrity. Here we can only rest and watch for light.

POLITICAL developments at home have so largely occupied our attention this week that we have left ourselves no space to comment upon other events of interest which are occurring in various quarters, such as the judgment of the full Court in Manitoba upholding Judge Killam's decision affirming the validity of the new School Act of the Province; the downfall of Crispi, the Italian Premier; the apparent successes of the Rebel party in Chili; and the abortive attempt at insurrection and revolution in Oporto. The first we confidently anticipated. Its chief effect will probably be to stimulate the agitation for disallowance in Quebec, an agitation for which, by the way, the coming election affords a tempting foothold. The second seems to have little political significance save as a rebuke to the extravagant expenditures of the Government, especially in Africa; though the news was at first hailed with effusion in France, as presaging the end of the Triple alliance. The third is but an episode in the history of a people who, if we may venture the Hibernicism, are never at rest save when fighting at home or abroad. The fourth is probably but an outcome of the unreasoning resentment aroused by the results of Portugal's dispute with England in Africa, though it may prove to have a deeper significance as a premature outbreak of a republican sentiment much more widespread than this ill-managed and feeble display gives reason to suppose.

BETWEEN Sir John A. Macdonald's speech before the Albany Club, and Mr. Blaine's blunt letter to Congressman Baker, we are now in a position to judge how broad, or rather how narrow, was the foundation for the rumours current last week touching negotiations for reciprocity. Sir John, while indicating his readiness to consider reciprocal trade in natural products, and even to some extent in certain other commodities, affirms the determination of the Government to maintain the principle of the National Policy intact. Mr. Blaine, on the other hand, says very frankly that no scheme for reciprocity with the Dominion, confined to natural products, will be entertained by the Washington Government. This is just what was to be expected. It has long been evident to all who have paid any attention to the drift of opinion and sentiment on the other side of the frontier, that no renewal

of reciprocity on the old lines, that is in natural products only, is now, or is likely to be in the future, possible. Meanwhile, the leaders of the Opposition aided by the chief writer of the *Globe*, are openly using their best endeavours to obtain from the United States Government and Congress an unequivocal offer of unrestricted reciprocity. It is difficult to determine just what probability there is of success in this attempt. A considerable number of Senators and Congressmen are, no doubt, in favour of such a resolution, but it is evident that the majority take but a languid interest in the matter, and in the fierce competition to get other questions of intense party interest before the two houses for discussion and action, it will be no easy task to obtain a pronouncement upon a matter of this kind. No doubt such a declaration as it is sought to obtain from the two Houses of Congress would be of very great use to the Canadian Opposition in its canvass, now that the anticipated dissolution has become an accomplished fact. It would furnish an effective answer to one objection that has been persistently and effectively urged, viz., that we have no assurance that even unrestricted reciprocity is attainable, and that to elect a House of Commons pledged to that as a policy might be only to prepare the way for rebuff and humiliation. But assuming that reliable assurances may be procurable on that point, we wonder if it has not occurred to Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright and other leaders, that another assurance is equally desirable in order to commend their policy to the Canadian people, and insure its acceptance. Let them get, in addition to the declaration sought from Washington, a clear intimation from the British Government that it will approve or assent to a policy of this kind, and the verdict of the Canadian people is assured. The only thing which could then save the Government from defeat would be its adherence to the new policy. While we thus write we have no means of knowing to what length the British Government would go in order to secure a settlement of all outstanding difficulties with the United States, and a prospect of perpetual peace and friendship between the Republic and Canada. It is well known that both the Government and the people of England earnestly desire such amity, not only for political reasons, but for others which, though sometimes called "sentimental" by way of disparagement, are really worthier and nobler than any dictated by considerations of mere policy. The chief significance in the communications with Mr. Blaine is that they seem to have been the outcome of an overture of some kind by Sir Julian Pauncefote. He is said, it is true, to have acted on a suggestion from Ottawa, but he could hardly have done so without being sure of the approval of Westminster. We suppose that the British Government would be much more chary than the United States Congress about giving aid and comfort to the Dominion Opposition in its warfare against a strong Government, but it is none the less pretty clear that the assurance of the approval of the Mother Country will be one thing greatly needed to secure the adoption of Sir Richard Cartwright's policy, in addition to its endorsement at Washington. The people of Canada are not likely to sanction wholesale discrimination against the Mother Country without her consent. Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard are welcome to the hint.

THE direct practical outcome of the annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League of Canada is, we suppose, embodied in the resolution that was adopted to the effect that "in the opinion of the League in Canada it would promote the objects of the League if a council to be composed of representatives of the self-governing colonies as well as of the Mother Country be convened by the British Government for the purpose of considering the practicability of improved trade relations between Great Britain and the different colonies and dependencies of the Empire." This amended resolution is but the expression, in the form of a general statement and in more euphemistic terms, of the first postulate of that which it supplanted, and which recommended the proposition to "provide a closer union between the various parts of the British Empire by means of an Imperial tariff of customs, to be levied independently of the duties payable under customs tariff on goods entering the Empire from abroad, the revenue from such tariff to be devoted to the general

defence and general purposes of the Empire." That first postulate is the same which has been from the first recognized by most of those who have written thoughtfully on the subject, whether from the Imperial or Colonial point of view. It is that there is little hope of being able to build up any successful and permanent scheme of Imperial Federation on any other basis than that of a preferential or discriminative trade policy. This is, perhaps, a blunt way of putting it, but if it be the fact it is surely better to face it resolutely at the outset. As Lieut.-Col. F. C. Denison plainly said, the people must soon learn that the ultimate result of the movement must be that they must take some of the burdens of the Empire upon them, and it is inevitable that the practical people will ask some return in kind. The rejected resolution is but a definite statement of one form the burden might be made to assume. The amendment adopted was, no doubt, wiser in that it merely implies the general principle that trade discrimination must be the basis of any federation that may be effected, and suggests a convention of delegates to evolve the most feasible means of effecting that discrimination. In thus plainly stating this fact, and reiterating it as often as may seem necessary, we trust we shall not be accused of imputing mercenary or otherwise ignoble motives to the advocates of Imperial Federation. We are as far as possible from either thinking or implying that they are influenced by any considerations less broad or lofty than those admirable impulses of loyalty to the Empire which they themselves profess. With equal distinctness do we disclaim any violent prejudice against the scheme itself. We trust we are not wholly insensible to its inherent largeness and grandeur. We recall attention again and again to this fundamental fact, simply in pursuance of the aim we have set before us in the discussion of all such matters, that, viz., of striving to divest them of all that is merely secondary or accidental, and seeking, by the use of the best analytical processes we can bring to bear, to search out their essential characteristics.

IN answer to the above we shall, of course, be reminded of the distinct avowal of Rev. Principal Grant, the eloquent chief speaker at the evening meeting. As reported by the *Mail*, Dr. Grant declared that "The advantages of Imperial Federation did not interest him if they were simply to put money into the purses of the Canadian people. Advantage meant the best development and progress of the nation. It was not so much the acquisition of wealth as the better performance of duties, the development of political life, and the safety of the commonwealth." These are grand and worthy aims. Considered, however, as arguments, they are open to the objection that very many Canadians, who will strenuously refuse to admit that they are a whit less patriotic or less loyal than the most ardent Federationist, claim to have precisely the same aims in view, though they may differ very widely as to methods. And may we not here, in view of this fact, suggest, with all respect to Dr. Grant and other advocates of national advancement on the particular line of Imperial Federation, whether anything can be lost and whether much may not be gained by keeping the discussion of these great questions free from anything savouring of the nature of a threat, covert or otherwise. There are, there is some reason to think, among our fellow-citizens, born and bred in Canada, loving Canada, and loyal to her to the core, those who believe that the best development of their own native land, as well as that of the Mother Country, can best be attained and is destined to be attained by the establishment of the former, when the proper time comes, as an independent and perhaps allied nation. There can be no treason in this belief, seeing that the foremost statesmen and journals of the Mother Country have time and again declared that England will offer no opposition when Canada desires to take that course. These men, both in England and in Canada, may be very short-sighted and visionary, but they certainly are not disloyal either to Canada or to the Empire. The question is whether the case is not rather one for dispassionate argument; whether Canadians have not a right to their opinions, even if those should not favour Imperial Federation, and whether there may not be a more promising as well as more excellent method of converting them from the error of their ways than throwing out even semi-jocular hints about prospective "wigs on the green." We are glad the Unionists are not in a hurry. Neither, we dare say, are those loyal Canadians who are not Unionists. Let us all, then, take our time, study the trend of events, think the thing out, and argue it out

fairly and amicably. And this brings us at the same time to the point of beginning and the close of the evening meeting, after Mr. Dalton McCarthy's vigorous speech, in the unanimous adoption of a resolution in favour of preferential fiscal arrangements between the several parts of the Empire and against a trade policy which would discriminate against the Mother Country or any part of the Empire in favour of a foreign power. That the people of Canada will adopt the latter, unless with the consent or at the desire of the Mother Country, there seems little reason to fear. When we are able to see the first reasonable probability that the bread-importing masses who now control the ballot boxes in the Mother Country, or their staunch free-trade representatives in Parliament, are ready even to consider the former as a question of practical politics, we shall be ready to admit that the day of Imperial Federation may be really dawning.

VIEWED, not as a forerunner of a coming general election, but on its merits as a measure adapted to promote the best interests of a large class of the people of Canada, the action of the Dominion Government in deciding to establish dairy schools throughout the Province is one of practical wisdom. Everyone who has thought of the matter must have been struck with the great difference between the success that has been achieved by the farmers of Canada, especially those of Ontario, in the manufacture of cheese and in that of butter. Why the one product of the pasture or the stall should be famous for its excellence and command the highest price even in the British market, while the other is not only unknown to fame abroad, but possessed of a somewhat uncertain reputation at home, puzzles the general consumer of both products. And yet the answer is not far to seek. Time was within easy recollection of those whose heads are not yet blossoming when the quality of Canadian cheese was as unreliable as that of Canadian butter still is. The factory system and the science it has brought to bear have made the difference. Why the same science has not long since wrought a similar revolution in butter-making processes is the question. It is not, however, a puzzling question, for, in the first place, it has done so to a certain limited extent, as the delicious samples of dairy-made butter the fortunate householder occasionally lights upon amply prove; and in the second place, in the great majority of cases the butter-making process has not been given over to the domain of science. The law of haphazard still rules in the greater number of the farm dairies. All this is now to be changed, or at least we may hope so, and we know of no better use to which any public moneys set apart for educational purposes could be applied. This, by the way, suggests a good many questions into which we shall not now enter. Such questions are: What is the rule of political division which assigns the support of the projected schools to the Dominion instead of to the Provinces? And how does it happen that the Government stands ready equipped with the sum of money necessary for such schools, and the power to institute them, without the permission or approval of the faithful Commons, the guardian of the public purse? These questions are not unimportant, but just now we leave them to the party press, and simply congratulate the Government on its happy thought, the farmers on their good luck, and the lovers of good butter on the brighter prospects on the horizon of the dairy industry.

IT is one of the proofs that we are in the presence of a man of broad culture and high thinking when we can listen to or read his utterances, feeling that the enjoyment is quite independent of the fact of one's agreement or disagreement with the views expressed. It is only the man of bitter prejudices or narrow, partisan spirit who angers you the moment he comes into contact with your own cherished opinions or sentiments. Such is the reflection which forces itself upon us as we arise from reading the newspaper reports of Mr. Goldwin Smith's address on "Loyalty," read the other evening before the Young Men's Liberal Club. Probably few readers of *THE WEEK* would proceed very far with that address without meeting with opinions from which they dissent. Few would conclude it without finding sentiments from which they would very cordially dissent. And yet we dare say that, with the greater number, the points of agreement would be far more numerous, though they might seem less important, than the points of difference. But the charm of the style, the moderation of the language, the breadth and toleration of spirit, and the lucidity and dispassionateness of the reasoning, all mark it as the production of the hand of a master

in the science and art of literature. We claim to be pretty loyal Canadians, and could scarcely have hoped to listen with equanimity to one who does not hesitate to avow his belief in political union with the United States as not only Canada's manifest destiny but as the consummation most devoutly to be wished. And yet we find it impossible to follow his train of thought without admitting, not by any means the soundness of his conclusions, but the sincerity of his convictions, and the fact that as a free and fearless thinker he has just as good a right to hold and utter them as we to forward, by every legitimate means in our power, our very different ones. And yet he will, we dare say, be roundly abused on all hands for so doing. We would that very many of those who write for the press would at least study and profit by his keen analysis of "Loyalty" into its different types, and would follow out the lines by which some of the most familiar of those types are traced to their unsuspected and rather ignoble sources. None of us is bound to adopt Mr. Goldwin Smith's political views, and not many of us are likely to do so in all respects, but none of us can, without singular ingratitude, forget the great services he has rendered, and is rendering, to Canadian literature.

THE arguments adduced by Mr. Miller, Attorney-General, and Mr. Taft, Solicitor-General of the United States Government, in support of their contention that the Supreme Court should not grant the leave asked on behalf of the owner of the *Sayward* and the Canadian Minister of Justice, are interesting, whatever may be thought of their force or validity. The first plea, that of want of jurisdiction, is evidently too technical to command profound respect as a reason for denying a foreigner access to the highest court of the Republic for redress of alleged wrongs. If the Supreme Court has not jurisdiction in such a case, it surely ought to have it. One allegation of fact was, it is true, made in connection with this plea which is of great importance in regard to the question of justice. If it be true that the evidence exhibited before the Alaska Court shows the taking of seal within three miles of the Alaskan Islands, then it must be confessed that, although such fact could not justify the right of seizure in the open sea far beyond that limit, it would tend materially to modify our sympathy for the claimant. The chief interest centres, however, in what may be called the national or international argument, viz., that conceding all the facts averred in the petition, the question of the jurisdiction of the Alaskan Court depends upon the extent of the dominion of the United States in Behring Sea; that this is a political question, to be decided by the political departments of the Government, the Executive and Congress; that they have both decided it against the petitioners' contention; and that this is conclusive upon the Judiciary. It is hard to believe that so august a body of judges as those constituting the Supreme Court of the United States will consent to have their jurisdiction limited in accordance with such a plea. Its effect is clearly to subordinate that Court to the Executive Department of the Government, instead of maintaining its dignity as a distinct and independent branch of that Government, so far, at least, as foreigners are concerned, since, according to that plea, any citizen of a foreign country having occasion to seek justice through the courts of the Republic will be debarred from that privilege, if it can be shown that his case has become the subject of diplomatic correspondence. Whether it is in keeping with the high sense of justice which should animate all departments of the Government of a great nation to deprive a citizen of another country, under any circumstances, of an opportunity of seeking redress against the officers of the Government in the courts of the nation, is a question which must, we suppose, be left to the consciences of the people of that nation. Another argument used by the Attorney-General is reported as follows:—

If it be a compliment to this court to assume that it will break away from its constitutional duties as a purely judicial tribunal, and attempt to invade the domain of the executive and usurp purely political and executive functions at the instance of a foreign nation in a diplomatic controversy with our own Government of many years' standing, then the appearance of the British Government here in the rôle of a suitor is a compliment. To the unsophisticated mind it seems tolerably clear that the decision asked by the applicants in this case would be a purely judicial decision, to be made in strict accordance with law and precedent, and that to pronounce that decision in the individual case would be very far from an usurpation of any executive function. The answer of the court will be awaited with interest, but

until that answer is given we are loath to believe that the Supreme Court will accept a view which virtually subordinates its functions to those of another branch of the Government. We cannot but think that the Supreme Court, as well as the *Sayward* claim, is on its trial.

THE trial is over and the Supreme Court has recorded a verdict of "Not Guilty" in its own favour. Since the foregoing paragraph was sent to the printer, Chief Justice Fuller has announced that the court has decided to grant the counsel representing the British Government the leave sought to file an application for a writ of prohibition to prevent the District Court of Alaska from proceeding to carry out its decree of forfeiture made in the case of the schooner *Sayward*. The main question involved will now, no doubt, come before the court on its merits, in the argument and decision which will be next in order, as to whether the writ of prohibition shall issue. The more we thought on the matter, the more disposed we were to believe that, notwithstanding the specious arguments of the Government attorneys, and the strange consensus of opinion amongst United States lawyers to the contrary, the Supreme Court would maintain its dignity as the Judicial branch of the Government, just as independent in its own sphere as are the Legislative and Executive branches in theirs. The fact that it has done so affords an additional assurance, if any were needed, that it may be relied on to judge righteous judgment in the case, as between nation and nation. It would be, however, a novelty in international disputes, as well as an unprecedented judicial triumph, should these proceedings result in virtually settling the main point of a diplomatic quarrel of six years standing by a decision given in due course by a court of justice of one of the contending parties. The fact would add a unique chaplet to the laurels which already adorn the brow of the Goddess of American justice, who sits enthroned in the Supreme Court at Washington.

