

# THE WEEK:

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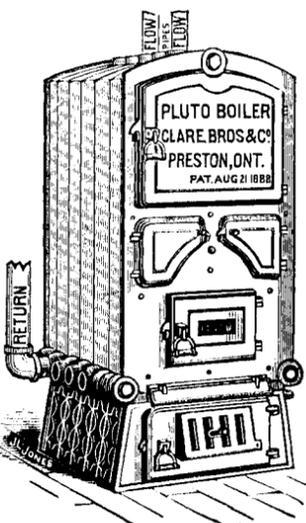


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THE facts that are being brought to light by the Public Accounts Committee at Ottawa are scarcely less startling than those which Mr. Tarte has been instrumental in disclosing before the Committee on Privileges and Elections. Were the charge against Sir Hector Langevin simply one of incompetency, further evidence would scarcely be needed than that which has been produced in connection with the building of the Langevin Block. What would any business man say to an agent whom he had entrusted with the erection of a costly building, should he find that that agent had made a contract for the construction of the body of the building, with a clause empowering the contractor to impose his own conditions upon any other parties with whom he might afterwards wish to arrange for parts of the work unprovided for—such as roofing, putting in heating apparatus, etc.? If the latter contractors should find it necessary or prefer to use appliances belonging to the former, it would be of course but right that a fair remuneration should be given. But it must be obvious to a tyro in such matters that to compel all subsequent contractors to come to terms with the first, would be simply equivalent to empowering the first to secure all contracts necessary to the completion of the building at his own prices, should he choose to push his advantage. And yet this seems to be exactly the arrangement made by the Minister of Public Works with Mr. Charlebois in regard to the building in question. The case of Mr. Arnoldi, who, in addition to his own liberal salary as mechanical engineer of the Department, obtained considerable sums unlawfully in the names of other parties, is of the same kind as that which the other committee has found to be so much in vogue in the clerical departments. The fact is significant. As it has been attested in every case in which clerks have been shown to have received extra payments by the use of other names, real or fictitious, that the work for which payment was thus irregularly made had been performed, the Deputy Minister and the clerks in question have claimed that there was nothing dishonourable in the transactions, and some writers have seemed disposed to admit the plea. The case of Mr. Arnoldi and that of Hon.

Robert McGreevy, with their steam vessels, for example, show very clearly the natural and, we may say, almost certain developments of such a system. And yet this system seems to have permeated the public departments to an alarming extent. The moral is that the man, be he copying clerk or member of Parliament, who resorts to an unlawful device or subterfuge of this kind, at once places himself on the down grade and forfeits his claim to the confidence of his employer. He can, in fact, no longer be regarded as a perfectly reliable and honourable man, and he has no right to complain if his employer refuse to trust him further. When that employer is conducting his own business, he may do as he pleases. When he is the agent of another, or of the public, he has no alternative, but is bound to avoid the risk.

WHAT is the policy of the Dominion Government in respect to reciprocity? This question must have forced itself upon the mind of everyone who has paid attention to the speeches made by its supporters during the debate on Sir Richard Cartwright's motion. The Government stands virtually pledged to send delegates to Washington in October to confer with representatives of the United States Government with a view to reach, if possible, some agreement looking to freer commercial intercourse between the two countries. Not only is it pledged to such negotiations, but it deemed the matter of such paramount importance as to warrant the premature dissolution of the late Parliament, and the holding of a general election, in order to ascertain the minds of the people, and secure, if possible, their mandate to push forward the negotiations. That mandate they must, in virtue of their majority, reduced though it is, consider themselves to have received. Yet they have thus far during the session given little or no indication of either earnestness or hopefulness in regard to the coming conference. The speeches of their supporters during the debate which closed on Tuesday show a wide divergence of opinion on the subject. Several seem disposed to condemn reciprocity in any form or degree, and argue that even free exchange of natural products would be followed by results injurious if not disastrous to Canadian farmers. These surely cannot favour negotiations of any kind. Another class of orators would approve free exchange of natural products only, which, all must perceive, there is scarcely the remotest possibility of obtaining. A third though seemingly a small class would be prepared to carry the interchange somewhat further. But even these generally interpose the paradoxical condition that nothing be done to interfere with the protective character of the National Policy. One Conservative speaker observed, with obvious point, that the members of the Opposition who profess to be so anxious for the fullest reciprocity would be much more consistent if they were to seek to strengthen instead of weakening the hands of the Government, pending the forthcoming negotiations. But it can hardly be denied that the Government supporters themselves, with few exceptions, have done little to strengthen its hands in the matter by their speeches during the debate. It is true that the want of unanimity is quite as marked in the speeches of the members of the Opposition, many of whom shrunk with illogical dread from the bugbear of commercial union with which they are constantly confronted. But they have always the ready rejoinder that an Opposition is under no obligation to do more than roughly outline its alternative specific, while it is the business of a Government to be clear, definite and comprehensive in its statements of policy. It may be that the leaders of the Government will be more explicit before the close of the session, but up to the present moment it can hardly be denied that they have done little to confute the charge of the Opposition that the plea on which the late Parliament was dissolved and the general election precipitated was little more than a hollow pretence.

THE old truism that "two are needed to make a bargain" suggests the difficulty that may arise if one of the parties should prove unwilling. The difficulty becomes still more serious if there is reason to suspect that both the parties may look with disfavour upon the proposed arrangement. Such a suspicion is forced upon us in con-

nection with the object of the Imperial Trade League, in pursuit of which Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P. for Sheffield, England, is just now visiting Canada. Col. Vincent, if correctly reported, in his Montreal speech said that he wished it to be distinctly and emphatically understood that the League which he represents seeks in no way whatever to interfere in the slightest degree, either now or at any future time, with the fiscal and political independence now enjoyed by the self-governing colonies. The question is to be regarded as one of trade, pure and simple. But so far as we have been able to see, Col. Vincent made no attempt to explain how a colony, Canada for instance, could enter into an agreement to give preferential treatment to British goods in all its tariff arrangements, without to that extent sacrificing at least its fiscal independence. No one can be at the same time bound and free, even in the matter of trading with his neighbour. The point is of some importance seeing that there is no room to doubt that Canada, at the late election, rejected the Liberal policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, mainly on the ground that such a policy would inevitably interfere with its fiscal freedom. Waiving this point, however, we note another of still greater practical importance. Col. Vincent is reported as declaring that there is nothing which the industrial masses of Great Britain desire so much as closer trade relations with the Dominion and with the whole empire. This is a question of fact, and Col. Vincent's statement implies the existence of one of the two conditions to which we have alluded as vital to the success of the scheme he advocates. We can but regret that he did not adduce some proof in support of his assertion or opinion on this point, or that if he did so that part of his speech was not reported. Col. Vincent is certainly a high authority on the subject, and we may have failed to note the change of popular opinion in Great Britain, but we confess that so far have we been from supposing that its industrial masses were desirous of obtaining closer trade relations with the colonies, at the expense of a tax on their bread and meat, that we have hitherto felt persuaded, and that too by the utterances of such men as Lord Salisbury himself, that one of the insuperable obstacles to any such trade arrangement as the United Empire Trade League seeks to effect would be found in the unconquerable aversion of those masses to any such taxation. When Col. Vincent has satisfactorily established the contrary he will have taken a long step in the direction of demonstrating the feasibility of the scheme. But even in that case he would, there is great reason to fear, be met with another obstacle scarcely less formidable in the unwillingness of colonial, or at least of Canadian, manufacturers—who now exert a most powerful influence in our fiscal legislation—to lower the barriers which now protect them from the competition of English manufactured goods.

SO much for the question as one simply of trade between the two countries. But as Col. Vincent evidently foresees—in the case of Great Britain at least—it would be impossible to leave politics out of such a question. Each of the contracting parties would be bound to consider the effects of such a policy upon its relations to other countries and nations. The very existence of the treaties which Col. Vincent so strongly denounces, and which, so long as they are in force, effectually prevent Great Britain from giving preferential terms of trade to her colonies, is very suggestive of the danger to her which would be involved in the abrogation of those treaties and the inauguration of the preferential policy. Though under no treaty obligation, Canada is really, by the force of circumstances beyond her control, under no less heavy bonds in regard to the next door neighbour with whom she now does nearly half her trading in spite of the high parallel tariff walls. Evidently, however, the first real advance towards an Imperial trade league must be made by Great Britain herself, by denouncing and abrogating the treaties referred to. Until some decisive movement has been made in that direction, the discussion can scarcely be kept out of the clouds. How the Colonies can help the Mother Country in this matter, it is not easy to see. We hope we shall not be thought to be inveterately opposed to freer trade arrangements with the Mother Country—which we

certainly desire to see, whatever we may think of increased taxes against other countries—if we further glance for a moment at what may be called the patriotic or sentimental argument, which is made to do yeoman service in this discussion. It is claimed that "the members of the same great family should trade with each other on better terms than with the foreigner." "Should they not rather," we are asked, "send their goods and money to their own people than to foreign lands?" That depends, one might say, upon our theory of trade—upon the motives and objects of the trader. Most of us have probably known persons who would sooner trade with strangers than with their own friends and relations, because they felt freer to get the best terms possible from strangers. If the thing proposed is, as Col. Vincent tells us elsewhere, a purely business matter, the question of relationship has evidently no place in the argument. We have no doubt that both nations and individuals would be lifted to a much higher plane of life if a large admixture of lofty sentiment, or philanthropy, could be brought into their business transactions. But for the present and for some time to come the old law of supply and demand, the buy-in-the-cheapest-and-sell-in-the-dearest-market principle will, we fear, obtain in both Great Britain and the Colonies. Each will continue to consult simply her own interests. It would be putting the loyalty of either to a crucial test to ask that in selling she should accept a lower, or in buying pay a higher price, because of the family relationship and the old flag. No doubt England is just as selfish in her free trade policy as Canada in her protectionism. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that such a proposal as that of the United Empire Trade League comes with a better grace from Col. Vincent, as a representative of Great Britain, than from Sir Charles Tupper, as a representative of Canada. Were we ourselves English, as we are Canadian, we fear that the temptation would be to us irresistible to say, "Great Britain has done her part. Her trade is as free as it can be. Let Canada follow suit, and the thing will be done."

