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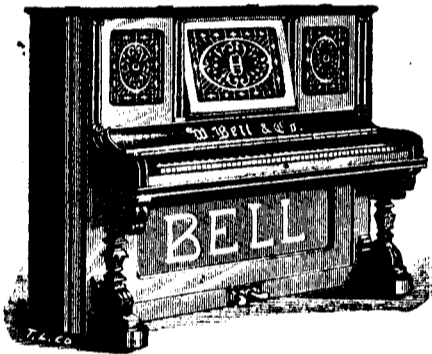
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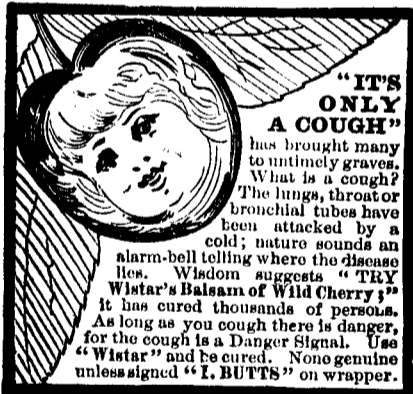
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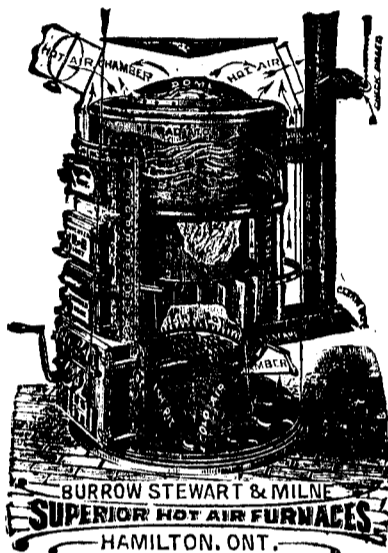
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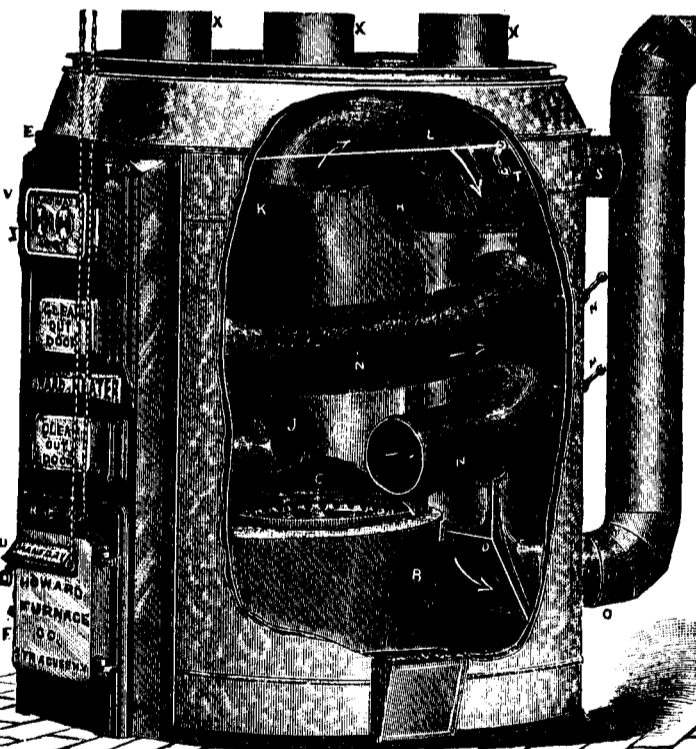
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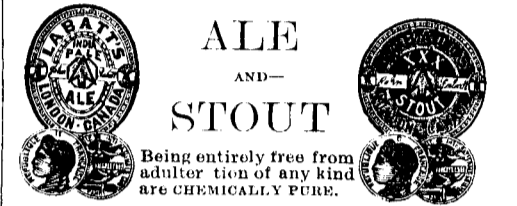
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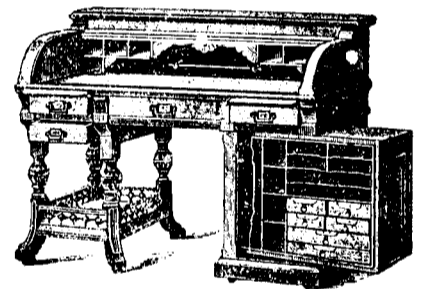
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WE quite agree with Mr. Andrew Lang (in *Longman's Magazine*) that the people who have the greatest reason to complain of Congress having thrown out the Copyright Bill are the Americans themselves. The English author certainly has a grievance. He is prevented from reaping the otherwise possible fruit of his labours. He is deprived of what might be his own property. We are careful to put the matter in this way. It is absurd to speak of robbery and piracy where no real property exists, and it is absurd to speak of property which has not the sanction of law. To the English author, therefore, although there may be a grievance, it can hardly be said that there is an offence. It is different with the American author. "Many of the Americans," says Mr. Lang, "including all the literary class, are not only harmed in their interests, being undersold by our unremunerated labour, but are outraged in their honour." In one respect there are some advantages in the American method. People buy their novels in cheap editions instead of sending to the circulating library for three-volume editions of them. But then this republication of cheap editions of English books of necessity keeps low the price of all books of a popular character, and thus the trade of literature is made a poor one. Whether the American people are of opinion that they have among them very few who ought to be encouraged to devote themselves to literature, we are not competent to decide. Perhaps it would be well if the writing of books could be kept within narrower limits in all coun-

tries. But then the better might be lost and the inferior might flourish. One real grievance of the English author is pointed out by Mr. Lang. In one respect, he says, "the American pirates are really too bad. They not only steal our books, to which we are accustomed, like eels to skinning, but they 'duff' them, as the Australian cattle-robbers say. They alter, compress, expand, to suit their market, or they crib a book from the periodical in which three-fourths of it has appeared, and send it into the world with a forged conclusion." This really is much "too bad."

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, who is now in London, is a man of a fine vein of satire and wit. In conversation with some friend or interviewer the other day he remarked that this was hardly the moment to impress the English people with the blessings of republicanism, when all the republics from Mexico to Patagonia were in a state of explosion. Even an Englishman, he remarked, would probably see the joke in a suggestion of the kind under the circumstances. Certainly the rising in the Argentine Republic (a very large territory, with a very considerable population) is a remarkable event. We all know that a rising which is successful is called in history a revolution, and that one which fails is called a rebellion; and it seems that the latter description must apply to the outbreak at Buenos Ayres. The whole matter, as reported through the telegraph, is at present slightly confused and unintelligible. It seems clear that the *émergée*, after appearing to have succeeded, has suddenly collapsed; but the whole of the reasons for its initiation and its collapse are not yet quite intelligible. In a somewhat similarly nebulous condition lies the whole meaning of the war between Guatemala and San Salvador. It appears that the latter was to be forced into a confederation of the republics in the Mexican peninsula; but there are wheels within wheels, and disaffected citizens of one republic seem to have aided in stirring up the bellicose propensities of the other. Some allowance should perhaps be made for the hot blood of the Latin races; but, at any rate, here as elsewhere we learn that a republic is not of necessity a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

IT is one of the miseries of our party government, that we can never be quite sure whether a speech delivered by an opponent of the ministry expresses the real judgment of the speaker or is only a device to embarrass the party which is in power. This reflection is forced upon us by reading the denunciation by Mr. Gladstone of the mission of General Simmons to the papal court. In the opinion of many sober men, it has been a mistake on the part of the Government of Great Britain, to have had no communication directly with the Roman See. This is a matter which, like most doubtful questions, might be argued plausibly both ways. But the aim of Lord Salisbury's Government in entering into communication with the head of the Latin Church, seemed at least a very reasonable one. Lord Salisbury's Government professes to be sincerely desirous of doing the best possible for the Irish people, and they know perfectly well that, unless they have the Pope on their side, there is little chance of their having the Irish clergy or the Irish people. Mr. Gladstone has not hesitated to appeal to the passions of the Irish peasantry. He has denounced the men, English and Irish, who brought about the union as scoundrels and much besides. This seems quite legitimate to Mr. Gladstone. When, however, his opponents enter into communication with the man who rules Ireland, then Mr. Gladstone declares that "every one regards the matter with misgiving and suspicion, with doubt and indignation, and even with disgust." We have no doubt Mr. Gladstone is very much disgusted at the idea of Lord Salisbury obtaining the influence of the Pope against Home Rule, whereby Mr. Gladstone may be kept out of power; but it is not quite apparent that these are the sentiments of impartial spectators.

THE recent rejection of the compensation clauses by the English Prohibition party has produced a good deal of discussion in the United States. Nothing, we are told, could be more significant of the strength of the temperance sentiment than the "wrath and indignation which meets the

proposal of the British Cabinet to grant great pecuniary advantages to the sellers of intoxicating liquors." This, of course, is arrant nonsense, and we do not for a moment believe that the ordinary educated Englishman feels any indignation on the subject except at the proposal to disestablish the "publicans" without giving them any compensation for the loss which they sustain. According to the *Andover Review*, the licensing of the sale of intoxicating liquors "means protection. It removes competition. It gives liquor sellers a secure trade. It is a virtual monopoly supported or sanctioned by the State." As it stands, this is utterly misleading. The purpose of licensing is to restrict the sale of liquor and to protect the public. The consequence of permitting the sale without any such restriction would be the engaging of a number of persons in the trade who would carry it on in the worst possible manner. By imposing a tax upon the selling of liquor the worst of this class are got rid of; and if the whole of them are not, the fault is not wholly with the nature of the traffic, but in some measure with the very people who wish to restrict or prohibit the sale. If, however, the worst of those who might engage in the liquor traffic are shut out, there is of necessity a certain raising of the character of those who are engaged in it. Of course, too, there is also a certain "protection" for the licensed; but this is a necessary result of the restriction imposed. It is, however, utterly ridiculous to speak of this indirect privilege as being in any way the aim or object of the licensing system. "Politicians will find it less and less to their advantage," we are told, "to count on the support of the liquor interest." Is it possible to write greater nonsense? Politicians may, at one time, have to reckon with the liquor-seller, and at another time with the prohibitionists; and both of them are powerful influences. But the idea of politicians having anything to do with the creation of the publicans is too ridiculous. The whole system, whatever its merits and defects, has arisen out of the public need; and each generation has modified this system according to its requirements and circumstances. Whatever may be done in the future, at least there are two evils ahead which must be avoided. In our zeal for "temperance" we must not be guilty of dishonesty ("robbery for burnt offering"); and in our anxiety to promote sobriety we must beware of introducing a tyranny which will lead to all kinds of deception and evasion of the law.

AT a recent meeting for the distribution of prizes in the English metropolis Mr. Gladstone made some excellent remarks on the education of women which are at least as much needed here as they are in England, and deserve as much attention from ourselves as from those to whom they were originally addressed. Speaking of his connection with the Burlington School, as stretching back nearly sixty years—to the year 1833—Mr. Gladstone remarked on the "enormous difference" between our present methods of education and those which were prevalent half a century ago. Among these differences he places in the forefront the change from a mode of government which, he says, would be better adapted for an army or a prison, to the method which assumes that the education of the mind is best effected through the heart. He next refers to the changes which have taken place during the last sixty years, and to those which are yet likely to take place, in the position of women, legal and otherwise, speaking with perhaps pardonable exaggeration of "the gross injustice, the flagrant injustice, the shameful injustice, to which, in certain particulars, they were subjected." Whilst, however, Mr. Gladstone gratefully recognizes what has already been done, he points out the possible dangers connected with some proposed changes in the future. He declares his belief that anything which attempts or affects to alter fundamentally the relation which the Almighty Himself has established and the design which He has marked out in our constitutions and capacities—to alter that relation, to draw woman essentially out of her own sphere, and to expect her to exchange it for the sphere of man, or to act in both, with the presumption that she can act in both the one or the other with equal efficiency, is a matter which, in his most sanguine anticipations, Mr. Gladstone does not think will succeed. At the same time he rejoices to think that they are relieved from many disabilities under which they formerly suffered, and particularly that the great English

universities are now open to them, so that women can now enjoy the advantages "which were formerly the absolute monopoly of the masculine moiety of the human race"—a very elegant and almost Johnsonian way of putting it. We also rejoice in this, and hope that the ladies will make a good use of it.

THE controversy respecting the origin of the books of the Old Testament has received a considerable stimulus from the publication of the now famous volume entitled "Lux Mundi;" but we refer to it at the present moment on account of the recent wise utterances of the Bishop of Carlisle, delivered during his visitation of his diocese. The Bishop, on the one hand, protests against the introduction of the authority of our Lord as a means of stopping scientific enquiry; and on the other hand he warns us not to be quite sure, all at once, of the validity of the conclusions of criticism. The so-called higher criticism, under the guidance of F. C. Baur, of Tübingen, had got rid of nearly the whole of the New Testament, had pronounced definitely in favour of only four Epistles of St. Paul, and had brought down the first three Gospels to nearly the close of the first century, whilst it had decided that the so-called Gospel of St. John must be assigned to the middle of the second century. It is well known that the present Tübingen school, as represented by its recognized leader, Hilgenfeld, has put back all the four Gospels to a much earlier date. Well, then, says the Bishop in effect, as the hasty conclusions of criticism respecting the New Testament have been greatly modified by subsequent examination of the evidences, the same thing may take place with respect to the Old Testament. Wellhausen, Kuener and the rest of them are honest, earnest men, doing their best to ascertain the truth on this subject; but they are not infallible, and we are not required to say at once whether we accept all their conclusions or not. "He that believeth shall not make haste," and we are in no hurry, because we are quite certain that nothing can take away that solidly laid foundation upon which our faith in Christ and in God reposes. Let us wait patiently and we shall, in time, learn how much we can conserve and how much we must abandon of our old beliefs.

DR. CARLOS MARTYN, belonging to what communion we know not, has written an article in the *Arena*, headed "Churchianity and Christianity," which has received a good deal of attention and will probably obtain a good deal more. "Churchianity," we are told, "is the counterfeit coin of Christendom;" and then follows a great deal more to the same effect. "Christianity is a principle; Churchianity is an institution. Christianity is founded on inward feeling; Churchianity consists in mere profession." This sort of thing will, doubtless, gratify a number of persons who are seeking for weapons which they may turn against the Gospel itself; but this can hardly have been the intention of a D.D. But how does he propose to benefit humanity by speaking of the Church as having renounced the spirit of the religion which it propagates? Does the reverend doctor mean to tell us that the Christian civilization of the world has been accomplished by a disembodied spirit marching through history and leaving its impress behind it, whilst the actual Church of Christ has been doing its best to counteract the influence of this spirit? He must know quite well that this work has been done by the Church—actually by the visible Church, by the men and women who have believed in Christ, who have lived in communion on the basis of that belief, and who have borne witness to their Master and have proclaimed His word. We are quite willing to have the errors of the Church and its defects at any period of its history pointed out and denounced. To show the difference between the real and the ideal is the business of all who love truth and goodness. But this will scarcely be done by the creation of two abstractions. It is the Church which represents Christ and bears witness for Him; and the man who speaks in this lofty manner lays himself under the suspicion of believing that he represents Christianity whilst his neighbours are mainly the representatives of Churchianity. In some parts of his article he gives useful cautions and rebukes which might have been of real value if they had been in a different setting; but the flavour of the whole article indisposes the reader for the enjoyment of even its better morsels.

EVERYONE who has need to employ the aid of domestic servants in this country, or almost every one, has had experience of the difficulty of obtaining the help they needed. Sometimes the work is too hard, or it is too

menial, or the hours are too long, or there are not enough evenings free; the reasons for grumbling are, in fact, innumerable. One lady hired a help, or a "girl," who was to be "maid of all work," and who agreed to be so; but she expressed her surprise and displeasure when she was expected to wash the door-steps; and "at the end of my month, if you please ma'am," was the result. Indeed we are not quite sure that the mistress got either the "please" or the "ma'am." But in these, as in most things, there are degrees of depravity, there are bad and worse; and we have just lighted upon a case which, as the paper in which the story appears remarks, seems to beat the record. It appears that a lady in England had advertised for a nurse, and among other answers to her advertisement there came one from Montreal which deserves to be placed on record. It runs as follows:—

Dear Madam,—I think your place will suit me very well, as I know the advantages of travelling in widening the mind and strengthening the character generally. If I came to you I should require the use of the piano three evenings a week to keep up my music, and on the other three evenings I should wish to go out with a gentleman friend. On Sunday afternoon and evening, when my friends usually come to see me, I should want the use of the dining-room to receive them in. I should not mind taking the children out sometimes when you are especially busy, as I like to oblige, but I could not undertake it regular. Hoping to hear from you, as I am sure we shall suit each other, if the wages are good, I remain, etc.

We sincerely hope that results like these are not to be attributed to our admirable system of elementary education; but there are stories told of the manners of the pupils at our public schools which are not quite pleasant to hear.

THE DETERIORATION IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

IT is rather a shocking thing that the phrase which stands at the head of this article should be gravely written as conveying a truth which is susceptible of easy proof. Yet such is the case. Surely there can be no doubt that education has been greatly extended in England, as elsewhere, and that our educational methods have greatly improved; how should it be then that we have deteriorated socially? This is the question which Mr. Hamilton Aidé set himself to answer in a recent number of the *The New Review*; and we propose to draw attention to some points in his answer.

Mr. Aidé states plainly his opinion that, "when the intellectual and social history of the present day in England comes to be written—a period which has risen to so high a level in science and culture—it will be found to have sunk visibly below the water-mark of any preceding age in one respect. We are, unquestionably, a more vulgar people than we were. Our aims, our conduct, in the great scheme of intercourse with each other have deteriorated—I grieve to write it—as they have not done in any Continental people." With regard to the comparison between English people and foreigners we shall have something to say in the sequel. We shall concern ourselves first with the general indictment.

The writer declares that "this vulgarity is not one which appertains to the surface of things." Our travelling manners, he says, have improved. But he maintains that there is an evident "retrogression from a high standard in matters of yet more importance." Among the causes of the deterioration Mr. Aidé places first that no one is now excluded from "Society" who is "only rich enough to entertain, or notorious enough to form a spot—sometimes a very black one—of attraction in the crowd." In other words, any lion, even if a shady lion, and almost any rich man may claim a place in "good society." Touching the latter, he says, "the only question of importance is whether he means to entertain sumptuously, lavishly; and ultimately, if there should be daughters, whether their portions are on a corresponding scale."

In consequence of these base aims and heterogeneous assemblies, the writer declares that the old idea of society is extinct, the bringing together the most agreeable elements of society. Every one is now in a hurry. He catches a glimpse of his friend in a crowd, and she is going on to four other parties; "and the effort to make oneself heard above a band and the struggle that is going on at the head of the stairs produce a sense of despairing idiocy. How is conversation possible under such circumstances?"

We fancy that the picture here presented will strike many of those who are living in towns and cities on this side of the Atlantic as true to the fact. And this, too, is

good. "Prodigality, not infrequently allied to ostentation, follows as the natural sequence of accepting a monied standard in society. We must vie with our neighbours, or die in the attempt. Who dares invite his friends to a simple English dinner, with dry sherry and sound claret? He must have champagne, and a French cook, or abstain from hospitality. I remember, twenty years ago, when the most refined circle in London met of evenings in a certain drawing-room, where tea and lemonade were the only refreshments. And this would still be the rule abroad. How many dare to act upon it in London now?" Another abomination which he condemns is the "tax levied by conventionality, and most grudgingly paid, in the shape of a wedding present to the merest acquaintance, another flagrant instance in the decay of refinement." Surely this is most true of this country as well as of England. Wedding presents are both a tax and a means of ostentation, a serious departure from "the light of other days," and from the sentiment which these things professedly represent.