THE scenes that accompanied the passage of the Dominion Franchise Act, in the eventful session of 1885, are brought forcibly to mind by those of which the United States Senate has recently been the theatre. In their determination to prevent the passage of the Lodge Election Bill, the Democratic party in the Senate have carried Parliamentary obstruction to its utmost limit, and thus far the attempt of the Republican majority to force the measure to a vote has proved unsuccessful. The proposed amendment to the Senate rules providing for the closure of debate is little likely to be carried, while there remain in the opposition ranks men capable of occupying, as did one Senator from Mississippi, four days and nights in reading what are alleged to have been old historical essays. Vice-President Morton shows no disposition to revolutionize the constitutional method of procedure by any such arbitrary assumption of power as that by which Speaker Reed in the Lower House has established his ability to rule; and unless the majority in favour of the Bill, which is estimated at only from one to nine, can find some way of upsetting his decisions, the House will probably adjourn with the measure still unpassed. This result seems on the whole, from the national point of view, desirable. Undoubtedly, under the present system, in hundreds of Southern districts the negroes are deprived by fraud or force of their right to vote, and many Democrats are returned to Congress where the exercise of the franchise by the coloured population would elect Republicans; and whatever may be thought of the wisdom displayed by the statesmen of the Reconstruction period in indiscriminately bestowing the full rights of citizenship on the newly liberated slaves, it is admittedly a grave evil that Federal legislation should be rendered nugatory by sectional opposition, and the refusal of State officials to perform their duty. But to attempt to cure this evil by legislation that would inevitably intensify very greatly both the existing race hatred in the South and whatever of rancour remains in the relations of the ex-Confederacy to the North, while it would, at the same time, revolutionize the method of national elections in all the States, seems to onlookers very like applying a remedy which is sure to prove worse than the disease. The Lodge Bill certainly goes far to justify the accusation brought against the Republican leaders of endeavouring to still fight their battles on war issues. Quite apart, however, from the question of the intrinsic character of the Lodge Bill is that of the right of a narrow majority in the Senate to pass a measure against which the people of the Republic may be fairly held to have just pronounced a crushing verdict. This certainly seems to unprejudiced

eyes a proceeding utterly opposed to the spirit of representative institutions, and one that affords the Democratic party a strong justification for their obstructive tactics. If shelved by the Senate, the measure will in all probability never be heard of again. Its passage by the Senate, and approval by the President, with the knowledge that two-thirds of the Representatives-elect are opposed to such action, would be a queer procedure in the country, in which above all others the people are supposed to rule. Since the above was written it is announced, on what seems to be good authority, that the Election Bill has been dropped by the Republican leaders.

A SKETCH OF INDIAN LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE Indians of British Columbia, unlike their confreres in Oregon and Washington Territory, are as a rule peaceful and law abiding, and one reason is, they have ever been justly and humanely treated, both by the settlers and the various Governments that have existed in the country since the first great immigration of white men in 1858. Another reason is, they have learned to respect laws that are impartially administered, alike to the Red and White man, the settlers and natives (thanks to this), never having been brought into collision by deeds of violence, entertain no bitter hostile feelings towards one another; indeed, their relations are characterized by amity and good fellowship—they are mutually dependent on one another—the settlers want labourers and the Indians want labour.

The Indians are now, whatever may be said to the contrary, more comfortable and quite as independent as formerly, when they ranged the country, "sole monarchs of all they surveyed"; they have learned to appreciate the luxuries of civilization, and they are able to earn a fair share of them by their industry.

The Indians possess a singular degree of acuteness and penetration, but at the same time they are very childish, confiding and sensitive; they have a great idea of their own dignity, and are as proud and jealous as the Highlanders of Scotland were two centuries ago.

The Roman Catholic clergy with their usual self-denying philanthropy have freely mixed with the natives, and have by unflinching sympathy and kindness won their confidence and respect. The priests possess great influence with the natives, and it has been said that they are inclined to exert it in a rather arbitrary manner, but it must be acknowledged that they always show their influence on the side of decency and order. The Indians have many peculiar habits and customs that must be very disgusting and shocking to their instructors, whether Catholic or Protestant, such as swapping their wives and selling their daughters, to say nothing of their loathsome practice of exhuming their dead every now and then, and dressing the mouldering remains in new garments and holding a feast or Patlach in their honour.

The Indian's religion is purely emotional, and they will join in religious services with great fervour, but they cannot carry it into their daily life; they will refuse to eat meat on Friday, or to work on Sunday, but think nothing of petty stealing or lying. Under the influence of the priests, polygamy is dying out, and few of the men have more than one wife at a time, but their domestic relations are decidedly complicated, owing to their propensity for trading their wives—sometimes for new ones, sometimes for houses; there seems to be no real love or affection amongst them, save in some rare instances between father and son, or mother and daughter, though they always mourn and lament over their dead relatives, and pay their debts in a most exemplary manner, superstition, no doubt, having a great deal to do with this, as they are horribly afraid of the spirits of the dead.

The Indians are inveterate gamblers and will often gamble away every rag of clothing they possess, even the garments they are wearing, and leave themselves in a state of utter destitution.

Their civilization is very much retarded by their passion for strong drink, for in spite of the stringent Canadian laws the Indians in the interior of British Columbia can get all the whiskey they want, and they do get it. The settlers are all too indolent and apathetic to try to put an end to practices that may eventually bring ruin on themselves as well as demoralization to the unfortunate Savages.

Let us take a glance at one of their encampments. On the bank of a clear shining river under the shade of a clump of cotton and alder trees stands a small Indian encampment. Some of the lodges are made of rush mats thrown over a circular frame of poles. An aperture is left at the top for the escape of the smoke from the fire which smoulders in the centre of the lodge; the door is made by simply throwing back an end of one of the rush mats and opening a space sufficient for the ingress and egress of the occupants. In this encampment civilization has made some progress, and you may see a number of well-made tents. These are mostly used by the younger members of the community who like to imitate the whites in all things, good and bad. The elders prefer their old manners and customs, possibly because their habits were fixed before the whites settled in the country, and it is impossible for them to change now, though nothing seems to delight them more than to see their sons and daughters growing up in

the ways of civilization. The occupants of the tents are all well dressed and their surroundings comfortable, if not luxurious. Just look at yonder tent; inside you will find two comfortable beds made upon soft silky bear skins, the blankets are fine, the sheets white and clean, the quilt is neatly made of pretty bright coloured calico—to the ridge pole is hung a good sized looking-glass. Outside the tent a canvas is spread about a foot from the door and china cups and saucers are set on it for four. A tin coffee pot stands close to the fire which blazes about two yards off and a sputtering frying pan full of beans and bacon is set on some coals raked out of the fire, and there in front of the fire is a plate full of pancakes, guarded by a boy dressed in a striped shirt and blue jean trousers, while the owners of the tent have gone down to the river to make their morning toilet; leaning against the side of the tent, strapped to a stick about two feet long and ten inches wide, is a small brown baby, with a very low forehead and very black eyes, and enormous cheeks. It watches the sputtering frying pan, and as its eyes and mouth are the only parts not immovably bound up, it sticks out its baby lips, making hideous grimaces and rolling its large black eyes in an appalling manner; near the baby lies a large white dog, and a cock and two hens are picking just outside, sometimes they come dangerously near the pancakes and the boy throws up his arms and runs at them "cish, cishing," and yelling at the very top of his voice; but while he pursues the hens, the old cock doubles on him and running round the tent manages to dab his beak into a pancake; the boy starts after him, then the hens return to the charge and the unfortunate youngster, gathering up all the sticks and chips within reach, begins to throw them at the troublesome fowls. The dog now thinks it high time for him to join in the fray, and rushes out barking furiously upsetting the poor little mummy on the stick in his haste. The yells of the boy, the cackling of the hens, the barking of the dog and the screams of the baby bring the mother up from the river.

Fresh and clean from her bath in the river she looks as if she had brought back some of the bright sparkle of the water with her. Her black shiny hair is smoothed carefully and hangs down her back in two thick glossy braids, her neatly made calico dress fits lightly on a figure whose only fault is square shoulders, and is fastened at the neck by a gaudy brooch; ear-rings to match hang in her ears, and, if her ears are not all that could be desired, the hands and arms that dandle the little mummy are faultless. Her face if not pretty is pleasing. She looks so young no one would believe that the man just sauntering up from the river is her seventh husband, but it is true. The man is somewhat older than the woman, and is dressed in black broad-cloth, and sports a white shirt with studs; across his breast a showy chain is connected with a large silver watch he carries in his vest pocket. He is very proud of his watch and as he comes up takes it out and looks at it. An elderly woman in a loose jacket and short petticoat joins the group and they sit down to their breakfast.

But these are the exquisites of the tribe. Look under that pine tree—four men are squatting together playing cards. One is a tall gaunt fellow with long hair hanging over his shoulders and a most repulsive countenance; he has no clothing except a pair of buckskin trowsers. The man opposite him is a short thick set ruffian, very comfortably clothed; he is gambling with an air of indifference, quite a contrast to the two eager boys from whom he is winning their week's wages; they have been playing all night and will not stop until they have nothing left to play for. But see there, lying on a deer skin outside the entrance of one of the mat houses, is an old Indian "*in puris naturalibus*"; his thick shaggy hair is of an iron gray; his skin is dark and wrinkled, his broad chest, excessively long powerful arms and short legs, reminding one forcibly of Mr. Du Chaillou's description of the Gorilla. He is resting on one elbow. In his hand he holds a pipe, made of a peculiar kind of stone, much used by his tribe for making pipes and knives, and many other articles; he seems to be enjoying his smoke to the very utmost, for every time he puts the pipe to his lips he inhales a long breath of the smoke, then slowly exhales it through his nostrils, and his cunning old eyes follow the white smoke as it ascends into the clear morning air and is dispersed by the gentle summer breeze. Near him at play with some old dead bones is a dirty untidy young savage; her short thick unkempt hair is plentifully sprinkled with dust and ashes, though she does not seem to be mourning for her youthful sins; indeed, she seems rather to enjoy taking the ashes up in handfuls and pouring them on her ugly little head. Her cunning little Mongolian eyes bear a strong resemblance to the old man's, and they light up and glisten with love and delight every time he calls her to his side to take a whiff at his pipe.

A little way off are two women dressing a deer skin, which is stretched over a pole; they scrape and pound at the skin with pieces of hoop iron set in rough wooden handles. These two women are quite as savage looking as the old man and the child. The elder woman wears a short buckskin dress, ornamented by sundry fringes, and her short rusty black hair hangs loosely on her shoulders; her feet are bare. The other woman wears a jacket and petticoat of some kind, but dirt and rags are the most prominent features of her attire. We have looked at them long enough; let us turn to the large white tent. It belongs to one of the head men of the tribe. In the absence of a regular priest, this worthy always officiates, and now he sits waiting for the sun to pop up from behind the

mountains to sound the prayer bell. This Indian is a very respectable looking fellow, but his face is thin and emaciated; he is decently dressed in blue serge, and like the old man appears to be enjoying his morning smoke. Near him (also smoking) is his wife mixing bread on a canvas cloth. A naked youngster stands at her elbow, looking on, and another, a little older, with some clothing, is trying to quiet a small baby. The woman mixes the bread and puts it to rise in a camp kettle; then seizing the small child forces him into a pair of pants.

The sun is rising over the distant mountains, sending a flood of light and glory over the whole scene. The man throws aside his pipe, takes up a handbell and rings for matins. Soon the whole of the little encampment is astir, gathering at the call to prayers. The old savage gathers his blanket around him, and, giving his grand-child his pipe, walks slowly to the white tent; the two women leave their buckskin and follow, and here comes the exquisite and his family and about a dozen others, in all stages of civilization and all sorts of costumes. Now the deep guttural tones of the acting priest, giving the opening prayer, can be distinctly heard, and a loud hum of voices join in response; a lull and then sweet and clear rises a hymn of praise to the "Great Father of all." It may be that such music would not satisfy a fastidious ear, but to any one looking on and listening at a little distance it seems to rise through the clear air and bright blue dome above, right up to the throne of God. The music is in keeping with the scene. The grand old mountains, the clear shining river, the tall pine trees swaying in the light breeze, the green grass and the cloudless blue sky; they too, "though with no real voice or sonnet," seem to join in the Indian hymn of thanksgiving to the divine being that formed all and is all in all.

No one can accuse the Indians of hypocrisy, for while they are praying and singing they enter heartily into the spirit of it all; but when it is over they forget, and are as ready to lie and steal as ever.

When the old savagery in their nature breaks out, the fault nearly always lies with whiskey and unprincipled traders; if left alone to the priests and kept from temptations, which but few white men can resist, they would soon form a useful and orderly class of people.

SUSAN LOUISA ALLISON.

PARIS LETTER.

HOLLAND was always celebrated as a pamphlet-producing country. Like Switzerland, it has been the refuge for free and independent writing, till Napoleon crushed the refuges. At present, the Dutch are occupied with the complications of Europe; inevitable, though the hour be still unfixd. They may become French, as they once were, against their will; they may yet become German on the same principle of conquest. Either nation would perhaps only give them the choice, like the cook and the chickens, of the sauce with which they would like to be eaten. Naturally, they incline not to be devoured at all.

The latter desire is the substance of the latest Dutch pamphlet "Attention"—*Gesft acht*—which has appeared by "Frison," but who in reality is Professor Bric, of the Utrecht University. Holland, according to the author, ought to follow the example of Switzerland and Belgium, that rely for their safety in an armed neutrality. The Dutch should be a people not only loving liberty, but knowing how to defend liberty. It does not require an observer to be a strategist, to perceive that the "bursts" either into France or into Germany can only take place at three points: through Switzerland, the Luxembourg, and Belgium. How far these minor powers would be able, even with entrenched camps, to withstand an ugly rush of a million or two of armed hosts, need not be discussed. The more important matter is, if once in, would they ever retire? Hinterlandism applied to Europe must involve the disappearance of minnows. It is a pity the professor did not examine another element in the problem—the league of neutrals led by Great Britain. In the sanguinary game of chess, on which may depend the destiny of the world, a pawn can gain the battle. It was Bernadotte and his 30,000 Sweedes, arriving fresh on that battle-field of nations—Leipzig—that broke the back of Napoleon.

The persistent severity of the weather is calamitous. Hitherto, it struck chiefly at the boardless and the bedless; at present, it attacks health. The Russian *grippe* of last year carried off the weak-throated; the Siberian cold now is making serious inroads on many constitutions. At the present moment of writing I can see from my windows people crossing the Seine on foot, and skaters arabesquing the way for them. Is not that unusual circumstance more eloquent than the readings of all the Centigrade, Réamur and Fahrenheit thermometers? Out-door work is wholly suspended, save for the sewer-men, who are constantly employed with pick-axe and spade to keep the sewers free. In some parts of underground Paris, the main drains are so obstructed by the ice that dynamite has had to be employed to keep open the passages, as the consequences would be terrible if, when the thaw arrives, there was no way open for the melting of six weeks' accumulation of cake-sludge.

Duval the butcher has announced that when the time comes he will present an ox to be roasted on the frozen Seine, for the benefit of the poor. It would not be bad if other rich butchers contributed a few specimens of Smithfield fat-stock, to be converted into soup. The latter

has now to be made minus green vegetables. However, haricot beans, lentils, split peas and potatoes constitute not a bad succedaneum. Pœans are sung over the discovery of a soup composed of a French, and so a patriotic-sausage, mangolds and rice. May the inventor receive the glory that Brilliat-Savarin laid down, as awaiting the inventor of a new dish. One of the curiosities of the desolate appearance of the Seine is its absolute desertedness. Banks over banks of froth-ice and "hard-brake" snow along the river side, where annuitants, philosophers, and the constant readers of the *Petit Journal*, hitherto basked all day in the merry sunshine, bobbing for gudgeon. Stranger still, not a barge nor a river steamer is visible. They have as suddenly disappeared as swallows in autumn. Up to the present there has been no shrinkage in the supply of combustible.

If the weather continues to exhibit its rigours, as it promises, these mosaic plans of assisting the hungry will not suffice. A sinking of one degree in the thermometer means some fresh thousands demanding to be sheltered. Hence, preparations are being made for that eventuality, such as converting the ground-floor sides of the Palace of Industry into a vast shelter; if necessary a few of the wings of the Exhibition building will be similarly utilized, by ranging therein the booths which served for the late Boulevard fair in addition to heating the building by burning coke in cressets. Every objection must give away before the saving of life. The Night Shelters in Paris are few and far between, and totally incapable of coping with the reigning crisis. There are not more than ten of these Night Shelters in the city, all supported by private donations, save two by the municipality. They are all marked by the common relative absence of women and children. The average night attendance at each Shelter is about 180; the combined total would only represent a small sum of the suffering. In one of the best of these Shelters, during the year 1890, there were relieved 5,879 labourers; 1,060 cooks; 942 clerks; carpenters, masons and mechanics, over 745 per each category; while the respective totals of bakers, printers, locksmiths, coachmen and shoemakers were over 573. Of the grand total relieved 83 per cent. were between sixteen and fifty years of age.

Opinion appears to be at last awakening up to the vital importance of the revision of the Customs' tariff in course of preparation. It has been only just discovered, to the amazement of the grand majority, that uniformly denouncing commercial treaties involves the repudiation, of many side trading advantages that France could not dispense with, and that will involve intricate negotiations with only three weeks' time for their completion. The silk and wine interests are up in arms against the contemplated elevation of impost dues. The Government will not listen to any impost being placed on any raw materials—as wool, hides, etc.—essential for the life of native industries.