THE address delivered last winter by Mr. J. G. Bourinot, before the American Historical Association at Washington, on the subject of "Canada and the United States," has, we are glad to see, been published by that body, and thus given a permanent place on its records. Mr. Bourinot's paper is "an Historical Retrospect" of the growth and development of Canada, especially in its relations to the United States, since the history of the two peoples practically began with the triumph of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, one hundred and thirty years ago. In the true historical spirit Mr. Bourinot recognizes at the outset that the conflict which had been going on in America for a century or more before that eventful day was really "a conflict of antagonistic principles—the principle of self-government and freedom of thought, against the principle of centralization and the repression of personal liberty." In the same spirit he touches other epoch-making events in the course of the subsequent history. The true meaning of the Quebec Act of 1774, for example, and its obvious intention, are seen to have been "to confine the old English colonies to the country on the Atlantic coast," and to conciliate "the new subjects" of England by enlarging the sphere of the French régime. He thus points out what no one who has read the debates which took place in the British Parliament prior to the passage of that Act can doubt, viz., that the passage of the Quebec Act was as much a hostile message to the thirteen colonies as a charter of the political and religious freedom of the Canadian French. The migration into Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Upper Canada of forty thousand United Empire Loyalists is briefly but effectually dealt with as another of the pregnant events which at critical periods had much to do with determining the destiny of Canada. In touching upon the days of "family compactism" and the rebellion, it may be doubted whether Mr. Bourinot gives sufficient credit to the rash Papineau and the "littie, peppery Scotchman of the name of MacKenzie," for the services they rendered the country by their impetuosity, in hastening the advent of representative government and colonial freedom. It may be true that "sooner or later the questions at issue must have found a satisfactory solution" by constitutional methods, but it must not be forgotten that the struggle had been long continued by such methods without much progress having been made, and that to these rash patriots it is unquestionably due that the great reforms came sooner rather than later—possibly very

much later. Thus it often happens in history that posterity condemns the agitator while it reaps the fruits of the agitation. In dealing with the difficulties which have from time to time arisen between Canada and the United States, or, more strictly speaking, between Great Britain and the United States on Canadian questions, the sketch gives evidence, not only of careful study of the facts, but of thoughtful regard to the less obvious causes lying behind them. Mr. Bourinot's well-known power of clear and effective statement is manifest throughout. It is true that to the Republican reader who, on his part, has studied the questions from an opposite view-point, and under the influence of different national sympathies, the retrospect of boundary transactions, fishery disputes, abortive trade negotiations, etc., may seem open to criticism as having been written in the patriotic rather than the judicial spirit. It may be questioned whether Mr. Bourinot has always shown that power of putting himself in his neighbour's place which is characteristic of the historical spirit in its highest development. It is indeed scarcely probable that the Canadian authorities have been quite so uniformly right and reasonable, and those of the United States quite so uniformly wrong and unreasonable, as the tract might lead the cursory reader to suppose. But as a paper read by a loyal Canadian before a United States' Historical Society, and now reprinted by that Society for the benefit of American readers, it is admirably adapted to set before our neighbours the Canadian view of questions which many of them may never before have seen in any other light than that of their own strong national prejudices.

HONORE MERCIER, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, etc., etc., has returned from Europe loaded with honours and decorations, and his coming has been hailed by his impressionable fellow-citizens as that of a conquering hero. Notwithstanding all that has been said and hinted, there seems no longer room to doubt that he has succeeded in obtaining a temporary loan of four millions of dollars on fairly reasonable terms. With this he will be able to tide the Province over the threatened financial crisis. Nor do we know any sufficient reason for doubting that he may be able, at the close of another session, should the money market become more favourable, to secure the permanent loan of ten thousand which will be needed in the near future. The question whether the unfortunate financial strait in which the Province of Quebec finds itself is mainly due to Premier Mercier's own extravagance and bad management, or to those of his predecessors, or to causes beyond the control of either, is, strictly speaking, a matter of Provincial concern, with which we are not called upon to meddle. It is obviously true, however, that from another point of view, that of the peculiar relations of the Province to the Dominion, the question is one of deep interest to all Canadians. Sooner or later, and probably very soon, the demand for better terms, not only from Quebec, but from other impecunious members of the Confederation, must become again irresistible. The only consolation, in view of such a contingency, is that the sooner these demands are forced upon the consideration of the general Government and Parliament, the sooner, in all probability, will all parties be convinced of the necessity of agreeing upon a better financial system and reaching a settlement which shall be really and truly a finality. But into these serious matters we need not now enter more fully. The object of this paragraph was to give expression to our honest wonder to what extent the new-made Count really values his numerous titles and badges as having an intrinsic virtue, or as honest tributes to modest merit, and to what extent he covets and uses them as bits of tinsel with which to dazzle and captivate the admiring crowd. Recognizing his undoubted shrewdness, one can hardly help suspecting that he is laughing in his sleeve while receiving the plaudits of the populace. Of course this fondness for titles and decorations and richly-coloured garments is not peculiar to Premier Mercier any more than is the homage paid to them to his French compatriots. One need not cross the Ottawa, or even quit the City of Toronto on certain gala days, to witness—but there, we are trenching upon unsafe ground, and had better turn aside at once. "People do love badges!" exclaimed a philosopher the other day.

MR. CAMERON (of Huron) may be congratulated on the prospective success of his Bill to permit the accused in criminal cases to testify on his own behalf. Though the measure is set aside for the present, the attitude of the Minister of Justice may be accepted as a

guarantee that the principle for which Mr. Cameron has so persistently contended will be incorporated in Canadian criminal law in the near future. So far as that principle itself is concerned, it is hard to understand why it should have to be contended for at this advanced stage in the science of jurisprudence. If the paramount consideration in the judicial enquiry is, as Sir John Thompson said, to ascertain the truth—a proposition whose contradictory is absurd—it is difficult to conceive of any valid reason why the only individual in the world who, in the majority of cases, knows the whole truth, should be prevented from testifying. The strongest reason that can be suggested for the anomaly, the prevention of perjury, to which Sir John referred, seems strangely weak and would hardly bear serious investigation. The Minister pointed out, however, many difficulties touching matters both of principle and of detail, with which the proposed innovation is beset, and in view of these Parliament was no doubt wise in preferring to make haste slowly. In view of the differences of opinion between jurists and other high legal authorities in regard not only to the general principle, but to minor questions of procedure, it may be presumptuous in a journalist, or other layman, to so much as venture an opinion. And yet it does seem passing strange that there should be any difference of opinion as to whether either the accused or a wife should be permitted to testify. The question as to whether either or both should be compelled to do so is one of much greater difficulty. In cases in which the offence charged is one involving capital punishment it is not easy to see how the accused could be compelled to testify, since imprisonment, the severest punishment to which he could, on refusal, be subjected, would be less dreadful to most than the penalty which would follow confession or proof of guilt. It is impossible not to feel that to compel a truthful wife to testify against a husband whom she knew to be guilty would appear to be, in many cases, positively cruel; yet, even so, it can hardly be denied that the best interests of society, involved in the discovery of the truth, should be deemed paramount to those of any individual. On the other hand it is easy to conceive of hundreds of cases in which the straightforward testimony of either the accused or his wife might prevent the conviction of an innocent man and the commission of a grave judicial wrong. The strange case of the couple arrested a few days since at Fairbank, charged with the murder of their daughter, will at once suggest itself to many as one in which it would be most desirable from every point of view that both should be permitted to testify. Very few prisoners would, in such circumstances, hesitate to do so, as hesitation would be sure to be interpreted as an admission, though of course it would not be legal proof, of guilt.

"MY aim is, above all, the maintenance of peace," declared the Emperor of Germany during his recent visit to England. We have already been constrained to admit that his method of maintaining peace, by dint of enormous armies, has been for a time successful in preventing actual conflict, and may prove so for some time to come. And an armed peace is incomparably better, from some points of view, than horrid war. It is quite possible, too, that the agreement, of whatever nature it may be, that was reached during the conferences of the Emperor and his Secretary of State with Lord Salisbury, may still further prolong peace, by counteracting Franco-Russian projects against British possessions in the East. But withal it must be confessed that even the blessings of a peace so maintained are terrible to contemplate. And then, again, whatever may be the case with the Triple Alliance itself, it is evident that any alliance, or undertaking, that can be entered into by a British Prime Minister without the sanction of Parliament is really a very precarious affair. It is doubly precarious in this case, by reason of the uncertain tenure by which Lord Salisbury now retains office, as evidenced by the result of the latest bye-elections. Still further, though on the whole the renewal of the Triple Alliance may be matter for congratulation, the necessity which called for it, if such there be, is to be deplored, because, in addition to many other strong reasons, it renders reduction of European armaments practically impossible, during the years for which it is to stand. An English writer, who witnessed the pageant in London, points out the singular incongruity between the Emperor's professed love of peace, which was explained to mean "progress, friendly intercourse, and the advancement of civilization," and the warlike pageantry which surrounded him at every step of his progress, even in the

great shop-keeping headquarters of the "nation of shop-keepers." "Does it not seem a little odd," says the same writer, "that a foreign prince, in visiting the citizens, should go armed *cap-à-pie*, from his silver helmet to his golden spurs, preceded, followed and waited upon by soldiers?" Passing strange it is when we come to think of it. Centuries of "progress" and "the advancement of civilization" do not seem to have carried European nations so very far forward, in such respects, after all. Is it any wonder that many thoughtful Canadians are disposed to look with distrust upon the efforts that are being put forth by some among us, to cultivate a military spirit among our citizens, and even to implant it in infant minds in our schools and homes?

THE London *Spectator* of the 11th inst. had an interesting article on "The New Position of the Kings." It is noteworthy that just now the personal influence of the monarchs seems to be waxing rather than on the wane in Europe. William II., of Germany, comes at once before the mind as an instance in which the monarch, though nominally a constitutional ruler, is practically—in seeming, at least—autocratic, and rather glories in proclaiming the fact. The Emperor of Austria, too, has of late years increased in power, and exercises a very wide personal authority in all affairs of State. The same is true, to some extent, of King Humbert, who has contrived to make himself the arbiter of successive Cabinets. The Queen Regent of Spain, too, exercises great power in her Government, and can be, on occasion, practically autocratic. To what extent, if any, do these instances of the increasing strength of personal sovereignty contradict the prevalent notion about the constantly growing power of democracy? The *Spectator* argues, and, to our thinking, with much force and insight, that the facts referred to are quite in keeping with that notion. The paradox admits of easy explanation on two grounds. First, the increased kingly power is not dynastic, but personal. The people want strong leaders, and by a series of coincidences have, just now, in several States, found them in the reigning monarchs. "Let William II. try to reign for objects his people dislike—for a general policy of aggrandizement, for example, or for a policy of obscurantism"—and we should soon see what we should see. The *Spectator* regards the coincidence of several strong monarchs as accidental. But may it not be that this growing demand of the people for strong rulers goes far, in accordance with a well-understood law, to produce the supply? The modern monarch perceives that, in order to rule, he must study the people and win their confidence and admiration on personal grounds. Closely connected with this desire for strong rulers is the growing impatience of the people with the complicated movements of Parliaments, the slow response of representative institutions to the popular will. They tire of the endless discussions and partisan struggles, and are ready to take a short cut to the attainment of their ends. The late remarkable movement in the Swiss Republic, to the superficial glance, seems to be in the opposite direction; more profoundly studied, it is found to be due to the operation of the same democratic temper and tendency. The Swiss, staid and sturdy republicans that they are, feel the need of a stronger and readier instrument than their representative bodies. Hitherto the "referendum" could be used only on the demand of the National Council, or of a fixed number of the people, and only in regard to a law which had already been introduced and passed upon in the regular way. The people have now declared, by 169,000 votes to 117,000, that they will, when so disposed, of their own initiative order a great reform. Henceforth, under the new decree, any fifty thousand voters have the right to submit a Bill of their own directly to the mass vote. If such vote is favourable, the Bill is declared a law of the Republic. Thus they have created a dictatorship of a thoroughly democratic kind, but quite as potential and capable of acting quite as despotically as any absolute monarch or personal dictator.