And these things are worst of all, the writer observes when they are found in what is called "good" society, the society which gives its time to those below it. This snobishness, "which Thackeray ridiculed so admirably, was supposed to be the attribute of the upper middle class, or those struggling on the confines of gentility"; but now it is found in the "best" society, alas! which is become thoroughly vulgarized.

Another evidence of deterioration is the taste for publicity. It is bad enough that we find it almost impossible to escape from the interviewer; but the interviewer could not live but for the vulgarity of the people, among whom he plies his calling. Two desires animate the ordinary vulgarian, the desire to know what his neighbour is doing, where he dines and whom he receives at dinner, and what the ladies wear at these and other entertainments, and secondly the desire that all the world should know all these things about himself and his household. In these respects Mr. Aidé allows that the "gross outrages on the sanctity of private life," which are perpetrated in New York, could not be tolerated in England. He hopes the day may be far distant when that would be the case, but he adds, "I cannot but regard the increased encouragement of publicity as an evil sign in our present social system."

In one respect the writer thinks society exhibits a more hopeful sign, namely, in the fact that people are not quite so slavishly fettered by public opinion on certain subjects as it was. For example, "ladies are not afraid to be seen in omnibuses, in second, or even third class carriages on the railway; nay, they will openly avow that they go to the least expensive seats at the theatre." Undoubtedly this shows a growth of independence, of real self-respect, and for that reason is to be set down to the credit of the age.

On one point we are not in entire agreement with Mr. Aidé. He assumes that manners have improved superficially, whilst vulgarity has much increased. We do not deny the possibility of such a state of things; but, on the whole, we believe that manners are the expression of the inner man. It is not only that "manners maketh the man;" but manners denote the man; and it is believed that there is now a deterioration of manners, as compared with half a century ago, throughout a great part of the civilized world; and notably in France, which had been regarded as the very school of manners.

As regards the state of things among ourselves, we will not venture to deal with it in the space which is here at our disposal; but we will subjoin some words from the close of Mr. Aidé's article, which are certainly no less needed among ourselves than they are in England. "The desire to appear something that we are not, the effort to emulate those richer than ourselves lies at the root of much evil. The humble virtue of contentment has fallen out of repute, now that all classes are trying to rise, and are instructed that they ought to do so. If by 'rising' were meant that just ambition to distinguish ourselves by conscientious, faithful work during the short span of our life on earth, or even those aspirations for knowledge in the workingman which lighten labour and lift him from a round of sordid care into the treasure-houses of science, or the fairy palaces of poetry, none could doubt that the precept and the impulse alike were calculated to add to human happiness. But the restless dissatisfaction with 'that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us' permeates all classes, and does not tend to this result. [Mr. Aidé is not quite accurately acquainted with his Church catechism; but his own remarks are admirable; and nothing can be truer and better than what he adds.] It produces an iconoclastic socialism in the less wise among

the lower orders, which those who are now its apostles would be the last to preach if they became winners in the great race for wealth. It causes the *parvenu* to endeavour to ignore his origin, and to invent a pedigree. It brings ruin to countless thousands, well-born and well-bred, who live beyond their means, and who, in the vain attempt to keep their poor little barks afloat, are swamped in the waves of debt and dishonour." Who does not wish that it were possible to deny the truth of these allegations?

PARIS LETTER.

M. E. MARBEAU is, perhaps, the highest of living French authorities on African matters. He asserts that, by the possession of the Uganda region, England commands the most splendid strategic position on the Dark Continent. When she pleases to put forth her arm, she can take all Emin's once pashalic; as it is, M. Marbeau recommends his countrymen not to consider the Nile henceforth other than a second Thames or Ganges. Respecting Zanzibar, definitely English also, he says it is the Rome of East Africa, whose Sultan is a veritable Pope, and whose commands and wishes have in that vast, exhaustless rich region, a truly acumenical authority. If this does not prove a *sursum corda* for the shareholders of the East African Company, they will be difficult to please.

Good news for African emigrants. Dr. Jules Rochard, the eminent hygienist, states that man, no matter to what race he may belong, can exist upon every part of the globe, provided he secures subsistence. However, he cannot change climate suddenly, or at will, without undergoing rude trials. It is only after being accustomed to the new conditions—to become acclimatized, in a word—that he is capable of living in the new *milieu*. Not every race is equally fitted to change its *habitat*, or to support emigration. Experience proves that the white Caucasian race possesses the greatest power of expansion.

The Kabyles illustrate this power of the whites. For centuries they have resided in the most torrid zones of Africa. The Bœers of Dutch origin are another striking example. The Jews "wander" wherever there is trade to be transacted, wholly regardless of climate. Of Europeans, the races that best suit transplanting, following Dr. Rochard, are the Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, and the inhabitants of Southern France. He might add the Anglo-Saxon, which in this respect surpasses the Latins. During Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812, they were the soldiers from the above regions, and many creoles that best sustained the rigours of the season, bearing up against the cold better than the Germans, the Dutch, and even the Russians themselves, the same men resisting better the cold and the heat. The fact is true, and is attributed to their being exposed to great annual variations of temperature—the difference at Madrid alone including a range of 104 degrees Fah. Hence, the importance of these remarks for emigrants or colonial soldiery.

The King of the Belgians is at the present moment the observed of all observers. Leopold II. is still active, though in his fifty-fifth year, and despite a crippled leg. He has been a respectable globe-trotter in his salad days, and has quite a passion for geographical exploration. Consequently, he and the great explorer Stanley had only to meet to become instantly bosom friends. He looks every inch a king, and were he not destined for that profession, which he has exercised for a quarter of a century, he would have distinguished himself as an engineer. His royal residence is a combination of workshop and office, rather than a palace. The latter, at Laeken, was recently all but burnt down; the king is now occupied reconstructing it, out of his own pocket, too, and after his own plans.

At Ostend, where the royal family spends the summer, the king occupies a frame house, a present from Queen Victoria, which had only to be pieced together, and that was done under the personal superintendence of his majesty. Out of a sandy and desolate site he has made a magnificent park and grounds. Modern Ostend is the out-put of his personal talent, where the taste of a La Nôtre is combined with the skill of an Alphand. Nor do his leanings clash with his official duties. Belgium, or "Little Britain," as his realm is familiarly called, esteems him. He reigns, but does not govern. Ruling the most populous country in the world, a profound student of the capital and labour problem, he quickly discerned the importance of an out-put of a colony for Belgium. He backed Stanley, and Stanley discovered for him a new realm of more than one million of square miles in area five times larger than France, with a population of twenty-seven millions of inhabitants.

This region has at present an annual trade, represented for exports and imports by a total of 16,000,000 frs., and administered for one-eighth of that sum. When the 260 miles of railway connecting the Upper and Lower Congo shall have been executed, the revenue of the Free State must prove handsome.

Only Belgium, England and Germany have put money into the speculation. The king himself has invested more than the moiety of his personal fortune. Naturally he does not wish to lose that, still less to check the development of the undertaking. Hence his desire to hand the State over to his subjects, to have them make it their colony, and vote the money—not to recoup his majesty's outlay that can wait as a mortgage—but to open up rapidly the enterprise,

which is already "a going concern." In case the king declined to finance the Congo State, the right to purchase it was reserved to France. But as Germany's possessions now touch Belgian Congo, she will likely "claim to be a bidder," should Belgium, in the course of ten years, desire to part with her interest.

National holiday, or holidays—for the 13th, Sunday, as well as the 14th, was kept—were unusually animated and brilliant. Last year the country was distracted by Boulangism, and topsy-turveyed a little by the Exhibition. The weather was delicious, partaking neither of deluge, frost, nor furnace. The city never looked more cheery from the immense display of tricolor, all mostly new. Flagging is superseding private illuminations; the latter are left to the governmental edifices, the offices of public companies, and the large commercial marts. The people seemed to be in rare good spirits, and there was plenty of fun and no roughing.

This fourteenth of July was also the *fête* of the Centennial of the Federation; then it was good form for all who could be present at the Champ de Mars—just reclaimed from a morass—to witness the royal family and the federates, headed by Lafayette, swearing fidelity to the new constitution. At the "altar of the country" high mass was celebrated by Talleyrand, then in holy orders as bishop of Autun. This *fête* was expected to be the *ouverture* of a millennium; but it "had no morrow." In honour of that event a cantata named "Fédérale" was composed and executed on Sunday last, in a court yard of the Louvre, after which the chorists and crowd marched to the Machinery Hall of the ex-Exhibition, where, before an improvised "altar of the country" the "Fédérale" was re-executed. About 60,000 spectators were present, and the building proved to possess capital acoustic qualities. The "Marseillaise" was sung by the united throats with a magical effect, demonstrating that if the French have neither harmony nor melody in their singing they make up for it in tragic traits. The military review at Longchamps was most satisfactory, and the troops displayed marked efficiency. To the surprise of everyone the police wore their winter trousers; twice this year owing to the return of winter they had to abandon their white pantaloons, which became black as midnight from rain streaming thereon through their black coats.

The latest *jeu d'esprit*—Son-in-law, whose mother-in-law is being cremated, to stoker at furnace door: "Mind, well done, and I promise you a good tip." Z.

A MARRIAGE SONG.

Two have joined their hands, and said
Words forever binding,
Cynic sneers at wedded bliss
Bring no fears; the treasure is
Hidden past their finding.

What though other loves have proved
Hollow and deceiving?
Angels fell, yet angels stand;
Love as well may still command
Uttermost believing.

What if in a world of care,
Many griefs await them?
Sorrows borne with will resigned,
Hearts that mourn more closely bind
If love consecrate them.

Two have joined their hands, and said
Words forever binding.
Depth nor height of wedded bliss,
If aught they seek it, is
Hidden past their finding.

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

COMIC ART.

THE question, "Have we a Canadian literature?" is so often asked that it has almost become slang. Let us put another question to which an answer will probably be given in the affirmative. Art, we know, though one and indivisible, is distinguished in its phases by many adjectives. "Has Canada Comic Art?"

An itch for humorous representation seems inherent in the human race. Comic delineation is coeval with the capacity of producing any outline of objects at all. It may be comic either by intention or unintentionally. The first efforts of the schoolboy with his slate and pencil are unintentional caricatures, often so comic that they cannot be gravely looked at even by the men who never laugh—the *agelastoi*. Similarly the figures in the Bayeux tapestry, in very rudimentary outline, are amusing, although they are accepted as soberly historic. Designs by savages on painted rocks offer examples of unintentional caricature. The immense majority of mankind, civilized and savage, never get beyond the unintentional.

Intentional comicalities of the brush can be traced in an unbroken chain from the earliest time. An excellent work on the subject, with illustrations (Virtue Bros., London), was published by Thomas Wright, F.S.A., about twenty-five years since. I am not acquainted with the arts of the perished Asian empires, yet think it likely that *facetiae* may be, or may already have been, discovered among their recently found treasures. Notwithstanding the sombre tone of Egyptian design, many sly bits of pic-

torial humour peep out, for instance, on the tombs of Thebes. Greece had a comic drama and, it is a fair inference, had comic pictorial. In Rome it flourished—witness the wall sketches made by street loafers in Pompeii and now in museums. Through the long stretch of the middle ages illuminators indulged their taste for the humorous on the margins of their breviaries. The Moslemah, being forbidden figure-drawing, have no pencil caricature, but from the pleasure they exhibit in acted lampoons have evidently a taste that sets that way. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, caricature established itself in France and Holland, where De Hooghe made a name, and thence overflowed into England, where it took root. In the time of the Georges in England, printsellers were its patrons and it flourished largely, pictured libels being greatly used as political weapons. Hogarth could not be properly called a caricaturist, although his realistic studies of a life he knew well became, when viewed from the standpoint of to-day, caricatures more or less delicate. The chain since then has had for notable links Gilbray who lampooned poor old George III. so unmercifully; Rowlandson, who did not go quite so far as Gilbray; the two Cruickshanks, Isaac, the father, whose crayon was less malicious than his predecessors, and George, the son, to whom so many legitimate caricatures, each covering a moral, are due; Gavarni, of the *Charivari*, in France; the London *Punch* artists, Doyle, H. B. Leech, Millais, when in a happy vein; Nast, of the U. S., and currently Bengough, of Canada, artist of *Grip*, who is inferior to none of those named.

The degrees of Comic Art are the realistic, where incidents having a humorous element are portrayed as they are, as in Dutch interiors: the grotesque, which is oftener found in sculpture than in painting, and in which the lines are drawn to convey an impression abnormal from the copy; the burlesque, where accessories are added to heighten the effect; and the merely exaggerated, which, idealised and kept within bounds, is true caricature. Shades of difference grow out of a mixture of these styles.

Caricature proper demands a perfect face likeness, with a knowledge of the whole range, and no more, of expression of which that face is capable. A happy estimate of what exact degree of suppleness the figure will bear, is equally needed. The caricaturist must have in his mind, not only his model's physique, but a clear perception of what characteristic peculiarities and temperament will lead that physique to do under any supposed circumstances. He must know not to overdo, else he would trench on the burlesque and fail in intended effect, or even become grotesque. This surely requires high qualification in the artist. Even finer perception is demanded where personal likeness is not aimed at but some familiar type is to be idealised. In this the artists of *Punch* have always excelled. With such skill have they worked up their delineations, that even the outline of a back will indicate unmistakably the class to which the full face would certainly belong, and this quite apart from costume. Let any amateur submit his abilities to this test and it is to be feared that his unfilled diagram would be but a sorry basis on which to construct a life history. Artists alone can appreciate how much expression there is in figure, and how near the connection between the lines of physical construction and the moral and physical capabilities.

So far I have spoken of arts, but what shall be said of the pictorial pabulum supplied by the news and advertising press, and daily spread in counting houses and homes? Simply that most of it is emetic. Day by day our party paper comes blurred and blotted with barbaric scrawls, supposed by the publishers to be suited to our taste. Admit that within the past two or three years there has been a visible improvement in this respect in some of the newer papers, many older sheets offer abhorrent sketches imagined to be funny. That subscriber of their's must have an inchoate mind who takes pleasure in finding among his reading matter the oft repeated pictorial *motif* of a negro and a mule. One cannot be but struck with the similarity of these crude designs to the wall sketches of 2,000 years or more ago. Among the minor of these abominations are fancy views of patients "before" and "after." These are only comic in so far as they provoke a cynical smile that any human being above the grade of an idiot can be misled by anything so barefaced. Deformities on crutches and distorted limbs sicken the eyes on every page. Business cuts, avowedly comic sometimes, show a touch of the amusing. Not so when articles of trade, such as umbrellas and saucepans, are built into figures more or less hideous. I surmise that most of these figure-cuts came from the United States, where an appreciation of the graceful is not yet born. A business pictorial may, however, be a work of art. Pears' soap evolves such. Art is humble. It has not—or, rather, it ought not to have—any sense of being demeaned by representing the industries, for royal academicians decorate ceilings and Benvenuto Cellini did sculptures on mustard pots. One branch of illustrated advertising that is becoming painfully common is irresistibly comic, namely, publishing the portraits of the vendors. What the vulgar call the "cheek" of forcing physiognomies week after week on the public is the comic element. Formerly portraits could readily be recalled to the mind, your Luthers and Bonapartes, Shakespeares and Doctor Johnsons, Dukes of Wellington and Marquises of Granby. Now unbeautiful business faces come between us and the features of our Bismarcks and Beaconsfields and John A. Macdonalds, our Tennysons and Brownings and Longfellows, till we fail to remember which is the mousetrap man and which is the

celebrity. Is it not time respectable sheets should refuse to admit any but artistic cuts? While they continue to issue such fearful documents, we cannot wonder that foreigners maintain we have no art, comic or otherwise.

The difference between the legitimately comic and the laughable is the difference between broad farce and wit. Absurdity may excite a vulgar guffaw from the groundlings but is immeasurably below the aim of art. This distinction seems to be unknown to some public caterers. Such crass pictorial crudities as they offer are outside of the question and do not deserve to be considered in estimating Canadian comic art.

Caricature, or comic art proper, lends valuable points to the physiologist as well as to the psychologist. Our feverish civilization has evolved new facial expressions. Students of coins and of statuary must have noticed the graver expression of the faces of old, the greater likeness to the old gods, and the less to the fox. A series of portrait caricatures to date, from the time of the inscrutable countenances of the Memnon type, would indubitably show how the quickening of the wits has made changes in physiognomy. Lavater a hundred years since published his essays on faces, and, if he did not establish a system, he at least left matter for thoughtful enquiry. His portraits were almost all taken from German heads, with labels affixed to show that certain casts of visage characterize certain inner qualities. In none of them do we find the nervous shrewdness of the New England peddler nor the rattlesnake eye of the speculator and "boodler." These came in with the age of electricity. As above said, a continuous series of cotemporary caricatures would show progressive change in like manner as an Antinous is developed from the diagram of a frog, and *vice versa*. Future Canadians will have impressed on them by the pencils of our comic artists, the personality of Sir John A. Macdonald, and the men of to-day more vividly than could be done by the pens of historians. The man who is well caricatured may make himself easy about his place in history. Posterity will be familiarly acquainted with his person and habits as he lived.

To return to our question: "Has Canada a comic art worthy of the name?" It might be invidious to particularise artists and periodicals whose mission it is to supply the demand for caricature. Suffice that a call for it exists and exerts an influence. The political, and even social, effects of pictorial hits are not to be ignored. It may be asked is this power, this art, a good and legitimate power? When exercised for good I, for one, think it is. Free from all prejudice in our own favour, miscalled "patriotic," the conclusion must be come to, that Canada does possess a comic art, its best examples not below the English standard, more artistic on an average and in better drawing than the American, less stager than the French and more perspicuous than the German. A test is easily made, the qualities sought are quick perception of points, self-control in the artist to restrain over-exaggeration, ease of treatment as distinct from mere smartness, absence of vulgarity a modicum of grace and a cultured hand. Lay the work of a known Canadian artist, or artists, alongside of the cartoons in last week's *Punch*, and if we find the designs are equal in the qualities sought, then the question is answered affirmatively, "True comic art has an existence in Canada."

An injurious piece of advice is frequently given to Canadian *litterateurs*, to limit their authorship to Canadian themes. This, if acted on, would be to cramp the flight of thought. With illustrative artists localism, on the contrary, is the essence of success. The more our comic pencils picture the Canada of to-day with its physiognomies, incidents, virtues and foibles, the more their illustrations will please in the present and be historic material in the future.

HUNTER DUVAR.

A MODERN MYSTIC—V.

WHEN we met the next day, Helpsam said: "Let us go and take afternoon tea with Madame Lalage. She told me last night if I could bring you she would have a few literary people to meet you."

"I prefer," said McKnom, "talking in the open air, but as Mrs. Lalage no doubt means it kindly, we must, I suppose, accept her invitation."

We found Madame Lalage in her drawing-room; the dainty tea service set out on a pretty table of the time of Voltaire, and, seated on divans and on chairs, some of the leading literary men and women of Ottawa. There were Lampman and Waters, Hale with Gunhilda and two other ladies.

