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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, February 7th, 1896.

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## Current Topics

Mr. McNeill's  
Resolution.

All Canadians agree with the sentiments expressed with such admirable taste and judgment by Mr. McNeill in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon: the unalterable loyalty and devotion of Canada to the British Throne and Constitution, her readiness to make substantial sacrifices to maintain the integrity of the Empire, and her desire to live at peace with our kinsmen of the United States. Mr. McNeill's resolution embodying these sentiments produced a magnificent outburst of loyalty in the House of Commons. Party differences were forgotten, and chief among those who enthusiastically supported the resolution was Sir Richard Cartwright whose eloquent and earnest speech made a lasting impression upon the House.

Cape Breton's  
Decision.

By a majority of seven hundred and fifty four Cape Breton on Tuesday elected Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., to represent that important constituency in the Dominion Parliament. The significance of this victory for the Government can only be fully appreciated when we realize how disastrous the effects would have been had Sir Charles met with defeat. It is doubtful if the Government could have held together had the seat been won by the Liberals. We cannot easily imagine that Sir Mackenzie Bowell's joy at the result is altogether without alloy, but he can take comfort in the thought that had Sir Charles been defeated his own prospects would not have much improved. His cabinet would have probably been again in convulsions, and an appeal to the country under such circumstances would have meant certain defeat. As for Sir Charles himself his position now is very different from what it was when he left Ottawa. He returns to the Capital a duly elected member of the House of Commons backed by a substantial majority and with the honour of being the first to check a long series of Government reverses. Whether or not the election of Sir Charles is a good thing for Canada we are not prepared to say. Time will show. In the meantime Sir Richard will keep his eye on the Baronet.

"Hell-Inspired  
Hypocrites."

It is to be hoped that Sir Charles Tupper had nothing to do with the unpardonable interference of Bishop Cameron in the election. The Liberals are pleased to note that in spite of the Bishop's most offensive pastoral to the Roman Catholic voters of Cape Breton, the Conservative majority was four less than the last election. It is said that this pretentious and coarse epistle actually won a large number of votes for Sir Charles. We should have thought that the document would have had exactly the opposite effect. It does not say much for the intelligence and spirit of the Roman Catholic voters that this was not the case. We can hardly conceive of people so weak-minded and flabby as to be influenced by one who can dare to speak of those who differ from him as "hell-inspired hypocrites." If separate schools produce this kind of man we can understand Manitoba's objection to such schools.

The Budget  
Speech.

Though a large number of Liberal members listened to the Budget Speech of Mr. Foster on Friday last only two Cabinet Ministers, Messrs. Daly and Costigan, and a handful of Conservatives encouraged the Minister of Finance by their presence and applause. The galleries were practically empty. The interest in the speech was evidently small. It has been apologized for, but not explained, by saying that the Conservative members were absent by mere chance—that there was no expectation of any changes being made in the Tariff, and that no new line of policy was to be indicated. So the members felt free to enjoy themselves elsewhere. But the absent ones missed an excellent speech. Mr. Foster made the best of the not very satisfactory state of affairs, and rose superior to his somewhat chilling surroundings. The Premier who was present during the whole of the speech is said to have remarked that it was one of the best he had ever heard Mr. Foster make, and that he thoroughly endorsed its sentiment. At the close of his eloquent peroration the Minister of Finance sat down amidst much applause, and was speedily congratulated right warmly by the few Conservatives who were kind enough to be present.

The  
Deficit.

Mr. Foster faced the big deficit with characteristic bravery. It was less by three hundred and fifty thousand dollars than he had anticipated when he delivered his Budget Speech last year. Deducting \$2,002,311, which had gone into the sinking fund for the redemption of the debt, the actual deficit was only \$2,151,564. But whilst we admire the effort Mr. Foster makes to take a cheery view of the financial situation we cannot get over the depressing fact that the total expenditure on account of the consolidated fund was \$38,132,005, and the total revenue only \$33,978,129. The national debt now amounts to the enormous sum of \$253,074,927, and nearly a quarter of the country's expenditure consists of charges on this great debt. These unpleasant figures loudly proclaim that no more "big schemes" can be undertaken by the Federal Government at present, a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed upon Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. A policy of the severest economy in every department of the State must be rigorously enforced. Mr. Foster hopes

that the next Budget Speech will chronicle the fact that the revenue of the country equals the expenditure. The grounds for this hope are that for the first seven months of the current fiscal year the revenue is about a million and a half more than during the corresponding period of the previous year. The Finance Minister counts on an increase in the commercial prosperity of the country in the next five months. Sir Richard Cartwright does not. It is to be hoped that Mr. Foster is right and that the gloomy Knight is wrong.

Sir Richard  
Replies.

Sir Richard Cartwright, in his reply to Mr. Foster's Budget Speech, said that he had great faith in the resources of the country but that it could not stand the drain of men that had been going on "during the past seventeen years." We are afraid that the "drain" has not been confined to the past seventeen years, and we doubt if its volume is much effected by the Government of the country. The "exodus" was just as marked under a revenue tariff as under a protective tariff. The United States will continue for some time to attract certain classes of our people, and no policy that we can adopt will nullify the attraction. It was quite unnecessary for Sir Richard to point out the geographical position of the country, and to add that Canada consists of a number of "detached communities separated by barren tracts, and stretching across the whole northern half of the country." Mr. Goldwin Smith has told us this a thousand times. We all know it. And we all know that trade on equal terms with the United States might be very advantageous to Canada. But we cannot get it on equal terms, nor would we have any guarantee supposing we did get it that it would be continued. Sir Richard is mighty in facts and figures, and his speech bristled with statistics which certainly lent much force to his criticisms.

The Need of  
Enterprise.

Mr. Foster was justified in much that he said concerning the way Canada had come through the period of depression of 1893 and 1894. No one can doubt the stability of the country. All that is required is wise and economical government, an active faith in ourselves, and a more lively spirit of enterprise. We must not allow the Americans to come over and gobble up, as they do too often, the good things in the way of mines and timber limits. British Columbia's gold mines are rapidly passing into the hands of Americans. Nova Scotia's coal mines are owned, for the most part, by Americans. Canadians are over-cautious and apt to miss the plums. If we do not look after our natural resources more sharply Uncle Sam will soon get the upper hand—and the profits.

Lord Salisbury's  
Speech.

The position taken by Lord Salisbury in his last speech seems grounded on common sense. The European concert has fallen through, and yet some people in England and America are clamouring that England alone should attempt the task of handling the unmanageable Turk. Why should England act as European policeman? She has had a pretty fair warning that her own very existence is in question. She has been warned to move out of America; she has been threatened in South Africa; she has a cunning rival on the borders of India, always creeping closer, ready to jump at her throat the moment a fair opportunity is offered. She has been compelled to gather a new fleet and put herself in a posture of defence almost as if war were about to be declared. Why, then, should she bring fresh trouble on her hands? Let any man read the trouble the Russians had

with Turkey in 1877 and it will soon be seen what England might expect if she landed troops in Turkey and aroused Turkish fanaticism against her. Where would Russia be then? With England? No—against her, arousing rebellion and Mohammedan revolt in India. What would Germany do? Side with England? No. She would try, as she is quite justified in trying, to take away England's trade. What would France do? Take advantage of England's encumbered condition and grab for Egypt again. What would the Americans do? Stand by England? Not at all. They and Russia would be hand-in-hand. All of these facts are patent to any observer of current events. England just now has to look after her own self-preservation. If all the so-called Christian Powers could agree on a partition of the Turkish Empire the work might be done. To call upon England to do it alone is to ask her to commit national suicide.

England's  
Preparations.

There are some ominous items every now and then in the press despatches which shew that Lord Salisbury's Government is acting in a very different manner. England is getting ready. She is not going to be bluffed. The good old English maxim is—"First, be sure you are right, then go ahead." England is making sure she is right, and before long she will go ahead. It is fortunate for the Empire that there is a strong, determined central Government. The way to avoid war is to show one's self strong enough to secure peace. The newspaper reports about Kingston harbour and the reinforcements to the China fleet and North Pacific squadron may be untrue. Again, they may not be. One thing is a certainty, however, and that is there is a new and powerful English fleet ready to go anywhere, and do anything which six weeks ago was not in existence. Each member of the Empire must follow suit. At Ottawa we hope to see our representatives leave for a while their squabbles and their personal antipathies and unite in a sound and liberal scheme for the defence of the Dominion. Well may Shakespeare say, "I'd sooner be a Brownist than a politician. I detest policy." That is the feeling of the average man when he sees the vital needs of his country trifled with by politicians. Fortunately an election is not far off, and Canadians will be able to mete out justice to those representatives who may seek to prefer party aims to public good. The Government supporters must not assume the rôle of being the only loyal part of the House, and the Opposition must interpose no factious delays in the way of carrying out a complete scheme of defence. The Mother Country is setting us a splendid example, and we must act up to it.

Arcades  
Ambo.

If any man in England is chuckling to himself at this moment it is Lord Sackville. His old acquaintance, Bayard, the man who was Lord Sackville's familiar friend, and who gave the *quietus* to Lord Sackville's career has in his turn come to grief. Surely the whirligig of time brings its revenges. A 'cute American has made the same kind of blunder as the slow Englishman. Lord Sackville at Washington forgot that he was an Ambassador. Mr. Bayard at London made the same slip. Lord Sackville innocently answered an innocent looking letter which was really a trap laid to catch him. Mr. Bayard made a speech adversely criticizing the financial policy of the country he was sent to represent and did not know that there were reporters present. Mr. Bayard sent Lord Sackville his passports and now, no doubt, Lord Sackville will be at the gangway ready to see Mr. Bayard back to America. Both of these gentlemen are

suffering because they did not confine themselves to their legitimate *métier*. They both forgot that they were sent abroad only to tell white lies for their country. It is worse for Mr. Bayard than for Lord Sackville. The latter was only a poor, simple, green Englishman. The former is a sharp, clever American—and it is his own countrymen, his fellow clean-skaters who are angry with him. Someone blundered and that someone was Mr. Bayard—and now off goes his head—quite in the style of Richard III.

Canadian  
Copyright.

At the time the draft of the new proposed Copyright Act was published we pointed out that the manufacturing clauses in it were a concession to the protection doctrines to which Canadians are apparently bound. The objections made to the proposal by the other members of the Berne Union appear to us to be perfectly sound. They say, as we foretold they could say, "If Canada does not want to live up to the terms of this Convention she must leave it. She must not expect to have the free run of our territory, and at the same time keep us out of hers." The foreign publishers and authors submitted to the United States playing that game because at the cost of manufacturing (i.e., printing and publishing) they secured a sixty million market. Out of that market they had previously been kept altogether by piracy. Canada has no such advantage to offer. If we insist on a manufacturing clause, with what can we tempt an author to print here—a restricted audience and a population which cannot afford to buy expensive books. What is the use of cheating ourselves? Consider what we shall lose if we are excluded from the Berne Convention. Our authors lose the unrestricted French, German, and English market. They lose everything and gain nothing. What do our publishers gain? How many good books will they be asked to publish for Canada in the course of a year? Not half a dozen. It is impossible to write too strongly on the way our people have been misled on this question. There is no dispute between Imperial interference and Dominion legislation. Canadians have the right to cut off their own noses if they choose, but are they going to do it? To confuse the issue by raising a clamour that our rights and liberties are being trampled on is the result of ignorance or treason. No other alternative is possible.

Silver  
Dollars.

The Americans will still be able to carry about in their pockets the small silver dinner plates which are Uncle Sam's promises to pay bearer one dollar. These promises must not be gauged by their intrinsic value, but by Uncle Sam's general ability to pay his debts. In themselves, they are not worth a dollar. They are a token that if they are presented on certain conditions to the United States Treasury they will be received as if they were really a gold dollar. A paper issue would be just as good. The only difference is that the holder of these dollars, instead of having only paper in his hands, has, say, about forty cents worth of silver. It is said that at the mines the original cost of each silver dollar is sixteen or twenty cents. The Government pays the silver kings on each dollar the difference between that amount and anywhere between forty and sixty cents, and the people pay the Government the balance of the dollar. Thus ultimately each citizen pays each silver king the difference between twenty cents, and say, about eighty cents. It would pay the United States Government to confiscate the mines and go into the silver mining business themselves. The hopeless struggle to make silver equal to gold will go on at the people's expense, unless the Lower House corrects the

bad legislation of the Senate. Undoubtedly, some change will have to be made in the Constitution of the American Upper House or the end will be a dissolution of the Union. The Eastern States will not suffer themselves to be plundered much longer at the dictation of the Western. The best minds in the States are getting anxious over this too apparent divergence of interest between West and East.

The Planet  
Mars.

Mr. Lowell's account of his discoveries on the surface of the planet Mars, which was lately reviewed, in the columns of this journal, have not been received with much respect as yet. In this age of wonderful discoveries and extraordinary inventions people are prepared for anything. The world, therefore, will at first accept any new announcement as true if it is only stated circumstantially and positively. A man who commences an investigation in the humour of being prepared to discover what he wishes to discover is likely to find what he wants. Mr. J. A. Paterson, the President of the Toronto Astronomical Society, has called attention in a sarcastic tone to Mr. Lowell's alleged discoveries. He points out that Professor Holden, of the Lick Observatory, has not been as fortunate as Mr. Lowell. In fact, the Professor rather "sits upon" Mr. Lowell. We have even heard it suggested that the gorgeous plates in Mr. Lowell's book have been touched up. It would be a matter of some satisfaction to the scientific world if other people besides Mr. Lowell had made the same discoveries. Meantime, the planet beams upon the earth as of yore and he and his other friends, and his and their moons continue their course as hitherto. There will be plenty of time to make further observations, and Mr. Lowell or Professor Holden may be able to say yet, "I told you so."

### The Equanimity of our Politicians.

THE *London Spectator* has a very interesting article of a psychological character on the equanimity of Mr. Balfour; and there are few politicians of our age who have been so noted for this quality. It is indeed difficult to characterise it in plain English. Equanimity is hardly the word. We try the French, and *sang froid* helps us a little, and so does *insouciance*. Mr. Balfour seems to look out from his own place of repose with a kind of wonder that other men should put themselves in a rage, and very commonly this makes them rage more fiercely, which again makes it easier for him to be calm.

Perhaps this quality came out most conspicuously in his conflicts with some Irish members of the Home Rule party. We are familiar with the epithets which those not at all equanimous persons were accustomed to throw at his head. We forget whether the phrases "bloody Balfour" and the like raised the echoes in the House of Commons; but they were common enough in the organs of the party. It was highly edifying to listen to an Irish member denouncing Mr. Balfour in quite unparliamentary language, to see an English member getting up in indignant remonstrance; and then to mark Mr. Balfour's languid protest, "Dont mind it; I dont," which was the most provoking of all. Mr. Balfour has always been the same—the same calm, languid, bored sort of person, who seemed unable to understand why people should make such a fuss about things.

It is perhaps unreasonable to expect such equanimity in Canadian politicians. Perhaps it is not desirable. Mr. Balfour, on his mother's side, is the grandson of a Marquis, yet this cannot quite explain the matter. It may be true that there is a certain "repose, which stamps the caste of Vere

de Vere." Yet the Marquis, his uncle, is not always absolutely equanimous, which, on the Vere de Vere principle, he ought to be.

