

This Number contains a Study of the late Right Honourable Sir John Thompson,
and a Sketch of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, the Novelist and Poet.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

DECEMBER 21st, 1894.

VOL. XII. No. 4.



THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

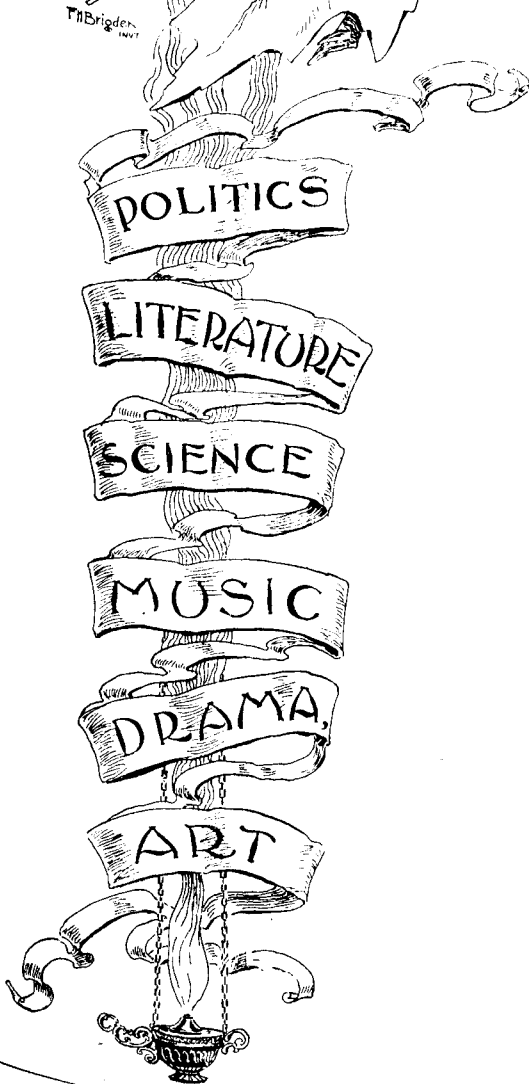
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, December 21st, 1894.

No. 4.

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Current Topics.

A Merry Christmas.

Among the beneficent uses of the Christmas season, not the least, perhaps, is the break it almost necessarily brings, for one day at least, in the absorbing devotion to business which is one of the least pleasing characteristics of the majority in our times. Anything which puts a stop for a day to the wearisome grind, compelling one to close the door of his office or workshop, and spend the day in the midst of his own family circle, or in the companionship of his most cherished friends and family relations, can hardly fail to bring a benediction with it. It interposes a much needed barrier to the dreary current of mercenary pursuits, causing it for the time being to broaden out into a lakelet, on which there is room for unselfish thoughts, and a genuine if transitory interest in the happiness of others. This may be true, to a certain extent, of other holidays interspersed throughout the year, but there is no other, we believe, that is so full of tender suggestion and fond reminiscence, and of old-time memories of a softening and elevating kind. Those who are "getting up in years" are to be pitied, indeed, for whom this day is not embalmed in still precious and well remembered emotions of childhood—for whom it brings back no delightful pictures of the family circle formed around the old-fashioned fireside, and of hallowed lessons learned at a mother's knee. Long live the custom of celebrating the glad Christmas Day. It is the day which is consecrated above all others to the genius of unselfishness, the day in which all but the most stolid and hopeless specimens of human kind make some growth in the grace of thinking and feeling and giving for others. It is, too, the day consecrated above all others to family re-unions, to the renewing of old-time friendships, to the recalling—in itself a melancholy delight—of those of whom one feels that it is vastly better "to have loved and lost" than never to have known them. It is also the day which, above all others, comes to us not only freighted with present joys, but redolent of the immortal hopes of which it is the harbinger. Have we been writing sentiment? We pity those who cannot find a time and place for sentiment at least once a year. None the less, we wish even them, as well as all our happier readers, "A Merry Christmas!"

Death of Sir John Thompson.

This sad event, which we were able only to chronicle in the briefest terms last week, has evoked expressions of sorrow and sympathy from all parties, not only in the Dominion but in the Mother Country. Making due allowance for the generous impulse which prompts, in the presence of death, to forget the faults and recall the virtues of the dead, it has yet been made abundantly evident that the departed Premier stood very high in the estimation of political opponents, as well as of political friends, throughout the Dominion. Nay, as not unfrequently happens with men of noble character, his political opponents are found to have been, in some instances, his warm personal friends. For our own part, having followed pretty closely Sir John's public life since his entry into the Dominion Government, we deem it scarcely too much to say that from the date of such entrance, and more particularly from the time when he became, by the force of circumstances, the virtual, as afterwards the actual, leader of the Government, Canadian politics were raised to a higher plane. Though we have not always been able to approve of the stand which Sir John felt himself constrained to take in the debates touching the scandal investigations of the past few years, and have in a few cases felt bound to express our conviction that he had failed, in some measure, to rise above the exigencies or prejudices of party, we are glad to be able to join in the almost unanimous expression of respect for his genuine integrity of character, as well as in admiration of his great ability. No matter which party holds the reins of Government during the next decade, we believe that it will be a period comparatively free from corruption in public life, and that for the changed state of political and public feeling, which gives promise of such reform, a large share of the credit is due to the much-lamented statesman whose mortal remains are now being brought across the Atlantic in one of the swiftest war-ships of the Imperial navy.

In calling upon the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell to undertake the task of forming a Government, His Excellency, the Governor-General, took the course which commends itself to the great majority of the Canadian people. In fact, under the circumstances, especially after the Hon. Frank Smith had advised that course, there was hardly any other constitutionally open to him, without doing violence to well-established precedents. Sufficient time has not been had, at the date of this writing, to enable one to form a judgment as to the success which Mr. Bowell is likely to meet with in the construction of a working cabinet. The probabilities are, however, quite in his favour. There seems no sufficient ground for any feeling of jealousy or rivalry, such as might complicate the business were there other members of the recent ministry more nearly on an equality with Mr. Bowell with regard to age and experience in the service. Mr. Bowell is said to propose remaining in the Upper House. This conclusion, though disappointing from the point of view of those who think that the Premier should personally lead his forces on the field of action as well as in the Council-chamber, is no doubt a wise one. There are younger men, among those who will no doubt be found in his Cabinet, who are better fitted for that ardu-

ous service, and whose strength can be turned to better account in his absence than were he present to bear the brunt. The question of the leadership of the Commons, really the most difficult and responsible position, will almost surely be between Mr. Foster and Mr. Haggart, with the chances in favour of the former. But it is idle to speculate about arrangements which will, in all probability, be matters of general knowledge by the time this number is in the hands of its readers.

The Queen and
Canada.

It is an often repeated saying that the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has done more to render the throne of Great Britain solid and permanent than any other influence. And by this is meant not so much the events of her reign in legislative enactments, in internal prosperity, in external importance, as the Queen's own beautiful life, as a woman and a sovereign. But it is not only her throne that she has established, but the mighty Empire over which she presides has been knitted more closely into one body, and has found more and more its unity in its Sovereign. One conspicuous illustration of her beautiful and gracious spirit is conspicuous in all that she said and did in connection with the death of our lamented Premier. Without fuss, almost without consciousness, this noble woman spontaneously takes the place of comforter and friend of the bereaved family and the bereaved country. We hardly know whether it is the Queen or the friend of the departed minister who speaks and acts. We hardly know whether it is the family or the country with which she sympathizes and condoles. But it is the Queen, the Mother of the people, who identifies herself with them. It is by such gracious acts that her subjects throughout all her dominions are made to feel more deeply that they are one empire, one family, devoted to the empire and the throne.

Canada and
England.

It is not exclusively a colonial weakness, if it be a weakness, which makes it so peculiarly gratifying to Canadians to find themselves brought into closer and more sympathetic relations with the Motherland. It is a natural result of the conditions of life in a comparatively young and weak community, a large proportion of whose population have themselves emigrated from the Old Country. The people of the United States, which has long since ceased to be a weak nation, to this day show themselves almost as sensitive as Canadians to the good or ill opinions of England and Englishmen. Without attempting to decide whether the feeling is one to be proud of, or to be apologized for, there can be no mistaking the fact that a large proportion of the Canadian people are watching with deep gratification the growth of a more appreciative and sympathetic sentiment towards the colonies generally, and towards Canada in particular, which has of late been so observable in Great Britain. Various causes have contributed to this result. Confederation brought the formerly isolated provinces into much greater prominence, and hence into closer association with the Mother country notwithstanding the predictions of those who looked for the opposite effect. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the appointment of a High Commissioner to represent British interests in England, the establishment of the Pacific steamship line to connect us with our fellow-colonists in the far East, the meeting of the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa, mark so many stages in the course which is bringing the British portions of the Old and New Worlds into closer association with each other. The recent appointment of a Canadian, in the person of the lamented Premier, to the honoured and responsible position of a Privy Councillor, and now, above all, the honours paid to the memory of the de-

ceased, all placing him on the same level with the most distinguished Englishman, Irishman or Scotchman, who might die in like manner in the service of his country, will no doubt do much to remove the suspicion of inferiority which, it has so often been complained, attaches to colonialism, in the minds of those who have so long been accustomed to regard themselves as the only genuine Britishers. Whether even Imperial Federation would suffice wholly to remove this insular prejudice we do not now attempt to say, but certainly the most jealous searcher for slights would find it hard to discover the smallest ground for complaint in regard to the action of the British authorities in this melancholy case.

The Situation in
England.

Political affairs in Great Britain have now reached so critical a stage that it is scarcely safe to indulge in comment or speculation, lest the next morning's cablegram may bring the news of some unexpected turn of the wheel which will put at fault the sagest opinions or predictions. But while Lord Rosebery himself is assuring his followers that all is still right, the majority sufficient, and the future tolerably clear, rumours of dissensions within the Cabinet and desertions without are increasingly rife. Late despatches represent Lord Rosebery and some of his more influential supporters as trying to persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is generally believed to be in a recalcitrant mood, to fall into line. Should a place of compromise be found and the forces of the Government be enabled to present a solid front to the foe, there is, of course, still a chance of success for them, both in the House, during the approaching session, and in the future when the two parties shall have to plead their respective cases before the tribunal of the electorate. It is said that the loss of the two bye-elections is found by the Government to be attributable to the plurality vote. This fact, if such it be, will afford to the Government a strong reason why it should not go to the country, if it can possibly be avoided, until they shall have had an opportunity to carry through their one-man, one-vote reform. The question that is more debated than any other just now is, however, that of the future of the House of Lords. Upon the practical necessity for an upper house to revise or veto the conclusions of the popular and representative body, we need not now express an opinion. But assuming that "mending," not "ending," is to be the immediate outcome, it will appear to most unprejudiced minds that the plan for which Sir William Harcourt is said to be standing out—that of giving the Commons the power of carrying any measure over the veto of the Lords, provided a two-thirds majority of representatives so determine—bids fair to be much safer than that attributed to the Premier, by which the Upper House would be deprived altogether of its veto power. It would certainly be far from exhilarating work for the Lords to discuss and mend measures which they knew themselves powerless to change.

Robert Louis
Stevenson.

The death of Mr. Stevenson is nothing less than an irreparable loss to literature. We have only to remember that his story of "Treasure Island" has been placed beside "Robinson Crusoe," and that his novel of "Kidnapped" has been thought worthy to rank with some of the best of Walter Scott's, in order to justify a statement which some might think too strong. Mr. Stevenson was barely fifty years of age, having been born at Edinburgh, in 1845. While a student at the University he gave evidence of literary ability by contributions to a magazine which he conducted for a time. Besides the two books already mentioned, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" added very considerably to his reputation, as did also the "New Arabian Nights," the "Master of Bal-

lantrae," and "Catriona," originally published under the name of "David Balfour," as a continuation to "Kidnapped." More than one volume came from his hand, notably a charming volume entitled "Underwoods," the poetical dedication to which is one of the most graceful pieces of poetry of that kind that we can remember. Mr. Stevenson was not only an admirable writer, but he could do what many so-called novelists in these days seem to care very little about; he could tell a story and he could tell it well; moreover he had brilliant descriptive powers—as all readers of "Kidnapped" will find it impossible to forget. Lately he published several books in collaboration with others, a change which his admirers hardly thought an improvement. But we shall have no more; and we are much the poorer for the the loss of him.

The Gothenburg System.

From a theoretical point of view it is not easy to conceive of anything much more irrational than the Gothenburg plan of regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, and yet, from the point of view of practical politics, it bids fair to prove one of the most effective. The absurdity lies in the seeming assumption, in the same Act, of the two contradictory positions that the liquors in question are healthful beverages which every individual has a right to buy, and that they are so poisonous, or otherwise pernicious, that no ordinary citizen can be permitted to sell them. The practical utility of the system is that while, under it, any citizen can lawfully purchase at a reasonable price whatever liquor he may desire for private consumption, the saloon or bar-room, which almost everybody regards as an evil and a snare, is abolished, and the temptation to excess, in its most universal and dangerous form, done away with. The fact that a statesman so experienced and far-seeing as Mr. Gladstone seems disposed to favour the system by which the sale of intoxicants is confined to public dispensaries, is likely to direct to it more attention than it has hitherto received. The system is now on trial in South Carolina, and its working and results are, no doubt, being closely studied by many. Notwithstanding the conditional promise made by Premier Mowat, the prospects of Prohibition, even in Ontario, to say nothing of the Dominion at large, at any early day, are by no means bright. Mr. Marter's recantation is significant in this regard. Hence reasonable prohibitionists might do worse than to make a careful study of the Gothenburg plan, as a possible alternative, an attainable *tertium quid*. We do not wish, by any means, to be understood as advocating this method. We know far too little of it and its working to have the material for forming an opinion. We merely suggest that, as the question is sure to be before the people of Canada and to be the occasion of many a violent struggle for years to come, both Prohibitionists and Anti-Prohibitionists might do worse than to inquire into the possibility of finding a basis of compromise in this remarkable scheme, or some modification of it.

Consolidation vs. Competition.

There are few kinds of modern legislation more illogical in the abstract, or more necessary in the concrete, than that which aims to prevent consolidation of capital and co-operation in great industries. A bill has been introduced into the U.S. House of Representatives to repeal the clause of the Inter State Commerce Act which forbids "pooling" by railways. Mr. Reed, among others, strenuously advocated the change, attributing the number of railroad receiverships at the present time to the prohibition of pooling. The ready reply was, of course, that the railroad failures are so far removed in time from the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Act, that that cannot have been the cause, especially seeing that a period

of railroad prosperity has intervened. Be that as it may, one cannot but be struck with the seeming shortsightedness and impotency of present methods in regard to such matters. We are reminded of the statement made more than once by our own Minister of Public Works, during his recent tour in the West, to the effect that the Government meets any tendency to combination of manufacturers, likely to injure the consumer, by reducing the amount of protection. He instanced the lowering of the duty on agricultural implements as a case in point. This is seemingly right in practice, as the protective tariff is no doubt the foster-parent of such combines. And yet, from the point of view of science and common-sense, what is more obvious than that all great industries of whatever kind, should be able, by combination of capital, skill and energy, to give the public far better and cheaper service than is possible while working independently or competitively. The saving in the perfection of machinery and the prevention of costly duplication of agencies would be vast. Will legislators never become wise enough, or capitalists reasonable enough, to enable the public to have the benefit of such combinations without being made to pay the more than counterbalancing increase of prices which, under existing conditions, almost invariably follows the removal of competition? Here is surely one of the great economic problems of the age.