France has every reason to be proud of the tribute paid to her financial soundness and national frugality. She wanted a loan of 870,000,000 frs. to wipe out floating debts, the monetary world offered her nearly twenty times that sum and applicants deposited over 2½ milliards frs. as earnest money for the scrip. The only countries in the world that could top this are England and the United States. The addition of the 870,000,000 frs. to the national debt will exact 2,750,000 frs. annual debt to pay interest.

The death of Baron Haussmann, so soon after his wife, and at a like age, 81, was sudden. He caught cold at the funeral of the Czar's nephew, the Duc de Leuchtenberg. Imperialist to the marrow, his career ended with the Second Empire. He improved away old Paris at a cost of 600,000,000 frs.; if he did not leave the city in marble he did in debt. He was a good administrator and a musician.

OH! WERE IT NOT.

OH! were it not for one fair face,
One angel voice, one loving smile
This world would be a dreary place
To me, and life not worth the while.

Methinks the sun shines but to show
How wondrous fair the maiden is;
Methinks the warm winds only blow
That they may kiss her draperies.

I know the roses bloom that they
May live an hour upon her breast;
I know that I would willingly
Share their short life to share their nest.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, in a letter to *The Jewish Exponent*, says: "Every friend of humanity must deplore the systematic persecution of the Jews in Russia. For my part, I cannot well conceive how Christians can entertain other than kind sentiments toward the Hebrew race when I consider how much we are indebted to them. We have from them the inspired volume of the Old Testament, which has been the consolation in all ages to devout souls. Christ, our Lord, the founder of our religion, His blessed mother, as well as the apostles, were all Jews according to the flesh. These facts attach me strongly to the Jewish race."

A REMARKABLE DIFFERENCE.

THE recent repeal of the Scott Act in the capital of Prince Edward Island is not important, nor significant of any general movement for repeal in the Maritime Provinces. Nevertheless it is noteworthy. With two exceptions, the Charlottetown vote is the only instance of a successful attempt in these provinces to reverse the decision so generally given there in favour of prohibition of the liquor traffic. It may truly be said to be the only one, for the county of Colchester, N.S., repealed the Act merely to substitute for it a newly adopted license law almost as prohibitive in its enactments, and, regarded, as it was then untried, as more capable of enforcement; while the repeal in Portland was due to that city having become a part of St. John, which had refused to adopt the Scott Act.

The history of that measure in the provinces down by the sea is so unlike its history in Ontario—so remarkable for the tenacity with which the people have clung to prohibition, that it may well receive the attention both of supporters and opponents of prohibitory laws against the liquor traffic. In these provinces there have been forty-one Scott Act elections. In thirty-six the Act has been victorious; usually by an overwhelming majority; in several instances by a vote exceeding the proportion of ten to one, the "antis" generally abstaining from voting. Beside the three repeals referred to, two of which were so peculiar that they cannot be regarded as condemnatory of prohibition, there have been only two other contests in which the Act has been defeated. These were both in the city of St. John, and in both the adverse majority was very small—two on the first occasion and seventy-seven on the second. Prohibition may, therefore, be said to have been beaten in but two constituencies, St. John and Charlottetown, both of them cities.

It is not through lack of experience of prohibition that the people have refused to repeal it. The Scott Act was passed in 1878. In that year Fredericton, York County, N.B., and Prince's County, P.E.I., adopted it: in 1879, Charlottetown and six counties. Three counties followed in 1880, and seven in 1881, while in all but two years since, the number of "dry" counties has been increased. The evidence from these counties and cities indicates that prohibition has been no better enforced in the Gulf Provinces than it was in Ontario during its dominance here. In Fredericton and Charlottetown especially, its ineffectiveness has been notorious; the sale of liquor, excepting during brief spurts of stricter enforcement, being carried on openly, as well as extensively; quite as much so as it was in any large Ontario towns during their subjection to the Act. The law, in fact, has been a dead letter, so far as concerns diminution of the number of houses selling liquor. Highly reputable and trustworthy testimony is that the number of drinking places was increased.

Rev. P. A. McElmeel's statement from the altar of St. Dunstan's Cathedral on the first Sunday of the present year, respecting the operation of the law in Charlottetown, is substantially the same as that made publicly time and again regarding the Act in Fredericton also. Mr. McElmeel said: "All know that it has done no good, but on the contrary has been the cause of much evil. It is a well-known fact that since the Act became law the number of places where intoxicants can be obtained has greatly increased. Besides, young men organize clubs and hire rooms where drunken carousals are indulged in from morning until night—on Sundays as well as other days—and the prevalence of the crime of perjury in Scott Act cases is deplorable. The clergy, whose duty calls them to every family in their congregation, have excellent opportunities for ascertaining the extent to which vice and immorality have increased in this city since the Scott Act became law, and as a result of this knowledge, and after mature consideration, I have arrived at the conclusion that in the interest of temperance and morality the Act should be repealed and a better and more workable law take its place."

The Act has been as ineffective for good in the Maritime Provinces as it was in Ontario. If failure to accomplish its purpose would induce its abandonment the Act should have fared in these provinces as it has fared in Ontario; the "reaction" should have been as marked, the verdict against it as decisive. Yet while the Lake Province after adopting the Act in thirty-four counties or cities by the enormous aggregate majority of 29,200, after a three years' trial of it, condemned it everywhere by an aggregate majority (28,700) equally pronounced, the Gulf Provinces after twelve years of like experience of its usefulness have just seen its first clear rejection by repeal, and even this condemnation of it has been very weak, the majority for repeal being only fifteen.

The "reaction" in the east has scarcely been perceptible. Excepting in the peculiar case of Colchester, York County, N.B., has been the only county to vote on repeal. The result was discouraging to hopes of repeal in any other counties; the Scott Act vote was reduced but 51. Fredericton which adopted the Act in 1878 voted on repeal thrice—in 1882, in 1885 and in 1839. Each time the "antis" were confident of success, but the private opinions expressed by the electors so far failed to tally with the figures at the polls, that the measure each time was sustained. The Scott Act majority in 1882 was 41; in 1885 the paltry reduction to 11 was effected; but in 1889, when the "antis" encouraged by the complete overthrow of the measure in Ontario, again demanded a vote, the majority

against them rose to 68, leaving the number of votes polled for the Act only 33 less than it was eleven years before when the Act was adopted. In Charlottetown the first vote on repeal, that in 1884, left the Act with a majority of 40. This fell to 20 in 1887, and the other day was reversed, repeal being carried by a majority of 15. A change of not more than 28 votes—55 on a division—is the very small effect of the past six years of repeal agitation.

These facts are very significant. A frequent if superficial view, expressed in Ontario, is that the overwhelming defeat of the Scott Act here was a natural and inevitable consequence of the Act having proved a failure. To this failure the "reaction" is ascribed. But a decade of like failure in the Maritime Provinces has produced no appreciable change of attitude towards the Scott Act. Strange to say, like cause has not had like effect.

The religious composition of the population of the Gulf Provinces affords no explanation. It is rather likely to increase surprise at the status the Act preserves there. In Ontario nearly one-third of the population belongs to the Methodist Church, a Church indefatigably zealous for teetotalism—quite as much so in fact as the Mohammedan. The Presbyterian Church, which has repeatedly through Synod and Assembly declared for prohibition, embraces twenty-six per cent. The Baptist and other minor bodies, which have officially taken the same position, add several per cent. more to the population ecclesiastically led towards support of the Scott Act. The Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church—non-prohibitionist—together embrace barely twenty-eight per cent. of the people. In the Maritime Provinces these last named Churches are strong—in New Brunswick they include nearly two-thirds of the people. The Methodist Church is relatively insignificant in numbers. Religiously, therefore, the seed bed is less favourable for prohibition than in the Lake Province, and more favourable for repeal. Why then has the reaction not manifested itself?

The truth is that the hypothesis that the failure of the Scott Act in Ontario was the cause of its repeal has no basis in fact. Failure undoubtedly has an effect against prohibition. But if it alone had been depended upon to secure repeal, the Scott Act would still be in force over most of Ontario.

In the Maritime Provinces the total vote cast against the Act was very small compared with the number of names on the voters' lists. The "antis" not engaged in the liquor traffic generally remained at home. In several counties not a hundred votes against the Act were polled; in two counties not half a hundred. There were reasons for this abstention. The liquor traffic fought alone. They fought discredited by the character and sordid doings of many of their number, and by the half century of pulpit and platform denunciation poured on their heads. Ignorant of the strength of their case in religion and science, they made no platform or press appeals to the only arguments that would avail. They shunned public controversy, as well they might when they rested their case on paltry appeals to financial self-interest, on predictions of failure and references to Maine, arguments brushed aside by the organized enthusiasm which from every pulpit and platform confidently claimed support in the name of home and religion. There was boldness and moral enthusiasm on the one side, cowardice on the other; open appeals to what seemed at least to be morality by one party, and silent canvassing in the dark by the other. It was little wonder that the contrast deterred the majority of the anti-prohibitionists from publicly asserting themselves; especially when to organize or even to vote against the Act frequently incurred persecution and a species of boycott dreaded by every tradesman or professional man and by aspirants for public honours.

Added to all this, fifty years of teetotal propagandism had accumulated a mass of assertion—statistical, scientific and religious, which, permitted to pass unchallenged into general circulation, made up in confident iteration what it lacked in truth, and had largely affected the beliefs even of people convinced of the error of the teetotal position. To combat the multitude of assertions, supported as they were by scores of professional agitators, armed with abundance of teetotal and prohibitionist literature, required a preparedness with exact detail which few men had the leisure or the opportunity to acquire. So except here and there the boldest shrank from an arduous and seemingly hopeless struggle. There was no attempt to rally the large forces of the anti-prohibitionists; there was no citizens' movement against the Act, and hence no vigorous effort to prevent its adoption, and no reaction which promised its repeal.

In Ontario the reaction was deliberately created in full view of the situation and its necessities. It appeared suddenly, at a time when one county after another was declaring for the Act by majorities larger than were ever known in the Maritime Provinces, and when, so far as appearances went, the condition of things obtained throughout the Province that had long been chronic in New Brunswick. It appeared before the Act had been put into effect in more than a single county, and the failure demonstrated by actual experience. If the failure of the law later furnished an excuse for moral paralytics to shamble to the polls, it had nothing to do with the inception, or the extension of a movement of resistance to the Act which, quiet though it was, rivalled in moral enthusiasm and earnestness the movement by which the Act won its long series of victories. The reaction was largely due to the public spirited course of Mr. Goldwin Smith and a number of other prominent men, lay and clerical, and wholly disin-

terested, organizing a society to inculcate what they believed to be the true principles of liberty and temperance. This society, which quietly but rapidly extended its organization throughout a score of counties, relegated the usual arguments against prohibition to a secondary place, and boldly attacked teetotalism, its principles and assertions, on the ground of religion, science and public interest. The appeals issued to Parliament, and to the people, at once gave heart to public-spirited opponents of prohibition throughout the Province, and called the moral sense and intelligence of a large portion of the public to an effective resistance to prohibition. It was in the early summer that this public stand was taken; before the summer closed several signal defeats were inflicted on the Act; before September closed the last Scott Act victory in the Province was won, and within two months thereafter the Act sustained such overwhelming defeats that all further effort to extend the area under the Scott Act had to be abandoned.

The resistance thus organized was such as no State or Province in America had ever witnessed before. Municipal bodies by the score protested against the Act, which was time and again publicly branded as tyranny; remonstrances against the measure were extensively signed, while men like Pantou, of Milton, wholly unconnected with the liquor traffic, dared imprisonment rather than testify under the arbitrary rulings of the special tribunals created to enforce the measure. Public resistance to the Act was accompanied by educational effort, on the platform, through the press, and through thousands of pamphlets and other publications, discussing every phase of teetotalism as well as prohibition. The work of organization meanwhile proceeded unostentatiously but effectively, so effectively that when the first ten counties to demand repeal voted upon the question, the Scott Act had to reckon not with the liquor traffic fighting alone, or with timid voters half apologizing for their attitude against the Act, but in almost every polling division in town and country, with large and enthusiastic committees of citizens, who worked with a will to deliver their country from a law which they cordially hated.

The broader the outlook taken the more will it appear that the reaction in Ontario has been exceptional, not the absence of reaction in the Maritime Provinces. In the United States, where repeal of prohibition has been carried as in Massachusetts and in the Western States, its success has been partial, and generally through political complications. In Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont forty years' experience of the failure of prohibition has not, any more than twelve years' like experience in the Gulf Provinces, produced an appreciable reaction. In Ontario, where the verdict for prohibition was quite as decided as in any of these States, prohibition was defeated within three years overwhelmingly and after a manner unexampled in the history of the movement. Not the least significant of the features of this defeat were the character of the opposition offered to prohibitory law and the fact that much of the assault upon it was directed on appeals to the highest moral sense and the broadest intelligence. G.

WINONA'S TRYST.

FOURTH PRIZE STORY, BY JESSIE M. FREELAND, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

A FEW years previous to the rebellion of 1837, any one passing down the river St. Lawrence might have seen a large, newly-built stone dwelling-house, situated on the wooded height of a point of the Canadian shore, between the towns of Brockville and Prescott. It gave the impression of solid comfort, rather than of pretentious architecture. A wide verandah, with white pillars almost entirely hidden by the dense growth of Virginian creeper that encircled them from base to capital, surrounded it on the three sides visible from the water. The front faced the high road, which ran parallel with the river, and while fine old trees of maple and pine cast their shadows over its roof, and clustered thickly at intervals through the grounds, care had been taken not to interfere with the magnificent view the house commanded, both across the surrounding country and along the shore for miles in either direction.

At the foot of the lawn and gardens, which sloped abruptly to the water's edge, stood two immense Lombardy poplars, planted many years before by the early French settlers to mark their progress and settlement as they slowly ascended the mighty St. Lawrence for the first time.

Many curious stories more or less tinged with superstition, and savouring much more strongly of tradition than authentic history, were associated with those two particular trees. Beneath one the bones of a murdered Indian were popularly supposed to rest uneasily, while his spirit wandered through purgatorial space, vainly seeking to expiate his sin, that of having loved and forcibly carried off an Indian maiden belonging to a hostile tribe. One might have thought the swift retribution following close upon the committal of this daring act more than sufficient to atone for its enormity, for the legend goes on to say he was almost immediately captured, and the united vengeance of both tribes spent upon his devoted head before he was finally consigned to his resting-place beneath the poplar.

However this might be, it is certain that when Mr. Donald McTavish had selected this spot, with an eye to its

healthiness as well as its fine natural advantages, built The Hall, and settled down to enjoy his comfortable income and well earned repose, after a life of laborious service in the Hudson Bay Company, he found, to his extreme annoyance, that an entirely unsuspected element had been included in his purchase and was attached, in the form of a somewhat unenviable and wholly unwelcome notoriety, to the lovely retreat in which he had elected to spend the evening of his days. His sentiments were by no means shared by the two other members of the family, his only daughter Rose, a spoiled little beauty of fourteen, and an adopted son, Hugh Gordon, a bright, high-spirited youth, a few years older. To them this old legend and a score of others of like ilk associated with the place, which they speedily unearthed, were a source of unmixed delight, and with the refreshing impartiality of childhood they mingled the thrilling tales of pioneer life, gathered from the old settlers around, with the results of their researches into the supernatural. This last pursuit they entered into with all the fearless courage and audacity belonging specially to youth and inexperience; and their painstaking endeavours (worthy a better cause) soon elicited the further crowning revelation, that a former diseased occupant of the land, from all accounts a spiritualist in advance of the times, occasionally reappeared in the vicinity of his mundane abode, and, probably in conjunction with the shade of the Indian brave, held nocturnal seances amid the ruins of his old tumble-down cottage, lying close to the shore in a thickly-wooded field adjacent to The Hall. But at this point the climax of their satisfaction and also the end of Mr. McTavish's patience were reached.

"I am a Scotchman and a Presbyterian," he remarked to a friend a short time after, dropping into the vernacular as was his custom at odd moments. "And, therefore, treat all these 'havers' and nonsense with the contempt they deserve. But anything like the physical discomfort I underwent during that first year in the matter of getting or keeping servants, I never want to experience again. No amount of wages would induce them to come, or once come to stay, and I almost came to the conclusion the morning I had to get up and cook my own breakfast, owing to a general stampede of the whole domestic colony the night before, that the finest view in the world would hardly compensate a man at my time of life for such a humiliation." Long service in a company noted for its rigid discipline and strict enforcement of duty had rendered him, while in general an indulgent father, a good deal of a martinet in the government of his affairs, and he now put a summary stop to all further investigations whatever, with such success that these eerie tales were gradually forgotten, and excepting for a marked avoidance of the ruined cottage after dark, by the servants and country people, left no impression behind.

It was, therefore, with feelings of intensified annoyance that soon after the commencement of the rebellion of '37, Mr. McTavish found that similar stories were again being circulated in the neighbourhood. Strange figures had been seen flitting about the ruined cottage, and voices heard by late passers by on land and water. Determined to sift matters thoroughly this time, the master of The Hall decided to investigate for himself, and accordingly one night in early October, during the second year of the rebellion, repaired in person to the deserted cottage, and took up a position close enough to see and hear anything that was to be seen or heard. Possessing a constitution of iron, troubled with neither nerves nor imagination, and entertaining a profound contempt for all tales of the marvellous, it was nevertheless with an extraordinary sensation in the region of his spinal column, that the watcher beheld, a little after midnight, some half-dozen shadowy figures emerge from the dark recesses of the adjoining woods, and silently disappear inside the ruins. After the first moment his natural courage asserted itself, and, drawing nearer as he heard the murmur of voices, he soon discovered, with mingled feelings of relief and indignation, that he had lighted upon nothing worse than a band of human conspirators, or "Patriots," as the disaffected throughout the Canadas, who advocated recourse to arms in order to reform the prevailing abuses, were called during this rebellion.