In the article to which we have referred it is pointed out that there has been a considerable advance, in the matter of self-restraint, in the House of Commons during the last fifty or sixty years. And it is the same elsewhere. We cannot be quite sure of the precise nature of the progress made in the American Congress. It is possible that the representations of the conduct of its members which appeared in English papers and books some years ago may have been exaggerated. If they were not, there must be an immense improvement. The House of Representatives does not seem, in our own days, to be a disorderly place at all.

The same may be said of our Canadian Parliament and our local assemblies. It is very seldom indeed that any "scenes" are witnessed in them, or that any disturbances take place. Doubtless, in this respect, much is due to our leaders past and present. Sir John Macdonald was a man of admirable temper. Like Lord Beaconsfield, to whom he has been compared, and to whom he bore a considerable likeness, he was very seldom ruffled, and, if he felt deeply as some say he did, he rarely showed it. He certainly was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

Sir John Abbot was a high-bred, courtly gentleman, and Sir John Thompson was an admirable leader, a man who took no liberties, and allowed none. Nor can any deny the constant courtesy and graceful affability of the present Prime Minister.

On the Opposition benches we are presented with a very remarkable contrast in the two leaders. Mr. Laurier, whatever else his gifts may be, is a model of courtesy and manner. If no other qualities were needed, he would be practically irresistible. This language is well chosen, elegant, effective. His pose and his gestures are those of the well-bred gentleman; and his temper is excellent and admirable. How curious the difference between him and his fellow-leader! It is impossible to deny that Sir Richard Cartwright is a strong man, a man of real and varied abilities. He seldom speaks without making good points against his adversaries. And yet his lack of equanimity, of patience, temper, amiability, goes far to destroy the effect of his great qualities. Very often it is evident that he means to wound, that he is pleased to wound, and this quite unnecessarily. Indeed wounding is generally unnecessary and injurious to the agent. The whipping of a cur is sometimes a necessity. There are creatures so malignant and thick-skinned, that nothing save a moral and rhetorical cow-hiding can have any effect upon them. So they must have it, and some one must administer the medicine. The public generally appreciate and approve such an operation. But Sir Richard does not reserve the exercise of his power for such occasions. His giant strength is not allowed to be disused. And gratifying as his lacerations may be to the inflicter, they bring no grist to the Grit mill. They do not help his cause.

Among the men on the other side there is one who, without being exactly equanimous, yet habitually preserves good temper, and at the same time hits tolerably hard—Sir. C. H. Tupper. He seldom provokes animosities and hardly ever indulges in personalities except in the way of retaliation. And then he does it remarkably well—with a certain enjoyment which is by no means unjustified, but hardly ever over-stepping the boundaries marked out by good taste, so that he seldom provokes enmity. He is not a Mr. Balfour. He is of a very different build, physically and mentally, and has different work cut out for him. But he fills his own place well; and he is like Mr. Balfour in this that he aspires to and will fill the highest place.

## Dr. Röntgen's Great Discovery.

A WRITER in the last number of *The Spectator* which we have received says that it is just the hour for a great discovery, whether in the region of science, philosophic thought, or, if that were possible without a new revelation, in the morality which ought to govern life. The whole world is quivering with a sense of dissatisfaction, as if, though knowledge is so abundant, nothing were complete or contenting, or rather, as if something were coming which would enable mankind to utilize and enjoy more perfectly all that they had recently gained. The feeling which Tenyson expressed in his revealing line, "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," was never keener, or the sense of waiting for a little more light, whether in philosophic thought or politics or the effort to extract the secrets of nature in which man has in this century achieved so many victories, and which he dignifies, sometimes rather foolishly, as the pursuit of science. It is not only that the spirit of inquiry is awake, but that, as happened also at the end of the last century, the general mind has drifted a little from its moorings, and there is in all departments a readiness to believe such as in a long life of observation the writer has never seen quite equalled. There is no teaching which does not find disciples, no rule of life which men are not ready to try, no report of discovery, however improbable, which they are not inclined provisionally to accept. The wildest social notions find instant acceptance; men are trying every rule of life from mere hedonism to a lofty and spiritualized asceticism; while they are so eager to believe new facts in physics that they hardly pause to inquire into their truth, or if they are true, exaggerate absurdly their importance. It took a long generation to induce the Western world to protect itself against small-pox, but to-day if a great investigator declared in accents of conviction that a new kind of inoculation would protect us against all diseases or even against gradual decay, one man in every three, and one woman in every two, would rush to be inoculated. Indeed, the disposition to believe is strongest in the domain of physics. It infects even the truly learned physicists, among whom, we are told, on no second-rate authority, there is prevailing a curious impression that the conditions which usually precede important advance in science are so prevalent all round us, that it is not unreasonable to expect some great leap forward, some remarkable addition either to our knowledge of general laws, or to our power of applying the gains of scientific observation to some great and definite end. Among the multitude the same notion exists in a much vaguer form, but with such intensity, that we verily believe if Mr. Edison were to assert that he could use lightning as a weapon without regard to distance, or if Professor Virchow hinted that he could extract gold in limitless profusion at little cost from sea-water, there would in the one case be a flutter among all politicians and soldiers, and in the other a perceptible panic among the holders of bank shares. Take as an illustration of the tendency, a comparatively trivial incident in the history of the fortnight. It is difficult to imagine anything which would more strongly tax the credulity of the ordinary man than a statement that he could, under certain circumstances, see through a piece of wood, or through the human body. Yet, when it was made by Dr. Röntgen, of Vienna, scarcely anybody disbelieved. Why should it not be as true as anything else—the electric telegraph, for instance, or the phonograph, or bacteriology? The German Emperor, always a little sudden, or, as men say now, "previous," in his action, at once bestowed a Prussian Order on the discoverer, and the correspondents of English journals vied with each other in their suggestions of possible results from the amazing discovery. It does not seem as yet one likely to be very fruitful, though no doubt it is a very curious addition to physical knowledge. The power of sending a peculiar ray of light, produced with considerable trouble, through a wooden box, and of photographing the shadow cast by anything in the box which that ray cannot penetrate, is not very useful, except, indeed, so far as it widens our notions of the penetrating power of "light," and of what we may call the conditioned transparency of substances previously deemed opaque. Something may come of that, particularly if further research should reveal what would be a far-reaching truth, that there is no material substance which, if exposed to certain rays, remains truly opaque,—a fact which, if truly a fact, would open up a very marvellous vista, would certainly,



for example, enlarge our whole conception of the power of actual visual perception, which may pertain to beings less narrowly conditioned than ourselves. (There must be such beings, even if everything is cause and effect, for there are worlds without number, and some at least of them must enjoy higher conditions than our own.) Nor shall we gain much at first from the facts that while flesh is pervious to the "Crookes ray," bone is impervious, and therefore yields its shadow, for the skeleton was accurately known in the days of Galen, and what the doctors want is the power of seeing inside the human body as they can now see inside the human eye. We do not mean in any way to hint depreciation of a discovery which may have far wider bearings than we, who, as regards most sciences, are of the laity, readily perceive, but what interests us is the new receptivity of mankind. Nobody laughs at the account of Dr. Röntgen's studies, or quotes Sam Weller's remark about seeing through a flight of stairs and a deal door, or in any way indicates contemptuous disbelief; rather the wish is to believe and to expand the meaning of the new subject of belief. That is a condition of the general mind very favourable to discoverers, for it exempts them from the heart-breaking necessity, after they have discerned a truth—and remember, there must exist genius in the region of physical inquiry as well as in literature—of inducing other minds, apparently hermetically sealed, to receive it also. For good or evil—and there is evil as well as good in the change—the seals which once closed all minds have been for the most part broken.

It is difficult to avoid speculating for a moment on the line which, if the impression above quoted is well-founded, the next great revelation of science should take. It should not, to fulfil expectation, be, we think, a new application of facts already known. Something which would make it easier to store electric energy, and therefore to use it as a motor without fixed machines, would no doubt double or triple the force at the actual disposal of mankind, and therefore their power of wringing the means of comfort from the reluctant planet, which gives nothing but beautiful scenes except in return for toil. A new means of levitation—scarcely conceivable—would send us all flying through the air, transform all armies and navies, and modify, probably in the interest of the yellow race, which does not mind dying, all existing political combinations. Any means of employing electricity as a weapon might also have great results, as the invention of gunpowder had, though, like gunpowder, it would probably leave the relative position of the nations very much where it was. It is in the struggle of classes that a new weapon would probably do most, all recent inventions having increased the strength of all regular Governments against their peoples. There are conceivable discoveries, too, in medicine, such as a power of illuminating the human body, which would greatly help man in his warfare with disease; and there may exist means of destroying within the bodily system, or permanently preventing the generation of, the hostile microbes. We might learn, in the domain of applied mechanics, how to utilise the colossal force of the tides, the greatest of all unused sources of power except the rush of the world through space; or we might find a new way of easily developing heat so intense that, for instance, we could make of sand a magnificent and comparatively cheap building material. The uses of intense heat, if easily produced, would in fact be numberless. To produce a cooling apparatus, which should have precisely the reverse effect of a fire, and make the tropics a comparatively enjoyable place of residence for white men, is beyond the range of sane imagination; but a refrigerating process which shall add, say, five years to the durability of all food-products is not, and would greatly increase the comfort of the masses of mankind. All these would be great discoveries, but they would not greatly extend the range of human thought or furnish a solution of the problems which perplex investigators. What seems to be hoped for from among the thousands of eager brains now devoted to physical inquiry is the revelation of some hitherto unknown law as extensive in its incidence and as resistless in its operation as the law of gravitation. Suppose we discover a quality in ether, that is, in the something which presumably fills space, which once recognized will enable us to understand why a big solid attracts or pulls a little solid, or possibly why, when a loadstone approaches a needle the latter jumps up, thenceforth to hang to it. Might not that make the universe immediately around us more intelligible, and so directly

increase the pace, and therefore the amount of fruitful investigation? We want, in fact, a discovery which shall in some great department of science simplify the explanation of great groups of fact, and therefore enable us to use those facts as bases for further discovery, with a novel certainty. A discovery which should literally enlarge the powers of the human mind is too much to hope for, but a discovery making the application of those powers much easier—as within a certain range some discoveries in mathematics have done—is at least within the range of the imagination. Whether any such addition will be made to the world's reservoir of thought before the century closes, the greatest savant among us cannot say, but we may venture to record, as Virgil once recorded, a general vague tone of expectation.

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### A Colonial Incident.

THE LETTERS OF LOUISE DOUCETTE.

PISQUID, June 6th, 1746.

DEAR COUSIN,—

No doubt thou hast long ere this received my letter acquainting thee of my safe arrival after manifold dangers by sea and land; and of the meeting with my father and his French friend.

I have been greatly entertained by the strangeness of this new land; but oft-times my heart turneth sorrowfully to the calm peaceful life with my grandmother at Buxton.

There is such a vast difference between the peace and brotherly love of the followers of George Fox, and the tempestuousness of life here, where methinks, religion is but a vain show. And 'tis a great change to one brought up from infancy in a land free from turmoil and strife to be thus suddenly thrust into a country harassed by war, and whose citizens are full of treachery and bitterness toward England.

Oft times my blood boils with rage as I hear contemptuous words spoken of my dear home and friends.

I am ever too hasty of speech; and oft stand in need of remembering neighbour Grey's injunction, "to weigh my converse" and "bridle my tongue."

Of my father I can say but little. He takes scant interest in me. My childhood and girlhood, passed entirely away from him, and among associations so different from his, have left us nothing in common. He has sternly forbade me mentioning aught of my life in England with my mother's friends, and so I take up my pen to pour out my disconsolateness to thee.

Sometimes I wonder how so grave and stern a man could win the love of such a bright, joyful woman, as I have heard my mother described.

My father had indeed a powerful will to overcome the opposition of church, family, and nationality.

In her early death we have suffered an irreparable loss. I have missed the love, and the fond and earnest care of a mother. And my father for lack of her tender companionship, hath grown into a morose, silent man, in this land of wilderness and savages. Oft-times it puzzles me to find a reason for his sending for me. Methinks it was not affection, for he showeth none towards me. Neither was it for companionship, for sometimes days will pass, in which he acknowledges my presence and salutation by the merest outward courtesy.

My heart misgives me, the reason I am here, is at the instigation of Abbe La Loutre, who would tremble to see a "daughter of the Church" under the influence of English heretics.

'Tis wonderful the power this man has over those who are near him. I avoid him, and am loath to hold converse with him. But 'tis strange, that many things, to which at first I object most strenuously, by slow degrees, and sore against my will, he makes me do.

PISQUID, June, 1746.

This is a fair land, with broad marshes, fruitful fields, and great orchards of apple and cherry trees now in full bloom; and as I write, the evening air comes puffing in through the casement, laden with sweet perfumes.

Sometimes I think there may be a connection between the turmoil of those who dwell here and nature itself. Everything seems stronger and quicker than at home. I have found it thus in animal and bird life.

The sky is of a deeper blue, and the sun beats straight and fiercely down over the hill and dale, and on the miles and miles of mud flats, seared and cracked by the intense heat. The light in the Northern sky, which at home is but a faint pale light, is here a great display of trembling vivid colour.

Then the great phenomena of the tide, of which I wrote you in my last letter. 'Tis ever new and strange. And I tire not of watching it surge and roar over the flats, and beat with angry violence against the cliffs.

PISIQUID, July, 1746.

I am tarrying here until my father's return from Annapolis, whither he hath been summoned by his friend the Chevalier de Ramesay, who is before the fort with his men, but has no cannon to invest it in a regular siege.

The Acadians, and French, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Duc D'Anville's fleet. He has with him a great army who will first capture and garrison Annapolis, then proceed south, ravage the Atlantic coast, burn the town of Boston and capture the British possessions in the West Indies.

And I do sit meekly with my knitting, and hear my father, La Loutre and his friends discuss these things.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1746.

Much anxiety is felt concerning the non-arrival of the French fleet. It hath been a time of great tempests.

PISIQUID, Sept. 9th, 1746.

A messenger hath lately arrived from Chebucto with a dire tale.

A remnant of the great fleet that left France with such high hopes has arrived there. Many of the ships were lost in terrible storms. Twelve hundred men died on the passage of a frightful plague; and since coming to anchor eleven hundred more have been buried.

'Tis also said that the Duc D'Anville has died of grief and Admiral D'Estourville in despair has fallen upon his sword; and that the Marquise de la Jonquiere, after a vain attempt to reach Annapolis, has returned to France.

'Tis a distressful tale, and hath made me very sad, even in spite of the wonderful deliverance of our friends. 'Tis even as we read:

"They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

"The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river of Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

PISIQUID, October, 1746.

My father hath been but little in Pisiqid since June. He went with de Ramesay to St. John and returned to Annapolis to await La Jonquiere.

Disheartened by repeated misfortune de Ramesay has retired with his detachment to Beaubasin. My father purposeth remaining at Minas, or Grand Pre, and hath sent for me to join him there.

MINAS, October, 1746.

'Tis rumoured that a strong force from New England is to be quartered here to awe the Acadians, and that an attack is to be made on the French at Beaubasin.

Glad, indeed, am I, that my father is minded to stay here. It will be a pleasure to meet again some of my own religion and language.

MINAS, November, 1746.

The first detachment of English soldiers reached here yesterday, after a toilsome march from Annapolis through partly frozen swamps and over a rough road.

Colonel Noble and some four hundred soldiers, with the cannon and munitions of war follow in ships.