TORONTO has blackened its hitherto unsullied history as a model Sabbath-keeping city. The demonstration against the By-law prohibiting public speaking, backed up as it was by such scenes of violence as stone-throwing and the destruction of sign-boards, is no unimportant matter. On the policy of the By-law we waive discussion here: it is a moot point upon which there are probably as many opinions as there are holders of opinions. But the excellent manner in which at all events the attempt to uphold that By-law was carried out we unhesitatingly commend.

Law must be enforced, and especially must it be enforced in a democratic country where, naturally, there is no little restiveness under authority on the one hand, and perhaps here and there still more hesitancy in exerting authority on the other. The rioters, it is said, were drawn from the lower classes, and it is no doubt said truly. At all events whoever they may have been, organized force in the form of constabulary was quite properly brought to bear against them. The Chief of Police did his best and did well with the small numbers of men under his command. Should there be any recurrence of Sunday's scenes no doubt he will be prepared to cope more effectively with deliberate law breakers. Even if it is necessary to resort to the flats of the sabres of a troop of the Body Guard, the existing law, whatever its purport, must be sustained.

IN Europe the political sky is for the time being comparatively cloudless. This could not have been said of it a few months ago, when Russia was reported as massing troops on her south-western frontier, when Portugal was in a highly inflammatory state, and France was bickering over the British control of Egypt and the problem of the Newfoundland fisheries. Now the only specks on the horizon are the relation of Great Britain to the Dreibund, and the curious friendship struck up between the Gaul and the Slav; but these, for all one knows, may prove as capable of as great and rapid growth as was that famed cloud "as a man's hand" once seen from Mount Carmel. The pomp and circumstance with which the German Emperor's visit to England was so obtrusively surrounded were naturally subjects of anything but kindly comment across the English Channel; and the comment must have been all the less kindly since the pomp completely distracted attention from what has been referred to as the coquetting of the French and Russian fleets at Cronstadt—a little display intended, perhaps, as a set-off against a similar flirtation between the English fleet and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary at Fiume—a locality all too near Italy, that third member of the central European political confraternity, which, with her defensive allies, is such a thorn in the flesh to sensitive, easily-irritated France. However, the Dreibund is not yet a Vierbund, and England seems determined that the latter—openly, at least—shall not be. Quite naturally she takes care to be on the best of terms with the strongest and best organized continental military power; but as to entering into any formal and definitive offensive and defensive understanding with it, to this that terror to absolute monarchies, the House of Commons, would have much to say and would not hesitate to say it. France forgets this. She has a grievance, and like all individuals with such a possession she sees everything in the light of that grievance. The Balkan States happily are quiet, though what unquietness Russian agents may not there be quietly fomenting no one knows. The young king of Servia is to visit Russia; but then he is to visit Austria also, so that little significance can be attached to his tour. Besides he is very young. "Here where the world is quiet," with three thousand miles of ocean between us and these feverish international jealousies, it is difficult to view them in their true light. To us the social and political problems to be solved within our own boundaries seem tremendous enough to occupy our whole thought and all our resources. But then North American peoples at all events do not know what it is to have a neighbour, armed to the teeth, on the other side of an imaginary line. The man who will cast the horoscope of these hostile neighbours will be a bold one. Disarmament, resort to arbitration, a common family of nations, universal peace—these things are not yet to be in lands where the tread of hoplites is daily heard in the street, and where magazine rifles and smokeless powder are the topics of the hour.

If Christianity were universally adopted, all social evils would vanish; there would be few very rich persons; comparatively few would be poor, and those would be worthy of abundant sympathy and help, which they would receive. At a gathering of socialists at the grave of Carl Marx, celebrating the anniversary of his death, one of the speakers declared: "The three things which the world needs are solidarity, energy and self-sacrifice." Self-sacrifice is another word for disinterestedness, and this needs Christianity; for, as F. D. Maurice, the English rector, socialist, and friend of Kingsley, said: "Be very sure of this, that no human creatures will be found saying sincerely 'Our brothers' on earth unless they have said previously 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"—From "*Christianity and Socialism*," by Dr. J. M. Buckley, in *Harper's Magazine for July*.

OTTAWA LETTER.

WHEN the expected division on the Budget did not come off last week, the newspapers, as usual, attempted to make some party capital by insinuations of breach of faith. The simple fact is that like all other talk parliamentary oratory is very contagious, and it is almost impossible to stop a debate which affords such a convenient means of accumulating electioneering ammunition at the country's expense. A new membership, a large number of bye-elections, sure to come off as the result of the protested seats, and the present excited state of party-feeling, are quite enough to account for the extent to which the *Hansard* has expanded. From a gallery point of view the performance seems as meaningless as it is dreary. Member after member of the species known as "back benchers" rehearses the utterances of the leaders on his own side, at the best, perhaps, interjecting some minor point interesting his own constituency. The House is half empty, and beyond an occasional bit of applause from his own side, intended to hearten up a new man or to show an older hand that his friends haven't quite forgotten him, or an ironical "hear, hear" from an opponent who is noting some point for reply, nobody appears to take the slightest interest in the proceedings. The Speaker sits in gravity so solemn that he might almost be thought asleep; the very pages have a bored air and cease to play sly practical jokes on each other in the shelter of the throne. For the thousandth time one hears the suggestion of the spectator, who knows all about it, that "there ought to be a law passed limiting speeches to twenty minutes, except in the case of the leader on each side, who might be allowed an hour." The newspapers summarize the result with "two sticks" of laudation for the man on their own side and a line of disparagement for the man on the other. Yet, if you look a little deeper into things, you will find a method in it all. The game is played throughout just as moves at chess come from the particular opening adopted. There is a definite object, a scope for individuality and a good chance of blundering or mistaking the opponent's plan. It is not the House of Commons that is being talked to—not a vote will be changed there—not the Gallery—he who talks to the Gallery is of all parliamentary pretenders the most quickly detected and most sincerely despised; it is the Constituency. That body to which its member "feels it his duty to justify the vote which he is about to give" does not decide simply on the broad questions as set forth and replied to by the Minister of Finance and Sir Richard Cartwright. As the rival political organization will take good care that the messengers in the packing-room are quite as much occupied with despatching the antidote as they are with the speech of the honourable member for Torytown or Reformville, one speech begets another. And then, when the whips of both sides think that enough ammunition has been manufactured, they begin to consult as to having a vote. Here come in individual peculiarities. The man who must always speak; the timid member who has at last screwed himself up to the point of his maiden speech; the sanguine man who sees his way now to smash Foster or Cartwright, as the case may be; the man who has friends in town; the unexpected man, who sometimes does, and more often does not, happen to make a hit; the man who has been kept from speaking by almost superhuman tact on the part of his whip; the man with a theory, and many more. The long debate has familiarized, irritated, or encouraged them with talk, and talk now they must. So it goes on, until at last the leaders issue the fiat and a late sitting, with a vote sometime in the small hours, ends the first stage of the fight that is really meant to be fought out on the hustings. This finale, it is now, however, definitely understood, is to take place on Tuesday night. That the vote will show any diminution in the Government's majority is not at all probable.

A Monday, with its questions and private members' business, is quite refreshing after the dismal monotony of the Tariff. It is likely to be the last of the days for private business exclusively, as the Government proposed last week to take it for themselves, and yielded only on Mr. Laurier's statement that the end of the session was not yet within sight. Mr. Davin, who by the way lightened up the tariff debate last week, had another slap at his *bête noire*, Commissioner Herchmer, of the North-West Mounted Police, for alleged interference with his election, to which charge Mr. Amyot added one of tyranny and injustice to French Canadians. There has been a departmental investigation into these matters going on for some time, but it has not been held under oath, and Colonel Herchmer's desire for a formal enquiry under oath is to be complied with.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's motion for the bestowal of some mark of recognition upon the veterans of 1837-38 dealt with a delicate subject, and perhaps there might have been an unfortunate renewal of the old controversy over the rebellion, which, whatever the demerits of its methods, resulted in constitutional government for the old Province of Canada. The discussion was tending in that direction when six o'clock put an end to it and to the motion for this session. Besides the political and race issues involved, there is also a constitutional question whether such recognition does not devolve upon the Provinces, not the Dominion. So, except perhaps from the narrow point of view of Ontario local politics, such an ending was lucky.

Mr. Charlton's Sunday Observance Bill came back from

the Special Committee very much abbreviated, cut down in fact to the cases of publication of newspapers and work on the railways and canals. That it would not in any case effect its object was pretty clearly shown. That it would be an interference with Provincial rights of legislation, and, of a successful interference, then a limitation, not an extension, of the rather stringent provisions of existing Provincial laws, was the opinion of leading lawyers on both sides, Sir John Thompson and Mr. Mills among them. So the Bill was killed in Committee of the Whole by the paradoxical process of the Committee rising and reporting progress, which means no progress at all. Mr. Charlton will have to persevere to at least seven times as he did in another instance, if he wishes to see this Bill also on the Statute Book.

There has been a long struggle both in England and Canada to establish as a rule in all criminal cases, what is now recognized as an exception in some, allowing an accused person to testify in his own behalf. It is, in fact, simply extending to criminal matters the doctrine in force as to evidence in civil matters, and the arguments in favour of the present system of closing the mouth of the accused are the same as were urged against the change which allowed parties to a suit to testify in their own behalf. But it may be almost taken for granted now that with the support of the Minister of Justice's pronouncement in favour of incorporating the principle into the Criminal Code now being prepared, Mr. Cameron of Huron has practically brought this reform. X.

### FARMERS AND FINANCE.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT stated during the Budget debate that in Ontario and Quebec the farmers "were sinking into a condition of mere labourers, working for a bare subsistence on farms nominally owned by them;" and he argued therefrom that "probably the same state of affairs obtained in Manitoba and the North-West Territories." In coming to such a rash conclusion, Sir Richard neglected to distribute the middle term of his syllogism, and hence he perpetrated an egregious fallacy. The farmers of Manitoba and the North-West are not sinking into mere labourers, and the farms they cultivate are actually as well as nominally their own. They are a community that may justly be described as, at the very least, fairly prosperous, and are quite the opposite to the description given by the prominent Grit of the state of affairs in the two older provinces. It is this difference between the condition of the two sets of farmers, perhaps, that accounts for their divergent views on the financial policy of the Government. The last election showed Manitoba and the North-West to be staunch upholders of that policy. Protectionists favour the policy *in rerum natura*; fair-traders prefer it to unrestricted reciprocity which is not "fair," because it robs Canada to pay America; and even free-traders lean upon it rather than upon their own principles, which they see, when applied to a nation of producers, places them in the world's markets alongside competitors, rather than customers.

