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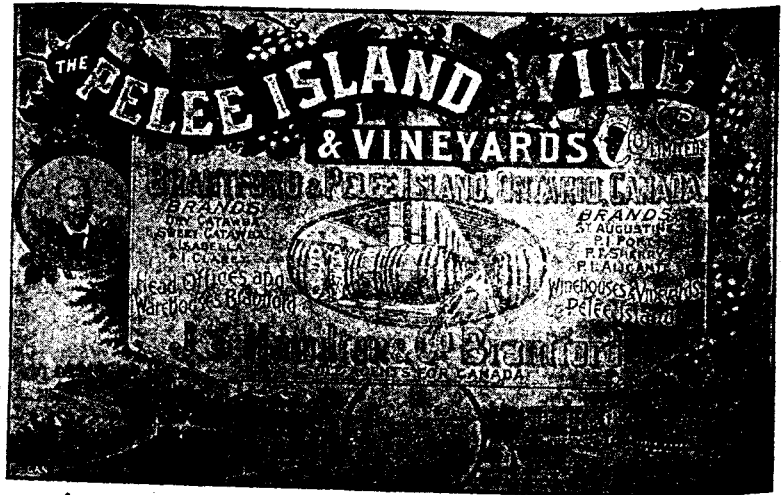
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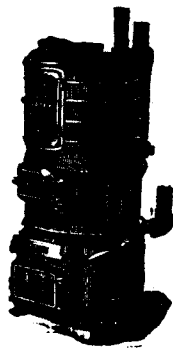
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THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

The agitation being carried on in Germany by Ahlwardt, the Jew-baiter, affords a singular instance of how much mischief may be caused by one ignorant, coarse, and not very clever individual, if he is only sufficiently bigoted, or sufficiently unscrupulous in the search for notoriety. The influence of this man seems to be not only deteriorating to the whole nation by its influence on the masses, but even to be lowering the dignity of the Reichstag itself, by stirring up the worst passions among its members. It is, perhaps, difficult or impossible, at this distance, to place the man and his crusade in the proper perspective, but one can hardly follow the course of events from day to day, even in the meagre reports which reach us, without perpetually wondering how it is that such a man can create such a situation in such a nation. The national or rather the popular preju-

dices must be very deep-seated and very far beyond the reach of reason or logic, or his evident shallowness and lack of all the higher qualities of patriotism would long since have destroyed him, so far as his power to affect the movement of the national life is concerned. It seems impossible that his career can last much longer in view of the exhibitions which he is constantly making of his own unreasonableness and incapacity. But the whole case is a curious one and it would be very unsafe to make predictions as to the outcome.

It must be particularly gratifying, not only to the personal friends of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, but to all who like to believe that there still remain in Canadian public life a goodly number of men who have not bowed the knee to mammon, as represented in the advantages, direct or incidental, with which it is always in the power of a Government to enhance the loyalty of such of its supporters as are responsive to that kind of influence, that that gentleman was able to declare from the platform in Orangeville that his hands are absolutely clean, and to deny emphatically and in detail the statements of the President of the Council touching his alleged obligations to Government favour and patronage. Mr. McCarthy's declaration that he has never received from the Government one dollar, directly or indirectly, is unambiguous and complete. As we commented on the strong insinuations to the contrary which appeared in one or more of the papers supporting the Government, we gladly put on record this satisfactory reply. Mr. McCarthy's description of the National Policy as an act of self-denial by which the people voluntarily refrained for a time from purchasing their goods in the cheapest market, would be more accurate had the self-denying ordinance been enforced only upon the willing citizens. His contention that the experiment has now been tried long enough will commend itself to multitudes all over the country, as it did to the large audience at Orangeville, whether they regard his proposal to make a special exception in favour of the Mother Country by giving her free-trade in return for free-trade is or is not deemed feasible.

The records of municipal elections in Kansas, in which women have had the right to vote in four successive biennial elections, do not give much support to the opinion that women, especially those of a better class, would not use the franchise if they had it. The number of women voters has

steadily increased from one election to another, until at the last election of mayor in Topeka, said to be a typical city, out of 4000 registered women voters, 3163, or 79 per cent. of the whole, cast their votes. Another noteworthy fact in connection with this city is that the women have shown such independence that their vote has been the confusion and despair of the party and machine politicians. In Topeka, where the Republican majority had usually been reckoned at 2000, the women two years ago caused a Democratic mayor to be elected by a plurality of nearly 200. But that this result was not due to their Democratic proclivities is proved by the fact that this year, when it was supposed that the Democrats would easily triumph on the Populist ticket, the women gave three-fourths of their votes to the Republican candidate, electing him by a good majority. The only female candidate running was a candidate for the position of school commissioner, but, instead of voting for the only representative of their sex, the women cast their votes for her masculine opponent, because, as the source of our information says, they thought him the "better fitted for the place." Should it prove to be the fact, as implied in this statement of results, that the mayor elected in each case was a better man for the position than his opponent, the history of Topeka and of Kansas will afford a strong argument in favour of women's receiving the franchise elsewhere.

A movement is just now being made or advocated in Toronto which can scarcely fail to enlist the sympathy and aid of benevolent citizens. We refer to the proposal to found a home for aged and distressed gentlewomen. "There is," says a writer in a recent number of the Empire, "no class whose helplessness is more pathetic and whose sufferings are more embittered than ladies who have seen better days, but who, through misfortune or bereavement, or the wrong-doing of others, have been reduced to a straitness of circumstances with which they are utterly unfitted to contend." In the days when such ladies were young, it was not customary or thought desirable that young ladies whose parents were in comfortable or opulent circumstances should be educated with a view to self-support in case of need. Their accomplishments were seldom such as could be turned to practical use, especially now that times have changed and the requirements of almost every position have changed with them. We are unable to give details with reference to the

proposed home. Indeed, we are not sure that any definite plan has yet been formed. The general idea is, however, to purchase a suitable building and to provide a temporary endowment, sufficient to support in simple comfort those who might be found in need of such aid. The sum required would not be very large, and the pleasure of ministering to the comfort of those who might find in such a home a happy release from privations or humiliations which make their lives unspeakably wretched, should be an ample return to a benevolent mind for the investment. We are sure that it is only necessary that some suitable and energetic person should take the matter in hand, to elicit a generous and adequate response.

It is to be hoped that the good sense of the citizens of Toronto and of other cities and towns in Ontario will assert itself in time to prevent the serious mischief which may otherwise arise from the impulse which is just now making itself felt in favour of the use of artificial stimulants to quicken business life and induce a semblance of prosperity. In any large view there is something not at all seemly in the bidding of one municipality against another for the possession of some existing or projected factory, or other industry. It may be pretty safely assumed that the business enterprise which needs that its promoters should go from place to place seeking to stir up a local rivalry which may be turned to account, is not the kind of business which is most likely to be prosperous and permanent. The mere transfer of a business already existing from one locality to another adds nothing to the wealth or prosperity of the country, and it is very doubtful whether the tendency to concentrate the industries of the Province in one great centre, instead of having them distributed in various localities, is not distinctly harmful on the whole. In so far as such concentration is due to natural or special advantages afforded by the locality to which the removal is made, it should not, of course, be interfered with, but in so far as it may be in any case caused or hastened by bribes from the municipal purse of the wealthier locality, it is not only unpardonably selfish, but of doubtful utility to the community in which it is thus effected. Every proposal to tax the citizens whose industry is the source of whatever prosperity the city may have, for the benefit of some new-comer, is so manifestly unjust that it should be voted down without hesitation or compunction.

It is almost a relief to know that the great Columbian Exposition, of which we have heard so much during the last two years, is at length, as our neighbours would say, "in full swing." The love of the dramatic, which is always and everywhere so strong in the human breast, has lost none of its energy on American soil. It is not easy to see how human ingenuity could have added to the elaborateness of the prepara-

tions which had been made to render the opening ceremony as impressive as science and enthusiasm and millions of dollars could make it. The President's address was a model of brevity, but the man who could have made a long speech on such an occasion would have needed nerves of steel and an overweening self-esteem reaching to the sublime. In the presence of that seething mass of human beings, the sense of personal importance in the ordinary man must have dwindled to very small dimensions. The address had, perhaps, a little too much of the Johnsonese, and was also somewhat marred by the inevitable tendency of Americanism to forget the wise man's injunction to "let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth," but was on the whole appropriate and sufficient for the occasion. A more suggestive hint of the wonderful achievements of modern science could not easily be conceived than that which was conveyed to the vast audience when, by the simple touching of a button, the wheels innumerable throughout the great machinery hall began to revolve, the fountains to play, the bells to peal and flags of all nations by the hundred being unfurled. A display unique in the world's history is opened for the admiration of the world in Jackson Park and it may be assumed that the ambition even of Chicago and the United States is satisfied with the effect.

As we go to press the tariff investigation by the Minister of Finance and his colleagues is, we suppose, going on in this City. Mr. Foster is reported as having said that as many importers as manufacturers were consulted in Montreal. That is well. To have consulted the manufacturers alone would have been to make the whole proceeding farcical. Mr. Foster is further quoted to the effect that, taken all around, both manufacturers and importers seemed satisfied with the present tariff. That is not very surprising. Of course both of these very important classes have a right to be consulted and no Government can afford to disregard their opinions. At the same time it goes without saying that neither of them is likely to be among the first to agitate for a lowering of the tariff. The manufacturers, for whose benefit the protective features of the tariff were created, can hardly be expected to demand their removal. The importers, it is true, might naturally be supposed to view the subject from another standpoint and reach a different conclusion. But then it is to be borne in mind that they do not pay the tax, but merely shift it to the shoulders of their customers. Consequently, so long as the volume of imports is not materially reduced, their business being now adapted to the present system, they are very likely to manifest the conservatism which usually characterizes those who are doing well enough, the more especially as they probably are accustomed to receive a percentage of profit on the duty as well as

on the original cost of their merchandise. The real question is with regard to the great consuming classes scattered all over the Dominion,—the farmers, the artisans, the labourers—all who are in receipt of fixed incomes. On these the burden of increased prices mainly falls. These are they who are crying out for tariff reform. By what means do the Ministers propose to consult these, who are obviously the very persons who have the best right to be consulted?

To-day, the first Friday in May, is set apart to be observed as Arbor Day in the schools of Ontario. The idea is a good one and it is to be hoped that teachers and trustees and parents, all over the Province, are observing the day enthusiastically. The capacity of the grounds in connection with the greater number of the schools for trees and shrubs is, unfortunately, soon exhausted, and it may be that many of them have already been adorned with as many as the space will admit. But even in such cases, it may be made a means of lasting benefit as well as pleasure to the children to have one day in the Spring sacred to the spirit of idleness. The time can always be well spent, especially if there be some cultivated taste to direct efforts in the right channels, in clearing up the rubbish which is sure to have accumulated during the winter, making improvements indoors and out, and rendering the whole premises as attractive as possible. These improvements should be followed up throughout the season. The teacher who succeeds in awakening an enthusiasm for neatness and tastefulness in the children, and sustaining it from week to week, is doing them and the communities in which they shall afterwards live an inestimable service. But one of the best uses of the day will be lost sight of if the teacher, in addition to doing something to cultivate taste for regard to the surroundings within and without the school, does not also seize the opportunity to stimulate the powers of observation which are so often neglected, by leading the children to open their eyes to the beauties of tree and shrub and flower, though this should be the work of every day rather than of one. The day is forever past, it may be hoped, when boys and girls can grow up in the country and be crammed from year to year with the lore of the school text-books, and go forth at the end unable to distinguish one tree or plant from another, as we have known to be the case. Arbor Day, though it comes but once a year, brings with it possibilities which the true teacher may turn to account for the life-long good of the children. It might not be unwise if children of larger growth were to connect one day in Spring to similar uses in connection with their homes and streets and lanes, all over the land.

If the amendment moved by Mr. Ross to Mr. Marter's Prohibitory Bill really pledges the Government to obtain without

may an authoritative decision as to the extent of the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures in the matter of prohibition; to provide machinery before the close of the present session for gauging public opinion and sentiment in regard to it; and in case the Legislature is found to have the power and a large majority of the people to be decidedly and unequivocally in favour of it, to proceed to enact a prohibitory law, the advocates of prohibition ought to be pretty well satisfied with the progress made. That it would be the worst of bad policies for the Legislature to pass and for the temperance societies to attempt to enforce a prohibitory law, while there are very serious doubts as to its constitutionality, seems so nearly self-evident that the wonder is that any true friend of prohibition can be found to advocate such a course. That it would be equally unwise, even were the jurisdiction of the Legislature unquestioned, to pass a stringent measure of prohibition without having first ascertained that its enforcement would be sustained overwhelmingly by the moral sentiment of the country, seems almost equally evident. The latter question is one which can hardly be decided in any other way than by a popular vote. Certainly it can be decided in no other way so satisfactorily or so promptly. No one can suppose that the temperance conventions, composed of the active temperance organizations and workers of the Province, can be relied on as tests of popular feeling. While it may be that a prohibitory law could not properly be classed as sumptuary legislation, but is founded on principles radically different, it is certain that many who would find themselves suddenly deprived by law of an article of diet to which they had all their lives been accustomed would so regard it, and feel that their personal rights and liberties had been grossly infringed upon. Under such circumstances nothing short of the firm conviction and will of a very large majority could either enforce or justify such legislation. If the friends of prohibition are wise, they will, it seems to us, hasten to take the Government at its word and see that they are fully committed to the course proposed while they are in the mood for it.

Without doubt the most serious hindrance to full success in working out the principles of self-government on which we so much pride ourselves in this democratic hemisphere is the ever-present tendency to corruption in municipal politics. We can scarcely turn our eyes in any direction in which a struggle more or less vigorous is not taking place between the agencies of organized corruption and the forces which are being marshalled to rescue the civic offices from the cliques which have prostituted them for their own selfish and dishonest purposes. From the facts which are now and then being brought to the notice of the public there is a good reason to

hope that the historian of the future may be able to point to the last decade of the nineteenth century as the memorable period in which there was a great moral uprising of good citizens all over the northern part of this continent, and a general purgation of municipal as well as of national politics. Among Canadian cities Montreal has probably achieved a bad pre-eminence in civic corruption and mismanagement. We noted some time since the organization in that city of an Electoral Purity Association, formed for the express purpose of fighting, in the interests of the citizens, the battle of pure civic elections and honest civic administration. Our readers will be pleased to know that this society still survives under the new and more euphonious name of the "Volunteer Electoral League," and that it is perfecting its plans for a strenuous campaign at the next elections, at which, under the new legislation, all the members of the Council will retire at once instead of one-third of them as hitherto. This league, though numerically feeble, claims to have been the means of securing the election of one good man by acclamation, at the last election, as well as of defeating many attempts at fraud at the five polls which its members were able to bring within the sphere of their operations.

The mode of working of the League, as described in a recent article in one of the city papers, is very simple. Their workers propose to make a thorough canvass of a ward, seeing every voter and getting a personal description of him so as to secure for him his vote. This will enable them to prevent "telegraphing." Then they desire to raise a fund which will put them in a position to professionally revise and watch the voters' lists, mainly with a view to disenfranchising the graveyards. Another of the special duties which the members of the League will set before themselves will be "To elect honest men by honourable means and punish infractions of the election law." To this end they will endeavour to collect evidence of any violation of this law which may occur, and prosecute the violators most rigorously. Very wisely they will refrain, save under very exceptional circumstances, from putting candidates of their own in the field. In their annual report they say on this point:—

"First and foremost is the difficulty of securing suitable candidates. Really desirable men are rarely anxious for civic honours. Great pressure needs oftentimes to be brought to bear to make them recognize their duty in this respect. This League must early set in motion the proper machinery to induce desirable men to accept nomination. It is wholly foreign to the intention of this organization to force any candidates of its own upon the citizens. Only in the event of conspicuous failure on the part of citizens to bring out desirable opposition to aldermen who have flagrantly betrayed their trust or neglected the city's interests, will the League put any nominations in the field."

The next civic election will give the

League an excellent opportunity to try its power. Its operations, so far as it conforms to the pure and patriotic standard it has set up for itself, will be watched with sympathetic interest by the people of other cities as well as of its own.

THE WATER PROBLEM.

Toronto is at the present moment face to face with a very grave state of affairs touching her water supply. This is, of course, but the repetition of a very familiar fact, one that is pressed upon our attention almost daily by the discussions in the City Council and Committees as well as by the City newspapers. But the fact of its familiarity does not lessen its seriousness, as every citizen learns in the most practical manner as often as he turns his water-tap and sees the discoloured and repulsive fluid which pours forth. There is, it is happily true, good reason to believe that the deep discoloration which has so often appeared during the last few weeks is not caused by the admixture of sewage from our famous cess-pool, but by the stirring up of mud and sand by the storms, in the shallow waters beyond the Island. This is consoling, though it does not make the potion any the more tempting or palatable. It is re-assuring to know that this evil is removed in a large measure as often as the calm succeeds the storm, and that it may, perhaps, be wholly removed as soon as the connection can be re-established with the deep-water intake.

But the mud and sand are the smallest part of the evil. Such ingredients, however undesirable, are harmless in comparison with the sewage abomination, and no possible arrangement at the point of intake can save us from the horrible danger to which we are constantly exposed from the admixture of a certain percentage of the unspeakably foul liquid of the Bay with every gill of water used for domestic purposes in our houses. The danger is ever-present, imminent. The remedy must be speedily found and applied, or our civic Council and all its officials must stand convicted of fatal negligence or incapacity. The necessity for immediate action clearly indicates that all the larger and more ambitious schemes, such as would require years for their completion, must be set aside in the present emergency. The one pressing problem demanding immediate solution is how can the leakage of the filthy and poisonous bay-water into the conduit be prevented.