"So Mr. McKnom," began Madame Lalage, who is a Canadian Madame Dacier, "I learn from Mr. Helpsam that you have been attacking my friends the Sophists. You seem to have taken the calumnies of Plato and Aristotle for gospel, the Sophists were very useful and respectable people I assure you. Oh, you must not shake your head. They were the journalists and literary men of the fifth century, B.C. In the following century they gave place to Specialists, Rhetoricians, Logicians, Moralists, but they did a great work in their day. The mistake Socrates and Plato made was in regarding them as the cause of the flippancy, levity, heartless cleverness, scepticism which weighed on their hearts; they were the outcome of the democracy which I am told you denounce with all Plato's horror; you surely do not take as evidence the satire of Aristophanes?"

McKnom: "You acknowledge they were sceptical and this was baneful in teachers of youth."

Madame Lalage: "I know this, that Macaulay hardly exaggerates, when, in his youthful essay, he dilates on all we owe Athens—the Athens he has in his mind was shaped by the Sophists—the foundations laid on which Alexandria and Athens rose to be centres of learning. These men wandered from place to place teaching, and were sometimes greatly honoured. Would this have been possible did they corrupt the youth? I grant you they were unsound in faith, but was not this unsoundness a measure of their advance?"

McKnom: "I do not attach so much importance to that as you think. You are, my dear lady, judging me by the reports made to you by my friend Mr. Helpsam. With them, however, man was the measure of everything. They had no base for morals external to themselves—in a word, no immutable base at all. It is a very curious thing that the answer given by God when he spoke to Moses and told him to say, 'I am,' had sent him, would agree with the Platonic philosophy. Plato uses *being* as opposed to what is created, and 'I am' is clearly used in that sense. None of us can say 'I am,' because we are not the same for two consecutive minutes. Many persons reading superficially think that the phrase, 'God is truth,' means merely that He cannot lie. It has a far profounder meaning and in fact when our Lord says, 'I am the way, the truth and the life,' and again, 'Before Abraham was I am,' He is talking language Plato would have understood, and claiming to be God-being, as opposed to whatever is created. Aristotle uses the Greek words, *onta, einai, esti*, to express 'being' as the highest abstract notion which is reached by a supreme analysis of our mental conceptions. With Plato on the other hand it means abiding, real, absolute being, opposed to *ta gignomena*, things created, and therefore which may be destroyed. The doctrine of Goethe that nothing is, but all things are *becoming*, is, as we might expect, entirely opposed to Platonism, which holds that in the world of sense and in the moral world, beneath ever varying phenomena are fixed and immutable facts, arrangements, laws; that these are the work of a Creator, expressions of His will, existing independently of man, greater than the conceptions we form of them, above even our conceptions, objective and not subjective; that these are *ideai*, not ideas in the usual acceptation, but forms plastic and eternal, determining the forms, combinations, plans, modes, outlines into which all created things are cast, that as all things are modelled on these—and these the work of a supreme mind—there must be throughout all creation a unity of design, and is not this what the professors of physical science demonstrate in the material world?"

"Well," said Mr. Hale, "If there are these unalterable laws of nature, do they not exclude a Providence, in which, however, Plato with great inconsistency believed?"

"I do not agree with you there," said Helpsam, "for those laws imply not merely one or several remote acts of creation, but creative energy constantly put forth. It is in the highest degree improbable that God should put forth creative energy at one period and then cease. If space is infinite then there must be regions beyond the power of any contrivances of finite creatures to explore, and every day in remote and, for man, unsurveyed spaces there may be—nay, certainly are—scenes of new creation."

"A profound thought," said McKnom, "which I confess I never met and which never struck me before."

"And," added Helpsam, "as in our works—take for instance an eight-day clock, and a three-hundred-and-sixty-five-day clock could be made—there is need of the intervention of mind to keep them going; so it may be with what we call the laws of nature."

"This is all very profound," said Miss ———, "but would not Mr. McKnom give us his views on Platonic love?"

That gentleman looked at the young lady sideways with a smile half of pity, half of reproof, and said: "Plato never married. How would the young lady like love not leading thither?"

"O, well, my dear," said Madame Lalage, "we have soared into regions above such small considerations. You might as well talk of a lover's sigh in a cyclone."

"No, no, dear Madame," replied McKnom, "if the question is asked seriously it is in point—genuine love has its idea—its form, its model in the nature of God, who is the root of all goodness and all wisdom, but He who made the affections placed the intellect, what Plato calls *nous*, above them. Man is a constitution which can only work happily and harmoniously when lordly reason is supreme over its other parts—affections, feelings, passions. But in order that the intellect may do its work, it must be enlightened. The enlightenment of the intellect is the measure of the justness of conscience. Have you ever noticed the remarkable words of our Lord, 'This is life eternal.' What? To love God? No. To fear God? No. To love your neighbour? No. But 'to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent.' From a true knowledge of God the others come."

He paused and sipped his tea and one of the young ladies murmured a line from her favourite poet,

We needs must love the highest when we see it.

"You see, my dear friends," continued McKnom, "when you have these objective realities there is something in which the mind can anchor; you have a fulcrum on which to get a leverage; you have influences which mould, elevate, instruct, beautify, ennoble mind and character, as the placid lake reflects all the beauty of form and tint of overarching sky and shelving shore and shimmering tree top; as the air, the rain, the sun, com-

binning with the laws of its nature mould the plant and flowers. The power to be beautiful is in the seed of the rose, but without the earth, the air, the rain, the sun, it is only a little grain, and so man has in him possibilities of infinite nobleness, goodness, greatness, heroism, but without a knowledge of the truth all lies dormant—sometimes languishes to death."

McKnom had finished his tea and one of the young ladies, taking his cup, said, "Shall I give you another?" The face of the sage lighted up with a smile in answer to hers, and he said, "Yes, thank you; like Doctor Johnson, I am fond of tea."

"Well," said Madame Lalage, "every Saturday we take tea here and sometimes counsel, and so far we are like the majesty of Pope's verse, and we shall always be glad to see you, Mr. McKnom."

"Pope," said McKnom, with some contempt, "a good epigrammatist but a bad philosopher—in fact a Sophist, flippant, plausible, superficial, ingenious, sceptical. Whatever is, is not best, because in the moral world by its very nature moral beings can make things good, better, best, or bad, worse, worst. Without unity man's mind is a higgledy-piggledy, which Doctor Johnson defined to be 'a conglomerated mass of heterogeneous matter.' Around him are sights and scenes, which become a spiritual burden where there is the least earnestness; above him heights he cannot reach, mysteries which return no answer to his questionings, a monotony of change, an awful and boundless gloom. With unity in the mind, unity in the object it contemplates, all is order in phenomena, and his nature will call for whatever is harmonious for the eye, the ear, the touch, the affections, the intellect. He will want a government that will secure liberty and order; love based on beauty, affection, esteem; friendship, strong, trustful, noble; society refined, intellectual, free from envies and scandals; property acquired without over-reaching, and maintained by thrift and honest dealing. Power will be sought for the means of doing good and prized only for that. All this is possible only by having a permanent object of contemplation and affection, an object infinitely good and powerful. To seek such an object is a law of the mind, and this is the reason why in all ages men have sought for an infallible authority. The Egyptians—and they were a wise and great people when Greece was sunk in barbarism—gave their priesthood authority to deal with every action of men's lives, from the diet of the king to the scales of the musician. Greek philosophy sought such authority in tradition, the testimony of the wise, the voice of mankind; and the adherents of the Church of Rome have an infallible Pope and a multitude of directors. The infallibility is necessary, but it can be found only in God."

It was drawing towards six o'clock, when who should come in but an eminent Cabinet Minister and one of the A.D.C's.

"Now," said Helpsam, "let us have the application of Platonism to Canadian political life."

"Suppose," said Madame Lalage, addressing the A. D. C., "you suggest to His Excellency to make a convivium at which Sir John, Mr. Blake, Sir John Thompson and Mr. Laurier shall be present, and let us have a Platonic discussion on the art of governments."

The A. D. C. laughed as we all did, as though the idea was ludicrous.

"That," said one of the party, "must probably be deferred to next session. Why should Madame not make one or two *noctes canaque derum* herself?"

"Then," answered Madame, "will you all sup with me on Sunday evening?"

All agreed and we took our leave.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE.

STRANDED for an afternoon in this place, the idea arises of whiling away the gap between trains by faithfully transcribing the surroundings. St. Vincent de Paul, the locality in question, is a very small place, very French, and very hard to get at. Its chief inhabitants consist of 338 linen-garbed convicts, under the wing of a fortress-like penitentiary, back of which, in a rich, verdant champaign, stretches a beautiful farm, on which some of them are working in gangs—not very hard. After entering the cool stone portals, disposing of some business with one of the unfortunates behind wickets, and having a word with the warden, the problem of the day began, to wit, what to do with myself. I strayed down the hill past the few sleepy sunny-white cottages on the street along the prison-wall, where I lit upon the hotel at the corner, on whose gallery I write. It is a large hostelry; the gallery is most attractive and rustic, in parts latticed with green, and there is much of fresh colours of paint about it, and a shrub in a green box at the end. It has an ample yard behind, with many large white sheds and stables.

A wedding-party have taken possession of the inner rooms, and there is piano playing and reasonably tuneful singing, very pleasant to hear. All the party have just had ginger-ale sent up to them. A glance shows the men sitting with white vests and their coats off. In a few minutes they are dancing lively, old-fashioned steps to the music of "Munny Musk," and other obsolete strains. All, at length, will have supper down stairs, and the wives will take their husbands aside and grumble over the bill.

This hotel has not only the point of vantage on the corner, but is near the church, which stands just by on the top of the hill, whence its fine masonry front and tin-clad

spires catch the eye far up and down the river and across the country. The road falls towards us in front of the church. A cart comes down it in a cloud of dust. The air is glaring unbearably bright and hot, except this gallery and perhaps some spot away up in the swaying branches of the tall trees opposite, which fill the grounds of the grand house. The grand house has not very ample grounds, but they are very grand. Its stone fence posts confronting it would be fine were they not a little small. They are sculptured in an elaborate *renaissance* design, and each bears near the top a grotesque head, all amusing and different. The iron fence rails are tipped with gilt spear-heads and painted green. A pretty white fence with a green stripe borders each side. Red flower-boxes on white stands border the centre path; one bears a cactus, the rest syringas. A fountain, with basins and nymph, is playing before the door. The grand house itself is white stuccoed, with light brown doors and facings, and green blinds, a purplish-blue roof and a conservatory. If you put these details together, you get the impression of a certain Southern elegance. These are only some of its beauties, for are there not whited stones in the grass and a stone sidewalk in front, and iron plates across the paved street-gutter, and many other appurtenances elaborately artificial? The hand of Madame is in this. Pity 'tis the paths should be so scrimped and the trees so crowded together. Within, no doubt, there is plenty, and ease, and luxury even, for what life has more of *otium* than a wealthy country seigneur's?

I am reminded of what my elders tell me of Sabrevois de Bleury, the last of his name, who dwelt here fifty years ago on his fine demesne of 400 acres, with his coat of arms over the gates. They tell of him, that as he drove in every morning the fifteen miles to Montreal, he made it a strict point to rise in his seat and make a stately bow to every passer-by. Somebody asked him why he took all that trouble. "Ah," he said, "because it is an old custom. We must not allow it to die."

On the next lot is the nunnery, with its three green-blinded stories, its gray-white walls, shaded by plume-like elm trees, its galleries, and its great tin roof and belfry. Thence the nuns issue at sunset and sing an "Ave Maria," walking up and down with their pupils in seemly procession in the garden, and *mon vieux* and *ma vieille*, on their door-steps, will say, "How beautiful!" Behind all is the blue, glittering river.

Two boys of the place are going down the street—dark fellows, coatless, bold of look, and given up to idleness. I hear the careless, merry prattle of children from every side.

A stroll reveals some oddities in the way of architecture. The next house to the hotel has boldly built its upper gallery over the sidewalk, the under posts forming an arcade for the passers by. A few dwellings further on is one of the stout, solid, old sort, with a sculptured statuette-niche over the door. A short distance then brings us to the end of the little village, and the foot of a curious wayside cross opens up a broader view of the blue river.

Is this photograph uninteresting?

ALCHEMIST.

TO A WOMAN'S TEAR.

A WOMAN'S tear of joy! Oh who shall sing
Its beauty, rilling from the liquid eye,
Through the long lashes, with the murmuring
Of waters swollen by an autumn sky
Into the reedy margin of a stream?
The envy of the parching fiends in hell,
Earth's miracle, pearl of the poet's dream,
A matchless crystal from the limpid well
Of life eternal, brighter than the dew,
More worth than waters in the wilderness;
Emblem of all in womankind that's true,
The offspring of an overflowing bliss
That angels welcome with a glad surprise
And only woman's God can analyse.

Toronto.

J. K. PAUW.

PERIWIGS.

"NOVEMBER 2ND, 1663.—Up and by coach to White Hall. I heard the Duke say that he was going to wear a perriwig; they say the King also will. I never till this day observed that the King is mighty gray."

It is almost superfluous to remark that the above passage is extracted from the diary of Samuel Pepys, Esquire, F.R.S., and it may, perhaps, be unnecessary to mention that a few days afterwards this careful chronicler of small beer records his own appearance in a "perriwig," probably out of the fashionable conviction that imitation is the best form of flattery. From this episode it would seem that the wearing of wigs by gentlemen, though of older usage in France, did not become a general custom in England until after the Restoration, a fact amply corroborated by other excellent testimony; nevertheless, instances of other kinds of false head-coverings are previously recorded.

It will not be disputed that women wore false hair long before men attempted anything of the kind. The ancient Roman ladies—by which is meant ladies of the ancient Roman times merely—on the appearance of baldness (*horribile dictu*) wore wigs made of hair, that was glued upon goat-skin and then dyed or painted in the natural colours. Does not Horace refer to a *calicendrum*? A literary critic recently declared that no one had ever seen a thoroughly bald woman. "It is only men," he writes, "that are thus depilated. Old women, or others,

through special causes of disease, may come to very sparse hairs; but to a whole denudation they never come. God meant the hair to be woman's crown, and He will not allow her to be uncrowned. A bald man may be made to look like a monkey; but a bald woman would have the aspect of the devil."

All of which, being very chivalric, we devoutly wish may be true; but from certain transit-of-Venus-like observations, made on rare occasions, we beg leave to maintain an opinion to the contrary, believing many women have, as well as many queens, lost their crowns entirely and irrevocably. When occasion demands—but hold! the very term occasion calls to memory that speech of Ponocrates in the "Life of Gargantua," which declares, "Occasion hath all her hair on her forehead; when she is past, you may not recall her; she hath no tuft whereby you can lay hold on her, for she is bald in the hinder part of her head, and never returneth again." To take time by the forelock is, therefore, another phrase for seizing the front curl of occasion. "Let us return to our wethers." The fickle and frivolous nature of France no doubt soon forgave the assumption of false crowns by the reigning queens of natural creation; but in slow and sober England the wearing of wigs and false hair by women occasioned much objection on all sides and caused satirical ballad-mongers and caustic Puritans to vent their indignant protests against such un-English innovations. The departure from custom was considered far more criminal than the departure of hair. A writer of the sixteenth century, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, compares the fashions then prevalent with those of some unspecified good old days gone by, when

A tub or pail of water clear
Stood us instead of glass,

and when there were happily (according to the writer's thought) no "busks, perriwigs, or masks."

In the golden age of Good Queen Bess there also existed much national prejudice against the wearing of false hair and the dyeing of natural locks. "A woman's glory is her hair," said the all-wise Solomon, who (by the way) must have been surrounded by a blaze of glory; but the Englishman drew the line at second-hand, or to be more correct, second-hand glory. How could the gallant lover pen a sonnet to his mistress' thousand lengths of gold when he knew well enough they were not of her own growing? The fervour of his passionate poesy could not be composed in eulogizing those cunning curls that should by right be lying with their original owner "under the ground in a coffin bound." It might be done with an effort, perhaps, but it would be as repulsive as the bishop's laying on of hands upon a too-well-greased head.

In 1615 appeared a book, or rather a pamphlet, bearing the following title, "The Honestie of this age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now." Titles of books included their indices in those days. In this rare quarto-production is to be found the following passage, relative to our subject, wherein the author, Barnabe Rich, speaks his mind freely to this effect:—

"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new-fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed periwigs, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman."

It is to be hoped that Barnabe was not married or that his wife did not follow the fashion; for, were it otherwise, we fail to see how he could have saved his own hair after the expression of such a violent opinion. This terrible denunciation of the wearing of false hair throws completely into the shade the older admonition, given by the great Tertullian when he appealed to the reason and feelings of his audience thus: "If you will not fling away your false hair, as hateful to heaven, cannot I make it hateful to yourselves by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have come from the head of one already damned?" Certainly the suggestion, which was intended to be a bare one, of wearing such an unsanctified wig could not have been pleasant to a true believer and was going a step in advance of the then unwritten lines of Shakespeare, wherein he scathes "the seeming truth which cunning times put on, to entrap the wisest."

It will be remembered that Bassanio, commenting on the caskets to himself, thus speaks:—

Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight:
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

The leader of the world's singers is more charitable than the early father of the Church, for he very properly stops short at the grave and its unpleasant associations; but the fulminating ecclesiastic must needs go a step beyond, and add a suppositive anathema upon the second, which was really the first, head.

However, let us revert to Master Barnabe Rich, who could blow the froth from the cup of his wrath over the people as well as any. In the pamphlet already mentioned he again charges full-tilt against both parties who use false hair, believing without a doubt that the wig-bearers are as bad as the wig-makers: "These attire-makers within these forty yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of periwigs, and their monstrous attires

closed in boxes; and these women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls—such monstrous moppowles of haire, so proportioned and deformed that, but within these twenty or thirty yeares, would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

Only four years before the publication of this extraordinary harangue, a covering of false hair was worn by a famous lady of history, when she escaped from King James' prison with her lover and husband, Mr. William Seymour. It was on the 3rd June, 1611, that my Lady Arabella Stuart put on "a peruke, such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets," and stole away from her jailers at Highgate, dressed in a doublet, a pair of large French-fashioned hose over her petticoats, a black hat, a black coat and russet boots with red tops, with a rapier by her side, only to be captured in the roads, off Calais, at sea, and brought back to her angry and unforgiving cousin, the King. If ever the wearing of a man's wig by a woman could be excused and commended, it was most assuredly on that melancholy occasion, when love took wings, only to get them clipped.

Oh! what a goodly outside falsehood hath,

remarked Antonio to his friend, when Shylock illustrated the advantages of thrift by the example of Jacob, and was rewarded with the maxim that "the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

A curious passage from Moryson shows how easily, even a few centuries ago, women could invent excuses for their fashionable follies. "Gentlewomen virgins," he says, "weare gownes close to the body, and aprons of fair linnen, and go bare-headed, with their haire curiously knotted, and raised at the forehead; but many (against the cold, as they say) weare caps of haire that is not their own."

The delicious artfulness of that apologetic reason, "Against the cold, as they say," is equal to anything of the kind we have ever met with in rich *naïveté* and plausible excuse.

In an old comedy called "Every Woman in Her Humour," published in 1609, it is recorded that "none wear periwigs but players and pictures," and the existing memoranda of the old theatrical tiring-rooms prove that the actor was commonly "a periwig-pated fellow," who wore his false hair of various colours, as the characters he portrayed might require.

Diversity of hue was also given to the natural hair by ladies, according to fancy and fashion. In 1583 the Rev. P. Stubbes, in his well-known work, "The Anatomie of Abuses," has the following: "If any have haire of their owne, naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they dye it in divers collours." Truly then, as now, all that glitters is not gold—even in the matter of hair.

It will also be remembered that Julia, in the last scene of the fourth act in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," when she recalls the fact that her supposed rival has auburn hair, whilst her own is perfect yellow, exclaims very decidedly and very woman-like: "I'll get me such a coloured periwig."

