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# THE WEEK.

Ninth Year.  
Vol. IX., No. 43.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1892.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

## THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

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No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGH, Business Manager, 6 Jordan Street, Toronto.  
European Agents—SMITH, AINSLIE & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand, London.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

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THERE is probably no other body of delegates who attack all sorts of questions with such absolute fearlessness as the Trades and Labour Congresses. That recently held in this city was no exception to the rule. Such questions as those of protection and free-trade, the suffrage for women, independence, Annexation, etc., were discussed with the utmost freedom and vigour. They were discussed, too, with an intelligence and ability which are very suggestive in regard to both the educational influence of such organizations and their future history as a force in politics. Though many of their proposals seem now to be very advanced, there can be little doubt that it is only a question of time when some of them will be embodied in the legislation of democratic countries. Manhood suffrage in municipal affairs may be mentioned by way of illustration. It is possible, too, that there may be more in the land-tax reform, which is favoured by many of the trades and labour representatives, than most persons are yet ready to admit. The decided stand taken by many of the delegates in favour of free-trade was a surprise. In remitting this question and others, such as Independence, Imperial Federation, Annexation, etc., to the local unions for debate and decision, the Congress has supplied material for discussions which are likely to keep these bodies very wide awake for many days to come.

THE September number of the *Review of Reviews* has an abstract of the report just made by the labour commission which was appointed by the Government of New South Wales after the great strike of 1890. This commission, consisting of eight employers of labour and eight trades-unionists, has, wonderful to tell, presented an absolutely unanimous report in favour of a scheme of compulsory settlement. They recommend the establishment of a State court whose duty it shall be to thoroughly enquire into the merits of the particular struggle and render a verdict. The aid of the court is to be invoked whenever either of the two parties demands it. The Commissioners do not anticipate any special difficulty in regard to the question usually brought forward as the crucial objection to compulsory arbitration, viz., how can the decision of the arbitrators be enforced. They hold that the teaching of

experience shows that, when a disinterested tribunal has given its verdict, the decision will usually be accepted by both parties. If either hesitates, public opinion immediately ranges itself against that party and soon compels it to yield. As the State owns the railways in Australia, the question with regard to railway strikes there is comparatively easy of settlement. In regard to private corporations, the commission proposes that if the corporation refuses to accept the award, it shall forfeit its charter; if the workmen refuse, they shall forfeit their right to their places and must give way to others. These are some of the main outlines of the scheme. It will be observed that it cuts the knot of the verbal objection to compulsory arbitration in the way suggested in these columns, i. e., by simply calling the board a court and constituting it accordingly. It is probable that the very existence of a court with such powers would prevent two-thirds of the strikes which now occur. At any rate, the day must be near when the prolonged and vexatious strike with which we are all unhappily familiar shall be a thing of the past. The public will have asserted its right to a decisive voice in the matter.

THAT "the beginning is half of the whole" is a proverb as old as Hesiod. So the diligent student used to be reminded in a way he was not likely to forget, in the days when the Second Book of the *Aeneid* and the "Life" of Lucian were the perennial tests for admission to the classical course in the Provincial University. This saying of the ancient sage may be applied with special appropriateness to the beginning of representative government which was made in Ontario by Governor Simcoe, one hundred years ago. For that reason, as well as for the sake of the rich historical associations, it may be hoped that Dr. Scadding's suggestion of a monument to the memory of Upper Canada's first Governor and the convener of its first Legislative Assembly, may be carried out. We can think of no more fitting historical memorial. We are not sure to whom we are indebted for the first suggestion of the Centennial celebration which was held with considerable enthusiasm and success in Queen's Park, on Saturday last, but the suggestion was a good one. Looked back upon from the standpoint of our present attainments in self-government, and in the light of our present ideas in regard to Executive responsibility, the modicum of home-rule brought to our great grandfathers by Governor Simcoe may seem to have been a rather parsimonious gift. But it was the fruitful germ from which our present system has been developed, by what has been on the whole a healthful period of struggle and growth. And, as Mr. Gibson—whose speech, barring the inevitable party laudation, which, even though meant to be humorous, was rather out of taste as adapted to provoke retort, was interesting and instructive, as were the others delivered on the occasion—reminded us, it was, too, a great improvement on the system of mixed civil and military absolutism which had preceded it. The teachers of Ontario public schools have been requested by the Minister of Education to celebrate the fourth centennial of the discovery of America by special exercises of a historical kind, on the coming twelfth of October. This suggestion, too, is a good one. If well carried out it will do more to implant clear and lasting conceptions of one of the greatest events in all history in the minds of the children, than could be done in many weeks of ordinary text-book study. Would it not have been equally interesting and profitable to have had an afternoon set apart for the celebration of the event which was commemorated by the orators on Saturday? Perhaps it is not yet too late. As a means of cultivating intelligent patriotism, such a celebration, accompanied with appropriate explanations and historical incidents, would be worth more than weeks of unintelligent flag-worship.

IN commenting last week on the speech of the Minister of Finance at Petrolia, we said: "It is extremely satisfactory to learn that the debt has not increased during the last three years." We had intended to dwell further upon this statement, as being one of the most encouraging character with respect to the wisdom with which our finances are just now being managed, but want

of space prevented. Mr. Foster's statement, as given by the *Empire*, was as follows: "The debt of the country in 1889 in round numbers was \$237,000,000; in 1890 it was \$237,000,000; in 1891 it was \$237,000,000; in 1892 it was \$236,000,000." Opposition journals have since quoted figures from official documents published by authority of the Government, in which the present debt is given as several millions more than the amount thus publicly announced by Mr. Foster. This is a serious criticism, and the Finance Minister will surely feel it his duty to publish an early explanation. Experience has taught us to expect a good deal of special pleading even from Ministers of the Crown, as well as from other party orators, in their efforts at times to make the worst appear the better reason, but the country expects and has a right to expect that when a responsible Minister commits himself to a public statement in regard to a question of fact connected with his own department, it may be safely relied on as strictly accurate. They do not expect—they ought not to be able to suppose it possible—that in such a statement there can be any statistical ambiguities or manipulations, but the utmost frankness and candour. In the absence of Mr. Foster's explanation it would be unjust to believe him guilty of a deliberate attempt to deceive his audience and the public, but an explanation is, we repeat, due to himself, to the journals which have published his statement in good faith, and to the people of Canada.

THE pamphlet recently published by Mr. Robert L. Lawder on the subject of commerce between the United States and Canada, and his article on the same subject in the last number of this journal, in reply to that of Mr. Wiman in the *Contemporary Review*, are thoughtful and able contributions to the discussion of a question which is of great and perpetual interest to the people of both countries, and especially to those of Canada. Whether Mr. Lawder has established the propositions he set out to prove, or justified the conclusions which he seeks to deduce from those propositions, is a question upon which there is perhaps room for difference of opinion. We have some hesitation in stating frankly in what respects Mr. Lawder's arguments appear to us unsatisfactory, lest we should seem to make ourselves obnoxious to the charge of want of patriotism which he brings against the *Globe* and *Mail* and other newspapers, in furnishing ammunition to the enemy. And yet Mr. Lawder would prefer no doubt to have his papers frankly discussed, else he would not have given them to the public. Unlike him, we do not believe that our American neighbours are so wanting in either information or penetration upon the subject as to be in any special danger of being misled by the utterances, however partisan or pessimistic, of any Canadian journal. Mr. Lawder's main proposition we take to be this: that even under present and recent conditions, and *a fortiori* under what he would deem a fair reciprocal trade arrangement, the trade of Canada is worth more to the United States than that of the United States to Canada. His proof of this is that during the two years 1889-90 and 1890-91, Canada's excess of purchases from the United States over her sales to the United States amounted to over \$40,000,000, and that during the last ten years this excess of purchases has amounted to fully \$125,000,000. Mr. Lawder's method of collating his statistics seems to be fair, though no doubt his figures would be challenged by American authorities. They may be accepted for our present purpose. It will be observed that his whole argument rests upon the "balance of trade" theory, in other words upon the common assumption that it is more profitable to an individual or a nation to sell in the dearest than to buy in the cheapest market, whereas, so far as we are able to see, a dollar saved in buying is just as good as a dollar gained in selling. However, as this is the kind of argument always used by our neighbours when they are denouncing reciprocity in natural products as a "jug-handled" arrangement, Mr. Lawder has undoubtedly a right to turn it against them.

MR. LAWDER'S pamphlet is addressed to the President of the Board of Trade of Oswego, and it can hardly fail to have weight with him and with any other commercial authority in the United States who is open to convic-

tion and will take the trouble to read it carefully. Why not, then, permit it to pass without criticism and have its full weight with those for whom it was primarily written? Because it is intended or at least adapted to influence the people of Canada as well. Hence if it is weak at any point it is highly desirable that we should see it, and so be saved from false conclusions, which might otherwise lead to disastrous consequences. Now the weak point, as it seems to us, in Mr. Lawder's argument is the fact that it is based upon the contradictory of what Mr. Lawder regards as Mr. Wiman's "unwarranted assumption" that the market of 65,000,000 of people is and must be of greater value to the country of 5,000,000 of people than the market of the latter is to the former. The fallacy by which we are in danger of misleading ourselves is, we take it, wrapped up in that word "value." Taking money as the measure of value, can a given amount of money be taken as of equal value to either party? A sum of money which may be of considerable importance when divided among five people, may be a mere bagatelle when divided amongst sixty. So, too, a sum which may be of considerable importance to a man of moderate means may be deemed scarcely worth a second thought by a millionaire. Our readers will, we think, see the force of these suggestions without further illustration. We are not, of course, speaking from the point of view of abstract justice. It is unfortunately "not a theory but a condition" which confronts us in this matter. Mr. Lawder in one place alludes to the indifference that prevails in the United States in regard to the matter of trade with Canada. In another he endorses Dr. Grant's assertion that "no political party could exist for a day in Canada that was opposed to the extension of trade relations with the United States, as far as they can be extended without our coming under obligations that would endanger our fiscal independence or political life." "In Canada," he says, "the question of reciprocity is considered one of the most, if not the most, important public question of the day. In the United States very little interest is felt on the subject." Why the indifference on the one side and the anxiety on the other? What is the lesson to be learned?

"WHAT has been done in Canada to remove the indifference and, in some cases, the hostility, manifested in the United States on this question?" That is, indeed, the all-important enquiry. Mr. Lawder answers: "No specific statement of the propositions submitted by the Canadian Government to the Administration at Washington has been submitted to Parliament or to the press, nor have any of the documents containing the grounds on which these propositions have been urged been published." This is true, too true, and the Canadian public have surely just ground of complaint. Verily they are either a most patient people, or they must have an almost childlike trust in their political leaders. But when Mr. Lawder proceeds to argue that the American Government and people should be content with a free exchange of natural products, he not only reckons without his host and is wasting his logical resources, but is, it seems to us, scarcely looking fairly at both sides of the question. As a matter of fact, just as what the Canadians specially want is a market for their natural products, or those of them which are too bulky to be sent across the ocean, so what the Americans specially want is an enlarged market for their manufactures. We have a perfect right to consider whether it will pay us to make an agreement for the free admission of their surplus into our markets in return for the free admission of our surplus into their markets, but surely we have no reason to complain if they choose to decline the exchange which would exclude what they are most anxious to include. We may just add that we should not have cared to say so much were it not for the concluding paragraph of Mr. Lawder's pamphlet. In that paragraph he more than hints that in the event of the United States continuing the excessive duties now charged on various Canadian products, Canada should fall back on a policy of retaliation, and impose correspondingly high duties on American manufactures. This, it will be observed, would be not only retaliation but discrimination, and could have no other end than non-intercourse and commercial war, which, as Sir Charles Tupper has said, is but one remove from actual war. Trade is a selfish matter at the best, and there seems to be a quality in protectionism which intensifies the selfishness of the nation which commits itself to that system. We feel as strongly as anyone can that the commercial policy of the United States, especially in its relation to Canada, is of the narrow-

est and most selfish character. But how would it help the matter for Canada to punish her own people by adding enormously to their taxes and to the cost of living, and at the same time provoke a commercial war of which it would be impossible to foresee the end? In view of the powerful reaction that is now setting in in the United States, and the probability, if not moral certainty, that the return towards a revenue tariff is but a question of time, possibly of a short time, there is surely "a more excellent way." When the Canadian people allow themselves to be persuaded to enter upon a policy of tariff discrimination, by way of punishing the United States, the end will not be far distant.

MR. EDGAR'S letter in reply to the summons of the Caron Commissioners to lay before them the names of the witnesses he proposed to call to give evidence in support of the charges formulated against Sir Adolphe Caron, was just what everyone, we suppose, expected it to be. It was, in fact, just what he gave Parliament pretty clearly to understand it would be, at the time of the appointment of the Commission. The way in which the letter has been received by the party press on either side is also just what might have been foretold with unerring certainty. The Government journals denounce his refusal to appear before the Commission as prosecutor as a cowardly retreat. The Opposition applaud it as the only manly and self-respecting course. We must confess that, after giving the matter the most impartial consideration of which we are capable, we are forced to agree with the latter view. Had the Government contented itself with simply referring the charges to a commission instead of to a Parliamentary committee, without changing their form in any way, the accuser, however he might deprecate their action as an infringement upon Parliamentary right and dignity, could scarcely have refused to produce his evidence before the tribunal chosen by the Parliamentary majority. But when the Government took the remarkable if not unique course of eliminating one of the principal charges and changing and adding to others, we cannot see how any wise man could be expected to step into the snare thus spread before his eyes. To us the issue seems to be in a nut shell. The changes made in the form of the charges either do materially modify their meaning or they do not. If they do, the evasion is apparent. If they do not, there could have been no valid reason for making them. In other words, the natural inference seems to be that, had the accused Minister been impelled by the indignation of outraged innocence, or had his colleagues felt confident that no such charges could be sustained, both he and they would have refused to allow the change of a word. They would have insisted on retaining the *ipsissima verba* of the original accusations and compelling the prosecutor to prove them to the very letter, or stand convicted and branded before Parliament and the country as a slanderer. This may seem a harsh mode of reasoning. It is to be hoped that it is unjust to the Postmaster-General and his colleagues. But it is, we venture to say, the mode of reasoning which would be used by the public, were the case one involving no question of party. The further action of the Commission will be awaited with curiosity, if not with anxiety. It will, we assume, be bound to go on with the enquiry, especially since Mr. Edgar has supplied it with the names of a formidable batch of witnesses. Its appointment was not, we think, made in any way conditional on Mr. Edgar's appearance as prosecutor. If entered upon, the reputation and dignity of the judges will be so far involved that they cannot afford to permit it to degenerate into a broad farce. There seems to be no sufficient reason why the investigation should not be thorough and searching without the further aid of Mr. Edgar. The country should insist upon nothing less. The Government should permit nothing less. Sir Adolphe Caron, above all others, should see to it that nothing less is done, and that no room is left for his opponents to claim that the charges were not sifted to the very bottom. We shall see.

COMPOSING and press room limitations make it necessary that this note should be written before the counter demonstration which has been organized by way of offset to that held on Monday evening by the friends of Home-Rule in honour of Mr. Blake has taken place, much as we should prefer to have heard both sides before commenting. A good deal has been said, and something was hinted by Mr. Blake himself, with reference to the supposed bad taste of the *anti*-Home-Rule meeting. Had

the reception of Mr. Blake been of a purely personal character, organized and conducted by his political and personal friends and admirers, there would have been undoubted force in the objection. But as Mr. Blake took particular pains to have it distinctly understood that his reception was emphatically a demonstration in favour of Home-Rule, designed to have influence, as an expression of Canadian opinion, upon the Home-Rule cause in Great Britain, we are quite unable to see why those Canadians, be they few or many, who do not believe in Home-Rule for Ireland, have not a perfect right to do what they can by fair means to show the British public that Canadians are not all of one mind in regard to the question. Of course it is conceivable that the counter meeting might take a personal turn, which would be in decidedly bad taste, but we see no reason to fear that its promoters will suffer themselves to be outdone in dignity or courtesy. At the same time we are bound to say that we are unable to understand how any Canadian, approving, as every Canadian must, of the principle of self-government in local affairs as applied in the Dominion, can object to the granting of the very moderate measure of the same thing asked for unhappy Ireland. If, as Mr. Blake assures us, all that the Irish claim is "the local government of their local affairs," if, "they have agreed and the Bill provides that they shall have no power to deal locally with trade, commerce, or navigation; with customs or excise; with army, navy, or militia; with peace, war, or foreign relations"; if, moreover, they are to have no power to make any law touching religion, or infringing in any way upon liberty of conscience, and so forth, it is not easy to see that they are asking anything which every Canadian does not regard as a natural and political birthright, for which he would fight to the death.

THE appointment of Professor Loudon as successor to the late Sir Daniel Wilson in the Presidency of the University of Toronto will, we have no doubt, meet the approval of a larger number of those most deeply interested in the welfare and progress of the University, and especially of its *alumni*, than any other which could have been made. We see no reason to doubt, moreover, that the new President combines in his own character and attainments a larger measure of the special qualifications needed to enable him to promote the best interests of the University, under existing circumstances, than could have been found in any other available person. Many would have been glad, of course, had it been found possible to secure, in addition to all the other rare qualities demanded, such eminence in literary and philosophical circles as might have served to shed additional lustre upon the institution abroad as well as in the Province. But as it is pretty clear that this could have been done, if at all, only at the loss of more practical and essential qualifications, such as a thorough acquaintance with the genius and historical circumstances and needs of the Province, with the habits and modes of thought of its people and with its educational system; at the loss, too, it is not unlikely, of that administrative and executive ability of which Professor Loudon has shown himself possessed in large measure, during his long connection with the affairs of the University, the Government has no doubt done wisely in making choice of the man to whom opinion in educational circles seemed unmistakably to point. The fact that the new President has to a very large extent the confidence and sympathy of his colleagues is a strong argument in his favour and will contribute powerfully to his success. In so speaking we are not losing sight of the scholarly ability of which Professor Loudon has proved himself possessed during a long and successful career as student and teacher, or of the special distinction which he has won in his own chosen department, that of applied mathematics. If, owing to his modest and retiring disposition, he has not come so prominently before the public as many men of perhaps less ability, the fault is of a kind which a discerning public will very readily pardon. It is also one which does not lessen the probability that he may be found fully equal to any demands in the way of literary effort which may arise in connection with the duties of the more prominent and responsible position in which he is now placed. We should omit that which is in our estimation the most essential of all qualifications, if we failed to add an expression of our confident hope that the new President's experience in genuine teaching and his advanced views in regard to the true functions of a teaching university are such as will cause his appointment to mark a new era in the his-

tory of an institution which, however faithful and rigid it may have been in the work of examination and grading, and however excellent the facilities it may have afforded for students who were in downright earnest in study and investigation, has never yet, in the opinion of many of the most advanced educators, set before it the highest ideals, or reduced to practice the best methods, in the work of intellectual training and development, pure and simple.