* * *

Christmas.

BEFORE we shall again greet our readers, Christmas will have come and gone, Christmas Bells will have rung out the sorrow mixed with joy, which, above all other seasons, the Feast of the Nativity of the Saviour of the World brings with it. The memories of this blessed season crowd upon us in such number and variety that we can hardly disentangle them. Memories of home, memories of the ancient days of our race, who, long before the "glad tidings of great joy," kept the winter festival of Yule. Above all, memories of the night in the fields, when, to the humble, waiting shepherds, there came a light in the darkness, even the "glory of the Lord" which "shone round about them"

All these thoughts and many more blend together in our memory of Christmas. But it is always the thought of the manger throne which touches us most deeply, and which goes through all the associations of the season. We do not forget our "rude forefathers," who had their own rough joys and, in their way, made it possible for us to have our Christmas joys in another fashion. We do not forget the home scenes in which appear again dear and vanished forms which have passed from our gaze, nor the companions of childhood and of youth, who were drawn nearer and made dearer to us by the innocent revels of Christmas, nor the inspiring services of the sanctuary, nor the cordial, affectionate greetings of the street. Cold must be the heart which does not receive an access of warmth and of tenderness as these memories are awakened in it. But it is the one gracious thought of Christmas which underlies all these reflections and emotions. It is the gifts of Him who appeared among us not in the trappings of a conquering hero, nor in the splendour of a powerful monarch, but in the guise of a little child.

For a moment we almost forget the divine life, the death of agony, the sealed stone, the empty sepulchre, the exaltation in glory. He, whom we adore, is again the Babe of Bethlehem, and we linger at His cradle, that we may learn all the lesson of love which is taught by His nativity. Old things pass away. Anger and discord cannot remain in His presence. Love and peace and good will come in their place. The golden age, so long craved for, seems to have dawned

upon the earth; and it seems impossible that we should ever cherish envy or hatred again.

May such aspirations not pass altogether without fulfilment!

" Still as the day comes round
For Thee to be revealed,
By wakeful shepherds thou art found,
Abiding in the field.
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,
In music and in light thou dawnest on their prayer."

May that day spring from on high visit ourselves, our homes, our friends and our country!

* * *

The Right Honourable Sir John Thompson.

IT is at all times difficult to estimate a great personality aright in the solemn pause between death and burial. It is peculiarly so, when the scene and circumstances make the death so impressive, that the public mind is touched and universal sympathy is evoked. When Lincoln was shot down by an assassin, just as he was steering the ship of State, through terrible storms, into a peaceful haven, and, as the whole nation was beginning that loud acclaim which will not cease so long as the nation lives, a calm estimate of the man and his services was impossible. The voice of sober criticism could not have been heard at such a time of sorrow, tears and passionate indignation. Sir John Thompson was not an Abraham Lincoln, and Canada went through no travail pangs in his day. But Sir John was our first minister and Canada is our country. He was a strong man and his strength was given loyally and ungrudgingly to serve what he believed to be our best interests. The Colonial Office and the Imperial Cabinet had recognized his powers and knew that—while he was a man who would always have to be reckoned with—they could depend on his sincerity and loyalty. He had taken his seat with the representatives of the greatest foreign powers, and had measured his strength with the Government which for years had claimed and exercised the right to capture our ships and throw our sailors into prison, and he had held his own with the best. All acknowledge that, both privately and publicly. As the highest possible acknowledgment of his merits, he was called to the Privy Council of the Queen, and just at that moment, at what seemed the crowning point and also only the beginning of his career, in the middle of his days and the full ripe glory of his powers, death touched him and he slept. The disaster was like that of the *Royal George*—

It was not in the battle
No tempest gave the shock—

yet, where at noon the gallant ship had been, an hour after only the calm waters of the harbour, on whose surface she had rested, were visible to men.

In such circumstances it is difficult to be simply just. Exaggerated and even hysterical language from friends and partisans can be overlooked, except when, used—as it sometimes is—simply for its market value, but a publicist owes a supreme duty to the public. He must remember that exaggerations and one-sidedness are subtle forms of untruth, and that, when the temptation to err is greatest, he is most bound to be on his guard and to do his duty.

What kind of man was the real Sir John? Can we get to the core, behind the lawyer, the politician, the husband, the father, to that which determines every relation of life but which, itself, is much more than any or all mere manifestations? In his case this is difficult. He has written or spoken little that is accessible to the public. Intimate and impartial friends are rare, and these would need to be able to look into him and to look above him in order to give a

trustworthy estimate. All that we can do is to see and hear him as he was on the Bench, at the Council Board, or addressing the House when Minister of Justice; and thereafter, when, as Premier, he spoke to the people from "the stump" or struck fiercely at an adversary who had pierced through the coat of mail with which he was usually clothed. An equation of the impressions received by intelligent onlookers on those different occasions will give as correct a measure of the man as it is perhaps now possible for us to attain unto. His moral strength was seen on the Bench and as Minister of Justice; and his limitations came out most clearly when, in taking the position of head of the party, he accepted the responsibility of saving it at all hazards. In either of the first positions he was at his best. In giving a decision or in speaking to the House on a departmental matter, he thought of nothing but the subject before him. He had studied it on its merits, according to established principles and precedents, and having come to his conclusions by due process of logic he stated them clearly and inexorably, without apparent feeling one way or the other. This absence of emotion gave him a true dignity, which was heightened by the total absence of rhetoric, and an apparent unconsciousness that there was a reporter's gallery in the House or a public outside. "You need not tell me that he is a good speaker, muttered a stranger whom an admiring friend had taken to hear the new minister: "I can't hear him; he mumbles." The explanation of the speaker's impassiveness ought to have been manifest to the hasty critic. He was the authorized expositor of the law, and, in doing his work, emotion or a thought of the spectators was as entirely out of place, as it would be in an iceberg which happened to crush a schooner or two that came in its path. This even strength in the application of principles appeared all the greater, because he had no sympathy for modern ideas and—giving them no place in his mind—he was never distracted by them, while it was quite consistent with modesty of bearing and a genuine kindness of heart, which his friends never appealed to in vain, and which seemed to those who knew him in private the main features of his character. That strong and calm mind, well furnished with legal learning, combined with love of his profession, habits of strenuous application and a strong sense of public duty, fitted him for any judicial position, and it is no wonder that he himself always felt that the Bench was his proper place. When the exigencies of party obliged him to become Minister of Justice, his qualities enabled him to fill that position equally well. But the Premiership forced upon him work which must have been uncongenial and utterly hateful, and which, if long continued, would have destroyed him altogether. To hear him on a platform, explaining away the census returns or vindicating the National Policy, by arguments, the sophistry of which must have been apparent to himself, reminded one of Samson grinding corn for the Philistines. He could not take kindly to the game and therefore did not play it well. He never seemed at home on the platform; never reached a high altitude; never touched the public conscience; never received inspiration from the assembled people and hence never gave back any to them. The revelations of 1891 shocked him, and there can be little doubt that he meant at first to take as firm a stand with regard to them as he had taken in the Rykert case. He began well, but soon found himself arrested by considerations which to him were supreme. The corruption was inextricably bound up with the party system and to shatter his party was to give office to the Opposition, who, in his opinion, were worse. The revelations of the Mercier-Pacaud régime, which followed, as well as his own Nova Scotian experiences had thoroughly persuaded him of that. To throw himself

Robert Louis Stevenson.

upon the people, to declare that we were at a crisis of our national existence, to point out that the salvation of Canada depended supremely on economy, rigid honesty and purity of administration, and to stake all upon that great issue was a task too great for him. Had he done so, he might merely have been laughed at for his simplicity. But, none the less, he would have done an unspeakable service to Canada. It is doubtful, however, if such a course ever presented itself to his mind. He was, by constitution, a party man; and though the purity of his own nature and life and his judicial experience made him ashamed of condoning crime, public or private, ashamed, indeed, of any mockery of justice, there were almost no lengths to which he would not have consented rather than shipwreck the party, once he had accepted the responsibility of leadership. He continued, therefore, to yoke his strong intellect to drag the heavily laden chariot along. Though he kept steadily at the work, it did not take long to kill him. He lost, too, once and again, his old impassive and impressive dignity of speech and manner. Taunts, which formerly would only have moved him to silent laughter, stung him now to the quick; and he gave way to a concentrated violence of passion which showed the tempests raging beneath the calm exterior, and which also betrayed a consciousness that fidelity to his party had forced him to be untrue, not so much to himself as to the traditions which he had once considered principles.

This analysis of his character may help to explain why he left the church of his birth and early manhood. The step was taken not, as it has been insinuated or even declared from public platforms, because of unworthy motives, but entirely because of convictions as deep as his nature could appreciate. His mind was not creative, either in statesmanship or in religion. He never moved in the world of ideas. The spiritual had to become institutional to him, in order to be real. Christianity, therefore, had to actualize itself in order to be credible; and the spectacle of the Roman church, based upon apostolic tradition and almost co-extensive with the civilized world, impressed him profoundly, as it had previously impressed John Henry Newman, Manning and others of the same school. Had he lived in the second century, he would have taken his stand with a lawyer like Pliny or an Emperor like Trajan, and approved the putting down of the poor silly fanatics, whose system threatened the life of Imperial Rome. Living in the nineteenth century, he naturally joined himself to the august organization which alone seemed to him capable of contending with new forces which he neither understood nor liked. It is to the credit of Canada that this great change did not make him a political impossibility. That it did not is enough to show that Protestants are beginning to understand their own principles, and to see the tribute paid to these principles in the honest desertion of a Protestant for the Roman church, as well as in the honest action of a Gavazzi, Chiniquy or a Papineau.

It is a disgrace for a man to die rich, someone has said. It certainly is for a public man. Sir John Thompson served Canada with all his strength and died poor. His friends are charging themselves with the care of his wife and children, and the country, if called on, will not fail to sanction what they are doing.

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A correspondent of *The Lady* is responsible for the statement that when supplying the particulars for opening a Post Office deposit account she described herself as a "journalist." The clerk immediately informed her that she ought to have written married instead. "That is not my occupation," the lady scribbler ventured to retort. "It is for a woman," was the clerkly reply.

DEATH has been very busy these last few years among our great men; and of that band of mighty ones born during the first two decades of our century, only one or two remain. One by one they have gone from us, and the losses have been sad enough; though our sorrow has been softened by the thought that their work was done, and they were ripe for the harvest. But our grief to-day is of another temper. Though with a body broken and harassed by disease, and a disposition kindly, tolerant and mellow as that of an aged saint, Robert Louis Stevenson never seemed to us anything but young. Many and various are the proofs of his genius that he has left us, and yet with regard to him we have always been in an attitude of expectation, as if the best were yet to come. And now as we realize that the fountain of delight is dried up, and that no more can ever come; here, indeed, is poignancy of grief.

Rarely has a literary man given promise in so many directions. In novels of sentiment and of adventure, in essays on men and books and human life, in the poetry of child life, of national character, and of primitive legend, and in the literature of travel and even of controversy, he made experiments, and in every case the experiment was of value. Whatever of truth there may be in the suggestion that if he had confined himself to a more limited range of expression he might have produced something more profoundly great, we are bound to marvel at his versatility as a thing wonderful even in itself; and there is little doubt but that if he had lived long enough to follow out that line on which he was more and more concentrating his efforts, he would have achieved results which would have made these earlier excursions into many fields seem but the necessary preliminary reconnoitring of the ground.

It is fairly evident that it was to the writing of romance that Mr. Stevenson had determined to devote himself chiefly in the future; and it is in this department that he has left the work which is most considerable in bulk, in popularity, and, above all, in influence. We can only guess what led him to this choice, but if the power of an author to affect the literature of his time is any index of his strength, it is clear that he chose that branch in which he was strongest. For it is to Mr. Stevenson most of all that we are indebted for the chief impulse which has caused and characterized that revival of the novel of incident and adventure, which has made the complaint no longer possible, that no romance is written in these days. That revival, no doubt, has its roots deeper than the influence of any one man, and is to be accounted for chiefly as the natural reaction from the supremacy of the novel of psychological analysis; but Robert Louis Stevenson has done much to make that reaction a distinct advance, instead of a profitless swing of the pendulum to the other extreme. "Kidnapped" is not a mere return to Marryatt and Fenimore Cooper, not even to Scott; it is a return to the picturesqueness and dramatic action of these earlier romance writers with the addition of a power of subtle characterisation of which they knew little or nothing. Scott's confession with reference to Miss Austen is well-known: "The big 'bow-wow' strain I can do myself, like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." The ideal which Stevenson seems to strive towards consists in a union of these two qualities, characteristic of Scott and Miss Austen, respectively, and it is clear that such a union was to be expected as the next development in English fiction. Scott succeeded magnificently with the characters that could be treated in the "bow-wow fashion," but with the commonplace he notoriously failed. The character of Rob Roy, on the one hand, and that of Edward Waverley on the other, will serve as examples. Jane Austen, and in our own time writers of the school of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Henry James have succeeded in making the commonplace interesting; but, as is often said, in their books "nothing ever happens." It remained for some one to write books in which something does happen, and yet in which the ordinary non-heroic people are interesting, and this Mr. Stevenson has done. For proof of this we have only for a moment to consider how much of the interest of the David Balfour stories depends upon the delicate blending of innocent simplicity with shrewd sense and honest uprightness in the character of that "wise youth,"

or to contrast with the bald, direct story-telling of the old romancists, the exquisite subtlety with which old Mackellar, in the "Master of Ballantrae" is made to exhibit his own character, without in any way obtruding himself as an obstruction between the reader and the personages whose story he tells. The effect of the standard that has been thus set up is quite evident in recent fiction: for the work of the later man may almost be classed as literature or not, according as they have learned the lesson Mr. Stevenson has taught. Thus the author of "She" has not learned it; the writers of "The Gentleman of France," "The Refugees," "The Raiders," and "The Prisoner of Zenda," in varying degrees have done so.

The value of Mr. Stevenson's Essays, apart from the professed contents of such as are critical of other men and books, is two-fold, and lies in the charm of their style, and the revelation which they make of a delightful and unique personality, and of his view of life. In the Essays, the predominating quality of Mr. Stevenson's style is a fine felicity of phrase, attaining with perfect accuracy the shade of meaning to be expressed, and though free from all pretentiousness and pedantry on the one hand, and loose familiarity on the other, exhibiting an almost scholarly sense of the ancestral meanings of words, while preserving the flavour of a vernacular. Take this sentence on the physician: "Generosity he had, such as is possible to those who practise an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Heracleian cheerfulness and courage." Notice the fine, clear distinctions, the contrasts, the correspondences, the balance. Such writing as this is not fluent, and there may be grounds for the charge that some passages smell of the lamp; but such delicate perfection, comparable only to chiselled marble, is a quality that can hardly cost too much.