Indeed, so far as Canada west of the First Initial Meridian is concerned, the question is regarded entirely from the standpoint of a producer and not of a consumer. In these districts the interest as consumers is almost imperceptible, while that as producers is paramount. The farmers there as consumers of what others produce are insignificant, but as producers they are important. As a rule, they themselves produce for their own consumption, and but little of the little others produce for them is touched by the tax collector. The settlers in Manitoba and the North-West furnish their own mutton, pork and beef with its dairy produce; they rear their own poultry with its eggs; they grow their own potatoes, vegetables and garden produce, their own breadstuffs, etc., while their guns provide them with game, and their rivers with fish. They have to buy only their groceries, their clothing and their implements. Of the first named, tea is entirely free of duty, sugar now nearly so. The only articles rendered dear by duties are condiments and luxuries, clothing and implements. What the Grits virtually say to men so favourably situated is this: Our policy of free trade will reduce the prices of these things. They omit to say that the same policy reduces the prices all round, both of what is produced and what is consumed. Framed entirely in the interest of the consumer, free trade by an obvious, natural and irresistible law, reduces the prices of grain as well as of groceries, of cattle as well as of clothing. This does not suit the prairie farmer. He realizes that as consumers his community is an insignificant province, but as producers it is a great nation. Free trade based, as has been said, entirely in the interests of the consumer, must be universal to be beneficial, and it seems to the farmers of the West that the one-sided policy offered by the Grits would place them in "a sorter tarnation fix."

There is another point quite perceptible to the farmers on the plains, but which does not yet seem to present itself with any force to the Opposition at Ottawa. Unrestricted reciprocity with the United States is not an extension of the area of free trade, but is an extension of the area of the most outrageous protection the world has ever known. Whatever may have been possible in the past, or whatever may be possible in the future, one thing is certain, viz., that unrestricted reciprocity with the United States at the present moment would simply bring Canada within the operation of the McKinley tariff. It would be a *sine qua non* that Canada adopted the Ameri-

can tariff, otherwise the Dominion would become the dumping ground of goods *in transitu* to the States. To open free the gates along the Forty-ninth parallel, and to erect McKinley barriers at every port on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, is to bring the area of Canada under the protective system of the United States. That is to say, it is to close our markets to Great Britain, and not only to force us to trade with the United States, but to trade with them at their own prices, so enormously enhanced by the McKinley tariff. Canada would thus be taxed for the benefit of United States manufacturers. The immediate effect would be to deprive Canada of the six millions of revenue now derived from the customs on American imports, and in addition to raise prices, as already stated, to the full pitch of the McKinley tariff. Thus the six millions would not remain in the pockets of the Canadian people, but would go to the American traders. The Canadians would therefore pay the tax twice over; once by paying higher prices for their goods, and again by direct loss of revenue which they would be taxed to make up. What they would actually do would be to pay to the Americans the six millions that now go to the treasury, and then tax themselves to make up the loss. The disaster does not end here. To lose England as a seller means to lose her as a buyer also. International trade is but barter after all, and proceeds according to the natural laws of exchange, and if a nation cannot sell to us, it will not, because it cannot buy from us. Unrestricted reciprocity thus means a general loss all round. Is it astonishing then that the Manitoba and North-West farmers prefer to pay duty on their groceries and their clothing, their luxuries and their implements, in order to preserve themselves from so terrible a calamity, to meet which all that is promised them is low prices for their sheep and their cattle, their wheat and their barley?

Free trade being based entirely on the interests of the consumer, if applied all over the world, would no doubt give to Canada her share of the general cheapening of all commodities. But there is not free trade all over the world. There is not free trade anywhere whatever on the face of the earth. Even "free trade England" (as it is improperly called) still raises more than one-half of its revenue by duties of customs and excise. On the other hand, Canada is next neighbour to the most highly protected country that exists. And yet there are those who urge that Canada should adopt free trade in the interest of the consumer! The poor, it is said, clamour for bread, and Canada keeps up the price of wheat. Alas! Canada's customers, the bread-eaters of the world, are so far off! The wheat from Manitoba and the North-West goes so far round, passes through so many hands before it reaches the workmen and the workhouses of another hemisphere that the farmer can hardly be expected to advocate low prices for his produce to satisfy a cry that is so dim and so distant. As much as he can get for his corn and his cattle is the cardinal point of the farmer's policy. This may be bad ethics, but it is as sound common sense and as high a morality as can be expected in an age when to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest is the pole-star of commercial rectitude. That Canada should be the one victim to suffer for the benefit of humanity is more than ought to be expected. True it is that it is noble to make sacrifices for the good of others. People have suffered for the benefit of humanity and the memory of them is revered, and doubtless the same occurs now, and will continue to occur. History tells us of heroes who have died at the stake for the good of humanity; of men and women who have perished on the scaffold for the good of humanity; of persons who have suffered imprisonment and torture and loss for the good of humanity. These, however, were individuals, not nations or communities. It has never yet been recorded that the farmers of a nation have sacrificed their crops or their cattle for the good of humanity, or that they have been expected to do so; and it is more than human nature has a right to expect of the Canadian farmer that he should start so novel an example. The farmers of Manitoba and the North-West prefer to jog along a safe groove, with an improving future before them, and will not be dazzled by fancy and fantastic financial fireworks, for which the country is not fit, and is yet too young to attempt to display. WILLIAM TRANT.

### ONE ASPECT OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS QUESTION.

"THE proper study of mankind," said Pope, "is man"; and he was a wise man who said it; for I have yet to meet the individual who thinks the proper study of mankind is woman. The fundamental canon upon which all study is based runs thus: Under the same circumstances and with the same substances the same effects always result from the same causes. Every minutest or greatest particle, animate or inanimate, in the whole universe of visible, audible, and tangible things obeys that law—with the sole and only exception of woman. She alone is lawless.

She is an enigma. "A spinx to man, a riddle to herself." Altogether outside the sphere of logic; "fugitive, indeterminate, irrational, contradictory," often misunderstood; never wholly known. What she herself is, she cannot tell us; she knows not herself. "Whether from shyness, or precaution, or artifice, a woman never speaks out her whole thought; and moreover, what she herself knows of it is but a part of what it really is. Complete frankness seems to be impossible to her, and complete self-knowledge

seems to be forbidden her."\* And yet beneath all this, hidden far below all superficial gaze, there is a stability, a constancy which no other thing in Nature shows, an undisturbed calm unfathomable by the mind of man. Woman is like the sea: rarely placid; disturbed and tossed into restless agitation by the slightest breeze; not seldom raging furiously, heaving ungovernable, flinging wildly aloft tempestuous waves without purpose, without method, revealing often depths of hideous foulness, beating ever blindly against its rocky bounds, often cold, often cruel. Yet withal reposing secure on the bosom of its lord, the earth, obedient to his will, containing somewhere, unseen by us, serene and silent depths; the only thing on earth which reflects the heavens above!

Has this creature, fairest of all creatures though she be, this lawless mass of inconsistencies, has she any duties, much less any rights? She has; incontrovertibly she has—both rights and duties, and especially rights. In fact there seems no end to the rights which she is yearly obtaining. According to the state of the law at the present day it is almost possible for a wife to say to her husband: "What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own." And not very long ago a well-known judge remarked that a woman could now all but eject a man from her house and then sue him for alimony on the ground of desertion!

It is I suppose evident from this that I am not an advocate of Woman's Rights; nor am I in the narrow and restricted sense in which this phrase is now so often used. "Woman's Rights" in these fast-rushing, little-thinking days, has come to be synonymous with "Woman Suffrage"; with the theory that whatever men can do women may do; with the idea that between the capabilities of men and women, be they intellectual or physical, there is no appreciable difference. And to none of these assertions will I go out of my way to take exception. If any woman thinks she can be of more use on the hustings than at home, by all means let her make stump-speeches. If any woman is more at ease in the caucus than by the cradle, by all means let her take to canvassing. If she thinks she is more fitted to guide the affairs of the State than the affairs of the household, by all means give her a vote. But should not such woman first study Political Economy and the art of Civil Polity? Should she not know, for example, not at what intervals the baby should be fed, but at what intervals the franchise should be reconsidered? not what are the relative advantages and disadvantages of giving said baby paregoric, but what are the relative advantages and disadvantages of direct and indirect taxation; not what is meant by the terms "shot surah," "spit-curls," and "cut on the bias"; but what is meant by the terms *status quo ante*, Exchequer Bills, *Ultimatum*?

But in truth there is a grave and radical error underlying this idea of Woman's Rights. The barest sophisms and the crudest theories have been bruited abroad about it. "There never was a time," wrote Mr. Ruskin more than a score of years ago, "when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted respecting this question, quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been measured with entire consent." And he lays his finger on the cause of all the misunderstanding when he adds: "We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim." There lies the fault, "as if the mission and the rights of woman could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man." To me it seems that all this talk of woman's rights tends, not to the glory, but to the degradation of woman. We can speak, and quite legitimately, of the rights of the lower animals—of anything, in fact, which man uses for his service or his pleasure; but of the rights of woman as distinct from, and antagonistic to, the rights of man, we cannot speak.

The graceful vine that entwines so lovingly that sturdy oak (to use a figure old as the Sicilian Muse) has the same right to the air, the sunshine, the showers; but of the air, the sunshine, the showers, it makes quite other use. Why is it not satisfied to produce the luscious grape only? Why should it argue that it ought to be allowed to produce hard wood and acrid acorns also? Woman is not a parasite of man; she is an epiphyte. She is not like the mistletoe, which grows in beauty by destroying the tree on which it lives; but rather like the orchid, beautiful in itself and of itself, enhancing the beauties and concealing the deformities of the rugged bough to which it clings.

The whole of woman's sphere may, I think, be narrowed, or rather widened, to a two-fold proposition: Her duties are to love; her rights to be loved. Other than these I know of none. Give this proposition the best and widest signification which it is capable of bearing, and we immediately possess an "open sesame" to the whole labyrinthine question of the relationship of man to woman and of both to the community. Her duties are to love; her rights to be loved.

Nor need this word "love" be interpreted in any narrow sense; we are too fond of limiting it. The parable of the man who fell among thieves not only defines the word "neighbour," but the word "love" also. According to that pretty Greek fable, if one-half soul fails to find its counterpart, are there not all around it other half-souls in similar plight, wanting love, sympathy, friendship? And who can give these as women can? What myriad "rights" and "duties" lie concealed in this fact!

\* Amiel. *Journal Intime*; trans. Mrs. Humphry Ward.

In Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," after a long and graphic description of the attempts of the Constituent Assembly to form a constitution, occur the following sentences: "With endless debating we get the rights of man written down and promulgated. . . . Neglecting, cry the opponents, to declare the duties of man! Forgetting, answer we, to ascertain the rights of man—one of the fatalest omissions!" A fatal omission also would it be to omit the rights of woman. The rights of woman, indeed, I myself think, are of incomparably greater importance than are her duties or her rights. It is no ephemeral thing, this of woman's might and influence; it is not to be lightly spoken of or slightly considered. It is, in quite literal sense, infinite in scope and power; she possesses a power unmatched. In the very weakness of that smooth, soft, rounded arm dwells a strength undreamt of; in the very slightness of that lithe and graceful figure lie untold forces.