The bay and basin are full of floating ice which is carried first one way and then the other with fearful velocity by the tide. Much anxiety is felt concerning the safe arrival of the ships.

MINAS, November, 1746.

Colonel Noble and the remainder of the New England soldiers have arrived in safety. The greater part were landed on the shore near the North Mountain and have marched through the woods to Minas.

The ships arrived after many perils from ice and tide, and are frozen in at Gaspereau. The weather has been unusually severe.

Colonel Noble has decided that it is too late in the season to erect the block house, the frame of which, with the

munitions of war, he has left on board the ships. He has selected twenty-four houses for his men, beginning at the centre of the village and extending well nigh a mile and a half. He hath his guard in a stone house quite near to us.

The Acadians have provided provisions and have shown no hostility as yet. There was indeed some slight ill will manifested at the hoisting of the British flag upon the church steeple.

I was somewhat surprised that my father made no unpleasantness at having an officer and two soldiers quartered upon his household. Our house is small but comfortably furnished, and luxurious in comparison with many of our neighbours.

Our officer is Lieutenant Robert Hale, from New Hampshire. He is a young man of comely presence, and an agreeable straight-forward manner, which is very pleasing to me after the intrigue and treachery with which I have been surrounded this year. We have many mutual likings. He hath been carefully educated and hath offered to assist me with my studies. It hath been a deep concern to me that I have forgotten so much that I learned with my teachers. Mayhap I shall appear very ignorant.

MINAS, December, 1746.

Lately the weather hath been quite mild. This afternoon I went with Robert Hale for a long walk. We climbed the hill and wandered through the fields into the maple wood. The crisp air made our faces tingle as we walked swiftly along the frozen road. In the shadow and silence of the wood the air was warmer. Here and there a beech tree clothed in faded leaves, rustled softly, and the light snow was crossed and recrossed in dainty patterns, by the tiny tracks of squirrels and other small animals of the wood. Flocks of snow birds fluttered amongst the leafless trees, and from the dim recesses of the forest came the shrill screams of the jays.

The steel blue water of Minas Basin was full of great ice cakes, moving slowly back and forth with the tide. At low water they are piled along shore in gigantic masses, streaked and smeared with the soft red mud of the flats. Oft I lie awake listening to the roaring and grinding of tide and ice. Methinks, in the winter season this bay is nature's battle ground.

The sun was setting as we retraced our steps, all the sky was dappled o'er with rosy cloudlets, and in the east were faint pale tints of yellow and green. Through the unshuttered cottage windows came glimpses of happy home interiors.

'Twas, indeed, a delightful afternoon, and one long to be remembered.

MINAS, December 27th, 1746.

Outside the days are gloomy and chill. But inside there is no lack of warmth and pleasant converse, that doeth much to keep out the chill of the tempest. We sit in a circle, round the great fire of maple logs, which lends light and cheer to our small room. My father sits in a great chair at one end, apparently taking little interest in the merry chatter.

The good Jean and Francoise are always of the party, and occasionally Hopkins and Libby, the two soldiers, grave men of staid demeanour, who were somewhat concerned as to the fitness and piety of reading from one William Shakespeare.

'Tis but the remnant of a book, containing the two plays, "King Richard III." and "Macbeth," and a small portion of an interesting tale called, "Romeo and Juliet," which I would give much to be able to finish.

MINAS, January 31st, 1747.

It is a time of great storm and tempest. A fierce northeast wind rattles and howls against the casement. The snow is piled deep over roads and fences, and is blown and whirled by the gale, until the air is but a blinding mist of snow, which seems to touch the very sky.

My father hath been absent four days at Pisiqid, on business.

A soldier hath just come for Robert Hale, to sit to-night with his friend, a young lieutenant, a nephew of Lord Lechmere, who is ill with fever.

We had been sitting by the fire holding sweet converse together. I have heard much of his home life, family, and friends. 'Tis, indeed, sweet, to feel that there are those to



whom our presence is a delight, and who take an interest in our joys and sorrows.

I sat long by the fire after Robert had gone. Outside the wind raged and howled, but inside was stillness and peace. The candles burned low, flickered, and went out. Occasionally one of the great logs burned through, and fell, scattering the hearth with glowing coals, but I sat on, late into the night, with hands idly folded in sweet content.

MINAS, March 4th, 1747.

Ah, me! how happy and hopeful was I this day two months ago. Now "all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me; lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." It wrings my heart to write all this to thee; but a feeling that mayhap I shall not send thee many more letters impels me to finish this.

'Twas the evening of the 31st of January when I last wrote, 'twas late in the night, and I fell asleep before the fire.

I was suddenly awakened by a great noise, fiercer and wilder even than the tempest, the roar of guns and the terrible war-whoops of Indians. I fell back in my chair dizzy and faint, as I realized what it meant.

We were surprised and attacked by the French and Indians.

Hopkins and Libby, who had been awakened by the noise, came rushing down. They had scarce crossed the threshold when Libby was struck on the head by a tomahawk, and Hopkins shot dead, but a few paces beyond.

I, too, rushed out into the raging storm and destruction. My one thought and prayer was that I might be able to reach the house where Robert Hale was with his sick friend, in time to warn them.

I struggled through the great drifts, up to my arm-pits fiercely beating my way through.

The bullets whistled and screamed over my head, and through the storm came the wails of the wounded and dying.

In spite of my vehement efforts the hopelessness of being in time to warn Robert was forced upon me. I was wild with terror and despair.

The whole village was aroused, at the stone guard house were evidences of a bloody struggle, and someone shouted that the colonel and his officers had all been killed. Alas for the brave New England men. Neither French nor Indians molested me as I passed.

The windows and doors of the house I sought had been broken through. On a bed in an inner room was the body of the sick man, with a bullet through his pale forehead. And by the door, with arms outstretched, as if to protect his friend, was he that I sought. My best, my dearest friend, Robert Hale, with a bayonet thrust through his heart.

The good Jean who had followed, found me lying at his feet as if dead. They carried me home. For many days my life was despaired of, but I am coming slowly back to health. Ah me! Why is it that I live? What have I to do with life, and youth, and hope?

On the bank near the church is a great mound of fresh earth and stones, covering the last resting place of the brave men so suddenly and unexpectedly called to their account.

All are buried here except Colonel Noble and his brother whose graves are a little further up the hill.

The articles of capitulation were signed, the ships, cannon, and munitions of war disposed of, and the remnant of the New England detachment marched to Annapolis.

Colonel De Villiers, his soldiers, and the Indians, tarried but a short time at Minas, after the English had gone. They left on the 21st of February on the return march to Beaubasin. They were naturally much elated over the success of their exploit.

It is impossible to help admiring the determination and courage with which they set out from Beaubasin on a twenty days' march, over the high mountains and through the deep gorges of the Cobequids, through trackless forests and treacherous swamps, braving the deep snow and cold of this terrible winter. With no shelter at all, and having their frozen rations strapped on their backs.

'Tis true, their success was in a great measure due to the unforeseen contingency of the storm. But O, that our brave men had been better protected against surprise.

MINAS, June 6th, 1747.

'Tis a year since I began this letter to thee. To-day I finish it and despatch it with the letters of Governor Mascarene. To-morrow I accompany my father and the Abbe La Loutre to Beaubasin where we embark for Quebec, whither I go at the earnest entreaties of my father and the Abbe to join the Sisters in their works of mercy.

And now may grace, mercy, and peace rest with thee and thy friends until we meet in the land which is afar off.

Farewell,

For the last time,

LOUISE DOUCETTE.

C. R. FRAME.

### Lost Love.

Love has gone a-straying,  
Like a cloud in May,  
Down the silent wind-ways  
Past the bounds of day.  
When will he return again?  
When will his fire burn again?  
I am broken-hearted,  
Since sweet Love departed.

Love has gone a-straying—  
Call him back to me,  
Up the silent wind-ways  
Over land and sea.  
Tell him he must bring again  
Joys that I can sing again:  
I am broken-hearted,  
Since sweet Love departed.

Love has gone a-straying—  
Foolish, foolish Love,  
Seeking up the wind-ways  
For the stars above;  
Tell him here are flowers as fair,  
Tell him here are hours as rare,  
While the earth is dressed in spring  
And the gayest birds do sing,  
And the brooks and rivers run  
Laughing at the staid old sun:  
Call Love home again,  
Bid him not roam again,—  
I am broken-hearted,  
Since sweet Love departed.

Drummondville, P.Q.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

### The Modern Theory of Evolution.

DARWIN published his "Origin of Species" in 1859. In the thirty-seven years which have passed since then the hypothesis of evolution has been fought over by the learned and the unlearned from one end of the world to the other. During recent years the strife has abated, and it has been unusual for the great English reviews, at least, to publish any essay on evolution, except those which tend to fit it to the comprehension of the masses. To-day, it is safe to say, that in the forum of natural science, no one would be patiently listened to who should dispute any more than a detail of the statement of this hypothesis. Such a one might, indeed, be heard to say that the enthusiasm must be restrained which would claim that it is anything more than the only reasonable hypothesis and the best expression of the history of organisms.

However, it has remained for lawyers, and Canadian lawyers at that, to step clean and trim into the arena and demolish at a blow this victor of so many well-fought fields. Some months ago, in the pages of the Canadian Magazine, the Hon. David Mills turned for a moment from his course to fell this monster by the wayside. And now, the corpse having been exhumed and resuscitated by Lord Salisbury, it has been finally destroyed by Mr. Edward Douglas Armour, in a lengthy essay in THE WEEK of the 25th of January.

Mr. Armour's essay is an attack on a summary of the evidence in favour of evolution made by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the Nineteenth Century for November last. He does not write or reason with any hesitation, and he "diffidently" hopes that his examination of the evidence adduced by Mr. Spencer shows it to be unconvincing. In view of the well-known fact that this evidence does appear very convincing to the great mass of careful thinkers, Mr. Armour should have more carefully weighed his criticism or have modestly submitted his opinions. If, when he had finished writing his essay, he had turned it upside down and care-

fully considered the closing paragraph, he would have found in that, with slight modification, all the comment necessary and proper upon Mr. Spencer's evidence. Striking out the modest reference to himself in the last paragraph, it would read as follows: "In an article written by one of the ablest exponents of the theory of evolution, we might expect to find the very best and most convincing kinds of proof extant in favour of the theory, laid before us in the most convincing manner possible. We may take it that that has been done. Mr. Spencer goes no further than to say that the theory is an hypothesis, but to be accepted by the scientific man only as more probable than special creation. We may conclude that so far as human knowledge and experience goes the theory is not proven."

If the hypothesis were proven, it would be no longer an hypothesis, but a generalization of fact, in which there would be no element of supposition or explanation open to argument.

In the seven columns which precede the closing paragraph, Mr. Armour maintains two principal propositions. (1) The "theory" (he doubtless means hypothesis) is not proven. (2) We must fall back on special creation until another hypothesis is proven, in the sense, it is presumed, of direct evidence.

Throughout his critical destruction of Mr. Spencer's indirect evidence, he loses sight entirely of the fact, incautiously acknowledged in his last paragraph, that evolution is not claimed to be a fact but the more reasonable of two hypotheses, and the only one supported by any evidence. This failure of vision is doubtless due to want of appreciation of the meaning of the word hypothesis. Hypothesis is another word for explanation. It is an implement of inquiry. If I hold in my hand the thigh bone of a goose and pick up on the street a bone exactly similar, I will most likely make the hypothesis that the bone picked up is the bone of a goose. Certainly, it may not be the bone of a goose. But I have a working explanation, something to verify. I go down the street and come upon a dog crunching a goose lacking a thigh bone. I look at the bone and find tooth marks upon it. Have I not a reasonable explanation of the bone? So with Mr. Spencer's best piece of indirect evidence, that of the hippus or horse. Mr. Huxley, yielding to the suggestions of similarity, ventured the hypothesis that the modern horse has evolved from the Orohippus of the Eocene strata. But Mr. Armour says: "The Orohippus was an Orohippus and the Mesohippus a Mesohippus and the horse a horse. What is the evidence of evolution? Why, the toes of the Orohippus and the successive approaches which culminate in the bony hoof and the splint bones of the modern colt. These are unconvincing testimony to Mr. Armour the lawyer, but to Mr. Huxley, the comparative anatomist, they bring the irresistible conviction that he has found a reasonable explanation and the only one supported by any evidence. It is an explanation whose power of conviction increases with every application of it to other facts of nature. Test it where he will it never fails. The one element of evidence wanting to prove it, as Mr. Armour demands, is that of ancestry, and this, by the nature of things, can never be supplied. The skeletons of the Orohippus and the modern colt may be set up with the skeletons of all the other hippi; all the corroborative evidence may be stated, and it is admissible evidence upon which a jury might find, and yet we do not know, it is not proved that the Orohippus is a remote sire of the modern colt. But no rational desciple of evolution ever made such a claim. Of course Mr. Armour, at the end of his labourious analysis, admits that Mr. Spencer at least only claims evolution to be an hypothesis.

An examination of the learned essayist's criticism of the evidence of embryology yields the most striking proof that he is not familiar with the polemics of evolution. Quoting as his text Haeckel's assertion that "this fundamental law is briefly expressed in the proposition that the history of the germ is an epitome of the history of descent . . . or somewhat more explicitly that the series of forms through which the individual organism passed during its process from the egg cell to its fully developed state is a brief compressed reproduction of the long series of forms through which the animal ancestors of that organism (or the ancestral forms of its species) have passed from the earliest period of the so-called organic creation down to the present time," he falls into the error of treating "law" as it is here used

in the sense with which he knows it as a lawyer. Law in this latter sense is a rule of conduct promulgated by a law-giver who threatens that breach of his rule of conduct will be visited with pains and penalties which he has power to enforce. Law, as used by Haeckel, while highly metaphorical, means only the uniform succession of certain phenomena. It is a statement of fact, and implies, in no way, that the sequence of phenomena was promulgated by any law-giver, whether he be called Providence, Supreme Being or First Cause. This is a distinction of the gravest importance, and one which has been pointed out by such jurists as Bentham and Pollock, and by such high priests of evolution as Huxley. This error leads Mr. Armour triumphantly into this specious argument.

"But instead of proving it, he (Haeckel) states that it is a fundamental law. Now it is perfectly clear that if it is at the foundation of the whole scheme of nature, this law must have been promulgated at the threshold of creation, by a competent authority capable of exacting obedience to it, for the fulfilment of the design of its author, and every step of the development of species would be but an act of obedience to this all pervading law. But if the law was not promulgated in the beginning, when did it become a law?"

Modest science confines its answer within the circle of its knowledge, and Mr. Armour will search the writings of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer in vain for any authority for his argument or any answer to his question.

But the critic out-does the speciousness of the above quotation in his argument that embryology on the premises furnished by evolutionists themselves, out of their own mouths, is not a fundamental law at all. He cites a statement of Mr. Spencer's that "every superior animal commences with a nucleated cell, a form common to the simplest creatures, the Protozoa. While among the Protozoa this nucleated cell by undergoing fission gives rise to others which part company, the trait common to the Metazoa (higher form of life) is that instead of parting company, the cells formed by successive fission remain together and constitute a cluster. The members of this cluster divide into two layers between which, in high types, there arises a third, and from these all the internal and external organs are formed." Mr. Spencer puts in this statement of fact with the known facts of heredity as indirect evidence of evolution, and Mr. Armour proceeds to argue the fundamental law out of court.