**RUMOUR** has it that in the preparation of their case for the Behring Sea arbitrators the American authorities have renewed the "closed sea" claim, which seemed for a time to have been abandoned. As the statement which is now under consideration by the British and Canadian representatives is confidential, it is of course impossible to know whether or to what extent this is a fact. The recent activity of the Russian authorities and their bold seizures of Canadian fishermen at a much greater distance than three miles from the Russian coast gives likelihood to the suspicion that an understanding has been come to between the United States and Russia in regard to the matter. It is certain that in some shape or other, whether in that of a bold claim to exclusive control over a certain portion of the open sea, or in that almost more absurd one of ownership of the seals which are born, or supposed to be born, on American territory—such ownership conveying the right to claim and protect them wherever found—some special jurisdiction beyond the three mile limit must be asserted, else there would be no question to go before the arbitrators. There is, of course, the *contra bonos mores* argument urged by Mr. Blaine, but this argument, even Professor Theodore S. Woolsey, who holds the chair of International Law in Yale University, describes as "a meaningless phrase, upon which no rights of capture can be founded." We revert for a moment to the controversy not to renew discussion of the question which is to come before the arbitrators, which might be rather out of taste, seeing that it is now *sub judice*, but to call attention to a somewhat remarkable article, from the pen of the distinguished American authority on International law just named, in a recent number of the *Yale Review*. In that article Professor Woolsey takes the ground that not only in the Behring Sea matter, but also in the unusual number of other "controversies with foreign powers which have arisen of late," there has been, on the part of the United States, "a departure from the old and safe policy of the fathers." Illustrations of the "attempt on the part of the Government to stretch its claim of jurisdiction unduly" are adduced, in the position taken in connection with the Barrundia affair, and in the seizure of the *Itata*, the right of asylum claimed by Mr. Egan, the refusal to accept the finding of the Chilian courts, etc., in the Chilian *imbroglio*. After showing that in these and other instances the policy of the Harrisonian Administration has been in keeping with "the enlarged view of our rights of sovereignty to which we are fast accustoming our people, and in which we are training our navy," Professor Woolsey proceeds to warn the people by telling them plainly what this stretching of claims means:—

It means courting rather than avoiding foreign entanglements. It means one collision after another, each with its sulphurous war-cloud about it. It means the violation of former precedents, setting up new ones in their stead which may prove awkward, even dangerous. It will encourage aggressions upon weak neighbours. It will make this country hated and distrusted by its natural friends. It will weaken its commercial position on this continent, throwing trade into other channels than our own. . . . And again, what will this new policy, if persisted in, involve? If we assume an advanced position, we must be prepared to maintain it. We shall need a larger army; a navy of the first rank; an increase of taxation to pay for these; a reversal of our military and naval policy to maintain them.

HERE is a story illustrative of the consideration Gen. Lee always showed for others while remaining absolutely indifferent to what might befall himself. It was in the Wilderness fight, and he and Gen. Wade Hampton were passing over the field. They came to a narrow pass between woods, and Gen. Lee noticed that the passage was well covered by the northern sharpshooters, who were doing effective work. "Hampton," said the commanding general, "I reckon you had better go 'round through the trees and meet me on the other side, as the fire of the sharpshooters is very dangerous here." That is all there is of the story. Of course Gen. Hampton said, "Gen. Lee, I guess if you can walk there I can follow you." But note the unconsciousness of personal danger and the unselfishness of Lee. These were incessant characteristics of his.—*New York Sun*.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MANY old-fashioned Christian people in Great Britain appear to have been much shocked by the late speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the foreign missionary work of the Church. It was made at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Soon after it was delivered, the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, writing to his paper, stated: "The speech is being eagerly canvassed in missionary circles, and the more it is discussed the more astonishing does it appear. His Honour the Archbishop's defence of the old religions, and his suggestion that they should be used as a stepping-stone, as it were, to Christianity, are so contrary to current missionary methods that the revised report of His Grace's address is looked for with anxiety. The controversy raised by Canon Isaac Taylor's paper at the Wolverhampton Church Congress will not soon be forgotten, yet he went very little farther in his praise of Mahomedanism than the Archbishop appears to have done."

To the unprejudiced reader who carefully peruses that portion of the Archbishop's speech to which such serious objection has been made and which we have given below, the remarks thereon of the London journalist will appear considerably more startling than anything it contains; nor must the fact be lost sight of that there is not a more stalwart or loyal Christian the world over than Edward White Benson of the See of Canterbury.

Attempts like this to nullify the cogency of the Archbishop's arguments, advanced purely in the best interests of the missionary work, are singularly unfortunate and ill-timed, though it is quite impossible to weaken his Grace's position.

Setting out, the eminent speaker referred to the "immense importance of forming a really clear idea of the theory of missions," and having shown that it was the Church's duty to take a wide view of all missionary operations everywhere, and of the principles on which they are conducted, he went on to say that the Church has to recognize honestly that there have been mistakes in the past, and that there may be mistakes going on now, and then get out of our mistake as fast as we can, "sailing henceforth by a great chart which," said the speaker, "I am afraid has to a great extent to be laid down."

Going on to treat of the importance of secular education on the work of foreign missions the Archbishop felt that "we could make no greater mistake than suspending, diminishing, or being content with a smaller allowance of those studies which expand and inform the mind, in any belief that we can do well enough with some small portion, and on that plant the Gospel of Christ. We cannot plant it half so well on the half-instructed as on the most instructed and cultivated intellects."

From these careful and most wise words no one who knows anything of the difficulties which beset the labours of the foreign missionary could reasonably dissent.

We come now to that part especially of the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech which has occasioned the "grave anxiety" to which the journalist above quoted refers. Speaking of our Christian religious systems in general, and how they are to be dealt with, his Grace adverted to Mahomedanism and Hinduism in particular concerning which he said: "These religions are great; they are not trivial. They do embody the best thoughts, the best feelings, the best aspirations of men through many ages. We know there may be wickedness in and among them, but we know it has been so in Christianity too. We often do undervalue the importance to mankind of such a religion as Mahomedanism. I would say that those who know Mahomedanism best know that in many directions there are noble characters formed under its influence—men of justice, men of piety, men of truth—whom all who know them intimately respect. I deprecate very much our setting to work—I do not believe we shall ever succeed if we set to work—believing that the religion of any nation which God has allowed to grow up in it and to be its teacher up to the point until Christianity is ready to approach it—I do not think we should succeed if we held that this religion itself ministered to pride, to lust and to cruelty." Proceeding in the same strain the Archbishop added: "Unless we recognize the deep spring of the devotion they exhibit; unless we are prepared to find the formation of noble characters among them due to the same cause as the formation of noble characters among ourselves, we shall have no chance in dealing with a religion like Mahomedanism." Words like these enshrining deep and vital principles, potentially productive of so much benefit to the sacred cause of foreign missions, and spoken by one of the foremost Christian leaders of the day with a deliberation and fearlessness truly admirable, have a power to arouse men's pent up sympathies, to widen their intellectual horizon and to impart new life and vigour to the most important of all religious agencies. We believe that the Archbishop's speech constitutes one of the ablest, wisest and most far-seeing utterances concerning missionary work that has been made for years. It deserves the careful thought and study of all who rightly hold the Church to be a great missionary society, whose very *raison d'être* is to convert the heathen everywhere to the religion of the Christ of God, and to turn them from twilight and darkness into light. It cannot fail to be helpful to all who are interested in missions.

Having referred to the great advances that are being made by Hindoo missionaries along the east coast of Africa, and pointed out the importance of educating missionaries from the Orient for work among the subtle-minded Easterns, the Archbishop concluded his notable address.

FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At the Encampment—Botany—Fishing—Matilda—The New Lake—Tillycot—Luncheon—After Recreation—New Visitors to Tillycot—Edifying Talk—Songs on the Way Home—Mr. Bigglethorpe's Departure—Uncle and Niece—Mr. Bangs and Rufus—Ladies Catch a Burglar—The Constable Secures Him—Muggins' Death—Burglars Repulsed—Rebecca Toner—The Clergy Hilarious—A Young Lady Finds a Poem.

MR. BIGGLETHORPE, Mr. Terry and Marjorie, with part of the picnic material, got off the waggon at the Richards' place, and proceeded to the lake. They found the punt there, but saw no sign of the skiff. Marjorie inherited her father's love of the water, and greatly enjoyed even the slow progress made by the paddles of her boatmen in the unwieldy craft. Meanwhile, the waggon arrived as near the encampment as it was possible to get; the company descended to the blackened ground; and Mr. Perrowne found a path for the ladies up to the ruins. The horses, sedate, well-behaved animals, were unhitched, and allowed to pick about where they pleased, after which the three gentlemen carried the wraps and picnic baskets and pails to where the ladies stood, inspecting the ravages of the fire. Muggins had come with Mr. Perrowne, and sniffed about, rediscovering the treasure hole which had so nearly proved fatal to the Squire. It was agreed to go down to the water's edge, and encamp upon some green spot, near good fishing, over which the bush fire had not run. Such a place was found to the right of the caved-in tunnel, a broad patch of fine-leaved native grass, shaded by oaks and maples of second growth. There the provisions were deposited, and, the rugs being spread over the grass, the ladies sat down to await the arrival of the boat party. A good three-quarters of an hour passed before they heard the splash of the paddles, and Muggins ran barking to meet the intruders upon the sabbath stillness of the scene. While waiting, Mrs. Carmichael and Mr. Errol took a stroll in the dark woods adjoining, and brought back some floral specimens in the shape of Prince's Pines, Pyrolas, and Indian Pipes, which were deposited in the lap of the finder's daughter, with a suggestiveness that young lady felt disposed to resent. However, Marjorie's voice was heard just then, and thoughts and conversation were turned into other channels. "Where is the skiff?" asked the fisherman, but nobody could enlighten him; they simply answered that it was not there. The colonel remarked that its absence looked suspicious, and bade them be on their guard. He, accordingly, inspected the arms of the expedition, and finding them to consist of two fowling pieces, those of Messrs. Perrowne and Bigglethorpe, and two pistols borne by Mr. Terry and himself, was comforted. As the fisherman had inaugurated the picnic, it was obviously his duty to act as master of ceremonies. He proposed making two fishing parties, one off the scow, and another off a pier, which he and the gentlemen were about to build out from the shore below the picnic ground.

A large pine had been felled many years before, probably by lumbermen, and two lengths of it, each about eight feet, had been rejected as unsound. These the gentlemen, colonel included, got behind, and rolled down into the water. Mr. Perrowne and the fisherman doffed their shoes and socks, rolled up their trouser legs, and waded in to get the logs in position as sleepers. Three spars of driftwood, bleached white, were found along the bank, and were laid over the logs at right angles, and kept in their places, as were the logs, by stakes hammered into the lake bottom. Mr. Errol and Mr. Terry produced some planks, saved from the fire that devoured the stables, and laid them over the erection, making a substantial pier, that would have been the better of a few spikes to steady the boards. Mr. Bigglethorpe provided rods and lines, and baited the hooks for the ladies, with grasshoppers, frogs, crawfish and minnows. The last were provided by Marjorie. At the fisherman's suggestion, she had got from Tryphena a useless wire dish-cover that had lost its handle, a parcel of oatmeal, and a two-quart tin pail. Mr. Bigglethorpe had fastened a handle cut out of the bush to the dish-cover, thus converting it into a scoop-net. Barefooted, Marjorie stood in the shallow water, scattering a little oatmeal, when up came a shoal of minnows eager for the food thus provided. At one fell swoop, the young fisherwoman netted a dozen of the shiny little creatures, and transferred them all alive to the tin pail. Mr. Errol had a great mind to join her in this exciting sport, but was not sure what Mrs. Carmichael would think of it. The possibility that he might have become Mr. Coristine's father-in-law also tended to sober the renewer of his youth. As Marjorie had practically deserted her friend for the minnows, Mr. Bigglethorpe invited her cousin to accompany him, with Miss Halbert and Mr. Perrowne, in the scow, which paddled off to try how the fishing was at the narrows. The colonel

did not care to fish; it was too dirty work for him. Neither did the remaining ladies show any appetite for it; but Mr. Errol and the veteran manned the lately constructed pier, and beguiled some bass that came seeking shelter from the sun beneath it. While the gentlemen were thus engaged, the colonel lying on his back near Marjorie's fishing ground, indulging in a second cigar, the two ladies strolled away, followed by Muggins, to look for more flowers. After they had gone about a hundred yards to the right, the dog ran on before them, barking furiously. Mrs. Carmichael clutched her companion's arm and stood still. "It may be a wild beast, Cecile, or some of those terrible men. Let us go back at once." But Miss Du Plessis calmly answered, "It may be only a bird or a squirrel; dogs often make a great fuss over very little." So they stood and waited.

Muggins' barking ceased. The reason was apparent in the sound of a gentle voice they both knew, saying, "Poor Muggins, good doggie, has he come back again to his old friends?" It was the voice of Matilda Nagle, and she seemed to be alone. Taking heart, the two ladies went in its direction, and, guided by Muggins, who came back to lead them, they descended to a little bay with a sandy beach, where, in the skiff, sat the woman they sought. She was neatly dressed, and wore a large straw hat. When they greeted her, she showed no astonishment, but invited them to enter the skiff and see the pretty place she had back there. Miss Du Plessis hardly cared to accept the invitation, but the curiosity of the older lady was aroused and she pressed her companion to comply. Bringing the bow of the skiff into the shore, Matilda told them to enter the boat and walk back to the stern. When they had taken their seats, the stern was depressed, and the bow floated clear of the sand. Then, with every motion of an accomplished oarswoman, she rowed the skiff along the shore, altogether out of sight of the other picnickers in scow and on pier. After a few strokes, she told her companions to lower their heads, and, ducking her own, shot the boat through what had seemed a solid bank of foliage, but which was a naturally concealed channel, out into one of the loveliest little lakes eye ever rested upon. No fire had touched its shores, which were wooded down to the sandy margin, the bright green foliage of the hardwood in the foreground contrasting with the more sombre hues of the pines and hemlocks beyond. In little bays there were patches of white and yellow water-lilies, alternating their orbled blossoms with the showy blue spikes of the Pickerel weed, and, beyond them, on the bank itself, grew many a crimson banner of the Cardinal flower. Another little bay was passed with its last rocky point, and then a clearing stood revealed, void of stump or stone or mark of fire, covered with grass and clover, save where, in the midst of a little neglected garden, stood the model of a Swiss chalet. "Do not be afraid!" said the woman, catching sight of Mrs. Carmichael's apprehensive look; "there is nobody in it or anywhere near. We are all alone; even Monty would not leave his work to come with me." Thus reassured, the party landed, gathered a few late roses and early sweet peas, and then proceeded to inspect the chalet. The whole building and everything in it was in admirable taste, even to the library smoking-room, which was only disfigured by ugly spittoons and half-burned cigars. Many books were there, chiefly on chemistry, geology and mineralogy, and there was a large cabinet full of geological specimens, betokening much research and abundant labour in their preparation and classification.

The whole thing was so unexpected, so surprising, that the picnic ladies had to rub their eyes to be sure that it was not a dream; but their astonishment was increased when the woman turned to the younger one and said, "I know you are Miss Du Plessis, for I heard you called so at Bridesdale." Miss Du Plessis answered that she was right. Then Matilda said, "This is all your land, and of course, the land carries the buildings with it. I have forgotten a great many things, but I remember that, you see. So Tillycot is yours too; besides I do not want to stay here any more. Good-bye, I am going home to Monty." At first, the two ladies were afraid she was going to take the skiff away and leave them in the house, but she did not. In spite of their entreaties, she walked quickly up the grassy slope at the back, and disappeared in the forest beyond. "Is it not wonderful?" asked Miss Du Plessis. "Come, Cecile, hasten back, or those poor people will be starving," answered the more practical Mrs. Carmichael.

On their return to the skiff, the presiding matron, while Miss Du Plessis rowed, unfolded a long piece of yellow leno she had picked up in one of the rooms. The channel was quite visible from, what may now be called, the Tillycot end, but when the passengers ducked their heads and emerged, they saw there would be difficulty in finding it from the other side. Accordingly, Mrs. Carmichael bade her companion keep the boat steady, while she stood up, and fastened the strip of gauze to two saplings, one on either side of the opening, making a landmark visible immediately the point was passed that intercepted the picnic party from their view. Rowing round this point, the two travellers appeared, to the astonishment of the fishers on punt and pier. The colonel was stretched out on the grass asleep, and Marjorie, having deserted her minnows, was tickling him about the ears with a long blade, greatly enjoying his occasional slaps at the parts affected, and his muttered anathemas on the flies.

"O'm thinkin', Mishtriss Carrmoikle, it's gettin' toime fer the atin' an' drhinkin', wid your lave, mum; but fwhere did yez foind the skiff?" Brief explanations followed

to the veteran and Mr. Errol, who were at once put under orders, the one to light a fire and produce the tea-kettle, the other to fill two pails with clean water, and put a piece of ice in one of them. Soon the colonel and Marjorie came to help, the cloth was laid, the sandwiches, chickens, pies and cakes, placed upon it, and everything got in readiness for the home-coming of the punt. "O Aunty," said Marjorie, "this would be so lovely, if only poor Eugene were here too."

"So it would, dear," answered the sympathetic aunt and mother, "but we must try to make the best of it without him."

The kettle boiled under Mr. Terry's superintendence, the tea was infused in the little Japanese tea-pot, and the colonel, taking from his waistcoat pocket a silver whistle that had done duty for a cavalry trumpet in former days, blew a signal for the information of the punters. In a minute they arrived, bearing two grand strings of fish, only the strings that went through the gills of the bass were hazel twigs. Then there was washing of hands without soap, Mr. Bigglethorpe showing his companions how to improvise a substitute for Pears' by pulling up the pretty little water-lobelia and using the unctuous clay about its spreading roots for the purpose. All sat about the table-cloth, Mr. Perrowne said, "For what we are about to receive," and the *al fresco* repast began. Mrs. Carmichael dispensed the tea, and was displeased with Mr. Errol for declining a cup just then, because he was busy with a corkscrew and an ale bottle. Mr. Perrowne joined him with another; but the fisherman said ale made him bilious and his name was not William. So Mr. Terry produced his special charge, and treated the colonel first, then Mr. Bigglethorpe, and finally his honoured self. The boys, as the matron had termed the two clergymen, seemed to be happy with their beer, somewhat to his sorrow. "It takes mighty little, cornel, to shatishfy some payple, but there's aall the more av it for the rishf us."