Ah! women, you have not yet learnt your own worth.

Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may  
On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—  
How has she cheapen'd Paradise!  
How given for nought her priceless gift,  
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,  
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,  
Had made brutes men, and men divine.

It is not only that this or that woman calls up in a man feelings stretching far, far into the realms of the infinite, it is that, in the closing lines of Goethe's "Faust,"

Das Ewig-Weibliche  
Zeits uns hinan.

By some truly divine gift she has the power to lead men above her own graces into a region beyond, into the realms of the Good and the Beautiful. Without her history would be a blank, and poetry could not so much as be. The oldest and the newest religion—each has deified her.

Max Müller has invented a delightful phrase: "incipient perceptions of the infinite," and this phrase is, I think, the fittest to be used in regard to the "woman-form." She teaches us that there does exist somewhere something above us, something divine, eternal. She is the strongest argument for the existence of God, the surest proof of the ultimate victory of the Good.

ANNE HAMILTON.

A STORY OF THREE SKELETONS.

DURING the wave of modern vandalism that swept over the city of Quebec between 1860 and 1880, and that was only partially stemmed through the diplomatic endeavours of his Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, there was decreed the demolition of that venerable pile of masonry, then facing the French Cathedral upon the Upper Town market place, which dated back to 1637 and was known to successive ages as the Jesuits' College and Jesuits' Barracks. The old gates of the city had been razed for the better accommodation of a pretended increase in the commercial street traffic of the Ancient Capital, and has not, even yet, made itself apparent; and one of the strongest arguments in favour of the removal of the old Jesuit College was that there was danger of its fall. Yet, in the progress of its demolition, it failed to yield to any of the ordinary methods of destruction employed in similar cases, and the abundant use of dynamite was necessary to undo the work of the Jesuit masons of 240 years ago—"cemented," as an American poet (1) has said, "by the best blood of centuries."

In levelling the foundations of that part of the building that formed the private chapel of the Jesuits, the workmen made a discovery that possesses no small interest for the student of early Canadian history. Resting upon the still remaining portions of the coffins, in which they were interred nearly two and a-quarter centuries before, were found lying, side by side, the skeletons of three male (2) adults, in the exact position and locality where in 1655, 1658 and 1665, respectively, according to the well-kept and carefully-preserved *Journal des Jésuites*, were laid the mortal remains of Brother Jean Liegeois, (3) the architect of the structure that for 224 years was both his monument and his tomb, Father Jean de Quen, (4)—the founder of the Tadoussac mission and the discoverer of Lake St. John, and Father Francois Du Peron, (5)—one of the most active promoters of the Jesuit mission to the Hurons.

It will thus be seen that the identification of these remains was perfectly complete, the more so when it is borne in mind that they were the only ones discovered beneath the private chapel, and that De Quen, Du Peron and Liegeois were the only members of the order there interred. There is, however, still another link of very weighty corroborative evidence. All three skeletons were perfect, to the smallest bone, when found, with the exception of one, which lacked the skull, and whose position answers perfectly to the description in the *Journal*, of the place of sepulture of Frère Liegeois. His cold-blooded murder occurred on the 29th May, 1655. Some of the Algonquin converts of Sillery found his headless body the following day on the field where it had been left by the savage Iroquois. They bore it to the settlement, and in the *Journal des Jésuites* (6) we have a pen picture of the procession of

Father and Brothers of the mission at Quebec descending to the river's edge, fully robed, to receive the bleeding trunk of the massacred *Religieux*, that had been sent them from Sillery by boat; of the service for the dead that was held the same night in the chapel, where the body remained till morning, and of the imposing funeral which took place on the following day, May 31, and at which several outsiders were present.

Concerning the treacherous murder of this lay Brother but few details are found in the Jesuit "Relations." The original letters and relation of events in New France during 1655 were unfortunately lost, the messenger that undertook to convey them from Rochelle to Paris having been robbed on the way of the best part of the papers. As a partial compensation for this loss, we have from the pen of Father Le Mercier a brief *résumé* of the principal incidents of the year in Canada. Referring to the treacherous attack of one of the tribes of the Five Nation Indians upon the Christian settlement of Sillery, the then Superior of the Jesuit mission at Quebec thus writes: "They (the Indians) have massacred a *religieux* of our Society, named Jean Liegeois. This good Brother, for he was a layman, heard at a distance the shots of arquebuses, and knowing that the Christian Indians were in their fields, and that they might be taken by surprise by their enemies, entered the forest to ascertain if any of the assailing party were in ambush there. As a matter of fact they were there, and before he had discovered them they had pierced his body with a shot and cut off his head, which they left on the ground, after having removed the scalp. This good *Religieux* was a man of heart, full of love for the poor Indians. The charity which he bore them caused him a death, which was simply a passage to eternal life."

From the ordinary human point of view, Liegeois, the man of peace, fared much less favourably at the hands of the Iroquois invaders than the warrior wife of an Algonquin Christian on the same bloody occasion. This woman, seeing her husband surprised and bound by five Iroquois, took an axe in her hand and with a blow to the right and another to the left, with astonishing precision and promptitude, laid two of the barbarians dead at her feet. Then, having as quickly freed her husband, she advanced upon the other three, as she had upon their two companions, and they had barely enough courage left, says Father Le Mercier, to get out of the way of this furious Amazon.

From the Jesuits' *Journal* (1) it appears that in addition to the College at Quebec, Liegeois superintended the erection of the Jesuits' house at Three Rivers and the fort at Sillery. He was for some time attorney of the society in Canada, and crossed the ocean several times.

The bones of his body, together with the skeleton of Father Francois Du Peron, which latter was discovered on the 3rd September, 1878, three days after the finding of the former, were placed together in a wooden box and deposited in a magazine near by for safe keeping, (2) by orders of Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice, the well-known French-Canadian *littérateur*, who was commissioned by the Government of the day to superintend the excavations. In May, 1879, when it was proposed by Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice that these bones should be enclosed in two suitable coffins at the cost of the Provincial Government, and handed over to the Jesuit Fathers of Quebec, it was discovered, to his great consternation, that the door of the magazine had been forcibly opened and the relics of the two missionaries removed, whither, or by whom, it was impossible to discover. The problem of their disappearance remained unsolved until the month of June, 1889, when the guardian of Belmont Cemetery, near the city of Quebec, finding that two wooden boxes filled with human bones, and that had remained for ten or eleven years unclaimed in one of the vaults of the cemetery, threatened to fall apart in consequence of the prevailing humidity and decay, caused such enquiries to be made as led to the second identification of these remains as those of the Jesuits De Quen, Du Peron and Liegeois. It was then established that the remains of De Quen, which had been discovered and confined alone before the appointment of Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice to superintend the excavations had been sent to the cemetery by the late Dr. Hubert LaRue, and that the party who transported them, believing that he was justified in so doing, did the same a few months later with the second box of bones, which he found in the magazine where they had been deposited. So impressed was Father Désy, the Superior of the Jesuits at Quebec, with the combination of circumstances connected with the re-discovery of the remains, that he attributed it "to a providential intervention rather than to the wisdom of men." (3)

The imposing ceremonial, which on the 12th of last May marked the public funeral of the three skeletons, is calculated to invite enquiry as to the record and antecedents of those of whom they are now the only mortal remains. Well might the stranger in Quebec on the occasion of this ceremony pause to enquire of the names and deeds of those who were thus honoured with so glorious a resting-place as the chapel of the Ursulines, that contains the dust of Montcalm, and with so pompous a funeral at the cost of an entire Province. The Lieut.-Governor and the members of the Executive Council, all the R. C. Archbishops and Bishops of the Province, the Mayor and City

Council of Quebec, and all the religious, national, educational and scientific societies of the old capital of New France were present at the translation and re-interment of the bones, which were carried to their new resting-place by some of the few remaining descendants, from Lorette, of the once famous Hurons, for whose conversion and civilization most of the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada lived and died. In honour of the memory of these remains, the Government of the Province has erected a marble monument in the convent chapel, which was unveiled as the last melodious strains of the *Libera* floated into the little sanctuary through the grating of the cloister that separated it from the singers—the members of the Ursuline sisterhood. The inscription upon the monument was written by the Rev. Father Antonius Angelini, of the Roman College, whose reputation, both as a Latinist and as an author of inscriptions, is universally recognized. It reads as follows:—

Heic, conqviesscunt, in Christo  
Tres e. Societate. Iesv  
De. Fide. Catholica. Egregie. Meriti  
Ioannes. De. Quen. Domo. Ambianvs. sacerdos  
Qvi. lacvm. S. Ioannis. Ivstravit. primvs  
Algonqvinos. excolvit. annos. XX.  
Ive. afflatis. opem. ferens  
Cessit. e. vita. Qvebeci. a. M. DC. LIX. a. n. p. m. LIX.  
Franciscvs. Dv. Peron. natione. Gallus. sacerdos  
In. hurnibus. religione. civile. cultv. imbvendis  
Amos. xxvii. adlaboravit. pramia. laborum. a. Deo. tvlit  
In. castro. S. LvdoVICI. A. MDCLXV.  
Ioannes. Liegeois. Campanvs. in. Gallia  
Rei. domesticæ. adivtor. patribvs. operam. solertem  
Annos. xix. præbvit  
Dvm. Christi. fidem. amplexos. in. regione. Sillerya. tvtaretvtr  
Ab. Iroqvnsibvs. pectore. transosso. capite. abscesso  
Ocevbvt. iv. kal. iVNIVS. A. MDCLV. a. n. p. m. LIV.  
Provincie. Qvebecensis. moderatores  
Collectis. rite. reliqvius  
Monvmentvm. poservvnt. . . . . A. MDCCXCI. . . . .

The following is submitted as a free translation:—

Here rest in the Saviour  
Three members of the Society of Jesus,  
who have well deserved of the Catholic Faith.  
Jean De Quen, of Amiens, Priest,  
who discovered Lake St. John,  
evangelized the Algonquins for a period of twenty years,  
and succoured those afflicted with epidemic disease.  
He succumbed, himself, at Quebec, in 1659, aged 59 years.  
Francois Du Peron, priest, born in France,  
applied himself, for seventeen years, to instil into the Hurons  
the faith and civilization.  
He received from God the reward of his works  
at Fort St. Louis, in the year 1600.  
Jean Liegeois, of Champagne, in France,  
Coadjutor Brother,  
rendered inestimable services to the Fathers of the Society  
for nineteen years.  
While acting as sentinel to protect the faithful of Sillery,  
attacked by the Iroquois, he was struck to the heart and decapitated,  
on the 29th May, 1655, aged 54 years.  
The Government of the Province of Quebec  
raised this monument  
over their united remains  
in 1891.

The tablet bears also the arms and motto of the Province of Quebec, and the device of the Jesuit order.