A staunch Tory, and loyal supporter of the Government, it may be imagined with what indignation the listener heard all sorts of treasonable plots and disloyal measures discussed upon his own grounds, and he was on the point of stepping forward, unable to restrain himself any longer, when one voice, raised above the others, suddenly arrested him, and he stood rooted to the spot, listening in incredulous amazement and growing anger, to a bold, impassioned harangue from the lips of his adopted son, Hugh Gordon.

With an eloquence and force of argument that might have carried away cooler heads and more mature judgment than his youthful audience possessed, the young orator denounced, in words of scathing scorn, the outrageous abuses and political corruption of the day; condemned the utter incapacity, or more culpable neglect, shown by their present rulers; and after painting in glowing colours the ultimate benefits the country would reap from their justifiable rebellion, urged his hearers in conclusion to accept the assistance offered by their American sympathizers, and, while remaining perfectly loyal, to make use of their help but as a means to the end in view—the freedom of their country from its present state of corruption and bondage.

As he concluded, a low murmur of applause and assent testified the unanimity of sentiment existing among them, and after some whispered consultation they dispersed and vanished as silently into the darkness as they had come.

All but one, and, as he at last emerged from the ruins, Mr. McTavish confronted him, and, almost choking with passion, poured forth the torrent of suppressed anger he had restrained so long. In his stern code of ethics there was no allowance for the dreams and enthusiasms, or even the mistakes of youth, and from his point of view the case presented an aspect of blackest disloyalty and treachery, with disgrace and utter ruin awaiting the culprit. In vain Hugh attempted to defend himself, and explain the motives that had prompted his conduct. It was now beyond the power of Mr. McTavish to listen, and, in a few disjointed sentences, he at last ordered the young man from his sight, and bade him never set foot in The Hall again. Hugh's hot young blood rose in rebellion at this summary treatment, but with a supreme effort at self-control he resolutely closed his lips, and, drawing himself up, remained motionless and silent until Mr. McTavish finally strode away into the darkness. Then, with those last words of banishment ringing in his ears, he turned, and, springing down the rocky steps leading to the river, made his way along the shore to the level space beneath the poplars, where he paced hastily up and down, trying to realize, in its full extent, his altered position and the consequences involved.

The dreams of youth are vast, and to an ardent and enthusiastic nature, such as Hugh Gordon's, their realization seems a matter easy of accomplishment. As he wandered restlessly to and fro, it was no indecision as to his future course or thought of turning back that made him linger irresolutely and often pause and glance in the direction of The Hall. Only one month before, with the sanction and unqualified approval of his adopted father, he had been betrothed to Rose McTavish; and the thought that now he must leave her, perhaps forever, without a word of explanation or farewell, deepened his state of feverish agitation into despair, and at last he threw himself down on a moss-covered stone and buried his face in his hands. The moon had risen behind the dark forest-line of the American shore, and a path of silver radiance lay across the silent waters. The clear cold rays shone brilliantly and flooded the landscape with lines of light, causing the objects outlined upon the Canadian shore to stand out with startling distinctness, while by force of contrast the dark recesses of the woods and thickets in the background seemed to gather additional gloom.

As the moon rose higher, a bright ray penetrated the darkness surrounding a cluster of young pines, a few feet from where Hugh was sitting, and fell full on the upturned face and crouching figure of a young girl, hitherto concealed within their shadowy depths. Her dusky face and dense black hair, as well as the loose blanket worn picturesquely over the slight shoulders, proclaimed at once her nationality, and the soft, dark Indian eyes, large and emotionless, were intently fixed with a look of dog-like fidelity and affection on the bowed figure seated close by. When her hiding-place was fully illumined, the girl suddenly stood erect, and adjusting a red cap, which she wore in lieu of the corner of the blanket according to orthodox Indian custom, with light elastic steps she crossed the intervening space, and gently touched Hugh's arm. He started up, and at sight of her exclaimed: "Winona! What brings you here at this hour?"

"I come from the cave in the high rocks," she answered in a low musical voice. "To-morrow," and she waved her hand towards a few tents that shone white in the moonlight on the beach of an adjoining promontory, "to-morrow we leave for the next camping ground down the river. I was bidding good-bye to everything," she continued, holding out a few late blue-bells and lichen, "I gathered these just outside the cave a little while ago." She smiled, showing teeth of dazzling whiteness and regularity, and raised her eyes to his face for the first time. As she saw its look of haggard paleness, her own changed as if a shadow had fallen across it, and suddenly dropping the flowers she fell on her knees, and exclaimed in an altered voice: "Oh, Master Hugh, don't be angry. I was up by the old cottage and heard it all. Listen to me, though I am only a poor Indian girl, and go back, and make peace with your father now, before it is too late; if only for Miss Rose's sake," she urged, as his face became set and hard.

"It is impossible," he answered, decidedly. "My word is pledged, and whoever knew a Gordon to break his faith? I did not expect this from you, Winona," he continued, looking steadily at her, "Surely 'Foam of the Sea' and the rest of your tribe are in sympathy with us?"

The girl hesitated and glanced uneasily around, as she answered in still lower tones: "I hear them talk round the camp-fire at nights. They say this war can come to no good, and when it comes to fighting they will not fight. Your father has always been good to our tribe, from long ago when we lived near the Fort. They are afraid of displeasing him. The chief is prudent and says, 'draw back while there is time,' and Saco says so too."

"Saco," echoed the young man scornfully, "they are a set of cowards, all of them, and it is well for us they draw back. Our leaders want only brave, resolute men, who will follow them through every danger and hardship, and face death itself for the cause they have at heart. But Saco is your lover," he added bitterly, "I forgot that, and I suppose you quite approve of his sentiments of prudence."

"I care nothing for him. You know that," she rejoined quickly. "Though it is not the custom among us for maidens to choose their lot in life, I would never have been betrothed to him, even to please the chief, had I not known I should have no life to spend with him. Other-

wise a few of these leaves"—she drew a handful of some dark, strange smelling herb from beneath her blanket, and paused significantly, then added slowly—"Otherwise one of these would have made me sleep too soundly some night ever to wake again."

"What do you mean, Winona?" exclaimed Hugh, feeling a strange sense of foreboding as he looked at the slight, graceful figure, and struck by an undertone of hidden passion in the girl's voice entirely new to him.

She leant against the boulder where Hugh had been sitting, and fixed her dark eyes on the swiftly flowing water that rippled and shone in the moonlight like molten silver. "I have always known it, I think," she began in low, strange tones, "from the time I was a little child, and we played together at the old Fort, where your father was commander for so long. What happy days they were, and how good you and Miss Rose and all at the post were to me. And how dark it was after you left, until we wandered here too, and your father gave us leave to camp on his land for part of every year. Since then what have you and Miss Rose not been to me? Look," she continued with deeper earnestness, pointing to the broad moonlit path across the water, and, according to a characteristic habit of her kind, making use of a familiar object in nature to illustrate her meaning, "do you see that? Well, the spot of brightness is when I have been with you, and the dark waste of waters around it is like all the rest my life besides. Not that I do not care for my people," she added quickly, "and I love the wild, free life, but I see now how much better they might be if they only had the chance, and I can do nothing to help them but bear my share of the poverty and misery."

"If only your Government would give us enough of the land, that once was all ours, to live decently in, make wise laws for us, treat us fairly, and teach us—as you have me." She stopped abruptly, glancing half timidly in his face, and signed as she realized how different was the reality from the picture her last words sketched.

"It would be only fair and right, and some day some Government will do it, I believe," said Hugh earnestly, in response to her appealing look. "But tell me, Winona," he resumed, "what you meant by saying you would have no life to live with Saco, and what is it you have always known since we were children together?"

"That my life would be a short one," she answered in calm, even tones, looking resolutely away from him, and sending her glance far across to the distant horizon. "Nature tells many secrets to those who are as familiar with her as our wandering life makes us, and the winds and the waves whispered that to me long ago. I cannot remember any time when I did not know it, and lately I have had warnings; there have been many signs to tell me the few threads binding me here will soon be broken. I have no wish for it to be otherwise, not now," she continued, something in her face silencing his exclamation of remonstrance. "I have only one wish left, and that is that I may do something to serve those who have been my best friends, and whom I love most on earth, before I go." Her eyes glowed with a strange unearthly fire, and her bosom rose and fell with the intensity of her emotion.

"Poor Winona," said Hugh, laying his hand compassionately on her shoulder. At his touch she trembled, and, drawing slightly away, drew her blanket closer, murmuring that it was cold. Not observing her agitation, and purposely taking no notice of her morbid presentiments, he drew out his pocket-book, and tearing off a leaf hastily wrote a few words, and, folding it, said: "I am going to ask you to do two things for me now, Winona. This is my good-bye to Miss Rose. You will give it to her to-morrow yourself, some time before the camp breaks up. And now bring your canoe and paddle me across to the American shore. You will be doing for me what no one else can do, and you see I trust you fully."

A glow of pleasure lighted up her face at his words and as she placed the note in a fold of her blanket, she rested her dark, affectionate eyes for a moment on his face, and said softly: "I will be faithful." Then, without waiting for a second bidding, she turned, and with fleet steps sped along the shore in the direction of the promontory.

Countenanced by a small section of the American border population, secret societies along the frontier of Upper and Lower Canada had been formed, and a combined system of insurrection organized. With one of these associations Hugh now resolved to connect himself, expecting to find its members animated with the same lofty and disinterested motives that governed his own conduct, and prepared to devote himself henceforth, heart and soul, to the cause of the "Patriots." As he stepped from the canoe to the forest-lined shore a little below the village of Morristown, the dawn of a new day was breaking in the east, and at the sight he felt fresh hope and courage rising in his heart.

"See, Winona," he cried, "Is not that a good omen for the future?"

She made no answer, but pointed silently behind her, where in the south dark masses of angry looking clouds loomed up heavy and threatening on the horizon. Then, waving her red cap in farewell, paddled swiftly out into the stream, without once looking back.

The late Indian Summer, with its soft haze and mellowed brightness passed into a memory. The foliage of the maples and beeches in the forest on either shore glowed with every tint of radiant colour and beauty, for that brief season, which transforms the Canadian landscape into a dream of enchanting loveliness. The end of October came,

and November, with its heavy frosts and dark days, set tled down upon the land.

For the first time since coming to The Hall, both its master and his daughter saw their favourite season pass with unseeing eyes and with hearts too heavy and absorbed to take note of outward change. Upon hearing the brief explanation Mr. McTavish had given of Hugh's disappearance, Rose had taken her lover's part with such spirit that her father, already beginning secretly to relent, had peremptorily forbidden her to mention his name. After the brief but precious farewell conveyed to her by Winona, Rose had heard nothing more, and, during the days and weeks of silent suspense that followed, both father and daughter were alike consumed with secret dread and anxiety.

The tide of the rebellion rose and fell, and rumour carried many a sad tale of fighting and bloodshed in different parts of the border. But news in those days travelled slowly, and at The Hall the sound of guns fell upon startled ears, when, on the morning of the 12th of November, the first shot was fired in defence of Fort Wellington at Prescott, where the final "Patriot" invasion of Canada took place. Every reader of Canadian history knows the sequel, indeed the Battle of the Windmill is yet fresh in the minds of some still living, who took part in repelling the invaders. It is enough to say that the attack ended most disastrously for the "Patriots," who fought desperately, entrenched in the Windmill, a building of great strength below the town, and beyond the range of the guns of the Fort. Here they maintained their defensive position for some days, but failing to be re-inforced, as they had expected, succumbed at the end of that time before the united force of our gallant militia, who, at the first note of warning, had come pouring in from the neighbouring counties to aid in the defence of their country. Of the large number of prisoners taken, a few managed to effect their escape, and, eluding the vigilant search and watch maintained along the shore for some days after the battle, succeeded in gaining the American side in safety.

At the beginning of the attack the tents of the Indians had once more appeared in their accustomed camping place on the beach, they, no doubt, feeling more secure when under the immediate protection of so influential a patron. And it was Winona who daily, and sometimes hourly, carried to The Hall every report and flying rumour brought to the camp by members of her tribe during the progress of the fight.

Possessing a large stock of undaunted courage and hopefulness, and summoning to her aid all her woman's fortitude and resolution now that a crisis in her lover's fate had arrived, Rose McTavish bore up bravely, though her pale cheeks and heavy eyes testified to many a sleepless night, and watchful vigil. Anxiety for her father in a measure distracted her thoughts. Foreseeing the inevitable result of the rash and ill-organized attempt at invasion, and haunted with a secret conviction that his own harshness had driven Hugh to extremity, when gentler counsels might have prevailed, Mr. McTavish at last became seriously ill, and during the battle of the Windmill lay unconscious in his darkened room, with Rose in close attendance, and only leaving him for the few minutes necessary to receive Winona's news. When the result of the conflict became known, and the surrounding country was under strict surveillance to prevent the escape of any to the opposite frontier, Winona's visits became less frequent, and at length, to Rose's great uneasiness, suddenly ceased.

When nearly a week had passed without her appearance, unable to stand the suspense any longer, one afternoon Rose left her father in charge of a servant, and hastily wrapping a shawl around her head and shoulders hurried through the grounds, intending to make her way along the shore to the Indian camp. As she reached the poplars the keel of a canoe grated on the rock beach below, and looking down she saw Winona springing up the bank to meet her. Something in her face made Rose's heart suddenly stand still, and when she reached her side her trembling lips could hardly pronounce her lover's name.

"He is safe and well," said the Indian girl at once, in a low, cautious voice.

"Where?" exclaimed Rose, clasping her hands. The other bent close to her, and breathed rather than spoke a few words in her ear.

"The cave in the High Rocks," ejaculated Rose. "How came you to think of it?"

"Hush," said Winona, glancing hastily round, and speaking in still lower tones, "there is no place else where he would have been safe one moment. Oh, Miss Rose, if you could have seen him, as I found him that night coming from The Hall, wandering among the rocks, wounded in want of food, and in danger of being discovered every instant."

She paused, then fixing her deep, eloquent eyes on Rose's face, told in a few brief words of Hugh's state of utter despair, and how only the thought of the future misery he would inflict on the inmates of The Hall had prevented him from at once giving himself up. It was the same consideration that finally induced him to consent to Winona's plans for his safety. Familiar with every inch of the shore for miles around, she led him by a circuitous path through the woods, and, after several narrow escapes from meeting the bands of militia patrolling the country, succeeded at length in reaching the cave in safety. Here, at the greatest risk of detection, she managed, at different times, to convey food and blankets, often having to wait for hours a chance to reach the cave unobserved. The roving, independent life led by her tribe, her late frequent

visits to The Hall, and the general state of agitation through the country, prevented her long absences from being noticed at the camp; and when the mental anguish he had undergone, added to the physical torture of his wound, threw her charge into a low fever, Winona nursed him day and night.

The medical skill of the Indians is well known, and when Hugh felt life and vigour once more returning, the desire for liberty grew stronger every hour, and he urged Winona to attempt the last stage of his escape almost before he was able to stand. But in this she was inflexible, and until the search through the country had relaxed in vigilance, and the popular agitation somewhat quieted down, she turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties. Rose listened with breathless interest as Winona proceeded with her story, and, when she concluded by saying she had decided to risk the crossing that night, her long-trying self-control gave way, and she faltered in agitated tones.

"Oh, if you should fail now, Winona, at the very last, it would be worse than all."

"Be patient and brave a little longer, dear Miss Rose," said the girl, taking her cold hands between her own. "I shall not fail, and I see in the future many happy days in store for you both."

"We shall owe them all to you," said Rose, fervently. Then, with an effort regaining her composure, she added: "I shall watch anxiously for you to-morrow, and oh, Winona, promise me that you will save him!"

"I will die for him, if necessary," she answered, solemnly. "But dead or alive I will come back and tell you he is safe," and without further farewell they parted.

One of the most picturesque bits of scenery along the St. Lawrence is the beautiful curve in the shore formed by the High Rocks in the vicinity of Brockville. The sheer, precipitous cliffs rise straight from the water's edge, their surface entirely hidden in many places with mosses and lichen, and a dense growth of shrub and thicket extending from the water-line to their rocky summits, crowned with lofty forest trees of maple and pine. Midway down the face of the cliff, at its highest point, and running parallel with its surface was the cave in which Hugh Gordon lay hidden, the descent from the top and the entrance as well being concealed from view by a tangled screen of vine and thicket, which also served the purpose of a ladder.