To this problem the City Engineer, upon whose shoulders the responsibility immediately rests, and whose ability and energy we have as yet seen no reason to question, is no doubt applying himself with all his powers. He will do well, however, to continue to take the citizens into his confidence. There is one of the many methods which have been proposed for overcoming the dif-

ficulty which has been under discussion for a year or two past and which commends itself to the unprofessional thinking of a good many citizens, as well as to the professional judgment of some. These would like to know what the Engineer thinks of it, and whether he regards it as useless or impracticable. We refer to the plan which was proposed by a committee of experts several years ago, a modification of which was advocated by Mr. M. J. Clark about two years ago, and which has frequently since been approved by others, that, viz. of changing the force by which the water is propelled through the conduit from suction at this end to pressure at the Island, or to combined suction and pressure. Mr. Clark's proposal to secure the latter by the erection of a small pumping engine on the Island with sufficient power to elevate the whole volume of water flowing through the pipe to a height of ten or twelve feet, thus affording, if the theory be correct, sufficient pressure within the conduit to prevent the admission of water from the bay through the leaks which it is believed cannot wholly be prevented in the conduit, seems to many feasible. The Mail of the 26th ult. gave a description of a very simple experiment which it has caused to be made to test the soundness of the theory, and claims that the result is wholly satisfactory.

Many citizens are persuaded that by the adoption of this plan, the fruitful cause of much sickness and of constant danger and dread may be entirely removed in a few weeks, and at an expense which is not worth a moment's consideration in view of the importance of the result. Whether the theory is sound and the plan feasible is a question for the Engineer. If he has considered it and pronounced upon it, the fact has escaped our notice. If he has not done so, it is highly desirable that he should give it his attention at once, and either give good reasons for regarding it as useless or impracticable, or his decision to try the experiment with the least possible delay.

PARTY POLITICS UNDER BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

We have seen at a very cursory glance that the proposition that "under the British system of Government the universal experience is, that for practical purposes and to accomplish great results, a man must belong to one of two great parties in the state" does not hold good in the history of Great Britain and Ireland.

Is the proposition historically true in Canada? Let us go to the early years of responsible government. Nobody now will say that in 1850 things were in that state, contemplating which a statesman might with propriety exclaim, "Let us rest, and be thankful." The Baldwin Ministry was in power and the loyal cries of those who out of devotion to the empire and British liberty murderously attacked the representatives of her Majesty, sacked and burned the Parliament buildings, had subsided. Baldwin was rather a Whig than a Liberal. Malcolm Cameron who had left the

Ministry aided by Rolph, Caleb Hopkins, James Leslie and Peter Perry laid the foundation of what? Of the present reform party, just as the ultra-Tory opposition to Sir Robert Peel led by Lord George Bentick and Mr. Disraeli laid the foundation of the Conservative party of the day in England. Did Lord George Bentick act with one of the two great parties? Did Mr. Disraeli, the future leader and idol of one of the two great parties act with either one of them in those days when Sir Robert Peel, influenced by the agitation of Richard Cobden, who certainly did not act with one of the two great parties, repealed the corn laws.

On Cameron and his friends, who had just formed the "clear grit" party the Globe, then edited by George Brown, and supporting the Baldwin Government, lavished an extraordinary wealth of violent billingsgate. Most, perhaps all that was practical in their programme has since been carried. Has the course of Legislation been wise? With the exception of some ten years, perhaps one might say eight, the Conservative or Tory party has been in power ever since. Were Cameron and his friends then serving the country or injuring it, when they pressed for changes the most important of which were subsequently carried out by Sir John Macdonald? Ought they to have remained quiet, have hung back in the traces with Baldwin or have pulled Canada in the road of progress? Who accomplished the changes they advocated, they who originated the agitation or the men, who when the public opinion they created, was ripe carried out that public opinion? Who accomplished the "great results?"

The schoolmaster has been sufficiently long abroad in Canada to enable the Canadian people, if they will only pause and think, to see who among politicians are their true benefactors. There are two distinctly marked types of politicians. There is the politician who means to make politics pay, who never originates a new idea, never makes a useful suggestion, but waits to get all he can. The sagacious opportunist, whose wise idea is to bam-boozle and let us say tickle the people and grab all within his reach. Considered from the point of view of patriotism, of manhood, of humanity; regard him morally, intellectually spiritually, politically, this man is of course an object we ought to contemplate with enthusiasm. He is a popular type. He is wise in his generation. The people whose servant he says he is rather like him. If he is "smart", most of them would like to be so. They have no trouble in comprehending him. He does not seek to improve their condition. He does not bother them with nostrums. With the other type it is very different. This politician actually thinks; he sees where evils exist and tries to remove them. He hates injustice; he hates corruption; his altruism forces him to live for others; his strong heart makes him side with the weak and poor. Like the fool he is, he does not lay to heart the truth that the prophets were killed and only honoured when dead, by the sons of their murderers. He is opposed; abused; is called a kicker. At last when he has educated the public mind the men who opposed what the public have come to demand, say:—"Well, we will not forgive this man for showing up our incompetence by advocating right things we could not or cared not to see. But we will

carry out his views and keep our pay and our offices and not only that, we will, at the first opportunity go before the people, and boast of the action into which this man has forced us." And the people will cheer them—and will realize all the profound satisfaction of knowing that they belong to the discerning among mankind.

The platform of the "clear grits" is worth glancing at to-day:—(1) Universal suffrage. (2) Vote by ballot. (3) No qualification for candidates for Parliament. (4) Fixed day for General Election. (5) Retrenchment. (6) No pensions to judges. (7) Lowering of law costs. (8) Abolition of the Court of Chancery and the Court of Common Pleas. (9) Free trade. (10) Direct taxation. (11) Application of the Clergy Reserves to general public purposes. (12) Abolition of Primogeniture. (13) Taking juries by ballot from the whole county. (14) Abolition of laws against usury.

Of the above it will be seen that "Retrenchment," is purely a question of administration. Out of thirteen planks at least eight have been adopted and carried by one or other of the two parties. Mr. afterwards the Hon. George Brown denounced the "Clear Grits" in the Globe as "a little miserable clique of buncombe-talking cormorants," never dreaming he would one day become their leader! Such is the irony of political life!

At the next meeting of Parliament a vigorous opposition to the Reform Government, was led by the "clear grits." The speech from the throne contained no provision for secularizing the Clergy Reserves. Mr. Baldwin was opposed to disturbing what he considered "a just and proper" measure of support for the Protestant clergy. In the session of 1837, Lyon Mackenzie's motion to do away with the Court of Chancery, having been carried by a majority of Upper Canada votes, Baldwin, true to the principles of a double majority, resigned. Hincks on the retirement of Lafontaine, became Prime Minister. As early as July, 1851, the defection of the Globe was complete. The Prime Minister strengthened himself by taking Rolph and Cameron—two of the Clear Grits—into the Cabinet. He then went to the country and came back with a majority.

In 1852 Hincks introduced, and passed a series of resolutions respecting the clergy reserves, pledging the Assembly to a settlement of the question in a similar direction. He informed the House that the Imperial Government would soon pass a measure giving the Canadian Legislature power to deal finally with the question. This session of 1853 was important and fruitful. Among the bills passed was the act providing for the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. An act redistributing the constituencies and increasing the number of members from 84 to 130 became law. Meanwhile the Imperial Parliament had empowered the Canadian Legislature to deal with the Clergy Reserves as they saw fit.

The Hincks Reform Ministry should have been strong. But Lyon Mackenzie and Geo. Brown was shelling the Ministerial breasting works with much skill and with the characteristic energy and vehemence of both these remarkable and aggressive men. Moreover, Sullivan, Blake, Baldwin, Lafontaine, were no longer in the Government which was a ministry of mediocrities all ways excepting Francis Hincks himself.

May 5th, 1893.]

However besotted the public conscience and public intellect may be, a certain amount of force of mind is necessary to sway it; boodle is not omnipotent even where the cry of the horse leech seems to sound on every side. Napoleon III would not have gone to war with Germany had the great man who made the coup d'etat been still around him, or had he taken M. Thiers to his counsels—or if he did resolve on war its declaration would have been postponed until the nation was prepared and then he might have won. If Bayard had been with Francis First at Pavia, victory instead of defeat might have lit on his banners, and if Hincks had not been afraid of Brown's ability it might have been different with him. Brown would have been a plus quantity instead of a minus—and the difference is not expressed by X plus B changed to X minus B. X is not only lowered in value by the loss of a positive power but by the weight of that power's attacks, and the tendency of all opposition in free communities to grow in weight and bulk. So that instead of X plus B minus Z (the opposition); we get X minus B minus (Z plus B square). Not to have conciliated Brown showed that Hincks was no true leader of men, or was struck with the judicial blindness that sometimes tracks the Nemesis of self-conceit, of injustice, of ingratitude, of wrong.

The people may for a brief period be imposed on by a poseur; they, by a natural yet pathetic logic infer that if a man attains a high position he must have merit; and so they at times take a mediocrity for a capable person and even a great man, like the horticultural old lady upon whom a wag imposed a painted onion for a choice bulb, which he assured her he had from Lord Dufferin's hot house at Rideau Hall, and which he said was called the "caepa indeclinabilis," adding with irony worthy of Greek tragedy, that when it came to maturity its quintessential qualities would make her eyes glow and even fill with tears. She got rich earth and filling therewith a small porcelain vase she planted the precious seed. When the tender green shot up she called her friends to witness how well the caepa indeclinabilis was doing, and she got the local paper—the Ramfudge Sentinel and veracious Chronicler of Buzfuz—to write a leading article on it. The editor expounded all its beauties; dwelt on the rarity of the plant; congratulated all Canada in general and Buzfuz and Ramfudge and the old lady in particular, on having such a plant, on having earth wherein it would grow, and a porcelain vase worthy of it. The donor was present on one of the festive occasions and an address was presented to him and a resolution passed to petition His Excellency to recommend him for knighthood. The petition was signed by his grateful and admiring fellow citizens, and in returning thanks he said among other things—"I am not wholly undeserving. I have given you a plant that the wisest of ancient nations adored, which has had its shrines and priests and ritual, and over which when Pharaohs have bent with contrite hearts and shed penitential tears." All were touched and the old lady was deeply affected. But when a few rapid weeks left no doubt as to what the caepa indeclinabilis really was, great was her wrath. She tore up the onions, which were, however, very fine, and as the Japanese used to get

angry with their tin idols and beat them and trample on them when they discovered they were no gods and only the cheap product of cheap factories, like those pretentious futilities of scholarship that emanate from one-horse universities, she trampled on what she had nursed with so much care and worship, and flung them on the dunghill. When the people find out that they have been imposed on by mediocrity and common place, they never stop to consider the extent of their own responsibility, they act with the violence of the old lady whom the writer knows well, the irrationality of the Japanese, for after all it was not the fault of the piece of tin that it should have come to be accepted as divine—and tear and rend him as did the Thracian woman the unhappy singer. Truth throws Dagon who lies prone in his own temple the scorn of the devotest Phillistine, that yesterday hardly dared to lift his eyes to the god. Party discipline, political habit, prejudice, love of the party name, a man's flag after all perhaps in a half dozen battles, in small daily and weekly skirmishes; the dislike of the "foe" "the enemy"—the soldiers' instinct, all this will make men endure much; yet sooner or later the spectacle of a lot of weak men in place and power rouses the people to vindicate their self-respect. It is no small thing when the intelligence of a country is alienated. George Brown kept up his fusillade in the Globe, and his thunders on the platform. Was he acting with either party in the sense of belonging to either? The ministers were feasted in Upper Canada, and at a dinner given at Berlin the late Hon. David Christie, who subsequently became a follower of George Brown, declared that Brown's hostility to the Hincks' administration arose from the fact that the Government would not take him in. "He was dropped," said Mr. Christie, because "confidence could not be placed in him. (Loud laughter and applause)" There are men still alive who remember Christie and they know what a fine, delicate humour belonged to that cultivated soul. We have some idea of the way banquets and resolutions are got up and to what they amount. Brown wrote that Christie told an "infamous falsehood." Whereupon Christie appealed to Mr. (subsequently the Hon.) Wm. Macdougall then editor of the North American. Mr. Macdougall, who afterwards became a friend and follower of Mr. Brown, declared the accusation to be strictly true.

In 1854 the Reciprocity Convention having been agreed to, Lord Elgin and Hincks returned to Canada and Parliament opened in June. The speech from the throne alluded to the Reciprocity Treaty which had just been concluded: to the propriety of extending the franchise; to the prosperous condition of the Revenue and the credit of Canada abroad. No government should have stood better than that of Hincks. He was a man of original power; a great financier; an incisive speaker and versatile debater; he had been instrumental in concluding a treaty on which since it was abrogated the country has looked back with longing eyes. He was full of confidence.

Sir Allan McNab and Mr. (afterwards Sir) John A. Macdonald led the Conservative forces; Brown led his little band of "Brownites"; and the government fell as did Lord Russell's, on two occasions and that of Mr. Gladstone at a memorable crisis, be-

cause of the action of discontented Liberals. I am not justifying Brown, I am not justifying Palmerston, nor yet Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horseman, Lord Elcho, nor Lord Hartington. That is not necessary to my argument. But I say Brown, Palmerston, Lowe and Hartington, on the historical occasions referred to, played a part which was attended with "great results" and yet they were not in line with either of the two great parties.

Therefore the proposition which I controvert has no historical basis either in England or Canada.

Were it necessary to discuss the morality of the action of Palmerston, of Lowe, of Brown, of Lord George Bentick, of Hartington—there would be this to be said—if whatever course a Prime Minister takes no opposition to his will is to rise within the ranks of his own party triumphant and backed by a large majority, then you may have a tyranny established of the most unlimited and degrading kind. Suppose you have a Prime Minister like Walpole, impatient of strong capable minds at the Council Board. His personal wish will be for so many clerks. But this is not the interest of the nation. The salaries are far too high for clerks and figure heads; the interests with which they have to deal are too great. Is a party man under the circumstances to hold his peace? to basely acquiesce? to give his ability and force to perpetuate an unnatural exaltation of the baser elements? One of the damning charges against Jezebel was that she made priests of the lowest of the people. Is it a less crime to make rulers and leaders out of the rump of a party, out of the refuse and lees and dregs and dross of faction? The inaction of Hincks respecting Seigneurial Tenure and the Clergy Reserves showed that he was paltering with his own promises, that he thought he could do what he pleased, that he utterly mistook his position in the country and despised Brown. Did party morality or patriotism require Brown to humbly take the contempt of Mr. Hincks, who certainly was not a greater man, and to come crouching like a whipped and fawning hound to do his bidding? Hincks was beaten by thirteen out of seventy-one. He at once went to the country. When the House met, Geo. Brown's small phalanx, notwithstanding the promise of liberal measures, stood firm, and on a question of privilege the government was beaten. Hincks resigned and supported the government of Sir Allan McNab.

If Brown's party morality is to be condemned, what about that of Hincks, who now supported a Tory Government in which was prominently placed, as his lieutenant, a man who had described him as "steeped to the lips in corruption?" Brown beat Hincks partly, doubtless, for vengeance, a motive which swayed a man so great, so patriotic and so beneficent for his country as Chatham; partly for ambition, partly for patriotism, for it is a patriotic act to rescue a man's country from the base manipulation of incompetent fingers. Hincks from hatred now refused to act with Brown in opposition. The two reform factions together greatly outnumbered the Tories. United they might have made the Reform party a strong and triumphant party. Disunited they destroyed it. The Hincks wing in the main assimilated with the Tories as the Peelites did

with the Whigs, and they gave Canada the Liberal Conservative party of our great leader that is gone. Be it always remembered the first blow dealt the reform party was from the hand of Hincks when he formed a government in defiance of party justice and sought to feed and satisfy the political imagination of the country with small potatoes. Brown now led the opposition, a little band of reformers, most of them clear grits, and one reform party rose on the ruins of another.

The Cartier-Macdonald government having been beaten on the Militia Bill, John Sandfield Macdonald formed a government. Darcy McGee and Foley were in this ministry, which was defeated in 1863. Before appealing to the country John Sandfield Macdonald reconstructed his cabinet, omitting the names of McGee, Sicotte and Foley. McGee and Foley svelled the assault on the government which was forced to resign. McGee and Foley were acting as free lances, yet they accomplished "great results" and, if Sir John Macdonald was all we have ever held him, great and beneficent results for Canada.

I have established that there is no historical ground whatever, in England or Canada for the Empire's proposition.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

In discussing the various phases of thought which have manifested themselves from the earliest times, we have been, to a certain extent, at least, discussing temperaments. For granting that in the purely objective and impersonal products of literature, temperament is in no wise revealed, still in a no small portion of subjective literature, it is too often the only reality which finds expression. Pessimism has been called a "mood," but the sequence of moods which develops into chronic pessimism is the result of temperament, or predisposition to such moods. Melancholy people have their optimistic moods like the rest of us, but optimism is the result of a necessarily cheerful temperament. Moods are betrayed even by the impersonal writers themselves. It was not without meaning that Voltaire wrote concerning a great drama of the world's greatest dramatist, that he (Shakespeare) had written it "quand il etait malade." Not without meaning, assuredly, rather perhaps with deeper meaning than the French philosopher himself dreamed of. But the change of moods following swiftly after one another makes it impossible to judge of the normal temperament of a creative writer. One can understand the moods which caught the mad ravings of Lear, the curse of Othello, the passionate tenderness of Juliet, or the profound mysticism of Hamlet. One can understand the moods separately, but when we come to search for the temperament of the creator, it is there that we pause in mute bewilderment. It is not Shakespeare that we discern in those marvellous pages, but only the creations of Shakespeare. The "myriad minded" one has caught all moods, sounded the hidden depths of all feeling—deeper often far than we can follow him—but we cannot comprehend the man, we cannot even guess at the temperament.