Miss Halbert said that Basil had eaten ten sandwiches, two plates of chicken, and an extra drumstick in his hand, a whole pie, and she couldn't count the cake. There were also some empty beer bottles at his feet. He said he was perfectly ashamed of Fanny's appetite, and would have to petition the Bishop for an allowance from the mission fund, if she was going through life at the same rate.

"If we only had ouah deah boy with us, Cecile, what a pleasu he would be," remarked the colonel in a personal way, that caused even the stately Miss Du Plessis to blush.

"Eugene would be better than the whole lot," added Marjorie, with an injured air, and added: "If some people I know hadn't been pigs, he would have been here, too." Mrs. Carmichael called her niece to order, and told the gentlemen they might go away to their pipes and cigars, while she and the young ladies put away the things. The black bottle trio adjourned to a shady nook by the shore, and carried three tumblers and a pail of iced water with them. The bottle revealed its neck from Mr. Terry's side pocket. The colonel handed his cigar case again to Mr. Perrowne, who selected a weed, but could not be prevailed upon to fetch a tumbler. Mr. Errol also declined the latter, having the fear of Mrs. Carmichael before his eyes; but, withdrawing a short distance in his brother clergyman's company, he filled the Turk's head, and said he felt twenty years younger. All sorts of banter and pleasant talk went on between the smoking gentlemen and the working ladies. Mr. Errol distinguished himself above his brethren by bringing up water from the lake and by carrying painfult of dishes down to it, for which he received great commendation. Mr. Perrowne had his ears boxed twice by Miss Halbert, it was said, for cheek. Mr. Terry was called upon to deliver up his sacred charge, but demurred. When the ladies made a raid upon his party to recover it, he fled, but Marjorie caught him by the coat-tails, and the spoil was wrested from him, although not before he had poured himself out a final three fingers in his tumbler. Filling it up with ice-water, he drank to the success of the picnic, and especially to absent friends. Mr. Bigglethorpe had been so long fishing in the sun that he thought a rest would do him good. Accordingly, he lay down on his back with his hat drawn over his eyes, and composed himself to sleep. Finally, the clergymen went over to where Mrs. Carmichael was sitting with Miss Halbert and Marjorie, while Miss Du Plessis, having had a chat with Miss Carmichael, invited her uncle and the veteran to go for a row in the skiff. At first, these gentlemen were disposed to decline, but, when they learned that there was something to be seen, they changed their minds, and accompanied her and Miss Carmichael to the shore.

The colonel was entranced with the little lake, the clearing, and the chalet, as were Miss Carmichael and Mr. Terry. It was decided that a guard, in the form of a caretaker, should be put over the place as soon as possible, and it was suggested that Timotheus and Tryphena would make an ideal pair of guardians. While much of the land round about might be cleared to advantage, it was agreed that the wood around Tillycot lake should be left intact, save the breadth of a road to the main highway. Then they fell to discussing Rawdon, a man plainly of extensive reading, of scientific attainments, of taste in architecture and house-furnishing, and yet an utterly unprincipled and unscrupulous villain. "One would think," said Miss Carmichael, "that the natural beauties of a place like this would be a check upon evil passions and the baser part of one's nature." But the colonel answered, "In the wahah, Miss Cahmichael, I have seen

soldiehs, even owah own soldiehs, wilfully and maliciously destyoying the most chahming spots of scenehy, without the least pohfit to themselves or matehial injuby to the enemy. The love of destyuction is natuhal to ouah fallen human natuhe." Mr. Terry corroborated this statement, and added, "Faix, it sames to me there's jist two sarts an' koids av payple in the wurruld, thim as builds up an' thim as bathers down. For moy paart, I'd later build a log shanty an' clane a bit land nor pull a palish to paces." Miss Du Plessis assented, but drew attention to the fact that Rawdon had cleared, built up, and beautified the place, and improved his mind on the one hand, while he was warring against society and law, robbing and even murdering, on the other. "Mr. Errol said once," rejoined Miss Carmichael, "that there are two opposite natures, an old man and a new, in all human beings, as well as in those who are converted, and that no contradiction of the kind is too absurd for human nature." "Mistah Ehhol is quite right, my deah Miss Mahjohie, as all expehience attests. Bret Hahte has shewn it from a Califoahnian standpoint. I have seen it in times of wahah and of peace, bad men, the bent of whose lives was destyuction, risking evehything to save some little memohial of a dead mothel or of a sweetheah, and good men, the regular couhse of whose cahheah was to do good, guilty of an occasional oubuhst of vandalism."

"Thru fer yez, cornel, ivery bit. There was a little whipper-snapper av a Shunday Sheool shuperintindent out in a lake, about a hundrid moiles from the city, wid some dacent lads; and, afore they knowed where they was, the cratur had sit a foine grane oisland a-foire for the fun, he sid, av sayin' the blaze. O'd loike to have had the shuperintindin' av him fer foive minutes."

The explorers were making their way back to the skiff when the colonel, who had gone back for his handkerchief which he had dropped, said: "There is a pehson coming down towahds the house, a woman appahently." Miss Du Plessis looked up the hill, and saw who it was. "It is Matilda Nagle," she said; "see, she is going back again." At once Miss Carmichael ran up the hill after the retreating figure, and, as she was a good runner, and the poor wanderer was tired, she soon overtook her. Taking both her hands in her own, and kissing the woman, she said: "Come with us, Matilda, and we will drive you home." The half-witted creature responded to the caress, and allowed herself to be led to the boat. "I lost my way," she said. "It is a new road I had never been on before, and I got turned round and came back here three times, and I am very tired." The colonel and Mr. Terry made her enter the boat before them, and then Miss Du Plessis and the veteran rowed the party back to the picnic ground, Miss Carmichael, at her friend's suggestion, removing the landmark put up by her mother as they passed out of the channel. At once Matilda was taken to the shady retreat where Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Halbert were, and all the ladies waited upon her with what was left of the eatables and drinkables, in spite of Mr. Perrowne's appetite. Then, Mr. Terry and Mr. Bigglethorpe went after the horses, and harnessed them to the waggon. The fisherman came back to summon the party and help to carry the baskets. Mr. Errol and Mr. Perrowne agreed to row the punt back to the Richards, and walk the rest of the way, as the addition of Matilda to the company would make riding uncomfortable if they did otherwise. The picnickers were safely seated, the baskets and the strings of fish stowed away, and the Colonel again took the reins for his party of nine. The two clergymen returned to the scow and paddled home, singing songs, one of which Mr. Perrowne gave in genuine cockney style to a Primitive Methodist hymn tune.

"Oh we was rich and 'appy once,  
And we paid all we was due,  
But we've sold our bed to buy some bread,  
And we hain't got nowt to do;  
We're all the way from Manchester,  
And we hain't got nowt to do."

"Oh, him as hoppesses the poor man  
Is a livin' on humin' lives,  
And will be sarved in tothoher land  
Like Lazarus and Dives;  
And will be sarved in tothoher land  
Like Lazarus and Dives."

Mr. Errol applauded the song, but thought it was hardly right to put a hymn tune to it. He said he "minded an auld Scotch song about the barrin' o' the door." So he sang:—

"It fell about the Martimas time,  
And a gay time it was then O,  
When our guile wife got puddins to mak',  
And she biled them in the pan O,  
The barrin' o' oor door, weel, weel, weel,  
And the barrin' o' oor door, weel."

Thus, lightening the journey, they arrived at the last lake, said how-d'ye-do to the Richards, and tramped home. "How are you feeling now, Mr. Errol?" asked his comrade. "Man, it's just as I tellt ye, I'm renewin' my youth."

It was just about six when the pedestrians arrived at Bridesdale. Mr. Newberry had been there, anxious about his charge, and had joyfully hailed her appearance in the waggon. Mr. Bigglethorpe insisted on going home; so, after a whispered consultation with Miss Halbert, Mr. Perrowne offered him the doctor's carriage, if he would call in and tell Dr. Halbert that his daughter and all the Bridesdale people were safe, which he agreed to do. The colonel and Miss Du Plessis were up with the dear boy, whose name and virtues Miss Carmichael could hardly hear mentioned with civility. Marjorie fairly wept over the leave-taking of Mr. Biggles, but commanded herself suf-

ficiently to beg that he would not christen that baby Woollens, Cottons or Piscopalian. He said emphatically that he would not, and then departed, taking home a string of bass to propitiate Mrs. Bigglethorpe. The tea party, spite of Miss Du Plessis' marvellous story of Tillycot, was very slow. The newly engaged couple were full of each other. Mrs. Du Plessis, her daughter and the colonel had Wilkinson on the brain, Mrs. Carmichael and the minister were self-sufficient, and Mr. Terry was discoursin' to his daughter, Honoria. The only free person for Miss Carmichael was the Squire, and happily she sat at his left.

"Marjorie, lassie," said Uncle John, "you're no lookin' weel."

"That's not very complimentary, uncle; but I am quite well."

"Yon block o' a lamb has been wearin' ye, I'm thinkin'."

"Not at all, uncle; his gifts and graces are not adequate to that."

"Did Coristine tell ye o' that advertesment in the Barrie paper?"

"Yes."

"Did he say he had dune anything about it?"

"Yes, he said he had written to the Edinburgh lawyer and to other people about it."

"That was unco gude o' the lad, Marjorie."

"Yes, it was very kind."

"What garred the laddie gang awa before the time, lassie?"

"How should I know, uncle?"

"Wha sud ken were it no you, Marjorie, my pet?"

"I am not in Mr. Coristine's confidence."

"I see warrant ye, Marjorie, he's just bitin's nails to the quick at you Mrs. Swamp's that's he no here the nicht."

"Oh nonsense, uncle, why should he be so foolish? If he wanted to stay, there was no one to hinder him."

"Weel, weel, lassie, we'll hear frae him sometime about yon neist o' kin business. Aiblins, ye'll be a braw leddy wi' a gran' fortune yet, and turn up your bonnie bit nose at puir lawyer chappies."

"I don't want to turn up my nose at Mr. Coristine, uncle. I think it was very splendid of him to fight for you as he did; but I knew nothing about that when he said good-bye, and I wouldn't shake hands with him."

The Squire put up his hand and stroked his niece's hair. "Puir lassie!" he said, "it's a gran' peety, but ye're no feelin' half as bad as he is the noo, gin I ken the lad, and I think I dae."

It was ten when Mr. Bangs brought home the colonel's horse, and Rufus rattled the missing waggon and team into the stable yard. The latter joyfully saluted his sisters, shook hands with Timotheus, and courteously responded to the greeting of Maguffin. Mr. Bangs, declining any solid refreshment, entered the office, where, besides the Squire, Mr. Errol and the veteran were established. The picnic ladies were tired and had gone to rest, and the colonel was relating the events of the day to the wakeful dominie. Mr. Bangs gave his company an account of the safe lodgment of Rawdon and Davis, and mentioned incidentally that he had seen Mr. Coristine alight from the train at Toronto and go up town. He also cautioned the Squire against divulging the secret of the exhumed box of money, if he wished to save it for Matilda Nagle.

"Squire," he said, "I don't want to elerm you, bet I'm afreid there's gowing to be more trebble to-night; I saw that tevern-keeper from Peskiwenchow, Devis' brether, at the station this mornin', with sem of the fellows we fought at the Enkempment. They're not in Kellingwood now, and yeng Hill tells me he saw strenge men kemming this way in the afternoon. I towld yeng Hill to bring his gen, and I brought my mounted petrol kerbine."

"This is terribly vexatious, Mr. Bangs, just as we thought all our troubles were over."

"It is, bet I think it will be their lest ettempt, a final effort to get meny and revenge. We must wound es many of them es we ken, end allow the survivors to kerry off the dead end wounded. That will be the end of it. I met Toner, end he tells me old Newcome is ep and away. Toner kent come, for Newcome hes threatened to bern down his house."

A gentle rap at the door interrupted the conversation. The Squire went to open it, and saw his niece in night attire, with a pale, scared face, hardly able to speak. "What is the matter, Marjorie?"

"There's a man in Mr. Coristine's room, either in the cupboard-wardrobe or under the bed," she answered, and slipped quietly upstairs to her own apartment.

Quickly the information was imparted, and the detective at once took command.

"Mr. Terry, I know you are a good shot. Tek my kerbine which is loaded, and wetch the windows of Mr. Coristine's room outside. Give Mr. Errol a pistol, Squire, and kem on. Ah, Mr. Perrowne, we went you, sir; bring that lemp end follow us."

All obeyed, and slipped up stairs with as little noise as possible. Mr. Bangs opened the door and listened. Intuitively, he knew that Miss Carmichael was right; somebody was in that room. Whispering to Mr. Errol to guard the door, and to the Squire to stand by the wardrobe, he took the lamp from Mr. Perrowne and flashed it under and over the bed. There was nobody there. In a moment, however, the wardrobe door burst open, the Squire was overturned, the light kicked over and extinguished, and Mr. Errol pushed aside, when three feminine voices called: "Help, quick!" and, tumbling over one

another into the hall, the clever lookers for burglars found their man in the grasp of three picturesque figures in dressing gowns. They were at once relieved of their capture, and many anxious enquiries were made as to whether they had received any injuries from the felonious intruder. It appeared that they had not received any of importance, and that Miss Carmichael was the first to arrest the flight of the robber.

The household was aroused. The colonel came down with his pistols. Timotheus, Rufus and Maguffin awaited orders, so he ordered them to arm, and posted them as sentries, relieving Mr. Terry from his watch on the windows. Then the examination of the prisoner began. He was the youth who had driven the buckboard over for the doctor on the eventful Monday morning. His name was Rawdon, but he was not the son of Altamont Rawdon. His father's name was Reginald, who was Altamont's brother.

"Where is your fether?" asked Mr. Bangs.

"I dunno," he answered, sulkily.

"Then I ken tell you. He is dead, borney to death by yore precious encl Eltemont."

"O my God!" exclaimed the youth; "is that so?"

"Esk any of these gentlemen, end they will tell you that yore fether end old Flower were borney to death, end thet a keroner's jury set on their remains, which are buried."

"You say as 'ow my huncle Haltamont did that?"

"Yes, I do, end, whet's more, you know it."

Having terrorized his victim, and antagonized him to Rawdon, the detective drew from him the information that five men, three of Rawdon's old employees, the tavern-keeper Matt, and Newcome, were coming at midnight to burglarize the house and get possession of the dug-up treasure. He confessed that he had slipped into the house while the party was away picnicking, and, knowing that Coristine had left without his knapsack, had looked round till he found a room with knapsacks in it. There he intended to remain till his confederates should require his services to open the house to them.

"Who towld you thet awful lie about Rawdon's meny being in this house?"

"Matt knew. Uncle Monty guv it 'im by signs, I guess. Oh, he's O. K., he is."

"Well, sir, yore a prisoner here, end, if things don't turn out es you sey, I'll blow yore brains out."

"For goodness sake don't be aisty, mister. I've told you the 'ole truth, I swear."

Mr. Bangs next found out that the robbers were coming in a waggon, which would halt some distance to the left of the house, and that their plan was to set one man at the end of the hall to hinder communication with the servants' quarters, and two on the upper landing to command the front and back stairs, while the remaining burglars ransacked the office and any other rooms in which plunder might be found. The youth's appointed mission was to fire the house, when the search was completed. Hardly had this information been received when Maguffin's challenge was heard, and a well-known voice in military accents replied "A friend." The colonel went out, and brought in Corporal Rigby, panting for want of breath.

"You've been running, Rigby," said the astonished Squire.

"Duty required it, sir," replied the constable, saluting; "I have come at the double, with traileed arms, all the way from Squire Halbert's. This is his rifle I am carrying. The enemy is on the move, sir, in waggon transport." "You are jest in time, kenstable," remarked Mr. Bangs. "Miss Kermichael and the ether ledies hev jest captured an impertent prisoner. Hev you yore hend-kells?"

"I have, sir, and everything else the law requires."

Mr. Terry handed a glass to the breathless constable, who bowed his respects to the company generally, smacked his lips as a public token of satisfaction, and proceeded to handcuff and search his prisoner. Several blasting cartridges with long fuses, and other incendiary material, were the results of the last operation.

"If I had my way with him, sergeant-major," the constable remarked, while taking his man under the veteran's command, to the stable, "I would borrow an old chair from the back kitchen, not the front, sergeant-major, tie him to it, and set off all these catridges under him. He would not go to heaven, sergeant-major, but they would help him a bit in that direction. The man that would catridge a house with ladies in it should be made a targate out of, sergeant-major."

"Poor, deluded crathur!" replied Mr. Terry, "it's but a shlip av a bhoy, it is, wid a burnt-up father, that's been shet on to mischief by thim as knows better. Kape him tought, Corporal Rigby, but be tindher wid the benoighted gossoon." Mr. Bangs ordered all lights out, save one in the thoroughly darkened office, and another in the closet back in the hall, which had no window. He called in the three sentries, ordered the constable to maintain silence in the stable, and slipped out to reconnoitre. The colonel, the Squire and Maguffin prepared their pistols for the first volley on the housebreakers. The clergymen, with Timotheus and Rufus, got their guns in order for the second. It was almost on the stroke of midnight when the detective slipped in and closed the door after him. "They are here," he whispered; "wait for me to ect! Now, not another word." Silent, as if themselves conspirators, the eight men crouched in the darkened hall, listening to steps on the soft grass of the lawn. There

was the low growl of a dog, a short bark, and then a muttered oath, a thud, and a groan that was not human. Poor Basil Perrowne ground his teeth, for he had heard the last gasp of the faithful Muggins. A hand was on the outside knob of the door. Mr. Bangs turned the key and drew back the catch of the lock, when two men thrust themselves in. "Ware's the lights, you blarsted fool?" one of the ruffians asked. The detective drew back, and the others with him, till all five had entered. Then Mr. Perrowne threw open the office door, and Timotheus that of the linen closet. In the sudden light cast on the scene the pistol men fired and the burglars tumbled back, two hanging on to three. "Don't shoot," cried Mr. Bangs to the gunners, "but kem on, fellow them up." After the fugitives they went, not too quickly, although the bereaved parson was longing for a shot at the murderer of Muggins. The burglars were on the road, and the waggon, driven by a woman, was coming to meet them. "Now then," said the detective, as a couple of revolver shots whizzed past him, "give the scoundrels thet velley, before there's any denger of hitting the woman." The four guns were emptied with terrible effect, for the woman had to descend in order to get her load of villainy on. The detective gave but one minute for that purpose, and then ordered a pursuit; but the waggon had turned, and, spite of screams and oaths that made hideous the night air, the woman drove furiously, all unconscious, apparently, that her course betrayed itself by a trail of human blood. "Nen ere killed outright," remarked Mr. Bangs, "bet I downt believe a single mether's sen of them escaped without a good big merk of recognition."