No one would think of wigs being used anywhere out of this world; but the old dramatists did not hesitate to clothe all creation if they could thereby get mighty-sounding lines in their work; but perhaps no greater liberty was ever taken with the face of nature than by the play-wright Goff, in "The Courageous Task," which was attempted about 1632. One of his characters is made to exclaim,

How now, you heavens,
Grow you so proud you must needs put on curled locks,
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?

This is indeed the crowning of the sublime!

Let us skip a few years and drop in again upon our old friend, Mr. Pepys, and ask leave to look into his diary. From our foregoing remarks and reminders it appears to be quite in accord with the law of precedence, laid down by Dame History, that Mistress Pepys should have worn a peruke several years before her husband attempted anything of the kind, and we are not surprised to find the following entry in the immortal record of the man, who was his own most faithful Boswell: "24th March, 1662. By-and-by comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them."

It would be idle to speculate whether this pair of perukes really were made of Mrs. Pepys' own hair. In this passage it cannot be conclusively settled whether Pepys really wrote with an eye to the future and cleverly covered his wife's false-hair with a falsehood; moreover it would be uncharitable to imagine that she and La Belle Pierce concocted the little story in order to mollify and overcome Mr. Pepys' natural antipathy to seeing any other hair upon his pretty wife's head than her own; but we have heard the same tale from ladies with regard to chignons and bangs in our own days with strong mental reservations, for which we have good reasons.

Now Mr. Pepys has placed it beyond a doubt that King Charles II. wore a periwig, or as Holmes writes "perawicke," and a long one at that—His Majesty did not believe in your "short bob" or "grafted wig"—nothing but a long curled wig would serve him; and as soon as royalty set the fashion and the Court copied it with variations, everybody wore a periwig—so much so, that the King took great personal offence on several occasions; once censuring a chaplain-in-ordinary, who preached before him at Newmarket in a long periwig, thereby making himself

in the royal eyes a chaplain-in-extraordinary; at another time forbidding the students at Cambridge to wear periwigs and to smoke tobacco. This last freak of the monarch, "who never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one," was particularly offensive, for Cambridge men were always famous for their hair-dressing. Many of them had what was called "a bush natural," or, as it was proverbially explained, more hair than wit, and one of the 'Varsity slang expressions was to call a man "an Apollo," because of his long and flowing hair.

It was therefore quite a matter of prudent precaution on the part of a certain Dr. Rawlinson, that he bequeathed, together with sundry other articles of a miscellaneous character, one of the wigs, said to have been worn by Charles II., to the Bodleian Library. It is doubtful if the Cantabs, of unhappy memory, would have accepted the bequest, with its most unpleasant associations. Indeed, we have always believed those parsons were old Cambridge men, who preached so furiously against the long-hair fashion that had set in, and, by way of practising what they preached, cut their own hair as short as possible—a proceeding that seems almost spiteful in its harmless absurdity.

But the Church always waged war against wigs with a vengeance and pastors went as it were wool-gathering among their flocks from the earliest times. About the end of the second Christian century, Clemens Alexandrinus speaks out in his usual blunt style, "When you kneel to receive the blessing, my brethren, you must be good enough to remember that the benediction remains on the wig, and does not pass through to the wearer."

One is led to suppose that wigs were left, like the shoes of Mahomedans, outside the places of worship by those who wished to obtain the benefits within. Clemens was not the last—though perhaps the first—father of the Church, who gave his children a wigging. *Tempora mutantur*, a portrait of Mr. Wollaston, who was ordained a priest in 1686, now lies before us and the reverend author of "The Religion of Nature" sports a wig of apparently the largest size and finest quality. SAREPTA.

BATOCHÉ.

1885.

THE waves of war rolled backward from the land
And left stern desolation lone and grim,
The fitting monarch of a shattered strand,
Where none as yet dared wrest the crown from him.
War passed away; but some were left to weep,
(And seek the solace time alone can yield),
For those who silent by the river keep
Unbroken vigil o'er the battle field,
Till that last judgment day, when all shall be revealed.

Saw ye that lone one (whom the buzzards shun,
The grey coyote, and the night black crow)
Search through the stricken field, and one by one
Review the swarthy warriors' ghastly row?
For he is dead who woo'd her in his prime;
Lord of her life, his sun untimely set,
Can aught assuage her sorrow, or will time
Wipe all her tears away, when vain regret
Cries to her widowed heart to hold his image yet?

Though victors we, and in a righteous cause,
To hold unrent the union of the land,
A touch of kindly nature bids us pause,
And own the force of Death's destroying hand.
For in the East, where lingers yesterday,
And in the West, where breaks another morrow,
Fond hearts were breaking in the same wild way,
Or kneeling at the like dear shrines, to borrow
Surcease from gnawing pain, or balm for bitter sorrow.

1890.

Beneath no pompous will of carven woe,
And where no throbbing music pealing high,
Swells to the fretted roof in rhythmic flow,
The unforgotten dead in silence lie;
But where the splendid dome of star-set blue
Smiles at the feeble art of Man's design;
And where the chords of heaven murmur through
The trembling poplar and the solemn pine;
There is thy fane, oh dead! lit by the pale moonshine.

Held in our hearts, ye need no cenotaph,
No lettered marble to ensure your fame,
For all the songs of Mother Nature laugh
Our monumental epitaphs to shame.
And earth has cast her mantle over all,
On friend and foe the same wide shroud of green,
O'er both alike the meadow lark shall call
His cry of welcome to his mate unseen,
Unseen, but heard afar through summer's leafy screen.

No sound disturbs the balmy summer air,
Save 'tis the 'plaining of the whip-poor-will,
Where once was heard the soul awakening cheer,
As the long line went storming down the hill.
The echoes sleep in yonder steep ravine;
Unruffled now the northern river flows;
The hare is couching where the dead have been;
All undisturbed the prairie flower blows;
And blushes sweet and fair the many blossom'd rose.

BASIL TEMPEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Like every other lover of "peace on earth, with good will to man," I approve, heartily, of your editorial comment in your last issue on this troublesome theme. In the light of the relative positions of Britain and the United States towards each thereon, and in the more extended sphere of international interests involved in the question, it does appear strange to me that such an issue should be raised; and, further, that it should be urged to the verge of war. All reason—as you well say—deprecates it, and the duty of the hour to every man concerned is, as best he may, to protest against and, if possible, avert the evil. Diplomacy has, seemingly, exhausted effort for a peaceable solution, and in that short lull which, on such occasion "holds its breath for a time" ere the blow be struck, it is for the people, in their community of individual interests, by the Press or otherwise, to exclaim, *Avaunt! Avaunt!*—not for any cowardly concession, but for a solution of the difficulty in a manner compatible with national honour. Whether that should be by arbitration, before an individual sovereignty, or before a mutually constituted Court of Arbitration composed of experts in international law, or by a general international council, so far as practicable, for discussion and determination of the general questions involved, viz: of territorial and non-territorial rights and jurisdiction, may be well left to the matured experience of the British Government. In the meantime a *modus vivendi* may be suggested; but as to such *pis-aller* concession for peace's sake, it is to be borne in mind that the tendency of such resort is ever, more or less, to jeopardize the rights involved; the corrective of such tendency is the firmness and clearness of the terms agreed on. In any case there should not be—nor is it to be presumed that there will be—any assumption of right or power by either of the Governments in issue, against the law of nations, on sea or land. The American argument in the present case seems to contravene this canon, on a basis of "facts" essentially artificial and misleading. The facts to be dealt with are, like their locality, out of the way and but little known. I resided in that quarter of the globe, very many years ago, in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company, when it entered that field of enterprise—the whole vast Northern Pacific, from the Sandwich Islands to the Aleutian Archipelago, and the whole coast and inland of the Pacific slope of North America from the extreme Arctic shore to San Diego of Southern California. Then, *all those seas* were common to us; though each, in their respective *parages*, claimed, by right of prior occupation, territorial jurisdiction according to law, viz: within the three mile limit—"cannon shot" of those times. American (U.S.) ships, ever in utmost amity with us British, then sailed those waters, and beyond, even to the Japan Sea and China, without let or hindrance, save what was obtusely offered by Russia, but without avail, on the universal principle that the Ocean, like the air, is the highway and common of the world; a principle which American enterprise pre-eminently utilized in times when European charters, Portuguese, Spanish, English, Dutch, Austrian and French sought each to monopolize the glittering traffic of that so-called "Great South Sea."

In this controversy it seems to me, Mr. Editor, that there has been, at least on one side, a singular forgetfulness of the historical facts bearing on this question; facts, not only as to earliest international commerce of those seas, but of latter times, especially after 1825, when, by solemn treaty under British guns, the Imperial Russian Fur Company, with the Emperor as a chief stockholder, were brought to terms, amicable and just, as to the trade of the Northern Pacific. Ever after that, we Hudson's Bay people, though rivals in the fur trade, leased their coast from Lat. 54° 40' N. to Cape Spenser about Lat. 57° N., paying them an annual rent of two thousand four hundred land otters, of the average value of four dollars a piece. This secured to us, within the three mile limit from shore, the far more valuable sea otters, worth on an average from fifty to eighty dollars each. These sea otters were killed at sea, miles out, more than three, as well as within that limit. American ships, freely and without let or hindrance, picked them up in trade. Russian and British ships of war—if it had been so ordered—could easily, at any time, have stopped them. Russia did try, if I mistake not, but under Britain's protest, as well as that of the United States, had to give way, not to actual force, but to the national argument—the freedom of the seas.

"Put yourself in his place," is a good rule for nations as with individuals. As the rule, insisted on *then* by the United States, was, then and there, so it is to-day the world over. No sophistry can cover that. As a law of nature the sea—beyond territorial reach—is the home of him who braves it, and but uses his right in gathering of his bread thereon cast by a kind Providence.

Our Hudson's Bay, though land-locked by wholly British territory, save at the narrow outlet (about twenty miles or less) of the Straits, has been constantly freely used for whale and seal and other fishery and gathering of spoil from its teeming waters, for very many years past, by American (U.S.) whalers, some of which have habitually wintered at Marble Island, near Fort Churchill. Yet no one ever hindered them, nor interfered with them in any way, and such is their habit still. If our Bay be not a *mare clausum*—and we don't pretend that it is—certainly

the so called Behring Sea, or that part of the Pacific north of the Aleutian Islands, an area of fully one million square miles, or nearly so, with the Japanese northern Archipelago within the same, is not a *mare clausum*, or Russian, or American Lake. To contend otherwise is as it were—with all respectful submission, be it said—to bay the moon.

Such a subject is *not* for arbitration. At least, so thinks

H. B.

July 26, 1890.

"UNTIL CANADA IS HEARD FROM."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—United States papers are protesting vehemently against Lord Salisbury's consulting with Canada and being influenced by her counsels in his dealings with the United States Government, with reference to its acts of piracy in seizing Canadian vessels and property in the open waters of the Behring Sea; acts of piracy, done after mature deliberation by a nation which professes to be the most civilized, enlightened—we shall not say religious—on earth; done, too, in breach both of the letter and the spirit of International law, against a friendly and law-abiding portion of the British Empire, her neighbour, Canada; acts of piracy, which have been openly disavowed and repudiated by some of the ablest and most upright public men in the Republic.

But why these vehement protests? Are they because our modern Balaams, who form a very small and traitorous section of the Canadian Press and public, have with a more ignoble spirit than their prototype of old actually deceived their employers? Or are they of the kith and kin of the "Hon. Hugh McKinnon, of Toronto"—that rank fabrication of the United States Press—"a prominent Canadian politician and business man whose views are so authoritative, and so influential," etc., but of whose distinguished personality Toronto—shall we say Canada—*knows positively nothing*, and whose sham utterances of traitorous falsehood are now going the rounds of the United States Press, a perfect godsend to them in their Behring Sea trouble?

It matters not which, but it is sad to see a nation that might be so powerful for good, such an abject slave of evil, her Government, her politicians, her Press trailing a noble historic lineage in the dust, presenting a hideous example to the other nations of earth, seeking to gain by bullying and fraud what she cannot attain by honesty and fair dealing.

We need not refer to the ill-gotten millions lying in their treasury—of Alabama claims; or the means by which Maine was lost to our Empire; or our outrage and loss through their Fenian invasion; or the cost of maintenance of our fleet of cruisers to protect our fisheries from United States theft and spoliation. Let ex-Governor Hoadly speak for their present public morality. This mouthpiece of national honour in effect says: The United States claims in the Behring Sea are utterly untenable, but because the United States is a great and powerful nation *they must be maintained*.

There is, however, a cry being uttered from the pure portion of the pulpit and the upright part of the Press across the border against this desperate national degradation. It was voiced with stately and dignified eloquence by Bishop Potter before the President and his co-adjutors. It sounds its lamentation with sad reiteration in the columns of the upright portion of the Press, and perhaps we could select no more credible or trustworthy testimony than that proffered by the editor of the *Century* in last month's issue, as follows: "Under the American system of spoils and patronage, and by means of the prevailing system of corruption at the polls, it has been of late years prominently demonstrated that some of the highest public positions in America can be reached by men of well-nigh the lowest characters. Nothing succeeds like success; even men, personally honest, have an admiration for the ability of the conscienceless man of success; and one, and the chief, reason why unscrupulous success holds up its head, is because there is no public sentiment to frown it down."

"The successful politician probably attributes his success to his splendid abilities, but under the spoils system it is ridiculously true, that it takes no very great abilities to ensure success in the corrupt manoeuvres of the political field. To win success without resorting to the usual unscrupulous methods is the test of real force; there the focus of admiration should be centred. The principle holds good in ordinary business; it is true in politics, and in the journalistic world. It is a harder task; it requires more genuine ability, and greater staying power to reap worldly success in these fields scrupulously than unscrupulously. The fact is, there is altogether too much reverence for rascals and for rascally methods on the part of tolerably decent people."

Such testimony from the purest and most intelligent observers of the trend and tone of public life and the character of the average public man in the United States—freely rendered to the world by his own countrymen—must convince beyond a doubt all disinterested and impartial outsiders as to the source of the trouble, annoyance, insult and damage which Canada has sustained and is sustaining in manfully asserting her just rights and privileges against the constant encroachments of her arrogant, rapacious and unjust neighbour. For concrete proof we refer our readers on the point of character to the testimony of the *New York Times* and *Evening Post*—two of the

most respectable papers in the States—as to the public life and moral character of the “Warwick” of United States politicians—the President maker—the “Republican Boss,” the renowned Matthew Quay.

One of the comments of the London *Spectator* on the singularly able retrospect by the New York *Nation* of the last twenty-five years in the United States is as follows: “A general survey, then, of the last twenty-five years, points to the fact that the political influence once wielded by the intellectual classes in America has passed into the hands of the plutocracy, and that, unless the present process is arrested, the United States, informally no doubt, but none the less really, will be governed by an oligarchy of millionaires.” And it refers to their practice of “owning (this is controlling) both the professional politicians and the Press,” and states that “in fact, the Senate is now almost entirely a plutocratic assembly, and it looks as if it would soon become as impossible to make a poor man an American Senator, as to make him an English Peer.”

Even the British Empire is not exempt from the meddling intrusion of the United States plutocrat into its public affairs. Mr. Erastus Wiman, a wealthy citizen of the Republic, has repeatedly crossed our border, and sought to mould Canadian opinion on trade matters to the advantage of his republican fellow-countrymen and the detriment of our Mother Land, and even to support the political party in Canada which reflects his commercial views.

Whilst we refer to the debased national tone and the dishonourable political practices of the neighbouring Republic, it is with a spirit of pity and compassion, that a people of English origin and speech should be content to wallow in the mire of national immorality, and in the broad daylight of Christian civilization to prostitute a lofty lineage and a priceless heritage to base and ignoble ends. We wish to live at peace with our neighbours, but the peace which we desire is that which was voiced by that great British statesman's lips—now stilled in death—“Peace with honour.” Canadian dealings with friend or foe are based on British traditions and accord with British practice.

Without vain pride but with supreme gratitude we acknowledge the fact that we are *and shall ever remain* part and parcel of the British Empire. The pulse of Britain's heart, like the sap of her sturdy oak, pervades and thrills in every branch and spray and leaf of her full-orbed growth. As well attempt to rend a huge oak branch from its parent stem as to divorce Canada from the British Empire. Do foreigners wish to know our Mother's estimate of the strength of the bond that binds us? Let them trace it in the noble words of the great Liberal statesman, Lord Rosebery, spoken in July last: “I cannot conceive the frame of mind in which a Minister would approach the British nation with a proposal that under certain circumstances Canada should be separated from the Empire. . . . He might be right or he might be wrong, but he would be damned by the nation. We never could part with Canada . . . except under a strain of anguish and agony which would break up the Empire.” Our neighbours have already begun more fully and clearly to realize this solemn truth, which those grand words of the patriotic Conservative Premier of our Empire to Mr. Blaine with reference to our rights in the Behring Sea so clearly emphasize, “That neither an Act of Parliament to give effect to seal fishery regulation nor an Order-in-Council to have naval vessels co-operate in the matter could be adopted *until Canada is heard from.*”

Yes! Messieurs, of the United States! when you place a hostile foot upon a Canadian deck it is British law you break and British right you defy; and though time and distance make the wrong more slowly felt, yet wrong and damage done to Canadian ships upon the open Behring Sea will stir the fount of British honour—perchance more slowly, but, *as surely*—as if 'twere done to English ships off English coast. And as England's heart responds to Canada's wrong, so, with the ampler justice of our broadening rule, *England and Canada join heart and thought together in considering the wrong and determining the remedy.* What nobler, truer evidence of British love, loyalty and unity and the advancing strides of British justice, cohesion and freedom within the Empire could be given?

And from these noble, prescient and statesmanlike words of our Empire's Premier, the millions of loyal Canadians say to Old England and to the world without the Empire:—

No foeman's hand
Shall raise his brand
To smite our dear old Motherland,
“Until Canada is heard from.”

Toronto, July 30, 1890.

T. E. MOBERLY.

THE NEW WOMANHOOD.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—A bright essay in the last WEEK (The Doll's House, by L. O'Loane) deals with the question of woman's future in a very interesting, optimistic way. It is encouraging to find that already there are those who speak of the woman whose sole ambition was to be, and make her daughters, what “the men like,” as a creature belonging to a past epoch. Truly, she is not yet extinct; but it takes a load off one's mind to find others also believe that, numerous as she still is, she is after all only a survival. Thackeray pays our sex the compliment of asserting that such women—the women he loved to paint—creature, whose so-called opinions were but pocket edition reprints

of those held by their, for the time, dominant male relatives father, husband or son, whose love throve on abuse, was never a favourite with other women. Of course he attributed it to jealousy. Thackeray's women, leaving out the clever, wicked ones, are composed of two-fifths jealousy, two-fifths servility, and one-fifth miscellaneous folly; but he thus unwittingly pays a compliment to woman's judgment. I must confess I think the fact that men do admire them shows “a bad side of (male) human nature.” It indicates a selfish desire to have everything their own way; a weak desire to be exalted in their own eyes by being perpetually flattered, to be believed in, no matter how contrary to facts the belief may to their certain knowledge be, as the greatest and rightest of mankind. Very natural all this of course, but surely not noble, not worth the sacrificing of woman's advancement to pamper it; not a sound foundation—though it has been so used—to erect the proof of man's superiority upon.