The dusk of the November afternoon had deepened into early twilight as Winona, her canoe safely hidden under some bushes on the beach, made her way with noiseless steps along the cliffs, and prepared to descend. Suddenly her quick eye caught sight of a figure seated in the curved trunk of an old tree leaning far out against the face of the rock below where she stood. Her heart sank as she recognized Saco, and it flashed across her that once or twice lately she thought she had been followed. All at once the watching figure raised a rifle to his shoulder, and following the direction in which it was levelled, she saw the Hugh's head appear in the opening. Swift as thought she swung herself over the edge of the cliff, and dropped, straight as a die, to the rocky platform directly in front of Hugh, one arm grasping an overhanging bough to steady herself. At the same moment the report rang out on the still night air, and, startled by the unexpected apparition of Winona, the assassin suddenly lost his balance, plunged wildly forward, and, striking a projecting rock in his swift descent, bounded out into the air and dropped into the deep dark waters beneath.

For a brief moment the two figures looked at each other with horror-stricken eyes.

"We are lost," exclaimed Hugh, hoarsely. "That shot will rouse the neighbourhood."

"Not if we fly at once. It is our only hope," said the girl, beginning the ascent with eager haste. In a few seconds the canoe pushed from the shore, not a moment too soon, as voices and lights moving along the bank testified. Swiftly and in perfect silence, favoured by the gathering darkness, the crossing was safely accomplished, and as Hugh once more set foot on land he turned, and taking both of Winona's hands said in deep, earnest tones: "To-night and many times during the past weeks I have owed my life to you, Winona. How can I ever hope to repay you for all you have done?"

"Think sometimes of me. Do not forget me when I am gone." She raised his hand to her lips, and the next moment he stood alone.

The canoe drifted slowly through the starlit darkness, as Winona, faint and exhausted, shipped her paddle, and strove to staunch the bleeding of the wound that, unknown to Hugh, she had received in defending him from Saco's jealous hatred. Suddenly she raised herself, and, folding her hands, gazed intently upwards. A brilliant meteor shot across the heavens, and, when the trail of fire in its wake had vanished, the stars shone coldly down upon an upturned canoe and a few ripples that broke for an instant their calm reflection in the silent waters.

Next morning the waves washing against the shore carried something that rose and fell on their crested tops far up the beach below the poplars. The dark beauty of the face was not marred, and the red cap lay in its accustomed place on the long raven hair, but the soft eyes were closed forever, and the brave, loving heart was silent and still.

The Government wisely pursued a lenient policy in dealing with the political prisoners. Only the principal leaders were punished, and, of the large number captured at Prescott, nine were executed, while the greater propor-

tion, being youths under age, were permitted to return home, and a free pardon was offered to all who had taken part.

It was New Year's eve when Hugh Gordon at last returned to the anxious, thankful hearts awaiting him at The Hall, and he and Rose lingered long in earnest conversation that night in one of the deep recessed windows, looking out upon the frozen river and the snowy, moonlit landscape.

"Poor Winona," said Hugh with emotion, as Rose finished the tragic story. "So she is sleeping out yonder under the poplars, Rose," he added suddenly, glancing across to where Mr. McTavish, still an invalid, sat by the blazing hearth. "I have promised our father, as I would promise him anything now, to fit myself, after a few years, for a career in Parliament. And I solemnly pledge myself, in memory of Winona, to do something to help her unfortunate nation, the rightful owners of the soil, dispossessed and driven back, inch by inch, over their native prairies by their French and English conquerors."

And he kept his word.

WINTRY BEAUTY.

THE frost-magician, wand in hand,
Has been abroad, I ween;
And conjured up, o'er all the land,
A perfect fairy scene.

The trees are silvered o'er, each spray
Hangs thick with pearly gems;
And queenly nature wears to-day
A thousand diadems.

My Norway hedge appears a wall
Of alabaster white,
And near the gate, the poplars tall
Are glistening with light.

The separate balsams grandly rise,
Like Emerald pyramids,
The colour softened, as in eyes,
Half hid by drowsy lids.

The earth is robed in dazzling white,
As though a bridal dress
Made all things passing fair and bright
With Virgin loveliness.

Behind my lively steed I ride
Along transfigured ways,
A crystal pavement, far and wide,
Traversed by merry sleighs.

The Russian palaces of ice,
Alhambra's halls so fair,
And magic scenes, wrought in a trice,
Can scarce with this compare.

Each blade of grass is diamond-tipped,
A brilliant silvery sheen
Has changed the shrubs the frost had nipped,
To white, instead of green.

The fences glitter in the sun
All silvered o'er with ice,
Hung with festoons and fringes, done
In many a quaint device.

Lattice and fret-work interlace
The leafless forest trees;
And diamonds drop from dancing sprays,
Stirred by the passing breeze.

O'er all a sky of cloudless blue,—
Bright sunshine all around,—
When Spring shall nature's face renew,
Will beauty more abound?

O earth is lovely, even when
The wintry wind blows keen!
Beyond the power of tongue or pen
To paint the witching scene!

WARBLECK.

THE RAMBLER.

REFERENCE was made last week to Mr. Llewelyn Davies in connection with "Socialism." About a year ago Mr. Davies read an admirable paper before the Diocesan Conference of Carlisle on the relation of the Church to Socialism. He thought that the Church should be Socialist so far as the grand object of Socialism—the elevation of the poor—was concerned, and that it had hitherto leaned a little too much towards the rich. It should, however, aim rather at leading than following the multitude, and should, in particular, avoid three dangers. One was economic blundering such as might frighten away capital. A second was teaching the poor to rely upon State aid until character in general became lowered; and a third was "that of encouraging society in general, and the working classes in particular, to make of material comfort the highest aim in life." This is admirably said, and if positive individual responsibility is ever insisted upon, the race will then, and only then, be genuinely

moving on and upward. Yet though the things of the body are not the only things of true price, they represent a very important fraction of what goes to make up this present life. Cleanliness is not—a long way behind, or across the street from—but *next door* to godliness, and it is an admitted fact that you cannot deal with the ignorant or squalid poor, particularly London poor, until you have reached them through coals and candles. You remember the brickmaker's house, don't you, where Mrs. Pardiggle took Esther and Ada, in order to impress upon them her methods of reforming the poor.

Growls the man on the floor: "I wants a end of these liberties took with my place. I wants an end of being drawed like a badger. Now you're agoin' to poll-py and question according to custom. I know what you're agoin' to be up to. Well! you haven't got no occasion to be up to it. I'll save you the trouble. Is my daughter a-washin'? Yes, she is a-washin'. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin, instead! An't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally onwholesome; and we've had five dirty and onwholesome children as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it; and if there wos, it would'n't be suitable to me. . . . Don't I never mean for to go to church? No, I don't never mean for to go to church. I should'n't be expected there, if I did; the beadle's too genteel for me."

And so on and so on. This is the heart of the poor man. Bad though he be, ignorant though he be, his home is his home, unless he has so lapsed into brutality as to no longer recognize his home as such, whether it be hovel or hut, cottage or cabin, the archway of a bridge or the steps of a city church. And here is where the delicacy of the thing comes in. You think these people have no senses, no instincts, no preferences, no repulsions. But they have—and they know themselves for dirty and degraded as Adam knew himself for naked—and this makes it harder for them and for you. The sensitive poor! oh, the difficulties here must be immense! At the slightest tincture of Pharisaicism your talisman fails you; your culture will drop to the floor as a rag, no longer a garment; your protestations appear but as mere wheedlings and idle mutterings; your very religious belief itself but a cloak for insincerity and foolishness.

I wish I had the space in this connection to give the readers of THE WEEK, Anglican and otherwise, a sketch of the growth of that London mission known as "St. Alphege's, Southwark." This portion of "Darkest England" was discovered by the Rev. A. B. Goulden in 1873, and this explorer began his civilizing work in an old dilapidated stable in the last stage of decay. Round this room were to be discerned the mangers out of which the horses once fed, and from which the place received the name of "the Manger." Figuratively speaking, of course, no more appropriate place could be found as a cradle for an infant church than a manger, but as a matter of fact many generations of the followers of Him who was born in one had, like the Levite, passed by on the other side. The attendance rose so rapidly that twenty—the original number—soon became 160, huddled together in rags and tatters and consisting mainly of children; finally the Manger became too small for the congregation.

Again, following the Scripture precedent, the next resting-place of these evangelists was at an inn, where toilworn travellers were invited to rest, and to have the balm of the Gospel applied to their wounds. At the back of this inn, which was in grim reality a beerhouse which had lost its license through its disreputable ways, was a miserable skittle alley.

The clergy, turning carpenters, paper-hangers and plasterers by turns, worked with a will until a chancel was made cheerful with colour, an altar fitted up, radiant with light and a surpliced choir formed. At present there is an actual congregation—not a floating, ephemeral one, by any means,—of 1,500, many of whom rise on Sunday morning, even in the depth of winter, to attend a celebration at 6.30. The Mission of Costermongers, the Young Costermongers' Mission for boys who become "swells in shiny black on Sundays" (these are the Vicar's own words), the Calvary Mission for Women, the Nazareth Mission, the Children's Mission, the Total Abstiners' Mission, the Band of Hope, Four Guilds, the Crèche and Infant Nursery, the Children's Kitchen—why, there is no end, literally, to the institutions which flourish in this wonderful London parish. It will be sufficient to say that they are so numerous that were a total stranger to be planted in ever so remote a corner of the district, he would have no need to enquire for St. Alphege's Church. It pervades the entire neighbourhood, and St. Alphege's this, St. Alphege's that, and St. Alphege's something else meets the eye in every squalid street. The answer to the question, "Where is the Church?" would therefore simply be, *Circumspice*.

The inauguration of our new Board of Trade building has inspired a modest anonymous writer among us to record its proportions in verse. The *Mail*, in drawing attention to the production, terms the author a "Writer-Citizen." (The capitals are mine.) What sort of a citizen is a Writer-Citizen? May he vote? Can he run for alderman? Does the honour—presuming it to be an honour—carry money with it, or only *kudos*? Why must

the local bard remain anonymous? What other poetic pretensions hath he that ought to be made known to an adoring public? Let him discover his identity, for veiled prophets and poets are both unsuited to this age and clime, and Canada really wants all the great names she can command to call her own. As for the apostrophe to the "Board of Trade," it is a trifle too modern, perhaps, too daringly original, too iconoclastic, so to speak; otherwise, very pleasing, considering the comparative stoniness of the theme.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TEN YEARS OF UPPER CANADA."

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—It will be perhaps of interest to some of your readers to know that the letter dated October 14th, 1812, on page 150 of "Ten Years of Upper Canada," giving an account of the battle of Queenston Heights, was written by Sir John Beverley Robinson, then a youth of twenty, serving as a volunteer under General Brock.

In searching among old manuscripts in the library of Parliament, Ottawa, for an account of that battle (which was missing from my father's papers), I came across the one I have published, which I found among the Coventry papers, unsigned and undirected. I could obtain at the time no clue to its authorship, but, as it gave a very graphic and dramatic account of the famous fight, I ventured to publish it, hoping that in time some one would be found who knew something of the writer.

Mr. Christopher Robinson sent my book to his brother, Colonel Robinson, in England, who immediately recognized the letter as being a copy of one, a draft of which he had once seen among his father's papers and in his father's handwriting. It will add to the value of the letter to know that it is from the pen of so able and trustworthy a witness as the late Chief Justice Robinson. I take this opportunity of making the earliest announcement possible of its authorship.

M. EDGAR.

February 2, 1891.

THE RAILWAY ENQUIRY AT LEVIS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The inquest at Levis on the victims of the dreadful railway accident of the 18th of last December, in which eight citizens of the Dominion and of Quebec Province lost their lives, and a large number received injuries of all degrees of magnitude and severity, an event which certainly spoiled the enjoyment of Christmas for our city and district, has now been brought to a close, after a number of adjournments. The only extended reports which seem to have come before our public have been those of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*—without, however, any editorial summary. Faithful condensations, with editor's remarks, appeared in the Montreal *Daily Witness*. The attention of the editors and readers of this wide Dominion, deeply interested as it is in railways and the safety of travellers, seems hardly to have been stirred by the occasion, and this, notwithstanding we were favoured with the evidence and the opinion of two such high authorities as Mr. A. L. Light, C.E., of Quebec, the constructor of some of the best through lines in the Dominion, and Mr. Peterson, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The value of the enquiry must be seen to have by no means depended upon the verdict of the jury, which was no clearer than such verdicts commonly are. The coroner is greatly to be praised for his zeal in summoning witnesses, qualified by knowledge of the facts of the calamity, or as experts in the construction and working of railways. The engineering staff of the Intercolonial—the one Government road of Canada—were present, but were not called on to testify. The propriety of this course is an open question. The system of management on the line should be the subject of a Parliamentary enquiry, which should certainly be insisted upon for the sake of all concerned. Coming to the evidence of Mr. Light, an experienced engineer, and one who weighs his words when giving testimony on so important a public question, we find he complains both of the *grades* and of the *curves* on the Pt. Charles Branch, on which the overturn occurred. This branch was added to the main line some years after completion, and under new direction. The original line was almost entirely constructed under our great engineer, Sandford Fleming. Mr. Light also laid the greatest stress on the speed at which the train was moving. Mr. Peterson was satisfied to proclaim his ignorance of the causes of the derailing, and to defend the *curves* and the supposed *speed* of the train, saying nothing about the *gradients*, a point on which Mr. Light had laid great stress. The question of *guard rails*—the greatest security known for the passage of trains over embankments—was not even mooted. The staff of the Intercolonial were highly praised by Mr. Light for their past conduct of the line which they, no doubt, deserved, the accidents to passengers since the road was opened having been few; and this points to a classified comparison of accidents on the Government line, as compared with the lines managed by companies. We have now the proposal of a Royal Commission on Canadian railways, advocated in more quarters than one. If we want to protect the lives of the people we cannot do better than go forward in the well established constitutional order—a method of which neither the companies nor any

party in the state have any right to complain. The popular power and voice must be enlisted to stay the slaughters.

X.

SUNDAY-OBSERVANCE LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In a recent issue you refer to Col. ii. 16,—the common interpretation whereof is that the observance of the Sabbath is like the observance of a holy day, a matter of faith and conscience. While holding that no compulsory obedience to the Sabbath law is acceptable with Him who requires the worship of the heart, the common interpretation seems erroneous for this reason: Paul evidently refers to ceremonial days in the Jewish ecclesiastical calendar. There were Sabbaths in that calendar which were purely ceremonial and Jewish in addition to the "Sabbaths of the Lord,"—see Leviticus xxiii. 38. The former are referred to as "your Sabbaths," while the Sabbath of Genesis ii., 3rd verse, is everywhere spoken of as "My Sabbath." This latter Sabbath is the Sabbath of mankind of which the Son of Man is Lord, and which was made for man. There is no command respecting the mode of its observance except that it must be a day of rest. The ceremonial Sabbaths were days of public worship by general assemblies of the nation, occurring at certain periods of the year, and they were also periods of agricultural fallow and commercial limitation. The seventh year of rest allowed the soil was a Sabbath; the jubilee year when debts were outlawed was a Sabbath. It is only true of these ceremonial Sabbaths that they were ordinances contrary to us, and were a shadow of things to come. The Sabbath which followed the work of creation is not a shadow. It is a real rest to which all men are entitled. It is an institution in fact, just as much so as the family is an institution founded about the same time. The common consent of mankind cannot change it; the Church has no power on record for its abrogation. The Jew, commanded to "Remember the Sabbath Day" as the "Sabbath of the Lord," keeps it still, as do also a small body of Christians. The Sunday is a day fixed by ecclesiastical tradition for public worship. There is no scriptural authority whatever for its observance.

Now let it be supposed that Christendom returns to the common-sense and obvious meaning of the institution of the Sabbath contained in Genesis, what right would the Church have to ask the State to use the constable's baton for enforcing obedience to the institution? Is there any warrant for believing that though then we should be able to quote a divine law (which we now cannot do to back up our contention) we would win greater merit for man or greater glory for God? None whatever. "The Quran or the Sword" is a form of preaching which has made millions of good Mohammedans, but that style of work never made a Christian worth a cent. The Founder never worked on that line. The loving smile of a babe He would give His heart's blood to win. But for the compulsory suffrages of the universe—"all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them,"—not one brass farthing with Cæsar's image and superscription. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His."

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST.

A CANADIAN PEOPLE.

IS Canada to vanish from history? Is she to lose her identity, her individuality, her possibilities, by absorption into the United States? Are Canadians to become a mere memory, and those who might have formed one of the greatest peoples of the future in America to rank merely as the outvoted inhabitants of the northerly portion of a gigantic Republic?

The decline and fall of Empires has been a favourite thesis because the historian can find his superstructure of personal explanation and assertion on foundations of recorded fact. The reverse process, the genesis and rise of nations, is less congenial to those who, like myself, would rather deal with facts than "futures." Yet there come upon all communities of men occasions when, in their course, they arrive at cross roads, and on the sudden choice of their forward route depends their whole future. In such cases it must needs be that anticipations of the future are put forward.

Canada, all authorities are agreed, has arrived at such cross roads this year, and the critical decision has to be taken between that downhill road which leads to annexation to the United States and that uphill road which leads to the great safe table-land of self-reliant nationality.