"Do you think we have seen the last of them, Bangs?" asked the Squire.

"Certainly! This was a lest desperate effort of a broken-up geng."

"I wonder who that woman can have been," said Mr. Errol. "I know most of the people about here by sight."

"She's a very clever yeng woman," Mr. Bangs answered, evasively.

"It'll no be Newcome's daughter?" half asked the Squire.

The detective drew Mr. Carruthers aside, and said: "It wes to hev been Serlizer, bet she wouldn't gow, even if Ben hed allowed her; bet a nice gel from wey beck, a cousin of Ben's, whom he had never seen before, end who hed just called on Mrs. Towner in the afternoon, offered to take her place. Her nome is Rebecca Towner, a very nice yong person."

"Losh me, Bangs, you're an awfu' man! What devilment is this ye've been at?"

"I didn't went you to shoot Rebecca Towner, because, next to pore Nesh, she is our best female personater, end her name, when she takes off these clowthes, is Cherley Verley."

"So, you brocht thae villains here by deputy?"

"Yes; they hed to kem, you know, bet I didn't know anything about thet boy end their plans, except in a general way. Rebecca woun't leave the pore fellows till they're pretty sick."

(To be continued.)

#### "AUSTRALIAN LETTER."

IT is probably owing to the more democratic constitution of South Australia and New Zealand, where "one man, one vote" is the law, that in these colonies successful efforts have been made for the right taxation of property. New Zealand is on the eve of passing a bill for the taxation of unimproved land values similar to what has been in force here for nearly seven years. We also have a tax on incomes over £200, and New Zealand is substituting for her property tax, which has not been quite satisfactory, a land and income tax. These two colonies had their crisis six or seven years ago, and are now in the soundest condition of all the group of colonies. Bad times were met by retrenchment, taxation of property, and endeavours to settle the people on the land. The Working Men's Blocks in South Australia and the village settlements in New Zealand were steps in this direction, which other colonies in their straits are seeking to imitate. But the opposition to radical legislation in the form of property and income tax is so strong that the Victorian Ministry prefers a higher protective tariff against the world—a McKinley tariff in fact—to it. I think it more likely that such excessive duties will sink Victoria deeper into the mire than that it will nurse the protected industries into profitable life. America may blunder as to her relations with the outside world without financially ruining herself. She has free trade from Atlantic to Pacific, among sixty-two millions of well-to-do people, but for little over a million people in Victoria to fence themselves off from their nearest neighbours is madness. Retaliatory tariffs shut out the products of Melbourne factories from the unisterly sister colonies. To reconcile the farmers and pastoralists to an increase of duties on clothing, furniture, machinery and a host of things he has to buy, the Government gives a bonus on butter exported of 3d. a pound, imported butter paying a tax of 2d., and largely increase the tax on imported cattle, sheep and horses from outside. New South Wales, and Queensland even more so, is the natural breeding place of stock, and the Victorian pays more for his butter and his meat for the benefit, less of the small

farmer than of the big one. In this war of tariffs, which even New South Wales has at last joined, there is little chance for federation. It is, however, being considered in our Upper House, and I only hope that we may learn by the experience of the United States and of your Dominion, and lay our foundations safely and justly for an Australian commonwealth. The franchise differs as well as the tariff in the different colonies. In Queensland the demand for "one man one vote" will be imperfectly answered if the bill now before the Legislature becomes law, for there are so many difficulties put in the way of registration that it is called by the labour party a bill to prevent the workingman from having a vote. Personal knowledge by a Justice of Peace is not usual among the large cases of nomad shearers and station hands who seek the franchise as the best security for their rights as citizens. Another bill is before the Queensland Parliament, which I think is dangerous and retrograde. Money being dear and hard to borrow, and railways being needed both for development and to satisfy the unemployed, it is proposed to have land-grant lines-land to double the value of the cost of construction being given, and powers to resume possession of the line by Government to be reserved, whether after fifty years or sooner. The railway shareholders would almost all be absentees, and the experience of America proves that the holding of such monopolies as railways and vast tracts of land by great corporations is a perpetual menace to liberty.

National railways may not always pay interest on their construction as well as working expenses in money, but in the case of Victoria, the furthest behind at the present time, the advantage of opening up a territory of the best land with the best climate on the island continent would recoup this. But the ease with which money could be borrowed, and the manner in which it was poured out like water for city industries and city investments has attracted nearly half of the population to the metropolis. The very railways built for development of the producing-country classes, had the effect of centralizing population and business, for every one who had money sent to town for what he wanted, and local trade was done almost entirely on credit.

We are in the midst of a very serious mining strike, not characterized by the violence and bloodshed which we hear of among Carnegie's workmen or in the mining regions of the territory of Idaho. The few instances of lawlessness at Broken Hill were made the most of by the newspapers which take side against the miners. There are five thousand miners on the great Proprietary silver mine, who conceive that the directors have broken faith with them. On the settlement of the last trade dispute two years ago, it was agreed that that the work should be on days' wages, and that if any change was proposed the matter should go to arbitration. The directors, as soon as copious rain had saved the Barrier country from the water-famine, made the mine as safe as they knew how, and then gave a month's notice that they would do the underground work—the stopping—by contract. The miners did not wait the month; they demanded a conference, and when that was refused, they at once struck, and set pickets round the mine to keep blacklegs away. This has lasted five weeks and there is no sign of either party giving way. There are 10,000 shareholders more or less dependent on the dividends, and the railway which takes goods up and brings ore and silver down through South Australia, loses £1,000 every day in traffic returns.

The miners say the mine is not safe, and the directors will be forced to yield; the directors assure the shareholders that it is safe, and that the best of the miners prefer contract work, so that they will not hold out. One side says, "Remove the pickets and we will confer." The other side says, "Agree to confer and we will remove the pickets." There is a feeling among the labour party that the directors and large original shareholders who unloaded on the general public at high rates, seek in the present panic to buy back at a quarter of the money. Twenty months ago the share value of the Barrier silver mines which were being worked was over twenty millions sterling, now they have fallen to four millions and a-half. I think the Proprietary cannot afford to lose £20,000 a week in product, for a chance in saving £500 a week in wages. The dividends used to be at the rate of 2s monthly on 960,000 shares, half of these held in South Australia and our ports being the natural outlet for all traffic.

It is in New Zealand and in South Australia, too, that there has been any effort in the direction of making democratic government real by means of equal or proportionate representation, or what I call "effective voting." Mr. Hislop's Bill was lost in New Zealand because he began at the wrong end. Legislative bodies are not likely to uproot the system under which they have been elected, and the methods with which they are familiar. It is the public which must be aroused to the justice and the simplicity of the single transferable vote applied to large constituencies, and through the people we shall command the Parliament. I believe I mentioned in my last letter to THE WEEK that I was lecturing on this subject, and following up each lecture by making the audience vote for six men out of twelve in the order of his preference. The vote is only used for one, and in two cases out of three the first vote is utilised, but to make the vote of each man effective, if the favourite candidate does not get enough to make a quota of the votes polled, the second man is credited with it, and if the vote is given for a man who has enough without it,

the second is taken unless he does not need it—or cannot use it. The public counting and allocating show that the thing is as simple as it is just. This is the crisis in which success is probable, for our two parties, labour and capital, are organizing for battle, and to pit themselves against each other as enemies in every constituency in Australia would only hinder the reconciliation of their interests, which are really common and not antagonistic. There has also been a change of ministry here, in which personal recrimination and undignified squabbling made the public feel that the present electoral system did not secure the best men.

I have hitherto only addressed city and suburban audiences, but I have received so many intelligent letters of enquiry from people living in the country that I begin this day a series of lectures in country townships. There is a new general election next March, and I hope to make this great measure of electoral reform the most prominent one for every candidate in every constituency. Woman's Suffrage is also coming to the front. Hare, Stuart Mill and Henry Fawcett made the two things go together. Friends of the cause are watching eagerly for the result in South Australia from England and America, and wherever party is dominant and corrupt this radical change should be advocated as the pivotal one which would moralize politics and cut the ground from below the feet of the wire-puller and the briber. Corruption is a party weapon, and depends for its success on the fringe of votes that may be purchased or cajoled to change a minority into a majority. When it is laid down as an axiom and embodied in electoral machinery that a sixth of the constituency must return one of six members, two-sixths, two, and so on, better men will fill our Legislatures, and the elector will be educated up to the height of his responsibilities.

C. H. S.

Adelaide, South Australia, August 4, 1892.

Mem.—In THE WEEK of May 27 containing my letter, the Rambler asks who wrote "The Modern Minister," of which he read only the beginning. If he had read to the end he would have cared less to know. It was a man (I do not know his name) who died lately, whose name is only heard of in connection with that book, and "Saul Weir," a still more improbable story, and of another, the scene laid in Galilee, and Jesus Christ one of the *dramatis personæ*. They were called the Cheney novels, and I have heard them attributed to Lord Rosebery. "Miss Brown" was an early work of Vernon Lee's (Violet Fane). She has bloomed out into a great art critic, and her "Eupheria" is one of the most suggestive books I know. "Miss Brown" was powerful and painful. I think, but am not sure, the "Boudoir Cabal" was by Greville Murray, whose Parisian sketches were so clever, and "The Member for Paris" a splendid novel, but whose "Young Brown," published in the Cornhill over twenty years ago, was a repulsive and not a clever book.

C. H. S.

#### A BACCHANALIAN.

LAUGHING, giddy, merry boy,  
Infant god of mirth and joy,  
Come unto our feast to-night,  
Make the festive bowl gleam bright,  
With thy beams of wit and song  
Speed the midnight hours along.

Let the jovial laugh resound,  
Let the purple wine flow round,  
And let Mirth and Love employ  
All their arts to crown our joy,  
But let not a sober face  
At our festive board find place.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

#### A LIFE WELL SPENT.

"THE Record of a Happy Life" is the title of a recently published book; and "The Record of a Successful Life" might well be the heading of a biography of George William Curtis. He began life as an ardent reformer, who took part in one of the most high-souled of the many idealistic attempts to better human society this world has seen, and when that attempt failed he was not scared back into sluggish acceptance of Things as They Are. He through all his life had some measure of practical reform engrossing his attention, and he lived to win nearly all his battles. Boldly and fearlessly he fought on the anti-slavery side, and now slavery is no more. With almost equal boldness he stood for Civil Service reform, and he rescued that cause from the obloquy heaped upon it by "practical politicians." To pass to his literary career, he entered a stage upon which numberless efforts at magazines had failed disastrously, and he, after his connection with the brilliant though short-lived "Putnam's," assisted in the work of making *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* the successful journals they are. He has left this life a man of sixty-eight, who has laboured long and strenuously for his fellowmen, and whose efforts have been crowned with a success that this life rarely bestows upon the reformer.

What was he? Was he an author, was he a journalist, was he an orator, was he a politician? A young man of twenty-seven and twenty-eight, he published the dreamy, delicate travel pictures, "The Nile Notes of a Howadji,"

"The Howadji in Syria," and "Lotus Eating." Later on the "Potiphar Papers" showed his skill in social satire, and "Prue and I" was an excursion into the domain of the literature of sentiment. "Trumps" was a novel, not unsuccessful. But when we compare these achievements with the work of the man who for many years has at once composed the telling editorials of *Harper's Weekly*, and from the "easy chair" issued his light yet skilful contemporary criticism, we must conclude that the journalist was greater than the author. But what of the orator, who sometimes as a lecturer spoke one hundred nights in a season, and who took by storm the Republican convention at Chicago in 1860, carrying a resolution, the adoption of which pledged the party to the course which culminated in the Emancipation Proclamation? We now can hardly appreciate the influence wielded thirty or forty years ago in the United States by the peripatetic lecturer, but the battle of Emancipation was largely fought by the band of orators who by word of mouth in city after city protested against the foul blot of human slavery; and among those effective speakers was George William Curtis. Once again, the politician, who was so important a source of strength to the Republican party in the sixties, who engaged in the duel against civic service corruption, who refused political honours and emoluments, and who rose superior to party considerations, was no unimportant figure in his time. From all these standpoints must our estimate of the man be formed.

The biographical details of his life are soon given. Born in 1824, he in 1842 was of just the proper age to escape from a counting-house and rush to Brook Farm, there to join Hawthorne and the other enthusiasts in the endeavour to reconstruct society on simpler and truer lines. Two years of Brook Farm, two years more of study and farming, and in 1846 the young American departed upon a European tour. It was a leisurely tour, for it was 1850 before he returned, and he had journeyed slowly through Italy, Switzerland, Egypt, Syria and England. He returned to plunge into journalism, with characteristic success finding himself at once editorial writer upon the *Tribune*. His books of travel came out at this time, and he was associated with *Putnam's Monthly* and *Harper's*. It was the crash of 1857, which ruined the former periodical, which aroused him to his greatest exertions. Journalism became more than ever his vocation, and yet he plunged into a course of lecturing. He was in honour, though not in law, bound to discharge the indebtedness of the publishers of the defunct magazine, and for years nearly all his earnings went to satisfy the creditors. Politics much interested him; he shared in the Republican struggles prior to the Civil War, and in 1865 eagerly seconded the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, in his assault upon Civil Service corruption. For years he waged that war; Reform Leagues were formed, speeches were made, the pages of *Harper's* were used, and when the last annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League was held, 36,000 national offices had been placed upon a satisfactory footing. Such is the record of his life work.

Has he done good work in his day? Certainly he has. Perfect honour, thorough fearlessness and determination, great public spirit and disinterestedness have been marked characteristics of his career. It is not likely that he will live as an author, graceful as were his early books. The triumphs of the orator are evanescent under the best of circumstances, and Mr. Curtis' efforts were nearly all cast in the somewhat prosaic mould of the lecture. Journalism is a thing of to-day, and his work in that will soon be practically unread, though of great value alike in the history of journalism, and as throwing a strong light on most of the important movements of the day. And finally, his work as a politician who repeatedly refused high political prizes, and who preferred the less prominent working places, can hardly leave the permanent impress of his personality upon the people, great as has been the good he has conferred upon them. His will not be a showy figure in history; but it will be a solid figure, and the future historian will recognize him as one of the most honourable and useful statesmen with whom the United States has been blessed.

It has been, to reiterate the opening remark of this article, a successful life. The concreteness and definiteness of his aims contributed to his success; he saw clearly what he wanted, he worked unceasingly, he attained his purpose. His country owes to him an immense weight of gratitude, for several specific reforms of great moment, and for an unceasing vigilance extended over many years and ever exercised on the side of right and truth. Perhaps the very definiteness of his aims and accomplishments may deprive him of some of the attention from future ages that he deserves. But he will live as a man who did his duty, who did what his right hand found to do, and who reaped the too rarely granted reward of seeing his aims realized around him ere he passed away.

CHARLES FREDERICK HAMILTON.

A DESPATCH from Singapore says that the Sultan of Johore, one of the most prosperous states in the East, situated in the western part of the Malay peninsula, is causing to be prepared for the World's Columbian Exposition a model Malay village, in which the trades and industries peculiar to the Malays will be carried on by natives. It is highly probable, the despatch adds, that the Sultan himself will visit Chicago during the Exposition.

ST. PAUL'S BURYING-GROUND, HALIFAX.

How they so softly rest,  
All, all the holy dead,  
Unto whose dwelling-place,  
Now doth my soul draw near.

RIGHT in the heart of this old town by the sea, and lying alongside a street where the ebb and flow of life is brightest and busiest, is an old burying-ground. The last resting place of many a true and loyal citizen and gallant soldier. The low mounds have grown lower with the flight of years, now in many cases undistinguishable from the surrounding turf. Many of the older stones have fallen forward, and are so overgrown with moss that the inscriptions are barely decipherable, and these are all that remain after busy, active lives; a mere showing that they rest here. These are all that remain, unless the occupant of the narrow house has written his name upon the pages of his country's history. Then it matters not where his grave may be. On the shores of the Black Sea, in the burning sands of Africa or India, or in the quiet churchyard of his native town. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." A stone wall surmounted by an iron railing surrounds the burying-ground, while within the enclosure giant willows and tall elms spread their broad branches protectively over it.

On this bright spring afternoon the sun is shining warmly through the lace-like canopy of leaves. The sky gleams clear and blue, except for a few fluffy white clouds melting into grey at the edges. Sparrows and robins chirp and twitter cheerily. Nature has spread her flower-bespangled carpet under our feet, and the season in all its buoyancy and gladness is breathing a benediction over the quiet resting-place of "those whose feet have completed the journey."

Just within the gates is a massive brown stone monument, lettered in gold and surmounted by a lion. This is the testimonial of the Province to her heroes who fell in the Crimean war. It occupies a prominent position, and the names of the great battles, Sebastopol, Alma, Redan, catch the eye of the passer on the street. Only the names of the heroes, Parker, 77th regiment, Welsford, 97th regiment, have been engraved on the monument, but the memory of their brave deeds lives in the hearts of their countrymen.

Captain Parker was born at Lawrencetown, near Halifax. He was educated in his native Province, obtained his commission in 1839, and was gazetted an ensign to the same regiment in which his father had been a captain. He afterwards exchanged to the 78th Highlanders, and served twelve years in India. In 1855 he was promoted as captain in the 77th regiment, and followed the fortunes of war then raging in the Crimea, where he distinguished himself by many brave acts. He fell in the onslaught at the Redan. The following extract in reference to that terrible day is from the letter of a private soldier which appeared in the *United Service Gazette*.