"Fission," he says, "being the mere dividing of a primary cell into two parts, does not involve the idea of heredity at all, and excludes altogether the facts of embryology, which belong to a later period."

Not at all. That the word fission does not involve or connote the idea of heredity, I am prepared to admit. The fact is, however, that single cells produced by fission conform as much to the rule of heredity as the cluster of cells called the nose conforms to that rule.

Again: "This process takes place, also, in the case of certain worms which, when cut in two, become two complete worms, each part becoming as fully developed as the original. It cannot be asserted that either is the parent, that one is descended from the other, and embryology and its facts are out of the question. . . . So far there is no law of heredity."

Indeed. The citation of the fission worm is hardly in point. Surely Mr. Armour is serious, and he is undoubtedly learned. If I break, or, to follow strictly, if I cut a branch from the geranium growing in my window, and having planted it, it grows and flowers, is there not as much heredity as if a similar plant had been grown from seed? The legal conception of heredity is unknown to evolution, and apparently the evolution conception of heredity is unknown to Mr. Armour. He might, with as much acumen, have established the legal conception of heredity in this way. Evolution does not pretend that the institution of marriage existed at this time. The fission cell and the fission worm were, therefore, begotten out of wedlock, and each is, therefore, nullius in filius.

Proceeding, he utterly confounds cell production with the reproduction of complex organisms made up of many cells, and misunderstanding the process of sex differentiation, he reaches the conclusion not only that there is no heredity in the process of fission but also that there is no heredity in the transitions marked in the development of sex. Embryology must, therefore, have begun only "when

there was an organism (not a cell) capable of reproducing itself." It is sufficient to say that evolution dissents from his premises as well as from his conclusion. It is needless to follow him further in his hopeless misunderstanding of the terms cell, organism, heredity, ancestor, law, sex and embryology. It would be profitless, too, to follow him in his destruction of the other evidence adduced by Mr. Spencer.

Having destroyed the evidence of Mr. Spencer, or rather having proved it to be unconvincing, there remains the goal of his critical effort, the main proposition.

"If it cannot be established, affirmatively, that natural selection produces species, then, having no other hypothesis, we must fall back on creation." This is a surprising logical process. Assuming the failure of evolution to make the case stated for it by Mr. Armour, we can only fall back to the position that evolution has failed to solve the difficulty. If the claim of creation be then put forward as an alternative, it must be submitted to the criticism which has been employed against the claim of evolution. What is the direct evidence? None. What is the indirect evidence? None. We are, therefore, without any hypothesis and all these facts are unexplained. Evolution may be true, and creation may be true, but we are without evidence on which to base a judgment. We have reached Mr. Huxley's position of agnosticism.

Mr. Armour argues his main proposition at some length, and in the course of his argument makes this statement: "The evolutionist who accounts for the material upon which the process is to operate, must predicate either the eternity of matter or (denying creation) spontaneous generation of the original cell."

Notwithstanding what Haeckel may say, no rational evolutionist pretends to account for the matter upon which the process is to operate. That materialistic dream, although it had at one time the support of no less a person than Tyndall, has long since been excluded from the field of science, for the simple reason that it is absolutely unsupported by evidence, direct or indirect. Evolutionists only speculate on evidence; where there is no evidence they have no opinion.

Spontaneous generation being untenable, "we are," he asserts, "driven to assign some other cause for the first appearance of matter." Whatever force may impel Mr. Armour to this procedure, evolution knows no such necessity. As to the first appearance of matter, it knows nothing, affirms nothing and denies nothing.

Just one further error, and I will conclude with the utmost diffidence this examination of errors. "Every effect must have a cause. Therefore, we cannot reject the notion of an originating power somewhere." This is, probably, a correct statement of the inclination of most minds, but, as a statement of correct thinking, it is inaccurate. What is called the law of cause and effect is a generalization of experience. As such it simply expresses the uniform relation and sequence of phenomena. In connotes no idea of cause in the vulgar sense. Given a flask of gunpowder and the application of a lighted match and we expect an explosion. Expect it because we know from experience that under similar conditions we have never known an explosion to fail. Such never-failing verifications in experience strongly incline everyone to project the same conditions beyond experience. Science thinks, or seeks to think, correctly. Outside of experience evolution knows nothing, affirms nothing and denies nothing.

To conclude. If Mr. Armour has not destroyed the hypothesis of evolution, he has at least confirmed the adage,  
*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

GORDON WALDRON.

### Parisian Affairs.

THE French are drawing the moral of the events of the last three weeks. They admit that the idea of the Federation of the British Empire has advanced by leaps and bounds, and is so far now within the sphere of practical politics that it can well be a reality at the opening of the coming century. The warmth and unanimity with which her colonies have rallied to England have astonished and disappointed the smashers-up of the British Empire, who have eyes but will not see that the Colonies can declare their independence of the motherland when they please, and that

every country can enjoy all the trading and commercial privileges in the British Colonies the same as the British themselves. What other nation imitates her; is it for that they hate her?

Other enlightenment for the French—and that they relish: the effective *douche* that England has administered to the Kaiser, in response to his official telegram to President Kruger. Germany will not be permitted to make the Transvaal her protectorate, and France will oppose the corollary of that intrigue—the absorption of Holland by William II. Nor does the plan of campaign of the German professors "catch on," to organize a continental crusade against England's possessions and let France then help herself to the equivalent of Alsace and Lorraine. The French decline to join any Free-bootery Syndicate, while the English, whose historical strategy is to anticipate attacks, could well help to restore Alsace to France; Schleswig Holstein to Denmark; liberating Southern from Northern Germany; knocking the German navy into a cocked hat, and appropriating her newborn colonies while killing her unfair commerce. *Retro Satanas* reply the French to such overtures of the Teuton, intended to do hush-a-by-baby duty when Alsace shakes her weeds and smiles through her tears at her 1870-71 griefs. The French have well noted that the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the German Empire—quarter of a century is little to consolidate a patchwork empire, or to found a brand new navy—was but a so-so affair at Berlin, where enthusiasm was absent and to which the population gave a cold shoulder. The nation is decidedly hostile to the Kaiser's "Megalomania"—that of improvising an immense navy to wipe out England's. The money does not exist to keep up a bloated navy and army. France fully admitted she could not so burn her candle at both ends, and she is richer.

Although nasty sparks keep flying about, impartial opinion here does not anticipate any war between the United States and England; and since Venezuela is well aware her territory is not coveted, the triangular duel, which recalls not a little a comedy, ought to cease. Europe is very hostile to the Monroe doctrine, and more so since the publication of the revised and aggravated edition by Mr. Davis. The interest in the Transvaal will now be concentrated on the trial of Dr. Jameson, when Cecil Rhodes—whose days of glory are considered to be anything but over—is expected to make startling disclosures as to the intrigues of Germany, to show that her intended raid on British rights has had much to do with the imbroglio. It is good to have the whole story out. Now that the Kaiser has had to climb down, the world has seen he has been living a good deal on appearances.

One difficulty less between France and England is to be applauded. The Siam arrangement may not perhaps please the Siamese, but it will save them being pulled to the left and then to the right by Anglo-Franco ambitions. Henceforth, neither power must interfere with the kingdom whose people may indulge in the calumet of peace, and try to make all the money they can out of both peoples by trade and commerce. Having unloosed the Mekong Gordian knot there is no reason why the others, on the Niger, or at Newfoundland, etc., ought not to be also happily untied. Only the French, in their haste, have been wrong to assert that it was the out-break of the world-set which forced Britain to compound. To reproach a proud and formidable power with fear is the best way to prevent any friendly arrangement. The French are too quick a people not to perceive that England has been misjudged; that she was a dying out empire and meriting only a patronizing consideration. The rapidity and coolness of her war preparations; the lifting a little of the veil upon the magnitude of her resources; the recognition of her staying power; the outburst of her old fighting propensities; the backing unanimity of her colonies, have opened the eyes of the French—better still, of the world.

And for the future England must remain armed on land as on sea, while rushing the grand patriotic work of Imperial Federation. In proportion as she is ready—and willing—to strike so she will be respected. She has found out all the Dead Sea apples; the hollowness of the fraternities; the hypocrisies of the amicable relations; the bitterness of international loving cups. Let her show that she is always on her native heath, and that her name is McGregor. Then

the envious and the jealous will no longer plan how to dynamite her and appropriate her fragments in the name of the Decalogue. Between her and France there is no question over which to crack skulls; both pick up their Tunisia and Egypt; their Timbuctoo and Ashanti; their Mekong and Menam; their Madagascar and their Cyprus. Let France finish with her day-dream of asking the English to evacuate the Nile so as to allow them to enter. She offered, by the Drummond Wolff arrangement, to withdraw. France opposed. Let the French now submit a solution, backed by her willingness to evacuate Tunisia, with a petition—never yet experimented—from her holders of the three-fourths of the Egyptian Bonds that this stock would rise 200 per cent. and not “drop,” when Lord Cromer and his army of anarchists left the country.

The Suez Canal is coming in for much attention as a factor in the near-at-hand European blaze. It may not be generally known that the English Government now holds, due to quiet purchasings, the majority of the shares and so can command the administration of the Company, and, if necessary, transport the officers to London, but that it will not do, in order not to fret the French. If the canal were blocked by a secret foe the stoppage of the receipts would deprive thousands of French families of the chief sources of their income. But with vigilance fleets at the exit and entrance of the canal it would be difficult for suspicious craft to enter the big ditch. If closed all countries would have to take the Cape route to their foreign possessions, a rather hazardous venture when “Flying Squadrons” were on the wing. Then where are the enemies to coal for a long voyage; they have no *en route* coal depots like Britain. When Delagoa Bay becomes British, as they have the reversionary right to purchase it from Portugal, that will become a second Portsmouth for the Indian Ocean. All these subjects are receiving now, and for the first time in France, a popular examination. Whatever “stroke of business” Russia may be privately arranging with the Sultan it can only accelerate the latter’s overthrow—not a sorrow for the Christian world. So far as England is concerned Russia can have Constantinople when she pleases, guaranteeing in return, if that be deemed necessary, Egypt to England. The Russian advance into Europe might secure peace—she has calmed Central Asia. In any case it would do away with that one-horse show—the Triple Alliance.

French diplomatic relations with the Vatican are likely to be broken off. France has also an Ambassador to the Quirinal. The present Cabinet does not consider it pays to have a Papal Ambassador, as, outside spiritual matters, His Holiness is classed as a *non valeur*. Besides, the Holy Father has never been able to maintain more than a sixes and sevens harmony of relations between the French clergy—the Episcopal Bench especially—and the Republic. The Government will propose a “free thinker,” as a *persona grata*, to represent France; His Holiness will object; then relations end. Former Popes have accepted, as Ambassadors from France, Protestants and even a Jew. A Pope accepted the dedication of Voltaire’s tragedy of “Mahomet.” All this violates the “unities.” President Kruger is a sturdy Protestant. A few years ago he was solicited to inaugurate a Synagogue at Johannesburg; he did so, but in the name of the “Father, Son and Holy Ghost.” It was enough to cause the lost tribes to turn up and protest against the sacrilege.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1896.

### Montreal Affairs.

MUNICIPAL elections were held on Saturday last in eight wards involving eleven out of the twenty-six aldermanic seats; and the results gladdened the hearts of the good citizens as nothing has done for many years. Five members of the dominant party in the last council, known variously as the “solid thirteen” and “the clique,” were opposed by candidates, either put into the field by the Good Government Association or having their support. Four of these—Alderman Nolan in St. Ann’s Ward, Alderman Robert in St. Mary’s, Alderman Leclerc in St. Jean Baptiste, and Alderman Hurtubise in Hochelaga—were defeated, the first three by enormous majorities. Alderman Rainville, the fifth, was elected in Centre Ward by 43 majority, by virtue of “colonized” votes of which there were eighty on the list.

The conduct of the revisors in permitting these admittedly improper votes to stay on the lists, is likely to result in an action at law; and the Municipal Reformers are not without hope that the election may be voided. When the results were known there was great regret expressed that the other eight members of “the clique” had been allowed re-election by acclamation; for from the way majorities were rolled up in the French wards for the civic reform candidates, it was clear that their supposed invincibility was a myth. At last after years of marked apathy the householders and taxpayers have had it brought home to them that they suffer when incapacity and extravagance prevail at the City Hall; and they showed their power on Saturday. Alderman Nolan, one of the most impudent members of the gang, notwithstanding his boasts that he carried a majority in his pocket, received only 900 votes out of 2,600 cast. In St. Mary’s, Alderman Robert, a noisy and insolent opponent of decent government, was beaten by nearly nine hundred votes.

There is much encouragement in all this; but the battle is not yet won. The danger is that the new men may yield to the immense influences wielded by the leaders of “the clique,” as others have in the past. If all those who were supported by the Good Government Club and the Volunteer Electoral League, the Reform element will have a majority of two in the new Council. The actual strength of the two parties may be shown when the committees are made up, for an attempt may be made to replace Alderman Rainville in the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee with Alderman Savignac. The two had a contest for this position last year when Alderman Hurleau died and Alderman Savignac was beaten by one vote. On the whole the situation has many elements of hope. It really looks as though better days are to dawn, and not a day too soon; for so great was the apprehension created among the investing class by the course of the City Council during recent years, that last year was the worst for building operations for many years, and the volume and value of real estate transactions shewed a marked shrinkage.

The accumulating signs that the Liberal party and the Roman Catholic Church will come into conflict over the Manitoba school question is like wine to the old irreconcilable Rouge element which is still numerous—indeed, perhaps, more numerous than ever before. They have been resolutely kept in the background by Mr. Laurier, who, while he has never courted clerical support, has recognized the folly of needlessly making the clergy enemies of his party; but they are now in the saddle again, with their banners of defiance flaunting to the breeze. *La Patrie* is the most outspoken mouthpiece of this party; though L’Electeur, of Quebec, went far in its condemnation of Mgr. Labrecque’s Charlevoix Mandement. Bishop Cameron’s letter to the Cape Breton clergy, in which Mr. Laurier and those who associated with him are characterized as “hell-inspired hypocrites” is the subject for some strong references in *La Patrie*. It says: “Thank you, Monseigneur. Like Mgr. Fabre and Mgr. Labrecque, you and your clergy are giving high lessons of political discretion, of Christian charity, of spirit and independence; you are contributing immensely at the present moment towards securing love for the holy religion which you should preach instead of making political speeches right in the temple.” The Rouge element is not strongly represented in the Liberal ranks at Ottawa. Mr. Laurier himself was brought up in this school, and he became the successor in the Parliamentary representation of Drummond and Athabasca of Dorion, the “enfant terrible;” and herein lurks the possibilities of trouble between him and his followers. Early habits re-assert themselves; and if, when the Remedial Bill is brought down, the hierarchy of this Province seeks to oblige the French Liberals to support it Mr. Laurier will be apt to rebel. How far his followers on other questions will follow him in so difficult and dangerous a course as opposition to the Church, time alone will show. There are, perhaps, a dozen thorough-going Rouges in the House of Commons who have fought the Church before, and are willing to do it again if necessary. The situation in this Province in view of a possible conflict between Liberals and the Church is a serious one; how serious none but those who follow matters closely know. We really stand on the brink of a religious war, which, if it comes, will be of unexampled bitterness; and it rests on the Roman Catholic bishops whether we go over it or not.