Originally over all North America enterprising colonists from Europe formed settlements. British influences gradually absorbed the supreme power until the great and lamentable change which brought about a cleavage in the political allegiance of these North American Settlements more than a century ago. Marvellous was the growth of both resulting groups; but while the Republic to the south swept Europe of its surplus residuum of population, the Monarchical Province to the north took no such vigorous steps to fill up its back country. Population means trade and industry, and the United States, with a large area in mild and genial latitudes, stepped rapidly along with an initial population of five millions. Canada, with an initial population of two hundred and fifty thousand, has also steadily gone ahead ever since, but never with any prospect of getting up to or even gaining upon her

gigantic southern neighbour. The thirteen original States, overrunning all the country to the west and south, came to the conclusion that the country to the east and north would soon be theirs as well. The citizens of the United States came to regard the annexation of Canada as a manifest destiny—a mere matter of time. Even in those early days, however, they were counting without their host. The battles of Queenston Heights and Chateaugay early proclaimed the Loyalists invincible. Canadians in the settled districts on the Atlantic and along the St. Lawrence were receiving much specific assistance from the old country. Two great British corporations, the Hudson's Bay and the North-West Companies—at first separated and subsequently in combination—were speedily establishing administrative dominion over all the back country of Canada, westwards right across the continent, and northwards right away to the Arctic Circle. The initial value of securing all these wide territories to the British Flag became amply evident later on; and will remain forever a credit and a pride to the pioneer administrators of those two great corporations.

Over this period history records isolated threats, in various Canadian centres, of secession to the United States. Such a cry arose when friction or troubles vexed the residents in some particular portion. In British Columbia or in Nova Scotia, in Manitoba or Quebec, the threat was heard. But in each case a calm contemplation of the possible results proved that there was no visible gain in such exchange of allegiance. The spirit of the United Empire Loyalists always prevailed.

Political confederation firmly established the idea of possible union among the then scattered settlements from Cape Breton to Vancouver's Island. But the full realization of the idea seemed almost beyond hope until two Canadians stepped forward to solve the material difficulties.

Sir Donald A. Smith, convinced of the value for agriculture and many another industry of all this great region in the North-West, convinced by his exceptional personal knowledge that all this great country was fit for prosperous settlement, found in Sir George Stephen an exceptional financial ally. The idea was mooted that these valuable areas must be opened up to settlement by the means of a great arterial railway system, and the task appeared so gigantic that it was tacitly settled it could only be undertaken by the new Dominion Government.

The old provinces along the St. Lawrence at once felt a new stimulus; there was the impulse of the possible developments to follow on the opening up of all this great North-West. Rich silver and nickel mines have been discovered along the north of Lake Superior, and some £12,000,000 of gold has already been taken out of British Columbia. From the very first the enormous crops gathered from a mere "scratching of the prairie" proved that a wheat age would speedily succeed to the fur age, and the farmer successfully supplant the trapper. It is said that with the time comes the man, and Canada certainly produced at this crisis the sagacious Sir John A. Macdonald, who, with a national policy which meets with wholesome opposition and criticism, has, with the aid of such able lieutenants as Sir Charles Tupper, on the whole, satisfied the bulk of Canadians, and certainly gives evidence of the strength of the rapidly growing conviction that to the north of the States are found all the elements necessary to the existence of a prosperous, industrial, self-contained people.

The High Tariff Policy, it must be remembered, was adopted in Canada avowedly in self-defence against the United States, and many and earnest were the regrets and fears expressed at the time by Canadians, lest this policy, claimed to be indispensable to avoid being overwhelmed by the Americans, should in any way injure the closest political and commercial relations with the Mother Country. Throughout this period the United States have from time to time entered upon reciprocal trade relations with Canada. Each time, however, the United States have when the stipulated limit of time arrived in each particular arrangement, refused to renew the agreement.

But in Canada far greater and more permanent results seem likely to follow. The McKinley tariff is universally regarded as an ultimatum from Americans to Canadians: "We will freeze you out, until you come and knock for admission into the States." The Canadian reply is as unexpected as it is forcible: "We don't want admission, and we thank you for retiring in our favour from the different markets of the world where North American produce finds a ready sale." Most noticeable all through Canada did I find this feeling on my recent visit. Every where the question was: "Where can we sell our goods, now the Americans won't take them?" Then, too, Canadians, if they come to analyze their present trade, would light upon many significant details. Thus they would find that already, per head of population, their external trade is of an annual value of £8, as compared with only £4 in the United States; and they would see that, as they have already done in shipping, so in foreign trade, they may take rank among the leading nations of the world.

They will see that in regard to the export of Canadian produce the average annual value exported has been as follows:—

	IN MILLIONS STERLING.			1887.
TO	1868-72.	1873-7.	1878-82.	
United Kingdom	4.2	7.0	7.4	7.6
United States	5.0	6.0	6.4	7.3
Other Countries	1.2	1.6	1.9	1.3

Thus it is seen that over these years, while the percentage of the total of exports has decreased in the case of

the United States, it has increased in the case of the United Kingdom.

An analysis of imports shows that Canada obtained, say, 47 per cent. from the United States, 38 per cent. from the United Kingdom, and 15 per cent. from other countries. It also is clear that Canada imports six million pounds' worth of manufactures from the United States which directly, in great degree, compete with her own manufactures. She also obtains one and a-half millions' worth of goods which are produced in other countries, from which she could obtain them direct—such as wool, sugar, tropical fruits, skins, and tobacco. She takes two and three-quarters millions' worth of goods she can and does produce herself—such as coal, breadstuffs, kerosene, timber, fish, etc.

With the other countries—such as the United Kingdom, Europe, the West Indies, Australia, China, and Japan—the interchange is chiefly of goods which do not directly compete. Even the manufactures are of diverse kinds. Canada would certainly seem to have her best natural markets, both for demand and supply, in these other over-sea countries which already take more than half of her external trade.

The one present obstacle is the lack of direct steamship communications; and here again the McKinley tariff has had a very remarkable effect. It has aroused widespread attention in Canada to all proposals for establishing direct steamship communication of first-class character, in reference both to speed and accommodation. The present Dominion Government had long ago, and wisely, determined to propose various measures for granting subsidies for steamship lines from Canada to Europe, the West Indies, China, and Australia. I had the greatest satisfaction last year in assisting to win the consent of the Imperial Government and Parliament to the granting of an Imperial subsidy for the Japan mail service, which it is calculated will save seventeen days over the present route via Suez, which takes forty-two days, a saving of vital importance to English commerce. And now definite proposals are in process of acceptance for establishing at once a fast Atlantic steamship service between England and Canada, and a fast Pacific service between Vancouver and Australia. Naturally large subsidies are asked for in establishing such services, and, without doubt, with a sufficient subsidy behind them, the shares of the undertaking will be willingly taken up by the British public. Beyond all this certain large facts should be remembered. If we regard prospects of traffic on the Pacific we find that the external trade of China and Japan has increased from £16,000,000 in 1870 to £80,000,000 in 1890, while the foreign trade of Australasia has increased, over the same period, from £17,000,000 to £153,000,000. The trade between North America and Australia has grown steadily, and even rapidly, to £4,000,000, while that with China and Japan already exceeds £10,000,000. Thus the prospects of freight and passengers for these new quick steamers on the Pacific are decidedly promising, and, if they are run with due regard for the convenience of passengers, there is no doubt but that the route will become exceedingly popular, especially with the richer classes of Australians, Americans, and Canadians.

As for the proposed through Mail Service, soon to be inaugurated, between England and Transpacific ports via Canada, the saving of time, the variety and interest of the journey, and the absence of Red Sea and Indian Ocean heat will assuredly attract a very great number of passengers.

On the whole, then, the chief present need in rapidly opening up Canada to settlement and development is fast Ocean Steamship Lines. These can only be established on promise of large Government subsidies. To a certain degree these promises had already been made, but the direct effect of the McKinley Bill has been to rouse men of all parties and in both Houses of the Dominion Parliament to side with the Government whose motto is "Canada for the Canadians." And it seems probable that in the next session of the Canadian Parliament definite proposals will be gladly accepted for subsidies sufficient to meet all these patriotic purposes.

In all this Canadians will understand they will have the warm sympathy of the old country. They have been properly grateful for this in the past, and certainly at many a crisis practical aid has been ungrudgingly given. Canadians know well, and the financial and commercial world relies on this more than anything else, that any who attack the integrity or independence of Canada have to face the armed strength of the whole British Empire. The Mother Country, as in the Trent affair or the Riel troubles, showed herself prompt to vindicate the integrity and the honour of the Empire. In industrial development even the aid and guarantee of the taxpayer of the Old Country has been freely accorded. No one ever notices the records in the Finance accounts which tell that millions sterling have been guaranteed or advanced for Canadian purposes, as, for instance, the construction or completion of the internal water or rail communication in Canada. All importers, whether of food or raw materials, would very willingly see the United Kingdom take most of its North American produce—wheat, meat, cattle, farm produce, timber, minerals, etc.—from Canada direct. This would represent an import trade alone of an annual value of fifty millions or more. British goods would be bound to go back in repayment. In every respect the old country will heartily welcome all that assists the growth of Canada. Canada can trust not only for defensive purposes to the cordial support of the United Kingdom, but also in

every other purpose. The fundamental idea of the Canadian Constitution, which provides for practical independence in close alliance with a great and powerful Empire, seems far better suited to safe industrial and commercial progress than the constitutional idea of the United States. The absence of the quadrennial Presidential Election, for instance, not only relieves Canadians of many a direct tax on their profits, as for instance the 10 per cent. party levy made on all the Government salaries before each Presidential Election, but also relieves Canadian affairs of that nightmare of severe party conflict which haunts and weighs upon every political act or scheme in the United States; and of the consequent hurtful political uncertainty which hovers over American affairs for three years out of every four.

Canada has been gradually growing up to national manhood, and in so doing she has pushed aside one by one the several temptations that could only have led to ultimate absorption in the United States. The McKinley tariff has now come as a final effort on the part of the United States to compel Canada to yield up her independence. It has found Canada stronger—stronger than she herself or anyone else was aware—in the determination to carve out her own future for herself. The McKinley Bill that was to force the union into being, can now, as a matter of fact, be described only as the coffin in which annexation will be buried beyond redemption. Canadians claim Canada for themselves and their heirs; they have come to the main cross-roads of their progress as a nation, and without hesitation they prefer to the left-hand road that leads to national annihilation, the right-hand road which conducts them to all the possibilities of brilliant and useful national existence. The Canadian people will keep Canada for themselves, basing their independence on close and cordial co-operation and union with an Empire which, by all the ties of descent, blood, institutions, religion, and material interests, is one and indivisible, and will so remain, for all the future of that Empire and of the Canadian people.—George Baden Powell, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

A SONG OF EMPIRE.

ENGLISH we! and you deem it shame,
Sharing our speech, to share our name!
English we, and we draw from you all,
Briton and Teuton and Dane and Gaul,
The blood that our fathers blended up
As a priceless wine in a golden cup,
Feeding upon it and gathering strength,
Childhood, boyhood, and youth, till at length
They rose in the might of the man and hurled
A girdle of empire about the world.

English we! and the race is young,
Years we were silent and gave no tongue,
Calm in our strength, till you hemmed us in,
With a ring of steel and the ceaseless din
Of threatening war. 'Tis for you to say
If the brood of the mastiff forced a way.

English we! Can you blame us now,
You who have taught us the when and how,
If we learned the lesson of ancient Rome—
To stretch our borders and make our home
On each foot of earth that our arms had won
From the dawning east to the setting sun.

English we! and we hold our own by right of the
blood we have shed;
English we! and shall hold it, were it but for the
graves of our dead.
English we! and we ask you, you who are swift to
condemn,
Would you yield but a foot of our conquests if you were
the lords of them?
What do you say, oh Russia? What do you answer,
France?
When might is right with the one, and the cry of the
other—Advance!

English we! Shall we hand it on,
The heritage fair that we entered on,
Broad and firm and just as of yore,
Breathing the spirit that formed its core,
For our sons to fulfil their destiny:—
That the rolling deep where our fathers sleep,
All the earth their feet have trod,
In the breadth of our children's rule shall be
But as corner stones to their memory
Raised by the hand of God?

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

WE learn from the London *Journal of Education* that, according to returns compiled by the Civic Statistical Bureau of the schools of Munich, there were in 1889 in those schools 2,327 children suffering from defective sight; to wit, 996 boys and 1,331 girls. The gradual increase in the figures, which proceeds according to the distribution of the pupils into several classes, is highly significant. Of every 1,000 boys in the first or elementary class, 36 are short-sighted; in the second, 49; in the third, 70; in the fourth, 94; in the fifth, 108; in the sixth, 104; in the seventh and last, 108. The number of short-sighted boys, therefore, from the first class to the seventh, increases about threefold. In the case of the girls the increase is from 37 to 119.

ROYAL EDINBURGH.*

IN the tastefully illustrated and attractive volume issued under the name of "Royal Edinburgh," we welcome another contribution to what we shall gladly look upon as a still uncompleted series from the versatile pen of Mrs. Oliphant. Among the gifted authoresses of our day who practically assert the intellectual equality of woman with the most successful of her masculine competitors for fame, none command a wider circle of admirers. As a novelist it is marvellous to note the fine variety and native truthfulness of character, though—as in the charming "Kirsteen," of recent date,—she is never so replete with fine tenderness, blended with genuine and characteristic humour, as when she turns anew to the scenes of Scottish life, in which her first triumph as a young authoress won the applause of the discriminating critic, Lord Jeffrey.

We speak of the versatile pen of Mrs. Oliphant; for she has not only won for herself a foremost-rank among English novelists; and is ever welcomed among the contributors to our lighter periodical literature; but in her "Edward Irving," and her "Principal Tulloch," she has been no less successful in the difficult roll of a biographer. She is known to have been an attached friend of Mrs. Carlyle; and so on intimate terms with the great philosopher of Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Had it been his fortune to be limned in pen and ink by her genial and appreciative touch, she would have fashioned out of the choice biographical materials at her disposal a very different, and at the same time a greatly more truthful, picture of that strange exceptional genius, who has been so grossly misrepresented in the volumes from Froude's pen.

But we are tempted from our special theme by the attractions of its authoress. Mrs. Oliphant has already given us her "Makers of Florence" and her "Makers of Venice," and it was her original purpose, we believe, to have followed them up with "The Makers of Edinburgh." It must have been with some reluctance that she abandoned this purpose, for the theme was a tempting one. Among the most beautiful of the poems of Dunbar—according to Ellis, the greatest of Scottish poets before Burns,—is his "Lament for the Makaris," in which, in his old age, he recalls Douglas, Kennedy, gentle Roull of Corstorphine, and a host of other sweet singers who adorned the court and reign of James IV. But other temptations beguiled the authoress into seeking an ampler theme; and above all, the tender, saintly beauty of Queen Margaret, the Saxon princess, who won the rough heart of Malcolm Canmore, and so fascinated the rude Scottish chiefs with her womanly charities; and beguiled the Culdee ecclesiastics with her devout piety: that Scotland owes to her a reformation not less beneficent than that of the sixteenth century. Beginning accordingly with the castle and the city on the Forth, as it stood there in the days of Malcolm Canmore, the son of the good King Duncan of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," we thus read: "No more moving and delightful story was ever written or invented than the history of this saint and queen." And so Saint Margaret is pictured; and all the romantic incidents of her flight from the violence of the Norman Conqueror, her refuge at the Scottish Court of Dunfermline; and the many tender scenes of loving charity, till the closing one of her last sacrament in the little oratory that still crowns the castle rock at Edinburgh; and her final parting with Ethelred, who was the bearer of the fatal news of the death of his father, Malcolm, and of his eldest brother, Edward, at the siege of Alnwick Castle, Northumberland.

"Royal Edinburgh" is in reality an epitome of Scotland's history; and its fine illustrations from the pencil of George Reid, range over Dunfermline, St. Andrew's, Stirling, the Bass Rock, Linlithgow, Falkland, Lochleven, and everywhere except Perth, which ought to have been included. For the old idea of "The Makers of Edinburgh" could not very well be carried out without including Scotland's royal maker, James I., the author of the "King's Quair," as well as the accredited writer of "Pebles to the Play," and "Christ's Kirk on the Green." So the romantic tragedy of the assassination of the poet king in the Blackfriars' monastery at Perth, and the heroic devotion of his queen, and of the fair Douglas maiden, give zest to some picturesque pages of narration: "For above all his knightly and kingly qualities, his studies in chivalry and statesmanship which prepared him to fill the throne of Scotland as no man, save his great ancestor Bruce, had yet filled it: James Stewart was a poet of no mean rank, not unworthy to be named even in the presence of Chaucer, and well worthy of the place he has kept in literature." And so the authoress turns aside for a moment to glance at "the noble castle of Windsor, where the royal youth first saw and sang the lady of his love, 'the fairest and the sweetest yonge flour,' of whom he has left one of the most tender and beautiful descriptions that is to be found in all the course of poetry."