"After the rush became general one officer of the 77th and I stood alone, on the ground which we held so long and paid for so dearly. He turned round and asked me my name. I told him. He said he would recommend me to my colonel. Poor fellow, he had scarcely spoken when a shower of rifle bullets flew past us, and he fell into the ditch."

Capt. Parker's mother was a Miss Green, of Halifax. The Greens were an old colonial family. Capt. Parker's great-grandfather accompanied Pepperell in his expedition against Louisbourg, and afterward settled in the Province. His monument is also in Old St. Paul's burying ground. His epitaph reads as follows: "Here lieth the body of the Honble. Benjamin Green, Esq., who departed this life 13th October, 1772, in 60th year of his age. He was of a public spirit, and a great encourager of the good of this town and province from the settlement of which to his death he was employed in the principal offices of government with honour to himself and the approbation of all." And certainly it may also be said of his great-grandson that he, too, closed his career "with honour to himself and the approbation of all."

Major Welsford, the other Crimean hero, to whose memory the monument is erected, was born in Halifax, and educated at King's College, Windsor. He entered the 97th Regiment as ensign, and by degrees became major in 1850. He was an intimate friend of the sainted Hedley Vickers, and, like Vickers, thoroughly beloved and respected by all classes. He also fell before the murderous fire of the Redan. Cheering on his men, he was among the first that stood upon the rampart, which was to him and many other brave men the gateway of eternity.

This little Province of Nova Scotia has been the birth-place of many men distinguished in science and literature, and among those who have upheld their country's standard in times of danger there are no more honoured names than Parker, Welsford, Sir William Fenwick Williams, Sir John Inglis, Sir Provo Wallis, and, in these days of peace, Capt. William Grant Stairs, whose death in darkest Africa has saddened so many hearts.

Another monument bearing a double inscription recalls the stirring events of the early years of this century. It reads: "Sacred to the memory of Mr. John Samwell, midshipman of H.M.S. *Shannon*, who died at the naval hospital on the 13th June, 1813, aged eighteen years. Also Mr. William Stevens, boatswain of the same ship, who died there on the 9th June, 1813, aged thirty-six years." These brave officers closed their career in consequence of desperate wounds received in the gallant action between

their own ship and the American frigate *Chesapeake* on the 1st June, 1813, which ended in the capture of the enemy's ship in fourteen minutes."

The death last winter of the veteran admiral of the fleet, Sir Provo Wallis, has recalled the story of this great naval duel.

The English Captain Broke was severely wounded, the first lieutenant killed, and the command fell to the young Nova Scotian, Provo Wallis, a man of twenty-two.

We can hardly realize how intense the excitement must have been that bright Sunday in June, seventy-nine years ago, when the two ships came up the harbour. How, at the sound of gun firing, the people rushed from the churches and thronged the streets, or how great their pride and exultation in the victory.

On the 8th of June the American Captain Lawrence, who was mortally wounded in the engagement, was laid to rest in this old burying-ground. All the naval and military honours that England accords to her heroes' funerals were given to this gallant foe, whose last words, so characteristic of the man, were "Don't give up the ship." His body has since been removed to Old Trinity churchyard, New York. The massive tomb is near the front entrance, and the little plot is surrounded by eight cannon—trophies—captured from the British in the war of 1812.

In wandering through the burying-ground one cannot but be struck with the number of stones having as part of their inscription "born at Boston," or "New York," merchant of Boston or New York. These inscriptions tell their own story, of the comfortable homes left behind, of the good-fellowship broken. All the clinging associations of a lifetime swept away, and the struggle for existence begun in a new land and inhospitable soil. Their loyalty was indeed no mere sentiment, and the words so often written on their tombstones, "A loyal subject" and "an honest man," are full of significance.

Two family names that have a strong Provincial interest are represented in these epitaphs. Haliburton's is very indistinct. "The Honourable John Haliburton, who for many years worshipped the king loyally, and one of the mayor's court for the Province of Nova Scotia, who departed this life the 11th day of —, 1808. Steady and true in his heart, and humble confidence in his end can perpetuate his memory, he will not be forgotten. Also his wife Susan," and "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Wilkins, who departed this life on 9th June, 1829, aged twenty-three years.

Beneath this stone a wife, a mother dear,  
Prepare for death, for you might soon be here."

That of William Troop has a breezy flavour of the sea:—

Through Boreas' blasts and tempests high  
I have tossed it to and fro,  
Till by the Almighty God's commands  
I'm anchored here below.  
Where many of the fleet are moored and unmolested sleep,  
Ready and waiting for to make sail, their Saviour for to meet.

Here also are the graves of Malachi Salter and his wife Susannah—his "dear Sukey," and that of Richard Bulkely, who occupied many positions of honour and trust, men whose names are bound up in the troubled history of the Province during the later years of the last century.

Before me is the copy of a letter written by Malachi Salter to his wife, who was visiting friends in Boston, among the names mentioned being that of Mr. John Hancock. It is dated: Halifax, September 5th, 1759, and is a long and delightfully spicy letter. He gossips about the affairs of the household, his neighbours and the Governor, "whom," he has found more than usually complainant of late, and "who comes everyday to see how I go on." "He has this day given me a very good lot of land in the north suburb." He also encloses a journal of the company and dinners "as he knows her to be a very woman for curiosity" and finishes a long list of articles he wishes her to purchase, with, "half a barrel of neats tongues and a negro boy." The strangeness of a name such as the following arrests attention: "Here lieth the body of Ualintin Shortint, who departed this life 14th June, 1776, in the 48th year of his age."

Here and there are monuments of naval and military men, mostly young men cut off in the very beginning of their careers—this one from a fall from the mast of his ship, another by the accidental discharge of a pistol, many in the engagements of the war of 1812. In the back part of the ground is a monument in loving memory of a young officer erected by H.R.H. Edward Duke of Kent.

The phraseology of some of the inscriptions is very quaint, as the following: "Sacred to the memory of Donald McVean, a native of Argyleshire, Scotland, who after having walked in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Gost, he finished his course Dec. 25th, 1810, aged 64 years."

"Here lieth the body of William Pyke, son of Jno. Geo. and Elizabeth Pyke, who departed this life ye 18 day of November, 1776, aged 6 months."

"Happy the babe who privileged by fate  
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,  
Received but yesterday the gift of breath  
Ordered to-morrow to return to death."

"Sacred to the memory of Elenor Sparling, aged 42 years, an honest and virtuous woman. Who departed this life 29 of May, 1815, in hope of resurrection at the coming of her Lord's God."

These are unique: "Here lies the body of the beautiful St. Augustine Perro, aged 11 months & xii days. Died a victim of jealousy or ignorance. Aug. the xii., 1829."

"Janet Glen died 17 Dec., 1826, aged 77. W. Glen died of synanche-tracealis, 9th May, 1827, aged 7½. Ar

Glen died of synanche-maligne, 14th May, 1827, aged 4½. Stranger whether has disease or medical omission clad meast in their last clath."

The evening shadows are falling with the dew  
The bells of St. Pauls and St. Matthews are ringing.

Lights twinkle out at Government House just across the street from the burying ground. A reception is in progress and as the gay uniforms, bright dresses and fluttering fans pass within the portal, our eyes fall on the graves of the beautiful women and gallant bepowdered men of a hundred years ago without whose presence no assembly then at Government House would have been complete. No sound of the sweet music wafted now and again on the scarcely stirred air; no sound of the "dancers" dancing in time disturbs their rest. Statesman, soldier, civilian with their wives and sweethearts, and daughters, rich and poor, young and old, high and lowly, are alike oblivious. "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

CHRISTINA ROSS FRAME.

PARIS LETTER.

AFTER the cholera question ranks in point of importance the conversion of Zola. The Church has netted greater converts than the king of contemporary literature—by the sale of his books, that best of all tests; author of the naturalist school, he is the head of a literature which is not naturalist. Zola denies the soft impeachment that he has embraced religion as if only a Salvation Army convert. He went to Lourdes neither to scoff nor to pray, but to find material for a sensational story that would sell well. The Pilgrims supplied him with the necessary human documents; these and the evolution of the Pope to Socialism, aided by his own *ficelles*, will do the rest. The satirical journals are busy at the expense of Zola interviewing Lourdes; it was a windfall for them as their skirts hitherto were on a par with the theatres where only musty old plays are represented, or novelties that offer the novelty of attracting nobody. In August, 1891, another big gun put in an appearance at Lourdes; the Russian ambassador Baron Mohrenheim stopped three days there; he, his wife and daughter partook of the sacrament, and in the evening followed the processions, lighted taper in hand. He owed a candle to the Virgin for his success in converting the Czar to listen, hat off, to the playing of the *Marseillaise*—a circumstance that Republican materialists overlook.

It seems that when French collieries cease to fix attention from accidents, the men rejuvenate attraction by organizing a strike. The dispute at the Carmeaux colliery, near St. Etienne, is largely due to want of tact on the part of the resident manager not closing his blind eye to a little peacock featherism on the part of an employé, who was elected mayor and a general councillor against his opponent, the medical attendant of the mines. The employé pleaded inability to come regularly to work on account of his "public functions," but he asked no pay for his absence. The overseer, instead of tittering in his sleeve at the absenteeism, and falling in with the joke by according all the facilities desired—one hand less among three thousand would not compromise the colliery by absence, took the matter tragically and politically, got on the high horse and claimed the right of the company to do what it liked with its irregular workers; and then followed a series of petty persecutions, of which the French are past masters in the art. The colliers, indignant, took part for their "nagged" fellow workman. Carmeaux, though in the south of France, is one of the best administered mines in the country. These collisions between employers and employed—for never was there a fight yet but sticks are used on both sides—certainly deter the moneyed classes from investing in industrial enterprises; they put it into the funds, and which explains why stocks are up to par, while the "three" per cent. is losing its simplicity by tumbling zero-wards.

Civil Service reform in France is henceforth to be made a "running concern" while likely to remain as stationary as in the United States. The most progressive institution in France in augmenting salaries and officers is the civil administration. Panting time toils after it in vain—to effect amelioration. There are two classes in France, the *budgetivoires* who live by the budget, and those who aliment it. The population of France, 38 000,000, nearly that of England, includes 4,000,000 dependent on the budget, and these "devourers of taxes" exercise an influence out of all proportion with their numbers. Within the last twenty years four commissions were named by Parliament to reform the Civil Service; they all reported that the number of employes was "exuberant," the hours of work too small, and the quantity of work performed by each clerk insignificant. It was proposed to reduce at one swoop the moiety of the civil servants, and while the reformers were deliberating the budget increased from 14,000,000 to 17,000,000 frs. annually, the clerks were augmented by one-third; no sinecures were abolished, and the pension list rose from 43,000,000 to 64,000,000 frs. yearly. A new Minister—and they are as plentiful as blackberries—can recast his Ministry from cellar to garret in point of salaries as of hands, and he must provide for influential electors. The ancient kings recompensed their supporters by pensions, the republic rewards by places.

There is cholera and cholera it seems, but the confusion does not "go down" with the public, which is dosed with statistics to prove that the deaths from Asiatic

are greater than from nostras cholera. The latter form of the plague is admitted to be in France, especially in Havre, and next in Paris. The public disbelieves both doctors and statistics, and relies on cleanliness, precautionary dietary, and tranquillity of mind. It is against the invasion of Asiatic cholera from Russia that France is applying all the hygienic severities. *Et tu Brute!* The scouring-brush, a well-worked water hose, a vigorous use of brooms, shovels, and dust carts, with spraying instruments for disinfectants—these are the real anti-cholera mixtures. Physiologists are more than ever in quest of new bacilli; people take no interest in the discovery of disease germs; they want parasiticides. I confess to having received a shock on reading the results of analyses of mineral waters, made by the able chemists, Messrs. Colin and Renant, attached to the Ministry of War. Vichy water, as every one knows, comes up bubbling hot from the volcanic interior of the globe; there are several geysers, more or less rich in different salts, the "Grand Grille" mark is in favour with ladies, that of "l'Hopital" with gentlemen; the former has been found to contain 572,000 microbes per cubic centimetre, or one-fifth part of an inch, and the latter 694,000—about the number of little wrigglers found in the worst city sewage—at Clichy, and all this population after forty-eight hours' battling.

In the unhappy Morés-Mayer duel affair, the anti-Semites have won; so Drumont's "War of the Jews" may expect to be waged with fresh vigour. The Marquis de Morés killed some weeks ago artillery Captain Mayer in a duel. He and all the seconds have been tried for homicide. No one questioned the loyalty of the fight, but the Government enlarged the question so as to try to net the Marquis in a conspiracy to kill Mayer, not on account of a question of honour, but because he was an Israelite. Opinion did not accept that way of conducting the prosecution, and hence the natural verdict. The Marquis de Morés is a militant Socialist and son of the wealthy Duke of Vallombrosa, a Frenchified Italian. He proved to be far cleverer than the judge, and his attitude was irrefragable. He placed his honour in the hands of his seconds—he is an officer in the reserve army, and they decided he was to fight. He opposed his life to his adversary's, but fate ruled Mayer was to be spitted. Morés stated his aversion to the Jews resulted from seeing 180,000 persons die annually from hunger in France, while every year the wealth of France accumulated in the hands of the Jews. "Ernest Foa," a banker whose dishonourable conduct, eavesdropping, sneaking, etc., was the cause of the duel, was severely handled by the judge and the counsel. On quitting the court he was hooted, and, warmest of all, by the journalists. It was a remarkable illustration of Professor Lombroso's law of crowds catching the contagion of virtuous indignation. There is a bad Gentile in the affair, too, that it is to be hoped the Minister of War will unearth—an officer of high rank, who supplied secret information respecting his comrades of the Jewish persuasion, and employed the name of a man of straw to screen his disreputable revelations in the press.

The Republic will honour the centenary of the proclamation of its official birth on the 22nd September by an historico-symbolical cavalcade—a new form of rejoicing for the French, but a necessity, as they have exhausted all others, after the manner of the Flemish and the Germans. The Archbishop of Paris will observe the centenary of September 2, 1792, when the massacres in the prisons took place. On the 30th August, 1792, no less than 3,000 domiciliary visits and arrests took place. Lafayette's statue ought to be craped every 19th August, that being the anniversary of the decree of 1792, declaring him to be a traitor to his country. To-day the "Committee of Public Safety" does not chop off heads; it declares war to dirt, disease and cholera. Z.

### SOME SPECIMENS OF JAPANESE ENGLISH.

THE most fashionable foreign language in Japan at present is English. Probably much of its popularity is owing to the fact that it is the court language, the language of diplomacy.

So every ambitious Japanese must try to learn either it or German, which comes next in favour. Some of the most aspiring of the students have combined and issued a magazine published at Tokyo. The articles consist principally of translations from German and English into Japanese but occasionally a contributor sends in an original composition, either in prose or poetry, in one of these languages and it must be acknowledged that the result is not always happy. Mr. Chamberlain, the well-known writer, a short time ago republished a poem of four stanzas in which the sentiments, though slightly ambiguous, are doubtless very beautiful, and certainly are intended to be very laudatory of woman. It is entitled,

HER GLEE.

The purest flame, the hottest heat  
Is Woman's power over earth;  
Which mighty Black and pale down beat,  
And made the Eden, place of birth.

Of what? of what? can thou tell me?  
A birth of Noble, high value—  
The station he destined for thee—  
Of woman, Mother, Social Glue.

Let her be moved from earth to try,  
What dark mist overwhelms human Race:

Let Lady claim with all the cry—  
"Can you still hold and hold your peace?"

How sweet, How mirthful, gay is Name!  
What boon, thing, may exceed in kind?  
Would She be praised, entolled—not Shame:  
Tie pale, of Both, to bound to bind.

"Social Glue" is perhaps poetic license, and the idea intended to be conveyed is probably that it is woman who binds the world together into families. As to the meaning of the last line I plead entire ignorance; it may simply be "fine frenzy." The only person who could possibly unravel the mystery might be the youthful poet himself—if he knew.

In looking over the selections that have been published from time to time, it is curious to note what varied styles of writing have been considered worthy the labour of translation. Some of the renderings are remarkably good and show a new departure in Japanese poetry, that is the verses are rhymed. The list includes: "The Soldier's Home," "Bloomfield," "George Washington and his Little Hatchet," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Three Fishers," "Ye Mariners of England," "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," "Psalm of Life," "Wolsey's Farewell," "Frühlingslied," and the "Children's Hour."

Two scenes from "Hamlet" and one from "Henry IV." are among the most important selections. "George Washington and his Little Hatchet" has not only found a translator but also an illustrator. A year or so ago I bought in Tokyo a coloured print of the subject for about five cents. In it the father of his country, apparently about fourteen years old, is dressed in a light blue cut-away coat trimmed with gold braid and small gold buttons. His nether limbs are clad in a pair of white cotton stockings, and his footgear consists of a pair of ankle boots with gold buttons. His father wears a bright yellow coat, and looks more like some stage figure than anything else. They are both standing, George with the hatchet in his hand, contemplating the memorable cherry-tree, which is cut off perfectly even. Not a chip or shaving lies near it; there is absolutely no trace of anything of the sort. The artist either forgot these trifling details or it may be that he wanted to impress upon the mind of young Japan that while George was mischievous he was not lacking in that most respectable virtue, neatness. Now and then, among the native signs, an attempt at an English equivalent may be seen. One on a building near the Ginza, in Tokyo, puzzled me for a long time; it read "The Before Station." I asked a number of residents what it meant, but no one could give me any solution to the riddle, and it was only when I had a little business to transact that I learned that it was a laudable attempt to convey to the foreigner that this was the "Forwarding Station." Some Japanese employee simply looked up the word in the dictionary, and finding forward—before, made a wrong selection. Occasionally an enterprising tradesman, determined to keep up with the times, put up a notice in the fashionable language, and in consequence such signs as the following are to be met: "The Honourable Milk to sail her." "The honourable Meat," etc. In Japanese everything belonging to or used by the person addressed is honourable, while everything pertaining to the speaker is mean and miserable, therefore as these commodities are not for the shopkeeper's own use but for his "honourable" customers they too are "honourable." A very curious word that the Japanese have coined for themselves is the term for sailor which is universally and gravely employed at all the treaty ports. It is *damgyurais*, which is simply nothing more nor less than a corruption of Damn your eyes. Hearing this phrase frequently applied to each other by the sailors themselves the Japanese naturally supposed it was the name for a sailor. This is not an exaggeration but an absolute fact. Mr. Griffin mentions that the boys in the street, noticing foreigners say to their dogs "come here," concluded that this was the equivalent for dogs, and that often, when he went out with his own dog, young men, anxious to exhibit their acquaintance with the fashionable tongue, would call out "See how fast the foreigner's 'come here' runs." "Come here" in English and the rest of the remark in Japanese, thereby revealing as they supposed their intimate knowledge of the language.