The "shake-up" on the Grand Trunk is well under way. Mr. E. P. Hannaford, for many years Chief Engineer has resigned to make way for Mr. Joseph Hobson, the builder of the St. Clair Tunnel; and Mr. James Stevenson, for the past twelve years General Superintendent, has retired after forty years of service. There have been many minor changes; and it is quite clear that Mr. Hays intends making over the staff to suit his views. Mr. Reeve, of the Chicago and Grand Trunk, has been appointed General Traffic Manager, and it is rumored that other American railroaders will be appointed to high positions. There is of course a good deal of criticism of all this; but it is clear that Mr. Hays is acting well within his rights. He is entitled to choose his own assistants in the immense task he has assumed of making the Grand Trunk a paying property

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### At the Last.

When years have flown, and youth has fled,  
When muted is my melody,  
When blood is cold, and hope is dead—  
I often think—How will it be?

When heart grows faint, and arm grows weak,  
When harps are hung on the willow tree,  
When passionate souls grow calm and meek—  
I often think—How will it be?

When blossoms pall, and Desire dies hard,  
When the last white sail returns from sea,  
When the five-fold gates of Sense are barred—  
I often think—how it will be.

When days are short and nights over-long,  
When the end is at hand, of grief, of glee,  
When the singer has sung his last sad song—  
I often think—how it will be.

It will be as if nothing had ever been—  
Or else it will be as if all before  
Were one and part of the latest scene—  
What poet knows out of all his lore?

When I know by the film over glowing sky  
That its red sunset is the last for me,  
When I feel that my time has come—to die—  
I often think—how it will be!

SERANUS.

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### Music and the Drama.

I AM glad to know of the interest manifested in the forthcoming concert of the Toronto Vocal Club in Association Hall on the 25th inst. The programme will include "To the New Year," Mendelssohn; Fanning's "Moonlight," Gaul's "Jack Frost," Smart's "Cradle Song" and Batson's "Two Cupids." Miss Florence Marshall, pianiste, Miss Ida McLean, soprano, and Mr. W. H. Robinson, tenor, will each give solos, which will afford additional variety.

It will be a delight to the many Toronto admirers of the famous Canadian soprano, "Albani," to know of her expected appearance in the Massey Hall on the 21st of the present month. Mr. C. A. E. Harris, of Montreal, is managing the Canadian tour, and a company of distinguished artists will support her.

To touch the great restless public mind which continually craves novelty and change with the melody of a song is certainly an achievement of more or less distinction. We know of very many composers who have done this, and so effectively, too, as to win both fortune and fame, even if the latter be fleeting and uncertain. In all these compositions there is a something which seems to fascinate, and compel a degree of admiration, even if there are unmistakable evidences of ordinary workmanship and lack of genuine musical knowledge. Instances are Harris' "After the Ball" and Raymond Moore's "Sweet Marie." Yet these pieces have sold in enormous quantities and have made their composers rich. On the other hand many compositions possessing more musical vitality and musicianship and several grades higher on the ladder of quality, have also netted large sums to the lucky authors. In Mr. S. T. Church's little child's ballad, "Baby's Lullaby," there is a melody of easy comprehension and delicate sentiment which will probably please. And in Mr. Albert Nordheimer's "Song of the Southern Maiden," of which I spoke a fortnight ago, the

melody is sweet and plaintive and, moreover, easily remembered. Mr. Wakelam, who died in the late autumn, wrote the words, and also the words of other songs which were popular in their day. "The Old Piney Woods," music by—Blackburn, was very popular many years ago, and I think a poem of his was once set to music by Mr. Torrington, bearing the title "Watching." I knew Mr. Wakelam when I was a boy and always admired his generous disposition and quaint, comical ways. His death was a shock to his friends as he was only ill a couple of days.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Alfred Tyler Burns, until recently the organist of McCaul Street Methodist Church, and very well known in musical circles in the city. This occurred on Saturday last, when he had only reached his twenty-eighth year. He was a very talented young man and had distinctive qualities which endeared him to all. Being modest and unassuming, only those who knew him well appreciated his talent, which, in the way of piano playing, was strongly marked by sentiment and intelligence. In this branch of music study he was a pupil of mine, and many will remember his playing at a pupil's concert in St. George's Hall last May. He would have made his mark had he lived, and I am sure all musical people extend their sympathy to his parents and friends.

Miss Ada E. S. Hart gave her second piano recital last Saturday afternoon in the handsome and spacious ware-rooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer. Her playing pleased me infinitely more than on the occasion of her first recital some weeks ago; it was imaginative, poetic, reposeful, and brilliant. In numbers calling for exhilaration and a certain sense of sparkling hilarity, her technic which is admirably developed, shone with particular brightness, and her tonal effects gave truthful indications of lively fancy and touch adjustment. Miss Hart is a charming young artist, and whilst her programme perhaps did not call for colossal efforts or great intellectual strength, it was sufficient to show a unique versatility, an artistic mind, and, what we all admire, refined womanly sensitiveness. A magnificent Steinway Grand responded to her wishes with the utmost obedience, the tone being simply beautiful.

I would again remind readers of this column of the approaching Mendelssohn concert on the evening of the 11th inst. In addition to the singing of the Society, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, the feminine Rubinstein, as some of her admirers call her, will play some piano solos in her impassioned blazing style, and Mr. W. H. Rieger, the celebrated tenor, will sing. The concert certainly promises well, and is sure to be enjoyed. W. O. FORSYTH.

Let us return to the subject of Vocal Methods discussed in this column two weeks ago.

It is not to be understood that all vocal teachers who advertise themselves in peculiar ways are mere charlatans; even though an element of charlatanism may enter into their writings. The public likes something new and startling, and keen men and women are not slow to take advantage of this fact. But, besides such glaring examples as have been mentioned, there are hosts of other teachers who have individual differences of opinion and utterance which are striking. There are those who teach "registers" (from two to five in number, as the case may be), those who teach "the unity of the voice," and those who profess to teach one way while really employing another. Then there are what may be called the national methods, Italian, German, etc., and the methods named after individuals, as Faure, Garcia, etc. Now, one may well ask for an explanation of the cause of so much difference of opinion and so much quackery. The explanation is easily given. In the first place there is no such thing as vocal science. Scientific treatment of the subject of voice production is not yet possible, and the greatest singing teachers the world has ever produced taught—and teach—by mere empirical rules. The results they obtain are beautiful, but successful empiricism is not science. The future may bring a science of voice-production which will suggest exercises to develop with certainty and to the highest possible degree the vocal powers of every individual, but at present we have no such thing. This being the case it is natural that there should be considerable difference of opinion in regard to the proper mode of procedure in train-



ing voices, though probably the differences between the methods of successful teachers are not so great as would at first appear. Another reason for so much discord is the confusion of terms, such a word as *false*, for instance, being used by different writers in entirely different senses. An important cause, however, of the vast amount of quackery to which attention has been drawn, lies in the fact that science and method are so popular that the public practically insists on being taught by a scientific method, a demand which is met by a host of quacks with their various systems. What success could a teacher expect who would advertise in this way: "Voice production taught by the employment of a few empirical exercises which sometimes fail to produce the expected results?" How much better it sounds if one teaches "Blank's strictly scientific method. Failure impossible. Down with empiricism." Now I assert, without hesitation, that anyone who claims to develop the voice by a *scientific* method is either ignorant of the real meaning of the term or is deliberately attempting to impose on the public for commercial reasons. Indeed, not only is there no vocal science, but, as a matter of fact, there is not even any such thing as a vocal method, in the sense in which the phrase is understood by the public. In answer to the popular demand many reputable teachers advertise themselves as using some particular method, but they do not intend the word to be taken in any very rigid sense. Especially vague are the terms Italian method, German method, etc., which mean scarcely more than this, that the teacher has received his own instruction, either directly or indirectly, from Italian or German masters. Of course there are national peculiarities in singing. The Italians, for instance, are noted for their smooth, flowing style and their strong tendency to abuse the portamento and vibrato, while in the Germans one is struck rather with the vigour and roughness which sometimes make mere declamation out of what was intended to be singing. But these different styles cannot fairly be said to constitute national methods of voice production, especially in view of the large number of exceptions to them. The popular idea of a vocal method is that it resembles a straight path leading up a hill-side, and that if you once find it you can scarcely fail to reach the summit, in other words, can scarcely fail to become a fine vocalist. There are, undoubtedly, some teachers who use such fixed methods, but, alas! they are not vocal methods. They may be straight paths, but they lead to nothing in particular. The successful teachers are not so methodical. They recognize the fact that the shortest and best path for one pupil is not so for another. Each pupil has his own peculiar abilities and his own point of departure, for which due allowance must be made. The object in view is not to take him over a particular path but to enable him to reach the highest possible point. A fixed method would be a distinct failure in a very large proportion of cases.

There is no use at present in demanding a scientific system for training the human voice. The larynx is not capable of being played upon from without, like an ordinary musical instrument, and what goes on in the human body while tones are being produced is only very imperfectly understood. The invention of the laryngoscope has enlarged our knowledge to a certain extent, but rather from a physiological than a vocal standpoint, for correct singing is obviously impossible when the mouth and throat are in the positions required for laryngoscopic examination. The reign of empiricism must, therefore, continue for some time longer; but this need cause no great apprehension, for it was by the use of purely empirical exercises that singing reached its highest point of development in the days of the old Italian masters. Splendid results were obtained then and splendid results can still be reached if vocalists, under the guidance of careful, competent teachers, will but devote themselves earnestly to their work. The best vocal instruction given to-day is not ideal, but it is probably quite as good as any the world has ever had; and there is no doubt that, whatever other causes may have been at work, the decline in the art of singing is due primarily to the impatience of vocalists and the consequent abbreviation of their courses of study.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

Miss Ada E. S. Hart's private piano Recital on Saturday afternoon was a success. Messrs. Nordheimer's rooms were crowded not only with the pianiste's many friends, who

were anxious to ascertain for themselves what Viennese methods of tuition had accomplished for their favourite, but also with those whom the fame of her had reached. Miss Hart THE WEEK has had the pleasure of noticing before, accordingly no extended critique of her Recital is necessary here.

But these recitals rouse curious queries. After all, in our modern conventionalized mode of hearing music—fettered as it is by an audience made up of real lovers of music mingled with those who come because it is, in modern parlance, a "social function"—after all, is it possible for a pianiste wholly to throw off her self-conscious personality and, entering entirely into the composer's spirit, convey to her hearers the whole depth and breadth of a master's feeling? However, to do this perhaps is given only to that rare mortal whom we denominate by the name of "genius." Still it is a feat that, nevertheless, all who play should strive to accomplish. No piece can be rendered too feelingly, provided the feeling is dominated by culture and refinement. But to render feelingly the player must himself feel. This is as true of music as it is of all the sister art; *si vis me flere, says Horace, if you wish to draw tears from me, tibi dolendum est primo, you yourself must first weep.* Even the histrionic art forms no exception to the rule, for it is the actor who is capable of feeling, the actor who has felt, that can best interpret; and the greater his emotional and imaginative capabilities, the greater his power to portray. Which was the higher compliment paid to the player in "Hamlet," Polonius's or Hamlet's? Polonius says:

"Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion."

Hamlet, when he is alone and unhampered by listening conventional fellow-critics (a noteworthy point that), blurts out:

"Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms of his conceit? and all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!  
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her?"

The character of these criticisms is in each case a key to the character of the critic—as, of course, was by Shakespeare intended. Unfortunately at all our Anglo-Saxon "functions," musical and other, there are Poloniuses—who regard only accent and discretion, as well as Hamlets—who, above all things, regard the power of the artist to "force his soul to his own conceit." That, we take it, is the secret of success in all art: to force one's soul to one's own conceit; and the greater the soul the greater the conceit. And what is the lesson from all this? Surely it is simple and obvious, namely to *conceive*; and perhaps, also, to care nothing for the Poloniuses that may be present; that is to say, not to allow convention to swamp conception. True, the first of these may be a counsel of perfection, but the second is at least within the endeavour of all.

We should gather from Miss Hart's Recital that she would make an exceptionally good teacher of the piano, should her intentions lie in that direction. One of the most evident characteristics of her playing was its conscientiousness. She has also returned from her Austrian education untainted by any Teutonic mannerisms. Her knowledge of technique, too, must be wide and accurate.

One piece of blunt criticism THE WEEK feels constrained to utter. Will Canada never, even in this intellectual and artistic centre, carry out these "functions" in really refined style? Would it have extracted so enormous a sum of hard cash out of the pockets of Messrs. Albert and Samuel Nordheimer & Company, Limited, to have put a few flowers on the dais; to have overcome the untidy appearance of the ware-room, littered as this seemed to be with pianos and piano covers; to have given the occupants of the seats a little more space for comfort; to have ventilated a room in which ladies could not divest themselves of their furs and men only with difficulty themselves of their great-coats; to have provided an usher in suitable evening or other dress, if not to add to the comfort of the seat-seekers, at least to give "style" to an otherwise really high-class and high-caste affair? Will Canada never do

anything "stylishly"? Our piano manufacturers and music-sellers have not yet risen to a conception of the influence they might wield for good—and, we might add, for profit—amongst our music-loving people by encouraging these Recitals. Are they so ignorant that they do not yet know even the simple and perhaps not very palatable fact that if they make a "function," "stylish" and "fashionable" it will be thronged? And, at least, a thronged Recital gives opportunities to pianists to make themselves known.

T. A. H.

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Art Notes.

IN my recently written notes on Sir John Millais I traced an outline of his career as an artist, touching upon the evolution of his style, and making comments on some of his best known works, which I enumerated. But Millais, when considered merely as a painter, is one subject, when considered as the president-elect of the Royal Academy, another. Possibly the Academy may have elected its chief and settled the question which now agitates our minds by the time these notes are printed; but a few words about Millais' qualifications for the office may not be amiss. At 66 he may not be too old, perhaps, to undertake the various presidential duties, and he has a wonderfully robust constitution, his physical fitness being due, largely, to his sporting proclivities—the prolongation of his own life being in direct ratio to the curtailments which he has effected in the lives of salmon and grouse. There is no question, either, about his personal popularity which his geniality and frank, bluff good nature—not to mention his handsome person—have made universal. But whether or not he has the intellectual qualities which, if not necessary, are certainly desirable in a president is a matter for conjecture. A successor to Leighton would be very difficult to find. Very few men possess his gifts as painter, sculptor, orator, and linguist; and a certain diplomatic grace or tact—conspicuous in the late president—is not invariably combined with the qualities above mentioned.

Millais is generally supposed to covet the presidentship, or at least to feel sore about having missed it in the past; and there are very few people who would grudge him an office which his achievements as a painter entitle him to, and in the maintenance of which his personal popularity would go far to hide any shortcomings he might exhibit. Amongst the duties of the chair are the lectures to the students of the Academy schools, and the somewhat weighty task of presiding over the annual banquet. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who instituted the lectures, still stands pre-eminent in that department, but Lord Leighton was the prince of speakers; and with these two precedents before him Millais will have his work cut out for him to rise to their high level. On the only occasion when he was called upon to preside at the banquet (namely last year, when Leighton, through ill health, was absent), he acquitted himself with only a moderate amount of credit; and there were some humorous mistakes which were overlooked in the general festivity of the occasion. It is important, however, that the president should show some aptitude as a speaker on the night of the banquet so that the credit of the institution may be maintained amidst the general tide of eloquence. And it is remarkable how well everyone speaks at these Academy dinners. There is a lightness and felicity of style—a tendency to banter—which may be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that, unlike a political meeting, the occasion is the reverse of a serious one, and the whole intention is that everyone should be happy; and as a result you get an airy humorous speech from the Premier, who finds himself in the novel position of being allowed to talk for half an hour without blackguarding the leader of the Opposition; then follows an archbishop who expresses his enjoyment of the good things of this world without a word of warning regarding the next; and lastly, a field marshal who, with honied words, proclaims himself the ardent follower and slave of the arts of peace.