The view of life disclosed in the Essays is that of a man who has experienced much, but whose experience has in no way soured him, but only made his sunny humour richer and graver; of a man who if he has had enough disappointment in the world to make him cautious in expectation, has found in it many things that are beautiful and full of quaint significance; many people whose lives are lovely and harmonious, and whose presence soothes like sweet music; many interests, whose stirring makes it good to be alive. It is the view of a man who observes in detail, whose love of nature is not confined to the broad, startling effects that compel attention, but who revels rather in the wonders of the common, whose eyes are keen enough to see "the marvel of the human eyebrow," and whose vision is fresh enough to admire "God's bright and intricate device of days and seasons." When he is satirical he does not care to deal with the great brutal vices and hypocrisies of men, but lets the keen lightning of his wit play around the little self-deceptions and supposed righteousness which a man delights to hug. Of religion he seldom talks explicitly, but his gratefulness for the lovely things he has known, his kindly charity to his fellows, his sturdy love for a clean man and a gentleman of honour, assure us that such silence is no cover for vagueness or indifference. Mr. Le Gallienne has of late elevated Humour to a place among the religious senses, on account of the tendency, through its clear vision of disproportion, to produce that humility which is the most characteristic religious virtue; and, if this be granted, Mr. Stevenson's humour, which is emphatically of this nature, will almost entitle him to rank as a religious force. No one, perhaps, would have been more astonished than he to find himself so classed, yet the suggestion contains more than a grain of truth.

The attitude towards life, which we have been attempting to indicate as revealed in the essays, becomes clearer in the poems of the "Underwood's" volume. The melodious language of these verses conveys fragments of a philosophy which reminds us not a little of the "New Cyrenaicism" of that other great master of English prose, of whom, also, this autumn has bereft us, according to which "not pleasure, but fulness of life, and 'insight' as conducting to that fulness—energy, variety and choice of experience" form the end of life. The enjoyment of nature, to which we have referred, exemplified in poems like "The House Beautiful," the magnificent capacity for friendship, so characteristic of the man, suggested by the large number of poems addressed to persons; the pardonable pride in the "strenuous family" from which he boasted his descent in the poems on "Skerry-

vore;" the keen enjoyment he finds in satirising the conceit and love of argument—especially theological argument—so characteristic of his countrymen; the broad sympathy with every living thing represented by the poem on the Sea Gull in the inland garden; all these things and more do we find in one little volume of flawless verse.

Among all Mr. Stevenson's work there is, perhaps, nothing so completely *sui generis* as "A Child's Garden of Verses." Until the thing was done, one could not have imagined it possible that a grown man could take us back so vividly to the ideas and sensations—else completely forgotten—of our childhood. The imaginations of a child about its playthings, the courage needed to

"Face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed;"

the wistfulness of the little fellow at the window watching for the passing lamplighter's nightly nod; these and a hundred other delightful childish fancies, which we had supposed obliterated forever, are recalled by the magic of this volume.

Less successful, it has seemed to us, is the volume of "Ballads." "Ticonderoga" is indeed a true ballad, fit to stir the pulse and make the hair rise, but it is hard to realize the atmosphere of the South sea legends, and think of these queer folk with human sympathy. "The Homer of the Islands of the Pacific," Sir George Douglas calls him, with an editor's enthusiasm, but while the weird rhymes of "Ticonderoga"

"Sing in your sleeping ears
And hum in your waking head."

it needs an effort to return to "The Song of Rahero," to master its uncouth names, and image its outlandish scenes.

We have only glanced at the main classes of Robert Louis Stevenson's work, and yet what a class is suggested by the mere enumeration! In fifteen years he produced the score of books he has left us; if only he had lived fifteen more! Yet it is no such calculation that gives the sting to the present hour. Chiefly we grieve to-day, not because we might have had another "Catriona" or "Inland Voyage" and have not, but because of the man that is gone. Behind all the books, and greater than them all, was a personality that has its place with the one or two immortals who are as dear as great, as much loved as admired; the one or two whom affection marks for peculiar honour by the fond insistence on the use of their Christian names. Thus: *Charles* Lamb we always say, and so *Robert Louis* Stevenson.

The reviver of romance, the traveller, the essayist, the poet, the champion of Damien, the friend and singer of the Pacific islander, has ceased from his manifold activity, and his poor tortured body, that cramped and limited him through years of suffering, has now the rest he prayed for in his most beautiful of Requiems:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

W. ALLAN NEILSON.

Upper Canada College.

* * *

Lady cyclists are now to be found in high places. They mount not only the tricycle, but stretch their limbs on the "bike," which must not be confounded with the Doric "bike" and "bumbees." The daughters of the Prince of Wales frequently ride bicycles on the paths within the ground at Sandringham. Mrs. Asquith, who is well known as a dashing horse-woman, is also a clever bicyclist. There are a good many aristocratic lady riders, at the head of whom is Lady de Grey—formerly Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale—who is said to be, perhaps, the most accomplished bicyclist in fashionable circles. It is surmised that the favourite flower of cycle-women is cyclamen.

The money in the London banks is estimated to foot up \$1,150,000,000. No wonder that the prudent English have it arranged that no panic shall last more than a few hours at the utmost, and occur not much oftener than once in a generation at that. It is said that Canada has never had a general panic.—*Banker's Monthly*.

Gladstone's Horace.*

THAT Mr. Gladstone should have devoted some of his spare time to the literary relaxation of translating Horace is a thing which should not surprise us. The study of the classics has always been a favorite change of work to that wonderfully active mind, which finds in change, whether political or literary, its most soothing form of rest; and in his day, more than in the present, a gentleman's education was not considered complete without some knowledge of composition in verse. But if, with his great command of English, Mr. Gladstone has done what almost any educated man might do, that is no reason why he should publish it. As the work of one in the evening of a long life—full of harder work than falls to most men's lot—as the work of one whom all must respect and admire, even if they do not love him politically—as the work of Gladstone's leisure moments, this translation might be read without criticism; but he himself apparently means it to be taken seriously, as in some measure supplying a demand for a New Translation of Horace. That there is still room for a good version of the fascinating Roman for English readers none will deny, least of all those who have read and tried to translate him, but Mr. Gladstone can hardly be said to fill it. At times he does rise near the Horatian level, particularly in some of the political odes, in Book III., and especially in Ode V., which contains the speech of Regulus to the Senate—an ode which he calls, and with good reason, the loftiest of all.

Full well he knew he must abide
The savage captor's torturing wrath,
Yet none the less he thrust aside
Obstructing kin, and all that barred his path;

As though from client's wrangling care
Some ended suit had set him free,
For his Venafran farm, or where
Tarentum Sparta-born salutes the sea.

This is excellent; the metre and rhythm just suit the measured dignity of the original, and the characteristically Horatian anticlimax of the concluding stanza, which ends the ode, not with the rushing fortissimo, but with the gentle and serene andante, of a great purpose moving smoothly to its goal.

A good principle is laid down in the Preface, that compression rather than expansion should be the aim of a translator, and that he should keep close to the Latin so as to preserve the sense and point of the author; and this he has carried out conscientiously throughout, but in avoiding this Scylla he falls at times into the Charybdis of leaving his version so literal as to need a reference to the Latin to elucidate it. "A public care" (II. 8) for instance, does not represent to us what Horace means by "publica cura," nor does "Which, Venus! holds by thy decree the fifth part of thy nectar's bliss" seem an adequate translation of "quae Venus quinta parte sui nectaris imbuat." In I. 9, "Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte," where the picturesque word in the phrase is the emphatic "stet," it was a pity to "compress" it entirely out with "Behold Soracte white with snow," which is decidedly cheap, while Horace's word fixes the impression of strong relief against the sky which a snow-covered hill gives one.

Again in I. 14, apart from the uncouthness of the rhythm, one is puzzled to discover the meaning of

Thy gods, no more than sails entire
From whom yet once thy need might aid require;

until, looking at the book, one finds the meaning to be

Non tibi sunt integra lintea
Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo,

Literally, "Thy sails are not undamaged, nor are thy images of Gods—Gods meant for thee to call upon again when in distress." To quote one more instance of the same theory, any one knows that "partem solido demere de die" (I. 1, 20) means to waste part of the business hours of the day—lasting in Rome from 8 a.m. to 12 or 1—but "hours stolen from the day's entire" by no means suggests the same, except to one who is quite familiar with the Latin; and this very familiarity makes it often difficult to break quite away

from the original and represent it by words which convey the same idea to modern ears. At the same time the compression is sometimes quite tersely done, as, for instance, in III., 6, where the last stanza is packed by Horace as closely as possible, making it difficult to translate as neatly:

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies? etc.

Age cankers all things; so our grandsires' time
Bequeathed us one more ripe in crime;
Our sires did worse again beget,
And we shall yield the basest yet.

You would hardly think that the author of this would be content with turning the famous "dulce est desipere in loco" into "'tis well to rave, in time and place!" This kind of "raving" produces the figure of speech known as Bathos.

This perhaps is hardly the place to notice such minor details as slips in translation in single words; but they sometimes mar the sense, as in I. 14-16:

Tu, nisi ventis
debes ludibrium cave

Where "debes" evidently means, "are doomed, without hope to be wrecked" (in which case warning is useless)—to translate, therefore, "unless thou *dare* to be the sport of winds, beware," is quite unwarrantable. A more remarkable mistranslation occurs in I. xxv.:

Once it creaked on easy hinges,
Less and little now;
Yet I pine through endless nights, and,
Lydia, sleepest thou?

Here it appears that Lydia's door, in spite of its easy hinges, had before this been given to creaking, but had gradually stopped creaking, oiled, perhaps, by the virtuous Lydia, who now slept in peace. As a matter of fact the word "audis" is left out of the English, which should run "less and less now you hear the words 'Lydia' . . ." And it does seem a pity to have taken Bentley's conjecture "bruma" for "pluma" in IV. 10. But these are trifles. The main question to be asked with regard to the translation (except at school is, "Does it convey to the reader the feeling of the original in any one degree? Has the English writer caught the poet's inspiration and reproduced it in his own language?" Horace has many moods—tender, pathetic, lofty, playful, chatty. Mr. Gladstone varies his metres slightly, but they nearly all seem to suggest hymn-tunes, and generally "Melcombe" at that. Did he, we wonder, like naughty Burns, take a tune first and write the song to it? Here is a dainty playful ode, II. 8. The hymn-tune is "Troyte No. 1."

Thy mother's ashes; night's dumb sky;
The gods that never chill nor die;
Whole heaven; it answer, if on all,
Thou falsely call.

Venus, nay Nymph's untainted smile;
And cruel cupid, glad the while,
Heats, on his whetstone, red with gore,
His arrowy store.

Here "glad the while" is, of course, padding for the rhyme; the rest is correct enough—gets all the words in—but it is dull, deadly dull.

I. 24, is one of the most pathetic odes of Horace, a consolation to Virgil on the death of his friend Quintilius; it becomes:

What bounds can Shame, can Moderation set,
For one so dear, to yearning and regret?
Lead thou the dirge, for Jove, Melpomene,
Gave lyre and song to thee.

This is "elegant" and might have come from the pen of the "ingenious Mr. Pope" had not the fourth line been too short, but pathos or any kind of emotion it simply lacks. Once more, I. vii. is an ode with a rhythm like the gallop of a horse, and words, particularly, towards the end, to make any heart beat faster in sympathy with the Viking-spirit of Teucer driven out into unknown seas; by changing the dactylic rhythm to iambic the lilt is entirely lost, though the lines correspond in lengths, while the words are calm and not otherwise than depressing.

Let sires be sires; if Fortune kindly show,
O friends and partners, on we go.
Who shall despair where Teucer rules and guides?
For sure Apollo's word provides

*"The Odes of Horace," translated into English. By W. E. Gladstone. New York: Scribner's Sons.

On shores untried a twin to Salamis.
My comrades bold, to worse than this
Inured, to-morrow brave the vasty brine,
But drown to-day your cares in wine.

Whatever Horace is, he is never monotonous, he is never dull, and nothing makes one realize this more fully than this kind of translation; after getting through a few odes of Mr. Gladstone at a time, it is refreshment to the soul and regeneration to the temper to go back to Horace.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

WE have to acknowledge that we always take up a new book by George Meredith with mingled feelings. We know that we are going to have an intellectual treat, but, at the same time, that we shall meet with difficulties, that there will be times when we shall have to pause and think out the meaning of some of his carefully invented phrases. It is for this very thing that his disciples chiefly admire him, and the more strained and obscure he is the more they be-laud him; but we confess to preferring a simple style. Still this is heresy in days when it is considered a special mark of culture to admire excessively his works. The book before us is, on the whole, plain, straightforward reading, though often we come across passages such as the following:

"Some of the boys regretted her not being fair, but, as they felt and sought to explain, in the manner of the wag of a tail, with elbows and eyebrows to one another's understanding, fair girls could never have let fly such a look; fair girls are softer, woollier, and when they mean to look serious, overdo it by craping solemn; or they pinafore a jiggling eagerness, or hoist propriety on a chubby, flaxen grin; or else they dart an eye, or they mince and prim and pout, and are all sigh-away and dying-ducky, given to girls tricks. Brownny, after all, was the girl for Matey.

"She won a victory right away and out of hand, on behalf of her cloud-and-moon sisters, as against the sunny-meadowy, for slanting intermediates are not espied of boys in anything."

It is by writing like this that Mr. Meredith limits the circle of his readers and deprives himself of the general popularity which his undoubted genius would command.

Mr. Meredith must not be skipped—and his work will bear re-reading at once—in fact we have always found the second perusal the more enjoyable.

Now, to the book itself. We might quarrel with the title—which, perhaps, would be more correct as Lord Ormont and Matthew Weyburn's *Aminta*, if, as the book would seem to show, priority of claim and true affection are a better title to possession than a marriage without full appreciation. In this book Mr. Meredith is at his best—he shows to the full his wonderful insight into character, especially that of women.

The period of the story is the early part of the century.

Lord Ormont is a brilliant general, whose dashing exploits in all parts of the world have made him famous. The scene of the prologue is laid at a boy's school, of which, chiefly through the championship of the headboy and leader, Matthew Weyburn, Lord Ormont is the hero. In the same town there is a girl's school, and a little love affair, quite innocent in its character, takes place between Matey, for so the boys call him, and Aminta Farrell, one of the girls, nicknamed by the boys, Brownny. It is, as such things usually are, discovered and nipped in the bud.

Some years elapse, both parties grow up, and, when they re-appear on the scene, Aminta is married to Lord Ormont, who has been recalled from his command by an ungrateful country for having dared to think and act for himself in an emergency in India. He, already past middle age, and soured by the treatment he has received, has met Aminta whilst travelling on the continent and, always susceptible to female beauty, has fallen a victim to her charms. Though he has married her he does not introduce her into his family nor into society, and his past reputation with regard to women, her inferior birth and the disparity between their ages, render her position a questionable one. She has married him chiefly out of admiration and at the time the story

is taken up again is becoming discontented with her anomalous position. Into this household Matthew Weyburn is introduced quite naturally as Lord Ormont's private secretary. We all at once see what must happen, but it takes most of the book to bring it about. It would not be fair to tell the story, nor do we think that it could well be summarised. The way in which the final catastrophe is worked up to is masterly. There is nothing of the ordinary novel in the development of the plot, and certainly we never remember a critical love scene taking place before while the two parties were taking a bath.

The character of Lord Ormont is finely drawn, but we were not specially attracted by Matthew Weyburn or Aminta. One or two of the minor characters are simply perfect—Lady Charlotte, Lord Ormont's devoted sister, a splendid specimen of the high-spirited, proud, outspoken aristocrat and Aminta's aunt, Mrs. Nargett Pagnell, who is so anxious that the *g* in her name should not be sounded and that it should be remembered that Pagnell rhymes with Spaniel.

It is difficult to know what to say about the moral of the story. Weyburn goes away with another man's wife, receives his forgiveness and lives happily ever afterwards. There it is baldly,—but read the story and there are so many extenuating circumstances that we hesitate to pronounce a verdict of condemnation.