But Edinburgh has a genuine array of her own "Makers." In the days of the Flodden King, it was indeed a perfect grove of singers: Dunbar and Kennedy, Gawin Douglas, the translator of Virgil into Scottish verse while he was Dean, or Provost of the collegiate church of St. Giles; Sir David Lindsay, the originator of the Scottish Drama, in his famous "Satire of the Three Estates" which prepared the way for John Knox and the Reformation. Next come Alexander Montgomery, Drummond of Hawthornden the host of Ben Jonson; Smollett, Allan

* "Royal Edinburgh: Her Saints, Kings, Prophets and Poets." By Mrs. Oliphant. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns; for the sojourns of the Ayrshire poet in Edinburgh form an all important chapter in the tragic story of his life. The poet Gay was long a sojourner in the Canongate, and among the choicest of Scotland's songstresses are the two rival singers of the "Flowers of the Forest"; Alison Cochburn and Jeanie Elliot; as in later days followed the Baroness Nairn, to whom we owe "The Land o' the Leal." Last, but greatest of all, comes Walter Scott, of whom Edinburgh is *par excellence* "Mine Own Romantic Town." The material is, in fact, so rich, and the field so inexhaustible that perhaps "Royal Edinburgh," with its Kings and Queens; its St. Margaret, Queen Jane, Mary of Guelden, Mary of Guise; and the Mary of Holyrood, Lochleven and Fotheringay; may yet be followed up with another volume of "The Makers" of the Scottish capital.

As to the Queens of Edinburgh, Mrs. Oliphant is fascinated with the tender beauty and the saintly virtues of Malcolm Canmore's Queen, but Mary Stewart is evidently a perplexing puzzle to her. The romance of her earlier years; and the wild tragedy of Rizzio's assassination, she keenly appreciates; nor does she fail to do justice to the gifted and fascinating widowed Queen, entering in all her youth and inexperience on the perplexing duties of sovereignty in the Scotland of that strange sixteenth century. But our authoress reverences the memory of Knox as of a Scottish Elijah; not only a great reformer, but a veritable prophet. Then, too, as a pure, noble minded woman, as every line of Mrs. Oliphant's pen indicates, she finds it a hard task to gloss over the Darnley and Bothwell embroglio; even though studied, as it ought to be, in the light of that rough old century when the assassin's dagger, or his cask of gun powder, was, perhaps, no more reprehensible process of divorce, when judged by the standards of the time, than the scenes of a Chicago divorce court in this virtuous nineteenth century of ours.

But we have not space to deal with other, and no less attractive, features of "Royal Edinburgh"; the gallant but rash Knight Errant who flung away fortune and life on Flodden field; the fifth James, Queen Mary's sire, "The Last of the Heroic Age." George Buchanan, "The Scholar of the Reformation," and then Modern Edinburgh from Allan Ramsay to Walter Scott. We can but commend the attractive pages to every reader capable of appreciating a charming interblending of national history with the local colouring of the singularly picturesque city that crowns the ridge between Holyrood and the Castle Rock, the "Edina, Scotia's Darling Seat," of Burns; "Mine Own Romantic Town," of Scott; and Tennyson's "Grey Metropolis of the North."

ART NOTES.

In the death of Meissonier, France has lost one of the greatest artists of the age.

A small painting by Meissonier—"The Philosopher"—was sold recently for \$12,000. An United States contemporary estimates its cost to have been \$252 per sq. inch.

ALBERT BIERSTADT has recently been visiting his old haunts in the Rocky Mountains. He first crossed the plains from the East in 1859, and it was then that he made the first sketches for the paintings of Western scenes which gave him fame. On his latest work, "The Last of the Buffalo," he spent thirty years' time, and made several hundred sketches. The picture was in his mind when he followed the trail to Pike's Peak thirty-one years ago.

MR. FRANKLIN W. SMITH of Boston is said to have paid Mr. Renwick, the architect, \$1,000 for the plans of an immense temple of the arts, to be constructed at Washington in such a manner as to cost \$5,000,000 and to occupy 150 acres of ground. Mr. T. C. Crawford, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, is authority for the statement that Mr. Smith expects to raise enough money during the next five years to make a successful beginning at the work. In the meantime, in this city, and independently of the Boston gentleman's doings, a movement is on foot which has for its object the establishment of a National Salon of Arts. It is proposed that exhibitions shall occur once in three years, and that painters, sculptors, architects, engravers and decorators shall be contributors. Mr. F. Edwin Elwell has undertaken charge of the preliminary work of organization, and will be glad to receive suggestions. Letters may be addressed to him at the Fellowship Club.—*New York Critic*.

"THOSE," said the great painter Joshua Reynolds, "who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of inspiration, as a gift bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to ensure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired, how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired, who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them."—*Chambers' Journal*.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

At the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening, Jan. 29, Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, of Hamilton, an organist who has achieved more than a local reputation, delivered a thoughtful, interesting and instructive lecture on "The History and Development of Musical Instruments." This is one of a series of lectures arranged for at the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Vogt presided on the occasion. In addition to the lecture a select programme was most creditably rendered, much to the enjoyment and delight of the audience.

It is said that in consequence of the great success of Berlioz opera at Carlsruhe the authorities of that opera house contemplate giving a regular cycle of the composer's operas, "Benvenuto Cellini," "Béatrice et Bénédict," and the two parts of "Les Troyens." Felix Mottl, the conductor, has already superintended performances of all these works in former years, and to him the cycle would offer no difficulty whatever.

THE *Guide Musical* publishes five more of the hitherto unpublished letters of Berlioz. The first is in praise of Parish-Alvars, the harpist; the second relates to a contemplated visit to Munich in 1845, which apparently never came to pass; the third, addressed to some person unknown, relates to a translation of part of the "Enfance du Christ" the fourth (a brief note) is addressed to George Kastner, as is also the fifth, the most interesting of the set. In it we find the following sentence: "J'ai vu l'Edipe roi l'autre jour au Théâtre Français; c'est très beau, très noble; Sophocle est un grand homme; il diffère en cela de Shakspeare, qui est un dieu." In the notes appended to these letters there is an unaccountable mistake, which we would correct forthwith. Remenyi, "the Hungarian violinist," is said to have died some years ago. Remenyi, however, was certainly alive, and in the best of spirits, in London a very few weeks back, and he is, we think, at this moment in Scotland.

HERE is an anecdote of the late King William III. of Holland. His majesty, who was a great lover of music and believed himself to be a composer of no mean order, once, says "Life," perpetrated an opera. It was called "L'Esclave de Camoens," and proved a "respectful" frost when produced in the Dutch town of Arnhem. Willem's method of composing was most peculiar; he used to order his secretary, Mr. Van der D—, to the piano and walk humming through the room. Then, after a pause, he exclaimed, "Play, Van der D—, ta-da-da! pom pom! la, la!" Van der D—, whose thoughts were sometimes wandering, obeyed and played some random tune which just occurred to him. Wrath of his majesty: "I did not sing pom-pom! ta-da! Van der D—. I sang ta-da-da! pom-pom!" "Excuse me, sire; ta-da-da! pom pom." "Have you now well grasped the melody?" enquired the king. "Quite, your majesty." "Then you may go home and write it down." "Yes," said Van der D—, but by the time he got home he had forgotten all about the downright regular royal music and wrote down a tune of his own. When next day he presented his manuscript to the king, William smiled with pride, and invariably said: "I am not at all a bad composer, am I Van der D—?" during which allocution the secretary's face was "as good as a play." And thus "L'Esclave de Camoens" was bred and born.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. By Dr. Isaac Taylor. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company. In two parts; 30 cents each. Illustrated.

Dr. Taylor's work has already been reviewed at length in these columns. We need only say here that it will without doubt come into the hands of many more readers through the inexpensive edition published by the Humboldt Publishing Company.

A LAY SERMON OF JOHN RUSSELL, the Excommunicated. Goderich. 1890.

It is rather a pity that this publication should have seen the light. Of course any one taking Mr. Russell's own statement would say that he has been badly treated. On the other hand it is difficult to believe that Presbyteries and Synods would act with manifest injustice. Might it not be possible, even now, to get a committee of the Presbytery to which he belongs consisting entirely of members who have no personal interest in the case.

LONGMANS' FRENCH GRAMMAR. By T. H. Bertenshaw. London and New York: Longmans.

The title of this book is a misnomer. It is rather an exercise book than a grammar, and as a compound of the two is defective in not giving an epitome of the grammar by itself at the end. The "Notes to teachers" are surely superfluous. If such aids to teaching are necessary they should rather be embodied in a key, for only the man who needed the one would be likely to need the other. At the best then, hints are crude and superficial.

We doubt the desirability of issuing further French school-books of this class. The one under notice is no better and no worse than half a dozen others that have been recently issued, all of which are distinctly inferior to the Marlborough and Wellington grammars and the Marlborough exercise books.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Reprinted from the Revised Translation of George Long. London: Geo. Bell and Sons. 1890.

To attempt at this late date any review of this by all well-known and by many much-prized book is by no means our intention here. Rather it is to express gratification at the issue of another edition and congratulation to the publishers who have undertaken it. Of the high thoughts of the Noble Roman none needs to speak, and of Mr. Long's translation of them, Mr. Matthew Arnold has abundantly spoken. "Mr. Long's version of Marcus Aurelius being what it is," he says, "an Englishman who reads to live, and does not live to read, may henceforth let the Greek original repose upon its shelf." The present edition is a neat small octavo with uncut edges, gilt top, and buckram binding—and "no binding," that entertaining bibliophile, Mr. Andrew Long has averred, "is cheaper, neater, and more durable than a coat of buckram."

OVER THE SEA: a Summer Trip to Britain. By J. E. Wetherell. Strathroy: Evans. 1890.

This very interesting set of papers, originally printed in the Strathroy *Age*, well deserves to be collected and preserved in a more permanent form. We would indeed wish that the series had gone abroad with something more of pomp and circumstance; for although printing and paper are both excellent yet the type is too small for any but strong eyes, and double columns are not quite inviting. We hope it may be possible, hereafter, to put forth these papers in a more handsome volume. In the meantime we can honestly recommend the perusal of them (and they are very cheap) to those who may want to know something of the old home of our people, and also to those who, having known the scenes described in the past, may wish to revive their impressions of them. There are here no fewer than twelve papers dealing with the voyage, with noted spots in Scotland, Glasgow, Edinburgh, the land of Burns, the Lakes—with some parts of England—London, Stratford, Oxford and Cambridge, Tennyson, Land, etc. The sketches are short, too short generally; but they are bright and readable. It is not possible to pitch upon a page of the book that will not yield entertainment.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE END OF THE OLD REGIME. CITIZENESS BONAPARTE. THE WIFE OF THE FIRST CONSUL. THE COURT OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. THE HAPPY DAYS OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE. MARIE LOUISE AND THE DECADENCE OF THE EMPIRE. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Each with Portrait. 12mo. \$1.25.

No Court in Europe has undergone so many vicissitudes as that of France; none has exceeded it in splendour; none has suffered deeper humiliations; and none has been the subject of so many memoirs and histories. Its palaces have been royal residences and royal prisons. They have been with the magnificence of mighty monarchs and they have been sacked and pillaged by revolutionary mobs and foreign soldiery. Their walls have listened to republican manifestoes and imperial proclamations; they have witnessed coronations and dethronements, restorations and abdications. The Tuilleries harboured the thieves and murderers of the National Convention. In St. Cloud Napoleon overthrew the Government of the Directory; there he caused the Empire to be proclaimed, and there, after Waterloo, Blucher made his headquarters, sleeping in the bed-chamber of the Emperor and kennelling his dogs in the boudoir of Marie Louise. Blucher's soldiers sacked Malmaison, the favourite residence of Josephine, the home of Napoleon's glory as Consul, and his last refuge before his departure for St. Helena. In Fontainebleau, where he imprisoned and abused the Sovereign Pontiff, he afterwards signed his own abdication. In the famous Gallery of Mirrors in Versailles, where in 1855 Napoleon III. opened the ball with Queen Victoria, the Conqueror of Sedan crowned himself Emperor of Germany; and there, a little later, a democratic Senate deliberated for a time on the affairs of the French Republic. The Tuilleries have been burned to the ground, St. Cloud is a ruin, Malmaison private property, and Versailles a show place for curious tourists.

These volumes tell of three famous and beautiful women who successively presided over the French Court during the most memorable period of its existence—a period of devastating and continuous wars and of amazing political changes—which saw France at the very summit of its national glory and in the lowest depths of humiliation and misery. It was a period, also, of marvellous intellectual and literary activity. Its history has been written by those who made it or saw it made. Generals, diplomatists, high court dignitaries and great ladies kept faithful records of what they saw and heard, or wrote voluminous memoirs and reminiscences. During recent years a great many of these have been published, and a full light has been thrown on the great European drama on which the last century closed and the present century opened. From this wealth of political and personal history M. Imbert Saint-Amand has drawn with a free hand. In his books he has gathered the cream of all the memoirs. They are not biographies nor histories; they are a series of biographical and historical pictures largely the work of contemporary artists. We are enabled to see the great personages of the period not as one but as many saw them. The portraits are for the most part painted from life, and the campaigns and pageants by eye-witnesses; M. Saint-Amand has gathered and grouped them with consummate art.

"Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Regime," begins with the birth of the Dauphin, in 1781, when the monarchy seemed still popular and secure, and no vague forebodings of misfortune disturbed the happiness of the Queen. All France rejoiced; foreign courts sent congratulations; the guilds came to pay their respects to the King and Queen; Paris gave a succession of brilliant fêtes to celebrate the birth of an heir to the throne. For a few years more the Queen enjoyed her happiness. The court was the most brilliant in Europe and set the fashion for the world. French society was so delightful that Talleyrand in his old age was able to say, "No one who did not live before 1789 has any idea of the charm of life." In 1782 the Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, and in 1784 Gustavus III. of Sweden visited the French court, and were entertained with magnificent hospitality. The latter signed a treaty of alliance with Louis XVI., and left without a suspicion of the impending revolution. Nor could any stranger at that time find symptoms of disaffection, or occasion for apprehension. "All the Memoirs bear witness to the security, the confidence, the satisfied national pride, the content enjoyed by France in this year 1784, when . . . of all people in the world, the French seemed the most devoted to their Sovereigns, and the easiest to govern. Life and hope were full of promise; a cultivated society, tolerant, animated with new ideas, was in the enjoyment of liberty, abundance and pleasure. It was a delightful epoch, refined, sentimental, witty, when no one believed in evil, and everyone hoped, through science and philosophy, to overthrow ignorance and suffering; when intellectual pleasures were triumphant, and every audacious thought dared to assert itself. French society was then regarded by all Europe as the highest type of wit and politeness. France by its ideas, its literature, its luxury set the fashion for the world; and foreign princes visited it to pay homage to a superior civilization." But beneath this content and gaiety and cheerful optimism the fires of revolution were smouldering. "The conspirators' pistols, the strangler's bowstring, the headsman's axe were hidden in the dark mystery of the future. The smell of blood was already mingling with the perfumes of the court." The drama of the diamond necklace was about to open and furnish a nine months' topic for the malevolent wits of Paris. This affair and its disastrous effects on the Queen's reputation are very fully and clearly presented. Revolutionary principles spread rapidly. "Every man who could read became a profound politician." Politics were discussed everywhere, by idlers in the cafés and on the boulevards, by noblemen in the salons, and even by courtiers in the royal palaces. The King by his fatuous optimism, and his ministers by their feeble and mistaken counsel helped and hastened the overthrow of the monarchy. We are only permitted to witness the beginning of Marie Antoinette's misfortunes and humiliations. The story closes with the departure of the Royal Family from Versailles to Paris in Oct., 1789. The curtain drops on the long imprisonment and the tragic death. Marie Antoinette's reign was over when she entered the coach that bore her to Paris.

The volumes in which Josephine is the central figure are especially interesting. M. Saint-Amand writes of the famous creole in a peculiarly sympathetic vein. Citizeness Bonaparte, the wife of the first Consul, the Empress Josephine, is not entirely faultless, never altogether admirable, but her grace, her beauty, her social tact, her good sense, her moderation, and, above all, her unvarying kindness win the reader's heart as they won the hearts of nearly all who came within the range of her influence. "She was always and everywhere the same; affable, gracious, obliging, always seeking peace, sharing none of the severities, the anger or the petulance of her husband, dissuading him from thoughts of vengeance, anxious to see him kind, generous, inclined to pity. This modest, disinterested woman, who was essentially tender and good, is one of the most amiable and sympathetic figures of history. If her statue has been removed from the avenue leading from the Arch of Triumph which bore her name, her memory at any rate cannot perish. The charm which she exercised upon her contemporaries has survived, and even when one thinks, whether rightly or wrongly, that he has discovered flaws in her private character, one feels an attraction for her. . . . That greatest quality, a woman's real ornament, kindness, would make us pardon many faults. Josephine wished to call forth no tears but those of joy and gratitude; her ambition was to be Bonaparte's good angel. She often gave him wise advice, and the time of his most earnest devotion to her was that of his greatest success." It was not without cause that Napoleon attributed his good fortune to Josephine. Her influence procured him the command of the army of Italy. Her connection with the old régime enabled her in many ways to serve the interests of her ambitious husband. As wife of the first Consul she gave him excellent advice, and if he had listened to her he would not have put to death the Duke of Enghien; "he would not have renounced the glorious title of first Consul for another more majestic, but less lasting; he would not have made his brothers kings of a day, and he would have remained the first citizen of a great Republic." As Empress she "played a sovereign's part with as much ease as if she had been born on the steps of a throne." Her story, as told in these volumes, begins with her marriage in March, 1796, to the young general of the Army of Italy; it closes with the end of 1807. As her grandeur had increased her happiness had diminished. Towards the end of 1807 the question of divorce was publicly discussed. "From that moment she knew no peace or happiness . . . she thought of herself

only as disgraced, betrayed, repudiated. All that was left of her crown was its mark on her brow. Few peasant women in their huts were ever so thoroughly unhappy as was this sovereign in her palace." The last seven years of her life are to be described in a final volume which the author tells us will be profoundly sad. She lived long enough to see the Empire overthrown and dismembered, and to know that he who had been her husband was unhappy and in exile.