The praises of those whose remains have again, after a lapse of nearly two and a-half centuries, been recommitted to mother earth, this time beneath the chapel of the Ursuline Nuns, have been briefly, though eloquently, sung by the writer of their epitaph. They have been more fully sounded for all succeeding ages in the pages of the *Relations* and *Journal*, by their companions who were members of the same society, and who shared their sufferings and their labours, their trials and their triumphs. We have already followed these records so far as they refer to Brother Liegeois, the superintendent of works at the building of the old Jesuit College, who with his co-workers, Le Faulconnier, Pierre Feauté, Ambroise Cauvet and Louis Le Boësare, "learned, after the example of Christ, to handle the axe, the saw and the plane, and gave the first lessons in joining and building to those, who, later, were destined to become the progenitors of all those able operatives who have so materially contributed to the up-building of the Province of Quebec. (1)

Of Jean De Quen and Francois Du Peron, it is not less true than of their companions of the Society of Jesus, that, as Faucher de St. Maurice expresses it: "Each member of the society who came to Canada took his cross at Quebec, and, no matter how heavy it might be, he bore it without frowning—like the Master—making himself, so to speak, a barbarian amongst the barbarians, in order to make them the children of God." (2)

Father De Quen is supposed to have been born in Amiens in the year 1650. (3) Before leaving France he was professor of grammar at Paris, and of belles lettres at Port l'Évêque. (4) He came to Canada with Father Lemerrier in 1635, and was the same year joint founder, with Charles Lallement, formerly professor of philosophy at Bourges, principal of the College of Louis-le-Grand and Rector of the College of Rouen, of the old Jesuit College of Quebec. De Quen was chiefly charged, during his first years in Canada, with the education of the French and Indian youth of the infant colony. He succeeded in making many converts amongst the Indians, and one of his letters addressed in 1636 to Pierre Le Jeune, then absent in Three Rivers, which letter is still preserved in the *Relations* of that year, gives a pathetic account of the death of a seventeen-year-old convert named Naaktuch, whose godfather was Le Gardeur de Repentigny, commander of the

(1) Faucher de St. Maurice, in his "Relation des fouilles faites au Collège des Jésuites." Page 21.

(2) "Relation des fouilles faites au Collège des Jésuites." Pages 21, 22.

(3) See his epitaph already given, written by Father Angelini, of Rome.

(4) "Laclède"—the late John Lesperance, in the Montreal Gazette, 1886.

(1) Joaquin Miller.  
(2) See official declaration of C. E. Lemieuvre, M.D., and F. A. H. LaRue, M.A., M.D., dated Sept. 1st, 1878, and of A. C. Hamel, M.D.L., dated June 21, 1889.  
(3) *Journal des Jésuites*, page 197.  
(4) *Journal des Jésuites*, page 266.  
(5) *Journal des Jésuites*, page 338.  
(6) Page 197.

(1) Page 198.  
(2) "Relation de ce qui s'est passé lors des fouilles faites par ordre du Gouvernement dans une partie des fondations du Collège des Jésuites de Quebec," par Faucher de St. Maurice, Quebec, 1879. Pages 33, 34.  
(3) Letter of Rev. Father Désy to the Hon. Mr. Mercier, 23rd June, 1889.

fleet, after whom he was baptized Joseph. De Quen relates that he visited the dying lad three times a day, and that Repentigny was very good to him, frequently calling to see him and bringing him eggs and other delicacies. But De Quen had not made very rapid progress at this time in his study of the Huron language, and he expresses his regret that he was only able to address himself to the poor boy in broken sentences. We have pictures of quite a number of death-bed scenes at Quebec, at which De Quen appears as chief spiritual consolator, and in some instances there was evidently less ground for rejoicing at the death of the converts than in the case of Repentigny's godson.

Of a woman who died of paralysis, Le Jeune writes that she had been baptized, but that it would have been much better for her if she never had been, for she died in apostasy. When De Quen urged her to a better frame of mind, showing her how sad it was, that, though afraid to die, she did not seem to fear eternal death, the poor paralytic stopped her ears and called out: "Cure me and I will believe; otherwise I don't want to hear you, I want to live."

Another family closed their ears to the missionary and blamed him for causing the death of one of their sons, because instead of praying for the recovery of the dying, he had supplicated for his soul, that it might not be allowed to deviate from the road to Heaven, while its friends wanted to have it remain on earth, and not go to Heaven at all, at least for some time to come.

Sometimes we find Father De Quen stationed at the mission house of Notre Dame des Anges, on the banks of the St. Charles; at others, at Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, near the fort of Quebec. One day when Le Jeune and De Quen were together in their mission-house at Notre Dame des Anges, a big Indian entered with others, and thought to attract general admiration by boasting of his immense powers of eating, describing in detail the enormous pieces of bear meat that he had devoured at a single meal. The missionaries told him that there was nothing to be proud of in eating to excess; that even a wolf did not boast of what he ate, and that consequently a man who did so must be less than a wolf—must in fact be a dog or something of that kind. And so, adds the relator, all those present set to laughing at the glutton, who went away discomfited.

In 1640 we find De Quen attached to the mission-house of St. Joseph at Sillery. Le Jeune tells of a journey that his friend and companion one day made into the woods, ten leagues distant, to recover and bring to hospital a sick Indian boy who had been deserted by his friends, and who subsequently recovered and became a convert.

From August, 1639, to May, 1640, the newly established Hotel Dieu hospital was overcrowded with small-pox patients. De Quen so overworked himself in contributing to their spiritual and bodily necessities that he suffered considerably thereby in his own health.

In 1645 De Quen was Superior of the Sillery mission, his co-labourers there at that time having been Fathers Massé and Druillettes, of whom the latter was the envoy sent at a later date, by New France to New England, for the purpose of endeavouring to cement a treaty of "commercial union" (1) between the two countries.

As early as 1642, however, De Quen had visited Tadousac, where "he may be said to have established the first permanent mission, from which gradually extended efforts for Christianizing the tribes on the shores down to Labrador and on the upper waters of the Saguenay." (2) The Jesuit mission at Tadousac is regarded as having been founded in 1640, though missionaries undoubtedly visited the post at an earlier date. The new mission received charitable aid from the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who maintained for a time the Fathers employed there. At first the missionaries went down from Quebec in the spring, and continued their labours till autumn, when the Indians scattered for their winter hunt. "The priests," says Dr. Shea, "encountered the usual difficulties—great laxity of morals, a deep-rooted belief in dreams, the influence of the medicine men, and vices introduced by the traders, especially intoxication." All this is borne out by the *Relations* sent home to France at the time which dwell at length upon the lax ideas prevailing amongst all the Indian tribes in respect to marriage. It was a frightful task to induce Indian husbands to renounce polygamy, and the custom of discarding wives of whom they had tired. Even amongst the Christian converts there were those who clung tenaciously to the popular vice, and at times the Fathers found it necessary to publicly rebuke the offenders against the law of chastity. Thus on one occasion De Quen made public allusion to the sin of concubinage in which a couple of members of his flock were openly living. He thought to attain his end by this indirect reference to the sinners, but was interrupted by cries of "speak clearly," from his right-hand Indian assistant, Noel Tekserimatch, who maintained his interruptions until the Father was compelled to publicly name the offenders, notwithstanding that they rejoiced in the cognomens of Koskeribagsgsch and Pigarouich.

Tadousac was the headquarters for trading purposes of the Montagnais and other Indian tribes who roamed in winter the woods in the Saguenay, Lake St. John, Lake Mistassini and Labrador districts, and thus the Jesuit converts made by De Quen at Tadousac carried his teach-

ings into the districts in question, before he himself set foot in them.

De Quen's discovery of Lake St. John is related in a letter which he addressed from Tadousac to Father Lalement, Superior at Quebec of the Jesuit Missions in New France, and was by him forwarded to the Provincial Head of the Society in France, Father Etienne Charlet. His voyage up the Saguenay in a bark canoe, propelled by two Indian guides, the precipitous cliffs and the depth of the dismal river, the rapids of its upper portion and the manner and number of its portages, are described with scrupulous fidelity and considerable felicity of expression. He refers with justifiable pride to the fact that he was the first Frenchman to set foot upon the shores of this inland sea, and relates that the Porc-Epic Indians encamped there, who had been amongst his converts at Tadousac, were, to use his own words, "astonished at my enterprise, not believing that I would ever have had the courage of overcoming so many difficulties for love of them. They received me in their cabins as a man from Heaven." How marvellously exact is his description of Pionagamik, as the Indians called the great lake, may be judged from the following extract: "This lake is so large that it is difficult to see the opposite shores. It appears to be of a round shape; it is deep and swarming with fish (*fort poissonneux*). Pike, perch, salmon, trout, doré, white fish, carp, and several other kinds are caught in it. It is surrounded by a flat country, terminated by high mountains at a distance of three, four or five leagues from its shores. It is fed by the waters of about fifteen rivers which serve as highways to the different little nations that live in the lands whence they flow, by means of which they come to fish in the lake and to interchange articles of commerce and friendship with each other." But the face of the surrounding country, which is now covered with wheat fields and prosperous in the possession of palace hotels, crowded in summer with American anglers, has undergone a wonderful change since 1647, when De Quen wrote of it: "It is useless to speak in this country either of bread, of wine, of bed or of house." What he did find at Lake St. John, upon his first arrival there, that probably cheered his heart more than either wine, bed or house could have done, was a cross, which had been erected on the shores of the lake by some of his Tadousac converts—the symbol of Christianity having thus reached this inland sea in advance of the white man's coming. It was probably at Pointe Bleue, or in its immediate vicinity, that De Quen found this cross and the Indian encampment, for he entered the lake by way of Lake Kenogami and La Belle Rivière, thus avoiding the impassable rapids of the Saguenay above Chicoutimi, as well as those of the Grande Discharge, and then crossed the lake to its western shore. He remained some days with the Indian members of his flock confirming the converts and consoling the sick, and paid another visit to Lake St. John in 1651. In the following year he sailed a six days' journey down the coast from Tadousac, a distance of eighty leagues, to minister to the evangelization of the Oumamiwek or Bersiamites, who are described by Jesuit writers of the day as allies of the Esquimaux. The story of his journeyings and work amongst the Indians is graphically told in the *Relations* of Father Le Mercier, whom he succeeded in 1656 as Superior of the mission at Quebec. He wrote the *Relation* of that year, which contains an interesting description of the country of the Iroquois, and died at Quebec in 1659, a victim of his zeal in the epidemic that prevailed that year. When his skeleton was unearthed from its first resting-place on the 28th August, 1878, there were still adhering to the skull tufts of rather long reddish brown hair, disposed around a bare circular spot of the form of a tonsure. This hair was in the same condition when the bones were again identified in 1889, in a vault of Belmont Cemetery. (1)

Very appropriate was it that amongst those who assisted in the translation of the remains of the discoverer of Lake St. John and first regular missionary to the Montagnais, were a number of Christianized Indians of the same tribe, who descended for the purpose from Lake St. John to Quebec, not by the hazardous canoe route followed by Father De Quen, but by the new railway that crosses the intervening Laurentian Mountains—the highest and latest triumph of that civilization that was first introduced into that wild, mountainous country by the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada. Meet and fitting too is it that the little old chapel of the Ursuline Convent should afford shelter and a resting place to the bones of the great traveller, teacher, discoverer and priest, who was one of the earliest preachers in the first chapel of the community in Quebec. (2) What remains of his ashes was carefully preserved and re-interred, in a special coffin, all by itself. The other coffin deposited with it contained the bones of two different skeletons that, having been boxed together, could not afterwards be distinguished.