In Mr. Hall Caine we have one of the greatest of our living novelists, and one whose work is likely to survive when the great mass of that which is being so rapidly produced has been forgotten. His books deal with the eternal passions of humanity—and are not wildly improbable stories of adventure, or moral lectures and stale theological discussions, under the guise of novels, nor do they pander to the love of some for the nasty, which is, we fear, the chief source of attraction in many of the books which have been written of late. They are lofty in tone and pure in moral and full of that power which comes from deep thinking.

The book before us—his latest—is also, we think, his best. The scene is laid in the Isle of Man, ground which Mr. Caine, himself a native, has made his own. It is a good thing when the peculiar life of the little island is being destroyed by the overwhelming flood of excursionists which pours into it every summer that Mr. Caine should have arisen to depict that life for many future generations. All lovers of the little kingdom owe him a debt of gratitude. In this book the manners and customs of the inhabitants, which carry us back to a primitive age, are described with a master's hand.

The main lines of the plot are simple. Pete, a simple fisherman, goes from the island to seek his fortune in South Africa, leaving to his more highly educated and better born friend Philip, in accordance with a well known Manx custom, to watch over his betrothed, Kate, and to keep his memory fresh in her mind. Philip, however, is himself, in love with Kate, and she is secretly attached to him. Strive though they do against their feelings, these disclose themselves and in the case of Philip love proves stronger than loyalty. False news comes home of Pete's death. Kate sees her way to obtain Philip. He, however, sees his way to high distinction on the island, and, though he, in a moment of passion, accepts her sacrifice of herself, his ambition stops him from marriage or even open acceptance of her love. Then Pete returns. Kate in despair marries him, all simple and unsuspecting. Meanwhile honours come thick and fast to Philip, but his love for Kate and hers for him prove too powerful to be resisted and at last he secretly takes her from Pete. Never for a moment is he suspected; he remains Pete's confidant and friend—and Pete never loses an opportunity of showing his pride in his success even when himself suffering so deeply from the loss of his wife. The position is agony to Philip, more and more honours come to him, each making him more conscious of his own dishonour. Kate feeling herself a hindrance to him leaves him and attempts suicide. Then comes discovery, but at first only by a few fast friends all of whom conspire to hide his sin. Even Pete discovers at last and forgives. Everything is made easy for Philip. The highest honour which the island can give is within his grasp. Pete secretly obtains a divorce from Kate in order that Philip may marry her and himself sails for South Africa again. But Philip can stand the position no longer, and, love at length triumphing over ambition, he makes open confession of his real character and prepares to start the world anew.

* "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." By George Meredith. Published by Charles Scribners' Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 1.50.

"The Manxman." By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Such is the bare outline of the story—but no outline can do it justice. It is a noble book. The character of Pete is one of the grandest in fiction in its simple goodness and perfect trust. We can hardly bear his sufferings after his wife has left him, as he writes letters as if from her to him to protect her good name if she should return. Philip is more complex in character. His crime, at first, lay less in the act than in the concealment; and he suffers even more than Pete. His is the punishment of selfscorn and ever present fear of disgrace; but the essential nobility of the man is at last shown when he proclaims himself to the world as he is and takes the shame which is the penalty of his sin. Mr. Caine, with an instinct more true than that of the author of "Dean Maitland," does not allow him to die after making his confession; but makes him live and make his atonement by living. We quote a passage from his last speech:

"My countrymen and countrywomen, you who have been so much more kind to me than my character justified or my conduct merited, I say goodbye; but not as one who is going away. In conquering the impulse to go without confessing I conquered the desire to go at all. Here where my old life has fallen to ruin my new life must be built up. That is the only security. It is also the only justice. On this island, where my fall is known, my uprising may come—as is most right—only with bitter struggle and sorrow and tears. But when it comes it will come securely. It may be in years, in many years, but I am willing to wait, I am ready to labour. And, meantime, she who was worthy of my highest honour will share my lowest degradation. That is the way of all women—God love and keep them!"

The exaltation of his tones affected everybody.

"It may be that you think I am to be pitied. There have been hours of my life when I have been deserving of pity.

Do not pity me now, when the dark hours are passed, when the new life has begun, when I am listening at length to the voice of my heart, which has all along been the voice of God."

His eyes shone, his mouth was smiling.

"If you think how narrowly I escaped the danger of letting things go on as they were going, of covering up my fault, of concealing my true character, of living as a sham and dying as a hypocrite, you will consider me worthy of envy instead."

We have said nothing of the minor characters—which are numerous and all true to life—but in speaking of the book the three main characters absorb all our attention. Still we are sure that our readers if, as we advise them, they obtain and read this book will be glad to make the acquaintance of Caesar and Black Tom and Nan, all perfect in their own way. We may add that though the dominant note of the book is tragic, dealing as it does with the wreck of three lives, there is plenty of humour to be found in it.

* * *

Paris Letter.

THIS Madagascar business does not please the French at all. The Colonial Expansionist—pity there is no colonial "development" press—does its level best to work up the nation, to bow down and worship the national riches of the island and its glorious strategetic importance. The nation does not dance to that piping. Parliament has voted the millions and the men. But the persons you speak to shake their heads, remain cold as icicles and demand your opinion about the expedition. Now all that remains to be done is to wait and see. The French have at last to recognize that no European nation is thwarting their plans to compel the Hovas to be mindful of the protectorate rights of France over them. European powers will have nothing to say, till France has finished up with the job. Outsiders have treaties that should be respected. If France intends to appropriate to herself the island, or to adjudge to herself privileges that other powers will not be allowed to participate in, then the difficulties will arise. Till that stage be reached the impartial observer has only to look on.

As one good result, from the Anglo-Russian *entente*, the tone of the Boulevard journal towards England has become gentle as the cooing of the cushat dove. And that is no small mercy. France could not attempt to abuse England, the accepted friend of Russia; the two rejoined friends that had no axes to grind at each other's expense. Russia might hint

that her friends must be treated as her friends, especially when they are powerful, and chivalrously propose to let by-gones be by-gones, march together hand in hand in the opening up of Asia, and leave European quarrels to the continentally interested. The French did expect a kind of lease of lives, renewable for ever, with respect to the political love of Russia. But a new or rather returned wooer for a share, not the monopoly, of that love has unexpectedly appeared and with antecedents for amity not to be overlooked. "Old wood burns brightest; old soldiers are surest, and old lovers are soundest." Since England has dealt the European cards, security the trumps for herself and her northern partner, William II. has become as quiet as a church mouse. A dual friendship replaces the triple alliance; the latter, when the lease falls in, may find it difficult to be renewed. No power or combination of powers would ever dream of disturbing Europe when England and Russia would forbid the attempt.

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on. The Czar's marriage has been favoured with "Queen's weather." Benedict being now a married man will soon settle down to the plodding affairs of life. Plenty of people mentally throw rice and old slippers after the happy pair. Every prospect smiles for them. The bride has received, as part dowry from her grandmother, the solid amity of the British nation. The French have well taken note of all the members of the Russian embassy being invited to the gala dinner at Windsor Castle, while not forgetting the Czar has been made general-in-chief of the Scots Greys. Her Majesty ought, in return, to be nominated "*Hetwoman*" of the Cossacks.

The death of M. Victor Duruy is deeply and universally regretted. After a tumultuous life as an educational reformer, he has died in his 83rd year, and leaves not an enemy behind. Even the republicans forgot he was an Imperialist, and amongst the most faithful too: the Imperialists pardoned him for being a Liberal, and always on the warpath of progress. He was the most unassuming of men. He was the son of a Paris artisan, who earned his daily wage as a dyer, but managed to save from his humble earnings the means of helping the lad to educate himself. The deceased grappled resolutely with all the educational reforms. As Minister of Public Instruction under the second Empire, he laid the foundations, sowed the seed, of all the educational reforms and innovations that France at present possesses, commencing with the primary school, so up to the university. He breathed life into the dried bones of public education. He grasped the democratic tendencies of the times. He died as he began life "a simplest." He occupied, even when Minister and Grand Chancellor of the University of France, a modest apartment, on a fifth flat. Griegot ever did the same, and Jules Simon has never lived otherwise. But what a galaxy of intellect mounted the five flights of stairs to visit Duruy. The ex-empress Eugenie never omitted when passing through Paris to make that pilgrimage, for Duruy, perhaps, has been the only man that escaped unscathed, by the rectitude of his character and the patriotic motives of his life, from the ruins of the second Empire. And when the war against Prussia was declared, the ex-minister, though aged nearly 60, became an humble volunteer, and marched as a private in the national guard. The number of educational works he wrote, or inspired, or edited, is quite of a Homer length. He was always clear. France has had more brilliant writers, but as an historian of the Romans, above all, he stated a case well, painted its features accurately, and passed upon events, sound common-sense judgments. He was an indefatigable worker; his brain-power was enormous, and never knew fatigue; 16 and 18 hours a day were his average of work. He only mistook that at 83 a man has not the physical, though possessing the mental robustness of half a century earlier. Member of all learned societies, holding all decorations, he requested to be buried quietly without honors or speeches. France will not forget him. He must graduate two years hence in his grave before he can be accorded the Pantheon.

The French have never yet pronounced an opinion on the Sino-Japanese war, so as to ascertain their leanings. They remained sitting on the fence, anticipating the Celestial Empire perhaps being shaken into fragments and reserving themselves to gather up a few of the debris. The wise German, has observed the same sphinx attitude. Now, France is climbing down to the Anglo-Russian side of the fence

somewhat: namely, that the Japs will be allowed to go to only a certain length in their triumphal march. Not all that they conquered will they be able to diplomatically keep. There is the possibility that even the very successes of Japan may be a serious burden of glory. The Chinese are observed—but too late—to be fighting better. They do not break out into any rebellion against the effeminate dynasty, and they murder no missionaries. These are symptoms not exactly, it is said, of decomposition. It is the growing belief that when the present peace is patched up, China will show that she can equal, and will aim to surpass Japan in the art of self-modernization. No one expects that the Chinese will remain what they have hitherto been during the next score of years—to resuscitate or to throw off an old skin. And the day that China enters upon that stage, more powers than Japan will have to look out for squalls. There is no reason why the conflict ought not to end with the fall of Port Arthur. The pride of the Chinese could not be more humbled were the Japs to be at Peking, and taking their five o'clock tea in the Summer Palace.

Z.

* * *

Some Beautiful Books.*

THE Century Company, of New York, have published a number of exceptionally handsome books during the past autumn, chief among which is Mrs. Oliphant's "Historical Characters of the Reign of Queen Anne," a book faultlessly printed, and abounding in beautiful illustrations. It is a reprint of articles which have already appeared in the *Century Magazine*, so the majority of our readers are familiar with the contents. The book is divided into five chapters in the two first of which, entitled "The Princess Anne" and "The Queen and the Duchess," Mrs. Oliphant gives a graphic sketch of Anne and those immediately about her throne. Historians have not been kind to the last British Sovereign of the House of Stuart, and Mrs. Oliphant has given a more sympathetic, and, we believe, a more just interpretation of her character and her conduct. The Queen's passion of friendship for the Duchess of Marlborough, the position of these two female figures in the foreground of English life, the one so mild and obtuse, the other so brilliant, so imperious—what a unique picture it is in historic scenes! This reign is often mentioned as a period rendered illustrious by some of the greatest names, both in literature and science, which England has ever produced. The remaining three chapters of this delightful volume are devoted to three of these great names: Dean Swift, Daniel Defoe, and Joseph Addison—"the finest critic, the finest gentleman, the most tender humorist of his age." It would be difficult, if not impossible, to say much that is new about these great authors; but Mrs. Oliphant, in her artistic grouping of facts, presents a fresh and vivid picture which no lover of literature can afford to pass by. We are greatly indebted to the Century Company for republishing these articles. The illustrations are most valuable and are a credit to everybody concerned in their preparation.

From the well known publishing house of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, Boston, comes a copy of Clara Erskine Clement's richly illustrated book, "Naples, the City of Parthenope, and its Environs." The publishers have done full justice to the work, both in printing and binding, whilst the excellence of the full-page plates in photogravure of historic scenes in and around Naples are worthy of the best praise. There are twenty of these goodly illustrations, and it is difficult to determine which is the most beautiful. Among those which especially arrest attention is the Castel dell'Ovo, so called from its oval or egg shape, standing on a promontory, and connected by a bridge with the mainland. It is among the finest of the early edifices and was designed by the Venetian Buono for William I. in 1154. The environs of Naples abound in scenery of extreme beauty and are of great historic interest. The locality which contains the tomb of Virgil, the disinterred towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, Vesuvius, and the Roman remains, possess an inexhaustible source of interest

*"The Reign of Queen Anne." By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. New York: The Century Co. 1894.

"Naples, the City of Parthenope and its Environs." Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1894. \$3.00.

"A Shelf of Old Books." By Mrs. James T. Fields. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

for scientific, antiquarian, and classical investigators. The name Naples had reference to an older town in the neighbourhood, called originally Parthenope, and, after the foundation of the new town, Palæopolis—which was situated, most probably, on the ridge called Posilipo, that separates the Bay of Pozzuoli or Baïæ from that of Naples. Both towns were Greek settlements, apparently colonies from the neighbouring Cumæ, joined by immigrants direct from Greece. Palæopolis early disappeared from history, whilst Naples soon became a flourishing and populous city. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of the Gothic conquest of Italy, and the reconquest by the Byzantine emperors, it continued to be one of the most important and opulent of Italian cities. About the 8th century it threw off allegiance to the Byzantine emperors, remained independent till it fell into the hands of the Normans in 1140, and then became the capital of the kingdom of Naples. From this date the author of the book now before us, takes up her interesting story, and, in seven chapters, occupying about two-thirds of the volume, relates the history of Naples from the time of Frederick the Second, sometimes called the "Wonder of the World," one of the most striking of mediæval figures, down to the present day. The remaining half-dozen chapters are devoted to Neapolitan life, art and letters, and to descriptions of the environs of the famous city. The author gives abundant evidence not only that she knows the Naples of to-day but that she knows, too, its history, its literature and its art. We can cordially commend the book to our readers.