The correct use of L and R is the great stumbling-block over which the native tongue trips continually. The missionaries, when christening converts or their children, do not always bear this in mind. For instance, a very nice Japanese girl of my acquaintance invariably speaks of herself as "Crawdia," and fondly imagines she makes you aware she bears the noble Roman name of Claudia.

Here are a few specimens of Japanese English given me by a teacher, a Scotch gentleman. They are extracts from some composition sent him for revision:—

1. Gunpowder is a most useful thing for the civilized war. It is most necessary thing in the world because it is elements of cannon ball which is most useful in for flight and all other thing.

2. "It is necessary that the people living in arond volcano before hand would imigrate other country. I suppose the reader beare memoy last year's explosion has aroused a gheat caramity." Since this was written volcanic eruptions have aroused gheater caramities.

The next is by a young man who seems to have a very keen appreciation of the benefits of telegraphy and wisdom.

3. "If we did not have telegraphy we should never had on advancement and improvement of our society at present time. Knowledge is a superior thing it was constructed by way of a iron line."

We are all willing to grant that knowledge is a superior thing, but the proposition that it was constructed by way of an iron line does not appear to be supported by good evidence.

A composition on tobacco addresses a mysterious and terrible warning to the deprived victims of the noxious habit.

4. Tobacco.—"It injures our lungs and it is cutting gradually our head too."

Here is a little gem on the subject of the switchback railway, which the author, however, prefers to call the Switchback railway: The switchback railway was invented by a American and that is to go up by strength which get down to under from the up, therefore it is appropriate to use in the mountain this fact is joyful for progress of phisic." It is sincerely to be hoped that an American who invented anything so ingenious as this obtained a suitable reward.

Volcanoes seem a favourite subject, and there are strange facts concerning them not known to the general public. "There are many volcanoes in the world, many of these are the bald mountains and there is not a tree or shrub on them. They covered with the burned sand mixing many brimstones or ashes. Sometimes they rupture themselves." "A few years ago remember large blow up Bandai San which is most useful to the student." Of course volcanic eruptions may be useful to students in the way of furnishing them themes for compositions, and the frank expression of the above sentiment shows that there is no cloud without a silver lining, though it required considerable ingenuity to find it in the case of these much-dreaded convulsions of nature.

The construction of a sentence in Japanese is so entirely different from the English method that it is small wonder if pupils sometimes make mistakes. The articles both definite and indefinite give them a great deal of trouble as there are none in their native tongue. As an example look at this paragraph and compare it with the literal construction given side by side:—

Ordinary English Construction.      Literal Construction.

At the present day Buddhism has sunk into being the belief of the lower classes only. Few persons in the middle and upper classes understand its *raison d'être*, most of them fancying that religion is a thing which comes into play only at funeral services.

This period at having arrived, Buddhism that say thing as-for, merely low-class-people's believing-place that having become, middle-class thence-upwards in as-for, its reason discerning-are people being few, religion that if-one-says, funeral-rite's time only in employ thing's manner in think.

After this sample the reader will not be surprised to hear it is a current tradition in Japan that if a missionary studies the language too assiduously he is liable to have his brain affected. But this is not all, for in reality there are two languages to master—the colloquial and the written; the latter, which is classical and artificial, is used exclusively in correspondence, advertisements and books.

The Japanese show a remarkable and most commendable perseverance in learning the new language, and if the result is sometimes funny and we feel inclined to smile we should do so only good-naturedly, and bear in mind that the fun is not confined to our side alone. I once visited an English lady who tried to order persimmons three days in succession and each time had oysters served instead, because the words for oysters and persimmons are a good deal alike and she could not pronounce the one she wanted sufficiently clearly.

A long, hot ride in a *jinricksha* caused by my own deficiencies in the tongue Japanese is one of my most vivid impressions. It was my desire to purchase two of the little tobacco pipes in common use, but unfortunately the term I employed meant stove-pipe and the *Kurumaya* scoured half Tokyo looking for a European stove shop, and was dreadfully worried and puzzled, when after much trouble he discovered one, to find that this was not what I wanted. Seeing a woman smoking in a little shop I went in and borrowed her pipe to show him; I made him understand, but the poor woman was speechless with terror. Japanese women are so tiny, so shrinking and retiring, that foreign women who hold themselves erect seem to them some fierce, ghastly, red-haired monster, for our locks are not of the orthodox raven blackness nor have we the proper healthy, amber-coloured complexion.

HELEN E. GREGORY FLESHER.

THERE is probably nothing made by man that is as thin as a sheet of gold leaf. It is nothing more than a film, and is almost as light as air. The softness and tenacity of the metal, two opposite attributes which it possesses to a remarkable degree, render possible an operation that would reduce any other metal to powder. The thickness of the leaves varies. Some say that the thinnest have the thickness of but 1-250,000 of an inch. So thin is the film of metal in the leaves that they are transparent. But instead of the beautiful golden yellow colour which gold is believed to possess, when held to the light they appear to be of a rich deep green. Every one of the thin square inches of gold that the beater begins on makes sixteen pieces of gold leaf. Including the waste, each inch is beaten out into leaves sufficient to cover an area of 400 square inches, which is larger than a gentleman's good-sized handkerchief. A gold bar, when beaten out, will carpet a ballroom.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

LITERATURE IN TORONTO.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with a good deal of interest the article in your last issue entitled "Literature in Toronto." The author seems to me to have voiced the longing of everyone with literary aspirations. The benefits that would accrue from such a "fraternization" as is suggested would be very great and would very soon be felt. As one of the many interested in such things who do not reside in Toronto, I should like to propose that, if such a society is ever formed, it should be open to all Canadians, and be made a provincial, if not a national, affair. It would help to bind together all the *littérateurs* of Canada, and would probably in this way give a more national tone to our literature. The scheme is perfectly feasible. Its success will depend entirely upon the literary people themselves. It would be better to make such a society quite independent of any other existing society. Since the younger members would in the nature of things benefit most by it, there would fall to their lot the principal share of the work of starting and sustaining it. There appears to be no serious difficulty in the way of thus establishing an institution of great and permanent value. But whatever may be done in the way of a national society, all the readers of THE WEEK and all others interested in literature will heartily wish success to a Toronto society.

I cannot, however, agree with the writer of the article in his remarks on the "salon." There is no reason why evening dress should in any way hinder the freest and best intellectual intercourse. On the other hand, care in the toilet would seem a natural preliminary and concomitant of elegance in thought and expression. It is true that the association in idea of evening dress with the occasions on which it is usually worn may seem to make it incongruous with anything approaching profundity, but this is a mere accident of association. I think salons should be encouraged always, and not only "in the absence of any other mode of intercourse." What in their case stands most in the way is the great difficulty of successful management and the tax it must be upon the hostess.

The whole question of the ways and means of making suitable opportunities for literary intercourse cannot be too earnestly considered. Something is needed; and, to quote from the article I have referred to, "we hope this will be by no means the last word on the subject."

W. SANFORD EVANS.

"FAIRPLAY RADICAL" AND PATRICK EGAN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Under the above heading, "Brannagh," a R. C. gentleman occupying a position in a public office at Ottawa, has contributed a letter in your issue of September 16, in which he upholds Egan, who as Treasurer of the League supplemented from the League funds the weekly pence subscribed by the Invincibles—the men who committed the Phenix Park murders. "Brannagh" also challenges some evidence previously quoted by me, and finishes with an object lesson showing how Home Rulers would deal with minorities if they got the Home Rule which the 984 Irish nonconformist ministers so graphically describe and loathe in their pathetic appeal.

## First Charge.

That about two years ago I made in the *Toronto Mail* a serious charge against the Rev. Charles O'Reilly, D.D., a Catholic priest at Detroit. "Brannagh" states that the reverend gentleman wrote a letter to a very obscure and struggling journal which not one Protestant in 1,000 sees, stating that he "would give me \$500 if I could point out one sentence or line or word in the evidence quoted sustaining the charge." Falstaff refused to peril his soul gratis, but Dr. O'Reilly has perilled \$500 gratis, for no one asked him to do so. Of course I never even heard of his letter, and I doubt if "Brannagh" has quoted it correctly. He innocently complains that I did not—after quoting sworn evidence—apologize to Dr. O'Reilly, who has practically shirked the question.

## Reply.

Dr. O'Reilly was then the Treasurer of the American branch of the League and was also the treasurer of the Clan-na-Gael, respecting which the three presiding judges of the Parnell Commission—see *Times'* reports part 12, page 143—unanimously declared "that the body in the U.S. by whatever name it be best designed, Clan-na-Gael or Irish Republican Brotherhood, were one and the same body."

Your readers will remember that one or more of the leaders of the Clan-na-Gael (Dr. O'Reilly knew nothing at all about the matter) caused the late Dr. Cronin to be murdered, because he, being an active member of that nefarious organization, objected to the money subscribed for outrage and murder being stolen and applied for the private purposes of one or more of the leaders. This is a curious specimen of patriotic Irish logic. Dr. Cronin, a highly-educated gentleman, advocated the worst sort of crime; but complained that it was a greater crime for patriots to steal from their confederates the funds subscribed for outrage and murder, than it was to take the lives of innocent people. The arch-Thugs had embezzled

the sinews of war, and thus, dreadful to think of—innocent people, would go uninjured. Whereupon the organization split into two—one side seeking to punish Cronin's murderers—loudly proclaiming that the patriot who so vehemently contended that the funds subscribed for outrage and murder should have been so applied, had died a martyr. What a confusion of ideas! It supports the saying of the American humorist that—

In the Isle of Saints  
All things are possible except common-sense.

Dr. O'Reilly came to Toronto to raise funds for patriotic purposes. The greatest of American authors makes one of her characters say, "the whole world trots upon excuses." The Great Imaginary Grievance Cause trots upon excuses, mis-statements, and voluntary and involuntary contributions. A gentleman travelling in Turkey was once taken by a guide to witness an exhibition of the Dancing Dervishes; and when he asked "how do these fellows live?" the pithy reply was, "on the credulity of fools."

Dr. O'Reilly when orating here made the customary patriotic mis-statements, and in order to show how far he was reliable, I wrote to the *Mail* quoting from the evidence given before the Parnell Commission. I now quote further. See page 225, part 12, of the *Times'* report. Sir Charles Russell, Parnell's counsel on the cross-examination of Le Caron, maladroitly unearthed the following evidence: "On one occasion Alexander Sullivan (the leader of the Clan-na-Gael, who was included in the verdict of the Coroner's jury in the Cronin case, and who was twice tried for the murder of an American schoolmaster in 1867 or 1868) gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr. C. O'Reilly which procured me five bogus votes and proxies." "I can show you the note Alexander Sullivan gave me to Dr. O'Reilly." Page 167. In a private circular of Nov. 10, 1885, from the executive body (Gladstone had just gone over to Parnell) directing subscriptions for the Parliamentary fund to be sent to Dr. O'Reilly, after referring to the necessity of silence they say: "Brothers engaged in special work (in the United Kingdom) are frequently in positions where their lives may be imperilled (my italics) by the dropping of a word to ears that are kept open." This to men of common-sense is conclusive evidence that such "brothers" were engaged in criminal enterprises.

If Dr. O'Reilly—a dignitary in the Catholic Church—had got a good defence ament the bogus votes, he should have attended and given evidence before the Parnell Commission which sat for months afterwards. It would not have cost him a cent; and instead of sending his letter to an obscure journal, which he must have known I should never see, he should have written to the *Toronto Mail*, in which my letter appeared. It was intentionally done by him. He knows the old proverb, "the more you stir, the more it stinks."

I contend that I was acting fairly by quoting from sworn and unrefuted evidence circulated wherever the English language is spoken, which evidence, if Dr. O'Reilly had been innocent, he could without cost to himself have denied in court; but which he, for reasons best known to himself, declined to do.

I respectfully suggest that the \$500 offered for "evidence sustaining the charge" be given for the best essay showing (1) how much Ireland has lost materially and morally by the agitations of the last 70 years, and (2) how much richer and freer from crime it would have been had the money and energy thus wasted during that time been utilized in developing the resources and well-being of the country. Mr. Giffen, of the Board of Trade, in his "Growth of Capital," shows that in 1885 Ireland with a greater population than Scotland had less than half its wealth. The total wealth of the two countries being: Ireland, £446,000,000; Scotland, £972,000,000. Yet originally Ireland was the richer country of the two. This shows a part of the loss arising from political agitations. Ireland agitated but Scotland worked.

## Second Charge.

That I had erroneously stated in THE WEEK of 20th of May that Patrick Egan had got an indefinite leave of absence from his post at Chili, and that it had been semi-officially announced that without publicity being given to the matter he would ultimately cease to draw pay; in other words, that he had been recalled. "Brannagh" does not venture to justify Egan's conduct in relation to the Invincibles, further than to say that he has been "maligned."

The statements about Egan's recall I got from the *N. Y. Nation*, edited by Mr. Godkin, a strong Irish Home Ruler, who also controls the *N. Y. Evening Post*. The American dailies also stated the same fact, as did our Canadian journals, and also those of London, England. I therefore erred in good company. The *N. Y. Nation* has several times since referred to the mystery—why he has failed to return after the semi-official announcement of his recall.

"Brannagh's" letter is a good illustration of the Spanish proverb, "Save me from my friends." If through his stirring-sleeping-dog's letter the quotations from the evidence of the Invincible which appeared in the *Toronto Mail* of Jan. 2, and in THE WEEK of May 20, get circulated in the States, it may work harm to Egan and also to the party which appointed him. There must be some independent Americans who scorn the idea of that great country being represented by a refugee charged with serious crime. Suppose that our Canadian Government was so fallen as to appoint for its representative abroad a naturalized Frenchman, charged on oath in open court by a

confederate with being implicated in the horrors of the Paris commune in 1871, and respecting which he had fled from France, what would happen? Any Government so acting would be driven from office in forty-eight hours. Thinking men who are proud of what the British race have done in the States are mortified to find that what could not have happened in any other civilized country has been done with impunity in America.

Patriotic Irish logic is shown by "Brannagh" contending that a chaffing notice in the *Boston Pilot* of my letter in THE WEEK, vindicating Egan from the serious charge on oath by a confederate that he, as Treasurer of the League, supplied large sums to the Thug Invincibles. If a man is charged on oath in a court of justice in Toronto with a very serious crime, is it a sufficient defence that a Boston journal publishes a chaffing article upon the subject? Any sensible man could swear to "Brannagh's" nationality.

He then winds up in a manner showing how, under Home-Rule, the majority would deal with the minority. I having been guilty of quoting unpalatable evidence from official documents, he coolly asks editors of respectable journals to refuse letters of mine. And this in Ontario, where only sixteen per cent. are Catholics. In Ireland, with seventy-five per cent. Catholics, with the police and judiciary under Home-Rule, nominated and controlled by the Nationalists, what would happen to editors who dared to refuse such demands? Outside of Ulster they would incur great danger. Practically all persons obnoxious to the ruling powers would be outlawed. During the recent Irish elections, wherever the two sections of Nationalists donnybrook—thus illustrating Gladstone's union of hearts, the Imperial police had to save those who stood between the devil and the deep sea, each side in its turn standing in that unenviable position.

Toronto, Sept. 19.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

## THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL SUBSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Publicity has been given to details of the celebration, at Horsham, Sussex, England, of the Centenary of Percy Bysshe Shelley, August 4, upon which day addresses were made, and a memorial tablet, bearing the poet's name, etc., was placed in the parish church.

The Shelley Committee, headed by Lord Tennyson, includes upon its list the names of Geo. Meredith, W. Morris, Prof. Max-Müller, Prof. Dowden, Prof. Jebb, Leslie Stephen, Stopford A. Brooke, Edmund Gosse, William Sharp, Theo. Watts, W. Besant, T. Hardy, Sir F. Leighton, Henry Irving, and other well-known representatives of letters and the arts in Great Britain. It has been decided that the most fitting memorial to the poet will be a "Shelley Library and Museum," to be established at Horsham, near the place of his nativity.

The Library will include, in addition to general literature, all such works as may be specially connected with Shelley. In the Museum a home will be found for personal relics of the poet.

To provide the needed funds, a call is made for subscriptions, and the readers and lovers of Shelley throughout the English-speaking world are invited to contribute. Any sums which may be sent to us, by cheque or postal-order, will be duly remitted to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Jas. Stanley Little, of Horsham. Receipts will be promptly given to subscribers, and a public acknowledgment will be made from time to time in the literary and daily journals.

Contributions may be forwarded to either of the undersigned American members of the Committee.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN,

64 Broadway, New York City.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER,

33 East 17th Street, New York City.

## ART NOTES.

TORONTO INDUSTRIAL FINE ARTS EXHIBIT.