With the headless skeleton of Jean Liegeois are mingled in the same casket the bones of Francois Du Peron, the Huron missionary. A native of France, but little has been preserved in regard to his early life. It was in 1638 that he left Quebec for the distant missionary field of the Lake Huron country, and Le Jeune, in recording his departure, expresses the pious hope that he may be more fortunate in his journey than Lalement and Le Moine, who had been deserted *en route* by their Indian guides,

(1) See notarial declaration of Dr. A. C. Hamel, dated 21st June, 1889.

(2) The *Jesuit Relations* for 1647 record that Father De Quen preached at the Ursuline Chapel on Sundays and fetes during Lent in that year.

and lost their small supplies of worldly possessions. Du Peron ascended the Ottawa in a Huron canoe, and was safely conveyed by his Indians to the shore of Thunder Bay. The mission house of Ossossané was fifteen miles distant, and, without breaking his fast, he set out alone to traverse the path through the woods that led to it, finding there a warm welcome but little other refreshment. Here he lived and worked for a number of years, occasionally visiting Quebec in the interests of the mission, as in 1641, when he accompanied Jean de Brebœuf thither. There is, in the *Relation* of that year, an interesting story of a Huron convert who accompanied the missionaries to Quebec, and during the long journey pleaded earnestly and often to be baptized. There had been so much backsliding, however, amongst their Indian converts that a long probation was usually insisted upon by the Jesuit Fathers before new ones were formally received into the church. Thus Du Peron's guide was still unbaptized when he reached Quebec. His diligent appeals for baptism attracted the pious attention of Governor de Montmagny, who joined his own to the appeals of the Indian convert, saying—according to the relator—in the words of the Ethiopian eunuch to St. Phillip "Ecce aqua, quid prohibet eum baptisari?" Then he suffered him, De Montmagny himself being his godfather, and calling him Charles—his own name. Charles returned home, if not a better, at all events a happier man, for in pleading to be baptized he had urged that he would be ashamed to go back home without having received the sacrament, lest his wife, who would certainly attribute the Father's refusal to admit him into the church to some unworthiness on his part which had come to their knowledge, should reasonably suspect that his sin, while away from home, had consisted in a criminal forgetfulness of his conjugal ties. So well did the self-convincing Indian conscience confess the prevailing Indian sin, and the loosened Indian tongue testify to the unrelenting war waged thereto by the early Jesuit missionaries!

"Anonchiara," as Du Peron was called by the Indians, worked for some time with Father Jogues at Ste. Marie, while in 1644 he had charge, with Father Chaumont, of the mission of St. Michel. In 1658 he was again in Quebec, and left the same year to return with Father Ragueneau to the Huron country. So that in addition to his arduous missionary labours and the care of his peculiar Indian converts, Du Peron was "in journeyings often; in perils of waters; in perils of robbers; in perils by his own countrymen; . . . in perils in the wilderness; . . . in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness; in watchings often; in hunger and thirst; in fastings often; in cold and nakedness;" and at all times "in perils by the heathen." Thus we are told by Parkman that "in a house at Ossossané a young Indian rushed suddenly upon the priest, and lifted his tomahawk to brain him when a squaw caught his hand." (2)

"He received from God the reward of his works," says the author of his epitaph, "at Fort St. Louis (now Chambly), in the year 1665." His body was sent to Quebec by boat, in a coffin made by order of Mons. Sorel, Governor of Richelieu, and guarded by soldiers, and Mons. de Chambly, Governor of Fort St. Louis, sent his testimony to the fact that Du Peron had died as he had lived, "en bon religieux." (3) The Governor of Quebec, Mgr. de Tracy, attended the funeral, which took place on the 16th November, the day after the arrival of the remains at Quebec. On the same day Father Druillettes left for Three Rivers to relieve Father Albanel, who succeeded Du Peron at Fort St. Louis. (4)

Du Peron had a brother, also a priest, named Joseph. He it probably was who in January, 1643, said the memorable mass upon the summit of Mount Royal, at which Madame de la Pettrie received the sacrament upon the mountain top, on that solemn occasion upon which Maisonneuve fulfilled his vow of carrying a cross to the crest of the hill and planting it there, made by him on condition that the waters of the St. Lawrence should subside when they threatened the inundation and destruction of the new fort of Ville Marie. Parkman, usually so accurate, even to the most minute details of his infatigable stories, inadvertently attributes the part taken in this impressive ceremony by Father Joseph Du Peron (5) to the Huron missionary, Francois Du Peron. (6) The latter died, says Faucher de St. Maurice, "only a military chaplain, but like a soldier in front of his regiment's flag." From this, and the additional facts that De Quen was a discoverer and Liegeois an artisan, he indicates that the three missionaries in question personify the trilogy that is all there was of New France—"The discoverer, the soldier, the workman." (7)

"Their works do follow them." They speak for themselves and others have spoken for them. It is not our intention to make their eulogy. Nearly two and a-half centuries ago their bones were laid where they were doubtless expected to rest until the final resurrection of the just. The Order to which they belonged was sup-

(1) See extracts from a letter from Father Du Peron to his brother, 27th April, 1639, furnished by Parkman in "The Jesuits in North America," page 128 *et seq.*

(2) "The Jesuits in North America," page 124.

(3) *Journal des Jesuites*, page 338. (4) *Ibid.*

(5) Compare "Du Peron Joseph," under Index to *Jesuit Relations*, published by the Canadian Government in 1858, with the story of what occurred at the mission of Montreal, contained in the *Relation* of 1643.

(6) See "The Jesuits in North America," page 263, and "Du Peron Francois," in Index to the same work.

(7) "Relation des fouilles faites au Collège des Jésuites," page 25.

(1) See "Commercial Union in 1651," by E. T. D. Chambers in THE WEEK, 8th Feb., 1889.

(2) Dr. J. Gilmory Shea in Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America." Vol. IV., page 269.

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pressed by a Papal edict. The representative in Canada of the Society of Jesus died completely out, and the Jesuit Estates were declared forfeited to the Crown. Inactivity and rest have, however, no abiding place in the constitution of the Society of Jesus. The inevitable may have to be accepted because it is inevitable. Submission to human authority, that does not conduce to the Jesuit idea of "the greater glory of God," is only passive so long as it is compulsory. And so, while a continued rest was denied to the bones of even those three members of the Society, who alone of the army of Jesuit missionaries in New France found peaceful burial in their own private chapel at Quebec, there has been a considerable shaking up of the supposed dry bones of the Jesuit Estates in Canada, which, like the labours of the early missionaries in New France, exerted an influence that has extended far beyond the limits of their original sphere. The civil courts of final appeal, and what the politicians are fond of styling the popular vote, have ratified the legislative settlement of the once burning question of the Jesuits' Estates. The disinterred bones of the three representative members of the Jesuit Society have again been laid at rest, this time in the peaceful shades of the chapel of the Ursulines, and beneath a monument erected to their memory by the Government that was instrumental in laying at rest the much-vexed question of the temporalities already referred to. That settlement and the erection of the present monument, which bears, in addition to the epitaph, the arms of the Province of Quebec and the device "*Je me souviens*," will perpetuate the fact that New France, at least, has not forgotten, and is not likely to forget, what she owes to the heroic zeal and devotion of those whose aim is expressed by the motto above their epitaph "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*"—"For the greater glory of God." One may reasonably be permitted to express the hope that it may never again be deemed necessary for the promotion either of God's glory or of political ends to resurrect the now happily disposed-of question of the Jesuit Estates in Canada, or to again disturb the bones of the three representative Jesuit missionaries—Jean De Quen, François Du Peron and Jean Liegeois.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

LIFE AT HIGH TIDE

It did very well for Goethe to make Faust say:—

The scope of all my pow'rs henceforth be this:  
To bare my breast to ev'ry pang; to know  
In my heart's core all human weal and woe.

But life in the nineteenth century is quite a different thing from the poetically represented life of the hero of the old Faust book. In our day sorrow comes, but joy must be sought after. The sources of joy, however, are infinite, and yet every wind that blows is sigh-burdened, and voices that should sing of beauty and of gladness, and of love, sing of sorrow and of pain. The happiness of every heart is proportioned to the degree of its suffering; but as the character grows stronger times of heaviness come at longer intervals. But the suffering is not lessened, for when one begins to suffer less one begins to enjoy less. Dear reader, place your Aeolian-harp-like heart where the winds of a full life can play upon its strings, and let all the world listen to the music. Begin by giving attention to your health. Certainly bodily health is more requisite to happiness than any other one thing, excepting a quiet conscience, which is absolutely indispensable. "I have done wrong" is the death-knell of joy. With health and peace of mind, simply to live is a delight. To be conscious of the vigorous life-throb as the proud blood courses through richly-filled veins is joy indeed; and to stand thus face to face with nature, the heart open to nature's morning song as she sings it upon the bank of some clear river or upon the shores of the great ocean; to greet the sun as he rises unclouded, and bathes the earth in light; to pluck dew-besprinkled flowers, then turn the cheek to be fanned by the south wind; to live and love with the morning is joy unparalleled, and remember that action is a source of joy. To walk, to run, to row, to swim, and to be borne over smooth or rugged road by fleet-footed steeds, proud-blooded and free; to ride a wild, glad race with the western wind as it hurries along, hindered only by its burden of fragrance of flowers and scent of new-mown hay; and the tide of life begins to come in. We of the nineteenth century live at such high pressure that we have no time for happiness, especially for that quiet joy found in solitude. He is the happiest man who finds his sources of joy within himself; to such an one all other sources are apparent, and he is very unlikely to pass by any of them. The happiest hours of my life have been those which I have spent with the woman who is called by my name. Certainly there have been times when I have dreaded being alone with her; but I have always found that she could command into her immediate presence such persons as Shakespeare, Shelley, Schiller, Goethe, Tennyson, Bryant, Burns, Poe and a host of others, and, before I have known it, the tide has come in. Read biography, history, poetry and philosophy. Biography will make you forget, for the time, your own sorrows in contemplation of those of others; while history will take from your nature everything that is trifling or commonplace, and widen your range of thought and feeling until your sorrow will be lost in the immense purpose of your life. And there is something in smoothly written verse, when truly poetic in sentiment, that places itself between one and the discords of one's life. There would be more

happy people in the world if there were more students of poetry. When life, because of repeated failure or want of that which could inspire, becomes comfortless and purposeless, then poetry inspires to renewed and hopeful and successful endeavour, and awakens in the heart an ever increasing love of home, of country and of God. Music and art are also unending sources of joy, although, in my estimation, they come into the life less perfectly than does poetry. The musical soul is restless and needs companionship; the poetic soul is never alone even in solitude. Music is a much abused source of joy, although to the pure soul it must remain the one thing lovely—a blessed and prolonged echo floating down through all the ages, even from the time when the morning stars first sang together. And just here I would like to remind my reader of the inestimable value of sunshine in bringing life to its high tide. It is impossible to be perfectly happy without sunshine, and it is impossible to be entirely miserable without it. Many people are unhappy because they are not what the world calls "rich." This is where the poetic man has the advantage over the practical man. In the third chapter of "Prue and I," that exquisite little book written by George William Curtis may be found this sentence: "Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape." This is the grandest philosophy ever yet given to a people, and it is an embodiment of the very essence of poetry. I think I have not known an unhappy day since I read the third chapter "My Chateau" of "Prue and I." "Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape." This is the poor man's wealth, and it is not affected by bank failures, nor by fires, nor by the rise and fall of real estate value. The tide never goes out in this sea of wealth.