But with the self-expressive writers it is otherwise. Here we read the man in his work, and his temperament in the often

recurring mood which it expresses. We say this man is an optimist, that one a pessimist, he is a realist, the other an idealist. In saying this we are solving no mystery, unveiling no hidden thought; we are simply reading the expression of the ego which has given itself—by no means the least of gifts—to the world, consciously—without fear and without concealment.

And if we examine these different phases of emotion and thought in these subjective or self-expressive writers, one fact at least will become clear to us. Roughly speaking and confining ourselves to human nature as embodied in subjective literature, we may say that the preponderance of a particular mood betrays the temperament of the individual writer. And in such literature we catch many a glimpse of sorrow and of laughter. We see the soul "eating into" itself with a desolate sadness that is without cure. We see the glad triumph of a heart that beats to the march of time, and joys in the golden promise which lies ever in the heart of the future. We see the half scornful steadfastness of the realist, (for he too is not unfrequently subjective) claiming the right to rob life of what little glamour there may be left to it. We follow the misty dreams of idealism that have lingered always, untainted by the squalor of earth, in some few longing souls. But where do we find the predominant mood to be one of rest, of simple content?

Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat?
Asks Horace, and how true the old lines ring to-day!

The question which we have to ask is this: can the contented nature be ranked with the idealists or with any other of the schools which we have mentioned? There is obviously nothing of pessimism in this nature, neither can it be altogether a realistic one, for realism is, by reason of its very existence, self-assertive and opposed to tranquil content. The optimist himself has other reasons for his optimism than contentment with his actual surroundings; he lives largely in the future, while content dwells always in the present. His is the glow of a world's triumph: Content's the timid heart-beat of individual satisfaction, of personal thankfulness. Least share of all has content in those dreams of idealism which are born of a longing for a fairer and better state than the present and the actual. There is no "rose bleue" for the contented man, but he gathers gratefully those other roses which so many of us pass by in stupidity or in scorn. Neither realist nor idealist, he stands between the two—happy. And yet it is this phase of thought which is most seldom to be found in the pages of literature, just as it is most difficult to possess on the journey of life. Pessimism, Optimism, Idealism, Realism—one finds all these phases with their innumerable modifications—but it is not often that one meets with the least complex of all, Contentment.

And yet "the things to be desired for man in a healthy state, are that he should not see dreams but realities; that he should not destroy life but save it; and that he should be not rich but content. . . . We respect the man of laborious desire, but let us not suppose that his restlessness is peace, or his ambition meekness." Ruskin's judgment in this case

cannot be questioned, for, as he adds significantly—"Neither covetous men, nor the Grave, can inherit anything, they can but consume. Only Contentment can possess."

A weighty thought indeed and one that cannot be without value in an age in which men overreach each other and themselves in the vain endeavour to acquire what they can never enjoy—never really "possess."

ALONE.

In lurid glory sinks into the West the
dying day.
The foam-crowned waves reflect the
smoky gold
Of wind-borne clouds, whose tattered
shreds enfold
The storm-raught heavens, while the pine
woods lone, in anguish sway,
And wring their fearful hands upon the
shore.
Athwart the darkling waves with weird,
wild wall, a sea gull white,
(And like some mortal lost, whose soul
unshriven,
Untiring seeks, in vain, some sheltering
heaven,
Some rest eternal and for aye doth haunt
the gloomy night)
Flies towards its airy home, 'mid yonder
crags.
Far o'er the rocking billows flies with fall
sail set,
Some laden fisher's boat which seeks
a port
Of safety e'er the fresh'ning winds
which sport
Coquettish with the dancing waves, burst
forth with furious roar,
And plough to lashing foam the angry
bay.
Alone upon the beach I watch to-night
the gathering storm;
The moaning winds, the sobbing of the
sea
Can only soothe my surging grief and
be
Companion to a soul whose hopes lie bar-
red, like bright gems
Amid the coral caves, for evermore.
A. L. McNAB.

Every good man has a power in his person greater than his words or arguments, and which others feel when he little suspects it.—Bunyan.

To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind, sometimes against it; but we must sail, not drift or be at anchor.—Holmes.

The man only is poor in this world who lives without Jesus; and that man only is rich with whom Jesus delights to dwell.—Thomas a' Kempis.

MORE RELICS OF 1812.

On the 22nd of the present month, April, some men digging post-holes in the grounds of Mrs. Lowell, of Drummondville, or, as it is coming to be better known by its post office name, Niagara Falls South, came upon some human remains. These were three skulls, and some arm and leg bones; and with them were relics which showed unmistakably to whom the ghostly remains belonged. Buttons, and bullets flattened on one side, were mingled with the bones; the human dust has long ago incorporated itself indistinguishably with mother earth, but the flattened bullets had found their billet in the poor bodies so long ago laid in the dust, and the buttons have a language of their own quite decipherable. On three of them the words "Royal Scots" are still plainly visible; on one is a battery of three cast-

non with balls in pile; and on another, a letter, apparently a capital I, though it might be T or F, is faintly decipherable.

Thus the buttons show that the men whose bodies were placed in a common grave on the night of that fearful and bloody battle fought for Canadian freedom on the 25th July, 1814, belonged to the Royal Scots, the Royal Artillery, and the Incorporated Militia of Canada; and the letters G. R. which also appear on some of the newly-found relics, undoubtedly indicate the Glengarry Regiment, the Light companies of which were on the field under Col Battersby. An untoward accident happened to this detachment on the evening of this fierce engagement when reinforcements were coming up, and more regiments were taking their place upon the field. The Glengarries were on the crest of the hill, and as a section of the Royal Scots came up, seeing among the thick trees men in green uniforms similar to those of the American riflemen they had encountered at Lewiston in the morning, they poured a volley into them, wounding many and causing much confusion. In the half-light, for the sun was then going down, and the moon coming up veiled in a mist of smoke and dust from the field of battle, such a mistake was easily made, especially in the ardour of contest.

The excavation of the newly-discovered burial trench, is only proceeding slowly, in consequence of the depth of frost in the ground, but the commingling of regimental characters already found renders it worth while to enquire how they came there.

The battle of Lundy's Lane, as it is familiarly termed, in Canada, is, in British official records known as 'Niagara,' and the Royal Scots, 8th, 41st, and 89th, bear that word in commemoration, emblazoned on their colours. The Incorporated Militia, also, were on St. George's Day, 23rd April, 1822, presented by Sir Peregrine Maitland with colours inscribed with the same word 'Niagara,' the York Militia being chosen as their representative of that date. The Americans always call the fight the 'Battle of Bridge-water,' the name of the Street property on Street's Creek.

On the morning of the 25th July, 1814, Riall, in pursuance of a well-digested plan by which General Drummond hoped to sweep the invaders from the whole peninsula, had pushed forward his light troops "to seize the important strategic position near Niagara Falls commanding the junction of Lundy's Lane with the Portage Road." This is the very spot where the remains are found, but the fight that laid them low was yet to come. "Col. Henry Scott's, the First Brigade, lay at Twelve-Mile Creek now St. Catharines). The Second Brigade under Lieut.-Col. Tucker occupied the forts at the mouth of the river (Forts George and Mississauga). The Third and Light Brigade, Lieut.-Col. Pearson, encamped at Four-Mile-Creek, the Fourth Brigade, Lieut.-Col. Parry joined the right wing of the British position, and stretched along Twelve-Mile Creek as far as De Cew's Falls, while another small brigade under Lieut.-Col. John Gordon, was held in reserve. "This seems a formidable force on paper," remarks Captain Ernest Cruikshank, to whose 'Battle of Lundy's Lane' this paper is much indebted, "but the

Royals, 8th, and 100th (103rd?) were mere skeleton battalions." The latter, indeed, could muster but one Captain, three subalterns and 250 efficient men, while the others were very little stronger. The militia regiments were weak in numbers and miserably armed." This was on the evening of the 23rd. At midnight, Col. Pearson, with the Third or Light Brigade was ordered to advance, and by seven in the morning of the 25th he had taken possession of the high ground at Lundy's Lane, without encountering any opposition. Col. Scott, with the First Brigade, had been ordered to the same point at three in the morning, but the order was countermanded and he remained in his quarters until afternoon. In the course of the morning Gen. Riall rode forward accompanied only by Lieut.-Col. William Drummond, a nephew of Gen. Sir Gordon Drummond, and a small escort, and joined Pearson. At this time the whole of the American army lay in the plain between Street's Creek and the Chippewa, under Gen. Brown. It must not be forgotten that the Battle of Chippewa had been fought on the 5th inst. success going to the American arms; and that the General had occupied the intervening time in strengthening his numbers, and preparing for a final struggle which should at any rate throw all the avenues of the Upper Province open to his orders; waiting, however, for Chauncey's squadron, which should support him on the lake and river, but in vain. The movement of Pearson so far forward as the crest of the hill of Lundy's Lane caused Drummond to change his plan of operations. Col. Morrison with the 89th, a detachment of the Royal Scots, and another of the 8th, together with two 24-pound brass field-pieces, was ordered to march by Queenston on to Lundy's Lane, to the support of Gen. Riall, while Tucker, with 500 men of the Royals and 41st, and some Indians, advanced at noon along the other bank upon Lewiston, supported on the way by a number of boats under Dobbs, where they drove out the garrison, captured a hundred tents, took a few stores, and with the exception of the Indians, were then brought over to Queenston, and added to Morrison's column. Thus all were on the move towards one salient point, the endeavour being to prevent the American Generals, Brown and Scott, from executing their intended movement from the valley of Street's Creek upon Burlington.

On the afternoon of the 13th, Brown learned that the British had taken possession of Lewiston and were moving in considerable force upon Lundy's Lane. His entire division was at once placed under arms, and Gen. Scott with his brigade and Towson's company of artillery with two guns and mounted riflemen, was directed to march upon Queenston. On the way Scott learned that Riall's force, which the good woman of the tavern, Mrs. Wilson, who informed him, had carefully doubled, had preceded them in the direction they were taking. The sound of many bugles was heard in the thick woods on all hands, and Scott carefully reconnoitred before venturing into an ambush that might prove a veritable trap for his whole division.

It will be remembered that Riall had, early in the day, countermanded the order he had previously given to Colonel

Scott, (there was a Scott in command on both sides; Gen. Scott in command of a brigade of the American force, and Col. Henry Scott, commanding the first brigade of the British force) who lay at Twelve-mile Creek. In thus countermanding his previous order it is evident that Gen. Riall made a mistake, ("he was," says Cruikshank, "an officer of twenty years standing, yet had seen little actual warfare, of an impetuous temperament, and rashly brave." Thus his mistake may be accounted for) but when he learned that the whole American army was moving forward to meet him he knew that his few light companies were unequal to the struggle, and gave the order to retreat in good order, at the same time sending off a dragoon to inform Gen. Drummond, who was advancing to his support, but was still several miles from his destination.

Riding rapidly forward, Gen. Drummond found the head of the enemy's column already within a few hundred yards of the crest of the hill, and the woods "the thick virgin forest" swarming with riflemen. He countermanded the retreat and ordered up Tompkins with his little battery of two 24-pound pieces to come forward and hold the Americans in check while the troops could come up and form.

The formation is thus described. "Dreading an ambush Scott (of the Americans) carefully reconnoitred these woods which with the exception of a small dwelling with orchard and farmyard at the south side of what is now the cemetery enclosure, stretched away on both sides of the road, down to the river and skirted the brink of the chasm for a long distance, and his delay enabled the British light troops to regain the position they had just abandoned. Then, as now, Lundy's Lane was bordered by many apple, cherry, and peach trees, thrusting their projecting arms over the highway. In these orchards the Glengarry light infantry took up their ground forming the right wing of the British line of battle Tompkins' two pieces were placed among the graves on the very summit of the knoll beside the church, so as to sweep the road." The detachments of the 8th, and the incorporated militia were posted in the fields on the left of the main road extending towards the river... The extremities of both wings were inclined slightly forward. The remainder of Morrison's column was formed in rear of the guns under shelter of the ridge, as it came up, and the troop of the 19th dragoons was drawn up on the high road some distance further away.

Thus all the numbers yet unearched by this last discovery at Drummondville, were upon the field almost side by side. At 9 p.m. the north side of the hill was encircled in a half-moon by detachments of the 104th; Royal Scots; Glengarrys; Royal Scots again; 41st; 89th; 8th; supported on the left, thrown across the road to Queenston, by a large detachment of the incorporated militia. In the rear were posted, on the right, another detachment of the incorporated militia, a gun, a detachment of the 8th, a gun, while farther north the 119th dragoons commanded the road to Queenston. Opposing them, the American forces lay, on the left Parker's brigade of the New York,

Pennsylvanian, and by a vile parody of the name, as it were,—Canadian volunteers. also Miller's brigade of the 17th, 19th and 21st; and Nicholas' brigade of the 1st. United States Infantry. Across the road, the Portage or Queenston road, was thrown a strong body of the 23rd, U. S. Infantry under Gen. Ripley, supported at a little distance by Towson's company of Artillery. In the rear on the left, Scott's Brigade was placed, supported at their right a short distance in the rear by a large body of Dragoons. In the woods to the right of the road lay several companies of rifles, with Col. Jesup commanding the 25th United States Infantry, to their right, nearer the river.

"The sun was about half an hour high, or in other words it was between six and seven o'clock in the evening, when Scott began the engagement by a general attack of light troops alone the entire front of the British position. It was just at this juncture that the section of the Royal Scots coming up, fired into the Glengarry's. But the confusion was local and momentary. The Battle of Lundy's Lane was begun and its course is readily followed in Cruikshank's lecture of that name, delivered in 1888 before that extraordinarily energetic body, The Lundy's Lane Historical Society, which published it. The fierce struggle lasted close on to midnight, when Gen. Ripley, who had succeeded Gen. Brown (wounded), drew his men off the field and retired to Chippewa, the victors too exhausted to follow them; and glad to lie down on the blood-soaked earth among the dying and dead, to gain a little rest before proceeding to bury the hundreds of friend and foe that lay around.

But it is to the column that surrounded the north crest of the hill at 9 o'clock, that our attention is drawn. These men had marched even further than the other brigades, all of whom had traversed from six to ten miles of hot and dusty roads, and a portion had carried Lewiston before entering upon the action. It is easy to cheer the soldiers in the hour of victory, but it is far less easy to enter into the labour and hardships he endures over and beyond the act of fighting, to win that victory. These men had begun the march forward in the morning, and after that order had been countermanded, had remained quietly encamped at Twelve-Mile Creek, until the afternoon. "Then an order was received from Gen. Riall, directing a portion of the force to advance at once to his support by way of De Cew's Falls and Lundy's Lane." Any one who knows the country back of St. Catharines, knows the rough steep hill to be climbed thence to De Cew's Falls. "This involved a march of fourteen miles under a burning sun. Col. Scott instantly obeyed, taking with him seven companies of his own regiment, (the 103rd), seven companies of the Royal Scots, Lieut. John Gordon; five of the 8th, Major Evans; the flank companies of the 104th, Captain R. Leonard, and a few picked men selected from some of the Militia battalions in camp under Col. Hamilton; yet owing to the weak state of the companies" (through sickness and losses) "his entire column did not muster more than 1200 of all ranks. This force was accompanied by three 6-pounders and a 5.1-2 inch howitzer, under Captain Mackonochie. The advanced guard was already within three miles of

their destination when they were met by an orderly bearing a despatch from Gen. Riall, announcing that he was about to retire upon Queenston, and directing them to retreat at once. They had retraced their steps four miles when the roar of cannon burst upon their ears, and they were over taken by a second messenger summoning them to the field of conflict. It was accordingly nine o'clock before the head of this column, weary and footsore with a march of more than twenty miles almost without a halt, came in view on the extreme right." Deploying as before described, these reinforcements enabled Gen. Drummond to renew the fight with fresh vigour. Within an hour, Miller's Brigade of the 23rd U. S. Infantry, had, by a clever manoeuvre, carried the little battery of two pieces, on the top of the hill, and Lieut. Tompkins with some of his men were captured and confined within the little red church. Now the American forces worked close up in support of each other, and the American artillery advanced to take a new position on the summit of the hill; seeing this the remainder of the British Artillery, under Captain Mackonochie, pushed forward until the muzzles of the opposing guns were only a few yards asunder "and the battle," says Cruikshank, "thenceforward became a confused, ferocious, and sanguinary struggle, waged frequently at the bayonet-point, or with clubbed muskets, the British striving desperately to regain the ground they had lost, and their opponents to thrust them down into the hollow beyond, and drive them from the field. Regiments, companies, and sections, were broken up and mingled together. They retired, rallied, and were led to the charge again."

It was evidently at this period of the fight that the men whose remains have just been uncovered, met their fate; in the hollow they fell, and where they fell they were buried, consecrating the ground with their blood. The limbs weary with the long march, awakened into renewed vigour by the ardour of the struggle, at length lay in everlasting rest upon the field of victory. And now seventy nine years after the deadly struggle which preserved Canada to Canadians, these sacred remains are to be reverently lifted and honourably laid within the consecrated enclosure of Lundy's Lane Cemetery, where gallant and patriotic dust lies thick and deep. The Lundy's Lane Historical Society, under the continued presidency of Rev. Canon Bull, undertaking the sacred task, as it did in the similar instance of a year or two ago.

"Room for the honoured dead to-day, in memory's tender grace,
To chronicle their glorious deeds above
their burial place."
"Raise shaft or column to the dead, let some memorial fair
Tell to our children's children still, that
Heroes slumber here!"

S. A. CURZON.

The feat of Diver John Christianson in descending to a depth of 196 feet, in Puget Sound, recently, has rarely been equalled. Exceptional physical equipment, joined with good fortune are required to emerge successfully from such an ordeal, in which the venturesome diver must sustain a pressure equal to six atmospheres. Divers rarely descend to a depth exceeding 150 feet. Christianson's exploit has been surpassed only by that of a diver named Hooper, who some years ago remained for 45 minutes on the wreck of the ship Cape Horn, off the coast of South America, 201 feet below the surface.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

Some years ago a now famous artist was sent by the late Capt. D— to the mother country with a commission to paint an old manor house in the north of Scotland, almost a league away from any village. He arranged to sojourn at a farm house about two miles from the estate.