But, granting that the “reflector” woman is doomed and passing away, is he not a rash prophet who will assert what the woman of the future is to be? Herself? But what is herself? The world has yet to learn. Darwin, in emphasizing the undeniable fact that woman has been heretofore and now is mentally the inferior of man seems to indicate not obscurely his belief that she must always remain so. Such a conclusion seems out of harmony with his own demonstration of how little in the universe is even relatively immutable. Considering the relative advantages for intellectual development that have been given the sexes, a comparison of the numbers of men and women who have achieved distinction surely proves nothing. A century hence they will compare very differently. Yet it is the future alone that can try how far he was mistaken; and so long as opinions similar to his are not made pretexts for handicapping the mental progress of women, I would not, for my own part, deny to any such satisfaction as he may derive from holding them. Give to woman entire freedom in the development of all her faculties, and the result will take care of itself. She will become herself—her true self—how far like and how far unlike man it is impossible now to say. The change will not be, cannot be, confined to one sex. Their qualities will act and re-act upon each other, modify each other.

The man be more of woman, she of man.

Everyone, at least everyone optimistically disposed, inclines to believe in the future fulfilment of his own wishes with regard to society, and therefore the ideal woman of each is to him the woman of the future. But ideals, however superior to what we see in the world that surrounds us, are inevitably composed of the materials wherewith it furnishes us. In our boldest flights of imagination, we can soar only to worlds made of some combination of elements selected from that wherein we live. And as the methods of woman's mental training are more and more altered, more and more will her character develop along new lines. Thousands of influences now absolutely unreckonable will be brought to bear upon it. And yet, if the future womanhood is to be *other* than we can imagine, we may hope with much assurance that it will also be better. I should like to say that it will preserve all that is truly *womanly*; but that beautiful word has been so used as a kind of war-cry by the unfriends of woman's higher education; has been so often applied to

Parasitic forms

That seem to keep her up, but drag her down,

and which in her advancement she ever strives, for her own greater glory, to shake off, that it, too, has grown malodorous.

I shall conclude with a sentence from Guizot, which in connection with the present subject may be read to contain a prophecy. “Let but the natural order of things be observed; let the natural inequality of mankind freely display itself, and each will find the station he is best fitted to fill.”

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

PROPHETS OF UNREST.

IT was, I confess, very late, and only in dearth of other reading, that I took up the last, and, if popularity and circulation are the tests, the most successful of all the “Utopias.” I am little attracted by compositions of this class, either as fictions or as speculations. As fictions they seem to me inevitably insipid, whatever the talents of the author, since they deal with characters which are preterhuman. Speculation can no longer interest when it loses hold of reality and probability, and when, if you are so matter-of-fact as to attempt criticism, the hypothesis or project slips away into the inane.

An historical interest and a social importance of a certain kind these visions have. They are apt, like the rainbow in the spray of Niagara, to mark a cataract in the stream of history. That of More, from which the general name is taken, and that of Rabelais, marked the fall of the stream from the middle ages into modern times. Plato's “Republic” marked the catastrophe of Greek republicanism, though it is not a mere “Utopia” but a great treatise on morality, and even as a political speculation not wholly beyond the pale of what a Greek citizen might have regarded as practical reform, since it is in its main features an idealization of Sparta. Langland's vision of reform heralded the outbreak of Lollardism and the insurrection of the serfs. The fancies of Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre heralded the Revolution. Rousseau's reveries, be it observed, not only failed of realization,

but gave hardly any sign of that which was really coming. The Jacobins canted in his phrase, but they returned to the state of nature only in personal filthiness, in brutality of manners, and in guillotining Lavoisier, because the Republic had no need of chemists.

There is a general feeling abroad that the stream is drawing near a cataract now, and there are apparent grounds for the surmise. There is everywhere in the social frame an outward unrest, which as usual is the sign of fundamental change within. Old creeds have given way. The masses, the artisans especially, have ceased to believe that the existing order of society, with its grades of rank and wealth, is a divine ordinance against which it is vain to rebel. They have ceased to believe in a future state, the compensation of those whose lot is hard here. Convinced that this world is all, and that there is nothing more to come, they want at once to grasp their share of enjoyment. The labour journals are full of this thought. Social science, if it is to take the place of religion as a conservative force, has not yet developed itself or taken firm hold of the popular mind. The rivalry of factions and demagogues has almost everywhere introduced universal suffrage. The poorer classes are freshly possessed of political power, and have conceived boundless notions of the changes which, by exercising it, they may make in their own favour. They are just in that twilight of education in which chimeras stalk. This concurrence of social and economical with political and religious revolution has always been fraught with danger. The governing classes, unnerved by scepticism, have lost faith in the order which they represent, and are inclined to precipitate abdication. Many members of them—partly from philanthropy, partly from vanity, partly perhaps from fear—are playing the demagogue and, as they did in France, dallying with revolution. The ostentation of wealth has stimulated, to a dangerous pitch, envy, which has always been one of the most powerful elements of revolution. This is not the place to cast the horoscope of society. We may, after all, be exaggerating the gravity of the crisis. The first of May passed without bringing forth anything more portentous than an epidemic of strikes, which, though very disastrous, as they sharpen and embitter class antagonisms, are not in themselves attempts to subvert society. Sir Charles Dilke, after surveying all the democracies, says that the only country on which revolutionary socialism has taken hold is England. German socialism, of which we hear so much, appears to be largely impatience of taxation and conscription. Much is called socialism and taken as ominous of revolution which is merely the extension of the action of government, wisely or unwisely, over new portions of its present field, and perhaps does not deserve the dreaded name so much as our familiar Sunday law. The crash, if it come, may not be universal; things may not everywhere take the same course. Wealth in some countries, when seriously alarmed, may convert itself into military power, of which the artisans have little, and may turn the scale in its own favour. Though social science is as yet undeveloped, intelligence has more organs and an increasing hold. The present may after all glide more calmly than we think into the future. Still there is a crisis. We have had the Parisian Commune, the Spanish *Intransigentes*, nihilism, anarchism. It is not a time for playing with wild-fire. Though Rousseau's scheme of regeneration by a return to nature came to nothing his denunciations of society told with a vengeance, and sent thousands to the guillotine.

The writer of an “Utopia,” however, in trying to make his fancy plausible and pleasing, is naturally tempted to exaggerate the evils of the existing state of things. “Looking Backward” opens with a very vivid and telling picture of society as it is:—

“By way of attempting to give the reader some general impression of the way people lived together in those days, and especially of the relations of the rich and poor to one another, perhaps I cannot do better than to compare society as it then was to a prodigious coach, which the masses of humanity were harnessed to and dragged toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was hungry, and permitted no lagging, though the pace was necessarily very slow. Despite the difficulty of drawing the coach at all along so hard a road, the top was covered with passengers, who never got down, even at the steepest ascent. These seats were very breezy and comfortable. Well up out of the dust, their occupants could enjoy the scenery at their leisure, or critically discuss the merits of the straining team. Naturally such places were in great demand, and the competition for them was keen, everyone seeking as the first end in life to secure a seat on the coach for himself and to leave it to his child after him. By the rule of the coach a man could leave his seat to whom he wished, but on the other hand there were many accidents by which it might at any time be wholly lost. For all that they were so easy, the seats were very insecure, and at every sudden jolt of the coach persons were slipping out of them and falling to the ground, where they were instantly compelled to take hold of the rope and help to drag the coach on which they had before ridden so pleasantly. It was naturally regarded as a terrible misfortune to lose one's seat, and the apprehension that this might happen to them or their friends was a constant cloud upon the happiness of those who rode.”

And what are the feelings of the passengers toward the hapless toilers who drag the coach? Have they no compassion for the sufferers of the fellow beings from whom fortune only has distinguished them?

“Oh, yes; commiseration was frequently expressed by

those who rode for those who had to pull the coach, especially when the vehicle came to a bad place in the road, as it was constantly doing, or to a particularly steep hill. At such times the desperate straining of the team, their agonized leaping and plunging under the pitiless lashing of hunger, the many who fainted at the rope and were trampled in the mire, made a very distressing spectacle, which often called forth highly creditable displays of feeling on the top of the coach. At such times the passengers would call down encouragingly to the toilers at the rope, exhorting them to patience, and holding out hopes of possible compensation in another world for the hardness of their lot, while others contributed to buy salves and liniments for the crippled and injured. It was agreed that it was a great pity that the coach should be so hard to pull, and there was a sense of general relief when the specially bad piece of road was gotten over. This relief was not, indeed, wholly on account of the team, for there was always some danger at these bad places of a general overturn in which all would lose their seats."

These picturesque passages, we have no doubt, will sink deep into the hearts of many who will pay little attention to the speculative plans of reconstruction which follow. For one reader of "Progress and Poverty" who was at the pains to follow the economical reasoning, there were probably thousands who drank in the inectives against wealth and the suggestions of confiscation. With private property, with which it is the dream of Utopian writers to do away, go, as everybody knows, many evils; among others that of inordinate accumulation, an instance of which the other day startled New York; while, on the other hand, it is hard to see how without private property we could have the home and all that it enshrines. But let the evils be what they may, no other motive power of production, at least of any production beyond that necessary to stay hunger, except the desire of property, is at present known. A score or more of experiments in communism have been made upon this continent by visionaries of different kinds, from the founders of Brook Farm to those of the Oneida Community and the Shakers. They have failed utterly, except in the one or two cases where the rule of celibacy has been enforced, and the members, having no wives or children to maintain, and being themselves of a specially industrious and frugal class, have made enough and more than enough for their own support. Barrack life, without the home, has also been a condition of success. The Oneida Community, the most prosperous of all, had moreover a dictator. So it is with regard to competition, that other social fiend of this and all Utopians. Nobody will deny that competition has its ugly side. But no other way at present is known to us of sustaining the progress of industry and securing the best and cheapest products. It is surely a stretch of pessimistic fancy to describe the industrial world under the competitive system as a horde of wild beasts rending each other, or as a Black Hole of Calcutta, "with its press of maddened men tearing and trampling one another in the struggle to win a place at the breathing holes." It is surely going beyond the mark to say that all producers are "praying by night and working by day for the frustration of each other's enterprises," and that they are as much bent on spoiling their neighbours' crops as on saving their own. Do two tailors or grocers, even when their stores are in the same block, rend each other when they meet? Is there not rather a certain fellowship between members of the same trade? Does not each think a good deal more, both in his prayers and in his practical transactions, of doing well himself than of preventing the other from doing well? After all, there is more co-operation than competition in the industrial world as it now exists. Analyze the composition of any article, taking into account the implements or means by which it has been produced, and you will find that to produce it myriads have co-operated in all parts of the world, yet have not competed with one another. The world would have one harvest if the protectionists would let us alone.

As a normal picture of our present civilization, the table of contents of a newspaper is presented to us. It is a mere catalogue of calamities and horrors—wars, burglaries, strikes, failures in business, cornerings, bloodings, murders, suicides, embezzlements, and cases of cruelty, lunacy, or destitution. No doubt a real table of contents would give a picture, though not so terrible and heart-rending as this, yet rich in catastrophes. But it is forgotten that the catastrophes or the exceptional events alone are recorded by newspapers, especially in the tables of contents, which are intended to catch the eye. No newspaper gives us a picture of the ordinary course of life. No newspaper speaks of the countries which are enjoying secure peace, of the people who are making a fair livelihood by honest industry, of the families which are living in comfort and the enjoyment of affection. Buyers would hardly be found for a sheet which should tell you by way of news that bread was being regularly delivered by the baker and that the milkman was going his rounds.

In a century or a little more, if we are to accept the statement of Dr. Leete, the showman of the new heavens and new earth in "Looking Backward," society has undergone not only a radical change but a complete transformation, Boston, of course, leading the way, as Paris leads in the regeneration proclaimed by Comte, and all the most civilized communities following in her train. Society has become entirely industrial, war being completely eliminated. No fear is entertained lest when the civilized world has been turned into a vast factory of defenceless wealth, the uncivilized world may be tempted to loot it.

The state has become the sole capitalist and the universal employer. How did all the capital pass from the hands of individuals or private companies into those of the state? Was it by a voluntary and universal surrender? Were all the capitalists and all the stockholders suddenly convinced of the blessings of self-spoilation? Or did the Government by a sweeping act of confiscation seize all the capital? In that case, was there not a desperate struggle? Was not the entrance into Paradise effected through a civil war? The seer was in his magnetic trance when the transfer took place, and he has not the curiosity to ask Dr. Leete how it was effected. For us, therefore, the problem remains unsolved.

The relations between the sexes and the constitution of the family are, of course, to be revolutionized, and the revolution has so far an element of probability that it follows what we may suppose to be Bostonian theories and lines. The women are to be organized apart from the men as a distinct interest, under a general of their own, who has a seat in the cabinet. They would do quite enough for society, they are gallantly told, if they occupied themselves only in the cultivation of their own charms and graces, women without any special charms and graces but those which belong to the performance of their womanly duties as wives and mothers being creatures unknown in Utopia. However, for the sake of their health and to satisfy their feelings of independence, they are to do a very moderate amount of work. They have in fact nothing else to do. They have no household cares, as the state is universal cook, housemaid, laundress, seamstress, and nurse; and "a husband is not a baby that he should be cared for—nor, of course, is a wife." Maternity is thrown into the background. It is an interlude in the woman's industrial life, and as soon as it is over the mother returns to her industrial "comrades," leaving her child, apparently, to that universal providence, the state. Hitherto, it seems, men, like "cruel robbers," have "seized to themselves the whole product of the world and left women to beg and wheedle for their share." By whose labour the world has been made to yield its products, for the benefit of both sexes, we are not told. However, "that any person should be dependent for the means of support upon another would be shocking to the moral sense as well as indefensible on any rational social theory." Women in Utopia, therefore, are no longer left in "galling dependence" upon their husbands for the means of life, or children upon their parents. Both wife and child are maintained by the direct agency of the state, so that the wife no longer owes anything to her husband, and the child is able, as reason and nature dictate, to snap its fingers in its parents' face. The state gives suck, and the baby is no longer ignominiously beholden to its mother for milk. It would be too curious to ask what the state is; whether it is anything but the Government, and whether to be dependent on the Government is not to be dependent on beings not less human than a husband, a father, or a mother. To some, dependence on the Government might seem the most galling of all.

False delicacy is put out of the way, and the women are allowed to propose. They "sit aloft" on the top of the coach, giving the prizes for the industrial race, and select only the best and noblest men for their husbands. Ill-favoured men of inferior type, and laggards, will be condemned to celibacy. From them the "radiant faces" will be averted. These hapless persons are treated with a marked absence, to say the least, of the philanthropy which overflows upon criminals and lunatics, though it seems that the plea of atavism should not be less valid in their case. Has Dr. Leete, when he denies them marriage, found a way of extinguishing their passions? If he has not, what moral results does he expect? He will answer perhaps by an appeal to what may be called the occult "we," that mysterious power which, in an Utopia, is present throughout to solve all difficulties and banish every doubt. Nothing can be more divine than the picture which Dr. Leete presents to us; but we look at it with a secret misgiving that his community would be in some danger of being thrust out of existence by some barbarous horde, which honoured virtue and admired excellence in both sexes without giving itself over to a slavish and fatuous worship of either, held men and women alike to their natural duties, and obeyed the laws of nature.

The Government is the universal publisher, and is bound to publish everything brought to it, but on condition that the author pay the first cost out of his credit. How the author, while preparing himself to write "Paradise Lost" or the "Principia," is to earn a labour credit, we hardly see. The literature of Utopia is of course divine. To read one of Berrian's novels or one of Oate's poems is worth a year of one's life. Would that we had a specimen of either! We should then be able to see how far it transcended Shakespeare or Scott. For love stories, we are told, there will be material in plenty and of a much higher quality than there was in the days of coarse and stormy passion. The actual love affair that takes place in Utopia certainly does not remind us much of "Romeo and Juliet." Of the pulpit eloquence we have a specimen, and it is startlingly like ours. One great improvement, however, there is; the preaching is by telephone and you can shut it off.

The physical arrangements are carried to millenarian perfection. Instead of a multitude of separate umbrellas, one common umbrella is put by the state over Boston when it rains. The whole community is converted into one vast Wanamaker's store. You turn on celestial music as you turn on gas or water. These visions of a material heaven

on earth naturally arise as the hope of a spiritual heaven fade away.

It is specified that at a man's death the state allows a fixed sum for his funeral expenses. This is the only intimation that over the social and material Paradise hovers Death.

A vista of illimitable progress—progress so glorious that it dazzles the prophetic eye, is said all the time to be opened. But how can there be progress beyond perfection? How can there be great progress without organic change? How can there be organic change without something like a revolution in the Government? Finality is the trap into which all Utopians fall. Comte, after tracing the movement of humanity through all the ages down to his own time, undertakes by his supreme intelligence to furnish it a creed and a set of institutions which are to serve it forever. Progress, however, we do not doubt there would be with a vengeance. The monotony, the constraint, the procrusteanism, the dullness, the despotism of the system would soon give birth to general revolt, which would dash the whole structure to pieces.

We have touched very lightly on each point because we have felt all the time that we might be committing a platitude, and that the gifted and ingenious author of "Looking Backward" might laugh at our simplicity in seriously criticizing a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*.—Goldwin Smith, in the Forum.

PLUCK FLOWERS IN YOUTH.

Pluck flowers in youth, nor heed how old tongues prate;
Pluck flowers in youth, in age it is too late;

Pluck flowers when it is morn with flowers and you.
So soon they wither, do not hesitate,

Lest you should gather roses not, but rue.
Pluck flowers ere earth at winter's kiss of hate
Grows desolate.

Pluck flowers in youth; age is the time for wheat:
To age not even the rose itself is sweet.

Pluck flowers, pluck flowers in youth, while faith is great,
Ere life and joy seem cankered with deceit.

Pluck flowers in youth, no sadder thought brings Fate
Than of scorned joys crushed by our hurrying feet
In flight too fleet.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MME. LILI LEHMANN is to sing in the Berlin Opera next season.

PAYNE CLARKE, one of Colonel Mapleson's tenors, will sing in Emma Juch's Opera Company next season.

WILHELM GERICKE, formerly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now of Vienna, has been engaged as conductor for the Salzburg Mozart festival.

MIS EMMA EAMES has been singing in some of the London drawing-rooms, and has been cordially received, yet at the same time advised not to make a public appearance there until next year.

THE doom of Faccio the most brilliant conductor of Italy is sealed. The latest accounts from Boito are that "all hope of cure is at an end, and the malady slowly follows its fatal course."

CHARLES WYNDHAM has decided not to return to America this season. Mr. Willard will therefore share the honours with the Kendals; he will be seen in his celebrated role in "The Middleman."

THE latest opera by Rubinstein is entitled "The Unhappy Ones." The scene is laid at the end of the twelfth century, the libretto being based upon the love misadventures of a Russian prince of the period.

THE great composer Verdi has lately made a visit to Milan, chiefly to visit, with Boito, the unfortunate Signor Faccio, who is in an asylum not far distant from that city. There is no further talk of a new opera from Verdi's pen.

THE two novelties chosen for production next season at the La Scala Theatre, Milan, are "Lionella," by Spiro Samara, whose "Flora Mirabilis" is very popular in Italy, and a work, the title of which is not yet announced, by Carlos Gomes, the Brazilian composer.

IN a chapel of Paris, the *Notre Dame des Etudiants*, is the organ that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. The instrument has been renovated, and played upon it during Easter holidays were works by Glück and Mozart, the very masters who performed upon it during their lifetime.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP is writing a new play for Mr. Alexander Salvini. It is built on Roman lines of the romantic school, but modernized to suit the tastes of the present generation and the requirements of the stage of to-day. Mr. Lathrop was most enthusiastic over Salvini's performance of "Launcelot," in the version he assisted to make three years ago, and therefore finds this an opportunity to test his faith in him.