The literary world is greatly indebted to Mrs. Fields and to her publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for the delightful volume, "A Shelf of Old Books." Both from the literary and the mechanical point of view its possession is to be coveted. The old books about which Mrs. Field writes so interestingly are volumes which have a history, having been owned by eminent men of letters now dead and gone whom the writer met in her younger days, when travelling abroad with her distinguished husband. "There is a sacredness about the belongings of good and great men which is quite apart from the value and significance of the things themselves. Their books become especially endeared to us; as we turn the pages they have loved, we can see another hand pointing along the lines, and the head bending over the open volume. A writer's books make his workshop and his pleasure-house in one, and in turning over his possessions we discover the field in which he worked and the key to his garden of the Hesperides." This idea is the underlying conception of Mrs. Field's volume, the first chapter of which is devoted to Leigh Hunt and his surroundings. Mrs. Field met him in London many years ago, and, though in his seventy-fifth year, the fascinating grace of his manners was quite unimpaired. He talked of Shelley and Keats as if they had just closed the door by which his American visitors had entered. And he talked, too, of his beloved books—the books that after his death were transferred to American shores at the instance of Mr. Fields, a precious remnant of which forms the subject of the chief part of Mrs. Field's volume. Her chapter on Edinburgh is full of charm for she writes of the men who have made the beautiful Capital "forever one of the best beloved of all cities." Mrs. Field has much that is new and interesting to say of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," and especially of John Wilson ("Christopher North") of whom De Quincey used to say that "it was good to dwell in his shadow." It was John Wilson who first gave to Walter Scott the title of "The Great Magician," by which name he was afterwards known to all the world. It was he who pointed out, in the pages of the *Edinburg Review*, the beauties of "Childe Harold" long before the voice of universal acclamation was heard in the land; and he was one of the first to recognize the genius of Charles Dickens. At the age of seventeen he sent off a letter of several sheets to William Wordsworth, then unrecognized and hooted at by the reviewers, thanking the obscure poet up among the hills of Westmoreland for the ardent enjoyment he, a lad at school, had derived from a perusal of "The Lyrical Ballads." There are many good things told, too, of Scott and of Burns which are well worth relating did space here permit. In the third and last chapter entitled "From Milton to Thackeray" Mrs. Field tells of yet more old books and prized editions. What she has to say of Milton's "Areopagetica," and the introduction written for it by Lowell, will doubtless create a great demand for this monument of Milton's patriotism and genius. There are other passages marked for mention in this notice,

especially those concerning Dr. Johnson and Thackeray, but our space is already exceeded. We can only add that many portraits and fac-similes of notes and scraps of manuscript adorn and illustrate the daintily printed, wide-margined pages of this entertaining and valuable volume.

* * *

Montreal Letter.

THE ordinary citizen is preparing for the Christmas festivities, and a holiday air pervades the whole city. The toy and novelty stores are in full feather, and while young heads are dreaming of what that everlasting, hoary-headed old myth, Santa Claus, will bring them, old heads are wading through labyrinths of toys in the endeavour to give a semblance of truth to the charming piece of fiction that has delighted little boys and girls for many ages. Then there are others besides children who like presents and there is an endeavour to satisfy all desires. The stores are crowded and trade is good.

Sir William Dawson, K.C.M.G., LL.D., delivered a lecture to the Delta Sigma Society of McGill University last week, on "An Ideal College for Women." The lecturer referred to the earliest known authoress, the Prophetess Deborah, and her remarkable poem, as an evidence of the status and education of women in that remote time in which she lived. He touched on the education and literary position of woman in the intervening centuries, and spoke of the remarkable extension of the education of women, and of their influence in literary, scientific, social, political, professional and religious affairs within the last quarter of a century. He referred to the practical division of colleges for women into classes—those that are connected with old universities and may be designated as affiliated colleges and those which are more or less self-contained and may be regarded as independent of university control. Without any invidious comparison with others of their respective classes, he took Wellesley and Newnham as examples of these two types and enquired with some detail in what respects they approached to ideal colleges, in reference to home and social courses of study, the value of their degrees and certificates, their economy and facility of management and of extension, and the courses which have led to the preference of one or the other systems. The lecture was most interesting.

The social event of the week was the vice-regal drawing room, which was held in the gallery of the Art Association on Monday. The gathering was representative of Montreal society: the Church, the Bar and the Universities. The rooms presented a scene of brilliant splendour, seldom seen in this city—brilliant uniforms, beautiful costumes, diamonds, court dresses and plumes. A detachment of the Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars escorted their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen to the gallery, and a guard of honor, furnished by the Montreal Garrison Artillery, was there to receive them. His Excellency wore a full dress of a Privy Councillor of the first grade, while Countess Aberdeen wore a handsome decollette, trained, black satin gown trimmed with silver embroidery taken from an old book of Irish patterns, known as "The Book of Kells," made in Ireland by ladies of the Irish Industries Association. Her Excellency was attended by the Hon. Archie Gordon, who was the picture of a small courtier. The proceedings were of the usual drawing room order, and concluded about eleven o'clock. Nothing occurred to blemish the function, and everybody went home satisfied. The Governor-General was in the best of humour that evening, and on his return home invited the escort in for refreshments. This was rather unexpected to the management of the household, who were not prepared to meet such demands, but His Excellency himself supervised the arrangements and the soldiers were soon provided with hot coffee, etc., which they thoroughly appreciated after their night ride. No wonder the Governor-General is popular with the people, for he is always doing something like this.

Owing to the death of Sir John Thompson their Excellencies will not take part in any social functions for some time to come, to mark their sense of the tragic event. On the receipt of the news Lord and Lady Aberdeen left for Ottawa, and on their arrival there called upon Lady Thompson. They feel greatly the loss which Canada has sustained in the death of Sir John Thompson. While knowing the Premier well, as both man and minister, they feel all the

concern which is experienced by the sudden loss of a well-known and esteemed friend. Their Excellencies returned to this city on Friday.

A.J.F.

* * *

Queen Charlotte's Christmas.

Hungary's fierce soldier king,
Resting after wars and fighting,
Turns his soul to banquetting,
All his vassal lords inviting.
Joy he feels, all undissembled,
His was not a heart to grieve,
As he bids his guests assembled
Revel high on Christmas Eve.

In the hall his father built
To the pile of generations,
Jewelled, painted, carved and gilt
In the style of Eastern nations.
Lamplight gleams through each embrasure,
Piercing deep the massy walls;
From the ceiling gold and azure
Many a battle trophy falls.

"What! a message from the queen?
Mirth to mar it were a pity.
Dead? What matter!" He had seen
Children slain in sack of city.
Speeds the feast 'mid music's swelling;
Noble, they who grace the board;
Wine from silver flagons welling,
Fills the cups that toast their lord.

* * *

From the revel far apart,
In the ancient, lofty tower,
Sits a queen with broken heart,
And her eyes have lost tears' power.
For her babe, her all is taken;
Queen she is, but all alone
Till earth waken, trumpet shaken,
By the resurrection tone.

Naught she recks of drifting snow,
High the turret casement heaping,
Of shrill winds that fiercely blow,
All around the stout walls sweeping.
But, where the bright firelight dances
On the fairy cradle-nest,
Thither fall the mother's glances,
Fall upon her babe at rest.

In a storm lull, to her ear
Comes a tender infant's wailing;
Quick she grasps the cradle-bier,
With a mother's hope unfailing.
Ah, fair flower, just born to wither!
Like to other hopes of old,
No cry comes from hence; but thither,
Thither out in winter's cold.

Like her child's, that voice to her
Tender mother's heart appealing,
Wraps she hooded cloak of fur
Round her form; then, swiftly stealing,
Eager, hungry-souled and fearless,
Though it be so dark and late,
Down the stone steps, cold and cheerless,
Till she finds the tower gate.

No old porter on the bench,
With his torch or lantern, sitteth,
But her gentle fingers clench
On the heavy key she fitteth
True within the lock, that, kinder
Than grim death, opes wide the door,
Which the storm blows to behind her,
Closed to her for evermore.

Torchless, moonless, starless void
Is the darkness she has entered;
Yet her heart is high upbuoyed
By the hope on which are centred
All her thoughts and powers of action,
Through the snow and howling wind,
Hope that holds life's one attraction,
Her lost child to seek and find.

Round the tower in a dream,
List'ning, doubting, fearing, hoping,
Where her casement sheds its gleam,
O'er the snow, Queen Charlotte, groping,
Touches something warm and living,
Hears once more the little cry,
Clasps it in her arms, and, giving
Thanks to heaven, weeps silently.

Thoughts that other thoughts o'erwhelm,
Men would call them mania,
Drive her to her father's realm,
Far off Transylvania.
From the glazed embrasures, beating
With a hundred throbs of light,
Throbs her heart with joy, retreating
Out into the stormy night.

Babe that lies in turret dead,
Even lost to memory's keeping.
Rules thy mother's heart instead
This young foundling calmly sleeping
In her arms, as onward gliding
O'er the snow she seeks her goal,
(Great in faith ; thy father's chiding
She is past, and his control.

Sharply blow the icy flakes
In her face as if to smite her ;
Rages loud the wind that makes
Mother's arms clasp babe the tighter,
Cold the night, and chill and gruesome,
As if seeking to destroy
All her hopes ; close to her bosom
She has pressed her baby boy.

Far more dreadful than the cold
Scourge of wind and grip of weather,
Yelp of wolves, grown winter bold,
Hunting in a pack together,
Mingling their unearthly howlings,
Cause enough for travellers' fear,
With mysterious under-growlings,
Through the darkness come more near.

Prays Queen Charlotte to her God,
Who made good all living creatures,
And to Christ this earth that trod,
To restore lost Eden's features,
Be they brute or be they human,
To restrain their nature wild,
And protect a helpless woman
Journeying with a little child.

Silenced are the wild beasts' cries ;
Thanks she her Divine Protectors.
Then the snowdrifts to her eyes
Take the form of ghostly spectres,
Spectres all around her hovering,
Stretching fleshless arms to grasp
From her form its one warm covering
And the babe within its clasp.

Bravely still she struggles on,
Child in mantle gripping, praying,
Till the spectral forms are gone,
And the darkened east is grayning,
Till gray turns to rosy morning,
In whose light there lie displayed
Thousand summer flowers adorning
Grassy mead and forest glade.

Footsore, weary, strained in nerves,
Sudden slumber overtakes her,
On a bank that upward curves,
And a restful pillow makes her.
When she wakes, her charge she misses,
Slipped from her relaxing arms ;
See, he comes to her with kisses,
Grown a boy of many charms.

Drinking from the running brook,
Eating fruit grown in the wild-wood,
From bright scene to lovelier nook,
List'ning prattle sweet of childhood,
Falls her warm cloak while she carries,
Dress to smooth and tress her hair ;
Lo ! the child her mantle carries,
Now a youth surpassing fair.

Palms and myrtles round them rise,
And, from spreading limbs descending,
Tapestry of Paradise
Blooms in tints and scents that, blending,
Senses link in sweet amazement ;
Then, while birds sing " Welcome Home !"
Thinks the Queen of far-off casement,
Knows that Christmas Day has come.

By her stands a man, the King
Of apocalyptic story,
White-robed, gold-girt, glistening
With sweet majesty and glory.
Charlotte bows the knee before Him,
Prays Him for her little son ;
" Bearing Thee, methought I bore him,
Babe, boy, youth, King, Thou art One."

To a garden fair He went,
Sunlight 'mid its shadows glancing ;
Little ones in heart's content
Round their Christmas Tree were dancing.
One of them He saw new gazing,
Rapture in his heavenly face,
Stooped the King, and gently raising,
Set him in the queen's embrace.

* * *
Infant dead and mother mad
Have lain in their grave for ages,
And Queen Charlotte's story sad

You may read in history's pages.
But there's nothing in them speaking
Truth-torn hearts would fain believe ;
How the queen, her lost babe seeking,
Christ-child found on Christmas Eve.

Mothers, weeping for your dead,
Longing, longing to behold them,
As they were ere life had fled,
And in loving arms enfold them,
Take into your hearts of sorrow
Bethlehem's Babe, and tread the way
He has trod ; when comes the morrow,
You shall have your own for aye.

J. CAWDORE BELL.

The Rugby Foot-Ball Season.

THE annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Union is a sign that the year's football is over and a brief review of the season of 1894 is, therefore, in order.

The results of the year's play will be fresh in the minds of those interested in the game. In the first round of the Senior O. R. U. series 'Varsity, Toronto and the Royal Military College went under. Then followed a hard struggle between Osgoode and Hamilton, in which the latter was victorious. In the third round Hamilton fought a plucky and uphill fight against Queen's, finally succumbed and gave Queen's a second year's lease of the Ontario championship. The games of the Intermediate and Junior series were equally well contested, notably those between St. Catharines and Hamilton II. and the final between the Granites and Lornes II. for the junior cup. London remained as champion of the Intermediate and Lornes II. of the Junior series. Trinity although not in the ties, played plenty of football and showed good form in her games at Kingston, where she met R. M. C. and the Ontario champions on their own grounds, and in Toronto until the inter-University match, when her poor showing was probably due to attempting to play three heavy matches within a week. It is to be regretted that so little inter-school football was played. Upper Canada College met Trinity College School in a close and interesting match, but neither met Bishop Ridley College, which could have given each of them a good game. It only remains to mention the inter-year games which are doing so much for football at 'Varsity and Trinity and which Principal Grant advocates for Queen's. The Homeric struggle at Rosedale, between the Ontario and Quebec champions for the Canadian cup, formed the season's climax and conclusion.

Fortune favoured Queen's, who was practically unopposed in the early ties, and was thus enabled to arrange practice games as she wished and to reserve her strength for the final round. Many connoisseurs of football thought that if 'Varsity had had similar advantages the results of the year would have been materially different. 'Varsity certainly had developed a strong team by the end of the season. The combination work showed in the match against Trinity was, perhaps, the prettiest seen on a football field this year. It is a pity that she did not have the opportunity of trying conclusions with Queens, Hamilton or Ottawa College. A match with any one of these clubs would have been a boon for non-military Toronto on Thanksgiving Day.

The increase of junior clubs, the closeness of the season's contests, and the increase of interest in the game, especially in cities outside of Toronto, are all matters for congratulation among lovers of sport. But lovers of true sport will also find much to deplore in the football of the past season. There has been a falling off in that brilliant, scientific play that used to give the spectators so much delight, and there has been a corresponding increase in intentional rough play and interference. The latter state of things is, perhaps, the cause of the former, and both may be traced to the culpable leniency of this year's umpires and referees. It was a shame that the Queen's team were allowed to continue their bullying tactics against Ottawa College. Ottawa College has, in the past, had a reputation for rough play, but they are to be congratulated upon the good, clean and hard football they exhibited at Rosedale. Only the inexperienced will condemn football because of the accidents that occur. But injuries resulting from intentional rough play are not accidents and such rough play cannot be too strongly condemned. Canadians, with an inherited love for British fair play, will not countenance a game in which the team that plays the unfairest football stands the best chance of winning. In

this connection let it be said that Osgoode Hall is not entirely guiltless, witness the charging of the Hamilton half-backs in the first Osgoode-Hamilton game. Osgoode, as the father of the new Football, ought to discourage anything that tends to the lowering of the game. Things have come to a pretty pass when teams, supposed to be composed of gentlemen and sportsmen, play a win-at-all-hazards game and even deliberately set about "laying-out" the best men of the opposite side. Let next year's umpires and referees look to it, for the remedy lies in the rules if they are only properly enforced.

Mr. D'arcy Martin's amendment to Rule 16, at the recent O. R. U. meeting, ought to do away with the foul wing play and the interference that were so prominent this year. But there, again, it depends upon the referees. It is to be regretted that the value of a goal from a penalty kick has been reduced from 4 to 2, for off-side playing cannot be too heavily penalized. Another unfortunate feature of the O. R. U. meeting was the unsportsmanlike stand which some representatives took on the subject of playing non-University and non-resident men.

The prospects for next year's football are, in general, bright. Kingston will be an addition to the senior teams and several new competitors will be ready for the Intermediate and Junior ties. If reports are true Osgoode will again come to the front and she will find plenty of competent opponents. The amended rules will discipline the players satisfactorily if the executive will instruct the referees to strictly enforce them.

* * *

Children's Books.