It was on a glorious, bright, and sunny morning that he left the old thatched cottage and crossed the purple heathered moor to the manor, whose historic fame dates back from the middle ages, now deserted and in ruins, surrounded by a moat with keep and drawbridge overgrown with moss and ivy.

A grassy, unkempt lawn slopes down from here to a little lake where the iris blooms, and the bitterns love to build their nests. And on each side were groves of monarch firs, where long before the sun in early morn has clothed the world in glory, the happy, feathered children of the air chant their sweet songs of praise. Above the topmost branches towers the gabled outline of the manor, and up the daisied path, and through the trees are seen the marble steps and fountain, where chieftains often stopped to rest their laden steeds. This is the very spot the artist sketched that day, and made of it a study which critics would be charmed to see. Suddenly as the artist sketched, the branches behind him rustled, and turning quickly he came face to face with the old farmer, at whose cottage he had slept, and who had a hatchet in his right hand, in his left a rope, a noose at one end, a stone at the other. The farmer explained that it was his intention to visit the woods for faggots, and had come upon him unwittingly, and so passed on.

The more the artist thought about the farmer's expression and his implements, the more he became convinced that he had intended to murder and rob him, then to drag him with the noose to the lake, to hide his body in its depths with the rope and stone.

This so unnerved him, that he hastily packed up and returned to the cottage, where the farmer's wife stood evidently surprised and agitated, and remarked "didna think tae see ye back sae unco sae." This confirmed his suspicion, the woman must have been an accomplice, and never expected his return.

Although pressed to partake of supper, the artist refused, thinking that having failed to murder him in one way, they might resort to poison.

He retired, but not to rest, and seated himself in an old arm chair with the spike end of his sketching umbrella in his hand. At times in the night he thought he heard footfalls on the stair that seemed to come nearer and nearer, and he longed and prayed for just one glimpse of day light.

At last the rays of morning came, and every moment seemed an eternity; beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Suddenly the latch moved, the door opened, he could stand the agony of suspense no longer. With a frantic cry he rushed through the door and found on the landing the sneaking, crouching figure of a collie dog.

It seems almost needless to say that the artist left that morning, and the manor house has never been painted by him.

NEMO.

HEIMWEH.

When the dusk lies low on the brow of day,
 And the mist mantles moor and fen;
 When the wind is cold and the cloud is gray,
 Think of me, darling, then:
 Think of me dear, when my heart is sad,
 And only an echo of home is glad.
 For the past is past and the present drear,
 And the shadows of years upstart;
 But only the ghost of their joys are here,
 Haunting my desolate heart:
 Think of me, dear, when the cloud stoops low,
 And the flights of the years like phantoms go.
 When the dead leaves drift to the rifled plain,
 Mid the splendour of scarlet and gold,
 Ah! call up the springs of the past again,
 The beautiful seasons of old:
 Think of me, dear, in the dusk and gloom,
 Neath the scented hush of the hawthorn's bloom.
 Then a thought of thee will encompass me, dear,
 Like the shadow of great white wings;
 While an angel of peace that is hovering near,
 Constantly, ceaselessly sings.
 Think of me, dear, till the march of night
 Gives way to the dancing feet of light.
 Till the music wells from my heart once more,
 Charming the sorrows away;
 And my weary feet are again on the shore,
 Where my mem'ry's footsteps stray:
 Think of me, dear, and thy thoughts will come
 Like the heralds of hope from a deathless home.

A. H. MORRISON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARNEGIE IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the Week: Sir—In your issue of 14th April appears a contribution headed "Carnegie in Scotland." Under this heading your correspondent discusses two questions of political economy; first, the relation of man to democracy, and second, the relation of the employer to his employees. And your correspondent comes to conclusions on these two questions from certain facts and fancies, which he has adduced in support of his arguments.

From the facts adduced the opposite of what your correspondent arrives at can be proved. What are the facts:—First as to his relation to a democracy, Mr. Carnegie a Democrat, goes over to the land of his birth (which happens to be a Monarchy, a form of government which he does not approve of,) and rents a beautiful estate which carries certain privileges as to shooting and fishing, and because he does not throw these open to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, who likes to loaf about with a gun or rod in his hands he is not a true democrat. This scarcely merits a reply, but as it is one of the facts, or fancies, of your correspondent it must be answered. Were Mr. Carnegie thus to throw open his preserves he would not be carrying out any principle involved in democracy, nor would he advance the cause of democracy one peg, but would lay himself open to be laughed at, both by other holders of preserves, and also by the sportsmen who were enjoying themselves at his expense. He might as well stand at some street corner with his pockets full of coin and allow every passer by to help himself to as many as he wanted. A democracy is a form of Government which aims at according the greatest liberty to every man compatible with the liberty of every other man; it endeavours to secure him in the possession of every thing which he has honestly earned by his labour and ability, and asks him to aid in securing the same privilege to every other man.

Now as to the question of the relation of the employer to his employees.

There is only one fact adduced to show that Mr. Carnegie was not in any sense responsible for the tragic affair at Homestead, and that fact is inaptly stated and commented upon. Directors do not meet and vote on questions as do shareholders, but to discuss the minutest details of the business which they are directing, and the influence of a director is not in proportion to his numerical value on the board, but in the ratio of his ability to give an intelligent opinion on the subject under discussion—plus his actual interest in the concern. Is not Mr. Carnegie the controlling owner of these works? In order to hold Mr. Carnegie guiltless of any responsibility for these strikes, it would have to be proved that he had always treated his men justly, and on this occasion had been present as soon as possible and done what he could to avert the disaster. No torrent of fury would have been raised against him had he always tried to deal justly with his men.

The fact is the Carnegie Company made a contract with their steel workers at a certain price per ton on a sliding scale, to be regulated by the price of steel billets. Then the Company used their great wealth to control the factories which turned out these steel billets and also imported them largely themselves—thus glutting the market and depressing the price and the wages of their men—at the same time, while they were working on a class of goods which at the same time rose in price. It required no band of fanatical agitators to show this to the men, or make them understand that they were half starving on 75 cents or \$1.00 per day, while the Company were making millions out of their labor.

It is no one's business, but his own, what Mr. Carnegie or any other man does with his leisure or his money providing he comes by them honestly and uses them to no one else's hurt. But it is a fair subject for discussion whether it is, or is not right, that he should give the men a fairer share of the wealth which he by his superior ability and opportunity is able to make out of their labor.

Pictou, N. S. WM. DUSTAN.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

To the Editor of The Week: Sir,—I wish you would call public attention to the very absurd course of all our daily papers in the matter of printing news. They publish news from Servia, Bulgaria, Persia, China, South African and South American countries, in which we have no more than a passing interest, but little or nothing from the great English-speaking Republic of seventy millions of people to the south of us,—the country with which we are most intimately connected, whose doings affect us vitally, and in which a million of our own people reside,—the only country in the world whose territory borders on ours, and between whose territory and ours there is a boundary line of three thousand miles.

Whatever the reason may be for this studied exclusion of American news, I think it is about time we had a daily newspaper in Toronto. Yours,

CARSON COOK.

SILENCE.

Alone!
 No kindred heart my lonely soul to greet
 With voice of courage or of welcome sweet;
 But all unknown
 Among the crowd I wander, pass and meet,
 Alone!

In vain,
 Alas! I wait for that sweet sign,
 But cares no other human heart for mine,
 Till, urged by pain,
 I look above, and lo! a light divine
 Gleams thro' the rain.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL. Strathroy, Ont.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.*

Biography offers no more attractive study than the lives of great composers. Here we find genius often humble in origin, rising by industry, perseverance and innate power, and not only gaining wide renown during life, but the homage which is always paid to works which shall ever rank among the highest achievements of intellect, and be associated with the most refined and enduring joys of life. Such men have touched the chords of life with a master hand, and the divine strains which they have handed down to men, shall never cease to lighten the toil of the peasant, and to sweeten the care of the king, while all men they teach to be purer, nobler and wiser for the hearing of them.

It is but reasonable to suppose that the new light which progressive methods and artistic development shed on the study of music, should be brought to bear on the life work of the great composers so that the lessons they teach may be more clearly interpreted and more profoundly learned. As the true student of art and literature ever turns to the great works of their great exponents and finds them unfailing sources of light and knowledge for each successive generation, so it is with their sister, music.

We have before us, in edition de luxe, the first four numbers of a work of unusual magnitude, as it is of unusual excellence in the field of music. The object of the work is to give authentic biographies of the great composers, critical and historical descriptions of their works, and essays on the development and cultivation of music in various countries. The first number is devoted to Johann Sebastian Bach, who may well be said to be the founder of the German Art of music, of whom it may be remembered Goethe said, "Bach's music produces in me the feeling that the eternal harmonies are holding converse together as they may have done in the bosom of God before the creation." We do not recall a sketch of Bach at all comparable, within the same limit, to that here furnished by Dr. Philip Spitta, the well-known authority on Bach. It reads like a story, but a story full of sound knowledge, just criticism and artistic treatment. Those who deem themselves familiar with Bach will derive new light from this fresh study, and those who seek information will be well content with what they here find. Beautiful illustrations of the great German composer are interspersed through the sketch, representing him in portrait and sculpture, and in scenes from his life. His birthplace at Eisenach in Thuringia is represented and there is also a fac-simile of the manuscript of the first page of the first prelude from his "Well-tempered Clavichord." The selections given from Bach's compositions include: "Prelude in E flat minor. 'Well-tempered Clavichord' No. 7;" "Ah! Gottha! Alto Aria. From the 'Passion Music' (according to St. Matthew's Gospel);" "Final Chorus from Passion Music;" "Organ Fugue in G major, and "Saraband and Gavotte." from the English suite in G minor." It will at once be seen how well the veteran conductor, Theodore Thomas,

* Famous Composers and Their Works; edited by John Knowles Paine, Theodore Thomas and Karl Klausner, Boston: J. B. Millet Company, Toronto: A. G. Virtue, 1892. 30 parts, 50cts. a part.

who is editor in chief of the musical selections, has done his part. These selections, we observe, have been arranged and adapted for the piano forte. A beautiful full page engraving of Mr. Thomas, precedes the selections.

We regret that we cannot deal at length with the subsequent numbers. In the second Dr. Spitta renders the same service to Bach's great contemporary, the illustrious composer of the "Messiah", Handel; and the famous Bavarian composer of "Iphigenia in Aulis", Gluck, is most adequately presented by Dr. Wilhelm Langhams. The well-known composer of the "Creation", Haydn, is begun in the third number and completed in the fourth by Mr. B. E. Woolf, while that musical prodigy, Mozart, occupies the remainder of that number, and will be completed in the forth-coming fifth. In each case the treatment is in keeping with the first number, in the life sketches, critical analyses, illustrations, and selections from compositions.

Mr. John Knowles Paine's qualifications as editor of the notable work are unquestionable, and such contributors as those mentioned together with Adolphe Jullien, Dr. W. S. Rockstro, Anton Seidl, not to mention many other musical authorities of diverse nationalities give breadth, tone and character to the work.

It may be remarked that the critical analysis of the essential characteristics of each composer, at the hand of an approved specialist, removes each sketch from the status of a simple biographical notice. This method is further accentuated by the general essays on the development and cultivation of music in different countries: The Netherlands, Italy, Germany, France, Russia, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Hungary, England and America. The illustrations for variety and excellence could not well be surpassed; so completely do they aid and enforce the letter press that it is evident that they must have been selected and obtained at no inconsiderable pains and cost. The extent of the work may be estimated from the fact that the fourth number carries the letter-press to the 288th page, and the musical selections to the 144th page, and there are still 26 numbers yet to come. The work will deal with seventy-seven subjects; and will include 7 general essays; sketches of 70 composers, and nearly 500 pages of representative selections chosen by Theodore Thomas, from their respective works.

For the combination of artistic finish, excellence of illustration, critical and literary merit, educational value, judicious selections and authority as a work of reference, we have yet to see the equal of this admirable and most useful work.

ART NOTES.

In Mr. W. L. Forster's two portraits he shows that portraiture is something more than merely catching a likeness—it is a psychological study. In the portrait of the Rev. J. Henderson, which is somewhat flat in modelling, the alert, earnest expression is well given. "The Convalescent" is a little sufferer propped up in bed while a young visitor and the nurse stand beside him helping to amuse.

Mr. J. F. Biehn has a picture in his "Sanctum Sanctorum" that has attracted a good deal of attention. It tells its story well, and it is a pity that the good qualities should be overbalanced by defects in drawing and too much attention to unimportant detail, so that the

interest in the picture is not concentrated. There is no one whose work is more characteristic and apparently influenced less by others than is Mr. Challenor's. Fault might be found with the trees in "An English Cottage; Spring," but the bloom on his grapes is enough to tempt the birds. He has two carefully finished little figure pieces, and several landscapes. In Mr. Charles Alexander's "Notre Dame de Moset," it is wonderful what color he sees in the grey, old pile and down the straggling village street.

Mr. Sherwood has some good work in portraits; in that of Mr. A. E. Irving, Q. C., his colour is excellent, and the modelling on the head and face are fine—ahead of anything Mr. Sherwood has yet shown. He has also some good things in animals. As a piece of colour Mr. Kidd's "Old Man" is good; in the "Sanctuary Boy" he has tried a very difficult task and succeeded well in some of the effects of the candlelight; but his drawing is at fault throughout, especially about the hands. Mrs. Carlyle's portrait of a peasant woman, which has already been exhibited at the salon, has some fine modelling, and shows a strong grasp of her subject. The same is true of Miss S. B. Holden's work, of which there are three. Her painting is very solid. "Purity," while low in tone, is full of expression.

J. A. Radford's work shows clear colour and free handling, but his landscapes do not suggest out-of-door work. Of all Mr. Bell-Smith's contributions to the exhibition in none has he been more happy than in "The Lizard, Cornwall," and in another stormy scene of the same coast he has caught the movement of the water better than in some of his oils, and carefully represented that most difficult subject—water in motion. Miss M. Martin sends two landscapes both showing faithful work and good colour, but slightly hard. Miss Martin is a member of the Society, as is also Mrs. Reid. F. A. Verner has good colour, generally in low tones, with a tendency to too great elaborateness. The figures in Mr. J. Manley's "Trapping Sturgeon on the Niagara" express action, and throughout all his colour is good.

The catalogues for this twenty-first annual exhibition of the O. S. A. are nicely prepared, the little sketch on the cover being quite artistic. So far, on fine days there have been a good many visitors, but intending purchasers are waiting for the final denouement. Miss Spurr has quite a number of water-colours of great merit; her drawing of old houses in Quebec is excellent, but she is apt to overwork, and her pictures lack softness. Two views of a pretty cottage with overhanging shrubbery are very pretty. Miss Spurr is one of the few lady members of the Society. J. T. Rolph has some good sketches of the Maine coast. Among those by Mr. M. Matthews is "On the Thames" with quiet reflections in the water well rendered, so also is the picturesque "Rectory after Rain." Although showing no better work possibly than his pictures of mountain scenery, the subjects are more likely to be favorites. D. Fowler has several fruit and flower pieces that show no lessening of his skill. A. P. Coleman sends two; "Fortress Lake" is especially good. Among the water-colourists perhaps the work of no one artist is more admired and appreciated than that of Mr. F. McG. Knowles. He certainly sees colour with freshness and vividness, only here and there his mountains have rather a woolly look. "Crab Fishing, Cornwall," and other marines off the coast of England are among his best. Somewhat similar in treatment, though less vivid in colouring, are three by Mr. W. Smith that place him in the front rank of the water-colourists. "Spanish Chapula" by Mr. Reford, has exquisitely delicate tinting. Mr. Revell has a number of spirited sketches of familiar landscapes.

Looked at from the point of view of the ordinary spectator, Mr. A. C. Williamson's "Smoker" and "Marie" would be pronounced very unsatisfactory. They are "Frenchy" but show a careless pow-

er throughout that if well used would produce something above the average. The light sifting down on "Marie's dress," while her face is in shadow, is well done. An artist whose work is appreciated alike by initiated and uninitiated, is Mr. G. A. Reid. His "Fantasia" is perhaps the more generally liked of the two musical pictures. "In Shady Pasture" the field lying in sunshine with cattle grazing, is given with good effect. A rather remarkable landscape is Mr. D. G. McNab's "October;" it seems the work of a man who is solving the problem (perhaps without knowing it) of style, and is having his say in his own way. A hot summer sky, bright meadow with flowering weeds and a tree of somewhat uncertain foliage—a bit of summer's own self. Mr. Staples' "Sunshine of Life" is good in composition and sentiment, and gives promise, as do his landscapes, of better things still. Why Miss Houghton's "Mother and Child," which is a twilight interior, is not more finished is an unsolved question; not from lack of ability, we imagine. Although Mrs. Dingnam's work lacks in atmosphere, her "Calves in a Field" shows careful out-of-door study. Mr. Cruikshanks shows power and good drawing in "Free Grant, Algoma," but the hardness rather spoils an otherwise good thing. Miss Fourdrinier has two good studies of heads. "A Hay Field" by Mr. F. T. Salto gives good twilight effect, marred a little by the peculiar shape of the cloud. He has the good method of his master evidently. In flowers, Mrs. G. A. Reid has "Daisies" and "Pansies;" Mr. Kidd some good "Roses;" K. R. Clarke's "Roses" are rather woolly in texture; A. J. Howson's "Roses" are excellent.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The ladies of the Choral Club will give a musicale in Association Hall, Tuesday evening, May 20th, for the benefit of the Sick Children's Hospital and Nursing Home Mission.