THE Chevalier Scovel, to be always ready for the demands of "Lohengrin," guards faithfully a becoming beard, and will not sacrifice it, as opera singers generally have to do, for the exigencies of the stage. He has been engaged by Horace Sedger for the Lyric Theatre, London, where he is shortly to appear in Audran's opera, "La

Cigale," revised by the composer, and set to a new translation of the libretto by F. C. Burnand. Special prominence is to be given to the tenor role.

BERNHARDT may be in this country next winter, and she may not. If she comes, she will play in "Cleopatra," and it is not yet known whether "Joan" will be in her repertoire. Miss Mather will make it the one great feature of her season. If she succeeds, other actresses will undoubtedly play other versions of the legendary history of the "Maid of Orleans;" yet few can invest it with greater grace than did Mrs. Rousby, whose performances some years ago cannot be wholly forgotten by the veteran theatre-goer.

THERE is much talk in London musical circles over the success of the revival at Covent Garden of Meyerbeer's "Prophète." Jean de Reske as "Jean de Leyden," and Mlle. Richard as "Fides" divided the honours. In England the principal personators of the great part of "Jean" were hitherto Mario, Gunz and Tamberlik. In this country the opera has been done in superb style, but no one ever surpassed La Grange in her noble personation of "Fides." Mlle. Brandt was another grand representative of one of the greatest roles in the whole range of opera.

MADAME PATTI'S reappearance in concert at Albert Hall, London, abundantly confuted the stories that she had lost her voice. She sang with all her charm, and the vast crowd, as usual, would have the old songs again. As an evidence of Patti's hold upon the masses, it is recorded that three thousand persons paid for admission to the gallery, at two shillings each, and within the area of half guinea seats there was not one unsold. This is why Patti sings "Home, Sweet Home" and the other chestnuts. She sings for the people who pay their money, not for the deadheads who criticise her.

PATTI, if she should revisit America next year, will only sing in concert, as she found her last opera tour very fatiguing. She sang lately at Albert Hall, London, the "Scène et Légende" from "Lakmé," "Oh luce di quest' anima," "The Banks of Allan Water," and the two inevitable encores, "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Home, Sweet Home." Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Patey, Mrs. Henschel, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Durward Lely, and Mr. Henschel were the other vocalists. The Lotus Glee Club and two violinists (Miss Marianne Eissler and M. Johannes Wolff) also took part, with Herr Emil Bach as pianist and Mr. Ganz as conductor.

EVERYWHERE on his American tour Herr Eduard Strauss is scoring great triumphs. At Chicago his first concert captured the public. This is not surprising. The dances commonly written for the ball-room are ephemeral, but these Strauss waltzes are spiritual, sparkling and delightful. They are dances not merely for the feet but for the head. Eduard Strauss seems a part of his music. His nerves tremble to it, and his whole body is cradled by it. Strauss will be at the Pavilion Sept. 17 and 18; three concerts. The prices for evening concerts are \$2. and \$3.; for the afternoon, \$2. and \$1.50. Subscribers lists are at Messrs. Nordheimer's and I. Suckling and Sons.

THERE is in London a Society of Arts with an Examiner in Music. This official says the replies of candidates to questions set on the examination papers are very curious. For instance, the answer to the question, "Who was Rossini? What influence did he exercise over the art of music in his time?" brought to light much curious and interesting intelligence. His nationality was various. "He was 'a German by birth, but was born at Pesaro in Italy;' 'he was born in 1670 and died in 1826;' 'he was a Frenchman, a noted writer of the French, the place of nativity was Pizarro in Genoa;' 'he was an Italian, and made people feel drunk with the richness of his melody;' 'he composed "Oberon," "Don Giovanni," "Der Freischütz," and "Stabat Mater.""

MINNIE HAUKE, who has not been heard in New York for the last four years, has accepted an offer from the committee of the Metropolitan Opera House to sing in a number of performances here next March, probably including "Carmen," "Kate" in "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Mrs. Ford" in "The Merry Wives," all three intimately associated with her name. Indeed, she is considered the best exponent of these characters all over Germany and England. She has been singing the parts last spring at Leipzig, Berlin, Dresden, Cologne, Bremen, and other German cities, with her accustomed success, and it is partly on account of this acknowledged excellence that her services were secured for these operas. Minnie Hauke, although American by birth, has made her career principally at the Court theatres of Berlin and Vienna, and is, therefore, probably the best fitted for the New York German opera.

A LITERARY curiosity of especial interest to musicians arrived recently by the *La Normandie* of the French line, it being the original manuscript of the oratorio of "Jeanne d'Arc," including 100 singing and 125 orchestral parts, all done in the handwriting of the famous Gounod. This manuscript was consigned to Mr. D. C. Willoughby, manager of Margaret Mather, and is to be used by Miss Mather in her production of "Jeanne d'Arc" at Palmer's early in September. The music was originally intended as an oratorio, being dedicated to the anniversary of the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims three years ago, upon which occasion it was executed at the cathedral at Rheims by a chorus of six hundred voices and an orchestra of one hundred pieces. Miss Mather's representative states that Mr. Gounod has been approached with a proposition to open his American tour by conducting the

work as it will be presented September 1st by Miss Mather and her company.

PROBABLY not one in a thousand of Helena Modjeska's admirers know how she spends her holidays. But I hope it will not interfere with the general esteem in which she is held if I divulge the fact that during her vacation our famous Ophelia is alternately a *modiste* and a photographer. Instead of hunting, as she might well do in the woods that surround her California ranch, or playing tennis, or counting cribbage with the count, Portia studies developers, and Rosalind has deserted Arden for the dark room. Mme. Modjeska is as much of an expert in the art of Daguerre as she is in that of Thespis. She is versed in blue prints, black prints, and bromides; she can manipulate a kodak, a front focus, a detective, a reversible back, or a patent duplex with equal facility. Modjeska's other diversion is dressmaking. She spends a great part of the summer season in designing costumes for the winter. Underneath a capacious awning in the back yard of her house she has a dressmaking establishment consisting of two sewing machines, a couple of seamstresses, a dressmaker's dummy, a work-table, an artist's easel and a camera. The latter appurtenances are directed by the fair and gifted ranch-holder herself. Mme. Modjeska first designs the costumes she wishes to wear in any particular character, and after her sewing woman has carried out her ideas in silks and satins and taffetas, she photographs the gowns on the lay-figure. This manikin, or as I might with more propriety say, womanikin, is built on the exact lines and measurements of Modjeska's figure, and by taking a picture of it she can gain a complete idea as to how her gowns are going to look at a subsequent period on the stage. Mme. Modjeska, however, intends her camera for a higher use than as an aid to artistic costuming. Her prentice hand is rapidly growing adept in all features of photography during her summer vacation at the ranch in California. This knowledge she intends to utilize while at her former home in Poland next year. As is well-known, Helena Modjeska is an enthusiastic and patriotic Pole. Poland esteems Russia about as much as Ireland reverences England, and Mme. Modjeska means to utilize her leisure and her camera in making an extended series of views in order to explain some papers she desires to write on the oppression of the serfs for our magazines. She has already tried the merit of her pen in the *Cosmopolitan*, and, although I cannot state it for a fact, I should not be surprised if a portion of the time spent in Poland by Mme. Modjeska next year were in execution of a commission from Mr. Brisben Walker to out-Kennan Kennan.—*The Theatre.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IN DARKEST AFRICA; or, the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria. By Henry M. Stanley. Two volumes. New York: Scribners; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company, George R. Lancelfield, General Agent.

The motto which this "man of action" has inscribed upon the title page of his book might fairly be taken to indicate that he does not intend to remain idle, nor to let others finish what he has so magnificently begun, viz., the exploration of the "Darkest Africa." When one looks through the two handsome volumes in which the records of well nigh the greatest exploring feat of the age are enshrined, the temptation to make extracts here, there, and everywhere has to be steadily resisted. The volumes are rich in maps and illustrations from the original drawings, of the making of which we were told but recently in *Scribners*, by Mr. Marston, Stanley's firm friend and publisher. The story is throughout indelibly stamped with the character of the writer. Curt and vigorous, picturesque and impressive, the style might be summed up in three words—*Facta, non verba*—and as action is the chiefest interest of any such book, it goes without saying that the interest never flags. How could it? A masterful man, Stanley compels his readers as he swayed his men, and neither regret it. By no means the least interesting is the story of the composition of the book (*vide Mr. Marston in Scribners*). The way in which Stanley concentrated his great powers on its production was but another token of the man's character, unrelenting while work remained to be done. The real interest of the book begins when the known part of the Congo has been traversed and the junction of the Congo and Aruwihimi is reached near Yambuya and the explorers plunge at once into that awful forest, literally "the darkest Africa," where the daily track was "through a wilderness of creeks, mud, thick scumfaced quagmires, green with duckweed, into which we sank knee deep, and the stench was most sickening. . . . The rain was cold and every drop as large as a dollar." Here is Stanley's description of two or three of his officers: "During these days Jephson exhibited a marvellous vigour. He was in many things an exact duplicate of myself in my younger days. He is sanguine, confident, and loves hard work. A sybarite in civilization but a labourer in Africa. These young men, Stairs, Nelson, and Parke, are very much the same. Nelson is the military officer, alert, intelligent who grasps an idea and realises it to perfection. Nelson is like a Roman centurion, because he executes the will of his chief, not staying to ask the reason why; Parke, noble soul, tender and devoted, patient, sweet and brave, always enduring and diffusing comfort as he moves." Having such material, Stanley was fortunate. Now they encounter poisoned arrows.

"One man named Khalfan had been wounded in the windpipe by a poisoned arrow. It was a mere puncture and Dr. Parke attended him with care, but it had a fatal ending a few days after. Lieutenant Stairs soon after received a wound in the left breast from an arrow, smeared over with a copal coloured substance." The power of the native bows is such that Stanley was able to drive an arrow clean over the top of a high tree two hundred yards distant. At Ugarrorowa's Station the first specimen of the tribe of dwarfs is seen.

"She measured thirty-three inches in height and was a perfectly formed young woman of seventeen, of a glistening sleekness of body. Her figure was that of a miniature coloured lady, not wanting in grace, and her face was very prepossessing. Her complexion was of the colour of ivory; her eyes magnificent, large as those of a young gazelle. Absolutely nude, the little lady was quite self-possessed, and enjoyed inspection."

Food was now terribly scarce and the labour tremendous. The people were so reduced by hunger that over a third could do no more than crawl, Stanley himself lived on two bananas a day and dysentery and ulcers were making havoc among the men. Just here occurs the famous episode of Stanley's little dog Randy and the guinea fowl, which has been quoted so much, and also the somewhat moving incident of the prickly pears. But at last the Manyema were found and at Ipoto the first stage of the terrible journey was past.

From the attacks of wild animals the explorers were nearly free, the tumult of the camp scaring them into the recesses of the forest, and though the land was full of deadly snakes, they seem not to have been more troublesome than in India; but a more annoying enemy never fled. Africa is the paradise of venomous insects. Among them—

"We may mention the 'jigger,' which deposited its eggs under the toenails of the most active men, but which attacked the body of a 'goe-goe' and made him a mass of living corruption; the little beetle that dived underneath the skin and pricked one as with a needle; the mellipona bee, that troubled the eyes, and made one almost frantic some days; the small and large ticks that insidiously sucked one's small store of blood; the wasps, which stung one into a raging fever if some careless idiot touched the tree, or shouted near their haunts; the wild honey-bees, which one day scattered two canoe crews, and punished them so that we had to send a detachment of men to rescue them; the tiger-slug, that dropped from the branches and left his poisonous fur in the pores of the body until one raved from the pain; the red ants, that invaded the camp by night and disturbed our sleep, and attacked the caravan half-a-score of times on the march, and made the men run faster than if pursued by so many pigmies; the black ants, which infested the trumpet tree, and dropped on us when passing underneath, and gave us all a foretaste of the Inferno; the small ants that invaded every particle of food, which required great care lest we might swallow half-a-dozen inadvertently, and have the stomach membranes perforated or blistered—small as they were, they were the most troublesome, for in every tunnel made through the bush thousands of them housed themselves upon us, and so bit and stung us that I have seen the pioneer covered with blisters as from nettles; and, of course, there were our old friends the mosquitos in numbers in the greater clearings."

All Africa seemed hostile. Every tribe approached, even the very pygmies, became for no reason, or from fear for their food, tribes of assailants eager to kill, if it were only the feeblest straggler. A single sentence, dropped by Mr. Stanley almost casually in the second volume, tells more of their general temper than pages of description would do. On one occasion small pox had broken out in the camp, "and many a victim had already been tossed into the river weighted with rocks. For this was also a strange necessity we had to resort to, to avoid subsequent exhumation by the natives whom we discovered to be following our tracks for the purpose of feeding on the dead."

It is impossible to do more than roughly sketch the wonderful journey. To even touch the crowded detail would occupy more time and space than we can give. The reader will find that all the reviews of the book, and their name is legion, have but skimmed the surface. He must follow for himself the awful journey up the Aruwihimi and Ituri, in danger from rapids, reptiles, poisoned spikes in the grass, venomous arrows, cannibal tribes, rogue elephants, having to make blood covenant with friendly chiefs, contending against desertion, theft, mutiny, death; storm beaten and fever-burnt, hungry and thirsty, he will feel how their souls must have fainted within them. Surveying the two volumes the story is found naturally enough to divide itself into two parts, the journey to Albert Nyanza, where Emin is found and the return to Zanzibar. Of poor Barttelot's fate, the true history will probably never be known. Mr. Stanley himself does not explain, except by supposing that he "lost his head," and that is, in Central Africa, suicidal. We have not touched on Stanley's marvellous encouragement so frankly acknowledged by him (how like Gordon he is occasionally!), drawn from the book of Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage," nor on a multitude of other points of interest. Topographically there is no question of the immense value of the maps and records; the results to science are not so abundant. But it would be marvellous if we had everything. If the great explorer has not benefited actual science so greatly as he might, he has at least opened up

the way to science and that is enough for one man. It will be curious to see Emin's comments on that part of the story which relates to him personally, if he should make any. We would fain give many extracts from this wonderful book, but must content ourselves with the one or two appended.

DR. PARKE

"This expedition possesses the rarest doctor in the world. No country in Europe can produce his equal in my opinion. There may be many more learned, perhaps, more skilful, older, or younger, as the case may be; but the best of them have something to learn from our doctor. He is such a combination of sweetness and simplicity. So unostentatious, so genuinely unobtrusive. We are all bound to him with cords of love. We have seen him do so much out of pure love for his 'cases' that human nature becomes ennobled by this gem. He is tenderness itself. He has saved many lives by his devoted nursing. We see him each day at 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. with his selectest circle of 'sick' around him. None with tender stomach dare approach it. He sits in the centre as though it were a rare perfume. The sloughing ulcers are exposed to view, some fearful to behold, and presenting a spectacle of horror. The doctor smiles and sweetly sniffs the tainted air, handles the swollen limbs, cleanses them from impurity, pours the soothing lotion, cheers the sufferers, binds up the painful wounds, and sends the patient away with a hopeful and gratified look. May the kindly angels record this nobleness and obliterate all else! I greatly honour what is divine in man. This gift of gentleness and exquisite sensibility appeals to the dullest. At Abu-Klea our doctor was great; the wounded had cause to bless him; on the green sward at Kavalli, daily ministering to these suffering blacks, unknowing and unheeding whether any regarded him, our doctor was greater still."

The misery at Yambuya is graphically painted.

THE FATE OF THE REAR COLUMN.

"The life of misery which was related was increased by the misery which we saw. Pen cannot picture, nor tongue relate the full horrors witnessed within that dreadful pest hold. The nameless scourge of barbarism was visible in the faces and bodies of many a hideous-looking human being, who, disfigured, bloated, marred and scarred, came, impelled by curiosity, to hear and see us, who had come from the forest land east, and who were reckless of the terror they inspired by the death embodied in them. There were six dead bodies lying unburied, and the smitten living with their festers lounged in front of us by the dozen. Others worn to their skin and staring bone, from dysentery and fell anæmia, and ulcers as large as saucers, crawled about and hollowly sounded their dismal welcome—a welcome to this charnel yard. Weak, wearied, and jaded in body and mind, I scarcely know how I endured the first few hours, the ceaseless story of calamity vexed my ears, a deadly stench of disease hung in the air, and the most repellent sighs moved and surged before my dazed eyes. I heard of murder and death, of sickness and sorrow, anguish and grief, and wherever I looked the hollow eyes of dying men met my own with such trusting, pleading regard, such far away yearning looks, that it seemed to me if but one sob was uttered my heart would break. I sat stupefied under a suffocating sense of despondency, yet the harrowing story moved on in a dismal cadence that had nought else in it but death and disaster, disaster and death. A hundred graves at Yambuya—thirty-three men perishing, abandoned in the camp, ten dead on the road, about forty in the village about to yield their feeble hold of life, desertions over twenty, rescued a passable sixty! And of the gallant band of Englishmen? 'Barttelot's grave is but a few yards off, Troup went home a skeleton, Ward is somewhere a wanderer, Jameson has gone to the Falls, I don't know why.' 'And you—you are the only one left?' 'The only one, sir.'

"If I were to record all that I saw at Banalya in its deep intensity of unqualified misery, it would be like stripping the bandages off a vast sloughing ulcer, striated with bleeding arteries, to the public gaze, with no earthly purpose than to shock and disgust.

"Implicitly believing as we did in the *elan* of Barttelot, in the fidelity of Jameson, in the vigorous youth and manly promise of Ward, in the prudence and trustworthiness of Troup, and the self-command and steadiness of Bonny, all these revelations came to me with a severe shock. The column was so complete with every requisite for prolonged and useful work, but the 'flood-tide of opportunity' flowed before them unseen and unnoted, therefore their marches became mere 'marking time.'

"What, Barttelot! that tireless man with the ever-rushing pace, that cheery young soldier, with his dauntless bearing, whose soul was ever yearning for glory. A man so lavishly equipped with nature's advantages to bow the knee thus to the grey craftiness at Stanley Falls! It was all an unsolved riddle to me. I would have wagered he would have seized that flowing grey beard of Tippu-Tib and pounded the face to pulp, even in the midst of his power, rather than allow himself to be thus cajoled time and time again. The fervid vehemence of his promise not to wait a day after the fixed date yet rings in my ears; I feel the strong grip, and see the resolute face, and I remember my glowing confidence in him.

"It is said that 'still waters run deep.' Now Jameson was such a still, and patient, and withal determined man that we all conceded a certain greatness to him. He had paid £1,000 sterling, and had promised diligence and zealous service, for the privilege of being enrolled as a

member of the expedition. He had a passion for natural history to gratify, with a marked partiality for ornithology and entomology. According to Barttelot 'his alacrity, capacity, and willingness to work were unbounded,' which I unqualifiedly endorse. What else he was may be best learned in his letter of August 12th, and his entries in the log-book. Zeal and activity grow into promise and relief as we read he seals his devotion by offering out of his purse £10,000, and by that unhappy canoe voyage by day and by night, until he was lifted to his bed to die at Banalya."

The need of fresh meat was very great, and the avidity with which each chance of procuring any was seized is well described in the following paragraph.

A HUNTING INCIDENT.