E. WYLY GRIER.

The public sale of the studio effects of Mr. William Chase of New York took place several days ago and realized over \$21,000. The prices paid for the curios were good but the pictures sold for very little. In many cases Mr. Chase's old pupils paid high prices for objects of the associations connected with them.

Mr. Herkomer has been elected Vice-President of the Society of British Painters in Water-colors. There is no thought of electing a successor to Sir John Gilbert, as long as he can be persuaded to remain President.

An exhibition of original drawings by well-known artists is being held at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago. Amongst the Artists represented are:—R. B. Birch, Kate Greenaway, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, C. D. Gibson, Frank O. Small, W. H. Gibson, E. W. Kemble, and Albert Lynch.

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"The Makers of Modern Rome."\*

SINCE the death of George Eliot, I suppose no woman's name stands higher in the Golden Book of the republic of letters as a writer of fiction and biography than that of Mrs. Oliphant. And to many of us in this very Scottish colony she is all the more interesting because (being herself a native of Mid-Lothian, and a near relative of the late revered President of University College, Sir Daniel Wilson) many of her novels show such intimate acquaintance with Scottish life and character, and such tender humour and exquisite skill in its delineation, that her star need scarcely "pale its uneffected fire" even before such "new lights" in that quarter of the literary firmament as Barrie, Crockett, and Ian McLaren Watson.

Italy, too, has cast its spell over her, as it did over Shelley and Keats, the Brownings, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. She writes of "St. Francis of Assisi," the "Makers of Florence," and the "Makers of Venice," with the same affectionate touch which marks every page of "Royal Edinburgh,"—but this, her latest volume, "The Makers of Modern Rome," is, in my humble judgment, the best of them all.

Yet one need only turn the title page to realize that Rome must be to Mrs. Oliphant a city of very sad memories.

She inscribes this book "with the dear names of those of mine (F.W.O., M.W.O. and F.R.O.) who lie under the walls of Rome; and of him, the last of all, who was born in that sad City; all now awaiting me, as I trust, where God may please."

There they all sleep, under the little green hillocks of the Protestant Cemetery, beside the great gate of St. Paul, under the shadow of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, the saddest spot (I think) in all Rome, speaking as it does of so many weary watchings by hopeless death-beds,—of so many husbands, wives, fathers and mothers each seeing the dear one for whose sake this long, long journey has been taken, gradually yet surely fading away even under the sunny sky of Italy,—and at last laying away to final rest in this lonely graveyard in a foreign land, the very "cor cordium," the object of so many tears and prayers.

Yet the book is not a sad one. Rather it shows that Mrs. Oliphant (now nearing her three score years and ten) preserves still, even after nearly fifty years of continuous literary labour, that vivacity of imagination, that keen Scottish humour, and that power of vivid description which characterized the best of her early work in the pages of "Maga."

She makes no pretension to original research. One misses from her work the sonorous periods of Gibbon; and her sentences (often terribly involved and sometimes even ungrammatical) lack always the classical finish and balance which mark every page of Bishop Creighton and Dean Milman. Nevertheless her character sketches are drawn by no 'prentice hand. The personages of the drama breathe, and speak, and act before us;—they are extremely natural and very human—not creations of a novelist's fancy, but real men and women about whom we all know something and want to know more—"beacon lights of history" every one. St. Athanasius, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory;—Hildebrand and Innocent III. ("the Julius Caesar and the Augustus of the Papacy");—Rienzi and the story of "The Good Estate";—Martin V.,—that great Colonna Pope, who ended the schism of the West and restored the seat of the Papacy from Avignon to Rome;—the witty and many-sided Eneas Sylvius

\* "The Makers of Modern Rome," in four books (1) "Honourable Women not a Few," (2) The Popes who made the Papacy, (3) Lo Popolo, and the Tribune of the People, (4) The Popes who made the City. By Mrs. Margaret Wilson Oliphant, author of "The Makers of Venice," "The Makers of Florence," etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. December, 1895.

(Pius II.);—the venal and ambitious Sixtus IV.,—his nephew the imperious and warlike Julius II.;—and (last of all) that magnificent pagan Medici Pope, the elegant and pleasure-loving Leo X., “art’s patron, Raphael’s friend.”

Not the least interesting chapters of the book are those which, under the title of “Honourable Women not a Few,” give us so vivid picture of patrician Roman society in the fourth century. The scene is laid chiefly in that splendid palace on the Aventine, the home of Marcella, a Roman lady, the pupil of Athanasius and the friend of St. Jerome. It is Rome in its transition state from heathenism to Christianity, just after Constantine had transferred the seat of Empire thence to his new city on the Bosphorus—a Rome “from which power and the dominant forces of life had faded. The body was there—the great town with its high places made to give law and judgment to the world—even the officials and executors of the codes which had dispensed justice throughout the universe;—but the spirit of dominion and empire had passed away. A great aristocracy, accustomed to the first place everywhere, full of wealth, full of leisure, remained; but with nothing to do to justify this greatness, nothing but luxury (the prize and accompaniment of it) now turned into its sole object and meaning. The patrician class had grown, by use, by the high capability to fill every post and to lead every expedition which they had constantly shown, and which was the original cause and the reason of their existence, into a position of unusual superiority and splendour. But that reason had died away, the empire had departed from them, the world had a new centre; and the sons of the men who had conducted all the immense enterprises of Rome were left behind with the burden of their great names, and the weight of their great wealth and nothing to do but to enjoy and amuse themselves; no vocations to fulfil, no important public functions to occupy their time and powers.”

Though Christianity was now the established religion of the state, the altars of the old faith still stood, and the cult of the Olympian gods was not quite abandoned; but it had

“dropped into a survival of certain habits of mind and life, to which some clung with the angry revulsion of terror against a new revolutionary power at first despised; and some held with the loose grasp of an imaginative and poetical system, and some with a sense of the intellectual superiority of art and philosophy over the arguments and motives that moved the crowd.”

It was to this Rome that Athanasius (driven by persecution from his see and country) came in A. D. 341; and among the Roman houses in which the great monk of the Thebaid was welcomed, was the palace of a noble widow Albina,

“who lived the large and luxurious life of her class in the perfect freedom of a Roman matron, Christian yet with no idea in her mind of retirement from the world or renunciation of its pleasures.”

A woman of a more or less instructed mind and lively intelligence, she received with the greatest interest and pleasure these strangers who had so much to tell, the great bishop flying from his enemies, the monks from the desert. That she and her circle gathered round him with that rapt and flattering attention which not the most abstracted saint any more than the sternest general can resist, is evident from the story; and it throws a gleam of softer light upon the impassioned theologian who stood fast—“I, Athanasius, against the world,” for that mysterious splendour of the Trinity, against which the heretical East had risen. In the Roman lady’s withdrawingroom, we find him in his dark and flowing eastern robes amid the eager questionings of the women, describing to them the strange life of the desert which it was such a wonder to hear of, the evensong that rose as from every crevice of the earth, while the Egyptian after-glow burned in one great circle of colour around the vast globe of sky, diffusing an illumination weird and mystic over the fantastic rocks and dark openings where the singers lived unseen. What a picture to be set before that soft eager circle, half rising from silken couches, clothed with tissues of gold, blazing with jewels, their delicate cheeks glowing in artificial red and white, their crisped and curled tresses surmounted by the fantastic *mitella* which weighed them down!”

Among these auditors was the child of the house, the little girl who was her mother’s best excuse for retaining the freedom of her widowhood.—Marcella: a thoughtful and pensive child, devouring all these wonderful tales, and laying up in her heart a store of silent resolutions and fancies.

Long afterwards this child now grown to womanhood and mistress of this same palace on the Aventine, consecrated a large part of it, and finally the whole, to pious uses, as a meeting place for Christian women who (like herself) desired to “live the life.”

“It was not a convent, after all, so much as a large and hospitable feminine house, possessing the great luxury of beautiful rooms and furniture and the liberal ways of a large and wealthy family, with everything that was elegant, most cultured, most elevated, as well as most devout and pious. Christian ladies who were touched, like herself, with the desire of a truer and purer life, gathered about her, as did the French ladies about Port Royal, and women of the same class everywhere, wherever a woman of influential character leads the way.”

“No fixed rule,” says Thierry, “existed in this assembly, where there was so much individuality and where monastic life was not even

attempted. They read the Holy Scriptures together, sang psalms, organized good works, discussed the condition of the Church, the progress of spiritual life in Italy and the Provinces, and kept up a correspondence with the brothers and sisters outside, who were of a more strictly monastic character. Those of the Associates who carried on the ordinary life of the world came from time to time to refresh their spirits in these holy meetings, then returned to their families. Those who were free gave themselves up to devotional exercises according to their taste and inclination. All Roman ladies of rank knew a little Greek, if only to be able to say to their favourites (according to the *mol* of Juvenal, repeated by a Father of the Church), *Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ*—“My life and my soul;” but these Christian ladies studied it better and with a high motive. Several later versions of the Old and New Testament were in general circulation in Italy, differing considerably from each other; and this very difference interested anxious minds in referring to the original Greek for the Gospels—and for the Hebrew books to the Greek of the Septuagint, the favourite guide of western translators. These Christian ladies accordingly set themselves to perfect their knowledge of Greek; and many (among whom were Marcella and Paula) added the Hebrew language, in order that they might sing the psalms in the very words of the prophet king. Marcella even became, by intelligent comparison of the texts, so strong in exegetical knowledge that she was often consulted by the priests themselves.”

The “Associates” of this Sisterhood are vividly sketched in Mrs. Oliphant’s pictures. First, Paula

“the most interesting of the community.” “No fine lady more exquisite, more fastidious, more splendid than she. Not even her Christianity had beguiled her from the superlative finery of her Roman habits. She was one of the fine ladies who could not walk abroad without the support of her servants, nor scarcely cross the marble floor from one silken couch to another without tottering (as well she might) under the weight of the heavy tissues, interwoven with gold, of which her robes were made. A widow at thirty-five, she was still in full possession of the charms of womanhood, with her young daughters growing up around her, more like sisters than children and sharing every thought. Blasilla, the eldest, a widow at twenty, was, like her mother, a Roman exquisite, loving everything that was beautiful, and soft, and luxurious. In the affectionate gibes of the family she is described as spending whole days before her mirror, giving herself up to all the extravagances of dress and personal decoration, the tower of curls upon her head, the touch of rouge upon her cheeks. A second daughter, Paulina, was on the eve of marriage with a young patrician, Pammachius, as rich, and (as was afterwards proved) as devoutly Christian as the family into which he married. The third member of the family, Eustochium, a girl of sixteen, of a character contrasting strongly with those of her beautiful mother and sister, a saint from her birth, the favourite and almost the child of Marcella, instructed by her from her earliest years, had already fixed her choice upon a monastic life, and would seem to have been a resident in the Aventine palace to which the others were such frequent visitors. Of all this delightful and brilliant party, she is the one born recluse, severe in youthful virtue, untouched by any of the fascinations of the world.”

Then is described the visit to Rome of St. Jerome, called by Pope Damasus to the Council of 382, and (as we should say) “billeted” in the palace of Marcella on the Aventine. How well Mrs. Oliphant makes us realize it:

“His arrival in Marcella’s hospitable house, with its crowds of feminine visitors, was in every way a great event. It brought the ladies into the midst of all the ecclesiastical questions of the time; and one can imagine how they crowded around him when he returned from the sittings of the Council,—assembling upon the marble terrace, from which all that magical scene was visible at their feet: the white crest of the Capitol close at hand, and the lights of the town scattered dimly like glow worms among the wide openings and the level lines of classical building which made the Rome of the time. The subjects discussed were not precisely those which the lighter conventional fancy, Boccaccio or Watteau, has associated with such groups, any more than the dark monk resembled the troubadour. But they were subjects which up to the present day have never lost their interest. The debates of the Council were chiefly taken up with an extremely abstruse heresy concerning the humanity of our Lord, how far the nature of man existed in him in connection with the nature of God, and whether the Redeemer of mankind had taken upon himself a mere ethereal appearance of flesh, or an actual human body, tempted as we are, and subject to all the influences which affect man. How strange to think that these hot discussions were going on, and the flower of the artificial society of Rome keenly occupied by such a question, while still the shadow of Jove lingered on the Capitol, and the Rome of the heathen Emperors, the Rome of the great Republic, stood white and splendid, a shadow, yet a mighty one, upon the seven hills!”

And thus the story goes on;—the wooing of Pammachius and Paulina,—the deaths of Blasilla and Paulina,—Paula’s journey to the East and the founding of her convent at Bethlehem,—the conversion and penitence of Fabiola, the wealthy and generous founder of the first Roman Hospital;—that very same Fabiola whom we first learned to know (can it be forty years ago?) from Cardinal Wiseman’s pious little novel “Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs.” But in Mrs. Oliphant’s story she comes before us with a freshness and vividness of description unattained (perhaps unattainable) by his Eminence the Cardinal. She is

“one of the ladies more or less associated with the house of Marcella, a constant visitor, a penitent by times, an enthusiast in charity, a woman bent on making (so it seemed) the

best of both worlds. She had made early what (for want of a better expression) we may call a love match, in which she had been bitterly disappointed. That a divorce should follow was both natural and proper in the opinion of the time, and Fabiola had already formed a new attachment and made haste to marry again. But her second marriage was a disappointment even greater than the first, and this repeated failure seems to have confused and excited her mind to issues by no means clear at first, probably even to herself. She made (in the distraction of her life) a sudden and unannounced visit to Paula's convent at Bethlehem where she was a welcome and delightful visitor, carrying with her all the personal news that cannot be put into writing, and the gracious ways of an accomplished woman of the world."

We are told of one pretty scene, where—amid the talk which no doubt ran upon the happiness of that peaceful life amid the pleasant fields where the favoured shepherds heard the Angels' song—there suddenly rose the voice of the new-comer reciting with most enchanting flattery a certain famous letter which Jerome long before had written to his friend Heliodorus, and which had been read in all the convents and passed from hand to hand as a *chef d'œuvre* of literary beauty and sacred enthusiasm. Fabiola, quick, adroit and emotional, had learned it by heart, and Jerome would have been more than man had he not felt the charm of such flattery.

He complains, it is true, that Fabiola sometimes propounded problems and did not wait for an answer, and that occasionally he had to reply that he did not know, when she puzzled him with this rapid stream of enquiry. But it is evident also that he did his best sincerely to satisfy her curiosity, as if it had been the sincerest thing in the world. For instance—she was seized with a desire to know the symbolical meaning of the costume of the high priest among the Jews; and to gratify this desire Jerome occupied a whole night in dictating to one of his scribes a little treatise on the subject, which probably the fine lady scarcely took time to read.