THE season of the year has come for buying presents for one's young friends and relations. That is one of the special privileges of Christmas, and we are not sure that it is not one of its greatest pleasures. At any rate we know few things pleasanter than the bright look of thanks and delight which lights up the face of a child when receiving some gift in which he takes a real pleasure. But what to give? that is usually the difficulty—or, rather, that used to be the difficulty, for the publishers have made it easy. In past days children's books were generally prosy, with obtrusive morals, and were the gifts of those who were not so anxious to give pleasure as to teach a lesson or correct a fault. Now all is changed, and any one who wishes to give a present which will be certain of ready welcome and appreciation cannot do better than select one of the many books which are written and published for this very purpose. We have a heap of them before us now, and as we look at them we can imagine them in the hands of happy children lying full length upon the hearth rug, or curled up in arm chairs, deep in their perusal and oblivious to everything which is going on around them. There is another thing about children's books of the present day, and that is that they are read with nearly as much pleasure by grown ups as by the children themselves.

We take up first a new book by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. It is called "Piccino and other child stories," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs) price \$1.50, and is illustrated charmingly by Mr. R. B. Birch. There are three stories in the book. The first is "Two days in the life of Piccino," a little Italian boy, hardly more than a baby, who was adopted by an English lady in search of a new excitement whilst travelling in Italy. His sensations under such unaccustomed luxuries as the bath are accurately and sympathetically described, and at last he escapes thankfully to the village life which he understands. The story of the Captain's youngest, told by the Captain's man of all work, and that of Betty's kitchen, told by herself, are very pretty and touching. Most people, we fancy, will turn to the concluding part of the work, "How Fauntleroy occurred," and will be pleased to find that the character is based upon that of Mrs. Burnett's second boy.

From the Century Company we have "Toinette's Philip," by Mrs. Jannieson, the author of "Lady Jane"; price \$1.50. We sat down and read this book from cover to cover, and if the children, who are fortunate enough to obtain it, enjoy it half as much as we did, they have a great pleasure before them. It tells the story of a little lad, brought up in New Orleans by a negro woman, and adopted into a New York family, of which he afterwards turns out to be a member. We are sure that all the little girls who read this

story will fall in love with Philip, attracted by the beauty of his character, and we fear that most of the boys will do the same with a charmingly naughty little negro boy, Lilybel. This book, too, is illustrated by Mr. Birch, and to that fact owes no small part of its attractiveness. It originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*.

"Polly: a Christmas recollection," by Thomas Nelson Page, we don't know whether to classify under the head of children's books or not. It is a delicately told little love story of the usual Christmas type, very slight though artistic in construction. It is well illustrated by Mr. Castaigne, and beautifully printed. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.) Price \$1.50.

From Scribner's we also have "The Wagner Story Book," five light tales of the great Music Dramas, by William Henry Frost, illustrated by Sydney Richard Burleigh, Price \$1.50. This book is different in its character from the foregoing. It tells the old stories on which Wagner's great works are based, the stories, as the writer says, "that the whole world has known and loved all these hundreds and thousands of years, tales of the gods and the heroes, of the giants and the goblins. Those are the right stories to tell to children, I believe, and the right ones for children to hear—the wonderful things that used to be done, up in the sky, and down under the ocean, and inside the mountains." The stories are ten in number, and are told in simple language without any straining after simplicity. They are supposed to be seen in the fire, and told by a father to his little girl. The three we liked the best were "The Daughter of the God," "The Prize of a Song" and "The Blood Red Sail,"

"Grizzly's Little Pard," by Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort, published by Thomas Whittaker, New York, price 75 cents, is, as its title would imply, the story of a mining camp. It tells of the introduction of a little girl into a company of rough miners, and how after the death of her father and mother, she was adopted by one of the roughest of them, known as Grizzly, who, from her baby days, has made her his partner. She is discovered by an uncle and taken to city life, but returns again to the mining city to comfort her adopted father who is pining away owing to her absence. The book is of the kind we know very well, but it will give none the less pleasure to its young readers for all that.

"The Land of Pluck," published by the Century Co., New York, price \$1.50, is our last. It is written by Mrs. Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, and the well-known author of "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates." The Land of Pluck is, of course, Holland; and the first part of the book is devoted to an account of the striking and picturesque description of that country and its people—a description which is greatly aided by the capital pictures which adorn the book. There is nothing of the guide book character in the account; the headings of the chapters, "On both sides of the dyke," "Birds eye views," "Streets and byways," "Dutch oddities," will show that. The second part of the book consists of stories and sketches, most of which have appeared in *St. Nicholas*. "Wondering Tom" is a capital little story with a plain moral, and "A Barrel Adventure" conveys a warning to parents and a hint to children which we hope none will take these holidays—at least in any house where we happen to be.

* * *

Washington Letter.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S message to Congress has disappointed both friends and enemies. Opening with one of those adjective-laden passages for which he is noted, it closes with a tame assurance that he will approve anything devised by Congress that tends to the good of the country. The intermediate parts consist mainly of dull recitals of routine business and departmental recommendations. Anything less likely to put life and unity into his defeated and distracted party could hardly be conceived. He tenders but one issue out of which any popular favour could be made during the three months of the session—a wipe at the corrupt advantage bestowed upon the Sugar Trust by a combination of stock jobbing Senators, in which, as usual, party lines were obliterated.

The financial part of the message was put last. Had it been put first and in the same emphatic manner as the tariff message that electrified and consolidated the Democratic

party a few years ago, similar results might have followed. But the currency plan is that of the Secretary of the Treasury, a man of unimpaired financial record, whose name and opinion give no weight to any proposals of finance, however inherently valuable.

It was the misfortune of Mr. Cleveland and his party, and one might say that of the country, that he should be an acute sufferer from rheumatic gout all the time his message was in preparation. He was not fit for the work, and the work bears evidence of how little fit he was to face the toil and responsibility of a message that would set people talking and acting. Then, again, the question of finance is one much harder to popular comprehension than a question of the tariff. Not many men understand it, or would take the trouble to understand it, and to a large extent Mr. Cleveland himself is among the uninformed. Very likely he has done his best, but that best, if done, falls far short of the necessities of the occasion.

A year hence the President will have another opportunity of addressing the country under guise of a report to Congress. But the Democratic politicians will wonder during the intervening twelve-month, and what may be done then cannot have the effect of the right thing done now. But—the President is tired. His health is not good, his physique is unadapted to the slavish desk work by means of which he accomplishes his tasks; his cabinet, with one or two exceptions, are of little use to him in serving the public or making a name for himself, and he misses, now that he so greatly needs it, that support from the independence and intellect of the country which so distinguished his first term.

For the present the game is in the hands of the Republicans. Every advantage that counts in a party struggle is with them. As indications go, they mean to keep free from open manifestations of McKinleyism till they have carried the Presidential election two years hence. Then the millionaires that thrive upon combines and monopolies can come again and they will not go away empty handed. Thanks to labour organizations and revolting farmers, the engrossers and corruptionists have to work harder and pay more for what they get at the public expense, and be less ostentatious about it; but the Republicans will give them what they ask. The true people's party is the Democratic party, but it has so many unsound and turbulent elements in it that, except when a man like Mr. Cleveland has been, whirled about as a club to beat his opponents over the scone, it is incapable of doing anything to its own credit. And now it looks as though Mr. Cleveland had done with swinging clubs. *Dehors* the gout, it is, seemingly, Samson Agonistes we see now at the White House. B.

Ballade of William Briggs, of Toronto,

BOOK-GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, FRIEND AND D.D.

I have a friend who lives by lore,
Who deals in pictures, prose and rhyme.
His full shelves range from cope to floor,
And he will change your vagrant dime
For books, those crystallized bits of Time.
Ho! he who in this store room digs
May hear the bells of ages chime;
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

His catalogue is rich galore
With names that e'en grim Ages grime
Can never blur, nor Malice score.
They sang our country's deeds and clime.
What lives like Lore and Music prime!
The Piper of a nation's jigs
Excels the vain forensic Mime,
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

My friend flings wide grave Learning's door,
He shows to Youth the way to climb.
Walk with him and you may explore
The realms of Truth and Pantomime,
Know Love is all and Hate a crime,
And gaze on Life its zags and zigs;
Wear young or old grave Wisdom's rime;
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

ENVOI.

Prince! I spread here no flatteries slime,
I name the right and none me rigs:
I call my friend his work sublime,
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

JAMES BARR.

London, England, October 3rd, 1894,

To "Connoisseur."

(VIDE LAST NUMBER OF THE WEEK.)

"*Facit Indignatio Vessum.*"

Sea-Cuban (the imported weed)
No man enjoys who's not a smoker,
And you would find it hard indeed
To quaff, you joker!

The Caecuban which Horace knew
Comes from no 19th century vat:
In quantity 'tis made by you—
But false at that!

How can you judge of tastes and sounds
In vogue before the Christian Era?
You may be right, but state your grounds
A trifle clearer.

The fact is that a classic drink
Most probably would make you rabid,
And "Lydian Strains"—why, you would think
Them far too crabbed.

Of Rhymes, (don't take it as a slur
Upon your taste—'twas once confessed
"Ware" did not rhyme with "connoisseur")—
The old are best.

CRITIC.

* * *

Glimpses at Things.

I AM much more prone to heterophemy than to heterography; and I think it must have been the compositor who was responsible for the appearance of "statuary tram-mels" and other minor malapropisms in my contributions. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may explain that heterophemy means uttering words you never intended to utter; while heterography, if there were such a word, would mean writing words you never intended to write. The last syllables of heterophemy are identical in form and meaning with the last syllables of blasphemy; and one who is afflicted by both ailments can easily charge his blasphemy to his heterophemy.

Drunkenness tries to conceal its deformities under a variety of figurative expressions such as "half-seas-over," "jolly screwed," "tight," "full," "sprung" and "mellow." Many seductive names are given to liquors, including "mountain dew," "the crathur," "cream of the valley," "*parfait amour*," "*crème de noyau*"—without counting such names as "*lacryma Christi*" or "*liebfräumlch*" which, perhaps, repel as many people as they allure. The curiosity-tickling titles of American mixed drinks are numerous enough, and these are sometimes multiplied by the cunning imagination of individual bar-keepers. An American bar in London used to display an imposing list of tipples which included "ladies' blush" and "morning smile." The salutation of drinkers, the grace before drink, as it were, is generally a benevolent one—"here's luck," "here's how," "good health," "good luck," "santé!" But there is one which is grimly and cynically defiant, "Here goes another nail in my coffin!" The last form of salutation is rather discordant with the rest of this paragraph; but then, you see, it enables me to introduce the following scrap of conversation:

Enraged Anti-prohibitionist: "I tell you, sir, the man who would rob a poor man of his beer would steal the nails from his coffin!"

Diplomatic Prohibitionist: "Them's my sentiments, too."

If the mother country is impoverished and decadent through free trade, and if she is obliged to support her army and navy in order to force her wares upon reluctant savages, would it not be graceful for a colony thriving on a blessed and brotherly protective system to give of its superfluity to relieve her want? Poor old misguided mother of nations, free even in her trade, what a pity she should have grown so cruel in her old age!

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Library Table.

BLACK BEAUTY. By A. Sewell. Toronto: William Briggs. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1894.

"Black Beauty" is without doubt one of the simplest and purest of books. Most touching and humane is this autobiography of a horse. Vividly, graphically, forcefully, yet tenderly and gently the leading events in a noble horse's life are woven into a story of singular attractiveness and power. One is reminded of the winsome charms of Goldsmith as the story flows along. How subtly, but surely the sympathies are enlisted; how eagerly the incidents are followed; admiration, indignation and pity each have their play, and the last page, though the story ends well, is not turned without regret. The praises bestowed on this book are all well deserved. The present edition, by William Briggs, is worthy of the book. The attractive form, clear type and abundant illustrations make it a handsome volume. No better Christmas present could be given to a Canadian boy or girl than the simple touching story "Black Beauty."

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE. By T. G. Allen, Jr., and W. L. Sachtleben. New York: The Century Co. 1894. \$1.50.

This is a bicycle age and we need have small wonder at the efforts of United States citizens to beat all creation on the wheel as well as in other departments of human achievement. The record of the journey of Messrs Allen and Sachtleben, which appeared serially in the *Century*, is now published in book form, prettily printed and illustrated on superior paper. This volume narrates vivaciously and graphically the notable events which befell the enterprising cyclers on their long and hazardous journey. It is unique in its way and cannot fail to be generally interesting. There is no lack of movement, and the writers had exceptional opportunities for observing not only natural scenery and points of interest by the way, but the manners, habits and customs of the people as well. The general trend of their route led them beyond the Bosphorus, up Mount Ararat, through Persia to Smarkand, thence to Kuldja, over the Gobi desert and through the western gate of the great wall, and the narrative concludes with an interview with Li-Hung-Chan, then Prime Minister of China.

RIVERBY. By John Burroughs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.25.

This is the latest and, we are told in the preface, probably the last of Mr. Burroughs' out-of-door books. Every reader and enjoyer of the delightful sketches of nature with which we have from time to time been favoured by one who is, perhaps, on this continent *facile princeps* in the field of his choice, will receive the announcement with regret. It is so refreshing and renewing to feel the touch of a master hand leading us forth into the meadows, woods and wilds; by river and lake side, or up the rugged mountain slope; and to be taught, by one of her choice interpreters, the sweet secrets of nature. The beauty and fragrance of the wild flower, the merry song of bird, the mystery of animal life are here set forth most clearly and engagingly. To keenness of observation, profound sympathy with nature in all her varied moods, and long and patient study of her ways, Mr. Burroughs unites rare simplicity and beauty of style and choice descriptive power. The present volume contains eighteen well varied essays and we doubt not that it will be as welcome to our readers as it has been to ourselves. There is, however, one discordant note which will cause many a regret. We refer to the disparagement of the work of the English naturalist, the late Richard Jeffries, in the essay entitled "Lovers of Nature." It may surprise Mr. Burroughs to know that to many, the work of that acute observer and gentle, modest, charming English writer is esteemed as highly as his own. It is an evidence of bad taste and judgment, and is, to

say the least, an ungracious and uncalled for detraction of the life and memory of a distinguished co-worker in the same field.

IN THE DOZY HOURS. By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1894. \$1.25.

It was but the other day we enjoyably read Miss Repplier's clever paper, "The Passing of the Essay," in the *Atlantic*, and now we hold in hand the neat volume which contains it and some nineteen other essays under the common title "In the Dozy Hours"—a name, be it remembered, taken from Thackeray, where he says, "Montaigne and Howell's letters are my bedside books. . . . I read them in the dozy hours." Miss Repplier is one of the most pleasing of United States essayists. Her short, crisp and sprightly ventures in this department of literary effort have won for her the esteem of most readers of refinement and taste. Her pages are vivacious and entertaining, a light, graceful style, frequent reference to the opinions of writers, old and new, cheery yet sagacious comment on their views, and apt, yet often humorous, statement of her own, beguile the readers who can never fairly complain that the way is either long or weary. We are always glad of anything from Miss Repplier, and it pleases us, and we venture to hope may not displease her, to apply her own words to her own work "The essay may die, but just now it possesses a lively and encouraging vitality. Whether we regard it as a means of culture or as a field for the 'best business talent' we are fain to remark, in the words of Sancho Panza: 'This youth, considering his weak state, hath left in him an amazing power of speech.'"

HISTORY OF MODERN TIMES: From the Fall of Constantinople to the French Revolution. By Victor Duruy. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1894. \$2.00.