"The antelope took a flying leap over several canoes lying abreast into the river, and dived under. In an instant there was a desperate pursuit. Man after man leaped head foremost into the river, until its breast was darkly dotted with the heads of the frantic swimmers. This mania for meat had approached madness. The poisoned arrow, the razor-sharp spear, and the pot of the cannibal failed to deter them from such raids; they dared all things, and in this instance an entire company had leaped into the river to fight and struggle, and perhaps be drowned, because there was a chance that a small animal that two men would consider as insufficient for a full meal might be obtained by one man out of fifty. Five canoes were therefore ordered out to assist the madmen. About half a mile below, despite the manoeuvres of the animal, which dived and swam with all the cunning of savage man, a young fellow named Fernzi clutched it by the neck, and at the same time he was clutched by half-a-dozen fellows, and all would most assuredly have been drowned had not the canoes arrived in time and rescued the tired swimmers. But, alas! for Fernzi, the bush antelope, for such it was, no sooner was slaughtered, than a savage rush was made on the meat, and he received only a tiny morsel, which he thrust into his mouth for security."

THE PIGMIES.

"We had not been long at Avatiko before a couple of pigmies were brought to me. What relation the pair were to one another is not known. The man was young, probably twenty-one. Mr. Bonny conscientiously measured him, and I recorded the notes. Height, 4 feet; round head, 20½ in.; from chin to back top of head, 24¼ in.; round chest, 25½ in.; round abdomen, 27¼ in.; round hip 22½ in.; round wrist, 4¼ in.; round muscle of left arm, 7½ in.; round ankle, 7 in.; round calf of leg, 7¼ in.; length of index finger, 2 in.; length of right hand, 4 in.; length of foot, 6¼ in.; length of leg, 22 in.; length of back, 18½ in.; arm to tip of finger, 19¾. This was the first full-grown man we had seen. His colour was coppery, the pelt over the body was almost furry, being nearly half an inch in length. His head-dress was a bonnet of a priestly form, decorated with a bunch of parrot feathers; it was either a gift or had been stolen. A broad strip of bark cloth covered his nakedness. His hands were very delicate, and attracted attention by their unwashed appearance. He had evidently been employed in peeling plantains."

LONGMANS' SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY for North America. By Geo. G. Chisholm, M.A., B.Sc., etc., and C. H. LECTE, B.A. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1890.

This book is a United States edition of Longmans' School Geography and is a concise, compendious and clear effort to impart the most important facts of geographical knowledge on a plan in accordance with modern methods and advancement. In some respects a change is made from the ordinary treatment, as in the absence of maps, whilst the illustrations are frequent and striking and animate the text. As might be expected the United States section dominates the American continent and looks down upon the effete monarchies of the elder world from its monopoly of 69 pages out of an aggregate of 306—whilst insignificant Canada, her geographical superior in extent of territory, makes her entrance and exit in eight pages only.

MARION GRAHAM, or Higher than Happiness. By Metta LAUDER. New York and Boston: Lee and Shepard.

The aim of the authoress of this religious tale is as she states it at the end of the preface to help her readers "to understand that Christ's best gift to us is the blessed privilege which He, Himself, so divinely illustrated, the privilege of service and self-sacrifice for others." We may well hazard the statement that no author could seek a purer motive for writing or strive to present a higher ideal for living to his or her readers. We take objection at the start to a radical defect in the absence of a table of contents. There seems to be also too ardent a desire on the part of the writer to crowd her pages with literary lore, and we think that she would have done better to have applied the curb rather than the spur to fancy, as in the perverted description in chapter IX., but the book is as well worth reading as the majority of its kind, and though the reader may not agree with all the conclusions of the writer, an honest effort will be recognized on her part to fulfil the promise of the preface.

THE *Methodist Magazine* for August contains the seventh instalment of Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," and the Editor continues the "Canadian Tourist Party in Europe" papers. Mrs. Barr's serial reaches chapter fifteen; Matthew Richey Knight contributes a poem, and "Through Yorkshire" is a pleasant descriptive paper by J. S. Williams.

FERDINAND C. VALENTINE looks out from the frontispiece of the August *Arena*, and contributes a striking paper called, "The Shadow of the Noose." Marion Harland writes sympathetically about the "Domestic Infelicity of Literary Women," and number six of the "No Name" series bears the title, "A Day in Court." Prof. J. Rodas Buchanan will probably frighten nervous people who may read his "Coming Cataclysm of Europe and America," and various papers with "Notes on Living Problems," by Rev. N. Boynton and others, wind up the issue.

ONE always welcomes *Outing*, and the August number is not likely to lessen anybody's appreciation of this breezy, pleasant magazine. The opening paper is signed by a name familiar to Torontonians, and describes "Grouse Shooting on American Prairies," in a vivid and easy style, while the succeeding paper wafts us to witness the same sport upon the heather-clad hills of Auld Scotia. Charles Turner sends a *mélange* entitled, "Cricket and Society at Lord's," and Captain Charles King tells us in his picturesque way of "Cavalry Tilts in the South." But we have not space to detail all *Outing's* pleasant features. The *menu* is excellent and seasonable, and varied enough for the most fastidious.

THE August *Magazine of American History* is filled with a variety of able and popular papers. The opening illustrated paper this month, "Historic Houses and Revolutionary Letters," is written in felicitous style by Mr. Robert Ludlow Fowler. It contains extracts from hitherto unpublished letters and documents relating to stormy scenes in the most exciting period of the country's annals, with a bright thread of family history—of the ancient Ellisons of colonial New York—running through the animated sketch which is an exceedingly important addition to historic literature. The second article, "Glimpses of Log-cabin Life in Early Ohio," from the pen of Emanuel Spencer, is realistic and delightfully picturesque bringing the log-cabin home to us in earnest, with all its limitations and ambitions. Following this, Clement Ferguson writes of the historic associations of "The Blue and Beautiful Narragansett;" Richard Selden Harvey recites "The True Story of an Appointment," and a very readable and significant story it is; the editor contributes a concise and most welcome epitome of the career of Major-General Ebenezer Stevens, the subject of the frontispiece, and Dr. Prosper Bender discusses in an elaborate and well-considered study "The French-Canadian Peasantry," touching upon their history, language, customs, mode of life, food and dress. Among the shorter contributions are two beautiful poems, "Our Beloved Flag," by Hon. Horatio King, ex-Postmaster-General, and "The Edict of Nantes," by the Rev. Charles S. Vedder, D.D. "The Prospectus of the First American Edition of Shakespeare," a curious antique treasure, appears in minor topics, and "Sixty Way-marks in the World's Progress" furnishes a list worthy of careful preservation.

THE *Forum* for August contains an article on the possibilities of agriculture, by Prince Kropotkin, who has made a thorough investigation of the greatest yields in the most densely settled sections of Europe. It is not a matter of the future, but an accomplished fact, that by agricultural methods already in use, the portion of the earth that is now under cultivation can be made to sustain perhaps ten times as many people as are now alive, not only with better food, but at lower cost than now. Prince Kropotkin makes a suggestion that 100 acres be set apart for this purpose as a part of the Chicago Exposition, and by this he feels sure that an object lesson could be taught to farmers of the United States, which would enable them to begin forthwith a reign of plenty. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in an essay on the *décolleté* in modern life, points out the decay of delicacy not only in our social life, but in our art, in our literature, and even in our politics. The series of autobiographical essays, showing the formative influences on the careers of the writers, to which the historian Lecky and Prof. Tyndall have already contributed, is continued by Prof. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard. Senator William E. Chandler explains the provisions of the pending bills for national control of congressional elections, and makes an argument in favour of such control. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in an essay on "Industrial Democracy," gives his reasons, purely from a Christian point of view, for believing that the wages system must soon yield to a system of co-operation, and in part also of State control. The essay is, in effect, an argument for something like a system of Christian socialism. Prof. Goldwin Smith writes a critical review of socialistic plans for revolutionizing society—discussing Bellamy's "Looking Backward" in particular. James Sully, the English critic, contributes a hopeful critical essay on the novel of the future. Dr. Brown-Séquard explains his experiments to show that we have two brains, and gives some practical hints as to a better development of both the mental and physical powers. Mr. Donald Morison explains the discontent in Newfoundland; and Mr. Robert J. Burdette, in an article entitled "Are We a Frivolous People?" gives his reasons for thinking that we are too much given to the serious consideration of life—leaving the "funny man" a comparatively small field for activity.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE *Critic* has completed the tenth year of its successful and useful career.

SARAH E. TITCOMBE will publish soon a second edition of her work, "Aryan Sun Myths: The Origin of Religions."

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD's new story, "Little Renault," will be issued in serial form in the *Century Magazine*.

THE Russian police have seized all the copies of the memoirs of the Princess Dolgoruki, just published at St. Petersburg.

MRS. GRANT's volume of reminiscences of the General may not be finished as early as next winter, when it was hoped it might be ready.

FRANCIS ADAMS, the Australian poet, is about to issue, through Messrs. Vizetelly and Company, an English edition of his poems, "Songs of the Army of the Night."

MONCURE D. CONWAY has written a "Life of Hawthorne" for the "Great Writers" series, which will be published simultaneously in the United States and England.

It is announced that the author of "Thoth," "Toxar," etc., published anonymously, is J. Shields Nicholson, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh.

MR. W. F. R. SHILLETO, son of the Cambridge professor, and Mr. Victor Plarr, of Oxford, are the candidates for the post of librarian at King's College just vacated by Mr. Lamb.

ALL the principal sections of the White Mountains are included in a new work by Rev. Julius H. Ward, to be aided by characteristic bits of scenery. The Appletons will publish it.

MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, wife of the successor to Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, is to become one of the editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, on September 1st next.

THE eleventh annual conference of the American Library Association will be held at the Fabian House, White Mountains, September 9-13. There are indications of an unusually large gathering.

THE memoir of Robt. Browning, on which Mrs. Sutherland Orr is engaged, will appear, together with "Asolando," as the seventeenth volume of the New Edition of Browning, published by Smith and Elder.

THE Humane Education Society, of Boston, offers \$250 for the best essay in favour of vivisection, and \$250 for the best essay against it. President Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, will furnish particulars.

ALPHONSE DAUDET, who has been seriously ill, is now in better health and is working at Champrosay upon his new romance, "La Caravane," which will be published in *Le Temps* in the course of the year.

HEINE is to have a monument at Düsseldorf. Paul Heyse, the German novelist, has charge of the movement and Herder has prepared the designs for the statue, which designs have been inspected by William II.

JAMES WILTON BROOKS, editor of *The University Magazine*, has received the degree of LL. D. from St. John's College, Annapolis, and is said to be the youngest Doctor of Laws in America, being but thirty-six years old.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY will publish immediately the first volume of Prof. Alfred Marshall's long expected treatise on "The Principles of Economics." It is an attempt to present a modern version of old doctrines.

MR. ERNEST PARKE has been released from prison after six months' detention, on the ground of ill-health. A very influential petition for this purpose was presented to the Home Secretary only a short time before.

THE *Levant Herald* reports the prosecution of three Turkish gentlemen for the piratical appropriation and reproduction of the literary works of a professor of the College at Bayazid. The Stamboul Court assessed the damages at £480.

MR. ANDREW LANG says that Ibsen is "a prosy person, with no sense of humour." Exactly; and is incapable, therefore, of seeing human life and character as they are; for the quality of humour is inseparable from true perception.—*New York Tribune*.

THE 450th anniversary of the invention of printing has just been celebrated at Cologne, and attracted literary men and others from all parts. Speeches were made, and a special play, illustrating incidents of Gutenberg's life, was performed before the visitors.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "Journal" is to appear in the autumn, reproduced from the original, which is preserved at Abbotsford. Lockhart used much of the matter of the "Journal," but there is said to be a great quantity remaining that is of the truest interest.

THE Abbé Desgodins has at length brought the MS. of his Tibetan-Latin-French Dictionary—a monumental work which has required years for its completion—to Paris. It has been accepted by the Papal Propaganda, and will be forthwith sent to press.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE pays a deserved tribute in *The Critic* of July 19 to his own and his father's old friend, the late Francis Bennoch of London; and Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, of Columbia College, sends an account of Stanley's "doctoring" at Oxford.

ANOTHER unpublished book of Victor Hugo's was brought out in Paris on June 17th by the house of Hetzel-Quantin. It is called "En Voyage," and is a journal of

two trips that its author made in 1839 among the Alps and in 1843 through the Pyrenees.

THE forthcoming edition of Mr. Ruskin's poems will be of particular interest to his admirers. It will not only contain several pieces never before published, but it will be illustrated with drawings by the author of many of the scenes described in the poems.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have just issued "Hermit Island," by Katherine Lee Bates; "The Crown of Life," selections taken from the writings of Henry Ward Beecher, by Mary Storrs Haynes, and "The Golden Key," one of George Macdonald's short stories.

MR. BESANT has had two remarkable experiences in connection with his little story, "The Doubts of Dives," and his publisher (Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol) has issued a special edition of the book, with a prologue entitled "Was It Hypnotism?" in which the author alludes to them. The coincidence of names in the book with those of certain individuals in South Africa has already been made public property, and it is not that, we presume, to which the query about hypnotism refers. The hypnotism comes in, if at all, in the case of the mysterious visitor who called on Mr. Besant, and threatened him with legal proceedings for having hypnotically appropriated his ideas!

THE New York *Nation* closed the twenty-fifth year of its existence with the issue of June 26, and marked the event by a long and interesting *resumé* of some important changes which have taken place in the social and political life of the country within that time. The *Nation* has exercised a distinct influence on American thought. Its editorial utterances have been characterized by great force and independence; they have often passed beyond the bounds of dispassionate discussion, but they have never lacked ability and courage. It has been an admirable characteristic of the *Nation* that it has attacked political offenders of all parties with unsparing vigour, and has never discriminated between Republican and Democratic rascals.

Outing Weekly Tennis Record, of which the midsummer number appears this week, is enlarged to twenty-four pages, and contains most excellent accounts from its own special correspondents of all the important tournaments of the week in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, with many excellent illustrations specially prepared by *Outing* artists. The popularity of lawn tennis is second only to baseball, and as this game enlists both sexes in actual contest, we think it is destined to supersede baseball as an amateur's game. Like the growth of lawn tennis, the success of *Outing Weekly Tennis Record* has been almost phenomenal. This week's *Record* embraces the tournaments at Chicago, Ill., Westchester, N.Y., Hastings, N.Y., Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., etc. The "Local and Club Talks" are exceedingly interesting, and cover as wide a field as the game of tennis.

OF the reminiscences of James Berry, the English public executioner, the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "The book is now all but finished. There are nine chapters in it, and in three the writer has sketched his wheel of life plainly. The first tells the story of how he became an executioner. The second relates his first practical experience. The next deals with the apparatus, and has some pictures in it; this is followed by a terrible chronicle—'Men and Women I have executed.' Then Mr. Berry discusses his treatment by the public, and tells how murderers die. He then relates some travelling experiences and gives his impression upon capital punishment. The ninth and last chapter in the book is of some interest, for in it Mr. Berry describes 'Celebrities I have met.' A large sale is expected for this 'shilling dreadful.' The first edition will consist of 50,000 copies."

EDWARD MARSTON, the veteran London publisher, writing in the *August Scribner's* about "How Stanley Wrote His Book," gives the following particulars of the materials from which it was made: "Mr. Stanley's memory of names, persons, and events is quite marvellous, but in the compilation of his book he by no means trusted to his memory. His constant habit was to carry a small note-book, 6 x 3 inches, in his side-pocket; in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at times of longer leisure, were expanded into six larger volumes of about two hundred pages each of very minute and clear writing in ink. In addition to these field note-books and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes, filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations," etc.

WE see items sometimes about the value of rare books in the hands of bibliomaniacs or at auction sales, but there is now in San Francisco a volume than which there are few more valuable in the world. It is worth exactly \$30,000—not a fancy price either. Thirty thousand dollars is its actual cash value. It is the registry of the whereabouts and identity of 3,000 Chinese corpses in the city cemetery, all of which will have to be dug up and returned to China in due time, while a disinterment permit costs \$10. The ex-superintendent of the cemetery has the book, and says that he made it, and that therefore it is his own private property. The health officer thinks it belongs to the city. We think so, too, for it is clearly the duty of the superintendent of the cemetery to keep a register or list of the graves and their contents. We hope that prompt action will be taken to prevent the destruction or disappearance of the book pending legal settlement of its ownership.—*Report*.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A TRIED CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

EVERY night, at an early bed-time, take a five-grain pill of asafoetida; be careful to take no strong medicine after three o'clock in the afternoon; half an hour before getting into bed take a hot foot-bath. Let the water be as hot as can be borne at first, and add a little very hot water as it cools. Be sure to keep well covered up, and to have the feet in the water for a full half-hour. A month of this treatment, under the most adverse circumstances, completely cured the insomnia of a friend, who had run the entire gamut of narcotics, stimulants, eating before retiring, and tiring himself out.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF BRAIN LOCALIZATION.

THERE is in Paris a mutual autopsy society, each member of which pledges his body to be dissected after his death by the rest. Special attention is given to the brain, and the society is composed of well-known scientists. In this way M. Manouvrier made a careful study of the brain of M. Adolphe Bertillon, and in a supplementary note calls attention to a few peculiarities of special interest. It appears that M. Bertillon was deaf in the left ear, and had been so from infancy. The sense of hearing having been localized in the first temporal convolution, this part of the brain on both sides was examined to see whether there was any difference in the development of the two halves of the brain. It was found that while on the left side this convolution was well developed, with a number of slight ridges and furrows in it, on the right side it was smaller and without these characteristics (the centre for each ear is located in the opposite hemisphere of the brain). While, of course, a single observation of this kind is far from conclusive, yet the method is one promising to corroborate generalizations otherwise reached, and to suggest and explain peculiarities based upon the individual capabilities.

THE PRE-FRONTAL REGION OF THE BRAIN.

MODERN physiologists, says a Berlin correspondent of the *Lancet*, regard the pre-frontal part of the brain as the seat of character and intellect. After the removal of this part in dogs and monkeys, no paralysis of any muscles or loss of sensibility occurs, but singular changes in the behaviour, emotions and character of the animals have been observed. They become livelier, restless, impatient, irritable, quarrelsome and violent. Their movements seem purposeless, and their attention to what is going on around them, and their intelligence, are diminished. These observations have been confirmed by similar phenomena in the case of human beings. The well-known "Crow-bar case," described by the American physician, Dr. Harlow, is one in point. A young man was busy tamping a bursting charge into a rock with a pointed iron rod, when the charge suddenly exploded, and the rod entered his head under the angle of the lower jaw, came out in the frontal region, and was found some distance off, covered with blood and brain-substance. He became childish, wilful, fickle and restless, and suffered loss of intellectual power. Gradually, however, these symptoms disappeared; he recovered, and lived for thirteen years. His skull is preserved in Harvard University.

THE two sides of the human face are not exactly alike, and a German biologist asserts that the lack of symmetry, as a rule, is confined to the upper part of the face. In two cases out of five the eyes are out of line, and seven persons out of every ten have stronger sight in one eye than in the other. Another singular fact is that the right ear is almost invariably higher than the left.

IN England and other parts of Europe, horse shoes are now in use, made of cowhide instead of iron. The shoe is composed of three thicknesses of the hide, which is pressed into a steel mould and afterwards treated by a chemical preparation. The shoe is quite smooth on the outside surface, no calks being needed, as the shoe adheres firmly on polished pavements. It is claimed this shoe is much lighter than the iron one, lasts longer, and that the hoofs of horses wearing them never split.