Well told also is the story of Fabiola's self-imposed penance for having remarried after a divorce then sanctioned by society, authorized by the law of the land and unrebuked even by the Saints and Popes who then ruled the Church.

"Accordingly, on the eve of Easter, when the penitents assembled under the porch of the great church of St. John Lateran, amid all the wild and haggard figures appearing there, murderers and criminals of all kinds, the delicate Fabiola, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, ashes on her head and on the dark robe that covered her, her face pale with fasting and tears, stood among them, a sight for the world. Under many aspects had all Rome seen this daughter of the great Fabian race—in the splendour of her worldly espousals, and at all the great spectacles and entertainments of a city given up to display and amusement. Her jewels, her splendid dresses, her fine equipages were well known. With what curiosity would all her old admirers, her rivals in splendour, those who had envied her luxury and high place, gather to see her now in her voluntary humiliation, descending to the level of the very lowest as she had hitherto been on the very highest apex of society! All Rome, we are told, was there—gazing, wondering, tracing her movements under the portico, among these unaccustomed companions. *Perhaps there might be a supreme fantastic satisfaction to the penitent, with that craving for sensation which the exhaustion of all kinds of triumphs and pleasures brings, in thus stepping from one extreme to the other—a gratification in the thought that the Rome which had worshipped her beauty and splendour was now gazing aghast at her bare feet and dishonoured hair.*"

But I must quote no more. These extracts will serve to show the character of the book. "*Ex pede Herculem.*" All admirers of Mrs. Oliphant and all lovers of historical study will gladly welcome this latest addition to their libraries, to be placed beside the volumes of Gibbon and Von Ranke, Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity" and Bishop Creighton's "History of the Papacy during the Reformation;" and to be taken up and read with delight as a rest and refreshment after those more scholarly but not, I think, more interesting pages.

C. R. W. BIGGAR.

Toronto, Jan. 24th, 1896.

### The Cambridge Historical Series.

THE Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era, by J. H. Rose, M.A., is the first of a series of historical manuals published by the Cambridge University Press, and to be known as the Cambridge Historical Series. The editor of the series is Mr. Prothero, and his name is a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the work. It is intended in these manuals to sketch the history of modern Europe with that of its chief

"The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era, 1789-1815." By J. H. Rose, M.A. Cambridge Historical Series. Cambridge University Press, New York: Macmillan & Co.

"Outlines of English Industrial History." By W. Cunningham, D.D., and Ellen A. McArthur. Cambridge Historical Series. Cambridge University Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

colonies and conquests from about the end of the fifteenth century down to the present date. "The series," says the editor in his preface, "is intended for the use of all persons anxious to understand the nature of existing political conditions. The roots of the present lie deep in the past; and the real significance of contemporary events cannot be grasped unless the historical causes which have led to them are known." The series starts well with Mr. Rose's volume which gives a clear and interesting account of this most important period of European history. In compressing into a few hundred pages a history of a period so crowded with events as that from 1789 to 1815 there is a great danger lest a book should become merely a dry chronicle of facts. Mr. Rose has been conscious of the danger and guarded against it. "My object has been," he says, "to exhibit the influences in France and Europe tending to overthrow the old systems of government and society, to trace even amidst the apparent chaos of the French Revolution the growth of forces which tended towards a strongly centralized government and autocracy, to describe Napoleon's work of destruction and reconstruction, and finally to analyze the character of the new national impulses which overthrew his domination. Passing over unimportant details, I have everywhere endeavored to concentrate attention on these events and crises which exercised most influence on the formation of the European system, and to show the connection, too often ignored, between the earlier and later phases of the French Revolution." In his aim he has largely succeeded, and produced a book which will not only be useful as a text book for students, but which will also be found pleasant reading by the general public. There are half a dozen maps to illustrate the various changes in the map of Europe during that period of general overturn.

The second volume of the series is "Outlines of English Industrial History," by Prof. Cunningham and Miss McArthur. It supplies a long felt want, for a short sketch of English Economic History has been desired for some time, not only by students at our educational institutions, but also by those who are interested in the study of our social and economic problems. For the latter class we quote the following passage from the introduction: "The story of the past is full of varied interest, but there is one aspect in which it appeals with special force. It gives us a clue to unravel much that is strange and difficult in the present day. Our existing society is the outcome of the life of preceding ages. Much of its evil, as well as much of what is best in it, is a heritage from our forefathers. Hence, we are forced to turn to the past if we wish to understand how present conditions have arisen. We may often have to go back a long distance in time if we would trace out the factors which have combined to produce the economic regime under which we live. It has been a constant aim, in compiling the following pages, to explain, to some extent, the genesis of the present by a study of the past. The story has been carried on to a point at which some of the great problems of our own day loom into sight, and occasionally an opinion on matters in dispute has been hazarded with a view to indicating how closely the experience of the past is connected with the struggles that lie before us. Whether the future shall confirm the opinions here expressed or not, they will at least serve to illustrate the importance of trying to view our new difficulties in the light of experience drawn from bygone times. We may see how the new problems have arisen, and how similar difficulties have been met, while we may also be saved the disappointment of trying a road which has already been proved impracticable."

That the work is thoroughly able and satisfactory in every way goes without saying when we see that it comes from the hands of an authority of such wide reputation as the author of the "Growth of English Industry and Commerce."

At the end of the book there is a most valuable chronological table.

*Primer of Philosophy.* By Dr. Paul Carus. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1895.)—We gave a word of commendation to this useful volume when it first appeared. Dr. Carus is a man of ability and learning, and both are conspicuous in this volume. It will serve as a useful introduction to the study of philosophy, and it has an excellent Index. It is now put forth for 25c., in paper cover.



## Letters to the Editor.

## REM ACU AND AMERICANS.

SIR,—I must confess I cannot understand why "An Englishman" should call me and my little letter names. One of your correspondents wanted to know why the Canadians "persist in calling the people of the United States, Americans." I told him why and I told him the truth.

As I have lived long in two remote provinces of the Dominion, as well as in the United States, I can speak from first hand knowledge, a qualification which "An Englishman" possibly lacks. To the best of my belief my statements are true. How then can they be "decidedly objectionable," lacking in "fair-play," "un-English?" Is it "spiteful" to give a plain answer to a plain question? Is it "un-English" to speak your mind when asked to do so?

My letter was carefully worded, except that I never intended to accuse "Westerners" of eating with their fingers. (The poor whites of the South eat clay, but that does not bear on my point.) All "An Englishman" says is that there are "many estimable Americans." I never denied it. I never said that *all* Americans were on a low social plane. "Many estimable Americans" (including Oliver Wendell Holmes) are amused at the vulgarity of the rest. What I said is strictly true. In Canada we rarely see the best class of Americans. We see the commercial traveller, and the loud voiced tourist, those in fact whom Bostonians and New-Yorkers call "Westerners" with the accent I have described.

If "An Englishman" can challenge the truth of any of my statements, I am willing to argue with him; but he ought to see that anything he has said does not affect the case one jot.

REM ACU.

## MR. HEATON AND THE SCHOOLS.

SIR,—In recent numbers of THE WEEK we have had Mr. Ernest Heaton's views on quite a number of things. In a somewhat pretentious article a short time ago in which he affected to look down from a surperior height on parties and partyism, he observed that because Sir John Macdonald had remarked that a "British subject he was born, and a British subject he would die," it followed that all who did not agree with Sir John's politics were actuated by sentiments exactly opposite in character—a sentiment supplying ample data for classifying Mr. Heaton as an extreme partisan, and affording a guage for testing the merit of his oracular judgments on other matters. In the last issue he elucidates the Manitoba school question which, in its tangle of legal and moral rights, has baffled some of our greatest public men; and determines that all orangemen who are not in sympathy with Remedial legislation to the hilt are false to their vows. I have no comment to make on this missionary plea to the recalcitrant Orangemen who at last, after forty years, seen inclined to break in real earnest the compact which the Quebec Ultramontanes which has kept the Conservative party in power during most of that period; but with your permission I shall have something to say of "Sir Mackenzie Bowell's honest and straightforward course" which he so warmly admires, and his implied condemnation of the Liberal leader's attitude.

Mr. Heaton's whole argument is based on the contention that a constitutional wrong having been done the Manitoba Catholics the passing of remedial legislation is a necessity at the present moment. This is pure gammon. The Canadian constitution enforces itself by action of the courts. If any man suffers by the unconstitutional legislation of a province the nearest judge affords him relief; and against the simple order of that judge the whole provincial machinery is powerless. The Manitoba school legislation is constitutional, is legal; and as the judgement shows the Privy Council of 1892 considered it equitable in fact as well. Manitoba has passed a law which is within her prerogative and is acceptable to ninety-five per cent. of her people; and it is this law which Sir. Mackenzie Bowell seeks to destroy by an ill-considered bill to be driven through a dying parliament by coercion of the Catholic members by the heads of the Church and by more sordid arguments with the Protestants.

The right of the Dominion Parliament to review provincial educational legislation for the purpose of preventing tyranny by the majority over the minority is admitted; but its application must be made with extreme caution and only

in case of the greatest outrage when no other solution of the difficulty is possible. Does the present condition of things justify such interference? The only proof offered us that it does is the obiter of an English judge. His opinion, which was gratuitously offered, is worth something no doubt; but that it would in itself be considered sufficient to justify the Canadian parliament in arbitrarily coercing a province, at the risk of the dismemberment of Confederation (this expression is not one whit too strong), will in after years be regarded as one of the strangest things in the history of Canadian politics.

Let us look at the attitude taken by Mr. Laurier. He admits that the power of interference exists; and that since it exists it was meant to be exercised as a last resort. He suggests that to assist in determining whether this is a case for interference, and if so, how far it should go to be effective, a commission of educational experts should investigate the facts. Were such a body to investigate and report, many things that are now in a mist would be known. We would know whether the schools are Protestant or not; whether in bringing the present act into effect there was confiscation of Catholic property; whether the present system is now accepted by any section of the minority, and many other things as well. If they established a grievance in fact the Manitoba Legislature in all human probability would remove it; for it has twice virtually offered to leave the issue to arbitration. But if it refused would there not be an overwhelming case for Parliamentary intervention? Everyone would say that the Province was entitled to no further consideration.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell's "straightforward way" will lead, not to an honourable solution of a dangerous question, but to a religious war, a conflict between a Province and the Dominion which will embitter our politics and retard our progress for twenty years to come. Can any one tell us why the present Parliament is held by Sir Mackenzie to be the only one that can deal with this question? It is five years old: it is on the verge of dissolution by the passage of time; it does not represent the Canadian electorate of to-day; it has no mandate to deal with this matter. It is probable that at least a fifth of its members have no intention of again offering for election and are therefore in a measure indifferent to what their constituents want. Yet it is this old and decrepid Parliament which, on its deathbed, is being cajoled, browbeaten and bought into passing a law which every sensible Canadian shrinks from seeing on the statute book, excepting as an absolute necessity and which, passed under existing conditions, would be defied by Manitoba with the connivance and assistance of Ontario. Why not let the people who are interested in having peace, if the politicians are not, have something to say in this matter? Why not leave it to a new Parliament which will have precisely the same legal power to pass remedial legislation that the present one has, with the further fact that, being fresh from the people, it would have more right to legislate?

Mr. Laurier's advice is to let a new Parliament fresh from the people settle the question on its merits as determined by independent men.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell's plan is to have a crazy Parliament in the last stages of decay pass an act whose presence on the statute book may bring immeasurable woe on the country and which cannot be repealed.

Which is the right, the reasonable, the sensible policy? Mr. Laurier's course is one that every man in Canada, Catholic and Protestant, can follow with honour. It is the one that will have to be taken if the Manitoba school question is to be laid during the present generation. And, if recent indications are not greatly in error, it is the one that will be taken despite the efforts now being made at Ottawa to perpetrate a high crime against the peace of this nation by the passage of a premature, mischievous, futile law.

Montreal, Feb. 3, 1896.

JOHN W. DAFOE.

\* \* \*

Italy's Queen is about to make her first appearance as an author by the publication of her experiences as an Alpine climber. These records of the jaunts she has taken in the effort to reduce her increasing weight will be illustrated by sketches from her own pencil.



# Headache

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate

This preparation by its action in promoting digestion, and as a nerve food, tends to prevent and alleviate the headache arising from a disordered stomach, or that of a nervous origin.

Dr. F. A. Roberts, Waterville, Me., says: "Have found it of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia; and think it is giving great satisfaction when it is thoroughly tried."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to  
**Horsford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.**  
Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.  
For sale by all Druggists.

## Chess Corner.

FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

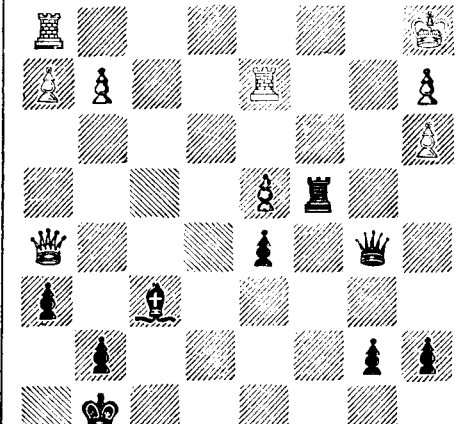
Pillsbury loses our game 725 to Lasker, thus:

	Pillsbury	Lasker	White	Black.
1	P Q4	P Q4	tv	yw
2	P QB4	P K3	kn	77 66
3	Kt QB3	Kt KB3	am	RF
4	Kt B3	P B4	JC	qo
5	5 QP xP, B xP, 6 P xP, P xP??	BP xQP	jO	ov
6	6 Q xP	Kt F3	sv	hp
7	7 R4	B K2	vV	H77
8	8 nothing really better.	Q R4	11j	z5
9	9 P K3	B Q2	22 33	1y
10	10 must neutralize 11... RQB1.	P KR3	ja	YX
11	11 B B4, Kt K5 of course.	P xP	nw	66w
12	12 Just 1 1/2 time.	Castle (KR)	Cv	88r
13	13 B xKt	B xB	OF	77F
14	14 Q R5	Kt xKt	VW	pv
15	15 P xKt	B K3	33v	y66
16	16 B Kt5, QRBI per text (16 Q B3)	Q RB1	BD	Sr
17	17 Q B3!!! not R Q3, P Kt3, 18... B B4.	R xKt	DE	rm
18	18 P xR, Q xP, 19 Q B3, Q Kt5 ch!!!	R QR6	E66	m3
19	19... foreseen beautiful combination.			