The importance deservedly attached to the comparative study of history is evidenced in the above volume in which Professor Gosvenor, of Amherst College, has given us a revised translation with occasional notes of M. Duruy's book of that name. It is well to travel and observe the habits and customs of other people. It is well also to read history through the eyes of foreign historians and to compare the opinions and conclusions which they have formed with those of our own countrymen who have gone over the same ground. M. Duruy, who died recently, was an industrious and painstaking worker in the historical field. His work on the Middle Ages and on Historical Literature, as well as that now before us, establish his claim as an able writer and thorough investigator. The claim made in the preface "not to include . . . all even of the prominent facts which have been produced from 1453 to 1789, but only to give a rapid sketch of European life in general, and of those momentous events which permit us to trace its progressive march" is well established. The main divisions of the work treat respectively of "Revolution in the Political Order, or definitive ruin of the Political Institution, of the Middle Ages, and a new system of Government;" "Consequences of the Political Revolution, First European Wars (1494-1559);" "Revolution in interests, ideas, and creeds;" "The Catholic Restoration and the Religious Wars. Preponderance of Spain;" "The Ascendency of France under Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. (1610-1715);" "The Eighteenth Century. Greatness of England, Russia and Prussia; Preliminaries of the French Revolution." Clear, concise, yet with graphic and pleasing, in style and treatment M. Duruy has from the standpoint of a fair minded and well informed French scholar well traversed his ground. He has sought not only to detail events and state facts with precision but to indicate the varied influences which contributed to their growth and the principles which were from time to time evolved. In this lucid exposition of one of the most important periods of modern history, the vast development of the British Empire is by no means neglected nor is the progress of events on this continent passed by. Art, Letters, Science receive due recognition. Speaking of the growing influence of letters in the eighteenth century we are told that

"Literature was not, as during the preceding century, confined mainly to the artificial; it had invaded all and claimed to regulate all. The most virile forces of French intellect seem directed toward the pursuit of the public welfare. . . . Three men were at the head of the movement—Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. . . . The influence of these three men was . . . encountered in the three main epochs of the Revolution: that of Voltaire in the universal glow of 1789, that of Montesquieu in the efforts of the constitution- alists of the National Assembly, that of Rousseau in the thought, if not in the acts, of the ferocious dreamers of the convention." Besides a full table of the contents of the volume, there is an index, and a chronological list is given of the Popes, Emperors, and Princes who reigned in the Principal States between 1453 and 1789.

* * *

Literary and Personal.

Publication is announced of a volume of poems entitled "Watchers of Twilight, and other poems" by Mr. Arthur J. Stringer.

Macmillan & Co. have in press a volume of hitherto uncollected papers by the late Walter Pater, to be entitled "Greek Studies."

The second of the series of illustrated articles on "Pleasures of the Telescope" by Garrett P. Serviss, will open *The Popular Science Monthly* for January.

Among the relics shown at the Gibbon Exhibition in London is a list of the historian's books written by himself on the backs of playing cards—probably the earliest card catalogue now in existence.

Mr. Henry Somerset, the son of Lady Henry Somerset, it is said, will devote his spare time while wintering at Boston to completing his book, in which he will describe his recent explorations in the Hudson Bay Territories.

It has been announced from London that Ambassador Bayard has joined a committee formed to purchase Thomas Carlyle's house in Chelsea. Among the other members are: Lords Ripon and Rosebery, Professor Huxley, and Archdeacon Farrar.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, whose "Lover's Lexicon" was one of the most popular books of a year ago, is this year the author of a new work, "Imagination in Dreams." The material is treated much on the lines laid down by the Society for Psychological Research, and the subjects of telepathy and of apparitions is taken up quite fully.

Sir George Grove, the greatest Schubert authority and editor of the "Dictionary of Music," is credited with saying that Dr. Dvorák's article on Schubert, which recently appeared in *The Century Magazine*, is the best thing ever written on that composer. These musical papers in *The Century* are to be continued at intervals during the coming year.

The diary kept by Queen Louisa, of Prussia, the late Emperor William's mother, in 1810, the last year of her life, has just come into the Duke of Cumberland's possession, through the death of a member of his family. The Duke has entrusted it to Mr. Poultney Bigelow, to form material for his History of the German War of Liberation, the first volume of which is to appear next spring.

"Dr. Holmes kept up with the literature of the day until the very last," said Mr. Darnell, in the Old Corner Bookstore, in Boston, the other day. "It was but a little while before he died that he sent down for 'Peter Ibbetson,' and the week before that for 'Trilby,' on September 19, as soon as the book came out." Fond as he was of old literature, the Autocrat liked to read whatever interested the world that he lived in.

Dr. Louis Lewes, author of the volume on "The Woman of Shakespeare," a translation of which has just been published in London by Hodder Brothers, and in New York by G. P. Putnam's Sons, died at Munich on the 11th of November. Dr. Lewes had previously written a work on "The Women of Goethe," which secured a wide appreciation in Germany. At the time of his death he was engaged on a work devoted to "The Women of Byron."

Periodicals.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes occupies some 84 pages of *Lippincott's* for December with her readable story "Mrs. Hallam's Companion." Readers of artistic, sporting or literary tastes will each find something to please in this number. For have they not "Living Pictures at the Louvre," "Shooting Bob White" and many other contributions of varied interest to entertain them?

The *Expository Times* for November is good, if hardly up to the high level of this excellent periodical. Mr. Headlam continues his "Theology of the Epistle to the Romans." We shall be interested in his next contribution on "Righteousness of God." A brief article by Mr. Adamson on Wendt's "Norm of Genuine Christianity" deserves attention. The "Great Text" is 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

The first paper in the *Methodist Magazine* for December deals with Japan, and is by the Rev. John Saunby, M.A. It is descriptive of Missionary work in the Land of the Rising Sun. The editor, in the Tent Life in Palestine Series, conducts the reader from Baalbec to Beyrout. The Rev. Frederick George Scott contributes a simple, yet touching poem entitled "Hymn of Trust." Much other interesting and profitable matter will be found in the December *Methodist*.

That grave and weighty periodical the *Political Science Quarterly* brings us a number of thoughtful articles on questions relating to the science of politics. Professor F. W. Taussig, under the caption "The Tariff of 1894," argues strongly for the study of such subjects by "the best intelligence of the country." Such questions as the income tax, the assimilation of nationalities, the Negro Suffrage in the South, and the new Belgian Constitution are ably discussed in the December number of the *Quarterly* by specialists.

Stephane Mallarme entertains the readers of the *Chap Book* for 15th December with a lively French poem entitled "Les Loisirs de la Poste." Helen Leah Reed calls "The Maxman" the one book of the year. Its enormous sales put the imprint of public approval on this view. "Le Bain," by F. Valloton, contains about as ugly a display of grotesque nudity as we have seen for many a day, and yet this is called art (?) Eugene Field, on the next page rhythmically writes of the day

"When reverently I brooded o'er,
The glories of Boccaccio."

Katherine Bates contributes the story "An Impassable Gulf," and "The Land of the Straddle Bug," is still considered by Hamlin Garland.

Dr. George Stewart, in the December number of the *Canadian Magazine*, gives us as clear and graphic a picture and as just an estimate of the mystic, naturalist and author, Thoreau, as we have seen in the same space. D. McCaig favours us with a stirring poem entitled "Thanksgiving Morn." Mr. James Cleland Hamilton has contributed an able historical paper to this number on "John Brown in Canada." From many sources Mr. Hamilton illustrates and enforces the lessons of the life of the intrepid abolitionist. Mr. Frederick W. Falls' article on "The Thousand Islands" is bright and pleasing, and is charmingly illustrated. Charles Gordon Rogers tells quite cleverly "How I went Duck Hunting" and R. Holmes supplies one of the most fetching illustrated papers we have yet seen in this magazine. Bravo *Canadian*, progress, is our comment—Excelsior, is your aim. May, December '95, see your brave, patriotic venture as far ahead of this, as it surpasses December '93.

Napoleon, and his time, are favourite topics for magazine discussion and we are not surprised to see in the place of honour in *Macmillan's* for December a paper entitled "A Conversation with Napoleon at Elba." It is a republication of a pamphlet which came from the press in March, 1823, nearly two years after Napoleon's death and was written by Lord Ebrington, a British officer. It is a most interesting brochure, but ordinary English readers will have to brush up their French as perhaps a fourth of the article is in that language. The illustrious Talleyrand received

short shrift from His Emperor. "He spoke of Talleyrand as the greatest of rascals, 'un homme capable de tout.'" After enumerating several of his (Talleyrand's) not over-virtuous deeds, Napoleon thus dismissed the subject—"Mais que voulez-vous d'un homme dépourvu de tout principe, de tout honte, enfin d'un prêtre défrôqué, d'un évêque marié et marié avec une putain?" Canon Ainger's "Poetae Mediocres" in this number is good.

* * *
Music and the Drama.

It is intended to give a performance of the "Messiah" every Christmas, and its production the other evening, in the Massey Hall, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, can be considered as a commencement of such a custom. We believe the idea is a good one, and that, if it once becomes associated with Christmas yearly, our people will appreciate it more and more, and look forward to its performance with increasing interest and sympathy. We were unable to be present at its production on the 13th inst., but learn that the choruses were sung with noble body of tone, and with capital swing, and that light and shade were more carefully attended to than usual. The great choruses of Handel so sung are wonderfully effective, with their swaying masses of tone, and intense climaxes. Mr. Mills, the eminent English baritone, achieved a distinct and thoroughly deserved success, and we are glad that arrangements have been made for a return visit of this artist early in January. He will then give a song recital in the Massey Hall, when we hope to be able to speak more analytically of his singing and general style. The other soloists, it appears, did not do themselves justice for some reason or other, consequently not a little disappointment was felt by the audience. The orchestra might have been better also. The amateur element was largely in evidence, and managed to make themselves heard too distinctly, as is usual on these occasions, much to the regret of those who would have it otherwise. But the wishes of the few in this city are not always taken into consideration, especially as regards refined and finished orchestra playing. Ask any great conductor, and he will tell you that one bad player in an orchestra is one too many. In Toronto, where it is difficult to procure a sufficient number of good players to form a large orchestra, we think it would be infinitely better, in every way the matter is looked at, to have a small orchestra of select performers, who would at least give us a pure musical tone, even if it was not a very large one. We venture to say that the soloists would also appreciate such a weeding out, and feel grateful for such a change.

The Galt Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Walter H. Robinson, of this city, is the conductor, gave its first concert of this season on the 11th inst., to a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Robinson has talent for conducting, and, before long, granted the opportunity is afforded him, our people will be bound to recognize it. We notice this in the way the University Glee Club sing under his baton, and we also observe it in his enthusiasm, in the rhythmical steadiness of his beat, and in his manner of interpreting and presenting a composition to the hearer. Besides this, Mr. Robinson is ambitious, and he works.

Miss Eva N. Roblin, our Canadian *prima donna*, has, since her return from Europe, twice visited her native town of Picton, appearing in song recitals before large audiences. On the occasion of her first visit and her exquisite rendition of "The Angels' Serenade" the audience was very enthusiastic. Miss Roblin had left home several years before, a mere child, returning but recently after an interval of study abroad. It is not generally known that a former *prima donna* of Canada, Madame Albani also lived when a child in Prince Edward county, appearing for the first time in public before a Picton audience.

Theodore Thomas' celebrated orchestra of Chicago will give a concert in the Massey Hall in January. We hope the rumour is correct, and that it will materialize. We confess to a feeling of hunger for some fine orchestra music, played by such an organization, and we know there are plenty of others who have the same feeling.

The twelve Fantasy Pieces in three parts of which we have received the first and the last, by Adolf M. Forester the Pittsburgh composer, are well constructed poetic trifles, bearing the titles, "The Evening Star," "Sylvan Spirits," "Evening Bells," "Canon," "The Sea," "Harelequin," "Pretty Marie," "Triumphal March," "Antique," "Prelude," "Mazurka" and "Homage to Rubenstein." The latter work is perhaps the most ambitious of the set, and has been evidently inspired by the No. 10 of Rubinstein's "Kammenoi Ostrow." Mr. Forester is always earnest and sincere, and what he says is always said like a musician and an artist. The "Prelude" and "Mazurka," in part 3, have an especially fine musical and characteristic flavor; the former is dignified and rich in treatment and the latter is graceful and flowing, although quite vigorous in style. The pieces will doubtless find many friends. Kleber & Bro. of Pittsburgh are the publishers.

A. & S. Nordheimer have published a sacred solo for Mezzo Soprano or Alto entitled "Thy Will Be Done," the music by Lawrence Sumerville. The song is full of faults in harmony, and crudities which betray the ambitious and self-conceited amateur. We can see no reason for the publication of such songs; they have no musical merit, and this one has not even the swing about it necessary to catch the ear of the frivolous public. The song should have been looked over by a competent musician before being engraved.

The Toronto Vocal Club announce their first concert for this season in Association Hall on the evening of January 29th. Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist, Miss Maggie Huston, Soprano, and Mr. J. C. Arlidge, Flutist, will assist. The chorus numbers some 50 voices, who are now, we are told, singing admirably.

"Stately Grace" is the dignified title of a pretty little piece for the piano by J. Lewis Browne. It is without octaves, and is, as its title indicates, both stately and graceful. Whaley, Royce & Co. are the publishers.

Charles Scribner's Sons and William Briggs of Toronto, announce publication of a volume of essays by Mr. W. F. Apthorp under the title "Musicians and Music Lovers" which we have just received. These essays are admirably written, and we have thoroughly enjoyed reading them. The writer is well known as a critic of culture and excellent judgment, whose writings are pregnant with ideas which exhibit a wide range of vision, and an analytical insight into the structure and character of the art works he criticises. More than this he shows his keen observation of the idiosyncracies of musical amateurs with their frequently ridiculous, and almost insipid expressions regarding music and musicians. We have this type of music lover in our own midst and can well appreciate what our author says respecting him. To understand and thoroughly enjoy music one must be able to separate it into its component parts, to examine its organic unity, to note its lyric or dramatic expression, and its power of appealing to the intellectual faculties as well as to the heart. Otherwise the enjoyment cannot be intense, neither deep nor lasting. Why then should musical works be condemned by persons totally incapable of passing an opinion of the slightest value concerning them? Music lovers so-called, yet not loving it enough to even acquaint themselves with the various forms of composition, or to fix their minds upon any work sufficiently to enable them to comprehend even a suggestion of its meaning. As Mr. Apthorp says: "When they think they are talking about music, they are often not talking about it at all, but how it makes them feel." "They are too fond of merely hearing music, and have not sufficiently formed the habit of really listening to it. The italics are ours. "A hundred things they say about music, a hundred questions they ask, show plainly enough how utterly they mistake the relative importance of various elements in the art." How true this is, every musician knows. The essays, "Some thoughts on Musical Criticism," "John Sebastian Bach," "Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's Scores" and "Music and Science," the latter closing the volume, are very fine. There are so many excellent things said, that we feel that we should like to quote passages from each, but quotations, being isolated from the subject matter from which they are taken, are

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always more or less unsatisfactory. However, we quote a few lines from "Thoughts on Musical Criticism:" "Upon the whole, it seems to me that the critic should not write for the benefit of the artist, composer or performer; but mainly, or solely, for the benefit of the public. His true position is that of interpreter between the composer, or performer, and the public, and to a certain extent also that of guardian of popular taste. In his writing it is with the public that he has mainly, if not wholly, to do. It is for their benefit that his criticisms should be written, and if he cannot look at music from a higher and more comprehensive standpoint than they, he is no man for his place. He must have finer and more cultivated musical perceptions than his readers, and his highest function should be to let them—as far as he and they are able—listen to music with his ears." We may say that the opinions expressed in the various essays are eminently of value, and are most profitable reading. We hope the book will circulate freely among musical people and musicians, and we think it could very well have a place in every library.