SOME experiments have recently been made at Spezzia on the Italian man-of-war, *Messaggiere*, with a view of ascertaining the speed attainable with coal and petroleum mixed for fuel, and they seem to have resulted in producing a high speed at a given moment. The *Messaggiere*, which never before surpassed fifteen knots an hour, reached almost seventeen with the new process of combustion, so that the increased speed supplies a very valuable assistance to a ship imperfectly defended. It is stated, however, that the immense heat generated affects the boilers injuriously, but arrangements are being made for obviating this in the future.—*London Industries*.

PROF. R. H. THURSTON, in a recent article, gives a graphic description of what electricity will do in the future. He says it will break up the present factory system and enable the home-worker once more to compete on living terms with great aggregations of capital in unscrupulous hands. Great steam-engines will undoubtedly become generally the sources of power in large cities, and will send out the electric wire in every corner of the town, helping the sewing women at her machine, the weaver at his pattern loom, the mechanic at his engine lathe, giving every house the mechanical aids needed in the kitchen, the laundry, the elevator, and at the same time giving light, and possibly heat, in liberal quantity and intensity.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A LITERARY INTERREGNUM.

THE field of literature must have its periods of rest and recuperation like the soil which the farmer tills. The nineteenth century has been one of extraordinary activity in literary production, but its closing decade begins with partial stagnation, and it may be that the year 1900 will still find the soil lying fallow. There are certainly no great masters of literary art now occupying the attention of the world with original creations of their genius. The wonderful Russian, Tolstoi, seems to have passed the climax of his powers, and nowhere can be found a commanding personality in literature. The Germany that gave us Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Auerbach, Freytag, Reuter, Spielhagen, supplies no figure among younger men more striking than that of Ebers, who, with all his learning and a fine poetic and dramatic faculty, must still be regarded as an imitator of Sir Walter Scott rather than as a creator of original work. The France of Balzac, of George Sand, of Flaubert, of Victor Hugo, is now the France of Zola, with his gross materialism; of Ohnet, fascinating but often trivial and occasionally repellent with the immorality which taints the whole of modern French fiction; of Daudet, delightful at times but more frequently stiff, artificial, with a straining for effect that becomes very tiresome, and of Francois Coppee, a master of compression and purity of style, but with a vein of gloomy pessimism running through his work which seems to offer a fatal obstacle to any great achievement. In England the race of great novelists, poets, historians has not, perhaps, become extinct, but at present there is no one to supply the place of Thackeray or Dickens, or even Wilkie Collins, and there is no indication that when the genius of Tennyson goes into final eclipse, there will be any star to furnish its brilliant but steady glow in the literary firmament. The latest literary lion in London, Rudyard Kipling, is merely a writer of short stories, varying greatly in merit. Rider Haggard is a sensationalist, whose reign must needs be brief, and Blackmore, Black, and Walter Besant are, perhaps, the only English story-tellers of our day who rise to secondary rank. George Meredith must be considered more seriously, but his genius, which is indubitable, is so eccentric and is obscured by so many faults of style that he can not justly be regarded as a literary artist.—*Baltimore Sun*.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE differences that I have shown to exist between the political systems of the two countries are of so important a character as to exercise a very decided influence on the political and social conditions of each. Allied with a great respect for law, which is a distinguishing feature of all communities of the Anglo-Saxon race, they form the basis of the present happiness and prosperity of the people of the Dominion and of their future national greatness. It was to be expected that two peoples lying alongside each other since the commencement of their history, and developing governmental institutions drawn from the same tap-root of English law and constitutional usages, should exhibit many points of similarity in their respective systems and in their capacity for self-government. But it is noteworthy that their close neighbourhood, their means of rapid communication with one another, the constant social and commercial intercourse that has been going on for years, especially for the past forty years, have not made a deeper impress upon the political institutions and manners of the Canadian people, who being very much smaller in numbers, wealth, and national importance, might be expected to gravitate in many respects toward a nation whose industrial, social and political development is one of the marvels of the age. Canada, however, has shown a spirit of self-reliance, independence of thought and action in all matters affecting her public welfare, which is certainly one of the best evidences of the political steadiness of the people. At the same time she is always ready to copy, whenever necessary or practicable, such institutions of her neighbours as commend themselves to the sound judgment of her statesmen. Twenty-five years ago at Quebec they studied the features of the federal system of the States, and in the nature of things they must continue to refer to the working of their constitution for guidance and instruction. Canada has been steadily working out her own destiny on sound principles, and has in no wise shown an inclination to make the United States her model of imitation in any vital particular. It is quite clear that Canadians who have achieved a decided success so far in working out their plan of federal union on well defined lines of action, in consolidating the union of the old provinces, in founding new provinces and opening up a vast territory to settlement, in covering every section of their own domain with a network of railways, in showing their ability to put down dissent and rebellion in their midst, are not, I think, ready, in view of such achievements, to confess failure and absence of a spirit of self-dependence, a want of courage and national ambition, an incapacity for self-government, and to look forward to annexation to the United States as their "manifest destiny." But whatever may be the destiny of this youthful and energetic community, it is the earnest wish of every Canadian that, while the political fortunes of Canada and the United States may never be united, yet each will endeavour to maintain that free, friendly, social and commercial intercourse which should naturally exist between peoples allied to each other by ties of a common neighbourhood and a common inter-

est, and that the only rivalry between them will be that which should prevail among countries equally interested in peopling this continent from North to South, from East to West, in extending the blessings of free institutions, and in securing respect for law, public morality, electoral purity, free thought, the sanctity of the home, and intellectual culture.—*J. G. Bourinot, in Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for July*.

A STORY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON relates in the July *Century* the following concerning a London experience of his: "My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been five years from America and was on my way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of 'Rip Van Winkle' succeeded in London my way was quite clear when I returned to the United States.

"One Sunday evening, being alone in my lodgings, I got out for my own admiration my new wig and beard, the pride of my heart, and which I was to use in the last act. I could not resist trying them on for the twentieth time, I think; so I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect satisfaction. I soon became enthused, and began acting and posing in front of the mirror. In about twenty minutes there came a knock at the door.

"'Who's there?' said I.

"'It's me, if you please,' said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. 'May I come in?'

"'Certainly not,' I replied; for I had no desire to be seen in my present make-up.

"'Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?' said she.

"'Nothing at all. Go away,' I replied.

"'Well, sir,' she continued, 'there's a policeman at the door, and he says as 'ow there's a crazy old man in your room, a-flingin' of his 'arnds about 'and a-goin' on hawful, and there's a crowd of people across the street a-blockin' up the way.'

"I turned towards the window, and to my horror I found that I had forgotten to put down the curtain, and, as it seemed to me, the entire population of London was taking in my first night. I had been unconsciously acting with the lights full up, to an astonished audience who had not paid for their admission. As I tore off my wig and beard a shout went up. Quickly pulling down the curtain, I threw myself in a chair, overcome with mortification at the occurrence. In a few minutes the comical side of the picture presented itself, and I must have laughed for an hour. I had been suffering from an attack of nervous dyspepsia, consequent upon the excitement of the past week, and I firmly believe that this continuous fit of laughter cured me."

THE HOODED SEAL.

AN interesting denizen of the ice-fields off the Greenland and Labrador coasts is the stemmatopus, or hooded seal. This is an ungainly beast, often larger than an ox. He lies in a great heap on the ice, and is much the colour of soot. On days when the sun is strong, as the spring advances, the oil fairly oozes out of his glistening skin. I have sometimes seen him lying so still, and bathed in his perspiration of oil, that I imagined him dead, and "rendering" out in the heat. The seal-hunters call him the "dog hood," because he has a huge hood or membrane consisting of blubber and a tough tissue, several inches thick, which in the twinkling of an eye he can draw over his head. He is then safe from all ordinary assault, being shielded all over the body by several inches thick of blubber or fat, through which the heavy shot of the seal-hunters' guns cannot reach vital parts. The greenhorn delights to capture the pelt of a dog hood, but the experienced hunter is just as content to let the ugly brute alone.—*Harper's Young People*.

THE DEFECTS OF SOCIALISTIC SCHEMES.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, in the August number of the *Forum*, makes a critical study of a good many plans for regenerating society, and of Mr. Bellamy's plan in particular, in order to show that all the builders of Utopias make one long, unexplained leap, namely: from human nature as it is to human nature as it ought to be; and they refuse to explain how the necessary change in man's passions and conduct is to be made. There seems to him something so comical in Mr. Bellamy's plan that he expresses a fear lest the talented author of "Looking Backward" will laugh at him for seriously criticising what he may have meant as pleasant fiction.

A STRANGE APOLOGY FOR LITERARY PIRACY.

PERHAPS the coolest of all the apologists for literary piracy in America is a writer in a Milwaukee paper, who considers that the attempt to create sympathy for the English publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," because an American publisher happens to have appropriated a work in which they have invested a million of dollars, is "absurd." "The probability," says this expounder of the ethics of publishing, "is that before Messrs. Black went into their enterprise they calculated all the chances. If they miscalculated, that is their affair." This, it has been well observed, resembles the "Bedouin robber's argument."—"He knew the kind of place the Desert is: if he did not like being robbed, why did he travel in it?"—*Daily News*.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT STANLEY'S BOOK.

THE first English edition numbers 20,000 copies (this is inclusive of the *luxé* edition, etc.). It is estimated that during the last four months nearly 11,000 men, women and children, have been employed upon it. In England alone 60 compositors, 17 readers, 12 reading boys, and 200 machine and warehousemen were at work on it. In the binding of 40,000 volumes 500 men and 600 women were employed. There are ten foreign editions. The printing ink consumed amounts to 1 ton 10 cwt.; multiply these figures by eight for the foreign editions, and you arrive at the enormous quantity of 12 tons. The paper of the English edition weighs 65½ tons. As the foreign editions are not so large as the English, the figures are multiplied by four only, which produces a total of 262 tons. The binders' cloth used for England amounts to 4,500 yards, in America 9,000, and in other countries to 1,000 (they have paper covers in many cases.) That makes over eight miles! It is estimated that 268 printing presses have been in use to print the book.

RUNNING WATER AND EVENING DEW.

SO CALLED were the most delicate textures for ladies' evening dresses ever woven. They were manufactured only in the city of Dacca, Bengal, and were regarded as the very finest fabric that could be made. In the latter part of the last century and the earlier years of the present over forty styles of these "Dacca muslins" were in market, all manufactured from a peculiar kind of English thread twist. A piece of the precious goods sufficient for a dress, "fifteen feet in length and a yard in width," weighed but nine hundred grains. This exquisite "gossamer cloth" was valued at forty pounds. In the native dialect, it was called "ab rawan," signifying "running water." In later years this remarkable skill of handicraft must have greatly degenerated, for in 1840 the finest that could be made of dimensions above mentioned weighed sixteen hundred grains, and could be purchased for ten pounds.—*From Harper's Bazar*.

BICYCLING.

THE latest thing in English bicycles is the application of the pneumatic tire. At present the invention is somewhat handicapped by several imperfections, but when these difficulties are surmounted it will prove to be a great invention, a perfect godsend to riders. The existing objections are the pumping of the air into the tire, the increased weight, the escaping of the air, and the danger of puncturing the rubber when the air is out. A prominent bicycling authority writes that it has been proved by experiment that the tire is superior over a grass course and mud, and that it certainly grapples the problem of vibration and makes riding a luxury never before dreamed of. The pneumatic adds four and one-half pounds to the weight of a safety, and this, with the addition of the broader crown piece at the top of the fork, broader spoon brake, and mud guard, makes a total additional weight of six to seven pounds. But the main point is that it does away with the vibration, and the improvements are only a question of time.

THE AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY.

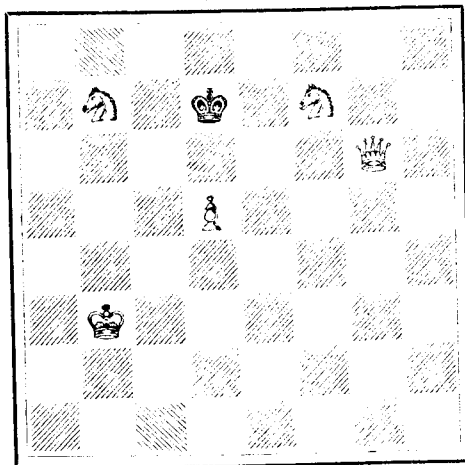
ON account of an improvement in prices on the Stock Exchange comes a rush of new companies, the most noticeable of which is, perhaps, the Automatic Photograph Company. This company is formed to develop the latest phase of automatism, viz., put a penny in the slot, and wait forty-five seconds to be presented with your photograph. It hardly seems possible such a machine could work, but Mr. Isaac Joel, the inventor, says it will, and wishes to sell the patents thereof to the company for £60,000 of which £39,700 is to be in cash. If the machine will do perfectly all that is affirmed (on this we can offer no opinion) the company should be a great success owing to the novelty and cheapness of the new style of photograph. The cost of production of each photograph is half-pence, so that the profit, added to the gain in selling frames and receiving advertisements on the photographs and machines, is estimated to give a return of over thirty per cent. on the capital.

MR. ADAMETZ has just made some microscopic researches upon the microscopic organisms that inhabit cheese. From an examination of Emmenthal, a soft variety of Gruyere cheese, he has obtained the following results: In each gramme of the cheese, when fresh, from 90,000 to 140,000 microbes are found. The number increases with time. Thus, a cheese 71 days old contains 800,000 bacteria per gramme. The population of a soft cheese 25 days old and much denser than the preceding is 1,200,000, and that of a cheese 45 days old is 2,000,000 microbes per gramme.—*La Nature*.

A RECENT communication to the Académie de Médecine respecting Dr. Mesnet's investigations as to stigmata, or *clichés*, as they are now often called, shows that if pressure on the skin of susceptible subjects is made in the form of letters, such letters are clearly distinguishable when nervous derangement causes the skin to change colour. In one experiment the words "La Nature" were traced out on a patient's neck, and the letters in a few minutes developed in colour. It is observed that people susceptible to stigmata are hysterical or epileptic, and frequently experience local want of sensation.—*English Mechanic*.

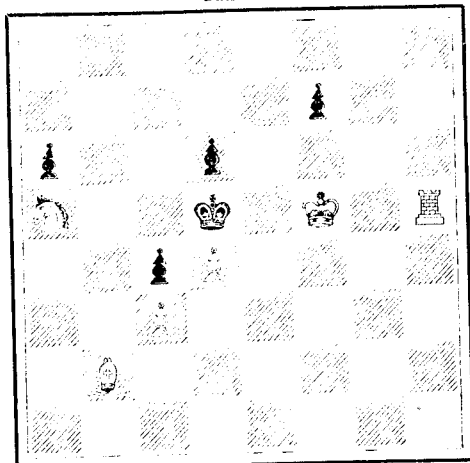
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 485. From Illustr. Zeitung.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 486. By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 479. White: 1. B-K 7, 2. Q-Q 5, 3. Q-B 4 or Q-Kt 5 mate. Black: 1. K moves, 2. moves, 3. Q-R 8, 4. Q x P mate.

No. 480. B-B 7

FIRST GAME IN THE MATCH NOW BEING PLAYED BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Table showing chess moves for Blackburn and Lee in French Defence. Blackburn White: 1. P-K 4, 2. P-Q 4, 3. Kt-Q B 3, 4. P x P (a), 5. Kt-B 3, 6. B-Q 3, 7. Castles, 8. B-K Kt 5, 9. Kt-K 2 (b), 10. Kt-Kt 3, 11. Q-Q 2. Lee Black: 1. P-K 3, 2. P-Q 4, 3. Kt-K B 3, 4. P x P, 5. B-Q 3, 6. Castles, 7. B-K Kt 5, 8. P-B 3, 9. Q-Kt Q 2, 10. Q-B 2 (c), 11. Kt-R 4 (d). Blackburn White: 12. Kt x Kt (e), 13. KR-K 1 (f), 14. R x R, 15. P-K R 3, 16. R-K 1, 17. Kt x R, 18. B-K 3, 19. B-B 1 (h), 20. Kt-Q 3, 21. B x Kt, 22. B x B. Lee Black: B x Kt, Q R-K 1 (g), R x R, Kt-B 1, R x R 4, Kt-K 3, Kt-B 5, K-B 1, Kt x Kt, B-Kt 3, R P x B (k).

NOTES BY GUNSBURG.

- (a) The old form of French defence is renewed, the newer move of B-Kt 5 being doubtful. (b) A well-known method to get an advantage. If Black plays B x Kt, White can play K-R 1 and R-Kt 1, then P-B 3 and Q-B 2, etc., etc. (c) The usual place for the Q in this opening. (d) A good developing move. (e) Danger for White in this exchange. (f) Bold: White offers KR P for an uncertain attacking prospect. (g) Declines the offer on grounds of safety, but the position may keep. (h) If B x Kt, B x B and White Q is driven out of play. (k) No prospect of either player obtaining an advantage now.

AYER'S PILLS.

AYER'S act directly on the digestive organs, promoting a healthful action, imparting strength, and eradicating disease. These Pills contain no mercury, or other dangerous drug. **For the past two years I was troubled, constantly, with pain in the side and back. My stomach was also in a disordered condition. After taking many remedies, without relief, I tried Ayer's Pills, by the use of which, for only a few weeks, I was cured. - T. T. Sampson, Winona, Minn.

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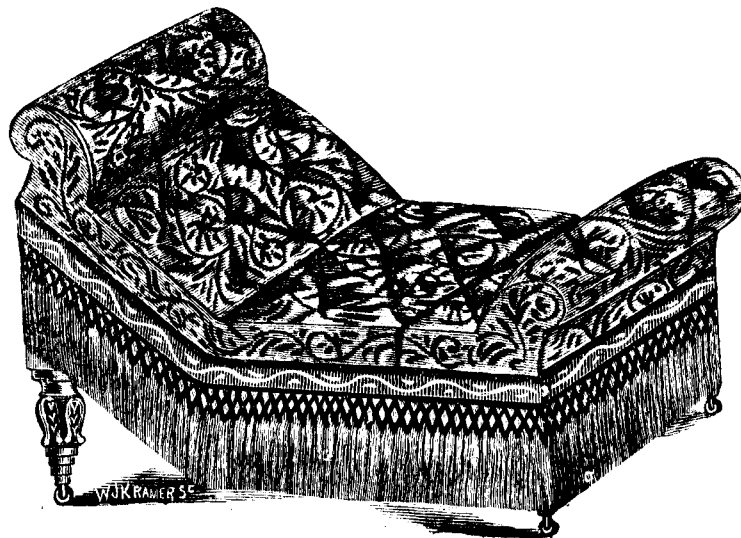


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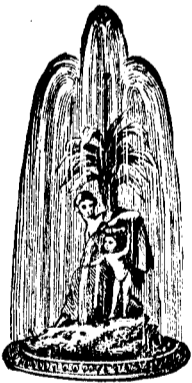
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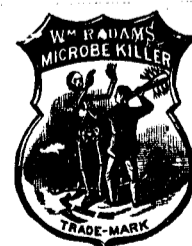
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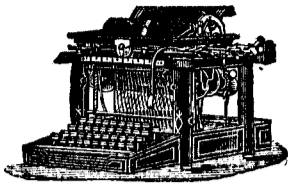
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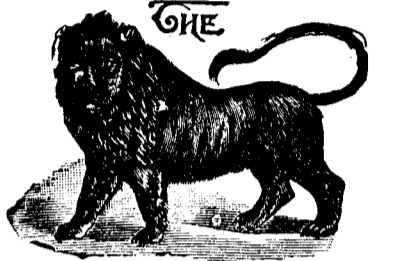


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