19 P K7, R K1, 20 P xR, Q Kt3 ch, 21 K R1, B xP ch.  
22 R xB, Q xR ch, 23 K Kt1, R xP, 24 BK5, PR3!!  
19 P xP ch R xP 66G+ HG

20 P xR Q Kt3 ch b3 5f+  
21 realizing attack on QP.  
21 B Kt5 Q xB ch Ae fe+  
22 Q B5, 26 Q Kt4, R K2 winning.  
22 K R1 R B2 a1 Gq  
23 R Q2 R F5 st qn  
23... RB7 R Q Kt1, Q B5, 25 R xR, Q xR, 26 Q xP ch!  
(R6K, 1 P2R2P, 7P, 4F+2)

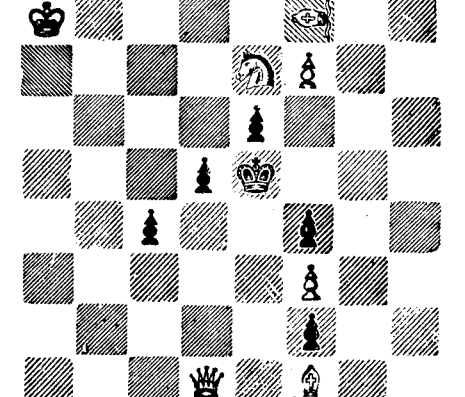


24 R QNt, R xP, 25 R xQ, R QKt5 ch, 27... mate.  
24 KR Q1 R B6 Ss nm  
25 Q B5 Q B5 WE en  
25... intending R B8 ch.  
26 K Kt1 offered greatest resistance.  
26 K Kt2 R xP 1b c3  
26... unexpected problematic keymove.  
27 Q K6 ch K R2 E66+ RY  
28 K xR Q B6 ch b3 nm+  
29 K R4 P Kt4 ch 34 ge+  
30 K xP Q B5 ch 4e mn+  
(4R3 PP2R2P8, 4Pq2, 4p1K1, plbQ4, kp5p, 8)  
31 KR5, B Q1 ch, mating next move.

SCORE	Lasker	Pillsbury	Steinitz	Tchgorin
Lasker	11 1/2 wins	6 1/2 1 1/2	11 1/2 0 1 1/2	1 1/2 11 1/2
Pillsbury	11 1/2 0 1 1/2	8 wins	0 1/2 0 0 0	11 10 0 1/2
Steinitz	0 0 1/2 1 0 1/2	1 1/2 1 1 1	9 1/2 wins	0 1 10 0 1/2
Tchgorin	0 1/2 0 0 1/2 0	0 0 0 1 1 1/2	1 0 0 1 1 1	7 wins

THREE-MOVE PROBLEM, 725.  
By H. Hooley Davis.

6 black—13 pts (K4B2, 4NP2, 4p3, 3pk3).



2p2p2, 5p2, 3Q1B2) 7 white +13 pts.  
725.—White to play in three moves.

## An Important Case.

A VICTORIA COUNTY (ONT.) PEDLER BEFORE THE COURTS.

Detected in Selling a Pink Coloured Pill, Which he Represented to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—The Court Grants a Perpetual Injunction Restraining Him From Offering an Imitation of this Great Medicine. Some facts the Public will do Well to Bear in Mind.

"In the High Court of Justice yesterday morning, before Mr. Justice Meredith, the case of Fulford v. McGahey was heard. It

consisted of a motion for an injunction to restrain Fred McGahey from selling a pill which he claimed to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Douglas E. Armour appeared for the plaintiffs and stated that the defendant had been peddling these goods about Victoria County, claiming them to be Dr. Williams' genuine Pink Pills. It was impossible, however, on the face of it, that they could be genuine, as he sold them greatly below what they cost at wholesale price. The defendant had given consent Mr. Armour said, that the motion should be changed to one for judgment against him. No defence was offered and his Lordship gave an order for judgment restraining McGahey from continuing to vend the article as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

The above paragraph, taken from the legal columns of the Toronto Globe of the 15th inst., contains a warning which every person in Canada in need of a medicine will do well to heed, and shows the care and pains the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company takes to protect the public from impositions, and to preserve the reputation of their famous Pink Pills.

It is only a medicine that possesses more than usual merit that is worth imitation. Ordinary medicines are not subject to that kind of treatment, as there is not sufficient demand for such medicine worth while.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have achieved a reputation for sterling merit unparalleled in the history of medical science. In every part of the Dominion the remarkable cures wrought by the use of this great medicine have given it a name and a fame which has made the sale of Pink Pills simply wonderful.

It is because of this great merit, and the consequent enormous demand for the medicine, that it is being imitated by unscrupulous persons in various parts of the country. The imitation is cheap, usually worthless, and is only pushed because the imitator can make much more money by its sale than he can by the sale of the genuine Pink Pills. Hence the pains he takes to sell the imitation.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company annually spends thousands of dollars endeavouring to impress upon the public that the genuine Pink Pills can only be purchased in one form—namely in packages enclosed in a wrapper (or label), which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No one can buy them in any other form, not even if they offered many times their weight in gold for them. And yet in the face of these continuous warnings there are people confiding enough to permit some unscrupulous dealer to convince them that he can supply them with the genuine Pink Pills in loose form by the dozen or hundred, or ounce, or in some other kind of a box. Any one who pretends to be able to do this is telling an untruth. Bear this in mind and refuse all pills that do not bear the full trade mark, no matter if they are coloured pink, and no matter what the dealer says.

Please bear in mind also that the formula from which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is compounded is a secret known only to the company, and any one who claims he can supply you with some other pill "just as good" is guilty of misrepresentation, for he does not know the ingredients of the genuine Pink Pills and is only trying to sell you some other pill, because he makes more money on its sale.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company is determined to spare no expense in protecting, both the public and themselves, against these unscrupulous imitators, and will always be thankful to receive information concerning any one who offers to sell an imitation Pink Pills purporting it to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or "the same as" the genuine Pink Pills. Such cases will be investigated by the company's detective and the name of the person giving the information will not be made public, while any expense entailed in sending us the information will be promptly refunded.

Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else. They cure when all other medicines fail.

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### Literary Notes.

A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald says that William Watson's last volume, "The Father of the Forest," will set more people wondering why Alfred Austin should have been appointed to the laureateship.

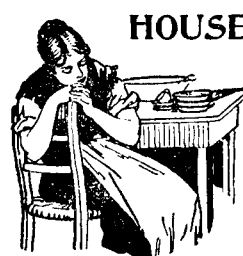
Monsieur D. Conway's article in the recent Open Court symposium on the Monroe Doctrine has called forth a storm of adverse and bitter comment, which is now published with other views in No. 440 of that journal. The Open Court gives all sides a hearing, and its symposiums on this momentous questions are among the most comprehensive and ablest that have appeared.

The third and fourth volumes of the "Memoirs of Barras" will be published by Harper & Brothers in the immediate future—probably next month. Another work of uncommon value, the publication of which will be completed at about the same time, is Curtis' "Constitutional History of the United States." The second volume includes all of the material collected for this purpose by Mr. Curtis during the last twenty years of his life. After his death, in 1894, the manuscript relating to this extension of the original work was placed in the hands of J. C. Clayton, as editor.

In the February 1st issue of the Chap Book is an interesting announcement. Beginning with the next issue the price of the magazine is to be raised from five to ten cents. This is the first sign of a reaction against the cheapening of magazines, which has gone on at such a furious rate during the last year or two. Many people have questioned whether it makes any essential difference to the purchaser, whether he pays five, ten, or fifteen cents for his magazine, provided only he gets something he really wants. And he suspects that there is a limit to the possible cheapening in the manufacture of a magazine.

The January issues of Littell's Living Age contain many papers of more than usual interest and value. Among others may be mentioned "Lord Salisbury," by Augustin Filon; "Matthew Arnold in his Letters," by Alfred Austin; "Kashmir," by Sir Lepel Griffin; "The Air Car, or Man-Lifting Kite," by Lieut. B. Baden Powell; "Corea and the Siberian Railway"; "Muscat," by J. Theodore Bent; "In the Wild West of China," by Alicia Bewicke Little. "1920," from the Contemporary Review, is a thoughtful forecast of the future growth and importance in the world of the Anglican race, and furnishes much food for thought.

In 1884 Eugene Field wrote a story which he called "The Werewolf." When it was finished he laid it aside and a year afterward entirely rewrote it. In 1886 he again took it up and revised it, and during the nine years between that time and his death in November last, he rewrote it eight times. His last revision pleased him and he decided to print it. But death came too suddenly, and the story was found, unpublished, among his effects. Mrs. Field, concluding to have the story appear, gave it to the editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, in which magazine all of Mr. Field's work, outside of his newspaper articles, was presented to the public. The story will be printed in the next issue of the Journal, strikingly illustrated by Mr. Howard Pyle.



### HOUSEKEEPERS

who are delicate, run-down, or overworked, and those who suffer from back-ache, headache, dragging-down sensations in the abdomen, and many other symptoms of derangement of the female functions can find renewed strength and health by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the pains and aches, the periods of melancholy and sleeplessness—nothing can do you so much permanent good as this vegetable compound. You save the doctor's fee, as well as your modesty, by purchasing this "Prescription" of Doctor Pierce. For a great many years Dr. R. V. Pierce (chief consulting physician and specialist to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y.) made a specialty of the diseases of women, and from his large experience he was able to compound a "Prescription" which acted directly upon the special internal parts of women. When in doubt as to your ailment write him, it will cost you nothing. A Book, on "Woman and Her Diseases," published by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., is of interest to all women. It will be sent for ten cents in stamps.

When women are afflicted with nervousness, irritability, nervous prostration or exhaustion and sleeplessness, in nine cases out of ten the source of the trouble is some displacement, irregularity or derangement of the special internal parts. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures permanently such cases as well as that distressing internal discharge from the mucous membrane, inflammation and ulceration.

Brooklyn, Jackson Co., Mich.  
 Gentlemen—I am more than willing to say your most valuable medicine has cured me of female weakness and a catarrhal discharge from the lining membranes of the special parts. I suffered for years with pain in my back, never a night was I free. At your request I commenced treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I could not sleep on a mattress; it seemed as though it would kill me. Since taking the medicine I can sleep anywhere; I am perfectly well. I would not be placed in my former condition for any money. Gratefully yours,

*Mrs. J. H. Parker*

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**Personal.**

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, formerly Premier of Cape Colony, arrived in London on Tuesday. He refused to be interviewed regarding South African affairs.

General Campos, of Cuban fame, arrived in Madrid on Tuesday. A crowd gathered at the railway station and greeted him with mingled cheers and hoots, the hoots predominating. He has suggested that autonomy should be granted to the Cubans.

Mr. Frank Yeigh is announced to give a new picture-lecture on "Canadian Battlefields, Canadian Heroes, Canadian Cities and Canadian Scenery" in the Normal School Theatre on Monday evening, the 10th inst., before the students of the School of Pedagogy and the Normal School. Over one hundred appropriate stereopticon views will be shown in connection with the lecture. We understand there are a few available seats for the general public. Mr. Yeigh will deal with his interesting subject according to periods, viz.: The French Regime, the story of Louisbourg and Annapolis, Wolfe and Montcalm, the War and Heroes of 1812, the Rebellion of 1837-8, and the Confederation Era.

Pastor Felix, well-known to the readers of THE WEEK, contributes the following interesting note to the St. John Progress:—It is our happy fortune to have known a few men who reconcile us to the late autumn and frosty winter of our age, if they shall ever arrive. Old men, who grow old without gruesome physical decay, and without spiritual or intellectual decrepitude, who ripen and grow beautiful with years, and who disclose their selectest treasures after the time has come when we suppose the cabinet of thought and invention may be sealed forever. Such are as genuine a satisfaction to us as may be found in all the promise of youth and the strength of maturity. They show us that cheerfulness, intelligence, and hope are not the exclusive properties of such as are in "the twilight time of good or ill"; and that a progressive spirit, and a constructive mind, may be manifest under the grace of silver hairs. Foremost of the Nestors we have in mind is our sagacious and genial friend "W.," who has not yet learned to stoop under the weight of more than ninety years. No chimney-corner somnolence has yet claimed him, nor is he wrapped in dreams of the vanished years; but Ottawa is the witness that he still lives, with vigor and brightness of spirit, and a heartiness, which make him "the wale of old men." Few men can be found today, in any land, who at his period of life, are able to discuss with acumen the questions that concern our time—but "W." is one of them; and his "Waifs," in THE WEEK, and other journals of Canada, command attention as well as respect, for his carefully matured opinions are always expressed with brevity and point, and with the cheerful courtesy which marks a gentleman. Another gentleman (a well-known Canadian writer), who grows actively and gracefully old, is "Jonathan Oldbuck," who reads for us the legends of "Maple Leaves"—alias, J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., of Spencer Grange, Quebec. He is a living chronicle of the most romantic and historic city of Canada—I had almost written of America. "Few men have had such opportunities," writes a brother author, Wm. Kirby, "as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old Province of Quebec. His early training, social entourage—love of books—antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native Province and even beyond it, the whole jotted down day by day in his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein." Mr. LeMoine is a well-known figure in the streets of his native city, a patriarch of the literary assemblies there, and the cicerone and entertainer of many a celebrated guest who visits Stadacona. His fine presence and cordial spirits can but brighten and adorn any society; and his lips seem to give a voice to the stones of the street, and the walls that encompass that home of history wherein he dwells.



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## Periodicals.

The North American Review for February opens with two noteworthy articles on "The Anglo American Imbroglia," the first being from the pen of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and entitled, "The Venezuelan Difficulty," and the other by the Right Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," who graphically describes "The British Feeling" on this very important question. A paper on "Practical Politics" is contributed by the Governor of Massachusetts, and in "The Increased Production of Gold" Mr. Edward Atkinson predicts that the United States will take the lead in gold-producing countries, this coming year, thereby placing the national finances on a solid basis. A unique contribution is supplied by a statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, F.S.S., who asks, "Is the Human Race Deteriorating?" presenting in connection therewith some most interesting statistics. A timely symposium on the "Issues of Peace and War" is furnished by Capt. H. C. Taylor, U.S.N., and President of the Naval War College, who writes upon "The Study of War;" the Right Rev. Wm. Crowell Doane, Bishop of Albany, who treats of the "Follies and Horrors of War," and by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, who thoughtfully tells "How a War Begins." The second instalment of "The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is given in this number. Public interest in this contribution is assured.

The February number of Scribner's Magazine contains its usual quota of eminently readable articles. President Andrews' papers on the recent history of the U. S. A. will probably be concluded in one more number. His present article deals with such interesting matters as the Sackville-West incident in the Presidential campaign in 1888 and Cleveland's dunder, the Mafia in New Orleans, the McKinley bill, and the shipwreck of American and German warships in the storm at Samoa, when such friendly feeling was displayed by the crews to their more fortunate or more skilful English confrères. "Life in the Altitudes," sketches in climate, scenery, mode of life, etc., at Denver, Colorado, and Colorado Springs. The ascent of Mt. Ararat will excite special interest at the present time for the sidelight which is thrown on the Kurds and the natives generally. J. M. Barrie continues his new story, "Sentimental Tommy," which does not look as if it would detract from his deservedly high reputation, and other shorter pieces of fiction consist of "Sevillana"—an account of a bull-fight, "A Long Chase," by Owen Hall, and "Hopper's Old Man," by Robert Myers, all of which will repay perusal. We should also mention the article "Hunting Musk-Ox," by Frank Russell, which is illustrated by photographs taken by the author and which deals with a journey from Fort Rae on Great Slave Lake to Bathurst Inlet off the Arctic Ocean.

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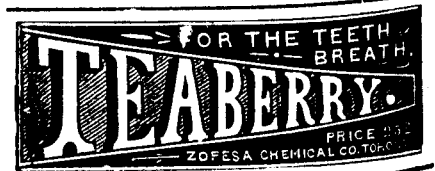
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Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.  
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.  
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.  
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.  
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- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.  
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- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.  
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.  
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.  
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.  
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winneft, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.  
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York St. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.  
A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.  
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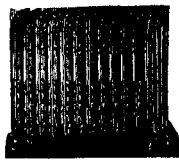
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