The pupils of the Toronto College of Music gave another of their entertaining recitals on the evening of April 26th, when several interesting pieces were played. Among which were a trio by Goldmark, and an andante by Goltermann.

The Native African Choir give four performances in Association Hall, on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday with Saturday afternoon matinee. They have been much applauded in England, and the United States where they have appeared, and will doubtless have a success here.

Association Hall was filled to overflowing last Saturday evening, when the third quarterly concert was given by pupils of The Toronto Conservatory of Music. The programme was varied, and embraced works by ancient and modern composers, all of which were performed in excellent style. There were piano solos, violin solos, solo singing, instrumental trios, and duos for two pianos; which goes to show the thoroughness of the teaching staff, and the wide range of study pursued at this now celebrated institution.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson has just completed one hundred consecutive recitals since last October before large audiences in Ontario and Quebec. Such a record is highly creditable to Miss Johnson. It is rare that an author can give an adequate or popular rendition of his or her own compositions, but this Miss Johnson has fully succeeded in doing. She will give a recital in New York at an early date, after which she will give recitals before a number of teachers' institutes.

This evening at the Academy of Music Treasurers Park and Hill, of this popular house, have their annual benefit, when the Mapleson Opera Company, comprising the following great artists will appear: Mine. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson, royal and imperial court singer, prima donna contralto, of Milan opera house and Royal Italian Opera, London; Signor Berthold-Barron, primo tenore Royal Italian and German Opera; Signor Luigi Viviani, pri-

no basso Royal Italian Opera, St. Petersburg and London, and Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Edward Schonert, solo pianist, conductor Beethoven orchestral concerts, etc. An excellent programme will be provided.

The piano recital given by Mr. H. M. Field in Association Hall on Monday evening, May 1st, was well attended. The pianist played several numbers among which were the Beethoven Variations in F. op. 34, Chopin's Scherzo in E. op. 54, and other pieces previously played here by Mr. Field. He is a brilliant player, and has an exceptionally good technique, and performed his selections with extreme care and finish. The assisting artists were Mrs. D. E. Cameron, contralto, Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Mr. Arlidge, flute, who we are glad to see has returned to the city; with Mr. W. H. Hewlett as accompanist, all of whom gave much pleasure, and were enthusiastically cheered. As the recital was by invitation, a collection was taken up on behalf of the Infants' Home and Infirmary.

Miss Jessie Alexander, notwithstanding the numerous other attractions in the city on Friday last, had every reason to be proud of the hearty and spontaneous welcome with which she was greeted in the Pavilion on that evening after a long absence. Her programme was a mixture of the grave and the gay. As the most popular reader in the Dominion, she justly maintained her reputation in the highly dramatic dialogue "Claudius and Cynthia," while the great range of her capabilities was demonstrated to the delight of her audience in "National Courtships." Her pathetic touches were equally artistic and natural. She was assisted by Mr. George Fox, the violinist, who was able to make the programme more varied by his delightful violin solos; and to give Miss Alexander sufficient rest to continue without too great a strain the difficult and interesting selections put down on the programme.

The concert given by the Toronto Vocal Society in the pavilion on the 27th inst. was the most ambitious and praiseworthy yet given under its auspices. The undertaking of engaging the New York Symphony Orchestra (Walter Damrosch, conductor,) and Miss Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, although attended by considerable risk, was a most commendable one, and no such enterprise has hitherto been shown by any other organization in this city. That the engagement of so great an orchestra, when the city has been visited by so many excellent artists during the season, besides the Seidl and Thomas' orchestras, was daring, no one will dispute, but we are glad to say that the receipts fully justified the engagement, for the Pavilion was crowded with an audience genuinely representative of the city's musical culture.

It is not detracting from the Vocal Society, when we say that the chief interest was centered in the performance of the orchestra, for what is more beautiful and magnificent than good orchestral music performed with such ensemble and finish, as the playing of the New York Symphony Orchestra? The Vocal Society, however, gave spirited performances of the humorous glee, "Little Jack Horner", arranged by Caldwell; "Here in the Cool Grot" Mornington; "The Sea Hath its Pearls" Piusuti; the prize song "Evening" E. W. Phillips, and Mendelssohn's "Forty-second Psalm." The latter work was sung carefully and with a good body of tone, although exception might be taken to the phrasing which often was faulty. The soloists were, Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Lilli Kleiser, Miss Maud Beach, and Miss Jardine-Thompson, a quartette all talented, and who sang their parts with taste and judgment, exhibiting voices fresh and well cultivated. Mr. Phillip's part and had a good performance. There is considerable imitation between the parts which are effective, but the part writing is not always orthodox, nor is the notation at all times correct. Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, a young violinist who has recently returned from Leipzig, where she

studied under that excellent teacher and composer, Hans Stit, made her first appearance here at this concert playing Max Bruch's first violin concerto in g minor. The work is one of the very best of Bruch's compositions, and far superior to his second violin concerto, and although amazingly full of technical difficulties, was played by Miss Street in a manner which elicited the warmest applause from the audience. Her tone though not robust, is sweet, and generally true in intonation, and her technique brilliant and highly developed. Miss Street's greeting was spontaneous, and we shall look forward to her having a career of much success. Miss Blauvelt the soprano who accompanies the Symphony Orchestra on its tour, is a young lady of charming address and manner, and who has a voice of exquisite quality, highly trained and clear as a bell. She won an instantaneous success in singing Gounod's graceful and lovely "Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliette. She was recalled, and most heartily applauded. The playing of the orchestra—with the famous virtuoso, Adolf Brodsky, as concertmeister—was really superb, and highly enjoyable. Their first number was "The Overture to Carmen" by Georges Bizet. This music is startlingly original, wonderfully descriptive of Spanish character, and thrills one with its intensity, and wild, impassioned beauty. The orchestra played with a swing, and dash truly gratifying and immediately aroused the highest anticipations on behalf of the audience, on what was so soon to follow. The next number was the 7th Symphony of Beethoven which was interpreted in a lofty manner, and Damrosch in this number showed himself to be the sympathetic and scholarly conductor he is said to be. The most exciting number was "The Ride of the Valkyries" which was performed with great brilliance and sonority, in fact it has never been played with more fire and dash in this city. A commendable feature of the evening was, that no encores were granted, as it was, the programme was sufficiently long. Mr. E. W. Schuch (the conductor of the Vocal Society) the Society and its management deserve the highest praise for their enterprise, and the good things provided for this concert.

LIBRARY TABLE.

TRIBUNE ALMANAC AND PUBLIC REGISTER FOR 1893. Edward McPherson, Editor. New York: The Tribune Association. 25 cents.

From the astronomical tables on the first to the trade directory on the 350th page, this useful and popular handbook, contains a surprisingly large and varied amount of statistical information. Government, political, and matters of public or general interest in the United States are fully and clearly dealt with. This American Whitaker is indispensable to all libraries that are worthy of the name.

FAIR SHADOW LAND. By Edith Thomas. Price \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Toronto: The Williamson Book Co. 1893.

Miss Thomas is a practiced poetess. This must be her third or fourth volume of verses besides prose pieces which she has published. Miss Thomas's pen has considerable grace and facility, sometimes it rises even to power, whilst a bright imagination pervades every page of her work. We have an impression that Miss Thomas would do better, if she did less, if she had somewhat more of what we may call compression and intensity; but, as it is, she has done very well.

THE MASTER BUILDER: A Play in three Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Price 50c. New York: Tait, Sons, & Co. 1893.

We cannot profess to be Ibsenites, but we think that those who want to know something of the Norwegian novelist and dramatist may effect their purpose by reading the Master Builder. We cannot

pretend to understand altogether what the author is driving at, although we quite feel the power of many of the scenes and situations. The translation by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer seems to be admirable. The ordinary reader may like to be told that the "Pill Doctor" lately appearing in Punch, is a parody on the "Master Builder."

DYNAMIC BREATHING AND HARMONIC GYMNASTICS. By Genevieve Stebbins. Price \$1.50. New York: E. S. Werner. 1893.

This book is said to be a complete system of physical, esthetic and physical culture. Next to Mr. Steele MacKay, we are informed Miss Stebbins is "the greatest Delsartian in America," and was the first to publish an exposition of that system on this side of the Atlantic. We will not venture to expound this theory; but our readers will understand something of it from Miss Stebbins' reference to an "intellectual battle between the defenders of artistic grace, on the one hand, and the advocates of muscle on the other." The principal topics are the Phenomena of Respiration, Dynamic Breathing, Psycho-Physical Culture, the Basic Principles of True Culture, Breathing Exercises, Energizing Exercises and so forth. Of its kind this book is first rate. The many technical expressions, we suppose, are necessary, and will probably be appreciated by the votaries of the art.

UNDER KING CONSTANTINE. Price \$1.50. New York: Randolph & Co.; Toronto: The Williamson Book Co.

We do not know whether the author of this volume is a man or a woman, English or American. Two or three lines in the poem would suggest a feminine origin, perhaps also the general character of the subjects; but we cannot feel certain. In any case the writer cannot be accused of want of courage; for we have here what is virtually a continuation of the "Idyls of the King!" King Constantine was a successor of King Arthur, and the memory of the Knights of the Round Table is an incentive to his followers to make themselves worthy of such a memory. The three "Idyls" are named respectively Sanpeur, Kathanal, and Christalan, the first two are tales of the triumph of pure love. Sanpeur is almost an Arthur, Kathanal a Galahad, Christalan is the triumph of mind over matter. There are here and there what seem like conscious imitations of Tennyson; but generally the author is independent, besides being musical and strong. We can say further, what we could not say of many volumes of poetry, that we read every line of the 128 beautifully printed pages with unflinching interest.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. By J. W. Powell, Director; Washington: Government Printing Office.

This goodly volume of 410 pp. small folio, with 66 illustrative plates, in addition to a summary of work done by the officers of the Bureau, contains three large documents, which would individually constitute volumes of special interest to ethnologists. The first is Professor Powell's most full and accurate treatise on Indian linguistic families, north of Mexico, embracing all the tribes of the United States, of Canada and Newfoundland.

Don Orozco Berra has done the same work for the aborigines of Mexico and Central America, and M. D'Ortaigny for those of the Southern continent. Next comes W. J. Hoffman's long illustrated article on the Midlwin or Grand Medicine Society of the Ojibwa. The first to treat of this masonic order of the best known Algonquin tribe in Canada was the German traveller Kohl in his Kitchei Gamí or Wanderings around Lake Superior. Thirdly, James Mooney writes the sacred formulas of the Cherokees, a welcome addition to

Charles C. Royce's Cherokee Nation of Indians in the Fifth Annual Report. These works are far in advance of all that has gone before them on the same subjects.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY. Vol. vii. A Dakota-English Dictionary. By Stephen Return Riggs, edited by James Owen Dorsey. Washington: Government Printing Office.

There are 665 beautifully printed pages in this magnificent quarto, all illustrating the language of the Dakotas, commonly known as the Sioux Indians. The Dakotas are a numerous family, one which has given the United States troops a good deal of trouble, including the Custer massacre, and which is represented in Canada by the Assiniboins and fragments of other tribes. Dr. Riggs's Dakota Grammar, this elaborate dictionary, with the Rev. Mr. Dorsey's *Thegiha Language and Omaha and Ponka Letters*, furnish abundant material for the study of a very important class of dialects, whose northern Asiatic affinities are distinct enough to constitute a valuable link between the old world and the new.

Dr. Riggs died ten years ago, but Mr. Dorsey and the other missionaries among the Dakotas of various tribes have continued his work of compilation, of which this monumental work is the result.

No publisher or private individual, unless possessed of a large heart and means combined, would have ventured to place before the public a work of such dimensions and possessing interest for so few readers. The enterprise of the Bureau of Ethnology, therefore places philologists under great obligations, which one of their number now gratefully confesses.

TROPICAL AMERICA. By Isaac N. Ford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs, 1893.

If any one takes up this book thinking from its title that it is the descriptive record of the journeyings of a Naturalist or Sportsman in the region of the American equator he will quickly be undeceived. The author is a New York journalist who was sent by his chief of staff to Brazil at the outbreak of the late revolution, to write up the bloodless revolution of November 1889, by which poor old Dom Pedro II. was driven from his empire into exile and the grave. Mr. King's commission also included "a journey over the Andes from the Plate and a voyage along the west coast of Peru and Ecuador, thence by the Isthmus to Caracas and so to the West Indies, Mexico and Central America—in all a nine months' trip. It may well be surmised that a keen witted, well informed and capable New Yorker; an experienced journalist; a close observer and ready writer would render a good account of himself and his journeyings. Mr. King has done so—and has filled his 409 pages with the results of observation, reflection and opinion on what he saw, heard and thought by the way. An enthusiastic lover of American institutions he tests what he sees by his own national standard, yet does not let prejudice blind him to the energy, enterprise and success of some of the effete old-world monarchies in extending and developing their commerce and investing their money in South America—in fact we find our author in one place making the following rather startling admission: "In the future Peru will inevitably rank with Brazil, Chili, and the Argentine among the commercial dependencies in England." The reader will find in this, not only interesting, but instructive book, a clear, concise and yet, with a due regard to its limitations, comprehensive account of the countries and people visited—especially from a commercial and industrial standpoint. Most of the coast line cities and towns of the South American continent were visited. Mexico and the West India Islands were not neglected. The Andes were crossed as was the Isthmus of Pana-

ma, and wherever Mr. King went and whatever he heard or saw that he deemed worthy of note has with true professional instinct been placed at the service of the reader who, we are satisfied, will be well pleased with his keen, shrewd and observant narrative.

PERIODICALS.

That excellent eclectic *Public Opinion*, published at Washington and New York, has issued a large and handsome albertype souvenir, giving portraits of sixty Washington correspondents. It may interest some of our readers to know that Mr. Erastus Wiman spends an evening a week over the pages of that instructive journal.

"Outing" for May is a pleasant enough issue of this periodical. John E. Gunkel contributes a readable yarn entitled "How the Major Learned to Fish" which is followed by "A Jack-Rabbit Chase" from the pen of Belle Hunt. Grace E. Denison contributes "Through Erin Awheel" which loses nothing of its interest in this number. Other good contributions are "How to Catch the Willy Trout" by H. Prescott Beach, "The Race" a poem by C. H. Crandall and "A Chamois Hunt" by A. Ranger.

Lippincott's Magazine for May has for its complete serial a society story, "Mrs. Romney" by Rosa Nouchette Carey, which is pleasantly and naturally written. "The Society of the Cincinnati" by John Bunting, gives us a glimpse of some of the early founders and brilliant statesmen of American History. "A Pastel" is No. III. of "Lippincott's Notable Stories" and clever, indeed, it is. Another descriptive sketch is that of the woman sculptor, "Kuhne Beveridge" by Gertrude Atherton; and New St. Louis is admirably written up and illustrated. Some clever poems by Miss Moulton, Dora Read Goodale, and Charlotte Pendleton, are worth careful perusal.

Harper's Monthly for May opens with a descriptive paper on "The Evolution of New York" by Thomas A. Janvier which is quaintly and beautifully illustrated by Howard Pyle, whose frontispiece "Along the Canal in old Manhattan," is simply delightful. Then Harper's pays tribute to Chicago in "A Dream City," from the pen of Candace Wheeler. Professor Norton has an appreciation of Lowell; Brander Matthews a clever, short story entitled "Eteka Talmeyr: A tale of three Cities;" H. L. Nelson, a pessimistic paper on Quebec Province; "Love's Labour Lost" is well illustrated by Abbey and commented on by Lang, and Colorado is described by Julian Ralph; M. De Blowitz writes on "The French Scare of '75, and Rev. Arthur Brooks on Phillips Brooks. The serials are well sustained, and of poems there is one and that an old one, far afield, though of course good, by T. B. Aldrich.

Camille Flammarion continues his astronomical extravaganza "Omega: The Last Days of the World" in the May *Cosmopolitan*. This is an excellent number and it proves how well this very ably conducted magazine is filling its place in periodic literature. From the distinguished astronomer, we pass to the no less distinguished inventor, Elsha Gray who modestly describes his wonderful telautograph in the last paper of the issue. That clever young Canadian, Gilbert Parker, adds variety to the number by his graphic short story, "The Spoil of the Puma." Of literary interest are Hager Rogan's paper "In the Footsteps of Dickens;" M. S. Merwin's "The Pedagogical value of the Novel;" and H. H. Boyesen's "Henrik Ibsen's Poems"—a striking profile of Ibsen forms the frontispiece of this issue. Two other notable contributions are "English Postal Reformers" by T. L. James and "Contemporary French Playwrights" by Arthur Hornblow.

The World's Fair is the dominant theme of United States magazines and journals of to-day. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer,

opens the May number of the *Century* with an artistic paper "At the Fair," with pleasing illustrations of early morning and evening effects. This is followed by a paper on "Decorative Painting at the Fair," by W. L. Fraser, which is also well illustrated. Mr. Gilder, the editor, contributes a fine ode on "The White City," which pays tribute to the undying influence of Grecian art. The late Professor Symonds has a reminiscent paper on Tennyson which is followed by a dedicatory sonnet from the pen of Aubrey De Vere. F. Marion Crawford's "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordertown," will find many readers as will Salvini's autobiographic leaves. John Swett's sketch of John Muir and D. C. Seitz's "Relics of Artemus Ward." Much other excellent matter will be found in the *May Century*, which is beautifully illustrated.

Scribner's for May has a coloured oriental frontispiece, "A Daughter of Japan" from a pastel by Robert Blum. This number is notable for its publication of a hitherto unpublished account of the Braddock campaign from the manuscript of George Washington, as well as for the excellence of its diversified contents. W. D. Howells tells us, as he can, so well, the story of "The Country Printer." Robert Louis Stevenson has a short, but characteristic, poem "Early in the Spring," and Thomas Bailey Aldrich follows it with some stanzas on "Broken Music." Bret Harte's story "The Reformation of James Reddy," will not lack readers, but we must not overlook the soft yet expressive reprint of de Monvel's "Study Hour" or Marchetti's tinted picture poem "A Song of Spring time." Alas! we have not space to tell our readers of all the literary and artistic delights of this superb number—they must get it and let Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Robert Blum, H. C. Bunner, Sarah Orne Jewett, Francisque Sarcey and George Cable speak for themselves.