A VERY creditable collection of statuary and oil and water-colour paintings greeted the eyes of visitors at the Toronto exhibition which closed last week. The managers of the exhibition, those who had charge of the art department, the sculptors and artists exhibiting, and the owners of the excellent pictures loaned for the occasion, well deserved the praise generally bestowed upon the admirable collection of artistic work offered for inspection. By far the larger portion of the work presented has been already noticed in these columns, but there were many beautiful pictures which were new. On entering the gallery the first object to meet the eye was the imposing and cleverly-executed equestrian statue of the queen, by Mr. Gilbert W. Frith. A handsome and appropriate pedestal supports the spirited and shapely horse and its regal rider. We are glad to know that Mr. Frith has been awarded a prize, and Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy as well, for the excellence of their artistic exhibits. Mr. MacCarthy's clever work merits high praise; his exhibits surrounded the central figure of the queen. The first oil-painting to attract the attention were the workmanlike figure, No. 6, and its companion, No. 18, loaned by Mr. Myers. The artist, Mr. T. C. Thwaite, produces a realistic effect in them not often seen. No. 12, by Mr. J. C. Stubbs, is from the same collec-

tion; the power of true art could be seen in the heaving sea, the troubled sky and the shattered wreck. Mr. F. S. Challenger appeared to advantage in No.'s 36, 37, 38, 81 and 82; the colouring was soft and pleasing and the treatment just and artistic. Mr. C. M. Manly's 33 was a clever piece of work, as was his 137. This artist might oftener exhibit in oils. Miss Palin's animal subjects were most creditable. In No.'s 44, 51 and 66 there is spirit and expression which are full of promise. A characteristic picture was 43, by the well-known English artist, David Cox, loaned by Mr. Myers. Perhaps the most impressive picture on the walls was No. 54, an Italian landscape, by Turner; seen in the softened glow of the late afternoon sunlight, the rich colouring, the misty dreamy atmosphere, and the romantic suggestiveness of the great artist's work were strongly in evidence. Another famous English artist, George Morland, was represented in No.'s 58 and 62. His pigs were pigs indeed, and the figure of the cottager's wife standing on the threshold of their home as her spouse returns from hunting is the work of a master hand. No. 91 was a fine sea scene, by Mr. Knowles; the great sea rolled its foam-crested billows on the sandy shore in the foreground, and the huge rock, veiled in mist, loomed weirdly in the background. 103, by Sidney Percy, was a work of rare finish; Snowdon in the distance, the sloping ground and figures near at hand, and the treatment of air, sky and perspective, all disclosed art of a high and finished type. 120 recalled Mr. Verner's favourite subject, and the rush of Buffalo down the slope was suggestive of the prairie's vanished life. 135 and 142, loaned by Mr. Manning, vividly recalled the work of that clever Canadian artist, Kreighoff. "The Trapper" and "The Indian Squaw" are graphic presentations of fast fading types of our country's early days. 163 was powerfully treated, and a good sample of the quality of A. Cox. In water colours Mr. Bell-Smith's "Chepston Castle," No. 184, was too indefinite and sketchy. "Fontenoy," 223, was better, "Cape Trinity," 254, better still, and 281, "A Cornish Headland," best of all; the mass of moving water, the surf thrown high on the face of the rugged cliff and the rock-bound coast were adequately and spiritedly treated. 249 was a fine specimen of Mr. Manley's work at his best; the quaint old buildings, the sloping pathway, and the general treatment of this picture were excellent. 271 was a capital piece of work by the same artist, but the mode of mounting was defective and diminished the effect of the picture. Some oil paintings were placed after the water-colours. Of these 323 was a quaint but well executed "portrait of a child," by the late Robert W. Vale. 326, "A Camping Party," by Wouverman, was not hung so that justice could be done to the merit of that great painter's art. 328, "The Spanish Barber," by Velasquez, was well worth seeing, being rich in colouring, spirited in treatment, and representative of primitive customs and early art. This fine old picture has a distinction of its own, and it bears on its back a record of unique historical significance, a reference to which has already appeared in our columns.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. JOHN TOWERS, of the Towers School of Vocal Music, has been conducting researches regarding the average age of musicians, and announces it as sixty-two years.

THE forecast for next season gives much promise. All the indications point toward a musical winter which will exceed in brilliancy even last year's record. True, the Rubinstein flurry has lost its impetus, but we shall have Paderewski again and are promised the return of that prime favourite, Joseffy. What more do we need by way of piano playing?—*Werner's Voice Magazine*.

In a short time we shall hear of the success of the latest opera of Arthur Sullivan at the Savoy, London. It has received its finishing touches, and is ready for rehearsal. The music is described as being between grand and comic opera—less elaborate than that of "Ivanhoe," and more dignified than that of "The Mikado." It would appear that the composer has quite recovered from his recent illness; and this is a cause of rejoicing to the myriads of people all over the world who have listened to his delightful melodies, and are anxious to hear more of them.—*Sport, Music and Drama*.

In honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the first production of Wagner's "Rienzi" at Dresden, as perfect a performance as can be secured of that work is to be given on October 20 at the Dresden Opera House. The date was, indeed, an important one in Wagner's life. The success of "Rienzi" led to Wagner's appointment as musical conductor at Dresden, with August Roeckel as assistant conductor, and Roeckel's revolutionary instincts led the orchestral chief into the insurrectionary escapade which resulted in the extradition of Bakounin, the leader of the rising, to the Russian authorities, the imprisonment of Roeckel and the flight of Wagner. The advocate of popular liberty was in time to become the monarch's friend, and it was really to the Royal Opera House, with its liberal subvention from the state exchequer, that Wagner owed his first musical triumph.—*The Musical Courier*.

EVERY choir or orchestra leader knows that musicians and singers are what Horace calls *genus irritabile*, that is, an irritable race. It requires tact and firmness to manage them, such as General Custer displayed in dealing with a refractory regimental band. The Buffalo Courier tells the

story. The gallant cavalryman believed in having martial music on all possible occasions. He would have the band out at five o'clock in the morning and the last thing in the evening. One day, when the regiment had just come into camp, General Custer ordered the band out. The men were tired, and reported that they had lost the mouth-pieces of their instruments. "Very well," said the General, "you may take pickaxes and shovels and help repair the roads. You may find the missing mouth-pieces while you are working." It is unnecessary to state that the band played soon after.—*Musical Trade Review*.

THE *New York Musical Courier* has the following items: Verdi has requested the manager of the Argentina Opera House at Rome to send his principal scenic artist and costume designer to England to obtain sketches of old authentic views of Windsor and the English costumes in the reign of King Henry IV. for the forthcoming production of "Falstaff." Mr. Maurel is still sojourning at Verdi's country residence, and it is said that the great Italian composer devotes three hours daily in coaching up the French singer in his part of the "fat knight" of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." . . . The truth about Nordica's not singing at Bayreuth in "Tannhauser" appears to be that she offered to take the role of "Venus" but her acquaintance with the German language was so slight that she was obliged to abandon it. To this was due the unfounded rumour that she was ill. . . . A Genoa paper asserts that Verdi has not only completed his "Falstaff" (which Ricordi, in Milan, is printing) but is already at work on another opera. Verdi, says the writer, is equally free from modern nervousness and from the indolence which characterized Rossini in his later years. His nature craves work almost as imperatively as it did half a century ago. "I had intended 'Falstaff' to be my last work," he recently remarked to a friend, "but since I continue to live and enjoy good health, why should I stop?" He refused, however, to divulge the subject and title of his next opera until he has made some progress with the score. . . . Otto Hegner has received another offer for a tour in America. . . . Rubinstein has been at Prague lately to arrange for the performance next month of his new biblical opera "Moses," which is in five parts and will occupy two evenings. He considers this his best work. . . . Mascagni and his publisher have now been beaten in three law courts in the suit brought against them by Verga, the author of the play out of which Targioni constructed the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Verga will hereafter receive 25 per cent. of all the *tantiemes* of the popular little opera. . . . Antonia Mielke will be heard in Munich in October, in a series of trial performances which are to decide her choice as successor to Mrs. Vogl, who recently retired from the stage. . . . The illustrious French composer, Camille Saint-Saens, has just published a trio for piano, violin and cello. The work is the composer's op. 92, and is in the key of E minor. The finale is said to contain a remarkable four-voiced fugue. . . . Gounod was so pleased with Sigrid Arnoldson's singing in his "Philemon and Baucis," which she sang fifteen times with great success, that he gave her his portrait, with a flattering inscription. . . . Johann Kruse, at present the teacher at the Royal High School at Berlin, has just been appointed a Royal Professor. . . . The death is announced in Paris of Baron Limmander de Nieuwenhove, member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, once famous as a musician. He was born at Ghent in 1814, and received his musical education at Friburg. In 1849 the Opera Comique produced, with success, his "Montenegrins." The play which Morny heard at the Opera Comique the night before the *coup d'etat* was Limmander's "Chateau de Barbe-Bleue." In 1856 he produced at the Opera, "Maximilien ou le Maître-Chanteur;" in 1859, a lyrical drama in three acts, "Yvonne;" a symphony, "La Fin des Moissons;" thirty choral pieces for male voices, without accompaniment; a requiem mass with organ, a stabat with orchestra, a sonata for piano and violoncello, a quatuor for string instruments, and fragments, executed at the conservatoire, of an opera, "Les Druides." He made a large fortune in Belgium by speculating in railways. . . . Mr. Ovid Musin and his company, who are now in Australia, will sail from that country on September 5 and begin their seventh American season in Brooklyn on October 24. Besides Mr. Musin the members of the company are Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner-Musin, Miss Inez Parmater, Mr. Eduard Schaff, and Mr. Pere de Lasco.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FOUR DESTINIES. By Théophile Gautier. New York: Worthington Company.

This translation of the best of Gautier's stories of English life will be appreciated by those who delight in intricate plots, abductions, hidden treasures, blood-curdling oaths and all the mystery and extravagance of the Monte Christo school. The story, though abounding in the wildest improbabilities and the most delicious absurdities, is, nevertheless, readable and interesting. The translator has, on the whole, done her work with praiseworthy care; but it is vain to expect that anything of the exquisite grace and felicity of expression, which is the chief charm of Gautier's style, should survive even the best translation. We commend "Four Destinies" to those—the young especially—who care little for probability and less for

style, provided they are regaled with abundant incident and adventure, generously seasoned with "battle, murder and sudden death."

ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS. By C. E. Fessenden. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: The Williamson Book Company (limited).

Mr. Fessenden, who the title page of this neat little volume announces to be Principal of the Collegiate Institute, Peterboro', Ontario, has prepared this book as one of Macmillan's school class series. In four chapters, dealing respectively with "Matter and its Properties;" "Kinematics;" "Dynamics," and "Heat," the elements of physics are treated. The author has provided an excellent addition to the series of school class books mentioned. His matter is methodically grouped, and clearly and adequately presented. The leading paragraphs are numbered and the print varies in size, marking clearly and helpfully the definitions, rules, examples, questions, etc. The illustrations are abundant and well designed. In every respect this clear, compact, beautifully-printed little volume is worthy of commendation.

THE APOCRYPHA: Edited with Various Renderings and Readings from the best Authorities. By C. J. Ball, M.A. Price 6s. 6d. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode; Toronto: Upper Canada Bible Society.

We have given only part of the title-page of this admirable volume in the heading of our notice. It runs: "The Ecclesiastical or Deutero-Canonical Books of the Old Testament, commonly called the Apocrypha." The book forms a supplement to the Variorum Bible, which has already been commended to the readers of THE WEEK as perhaps the most valuable help to the study of the Bible, in a single volume, which we possess in the English language. The portion devoted to the Apocrypha, as far as we can judge from a very careful examination of its contents, is in all respects a fit and worthy continuation of the great work to which it is appended. When we remember that our two most eminent Old Testament critics superintended the Bible of the Old Covenant, and that the New Testament was entrusted to three writers of hardly less eminence, and that W. Ball has undertaken the sole responsibility of the Apocrypha, it will be seen that we give high praise to this work. But it deserves it.

The day has gone by when the importance of the Apocrypha could, on the one hand, be exaggerated, or, on the other hand, ignored or denied. "Whether sheltered within the Canon, or suspiciously segregated outside the Canon, or suspended between heaven and earth by controversial subtleties, a collection of books which has survived the changes and chances of two thousand years, may safely claim to be valued on its merits, and received as its own sufficient apology." No thoughtful and candid person will question this statement of the editor.

The plan of the present volume is precisely the same as that of the Variorum Bible, to supply to the English reader a list of all the important various readings and various renderings which have received the sanction of ancient manuscripts and translations, and of the ablest biblical critics of all ages. References are given to no fewer than forty-eight commentators on the Apocrypha, or on portions of it, to twenty versions, and to a large number of uncial and cursive Greek MSS., together with some Latin, Chaldee, and Hebrew ones.

As an example of the various readings we select Ecclesiastes vi. 22.

"For wisdom is according to her name,  
And she is not manifest to many."

The Syriac version proceeded upon a different reading and gives *hidden* in place of the words in italics, whereby we get a meaning which is intelligible and probably correct. We believe that a careful use of this book will be of more use than the slovenly consulting of commentaries; and, at any rate, for clergymen or Bible-class teachers, who may not have access to a library, the book will be simply invaluable.

In *University Extension* for September there are three or four articles that will prove of interest to those engaged in this work. "Among the English Centres" and "Another Step Forward" are devoted to the progress of this movement in England, in Oxford, and more recently in Reading. "University Extension at Chautauqua" is an account by the Chancellor, Dr. Vincent, of the recent conference at that seat of extramural education. Mr. Frederic Shirley gives an account of the conference on the subject at the University of New York convocation.

THE September *Magazine of American History* contains among many interesting papers, one from the pen of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, entitled "Progression in Steam Navigation, 1807-1892, Then and Now." "It may be truly said," the author remarks at the conclusion of her paper, "that steam navigation has made the Columbian Exposition in its prospective magnitude a possibility, and seems destined to lift it into a vast success in 1893." Albert J. Rupp contributes a rather prosaic sonnet headed "Columbus." "The Successful Novel of Fifty-six Years Ago," by Emanuel Spencer, is continued in this number. Thomas Mackeller writes a vigorous sonnet on "Earth's Noblest Men." The September issue is well up to the standard of the *Magazine of American History*.

THE October *Quiver* presents a large assortment of matter to its readers. A Thanksgiving sermon appropriately opens the number. "Spiritual Failures," "Losing One's Balance," "Scripture Lessons," "Things that Are Lovely," "Workers in Weakness," "The Rainbow," "Experiences as a Sunday School Teacher," "Our Father" and "Short Arrows" are contributions to the religious and didactic side. "Lena Gordon's Stewardship," "A Lincolnshire Lass" and "The Smoke Key" are the serials running, while "The Station Master at Helton" and "Robert Allington's Disappearance" are fair short stories.

AN etching of "The Kind Confessor," one of Zama-cois' best works, is the frontispiece of the September number of the *Magazine of Art*. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., is the subject of the opening article which is illustrated by seven cuts of works by that eminent sculptor. "The Shelley Memorial," General Gordon's monument at Chatham, and "Folly" are perhaps the best of these. A well-illustrated sketch of "Charles Keene; His Life and Work" gives a capital picture of the great artist and humorist who did so much to make *Punch's* pages so attractive. Theodore Watts contributes a sonnet for the Shelley Centenary; Lord Ronald Gower has some notes on the portraits of Marie Antoinette. The series on "Artistic Homes" is continued, as is the "Illustrated Notebook." The whole number is an excellent one, preserving its high standard of illustration.

To lay readers, John P. Chadwick's review of the life of Thomas Paine will possibly prove the most attractive feature of the September number of the *New World*. It is apropos of Mr. Moncure D. Conway's recent biography, and while not so enthusiastic as Mr. Conway's judgment, it shows the author of the "Rights of Man" and the man who inspired the depressed Americans in 1776 in colours more favourable than we have been wont to see him depicted. "A Poet of His Century," by E. Cavazza, is a eulogistic study of Mr. George Savage-Armstrong, an Irish poet whom the writer wishes to introduce to readers on this side of the Atlantic. "Social Betterment," by Nicholas P. Gilman, is the quarterly contribution to social science, while "The Essence of Christianity," by Professor Otto Pfeiderer; "Ecclesiastical Impediments," by J. Macbride Sterrett, and "New Testament Criticism and Religious Belief," by Professor Orello Cone, keep up the theological side of the publication.

TORONTONIANS will find the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* most interesting, for it contains a delightful article, already referred to in our columns, by Mr. Arnold Haultain. "Titles and a Digression—or Two" is its attractive designation, and the contribution is charming alike in its almost encyclopedic information, its genial tone, and its brilliant style. This number is excellent all through. "Games," by Mr. Herbert Maxwell, is an interesting paper in somewhat the same style as Mr. Haultain's. "Singularly Deluded," an unusually strong story, is continued, while a weird tale of Hindu sorcery, styled "The Divination Stone of Kâli," keeps up Maga's reputation for short stories. "A Burma-China Railway" is the remedy for Lancashire's ills prescribed by Mr. Holt S. Hallett, while other stories are "Cyclone of April 29 in Mauritius" and "Holy Wazan." "What Next?" and "The Agricultural Question and the Eight Hours Question" are the contributions to the political part of the review.

THE September number of the *Annals of the American Academy* contains among other articles one by Mr. F. T. Herriott, upon "Sir William Temple on the Origin and Nature of Government." It shows how closely the Stuart statesman agrees with modern theories on the origin of government, and how far in advance he was of the thinkers of his own day. The theory of Hobbes was in full acceptance, yet Temple rejected the idea of the "Social Compact," and he anticipates Savigny and Maine in the recognition of custom as well as in other important points. The whole article is a valuable study of a neglected author. Professor Sedgewick's "Elements of Politics" is ably reviewed by J. H. Robinson, who sees in their work and one or two similar ones, a revival of interest in this branch of political social science. Other articles are "Economic Causes of Moral Progress," a full and careful article by Simon N. Patten, and "Influence on Business of the Independent Treasury," by David Kinley.

THE September number of the *Political Science Quarterly* contains among other articles an excellent review of "The Crown and Democracy in England," by Professor Jesse Macy. The subject is presented from a somewhat novel point of view, as may be seen from the following extract: "It is by a threat of the exercise of the royal prerogative in the making of new peers that the resistance of the House of Lords to the great democratic reforms of the century has been overcome. This theory and practice gives to English democracy a double-barrelled weapon. Under ordinary circumstances it brings down its game through Parliament; but if it fails with this, it can resort to the royal order. Thus in English law the most effective manifestation of unchecked democracy bears the name, royal prerogative." The second instalment of "Irish Land Legislation," by Professor William A. Dunning, contains much instructive matter as does Professor J. B. Moore's third article on "Asylum in Legations and in Vessels." "Usury in Law and in Practice," by George K. Holmes, reveals some startling facts. The number is a good one.

THE *Andover Review* for September is an interesting number. "Parallels of Hexateuch Criticism," by Professor C. R. Brown, opens the issue, with a demonstration of the fact that not alone the Mosaic books of the Old Testament, but the remainder of the historical books, including Isaiah and Jeremiah, are compilations from other authorities, many of which are now lost. "The Bible in the College" is a plea for its recognition on college curriculum, and "The Naval Chaplaincy" is an interesting sketch. "Old Roman Labour Guilds," an article translated from the German of Ernst Eckstein, is the most important paper in the number. It shows that organization of labour was known in ancient Rome, cites Livy's account of the earliest strike on record, with its humorous ending, and distinguishes between the powers of these ancient guilds and of those of the Middle Ages. The ancient guilds could form "combines" and "rings" in the most orthodox modern manner, but had not the absolute monopoly and control over their members that the medieval guilds possessed. "Henri Frédéric Amiel" is a comparison between the great diarist and Faust, Ellen Urania Clark, the writer, finding Amiel the victim of a subtler temptation at the hands of Mephistopheles than ever were the heroes of Marlowe's and Goethe's poems. The other departments of the review are well kept up.