Marie Louise enjoyed her Imperial splendours for only a brief period. Her "happy days" lasted only little more than two years, but they were "all without a cloud." The volume which describes them has no dark chapters; it shows Napoleon at the summit of his greatness and closes with his departure for the fatal campaign against Russia.

"Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire" is the sombre volume of the series. There is little in it about court pageants and royal progresses. It tells of but two victories, brilliant, it is true, but costly and fruitless. Its burden is chiefly foreboding and disaster. It closes with the beginning of 1814 when the invading armies of the allies were pressing on to Paris. Then Marie Louise said her last farewells to her husband and left the Tuilleries forever. In the former volume Marie Louise is contrasted with Marie Antoinette and with Josephine, and somewhat to her disadvantage. But while she reigned, as wife, mother, empress, she was admirable; she was loved and trusted by her husband and she loved and trusted him.

In "The Wife of the First Consul" the question: Did Napoleon like women? is discussed. Some allege that he despised them, but, whether or not, it is clear that he did not allow himself to be influenced by them. We have seen that he disregarded the advice of Josephine to his own hurt. M. Saint-Amand is of opinion that he would have done well had he taken counsel of Marie Louise.

Although ostensibly about two famous women, in five of the books we have been considering the central figure is Napoleon Bonaparte. Somewhere M. Saint-Amand says that the great mistake of historians in dealing with celebrities is always to present one picture instead of a series of pictures; he himself carefully avoids this mistake. His principal characters are painted over and over again; he gives us innumerable pictures of Napoleon. We are shown every phase of his manifold character and see him in almost every important circumstance of his marvellous career. We are made to know him as well as it is possible to know any great historical personage through the medium of books. Other portraits, not so imposing but full of interest, are scattered through the pages of these charming volumes which we cordially commend to our readers.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. J. W. L. FORSTER, R.C.A., read an able paper on "Canadian Art of to-day" at the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, Jan. 31, in which he spoke warmly of the growing national sentiment of Canadians, as being one of the most hopeful signs for the advance of art in our country.

PROFESSOR LLOYD delivered the third of the Trinity College series of Saturday afternoon lectures at the College Hall on the 31st ult., on the subject, "Japanese Language and Thought." The reverend lecturer showed that he was quite at home with his subject, and his lecture was able, interesting and instructive.

MRS. ALLISON, the writer of the graphic sketches of Indian life in the interior of British Columbia—the first of which appears in this number—is well qualified by long residence in the remote region where these Indians dwell, close observation of their habits and customs and a warm personal interest in their welfare, to treat the subject in an appreciative and interesting manner.

THE first number of the *Critic* (New York) appeared on Jan. 15, 1881, and in the issue of that Journal dated Jan. 17, 1891 occasion is taken to review the literary movement in America during the past ten years. The article though not exhaustive of its subject fills nearly two pages of the *Critic*, and was written by Mr. George Pellew, author of "The Life of John Jay" (the writer's ancestor) in the American Statesmen Series.

THE current number of the *Annals of the American Academy* contains an article by Professor Ashley of Toronto, which will prove of special interest to all students of Social Economy. Professor Ashley shows that the English labourer was practically a slave with no rights which his lord was bound to respect, and that so far from his condition growing worse in the eyes of the law, it has steadily become better since that time.

THE oldest newspaper in Victoria—the *Geelong Advertiser*—celebrated its jubilee, on November 22, by a banquet in the local town hall. The *Advertiser* was first published in October, 1840, and though the first newspaper was published in the colony two years before, and several others followed it closely, they have all been defunct for many years, and the *Advertiser* alone remains. This paper was for a long time owned and edited by Sir Graham Berry.

MR. WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT, who contributes the hitherto unpublished letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, to the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, is a grandson of the essayist Hazlitt, Lamb's friend, and has himself published a Life of Lamb with letters. The new material with which Mr. Hazlitt furnishes the *Atlantic* has some very curious letters from Lamb. One most characteristic note of condolence written to Thomas Hood, on the death of his

child, after many expressions of grief ends with the extraordinary sentence, "I have won sexpence of Moxom by the sex of the dear gone one." Lamb apparently could never resist a wager or a pun.

WHETHER the suspension of the issue of the *American* (with the number dated January 10, 1891) will be permanent, cannot here be stated. The owners of the journal, The American Company, Limited, expressly reserve, with a view to the future resumption of issue, their right to the name of the *American*, as a weekly journal published in the city of Philadelphia, with the good-will and every other journalistic and trade right attaching to the same. We sincerely regret the suspension of the *American*, which was one of the best representatives of higher class journalism published in the United States, and we hope soon to see it again established, on a permanent basis.

A THICK volume just published in Germany, and entitled "Contributions to the History of My Own Life," is the final volume in the complete edition of the works of Leopold Von Ranke. It has been edited by Prof. Adolf Dove, and contains, besides interesting descriptions of the historian's childhood and youth, a selection of letters ranging over nearly seventy years, from 1819 down to his death, and extracts from his diaries containing notes of Ranke's interviews with the most famous men of his time and his remarks upon them. We have seen no announcement of an English edition of the work, but one ought certainly to be arranged for at an early day.

DR. SCHLIEMANN lived his later years at Athens, having married a Greek lady, who enthusiastically helped him in his researches. He gave his Trojan relics to the National Museum at Berlin. The objects he discovered at Mycene, and his other Grecian relics, are preserved in the Museum at Athens. Dr. Schliemann wrote several works on his discoveries, and to his book on "Mycene," published in 1877, Mr. Gladstone contributed a preface. He died suddenly at Naples on the 26th of December of abscess on the brain, resulting from exposure, after a critical operation recently performed upon his ear. His death, at the age of sixty-eight, closes a career of most remarkable enterprise and of the rarest historical research and discovery.

THE fame—if not the name—of Prof. Drummond's enormously popular sermon, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has reached the Great West; for G. H. relates to his friends in the East that during a visit to Kansas City he heard a lady out shopping order a copy of the book. She was rummaging among a lot of books on the counter of a bookstore, but didn't seem to find what she wanted. At last a salesman, who had been otherwise engaged when she entered, stepped up to her, and, with that politeness which is characteristic of Missouri booksellers, asked her what she wished. "I am looking," said the lady, "for a copy of Prof. Drummond's 'Biggest Thing on Earth'!"

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Baxter, Wray. Round Games With Cards. London: George Bell & Sons.
- Baxley, Isaac R. Songs of the Spirit. 75c. Buffalo: Chas. Wells Moulton.
- Campbell, John, M.A., LL.D. The Hittites. Vols. I. and II. \$5. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Campbell, Helen. Annie Bradstreet. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
- Church, Rev. Alf. J., M.A. A Young Macedonian. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Count Leo Tolstoi. Church and State. 50c. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker.
- Greswell, Rev. Wm. Parr. Geography of Dominion of Canada. \$1.75. London: Clarendon Press Warehouse.
- Holley, H. W. Odd Spell Verses. \$1.25. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.
- Pollock, Sir Fred, Bart. Oxford Lectures and Other Discourses. \$2.50. London: Macmillan & Co.
- Roosevelt, Theodore. Historic Towns—New York. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Stephen, Leslie; Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XXV. Harris—Henry I. \$3.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.; London: Smith, Elder & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Taine, Hippolyte Adolphe, D.C.L., Oxon. The Modern Regime. Vol. I. \$2.50 per vol. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Arnold, Matthew; Whittier, John Greenleaf; Henley, Wm. Ernest; Tennyson, Lord. Four Songs of Life. New York: Randolph & Co.

ANOTHER great deposition is in contemplation—not this time in the noisy world of politics, but in that serene region where dwell the gods who preside over the education of our youth. But if the deposition is carried out it will cause hardly less of a revolution in its own line than the deposition of Mr. Parnell himself. The move in question is a proposal to depose Greek from its present proud pre-eminence in the Public School curriculum. The proposal was to be debated at Oxford on Tuesday by the Headmasters' Conference, a gathering which is thus invested, on this occasion, with real importance. At present, Greek is not only the chief subject of instruction, but is a *sine qua non* for every school which aspires to "public school" rank—that is, which prepares boys for the Universities; because the Universities insist that no one shall enter their portals who has not attained to some feeble smattering of that tongue. When, therefore, Mr. Welldon, the headmaster of Harrow, brings forward a resolution, "That it would be a gain to education if Greek were not a compulsory subject in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," it is a sort of Scholastic Home Rule that is proposed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

SONG—DEDICATED TO THE CANADIAN FLAG.

I.
There's nothing this side ocean
Like the ramparts of Quebec;
There never was devotion
Like our sires' who held in check
The overwhelming numbers of the rebels' starry flag,
And were victors in the fray
On many a glorious day
Since the Fleur-de-lys gave way
To the old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag!
The blood-red Flag,
With our Maple on its corner,
But the Old Red Rag!

II.

They may war upon our trade
With a tax like shot and steel,
We shall never be dismayed,
Into cringing 'neath the heel
Of men who think to daunt us with the flourish of a flag.
We have ships: the world is wide,
And on every harbour-tide
Do the great black steamers glide
'Neath the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

III.

We're "a nation in a nation,"
And the freest of the free;
Free to work our own salvation
In a realm from sea to sea;
And we will not be dazzled with the starshine of a flag
Into sinking to a State
Of a land however great.
We're a nation while we wait
With the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

IV.

'Twas to live on British soil
From their homes our sires went forth,
To win with bitter toil
From the winters of the North
The homes that would be sullied by the ancient foe-
man's flag.
And our neighbours though we'll love,
When true neighbours they may prove,
We will have no flag above
But the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

V.

"It's always daylight somewhere,"
When it's dark this side the world;
It's always daylight somewhere,
Where the Good Red Flag's unfurled:
And we will never change it for a sunset-bounded flag.
But we'll add a fresh renown
To the glories handed down
For the Maple and the Crown
On the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

—By Douglas Sladen, in the "St. James' Gazette, London, Eng.

MUSICAL SAND NOTES.

THERE has of late been considerable discussion on the subject of sonorous sand, which is found in numerous places in this country and elsewhere, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The old theory that the sounds are produced by rubbing together of millions of clean sand grains very uniform in size appears to explain very feebly musical sand, but the explanation does not so well apply to squeaking sand, which is known to exist. These two classes of sounds produced by disturbing sand are both undoubtedly due to vibrations. One sound is produced by the attrition of the particles and has a harsh character by no means musical, which, in rare cases, becomes a loud squeak. The second is caused by oscillations of the particles themselves perfected from actual contact by elastic air-cushions, and this is decidedly musical in tone. Musical sand yields notes by friction only when dry; squeaking sand yields a harsh shrill squeak (remining one of the cry of a guinea fowl) best when moist. This latter is very rare. Out of 500 specimens of sand from all around the world, while musical sand seemed to be comparatively common, only two samples of squeaking sand were found to have been taken from places in this country; they were both so-called boiling springs. One was in Maine and the other in Kansas. A very small quantity of squeaking sand pressed between the thumb and forefinger produces, when wet, a peculiar shrill squeak—a phenomenon which is well explained by the attrition theory.—*Music Trade Review.*

TOLSTOI AS A SHEPHERD.

A CURIOUS anecdote about Tolstoi comes from Russia. We all know what theories at once evangelically socialistic and mystic are propagated by the Russian writer, not only in his books that have been so widely read but also in little pamphlets that are scattered broadcast in Russia. Not content with theorizing, the novelist has put his teachings into practice by hoeing his garden and mending his shoes. Some time ago he thought that he could conduct animals as well as men, and the place of communal shepherd having become vacant he proposed himself as candidate in a meeting held for the purpose of selecting a herdsman. The assembly was somewhat surprised at this candidacy, and one peasant ventured to ask the novelist if he thought that he was fitted for the task. Wounded in his pride by such a doubt, Tolstoi assured the meeting that he possessed all the requisite qualities, and spoke so earnestly that he was finally accepted as the communal shepherd. On the following day he began his services with the greatest zeal; but the success of his undertaking was not as great as he thought it would be. In the villages the flocks are driven to field at an early hour, but Tolstoi had the bad habit of lying abed late; then, instead of going about and calling the sheep together at the sound of the bag-pipe, as his predecessor had done, he waited until the peasants had led him their flocks to the court-yard of his house. As may well be supposed, the good people of Hosni-Toljew soon grew dissatisfied with their literary shepherd, and the communal meeting called to request his resignation was more enthusiastic than the one that had ratified his candidacy.—*C. W., in The American.*

MACREADY'S TANTRUMS.

IN my youthful days it was the fashion of thoughtless actors to ridicule these "Macready tantrums," and I regret to say I often joined in the sport; but as I look back on his suffering and read the pages wherein he chastises himself for his ungovernable temper, and when I know how useful and benevolent he was in the closing scenes of his life, I feel a great sympathy for him. "He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once," but—I forgive him. I acted with Macready and Booth during this season, and an anecdote of each will serve to illustrate their different characteristics. Macready was acting "Werner." I was cast for a minor part. In one scene a number of characters had to rush off, bearing lighted torches, in search of some delinquent. At rehearsal the tragedian particularly requested that we should all be sure and make our exit at night at just the same time and place, so that we might not disturb the arrangements of the scene. All went well up to the time for making our hurried exit, when, to my horror, I found "Werner" standing exactly in line with the place of my exit at rehearsal. I presume that when he gave his directions in the morning he did not observe me. What was I to do? The cue was given, and there was no time for argument. I rushed past him, torch in hand. I heard his well-known groan; but as I flew by an unmistakable odour of burnt hair filled the atmosphere, and I knew that I had singed his wig. When the curtain fell I turned in horror to see the effect. The enraged "Werner" had torn his wig from his head, and stood gazing at it for a moment in helpless wonder. Suddenly he made a rush in my direction; I saw he was on the war-path, and that I was his game. And now the chase began. I dodged him up and down the stage, then around the wings, and over "set" rocks and gauze waters. He never would have caught me but that in my excitement I ran head-first into the stomach of a fat stage-carpenter. Here I was seized. The enraged Macready was so full of anger and so out of breath that he could only gasp and shake his burnt wig at me. Of course I was disgraced and not allowed to act again during his engagement. To make matters worse the whole affair got into the papers, and the next morning one of the critics remarked that he had never seen Macready act with so much fire!—*The Autobiography of Jos. Jefferson.*

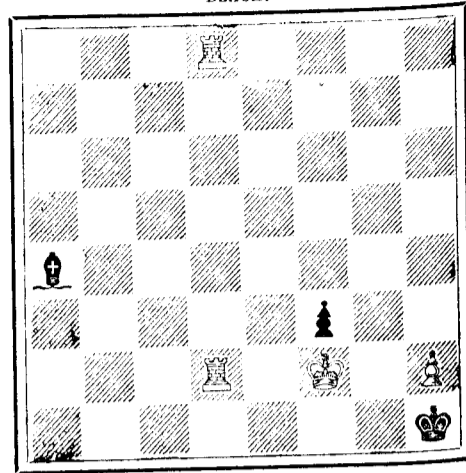
FROM an American paper we learn that Mr. Edison, when asked whether he thought the present style of telegraphy would soon be done away with, replied: Yes, but not until the old-timers have disappeared. The operators now have a deep-seated prejudice against any inventions that will simplify telegraphy. But some of the inventions have already been made, and it is only a question of time when a man can rush into a telegraph office, scratch off a note to his wife in Chicago, and the exact duplicate of his note will be delivered over the wire to his wife. This will not be all by any means, but maps, pictures (newspaper pictures) will be transmitted promptly by wire. These new inventions will be for the coming generation to see in practical use.—*English Mechanic.*

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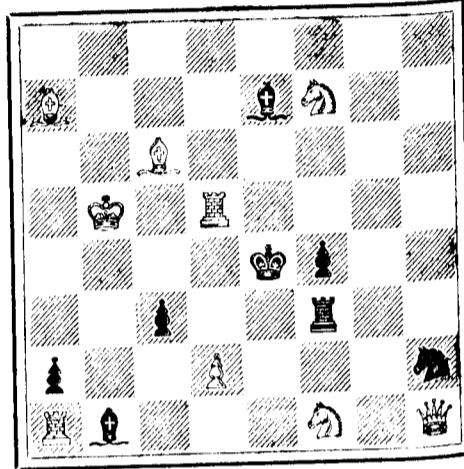
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White to play and mate in two moves.

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- | | | | |
|---------------|----------|----------|----------|
| White. | Black. | No. 531. | No. 532. |
| 1. Q-B 1 | 1. K-Q 5 | | R-B 5 |
| 2. Q-R 3 | 2. K-K 4 | | |
| 3. Q-K 3 mate | | | |

GAME PLAYED AT TORONTO CHESS CLUB, DEC. 23rd, '90,
BETWEEN A. T. DAVISON, OF TORONTO, AND G. S.
DEEKS, OF CHATHAM, ONT.

EVANS GAMBIT.

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

NOTES.

- (a) The new American defence.
(b) Not good as Black can easily defend himself.
(c) P Q 5 is the better move.
(d) Black's two passed Pawns are invincible with all his pieces backing them.

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