The May number of the *Methodist Magazine* opens with a most interesting contribution entitled "Tent Life in Palestine" from the pen of the editor, Mrs. L. A. Des Brisay is the author of a sonnet which shows real beauty of expression and emotional force. "The Conflict for a Continent" is the title of a very able paper by Dr. Withrow which no reader of the struggle between the French and English-speaking races, the writer observes: "This was a conflict, not merely between hostile people, but between Democracy and Feudalism, between Catholic superstition and Protestant liberty. The issue at stake was whether mediæval institutions, the principles of military absolutism, and the teachings of Gallican clericalism should dominate, or whether the evolution of civil and religious liberty of free thought, free speech, a free press, and the universal genius of free institutions, should find a field for their development, as wide as the continent." Julia MacNair Wright continues "The Life Cruise of Captain Bess Adams" which loses none of its interest in this number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Sir Edwin Arnold is said to have bought the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Readers of 'Rudder Grange' will be delighted to know that they are to hear more of Pomona in a new work which Mr. Frank R. Stockton is at present writing.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge, and Co. have issued a short biography, 'W. E. Gladstone: England's Great Commoner,' by Mr. Walter Jerrold, the author of an earlier sketch 'Michael Faraday: Man of Science.'

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is very methodical in his habits. He plans his diet carefully, takes regular exercise, and keeps the temperature in his sleeping room at a certain point in order to avoid taking cold when he rises.

The second volume of Ten Brink's 'History of English Literature' (Wyclif, Chaucer, Earliest Drama, Renaissance) will be published immediately by Messrs. Bell in Bohn's Standard Library. The translator is Dr. W. Clarke Robinson.

The valuable series of articles on home winning and the building and adornment of city, suburban, and country houses that have been appearing in Scribner's Magazine will be issued at once by the same firm in a large single volume.

John Addington Symonds's "Life of Michael Angelo," which was issued in two sumptuous volumes last fall, proved so great a success, that it is now re-issued by the Scribner's in a new and cheaper edition with all the original illustrations.

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen will shortly publish a volume, 'Saunterings in Norway.' He has completed his new novel, 'A Harvest of Tares,' which will appear in Godey's Magazine. This magazine is now published in London by the Record Press.

Mr. William Black, says the London Literary World, has already decided on his summer residence, and will go to Oban, where he has more than once taken his readers. Mr. Black works at novel writing all the winter, and plays at fishing and yachting all the summer.

"Joan of Arc" is the title of a new work by Lord Ronald Gower. It is a complete study of the life and character of the Maid of Orleans—a handsome large volume printed on Japanese paper, and illustrated with seven etchings, and three photo-etchings. The Scribner's are agents for it.

William Watson, the poet, has returned in reasonably good health to his home, where he is taking a complete rest.

"Many Intentions," Mr. Kipling's new book, now on the Appleton press, will contain various stories which have already appeared in periodicals; but it will also contain divers entirely new ones never before published.

Some new light is thrown on the life and death of Savonarola, by a compilation which has been made by Luigi Randi, from the unpublished Florentine chronicle of Piero Vaglianti. Vaglianti was not favourable to the influence of Savonarola, but even an unfavourable contemporary judgment is of great interest, and his narrative is evidently not too strongly coloured by his disapproval.

The Scribner's will publish shortly a new novel by the popular story writer, H. H. Boyesen. It is entitled "Social Struggles," and relates the experiences of a wealthy western family of obscure origin endeavoring to obtain a position of social distinction in New York City. They also announce publication of Mr. Henry T. Finck's "Life of Wagner."

Spain has recently lost a somewhat notable figure, Dona Concepcion Arenal, a well-known and enlightened writer on social questions. Her books, articles, and pamphlets on the treatment of prisoners and other topics—"The Penal Colonies," "Mercy before Justice," "Letters to a Workman," "The Woman of the Future," "The Rights of the People," and others—throw considerable light on the existing social conditions in Spain.

"Mr. I. Zangwill," says the London Literary World, "is one of the busiest writers of the day, although he does not look it." The photograph which forms the frontispiece to 'Merely Mary Ann,' and is humorously signed 'Merely I. Zangwill,' is a perfect likeness of the author. He has undertaken three serial stories to begin almost directly, and has been offered a fourth, and yet has found time to write an article on 'My First Book,' for The Idler, to prepare a cheap edition of 'Children of the Ghetto,' and to write a story for the first number of The Harlequin."

Jules Verne is said to be engaged on his seventy-fourth novel. The report may be readily credited, seeing that for

several years past the 'scientific story teller' has produced a volume every six months. Though the literary world does not seem to know it, 'Jules Verne' is only a pen name. The novelist is by birth a Pole—a native of Warsaw—and his real name is Olchewitz. When he began to write he adopted the expedient of translating the initial syllables of his family patronymic (which in English means 'beech') into its French equivalent, and in this way he got 'Verne.'

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce publication of the following works: "The Life and Works of John Ruskin," By W. G. Collingwood, M.A., with portraits and illustrations; 2 vols., 8 mo., \$5; "Donald Marcy," By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 16mo., \$1.25; "A Cathedral Courtship, and Penelope's English Experiences," By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 16mo. \$1.00. "Sally Dows and other Stories," By Bret Harte. 16mo. "From Chattanooga to Petersburg, under Generals Grant and Butler." By William Farrar Smith, Brevet Major-general U. S. A.; Two new Salem editions, "Twice-Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse," By Nathaniel Hawthorne, and two Portland Editions of "Hyperion: A Romance," and "Outre Mer," By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MAJOR BARDS AND BURNS.

We hear their groaning, who complain,—
The godlike thralls of glorious pain,—
We glow and tremble at their tones:
Horrors and raptures fill their eyes;
From their gaunt heels eidolons rise
From their Caucasian torture-thrones
Angels of music and of light
Smiling descend;—Jove's malison
Smiteth at once to bloom and blight;
Foe, lo! each fire-stricken son
Unveils his beatific sight!
They agonize with a despair
Vast as the glory of the night
That crowns them; while, august, they
bear
Strange throes, as if they felt delight.
Rapt far aloof, we scan each face;—
These are the Titans of our race,
Who blend, with charmed tongues unknown
Their mystic language and our own.
Prometheus' icy peaks we dare,
When Aeschylus will lead us there;
We listen still with plying dread
To Byron's scorn and fierce despair;
Or, when the bards will have it so,
Down to the world of shades we go,—
With Mars or with Homer tread
The Hadean mansions of the dead.
Like the perpetual roll of seas,
Involving sorrow deeply rare
We hear our own Maeonides;
We glow at thy unrivalled art,
Great Wizard of the human heart;
Wond'ring, we scan the lurid glooms
That Dante's awful muse presumes;
Or, where the mystic circles rise,—
Sweetest, most radiant of blooms,—
The blissful Rose of Paradise!
But from each arduous flight we come,
With Music's mild amenities
To smile, and find ourselves at home.

But hark! there comes a single tone
So simply human—like our own!
No thunder of the Jovian rod,
Nor groan of the crushed Demi-God;
It is a burden all may know,—
The voice of the great People's woe!
Now, it laments the doom forlorn
Where the tolling race is born:
We hear the beasts their wisdom yield,—
The creatures crying from the field;
The maid's dismay at cruel wrong
Breathed wildly forth in sweetest song:
That voice sincerely may express
Indignant wrath or strong distress:
But, when the agony is o'er,
It hath its own glad ring, once more!
O voice of Nature—voice of Burns!
Who e'er forgets what once he learns
Out of thy heart-warm volume!
Arthur J. Lockhart, from "The Champion Poem, in Burnsiana, Vol. II.

A REMARKABLE SURGICAL FEAT.

A medical correspondent sends to the Edinburgh Evening Despatch an account of a remarkable operation recently performed in one of the largest London hospitals and which has had a very successful result. It seems that an artisan about thirty years of age, some five years ago fell and severely injured his right arm. It was operated upon at the time, and the result proved that either the surgeon by misadventure had divided the nerve or it had been torn in the fall. At all events, the injured arm never recovered its former appearance, but wasted and became quite useless. It was a serious misfortune to a working-man, and it was decided to open up the arm and explore, with the result, as first surmised, that the nerve was found to be partially divided. Two fresh ends were made, and a live rabbit having been obtained, it was rendered unconscious, skinned, and the two setatic nerves were extracted and stitched to the two ends of the divided nerve in the man's arm. The wound was then stitched up, and the patient placed in bed. It is now seven weeks since the operation, and the result power in the right arm, which is rapidly is most favourable. The man has perfect regaining the original bulk, and he is now able to follow his employment.

A GLIMPSE OF A FAMOUS CANADIAN.

"I also visited occasionally (summer of 1857) at the house of Mr. Anthony Boomer, a hardware merchant on King st. Mr. B. was brother to Dr., afterwards Dean Boomer. The Boomers came from Lisburne, near Belfast. On one occasion, as I was standing talking at the store-door, Mr. Boomer pointed to a little old man who was passing on the opposite side of the street and said, "There's a man I could have earned \$10,000 by touching his shoulder." It was Lyon MacKenzie.

As far as I remember Mr. B's hardware store was about half way between Yonge and Toronto streets on King. MacKenzie appeared to be a man slightly on the shady side of sixty. I took him to be about five feet and a half high, square and high shouldered, with a soft (rowdy) hat over long hair originally between fair and yellow but now silvering with years and toils. His face was perfectly Celtic, with high cheek bones, and rather square than oval features. I eyed him sharply as an historic character, but after all it was but as he was passing on the opposite side of the street. His coat of the bag kind was, if I remember a light drab. When Mr. Boomer said "There is a man I could have made \$10,000 out of by putting my hand on his shoulder," I understood him to convey that he could have delivered him over to the authorities but declined to do so, not out of sympathy for the man or his measures, but with a loyal Irishman's loathing of blood money."—From the unpublished papers of a Country Parson.

SOLID AIR.

Professor Dewar communicated to the Royal Society at a recent meeting, a most interesting development of his experiments upon air at very low temperatures. Our readers are already familiar with the fact that he has liquified air at ordinary atmospheric pressure. He has now succeeded in freezing it into a clear, transparent solid. The precise nature of this solid is at present doubtful, and can be settled only by further research. It may be a jelly of solid nitrogen containing liquid oxygen, much as calves' foot jelly contains water diffused in solid gelatine. Or it may be a true solid of liquid air, in which both oxygen and nitrogen exist in the solid form. The doubt arises from the fact that Professor Dewar has not been able by his utmost efforts to solidify pure oxygen, which, unlike other gases, resists the cold produced by its own evaporation under the air pump. Nitrogen, on the other hand, can be frozen with comparative ease. It has already been proved that in the evaporation of liquid air nitrogen boils off first. Consequently the liquid

is continually becoming richer in that constituent which has hitherto resisted solidification. It thus becomes a question whether the cold produced is sufficiently great to solidify oxygen, or whether its mixture with nitrogen raises its freezing-point, or whether it is not really frozen at all, but merely entangled among the particles of solid nitrogen, like the rose-water in cold cream. The result, whatever may be its precise nature, has been attained by the use of the most powerful appliances at command—a double set of the vacuum screens already described in our columns, combined with two powerful air pumps. Upon either view of its constitution, the new solid is in its highest degree interesting and hopeful.—The Times.

PARLIAMENTARY PROGRESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Parliamentary government in Australia has proved itself upon the whole a remarkable success; but this is not saying that it has been free from serious mistakes and some lamentable blots. Any contrast, though made from imperfect data, between the Australia of 1855 and the Australia of 1892 would convincingly show the vast progress which has marked the Parliamentary interval of thirty-seven years. Making all fair allowance for the beneficial working of those moral and commercial agencies which would have come into increasingly active operation under any form of political institutions, still the results which are directly attributable to the legislative and administrative discernment, wisdom, and vigour of the new Constitution are immense. . . . Yet there is an unreasoning desire to push on, a rude impatience of all restraint, which attacks any difficulty or delay in Parliament as in all other provinces of colonial life. If an inconvenient precedent is cited which the Chair decides is a bar to further progress in that direction or at that time, it is forthwith pronounced a rusty relic of a barbarous age—a cobweb to be swept away. A like feeling arrays itself against forms of procedure which are the embodiment of the wisdom of generations. And occasionally when anything goes wrong the constitution of the Legislature is to be forthwith amended to provide a remedy. Party action in Parliament is to give way to perfect harmony, where the best men on all sides are to unite in doing the best work.—Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History. By Sir Henry Parkes, G.C.M.G. Longmans, Green and Co.

PROFESSOR MASSON.

Professor Masson, the biographer of Milton and the editor of De Quincey, celebrated his seventieth birthday last week and the members of his class at Edinburgh University honoured the occasion in a characteristic manner. "Many happy returns!" was inscribed upon the wall in large text. When the Professor appeared he was hailed with round after round of cheers. Turning round to write something on the blackboard he saw the inscription and, amid renewed applause, remarked, in his own emphatic way, "I'll not rub that out, gentlemen." Professor Masson has a long and honourable record as a man of letters. In London he was Professor of English Literature at University College, and enjoyed the friendship of Thackeray and Carlyle, of whom he has many interesting things to tell. He was for many years editor of Macmillan, and much good work from his pen lies buried in its old volumes. In certain periods of literary history he is more at home than any other man living, and is a specialist in Chatterton and Drummond of Hawthornden. It has been remarked more than once that as Professor Masson grows older his face seems more and more to suggest Carlyle's—in the rugged brow, the overhanging eyebrows, and the crisp white hair and beard. His eye is dull, but kindly, with a suggestion of humor lurking in the wrinkles. His voice, though not powerful, is sympathetic; and, in spite of his Aberdeen accent, his recitation of poetry and prose is always effective. The idea has been mooted of presenting him with a testimonial

at this time, and the proposal has been received with much favour in Edinburgh.—London Literary World.

ARCHIBALD FORBES ON THE DEFENCE OF THE SCHIPKA PASS.

This moment of confusion and wavering was well chosen by the Turks for an advance in great force from the western flanking spur towards the high road in rear of the Russian position, while another column from the eastern spur moved down simultaneously to join hands with it. Well might Captain Greene, the American military attaché with the Russians, whose admirable work is the authentic record of the war—well might he write that "the moment was the most critical of the campaign."

The moment was dramatic, with the intensity to which the tameness of civilian life can furnish few parallels. The Russian general, expecting momentarily to be environed, had sent out from between the fast-closing tentacles of the great octopus which was embracing him, a last telegram to the Czar, defining the inevitable issue, telling how his brave men had striven to avert it, and pledging them and himself to hold out, with the help of God, to the bitter end and the last drop of their blood. As the afternoon shadows were falling, Darozhinski and Stolietoff stood in the Turkish fire on the peak of St. Nicholas. Along the bare ridge below them lay the grimed, sun-blistered men, beaten out with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst, reckless, in their despondency, that every foot of ground was swept by the Turkish rifle fire. Others still doggedly fought on down among the rocks, forced to give ground, but doing so with sullen reluctance. The cliffs and valleys echoed with triumphant shouts of "Allah il Allah!"

Stolietoff cries aloud in sudden excess of excitement, grasps Darozhinski by the elbow, and points down the Pass. The head of a long black column is plainly visible against the reddish-brown bed of the rock. The troops about them spring to their feet.

The Turkish war-cries were drowned in the wild clamor of cheering which the wind carried from the sore-pressed defenders of the Schipka, in glad welcome to the comrades hurrying to meet them.—From "Historic Moments" by Archibald Forbes, in Scribner.

BRUDDEH ISAAC'S DISCOURSE ON LIARS.

My breddren, somewah in de 'Sa'ms, King David says, "All men am liars"; an' den he says, "Reputation am often got widout deservin'." I want to invite youh t'oughts dis mawnin' to de 'spey-ance ob one ob de liahs, showin' de trifle ob de secon' tex', "Reputations am often got widout deservin'."

Ananias was a man—an'— he was a liah. But he wahn't a great liah. He wahn't eben a right smaht liah. Des a cawmon eb'ry-day liah. An' yit, my breddren look at Annanias to-day! See de magnillikent reputation ez a liah of dat man! Why, he am de patron saint ob liahs, an' wuz befo' you an' me wuz bohn —'way back, long 'fo' de wah.

Now, my breddren, we ain' tole dat Annanias was a habituous liah; we ain't tole dat he evah pabotom on'y de one lie; an' yit he made de biggest reputation dat a liah or a man—de same t'ing, my breddren—ebsh made. Why, my breddren, you or me tells mo' lies an' bigger lies eb'ry dey ob our lives, an' yit what soht ob reputation hab we? De mos' ob us none at all.

Proberly we ain' got de winnin' ways ob ole Ananias. We sut'n'y kyan't mek a leetle lie go as far ez he did. But, my breddren, it wahn't his winnin' ways alone dat raised ole Ananias to de pan-uckle fame. It wuz his 'mediate death. He might have lived to be ez ole ez George Washin'ton an' nebeh tole anudder lie. His dyn' when he did wuz the makin' ob him.

An' now, my breddren, dey is some leasons to be learned from all dis. If bruddeh Caleb obeh dah am notable fo' gin'rosity;

is sisteh Dinah is notable fo' her meekness; don't you be discour'aged, my po' "bruddeh No'count," kase you isn't notable fo' anyt'ing. Remember dat reputations am often got widout deservin'; remember ole Ananias wid his mise'bul pi-cayune lie, an' do de bes' you kin.