HENCEFORWARD let not Americans talk of Rudyard Kipling's maddening superciliousness. Mr. Albert Shaw opens the September number of the *Contemporary* with "An American View of Home Rule," an article quite as supercilious as any of Mr. Kipling's remarks, though it will hardly prove as "maddening." Mr. Shaw gives the "American view" in the first half-dozen sentences, which state that Americans believe in home rule because they see it to be the only reasonable thing, and because they know much more of such matters than Englishman can. Then he promptly turns to the glorification of the American system of Government and to the patronizing of Englishmen. He declares in favour of a legislative federation of the whole Empire, and in that is interesting, though the paper as a whole is scarcely to be taken seriously. "Canine Morals and Manners" is perhaps the best article in the number; some persons may be surprised at being told that the dog looks upon his master as being a superior sort of dog with two legs, to whom he yields the loyalty and obedience that he would in a wild state yield to the rest of the pack. "Professor Huxley as a Theologian" is a very fair article by Professor Sanday, D.D., in which some of the declarations of Professor Huxley's recently published book are assailed. "The Strategic Value of Egypt," by Major Otto Wachs, is an interesting article urging the strengthening of Britain's hold in Egypt and the adjoining parts. The other contributions to the number are well up to the standard.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

THE *Forum* for October announces papers by M. Pierre Loti and Madame Modjeska.

ARCHIBALD FORBES' paper on "What I Saw of the Paris Commune" will appear in the October *Century*.

ANDREW LANG, in the October *Scribner*, makes a plea for the single personality of the poet Homer, in opposition to the theory which asserts that Homer is a collection of individuals.

JOHN G. WHITTIER recently sent to *St. Nicholas* magazine a long poem commemorating a visit made to the poet by a party of young girls. The verses will appear in the November *St. Nicholas*.

PERTINENTLY to the present vogue of the Keeley Cure, Dr. T. D. Crothers discusses in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October the merits of the various specifics for the cure of inebriety that have claimed attention at different times.

MRS. MOLESWORTH has written a new novel. The name of this novel is "Leona," and it is published by the Cassell Publishing Company, who are also publishers of the same author's popular stories, "Carrots" and "Little Mother Bunch."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S., D.C.L., will shortly issue through the Messrs. Macmillan and Company a work entitled "The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World," uniform with his "Pleasures of Life." The latter work continues to have a steady sale, and its owners will welcome this companion volume.

THE October *Overland Monthly* will contain a very carefully-prepared and fully-illustrated article on the University of California, the greatest of Pacific Coast institutions of learning. Its history, growth and present condition will be told by Millicent W. Shinn, whose article last year on the Stanford University attracted general attention.

THE early death of D. A. O'Sullivan, D.C.L., Q.C., Chairman of the Toronto Public Library Board, at Penetanguishene, on the 13th instant, has been widely regretted. Dr. O'Sullivan had won distinction as a legal and literary writer on Canadian topics. He was a man of broad sympathies and culture, and his ability, enterprise and geniality made him esteemed by the community in which he lived.

IN Bishop Medley, of the Diocese of New Brunswick and Metropolitan of Canada, who recently died at an advanced age, Canada loses one of her most polished and

eloquent preachers. Born in 1804, in England, the late Metropolitan entered Wadham College, Oxford, in 1823, taking his degree in 1826. Until 1845 he had filled several livings, including Exeter and Truro, Cornwall; then he was appointed Bishop of Fredericton, New Brunswick. He lost no time in commencing the Cathedral, which was completed in 1853. In 1879, after thirty-four years of faithful work he was elected Metropolitan, and has since exercised his high office with moderation and dignity. Few men were more respected or more loved than the venerable Father of the Church, who has just departed into a well-earned rest.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce the following works: "Three Episodes in Massachusetts History," by Charles Francis Adams, author of "Richard Henry Dana," etc., with two maps; "The Eve of the French Revolution," by Edward J. Lowell, one vol. eight vo.; "Songs of Sunrise Lands," by Clinton Scollard; "The Southern Empire," by Oliver T. Morton; "Jones on Forms in Conveyancing," forms in conveyancing and general legal forms, comprising precedents for ordinary use, and clauses adapted to special and unusual cases, with practical notes, by Leonard A. Jones, third revised edition; "Cox on Trade-Marks," a manual of trade-mark cases, comprising Sebastian's "Digest of Trade-Mark Cases," covering all the cases reported prior to 1879, together with those of a leading character decided since that time; with notes and references by Roland Cox, second edition, enlarged, with coloured fac-similes.

THE Kingston Young Men's Christian Association announce a series of lectures by the younger Canadian *littérateurs*, to be introduced by the Very Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University. The course will be as follows: Oct. 27, Rev. Principal G. M. Grant, D.D., LL.D., subject, "A Great Canadian Statesman"; Nov. 25, Professor John Macoun, of Ottawa, subject, "The Natural Resources of Canada"; Dec. 8, J. W. Bengough, of *Grip*, caricaturist, humorist, prohibitionist, Single Tax man, etc., etc., subject, "People You Know"; 1893, Jan. 26, J. Macdonald Oxley, M.A., of Ottawa, author of "Archie McKenzie, the Young North-Wester," "Up Among the Ice-floes, etc.," subject, "The Prose-Poet of Puritanism"; Feb. 2, W. Douw Lighthall, M.A., LL.B., of Montreal, author of "The Young Seigneur," compiler of "Songs of the Great Dominion," subject, "The Canada to Be"; Feb. 16, Arch. Lampman, of Ottawa, author of "Among the Millet," subject, "Keats."

"THE Lounger," in the *Critic*, New York, has the following items: "The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, pastor of 'The Brick Presbyterian Church' in this city, and author of a capital book on 'The Poetry of Tennyson,' has just been staying with the Laureate at Aldworth, Surrey. The venerable poet carries his eighty-three years well, and is vigorous in mind and body. He is busy with his new volumes, which will contain some strong character-pieces. To hear him read his own poems, as he still enjoys doing, is to get a new light upon them. He throws such passion and force into the reading that it becomes more illuminating than any commentary could be. And more than this—it makes one realize the profound and vital human sympathy of the man behind the poem. You feel the simplicity, the directness, the elemental power of a great nature which has mastered the forms of art without losing touch with humanity. All who have done so agree that to hear Lord Tennyson in this way is one of the greatest 'treats' the lover of poetry can have." Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the Shakespearian scholar, has also been spending a delightful day with the Laureate.

"THE Dryburgh Edition" of the Waverly Novels, the first volume of which is announced by the Messrs. Macmillan and Company for November, promises to be one of the best yet issued. The text has been most carefully collated with the interleaved copy on which Scott made his last corrections; and the illustrations are made a noticeable feature, each volume being entrusted to one artist. Among the well-known wielders of the pen engaged are Charles Green, Gordon Brown, Hugh Thomson, Walter Paget, Frank Dadd, W. H. Overend and Stanley Berkeley, besides members of the Royal Scottish Academy. Each volume will contain all the author's introductions and notes, with the additional notes contributed by the late David Laing, LL.D., as well as a carefully-prepared glossary and index. In addition to the ordinary issue there will be a large-paper edition specially printed on hand-made paper. The same firm also announce a new edition of Andrew Laing's entertaining volume on "The Library." This book has been out of print some years, and always brings a fair price at sales. There will also be a small limited large-paper edition, which will appeal especially to collectors and booksellers.

THE smallest pony in the world recently arrived in the world on the famous Shetland pony farm of the Marquis of Londonderry, on the island of Bressay. It is a little colt foal that weighed but sixteen pounds, and was only nineteen and a-half inches high at its birth. It is a perfectly healthy, well-formed animal. The great object of the breeders of Shetland ponies is to keep down the sizes of the animals. The price increases in inverse ratio to size. This is partly from fancy and fashion, and partly because the smaller the ponies the better fitted for working in the seams of coal in the mines where they find their chief usefulness.—*New York Sun*.

**ONE HUNDRED POUND RAILS AND STEEL TIES.**—Simultaneously with the announcement that the entire equipment of Drawing-Room, Sleeping, Dining and Buffet Cars and Passenger Coaches, at present in use on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, is to be replaced by brand new cars of improved construction, comes the notification that the road has adopted as its standard 100 pound steel rails, the heaviest ever made, and steel cross ties. These are now being laid on the section between Grand Central Station and 138th Street, and will in time be extended over the entire line.

EVERY testimonial regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest, unpurchased statement of what this medicine has actually done.

A MISSISSIPPI inventor has devised a hand support for pen-holders consisting of a spring or yielding arm connected with the holder about one-third from the lower end, and extending downward. The foot of this device has a ball bearing, and it is expected that the apparatus will do away with much of that tired feeling which so frequently attacks knights of the quill.

"TIRED ALL THE TIME," is the complaint of many poor mortals, who know not where to find relief. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses just those elements of strength which you so earnestly crave; it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

THE STOMACH OF MAN is subject to a dozen such common but painful affections as cramps, cholera morbus, cholera, diarrhoea, and dysentery, and by neglect any of them may be made chronic and dangerous. All are more or less painful; and the best, handiest, surest and quickest remedy is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, a medicine which has been tried in all quarters of the world for more than a quarter of a century and never failed to give relief. It is sold by all reputable druggists. Large bottles new size 25c. each.

THE original patent for the electrical telephone was granted to Alexander Graham Bell, of Salem, Mass., on March 7, 1876, for the term of seventeen years. The patent expires March 7, 1893. On that day it will become free to the public, and thereafter all persons will be at liberty to set up shops, manufacture the instruments described in the patent, and make use of the invention.

## "German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

## A MIDLAND MIRACLE.

NARRATIVE OF FACTS CONNECTED WITH THE CASE OF MRS. F. A. CHASE.

*A Sufferer for Over Ten Years—Treated by the Best Doctors in the Place, Only to Grow Worse—The Particulars of Her Recovery as Investigated by a Reporter of the "News-Letter."*

Orillia News-Letter.

What wonderful progress the closing half of the nineteenth century has witnessed! Men still young have witnessed discoveries and inventions, which, while they have fairly revolutionized the methods of human life, are taken almost as a matter of course. New and wonderful discoveries are made almost daily; we quickly adapt ourselves to the changed condition, and even wonder that the inventive genius of man had not long ago penetrated the secrets of nature, almost daily being brought to our aid. While in all directions great advances have been made, perhaps in none have the strides been greater than in the science of medicine. Old methods have entirely disappeared, the days of big nauseous doses, cupping and bleeding, have passed away, and diseases formerly held to be incurable now speedily yield to the treatment of advanced medical science. For more than a year past there have appeared in the columns of the *News-Letter*, from time to time, the particulars of cures that have been the wonder of all who were acquainted with the persons restored. Perhaps the case of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, was more firmly fastened in the public mind, for the reason that he had been paid a total disability claim of \$1,000, only after having been pronounced incurable by a score or more of men, who are leaders in the medical profession. As publisher of the *Canadian Workman* the writer has a knowledge of the proceedings under which a disability claim is paid, and when it is understood that all such claims have to pass the scrutiny of an investigating committee, the Local Medical Examiner, the Grand Medical Examiner, the Finance Committee and the Grand Lodge Officers, it will be seen that in none but a genuine case of disability could a claim be paid. That the claim was paid Mr. Marshall under this stringent scrutiny was unimpeachable evidence of his total disability; that he was afterwards made a well man was due entirely to a treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—probably the most remarkable medical discovery of the age. This case was but the first of a series of cures equally remarkable, due to the same grand agency, each of which has been verified by the most trustworthy testimony. The *News-Letter*, in common with many others, has taken a deep interest in noting the testimony given in behalf of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, hence when the cure of Mrs. F. A. Chase was reported from Midland recently, we decided to interview the lady and verify the truth of the report; with this end in view, Midland was visited, and Mrs. Chase found looking well and happy after long years of suffering, before she learned of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Chase herself admitted the reporter, who found her a lady of superior intelligence, who, while not wishing for notoriety, was willing to give her candid testimony in favour of Pink Pills, for the benefit of other afflicted persons. To the reporter Mrs. Chase said that up to her sixteenth year, she had been a healthy girl, but at that period sickness overtook her, and for the ensuing ten years her life was one of almost constant misery. In January, 1891, she grew worse, and finally had to take to her bed and was reduced by suffering to the point of death. All the time she was under the treatment of leading doctors. After weary months Mrs. Chase longed for some change, and in October asked her doctor if he would consent to her taking a trip to her mother's, who lives near Port Hope. This was finally agreed to and on October 3 last she set out for that place. On the way, a lady, a stranger to her, noticing her weak condition strongly urged her to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and again on her arrival at her destination her friends urged her to try this wonderful remedy. On October 10 she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial, and soon found such beneficial effects that it needed no persuasion to continue the treatment. In less than three months she was fully restored, and on January 15 returned to her home in Midland, where her friends were rejoiced and gratified at the wonderful change which Pink Pills had wrought in her health and appearance. Mrs. Chase has since continued to enjoy good health, and says that she cannot too highly praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have rescued her from debility after many years of almost hopelessness. Her husband also expresses his thankfulness and appreciation of Pink Pills, and the unlimited pleasure with which he received his wife on her return, looking so well and happy, which was as he truly described it, "like receiving one from the dead." He said that his wife's condition had been such that in going only a few yards she would be obliged to rest, or obtain help, and before her restoration she had been unequal to the slightest exertion.

While in Midland the writer called upon Dr. McCartney, druggist, who reports large sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the most decided benefits to those using them. From many of our exchanges we have noticed with interest the reports of the great benefit derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the case of Mrs. Chase goes to confirm the claim that they are a wonderful

discovery in the interests of humanity, restoring vitality to the broken down system. Considering that Mrs. Chase had suffered ten years, and last October was looked upon as being at the point of death, there must be something of an almost miraculous virtue in the remedy which has raised her to her present condition of health, after she had spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring, and for other so called remedies, of various kinds. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, the after effects of lagrippe, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark 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. 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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

FROM *Science*, we learn that a cuneiform tablet has been found at Tel Hesi, the ancient Lachish, by Mr. J. F. Bliss, who is excavating for the Palestine Exploration Fund. According to Professor A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, it contains the name of the same officer who is mentioned on tablets from Lachish, found some years since at El Amarna in Egypt.

SOUND travels by waves, radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is thrown into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned, these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the disturbance to the ear. This being the case, the impact is greatest in the ear nearest the sound. Now, a person who has totally lost the hearing of one ear cannot locate the direction of a noise to save his life, even when the centre of disturbance is quite near. Blind persons learn to estimate distance in a surprising brief period after losing their sight, but experts on diseases of the ear say that persons wholly deaf in one ear can never learn the direction from which a sound comes.—*Philadelphia Press*.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. In fact I consider it a remedy no home should be without. Cape Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

SO SAY ALL.—That MINARD'S LINIMENT is the standard liniment of the day, as it does just what it is represented to do.

## WARDEN KING AND SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE "DAISY" HEATER AND STABLE FITTINGS.

THE Spence Daisy Hot Water Heater is a world-beater, leading heating experts having conceded that, for rapid and perfect circulation combined with economy of fuel, it has no equal in the market. It is portable, easily set up, has few parts and is of the simplest possible construction. The fire pot is constructed upon principles which after exhaustive experiments have been proved to be the most effective for hot water heating. No fire-brick or other non-conductor is used as a lining, and the fire-pot being constantly full of water, absorbs the heat direct from the fire in the most effective manner. Messrs. Warden King and Son claim that the system of heating houses by the circulation of hot water has proved itself infinitely superior to that of heating by hot air or by steam, and that the "Daisy," though not the lowest priced heater in the market, is by all odds the cheapest and most efficient, combining simplicity, durability, economy of fuel and the maximum of heating capacity with family comfort and health. They are showing eleven sizes of the "Daisy." Although the name of Warden King and Son is inseparably connected

with hot water heaters and the "Daisy" has become almost a household word, the firm by no means confine their attention to the one line. They are very extensive manufacturers of wrought and cast iron stable fittings. Adjoining their display of heaters they have fitted up a couple of stalls showing their improved partitions, mangers, hay racks, feed boxes, stall guards, locks, posts, bell trap and cess pools, gutters, grates, ventilators, brackets and other requisites for a first-class stable. Fittings for either the ordinary full-sized stall or box stalls are made and kept constantly in stock. All of these goods are of superior workmanship, and are either japanned or painted in fancy colours before leaving the works. Mr. James King, the junior member of the firm, is giving this department his special attention, and he seems to have caught the idea of just what is wanted by horsemen and others who desire a neatly-fitted up, useful stable. Have a look at their exhibit for yourself or send for illustrated catalogue and price-list to their Craig Street foundry, Montreal. Warden King and Son have agencies at Toronto, Winnipeg and British Columbia, and the fact that their already enormous business is constantly increasing speaks volumes for the high quality of the articles they manufacture.—*From Toronto Globe's account of the Provincial Exhibit at Montreal.*



Mr. R. J. Brundage

## No Wonder

People speak well of HOOD'S. "For a long time I was troubled with weak stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not felt so well all over for years. My food seldom troubles me now. My sister also took Hood's Sarsaparilla with very pleasing results. I don't wonder people speak well of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Don't see how they can help it." R. J. BRUNDAGE, Norwalk, Ct. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

AN important improvement in the fitting of derrick cranes was recently tried in London before a number of engineers. The appliance is very simple and is confined to the head of the jib, the chain-pulley of which has a ratchet-wheel attached on each side of it, into which a pair of pawls become engaged immediately the jib chain breaks or fails. In the tests, when the jib chain was let go or cut, the ratchet was brought into action, and the heavy block of stone suspended at the end of the hoisting chain was instantly stopped in its descent, and with it, of course, the jib. The brake or catch acts equally the same with a heavy or light load.

THE precious metal has been employed both externally and internally in the metallic state in solution and by sympathy for a great variety of the ills that flesh is heir to, for over 2,000 years. The distinguished Dutch physician and chemist, Hermann Boerhaave, writing about 1725, said: "The alchemists will have this metal contain I know not what radical balm of life capable of restoring health and continuing it to the longest period. What led the early physicians to imagine such wonderful virtue in gold was that they perceived certain qualities therein which they fancied must be conveyed thereby into the body; gold, for instance, is not capable of being destroyed, hence they concluded it must be very proper to preserve animal substances and save them from putrefaction."—*Popular Science Monthly*.