* * * Art Notes.

Miss Hagarty and Miss Cawthra gave an exhibition of their summer's work at their studio in the Yonge Street Arcade last week.

The annual sketch exhibition of the Art Students' League, at their studio, 75 Adelaide Street East, was opened on Monday, Dec. 17th. It is open to the public free, and is well worth seeing. Before this is in print, we hope to have visited it.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has just finished for Mr. John A. Macdonell, of Alexandria, an oil portrait of General Brock, from authentic portraits now in the possession of the Honourable Beverly Robinson, of this city, and Mrs. Henry Tupper, of Guernsey. The face is in profile and the portrait is less than life size. On the frame is a quotation from one of the General's speeches: "By unanimity in our councils and by vigour in our operations, we will teach the enemy this lesson, that a country devoted to the cause of their king and constitution, can never be conquered." The portrait is to form the frontispiece of Mr. D. B. Read's "Life and Times of General Brock," now in press. Mr. Macdonell is a grandnephew of the General's *aide-de-camp* of that name, who fell in the same engagement as did General Brock.

The art gallery at James Bain and Son's has had many visitors during the last week. Mr. Homer Watson's pictures, of which there are nearly thirty, were one of the attractions. We noticed the absence of several we had admired, one small canvas especially, which doubtless means that some one else has been a still greater admirer and is now its possessor. The largest canvas, "A Village under the Hill," is by no means the most pleasing, as it

is rather monotonous in both arrangement and color. "Hauling Boat" was exceedingly good; not so some woodland views, where the color seemed artificial, a vast deal of tawny brown. "Study in the Woods, Winter," was pleasing, as was also "Haymaking near Doon." Among the work by foreign artists are some unusually interesting canvases with some unusually interesting names attached, as Constable, Gainsborough, Copley, Fielding, Daubigny, Neuhuys, and others. To judge by the minute drawing and careful finish, these were never dashed off in a few hours. Take, for example, a water-color, "Lady and Harp": the drawing on the harp, or the tapestry in the background and throughout the whole picture, is very fine. "Incredible," by Professor Spring, is another example of the same microscopic finish, with yet just subordination of detail such as Meissonier and his school delight in. There are many other equally good, perhaps better, examples in both figure and landscape. These pictures have been brought to this country by William Scott & Sons, of Montreal, who are exhibiting them here.

The winter exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was opened on Friday, December 14th, with a goodly attendance of visitors and a fair show of pictures. As Toronto is to have the Academy exhibition some time in the spring, it was thought best to hold this a little earlier than usual so there should be no conflict of interests. As might have been expected, owing partly to the number of individual exhibitions, the walls are not as well covered as usual (though how some of the work *ever* got in will always remain a mystery), but there are many very pleasure-giving, truthful glimpses of nature. Among the water colors Mr. R. F. Gagen's "Under the Birches" is quite worthy the place of honor; it is a pleasant subject well rendered, and in his "Lilacs" he has given masses effectively with little detail. Miss Spurr's "Upland Road" is clear and pleasing; Mr. Jeffries' "Young Orchard" is bright and effective as are his other water colors; Mr. Challener's "Morning after Rain" is simple; Mr. Manly's foliage in 20 is somewhat woolly but 18 has better handling; Mr. Bell-Smith's "View of the Cornwall Coast" is excellent in color and movement. F. H. Bridgen, W. D. Blatchly, M. Matthews, T. H. Wilkinson and others contribute to the water colors; Miss M. Wilkes has a small study of a head. Among the oils Miss Ford's fireside study draws attention; a little boy seated on the floor leaning against his mother, with strong firelight effect on the faces. Mr. Jacobi shews several pictures with figures, brilliant in color. Miss Hillyard has rendered well the pleasing arrangement of color in "Chrysanthemums" and shews much other good work in landscape and flowers. Mr. Bell-Smith's portrait is ahead of anything he has done yet in that line. Mrs. Reid has a delightful corner and it would be difficult to say which is to be preferred, "Wild Azaleas," "Interior of Studio" (a carefully rendered view of a room, you feel is flooded with sunshine) or "Companions" (which shows two boys seated in a field). We mention these three examples of different subjects. Mr. Atkinson is well represented, each canvas a pleasure to look at. Miss Wrinch has a decorative panel which conveys an excellent idea of vibrant air, but it is not satisfactory in the shadows. Of Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles' works, "Caucalaise Fishwives" is perhaps the most important; "Critics" the most pleasing in the alert expression of the figures and the twilight effect. Miss Cawthra has a number of pictures that shew promise, but are marred somewhat by crude color; "Willows by the Riverside" has a good glimpse of water. Miss Hagarty is more impressionistic and has a good effect in "Morning Mistiness." "Kitty," by O. P. Staples, is good; we hope this artist will keep right on with his cats and do for them what Henriette Ronner has done—perhaps more. The composition in Mr. Sherwood's "Reproval" is poor, and background very dark; but the portrait of J. Innes, Esq., is spirited. Mr. J. W. L. Forster shows a portrait; Miss Tully a fancy head called "Zaida;" Miss McConnell's "Grandma" is a little stiff, but has good qualities; Mr. Cantwell's "Hauling to the Dump" is well given in the straining attitude of the horses. Mr. T. Mower Martin's "After the Ball" is certainly a hit as to name; we imagine the attitude of the animal good, but the texture of the fur

not well done. Miss Spurr's "October Glow" has good color, and in O. Leduces "Young Boy Studying" the smallest detail is reproduced with wonderful minuteness and faithfulness, only we regret the lack of emphasis and poor flesh color. Mr. J. T. Rolph is represented, also Mr. Challener, Mr. Verner, Mr. Jarvis in Architectural drawings, Mr. Matthews and others are also well represented.

* * * A Grey County Miracle.

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Public Opinion.

Halifax Chronicle: We adhere to our contention that third parties have so far accomplished little or nothing in bringing about reforms in either Great Britain or the United States. The great reforms that have been secured in Great Britain have been brought about by Reformers bringing their influence and advocacy to bear within the ranks of their respective parties, not by seceding and forming little factions of their own. There are no third parties in Great Britain, unless we dignify the Nationalists of Ireland by that title.

Manitoba Free Press: Although the Liberal party of Canada was as intent on depriving him (Sir John Thompson) of power as it was and is in the case of all upholders of the now burlesqued and discredited N. P., the opinion amongst his opponents was general that the country ought not to lose the active services of a man so able, with personal character so untainted, particularly as his education and trend of mind had made him available for a position in which he would have enjoyed the confidence and support of those who in other matters were unable to extend it.

Montreal Witness: Lord Aberdeen has followed constitutional usage and the plain way of good sense in calling upon Mr. Mackenzie Bowell to form a Cabinet. He might constitutionally enough have called on anyone he chose inside or outside of parliament, Government or Opposition, Independent or indifferent. The British practice is, however, for the sovereign to seek the advice, and, as a rule, take it, of the outgoing premier. In this case he has acted upon the only public indication of what would have been the opinion of the deceased Premier by calling on the man whom the Premier had left to fill his place while he was absent. Whether Mr. Bowell will find himself in a position to carry out the commission entrusted him by the Governor-General is quite another matter.

St. John Globe: Sir John Thompson won much honor for services of a public character in connection with awards in matters of lands in Prince Edward Island arising out of the lands purchase act. This must have been as far back as 1875. Three years later he was counsel for the United States Government before the Fishery Commission at Halifax. In 1887 he was of prime assistance to the British representatives on the Fishery Commission at Washington, and for his services there he was knighted in 1888. His more recent service at the tribunal which sat in Paris in connection with the Behring Sea seal fishery, where Sir John Thompson and Lord Hannen were the British commissioners, will be fresh in the recollection of every reader. It was understood to be the ability which he displayed on that tribunal which gained for him the rank of an English Privy Councillor.

Quebec Chronicle: The people are still talking over the sad event which deprives Canada of her Premier. Sir John Thompson's brilliant career, his rapid advance to the first place in public life, his remarkable attainments, and his sudden death, afford the principal topics of conversation. Throughout the whole land, the sorrow is universal, sincere and genuine. . . . His death greatly shocked the Queen, who, struggling with emotion, heard the dreadful tidings with pain and regret. Sir John had many warm and distinguished friends in England. They are unanimous in their expressions of sympathy and grief, and all of them admit his unquestioned place among the really great men of our age. Had his life been spared, it is impossible to say to what heights he might have attained. The country mourns its loss, and one looks in vain for a successor who can fill precisely the place he occupied. He was not only an able man, a patriot, and a hard worker. He was a genial, kindhearted gentleman, sympathetic in his dealings with his fellow-men, sincere and chivalrous to a degree, and honourable and courteous always.

* * *
Five prizes amounting to \$6,000 have been offered for architectural designs for a museum of Egyptian antiquities at Cairo. Drawings must be submitted before next month. Further information may be had from the United States Consul at Cairo, Frederick C. Penfield.

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An apparatus is on trial in Great Britain which, it is claimed, will abate the sewer gas nuisance in large cities.

It is said that the frigate bird can fly at the rate of 100 miles an hour and live in the air a week at a time without touching a roost.

Powerful yellow and red dyes, suitable for silk, and stable when washed, have been derived from the rare metal ruthenium, by Professor Joly, of the Paris Ecole Normale.

Perhaps that latest application of electric light to heating is in the form of a poultice. This may be raised to any desired temperature by regulating the amount of current.

Instantaneous photography with electric light on shipboard, for war purposes, was made the subject of experiment at Davenport, England, last month. The opinion thus reached is that the idea has merit.

Mechanical stokers for boiler-furnaces on land are getting to be an old story. But a series of papers is now being printed in *The Mechanical World* (London) on the feasibility of using the system on steamships.

Seats composed of steel rings knit together are being tried in some of the carriages of the North British Railway. Cleanliness, elasticity, durability and the quickness with which such seats can be rigged are the virtues claimed for them.

Cobaltic nitrate is found by Dr. Johan Antal, a chemist of Hungary, to be an antidote to prussic acid and cyanide poisoning. First he tried the cobalt on animals, and then, presumably at different times, on forty living persons, who had been accidentally poisoned by prussic acid, and in all cases the results are reported to have been satisfactory.

It is reported that M. Bertillon, the inventor of the anthropometrical system of identification adopted by the Paris police, is endeavouring to revive the use of the picture telegraph. He believes that in rapidly transmitting and disseminating the portraits of suspected anarchists and other criminals, it would be found of very great service.

Dr. Mueller, of Australia, claims that strychnine is a certain antidote to serpent venom. The Indian Government has recently had a series of experiments conducted with a view to test its efficacy. The results thus far have not been entirely satisfactory, but the experiments are to be continued for two years more before a final judgment will be passed.

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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.



FOR THE TEETH
BREATH.
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PRICE 25c
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Miscellaneous.

Russia has produced this year, according to the estimate of the Minister of Agriculture, 272,000,000 bushels of wheat, as compared with 336,000,000 last year. Her rye crop is 792,000,000 bushels, as against 752,000,000 a year ago. The barley yield is 176,000,000 and that of oats 672,000,000. There is no famine in the Czar's empire this year.

A British Protectorate have been formally proclaimed over Uganda, the Union Jack being hoisted at Menco with much ceremony. The borders of Uganda have been extended towards the north-west so as to include a portion of Unyoro. Everything is quiet, and the proclamation of the Protectorate seems to have a pacifying effect on the country.

After careful consideration of the question, the Emperor of Germany and the Berlin War Office have now decided that artificial teeth are to be provided free of charge to the soldiers, on the ground that the troops are better able to render good service with sound grinders than with teeth which either ache or are inadequate to the performance of their work of mastication.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,
18th August, 1894.

To whom it may concern—and that is nearly everybody.—This is to certify that I have used Coutts & Sons' "Acetocura" on myself, my family and hundreds of others during the past fifteen years for headache, toothache, rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, cuts, boils, abscesses, scarlet fever, chills and fever, and also with good success on myself (as I was able) in an attack of yellow fever. I can hardly mention all the ills I have known its almost magical power in curing, such as croup, diarrhoea, biliousness, and even those little but sore pests to many people—corns. The trouble is with patients, they are so fond of applying where the pain is—and not where directed, at the nerve affected. And the trouble with the druggists is that they also want to sell "Something just as good," which very often is worse than useless.

Wishing you every success in your new establishment, and that a more enlightened public may appreciate the blessings of your Acetocura, is the fervent wish of

Yours truly,

CAPT. W. M. SOMERVILLE.

Late of U. S. Engineer Service, and formerly of the Marine Department, Canada.

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

The London *Spectator* notes an interesting racial fact in the following comment: "No body of Englishmen strong enough to resist has ever been able to reconcile itself to live under foreign domination. Either it retreats, as it did from Java, or it upsets the native authority, as it did in Texas. The best proof that Americans are not foreigners is that the British immigration merges itself gently in the population, and is not even, like the Irish and the Germans, a separate voting power."

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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"GREAT IS ACETOCURA."

185 Madison street,

Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

Respectfully yours,
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Husband: Dr. Foot, the chiropodist, will dine with us to day. Wife: All right; I'll order corned beef.

Penelope (freezingly): You do not love me? Ten Broke (convincingly): I worship the very ground that you inherit.

"The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears." "Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."

"Why do you make some of your dump-lings small and others large, Frau Huber?" "Because my husband has been complaining lately of having too little change in his diet."

Briggs: Well, did that dose I told you to take scatter your cold? Briggs: It did, beautifully. When I saw you the cold was only in my throat, and now it is scattered all over me.

She: I would like to have some pleasant surprise for my parents for Christmas; can't you help me to think of something real nice? He: Why, that's very simple. Introduce me as your intended.

Treetop: Now, jes' look at that sign, "Don't blow out the gas." Hayrick: What does it mean? Treetop: They probably want us to call a boy to do it, so they can charge 50 cents more on our bill.

Ada: So Miss Lange said she would be a sister to you? Lawson: Yes. Ada: What did you say to that? Lawson: I told her we would compromise and call it 'aunt,' as I was too young to be her brother.

White Citizen: Well, Jackson, what are you doing for a living now? Colored Citizen: Ain't doin' nothin'; de ole woman takes in washin'. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself to allow your wife to support you by washing?" "Well, boss, my ole woman 'am mighty ignerant an' doan' know how to do nufin else."

"Speaking of miraculous escapes," said Smith, "young Brown was shot full in the chest the other day, and yet was unharmed." "Mother's Bible in his pocket?" said Robinson. "Pack of cards, more likely," remarked Jones. "You are not up to date," said Smith. "The bullet struck him in the chrysanthemum!"

The train robber shot the roof off the baggage car as he spoke. "I'm going to hold you up," he remarked. The express messenger bowed. "How fortunate," he said. "I was ready to sink into the earth when I saw you." Saying which, he withdrew to the woods, while the outlaw discharged seven sticks of dynamite in rapid succession.

Mrs. Billus: John, I'm glad you've come. Here's the prospectus of a paper they're about to start, and I want a little money to help it along. It's called the Coming Woman, and—Mr. Billus: I haven't time now, Maria. Have just got a telegram from Aunt Rachel. She'll be at the station in half an hour with six trunks. The coming woman, Maria, has come, and I'm afraid she has come to stay.

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No. 78 Church St., Toronto,

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By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
Manager.

Toronto, December 13th, 1894.

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