An' you white folks in de back ob de church, if bruddeh Samule says he t'anks de Lawd he's hones'; if bruddeh 'Rastus tells you he hates de sight ob chicken pie, remember dat King David says, "All men am liahs," an' keep youh hen-house locked.—Charles Bateil Loomis in the Century.

THE BEAUTY OF WORDS.

The richness of Elizabethan English, the freedom and delight with which men sounded and explored the charming intricacies of a tongue that was expanding daily into fresh majesty and beauty, must have given to literature some of the allurements of navigation. Mariners sailed away upon stormy seas, on strange, half-hinted errands, haunted by the shadow of glory, dazzled by the lustre of wealth. Scholars ventured far upon the unknown oceans of letters, haunted by the seductions of prose, dazzled by the fairness of verse. They brought back curious spoils, gaudy, subtle, sumptuous, according to the taste or potency of the discoverer. Their words have often a mingled weight and sweetness, whether conveying briefly a single thought, like Burton's "touch-ed with the loadstone of love," or adding strength and lustre to the ample delineations of Ben Jonson. "Give me that wit whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves; he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honours, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth." Bacon's admirable conciseness, in which nothing is disregarded, but where every word carries its proper value and expresses its exact significance, is equalled only by Cardinal Newman. "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and study an exact man," says Bacon; and this simple accuracy of definition reminds us inevitably of the lucid terseness with which every sentence of the "Apologia" reveals the thought it holds. "The truest expedience is to answer right out when you are asked; the wisest economy is to have no management; the best prudence is not to be a coward." As for the salivete and the picturesqueness which lend such inexpressible charm to the early writers and atone for so many of their misdeeds, what can be more agreeable than to hear Sir Walter Raleigh remark with cheerful ingenuousness, "Some of our captains gar-ous'd of wine till they were reasonable pleasant!"—a most encouraging way of narrating a not altogether uncommon occurrence. And what can be more winning to the ear than the simple grace with which Roger Ascham writes of familiar things. "In the whole year, spring-time, summer, fall of the leaf, and winter; and in one day, morning, noontime, afternoon, and eventide, altereth the course of the weather, the pith of the bow, the strength of the man!" It seems an easy thing to say "fall of the leaf" for fall, and "eventide" for evening, but in such easy things lies the subtle beauty of language; in the rejection of such nice distinctions lies the barrenness of common speech. We can hardly spare the time, in these hurried days, to speak of the fall of the leaf, or use four words where one would suffice, merely because the four words have a graceful significance, and the one word has none; and so, even in composition, this finely coloured phrase, with its hint of russet, wind-swept woods, is lost to us forever.—Agnes Repplier, in the "Atlantic Monthly."

SOME ANTELOPE CHARACTERISTICS.

Have you ever seen a band of Antelope wending its way over mountain and valley? If not you have missed a charming scene.

The antelope (*Antilocapra americana*) is a small animal weighing from 60 to 100 lbs.; dark yellowish sides and front, with

white legs, and rump patch; small, slender legs and a small hoof. Their eyes are large and expressive, and their ears are fans which catch every sound of danger. They are a cautious yet curious animal, and when alarmed almost invariably circle back to the point from which they were startled.

Antelope usually perform a seasonal migration to and from their different feeding grounds. Those of western Wyoming winter on the Colorado desert. As the snow gradually recedes, they wend their way back to the mountain basins, where the grass starts late and is green and tender throughout the summer. They stay here until the fall snows come, and then work back to the desert as fast as the snow compels them.

While young they are easily captured and domesticated, and the prevalent idea that they will not breed in captivity has been proven an error by a gentleman who has some in a park on the Mississippi.

But if you want to see how agile and fleet they are, suppose yourself watching some of the bands we came across on a trip over the mountains last fall. Once we came over a high hill only to find on the other side a deep ravine. The horses started, snorted and turned from the trail, and the cause of this disturbance was a band of twenty or more antelope. They saw us at once and we waited and watched them. Like the wind they were off, going up the steep mountain side as if they had wings, an old doe in the lead. They offered splendid shots, but we had all the meat we needed, and no true sportsman would kill such an animal merely for sport. We crossed this ravine and on gaining the summit saw them standing on an eminence beyond watching us, ears erect, eyes dilated, nostrils quivering, and on the ridge just ahead was the old doe acting as advance guard. When she had satisfied herself that we were not of the dangerous kind of humanity, she uttered a peculiar whistle and started to the leeward of us, and the whole band followed.

Their fleetness of limb even when wounded is something remarkable. I saw my husband attempt to rope one that had its left foreleg broken near the shoulder. He was mounted on a good horse, but the little animal seemed to fly, the broken limb flapping from one side to the other; and although it had but three legs it got away from him. I tried to join in the chase, but it was too hard riding for me to enjoy.

We saw these graceful creatures day after day in bands of all numbers, from three to one hundred or more; but their number is fast being diminished by the wanton war made upon them by the Indians. The red man's thirst for intoxicants leads him to skin-hunting, and this method is fast decimating the game.—Forest and Stream.

THE LIMITS OF REALISM AND FICTION.

The strictly special sense of the terms "idealism" and "Realism" is comparatively modern, although the distinction which they express has existed from all time. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides in the long ago gave voice to the heroic and superhuman in legends of ancient Greek lore. Their work was the work of Idealists; they sought to impress the spectator by means of beauty rather than of truth. On the other hand, when Menander, Theocritus, or Longus composed, they worked the work of Realists, being less concerned for beauty than for truth.

The programme of uncompromising realism consists in trying to introduce the things of actual life into works of the imagination without submitting them to any preliminary treatment. In this nutshell lies the technical problem of the limits of Realism.

Rhythmical language, though not the language of real life, yet when employed by a Shakespeare, a Racine, or a Goethe, gives the reader the liveliest impression of reality. Art does not reproduce nature by imitating nature, but by interpreting it. An impregnable barrier is reared be-

fore the doctrine of strict Realism,—that notation of human speech is only made truthfully when made literally. A work dramatic in form can never be completely realistic, for however exact it be, it presents only a counterfeit of life and not life itself.

The limitations of Realism are not less apparent in the art of romance, which seems better able to portray life with accuracy, without almost transforming it. The art of fiction always implies a process of transformation. Realistic literature consists in impressions of life copied with more or less genius by the several artists. It is better not to shackle talent by any exact formula, but in this matter too, to respect the sacred mystery which all through nature enshrouds the power of creation.—Paul Bourget, in the New Review.

PRECISION IN ASTRONOMY.

There are few doubts in general among the public of the precision attained by the science of astronomy in what concerns certain very interesting points in the study of other worlds. Thus, for instance, the rotation of Mars on its axis, a diurnal movement to which this globe owes, as does our own, the succession of the days and nights. The rotation of the earth is accomplished in 23 hours, 56 minutes and 4 seconds. The Martian rotation is made in 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22 seconds, and 65 one-hundredths, no more and no less. It is with the same exactness that the year of the inhabitants of Mars has been determined. It is 686 days, 23 hours, 30 minutes and 41 seconds long. When we state that on Mars the years and seasons are nearly twice as long as ours, no one has the right to suppose that there can be in this assertion a grain of fancy. It is the same thing if we speak of the weight of this planet. In representing the weight of the earth by the number 1,000, that of Mars is represented by 105; and as our planet weighs 5,875 sextillions of kilograms, Mars weighs 617. Its diameter is by nearly one-half, shorter than that of the earth; it measures 6,753 kilometers. Its surface is estimated at 143,000,000 of square kilometers, of which 66 are sea and 77 continents; the habitable surface being about six times larger than that of Europe. It is not necessary to journey to Mars to know what is the intensity of weight on the surface of the planet. A terrestrial kilogram of 1,000 grams, carried thither would only weigh 376 grams; a man weighing seventy kilograms here would there only weigh twenty-six. A body which on the earth in falling drops four meters and ninety centimeters in the first second of its fall, would on Mars only drop one meter and eighty-four centimeters in the same degree of time. A would-be suicide flinging himself from a height would have ample time to think during his descent and probably would seldom succeed in his design.—Camille Flammarion, in Frank Leslie's Weekly.

JUST WHAT'S WANTED.

Homes for Visitors to the World's Fair is the title of a book containing a list of about 9,000 families who will accommodate visitors to the city during the time of the Fair. It gives their names and addresses and number of rooms each will have to spare; also gives a list of the hotels and their locations; also contains twelve full page, large scale maps, numbered, each representing a section of the city; also a double-page key map, divided in sections, each section representing one of the large scale page maps and being numbered to correspond. With this book an intending visitor can decide on a part of the city in which he or she would like to be located, and then correspond with one or more families in that locality, and thus be able to arrange for satisfactory and comfortable accommodations.

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RESTORED TO HEALTH AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY FOUR DOCTORS.

The Remarkable Case of a Copetown Lady—Afflicted With Paralysis, Suffering Intense Agony and Pronounced Incurable—She is Again Restored to Health and Vigor—She Tells Her Story for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

Dundas Star.

During the past two years many of our most reputable exchanges have given accounts of wonderful cures occurring in the localities in which they were published. These cures were all effected by a remedy that has made for itself the most remarkable reputation of any medicine ever brought before the notice of the public; so remarkable indeed that it is a constant theme of conversation, and the name among the most familiar household words. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of the cases published told the story of people given up by the doctors, and who were on the very threshold of the other world when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to their notice. The cases reported were in most instances distant from Dundas and for this reason might not be considered of more than passing interest. For the past month, however, the report was current in town of a wonderful cure accomplished by these same pills in the township of Ancaster. It was stated that Mrs. D. S. Horning, wife of a prominent farmer, residing about a mile west of the village of Copetown and seven miles from Dundas, had been given up by the doctors and that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So great was the interest taken in the case that The Star decided to investigate it and a few days ago a representative went up to the Horning homestead for that purpose. In passing through Copetown he learned that very little else was talked of but the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Horning. Possibly the fact that both Mrs. Horning and her husband were born in the immediate neighborhood, and are presumably known to everybody, in the country around, increases the interest in the case. The Star man on arriving at the Horning residence was admitted by Mrs. Horning herself. She looked the picture of health, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who was at death's door four months ago. In answer to the question as to whether she had any objection to giving a history of her case for publication, Mrs. Horning replied that she had not. "I consider that my recovery was simply miraculous; I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit, and I am willing that everybody should know about it." Mrs. Horning then gave the following history of her remarkable recovery:—

"A year ago I was taken ill with what the doctors called spinal affection, which finally resulted in partial paralysis, my legs from the knees down being completely dead. My tongue was also paralyzed. On the first of July last I took to my bed, where I lay for four months. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was sensible all the time and knew everything that was going on, but I could not sleep for the intense pain in my head. Our family doctor said I could not live, and three

other doctors called in consultation agreed with him. I felt myself that it would be only a short time until death would relieve me of my sufferings. Neighbors came in, 25 or 30 every day, and every time they went away expecting that it was the last time they would see me alive. I quit taking doctor's medicine and gave up all hope. About four months ago a friend came in and read an account in the Toronto Weekly News of the miraculous cure of an old soldier named E. P. Hawley, an inmate of the Michigan Soldiers' Home, at Grand Rapids. The story he told exactly tallied with my condition, and it was on that account that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. When I began taking Pink Pills I was so ill that I could only take half a pill at a time for the first few days. Then I was able to take a whole one after each meal, and have continued taking them. After I had taken over a box I began to experience a strange tingling sensation all over my body, and from that out I began to improve. In a month I could walk with a cane or by using a chair, from one room to another. My general health also improved. In fact my experience was like that of the old soldier, whose case had induced me to give the pills a trial. While taking the pills at the outset I had my legs bathed with vinegar and salt and rubbed briskly. It is now four months since I began taking the Pink Pills, and from a living skeleton racked incessantly with pain, I have as you see been transformed into a comparatively well woman. I am doing my own house-work this week and am free from all pain and sleep well. When my neighbors come to see me they are amazed, and I can tell you there is great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section, and many are using them. When I began taking Pink Pills I made up my mind that if I got better I would have the case published for the benefit of others, and I am glad you called as I am sure I would now be dead if it had not been for Pink Pills."

Mrs. Horning stated that she purchased the Pink Pills at Mr. Comport's drug store in Dundas, and Mr. Comport informed us that his sales of Pink Pills are large and constantly increasing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont. and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics,

no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THE ANCIENT NAME OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The oldest form of the name of Britain is *Ortanis*, from which comes the adjective *Ortanicos*, which in Irish is *Cruitnech*. This last is the name which the Irish gave to the Picts, once masters of Great Britain. The adjective mentioned became the language of the *Pretanicos*. Pytheas, the Greek navigator of Marseilles, who flourished about the time of Alexander the Great and is said to have made a voyage to Britain, in one of his few fragments now extant, calls Great Britain the *Pretanic Island*. A century after Pytheas, a Gallic people—the *Britanni*—drove the Picts out of the larger portion of Great Britain, and established themselves there. From this came confusion in the minds of the geographers and that of the conquered island. Out of this confusion arose various and mixed forms. The *Pretanic Island* became *Bretannic*, and then *Britannic*, which form became mixed, and has come down to us.—Arbois de Jubainville, in *Revue Archéologique*, Paris.

A PLACE WHERE STAMMERING IS CURED.

Among the educational institutions in Toronto or even on the American continent that is rapidly becoming widely and favourably known on account of the good it is accomplishing is Church's Auto Voce School for the cure of stammering. Without going into details we are very favourably impressed with two of the features of the school, its purely educational character, and the requiring of no portion of the training fee till the completion of the course, and then providing those directly interested are satisfied with the results. Mr. S. T. Church, the founder and principal of the Auto Voce School, is to be congratulated on his successful effort and the good work he is doing for humanity. Our readers will recognize in Mr. Church the managing secretary of the Toronto Orchestral School, the prosperous business condition of which is due to his care and energy, and to which he devotes most of his spare time gratuitously.—Canadian Musician.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1892 states the number of railroad employes killed and wounded during 1892 at 28,800, of whom 2,660 were killed. The greater part of these accidents it is stated, were in coupling cars or falling from trains; that is to say, they were preventable by the use of proper appliances. The battle of Antietam was one of the bloodiest of the war, but General McClellan gave his total loss of killed and wounded at 12,469, or less than half the total of railroad employes killed and wounded last year. At Fredericksburg, another of the great battles of the war, the total Union loss was 1,138 killed and 9,105 wounded and 2,078 missing. At Chickamauga again the total Union loss in killed and wounded was 10,000 less than the number of railroad employes killed and wounded last year. At Gettysburg the Union killed and wounded were but 18,600.—The New Nation.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Dundas Banner: Mr. Meredith takes pretty much the same view of Canada's future as does Sir Oliver Mowat. They both look forward to Canadian independence, but they desire to retain the bond of affection that exists between the motherland and the colony. So say we all.

St. John (N. B.) Telegraph: When a journalist is fortunate enough, on a rare occasion, to obtain a good position, his conferees, of whatever party, will not repine. And, besides, we venture to say, that the former editor and proprietor of The Citizen will do honour to the office and make a good governor.

Montreal Gazette: Much is being said this spring of the exodus from Quebec. It is also pointed out that emigrants are moving from Canadian agricultural districts to New England manufacturing centres. The Liberal cure for the trouble is to inaugurate a policy that will shut up some Canadian factories.

London Advertiser: Within these two ideas—that women should be allowed to vote, and that the most educative form of agitation, in the plebiscite—will be found included everything that is meant by moral suasion, progressive legislation, and the right of the people, whenever they desire it, to a more direct voice on matters of vital importance.

Montreal Witness: It would be a humiliation, indeed, if Sir Oliver Mowat, the champion of Ontario's provincial rights and great constitutional lawyer, were to seek to shelve the prohibition issue, by a plea that the legal difficulties were beyond his grasp. No nobler and no more patriotic deed could crown Sir Oliver's career, than the outlawry of the liquor traffic in the province, the administration of which he has so long and so well presided over. Surely the Premier of Ontario does not quail before the liquor traffic?

Halifax Chronicle: It is the finance minister's business to give due consideration to suggestions on the tariff which he may receive from any quarter. But if he is going to adhere to the principle that the national policy must be maintained in its integrity, and at the same time pretends that he can reform it by embodying in the law everybody's suggestions—some of which may be of a very contradictory character—he will make a worse mess than ever of the whole business—he will please nobody, and probably lose his donkey into the bargain.

St. John Telegraph: At the recent banquet given him by the young Conservatives of Toronto, Hon. Mr. Meredith, declared himself against imperial federation as an impracticable scheme. He said, in rather doubtful terms, that he looked forward to a building up of "a commonwealth, free, independent, and democratic, under the shelter of the British crown." We take it that this means Canadian independence under a British protectorate. The idea of Mr. Laurier, the Liberal leader, goes but little further, if any, than this. He looks, in the more or less distant future to the independence of Canada in close alliance with the mother country.

Toronto Mail: Altogether, the question is in a very involved and confused state, and we can sympathize with the Attorney-General in declining to commit himself to a prohibitory law until the constitutional question is settled. That such an enactment would be vigorously attacked goes without saying. A large amount of capital would be threatened, and where large pecuniary interests are involved they are sure to be well defended. The litigation that would follow would be exceedingly expensive, and the duty and expense of maintaining the enactment would fall upon the Province. Is it fair that Ontario should bear the whole financial burden of settling the law for Canada?

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

An American, Mr. Henry, in Longuyon, France, has constructed a clock entirely of paper, which has run regularly for two years, with no greater variation than a minute a month.

An invention is being patented in the States and England of a new trolley pole. It is made to work from a point two feet above the car, and is so arranged that in case of accident and the connecting wheel missing the circuit wire it brings itself into a horizontal position by means of balance weights.

An Ottawa electrician claims to have a process for utilizing electricity to abstract the heat from cast iron blocks until they are reduced to the temperature of ice, and then using them as a substitute for natural ice. He claims that this can be done at a price to compare favourably with the latter.

A highly interesting experiment in aerial investigation was made in France recently. A large balloon carrying only a box containing self registering instruments was sent up from Paris on Wednesday. It came down safely on Saturday in the Department of the Yonne. It was found that it had reached an altitude of more than 11 miles, and the thermometer registered a temperature of 60 degrees below zero.

To determine how long a locomotive could be kept running on a given quantity of lubricating oil, a test was recently made with an engine on the Chicago, Burlington and Northern Railroad. The lubricator was filled with a quart of oil and soldered shut. When emptied the engine had covered 1,720 miles, with valves and cylinders in perfect condition. The oil allowance had previously been one pint for each 65 miles of work.

With the introduction of arc-lights in the South have come numerous bugs of more or less dangerous species. One in particular that is worthy of notice has been termed the electric light bug. It is about an inch and a half long, and from a sixteenth to a quarter in thickness, and seems to consist wholly of legs and wings. They have hitherto been considered harmless, but now it is believed that they bite or sting with direful results.—Electrical Review.

Elephants, it was apprehended, would be troublesome to the maintenance of telegraph lines extending through the unsettled portions of South Africa, but the natives and some white men have proven a greater source of annoyance. The latter find the thick line wire excellent material for mending their vehicles when broken, while the former have overcome their superstition regarding the lines, and steal their finer wires to make necklaces and other gewgaws.

At a meeting of German companies engaged in the manufacture of beet sugar some remarks were made on the new substance known as Valzin, which it is expected will entirely supplant saccharin and cause some "derangement" of the sugar trade generally. The new substance is, it is stated, being manufactured in Berlin under a patent, and, like saccharin, is about 200 times sweeter than sugar, without some unpleasant qualities which are said to exist in saccharin.

The human body contains 150 bones and 500 muscles; the heart beats 70 times a minute, displacing each time 44 grammes of blood. All the blood passes through the heart in three minutes. In a normal condition the lungs contain 5 litres of air; we breath 1,200 times every hour. There are 13 elements in the body, 5 gaseous and 8 solid. A man weighing 76 kilogrammes represents 44 kilogrammes of oxygen, 7 of hydrogen, 1.73 of azote, 600 grammes of chlorine, 100 grammes of fluorine, 22 kilogrammes of carbon, 800 grammes of phosphorus, 100 grammes of sulphur, 1,750 grammes of calcium, 80 grammes of potassium, 50 grammes of iron; no precious metals.

Prof. C. V. Riley, who has been for years recognized as the leading American entomologist, and is, as report has it, to be made Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, has probably done more than any man living to rid agriculture of its pests. His work and experiments have long been among the most important features of the Agricultural Department, and it is through his writings and lectures mainly that farmers are able now to exterminate easily what have formerly been considered veritable insect plagues.

The streets of Rome are shortly to be lighted throughout by electric lamps supplied with current from dynamos located at the cascade at Tibur, twenty miles from the city in the Alban Hills. This plant is known as the Tivoli long-distance power transmission line, and has been used considerably for experimental purposes before beginning practical work. The probable thoughts of Julius Caesar or Cato the Censor, could this state of affairs have been foreseen by them, would furnish a good blank for a missing-word contest.—New York World.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but Minard's Lintment cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine.

John D. Boutillier.

French Village.

The natives of Weillizka, in Austrian Poland, could easily eclipse the marvels of the ice-palace. A mile and a half west of the little town there are mines of rock salt which could supply the world for centuries to come, and are practically as inexhaustible as the granite quarries of the Tyrolese Alps. The deepest shaft penetrates to a point nearly eight hundred feet below the surface of the ground and some of the chambers which tunnel the hills in all directions are three hundred feet high and glitter like the mirror-hall in the palace of Versailles.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ☉

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ☉

Minard's Lintment relieves Neuralgia.

PURELY VEGETABLE—



Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a compound of refined and concentrated botanical extracts. These tiny, sugar-coated pellets—the smallest and the easiest to take—absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indi-

gestion, Sick and Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

They cure permanently, because they act naturally. They don't shock and weaken the system, like the huge, old-fashioned pills. And they're more effective. One little pellet for a corrective or laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Strong action can issue only from strong faith. Only out of certainty comes power.—Brooks.

Sin stupefies the conscience at the same time that it corrupts the heart and perverts the will.—Godet.

Giving for God is not the only way to gain heavenly-mindedness; but our unwillingness to give for him may stand in the way of our entering into fuller blessing.—Rev. P. L. Hunter.

THE PLAIN TRUTH

is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla—there is no need for embellishment or sensationalism. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. If you have never realized its benefits a single bottle will convince you it is a good medicine.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

Give not thy tongue too much liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

There is no medium between faith and unbelief. In the exercise of the former we give ourselves entirely to God, and where this is not done faith does not exist. True conversion is a new birth, not the patching up of an old garment.—Krummacher.

IN TRAINING.

There are a good many in active training for aquatic sports who will do well to read the opinion of Mr. William Beach, a champion oarsman of Australia, who says: I have found St. Jacobs Oil of greatest service in training. For stiffness, cramps, muscular pains and soreness, it is invaluable. I always keep a bottle with me. It cures rheumatism." This is standard authority for athletes.

"Italia" is a colourless and very strong brandy distilled from a white grape. It is so hot that persons unaccustomed to it mix it half-and-half with cream of cocoa. The Peruvians, however, drink italia with no drop of allaying water. Sailors find a course of italia excellent as a quick intoxicant.

The Spirit of Christ makes a man more than a man: just as the modern rifle, with its long range and instant discharge, is more than the ancient musket with its short distance and delayed firing. A Christian, moreover, though he may not always hit the mark, yet he always aims at it.—Rev. A. Norris.

Coughs and colds are often overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs or some chronic Throat Disease. Brown's Bronchial Troches are offered, with the fullest confidence in their efficacy, giving almost invariably sure and immediate relief. 25c. a box.

Ontario, Cal., says The Orange Belt, has a street railway that is operated partly by horse power and partly by gravity. When the town was founded an avenue two hundred feet wide was laid out with a space in the centre for a street-car line. This avenue is six miles long, running from the town of Ontario to the mountains, with a steady ascent varying from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet to the mile. In December, 1888, the railroad was completed and horse-cars put on. A couple of ingenious mechanics, J. B. Tays and Jas. Birch, decided that the horses might as well ride on the down trip, and accordingly designed a small platform car, which slides under the main car, for the descent. On this the horses ride down, the cars running by gravity. The arrangement has been in successful use since March, 1889. The down trip is regularly made in thirty minutes, but the cars sometimes come down in half that time without stops. The horses or mules take very kindly to the arrangement.

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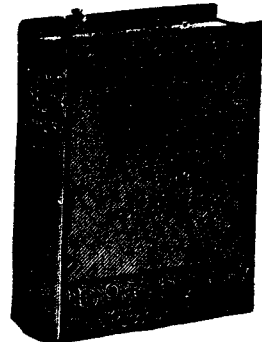
APRIL, 1893.

- Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar. Dr. W. J. Rolfe.
- Shakespeare and Lyly. Horace Davis.
- The Use of Alliteration in Shakespeare's Poems. Prof. S. E. Bengough.
- Gentle Will, our Fellow. A History of Shakespeare's Stage Life. F. G. Fleay.
- Iago's Conscience. A. M. S. Jence.
- The Value of Contemporary Judgment. Helen A. Clarke.
- The Socialistic Thread in the Life and Works of William Morris. Prof. Oscar L. Triggs.
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The appointment of Mr. Giffen, the
statistician, to be the head of the new
British labour bureau, is as good a one
as could be made. The three departments
of the bureau, trade, labour and statistics,
are also to be in charge of experts. The
bureau already contemplates an investi-
gation into the causes of irregular employ-
ment, which is sure to lead to valuable
results.

A PROMPT CURE.

Gentlemen,—Having suffered for over
two years with constipation, and the doc-
tors not having helped me, I concluded to
try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle
I was cured. I can recommend it for sick
headache.

Ethel D. Haines, Lakeview, Ont.

Italy expends every year \$93,000,000 for
her soldiers, and less than \$4,000,000 for
schools. In Spain it costs \$100,000,000 to
maintain the army, and only \$1,500,000
to educate the children; but then, it is the
exception to find a Spanish farmer who is
able to read or write. Germany boasts of
being in the foremost rank among the na-
tions in the Kulturkampf of the world; yet
she expends \$185,000,000 on her army,
while \$10,000,000 is deemed sufficient for
the education of her children. France
maintains an army at an expense of \$151,-
000,000, and supports her schools with
\$21,000,000. The United States expend
\$115,000,000 for public schools, while the
army and navy costs only \$54,000,000—Ex-
change.

BEST EVER MADE.

Dear Sirs,—I can highly recommend Hag-
yard's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy
ever made for coughs and colds. I am never
without it in my house.

Harry Palmer, Lorneville, Ont.

The Society of Harmonists was organ-
ized by George Rapp, a vine planter of
Wurtemberg, at Butler, Pa., in 1805. The
society then consisted of 600 members, be-
lievers in the speedy second coming of
Christ. They were called Pietists, and had
come to America to escape from the de-
rision and persecutions of their own coun-
trymen. In 1807, celibacy was made one
of the articles of faith, and a requisite to
admission into the society. On the death
of Rapp, in 1847, two leaders were chosen,
R. L. Baker and Jacob Henrici. The former
died in 1868, and the latter in Decem-
ber, 1892. Now less than twenty members
of the society are left, aged men and wo-
men who devote themselves to good works
and to the consolations of religion. Their
town, Economy, is on the Ohio River, not
far from Pittsburg. Their funds have been
wisely invested, and the society is now
enormously wealthy. Those who still re-
main, fondly hope that the Redeemer will
appear before they have all passed away,
and that the last Harmonist will be able
to lay their wealth at his feet.

"Indigestion."—You have tried every-
thing for it and found no help. We are no
doctors, but we can offer a prescription
that has cured very many, and it might
cure you as well; it will cost but a quarter
dollar, and can be had at any druggists.—
Ask for Perry Davis' Pain-killer. The New
Big 25c. size.

"What fools these mortals" continue to
make of themselves! The whole world is
on tiptoe, eager to know whether or not
women will wear crinoline. Editors are
wringing about the impending hoop-skirt,
the cable despatches refer to it, legisla-
tures are fighting it, royalty notices it,
and every woman is discussing with her
friend the advisability of adopting its all-
embracing folds. That so much fuss is be-
ing made over what everyone acknowl-
edges is an inconsequential matter is one
of the paradoxes of modern social ex-
istence. Suppose womankind decides to
adorn herself with the wire and attire of
her grandmother, will that make her any
the less gentle, or charming, or helpful,
or inspiring? Crinoline cannot wither her,
nor hoop-skirts stifle her infinite variety.—
Chicago Graphic.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

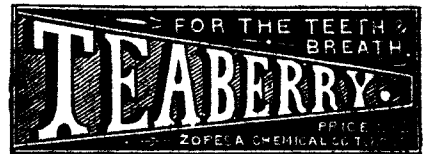
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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to
two minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading
this advertisement need any on suffer with pain

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From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water
will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms,
Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn,
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rhea, Dysentery, Cholera, Morbus, Colic, Flatu-
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There is not a remedial agent in the world that
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Bilious and other Fevers, aided by RADWAY'S
PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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A SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies
the blood, restoring health and vigour. Sold by
druggists. \$1 a bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

For DYSPEPSIA, and for the cure of all Disor-
ders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation,
Biliousness, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

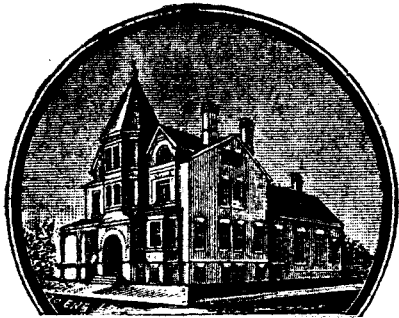
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Sheep rearing is said to be declining greatly in New South Wales. The number of sheep in the colony on January 1 this year was 58,619,616, a decrease of 3,211,800 compared with the year previous.

In 1599 it was lawful in Hungary that only he who had killed a Turk should wear a feather, and for every one slain he was allowed to wear one feather in his cap. Hence the origin of the term, as applied to success or achievements, "A feather in his cap."

June is considered the best month for matrimony, and a familiar rhyme tells you how to choose the day:

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

FOR SEVERE COLDS.

Gentlemen,—I had a severe cold for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take.

J. Paynter,
Huntsville, Ont.

Reports from Russian Poland give accounts of serious depredations by brigands. These are organized in armed bands which attack the houses of farmers and noblemen, burn and pillage them, and, in some instances, carry off the owners and keep them prisoners for ransom.

You judge the tree not by the blighted and withered apples, but by the healthy, full grown ones; so the Church is to be judged not by its worst, but by its best members. We see but little perfect fruit, but the real nature of Christianity is revealed by the lives of believers that come nearest to the gospel ideal.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.

When the system is overloaded with impurity, the circulation sluggish, and the stomach out of order, as is often the case in spring time, there is no remedy so efficacious as Burdock Blood Bitters to remove every trace of impure matter and restore perfect health.

Ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker's gold medal for proficiency in the railroad mail service, was won by a coloured man, Edward Burns, who runs on the Sacramento and Redding division of the Southern Pacific. He obtained 100 per cent., making not a single mistake in the distribution of 1003 postal cards, which bore only the names of post offices all over the Pacific coast and Texas. Burns' speed was fifteen cards a minute.

Her eyes were rheumy, and weak and red, Her breath—you could smell it afar, She had ringing and dizziness oft in her head,

And the cause of it all was catarrh. This year: Her breath is as sweet as the new meadow hay,

Her eyes are as bright as a star, And the cause of the change, she is ready to say,

Was the Dr. Sage Cure for Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will positively cure catarrh in the head, no matter how bad or how long standing. Fifty cents, by all druggists.

It is said that the first fuchsia was introduced into England by a sailor from Chili, in 1746. A plant from this was sold to an English nurseryman for over \$400. Between 1830 and 1840 hybrids became rather common. The modern race of fuchsias dates from the introduction of fuchsia fulgens. The white-coralia varieties appeared in 1855. The raiser of them, dying about the time that they were produced, left no knowledge as to how he obtained them. There are a large number of species in South America, many of them in many respects far more beautiful than the hybrid varieties, but not having been pushed by florists, they have, in a great measure, gone out of cultivation.—Meehan's Monthly.

Minard's Liniment cures dandruff.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
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Sold in 5c. packages by all Druggists.
Beware of so-called Substitutes.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The telephone will take anybody's word.

She: What is that song out of?

He: I should say it is out of tune.

If woman is more avaricious than man, how is it that she has only one pocket while he has six or seven?

A Good Sign.—"How is your little brother? Likely to get better?"

"Oh! yes; he got his first thrashing to-day since his illness."

"Handsome is that handsome does," and if Hood's Sarsaparilla doesn't do handsomely then nothing does. Have you ever tried it?

Father (wishing to impress the lesson): Now, tell me why I thrashed you?

Son: That's right; you've whacked me for over ten minutes, and now you don't know what you done it for!

How Ungrateful.—First Lady: Do you know the Baron to-day paid me the compliment of saying I looked as young as a girl of 18?

Second Ditto: Really! Then the report that the Baron is growing blind is correct after all.

It takes a small boy to express a thing with unconventional force and accuracy.

"The water in this spring is awful good, mother," said a little boarder from the city.

"Is it?" answered the mother. "Then I'll take some. Where is the cup?"

"There isn't any. You have to lie down and drink up hill."

DEAFNESS CURED.

Sirs,—For years I was troubled with deafness, and last winter could scarcely hear at all. On applying Hagyard's Yellow Oil it restored my hearing and I now hear as well as anyone. Mrs. Tuttle Cook, Weymouth, N. S.

Scadd: You say he left no money?
Begg: No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost his wealth trying to get healthy.

John: Sallie, if I was to ask you if you'd marry me, do you think you'd say yes?
Sallie: Y—er—I guess so.

John: Wa-al, ef I ever git over this 'ere darn bashfulness I'll ask you some of these times.

Faithfulness to the memory of the lost is one of the most amiable of human traits. "Why, Bridget," exclaimed a lady, as she met an old servant unexpectedly, "for whom are you in black?"

"For poor Tim, me furrst husband, m'm. When he died I was that poor I couldn't, but I said if I iver could I would; and me new man, Mike, is as ginorous as a lord." People we must put up with—hotel keepers.

GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA.

Keep the blood pure, the stomach in good working order, and the entire system free from morbid effete matter by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which cleanses, strengthens and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

Courage is what makes us forget how afraid we are.

Mabel had been on a long journey with her aunt, and while visiting in a low, malarial town she contracted malaria, and was quite ill on reaching home. Not long afterwards her mamma had a chill. A lady hearing of it, said; "Why, you ought not to have malaria, living on such high ground." "Oh," spoke up Mabel, "I guess mamma inherits it from me!"

Small Madeline is something of a humorist, and has no very pronounced religious tendencies, but the other day she came home from church in a highly-pleased frame of mind. "O, mamma!" she said, "you ought to have been at church to-day. The preacher had such a good text; just the kind I like." "What was it Madeline?" asked mamma, who had stayed at home with a cold. Seriously answered small Madeline: "It was, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giggler.'"

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An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

— FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, —

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at

THOS. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St, London

And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

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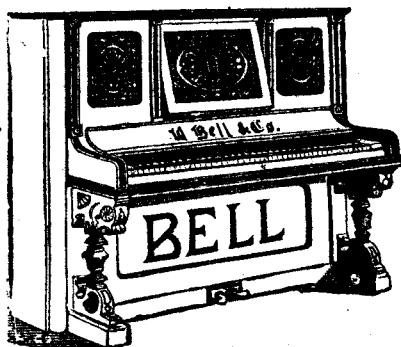
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