Another means of reaching the high-water mark of life would be by having a keener appreciation of the excellencies of those around you, especially of those of your own household. Do you not too often forget to look for graces of mind and manner in those whose faces are a likeness of your own? Other people recognize their charms, but you look elsewhere for beauty. Why go drink of the turbid river when the fountain is so near? Why follow a flying wren when the lark sings at your open window? O foolish heart! As well may we look for sunshine at midnight as for happiness where there is no love. He who has love only has much. He who has everything in the world, excepting love, has nothing. Every heart that loves truly is a jewel given to the world's crown. That something which centres itself upon one object is not love: it is idolatry. Genuine love is too large to rest upon so small a foundation. As the flower comes to perfection by sunshine, so the heart comes to perfection by love; and first love is to last love what the brook is to the ocean. The name of "love" is given to many things: to infatuation, to passion, to selfishness, to policy, to pity. But only that is genuine which places the loved above the lover, and which softens, enlarges and purifies the heart of the lover, and lifts him to the one loved. But notwithstanding your health, your sports, your books, your love and even the soul-absorbing beauties of nature, the fact remains that God allows no human heart to be satisfied with anything less than Himself; and in this He has made wonderful things possible for all. There can be no greater joy than to be conscious of mental, moral and spiritual growth: to feel the wings of the soul gradually unfolding for her unfettered flight beyond the reach of chance and change, of sin and sorrow. Viewed in the light of this thought death is a triumph, and life a prolonged and blessed opportunity. If there be "a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," so is there a tide in the heart-life and the mind-life which, taken at the flood, leads on to the perfection of manhood and of womanhood: to the fulness of life; to all that the heart can experience and the mind can grasp. There is a valley for every mountain, there is a light for every star, there is a shore for every sea, so is there a course for every feeling and a channel for every thought. It is a wonderful and a possible thing to reach that elevation of heart and of life from which can be seen purpose in pain and beauty in everything but sin. Then is life at high tide; when the heart is glad in spite of sorrow; when the soul is secure in spite of temptation; when home and country and God are one, and the life sails on triumphantly over all difficulties, as a proud ship rides the sea when the storm is past. May there be no ebb in the tide of your life, dear reader, until you go out with the tide to be borne to that shore which bounds the far celestial land.

EVA ROSE YORK.

On the last night of his existence, Paganini, the famous violinist, appeared unusually tranquil. He had slept a little; when he awoke he requested that the curtains of his bed should be drawn aside to contemplate the moon, which, at its full, was advancing calmly in the immensity of the pure heavens. While steadily gazing at this luminous orb, he again became drowsy; but the murmuring of the neighbouring trees awakened in his breast that sweet agitation which is the reality of the beautiful. At this solemn hour, he seemed desirous to return to nature all the soft sensations which he was then possessed of; stretching forth his hands towards his enchanted violin—to the faithful companion of his travels, to the magician which had robbed care of its stings—he sent to heaven, with its last sounds, the last sigh of a life which had been all melody.

THE splendid reception given to the Emperor of Germany in England has not been a new pleasure for the French. The best way to diminish its *éclat*, or to neutralize its consequences, would be for M. Carnot to pluck up heart of grace and ensconce himself for a week in Buckingham Palace. Impartial observers agree that France has committed a blunder in so pointedly declining to be represented at the family receptions given to Queen Victoria's grandson, who did not come to London with peace or war in the skirts of his coat like a Roman envoy of old. The doings at London have completely eclipsed the nautical fleet-flirtations in the Baltic; however, the best heads in France make no secret that an alliance between France and Russia is only hollowness and fireworks. Even with French aid Russia would not be a whit nearer to Bulgaria, Constantinople or Alexandretta. Still public opinion is not the less convinced that the renewal of the Triple Alliance, the renaissance of Turkey, the firm resolve of England and the secondary powers she leads to put her foot down on the first power that provokes a European conflict are telling on Russia, and may, with the coming visit of the Czar to Berlin, lead to the disarmament coalition—that consummation so devoutly to be wished. If all reduce floated armaments simultaneously there will be no necessity for any cat being felled. Such is the current of ideas in cosmopolitan centres here.

Perhaps more attractive is the question of opening up communication with the planet Mars. An old lady at Pau has bequeathed 100,000 frs. to the Scientific Institute, of no matter what country, that can enter into astronomical relations with that planet. Of course her own country will have the first shy at the prize; time allowed, ten years. When old Europe has failed the turn will come for the land of Edison. That romantic physicist, M. Jules Verne, is already studying the project, pending his yachting coastings in the Mediterranean. Now they, according to the Psalmist, who go down into the sea in ships not only see wonders, but are occasionally "carried up to the heaven"—and down again to the deep. The poetical astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, who lives in a wigwam on the roof of his house, declares the project to be not a whit more impossible than the "kineto," and like telegraphs, or the "telo," and kindred phones. What more extraordinary than Edison flashing broad grins and bar-maid india rubber smiles across the Atlantic, or the blushes of a bashful maiden in her teens pending a popping-of-the-question ordeal.

As was to be expected that complicated house of cards, the ultra-protectionist tariff, has toppled over the moment it came in touch with a naked, concrete issue. The Chinese wall party has been smashed up on the issue of cotton, flaxen and woollen threads. These Moirée have decided the fate of the tariff. Atropos has cut the "twists" of Deputy Mélines' political combinations. It was not demonstrated that English importations have killed the flourishing French spinners, while proving to be the back bone for French weavers. *Tout est rompu mon gendre*. It is to be hoped that the moderates will henceforth keep shoulder to shoulder, and thus save France from disasters worse than Sedan. Excessive import taxes, languid industries, and high-priced foods are not the sacramental unites for any national prosperity.

The Annual of the French Foreign Office has just appeared. Since Henri III. founded that department in 1580 till the present there have been eighty-eight foreign ministers. The department is as voracious as the grave. The Restoration during its existence of fifteen years devoured twelve of these ministers; Louis Philippe, fourteen in eighteen years; the Second Empire in a like period used up eleven; while the present Republic, now of twenty years' standing, has consumed twenty, including Gambetta. At present France has eleven full-fledged ambassadors, whose dean is M. Arago, aged seventy-nine, accredited to Switzerland; and the youngest, M. Cambon, aged forty-three, at Madrid. The highest paid embassy is that of St. Petersburg, where "barbaric pearl and gold" dominate; the lowest paid is that of Switzerland; but the "Ranz des Vaches" is not costly music. The pension of an ambassador is 12,000 frs. An ambassador's travelling and personal expenses are paid, and he is allowed a sum equal to one-third of his salary for installation liabilities, besides the free transport of his penates and servants, as well as of his family, including even his mother-in-law, if she lives with him. Consuls are salaried from 12,000 frs., as at Charleroi, up to 50,000 frs., as at Calcutta. Consular agents receive no salary, only the right to wear the blue gold embroidered uniform of the Foreign Office. They must be all philosophers; in any case better than Pitt, whom Byron says ruined his country gratis.

Although the Legislature has voted a law—and that was promulgated last March—directing all official clocks in France and Algeria to keep a uniform time, the decree is not unanimously obeyed. Since the discoveries of steam and electricity, uniformity in hour-keeping is a necessity, though there be a difference in solar time, for instance, of forty minutes between Nice and Brest. Since March the clock at the Observatory has become the time-piece of the realm. It is well one hundred years old, and the horologists of France ought to celebrate, if not its centenary, at least its high promotion. It has beaten out the little lives of all parties with death-like impartiality, so has no political sympathies. Besides, it is kept in order or check between two electric clocks that send minute ticks simultaneously to all the federated public clocks. Grand-

mamma herself is supervised by the astronomers, and kept up to time by verifications with the sun, stars and the meridian of Paris—the French Greenwich—which runs in a direct line with the main alley of the Luxembourg gardens. The railways still have their independent hours, so have the chief ports of France, where uniformity is most of all needed, for the plain sailing of ships. But it costs 5 frs. every morning to have the correct hour wired from Paris. The Chambers of Commerce object to this expense. The first morning business at the head telegraph office in the rue de Grenelle is to flash the correct Paris hour to all the leading telegraphic office clocks in France and Algeria, hence it is by these that people now set their watches.

The Deputies have decided not to work that periodical machine—the Amnesty—in honour of the fourteenth of July for the benefit of political and socialist misdemeanours, and press offences against decency, religion and morality. The Amnesty dodge is merely a working of the popularity pump, but it reduces law to a fiasco and makes punishment for its violations a bagatelle.

In about three weeks all the trades and professions in France will have syndicated. Even the *employés* of the Belleville funicular railway, whose cars decline to move on, despite all engineering coddlings, maledictions and compromises, have joined their colleagues of the live lines. The undertakers' men have interred their grievances for a few weeks till their guild be organized, then they will come forth full blown resurrectionists. They complain of having to pay something like full mortuary honours to deceased infants under two years of age. Such babies, they say, ought to be hearsed *en bloc*, as M. Clémenceau demands the work of the Revolution to be judged. The only professionals that have not yet syndicated are the two keepers of the Vendôme and the Bastille-July columns.

"Every little makes a muckle." The half-yearly sale of the *pièces à conviction* has commenced, and the proceeds, some 10,000 frs., go to swell the 3½ milliards of francs for national expenditure. The *pièces* comprise all unclaimed property connected with crimes, as well as the weapons, etc., employed in their commission. The sale-room is the parent magazine for securing furniture for Chambers of Horrors, or curios for the lugubrious cases of collectioners. Note that the Gouffé trunk, which was the *pièce de "resistance"* in the Eyraud trial, will be sold next December, as well as all the civilian-life knick-knacks of Gabrielle Bompard. These goods are sold by M. Irissou, the mildest man in France and president of several philanthropic societies.

There is not any difference between the keeping of one fourteenth of July and another. All national speers have a family likeness. Plenty of tricolour on the present occasion in the popular centres and a slight increase in the monarchical quarters. The Russian eagles looked at home. The usual supply of fireworks for gazers; no stint of dancing grounds on the highways and in bye-ways; *hoi polloi*, truly happy for one twenty-four hours, proud of their army, and pleased at foreigners and country cousins crowding in to witness the Capital in holiday garb. The beggars mobilized stronger than usual; it is gratifying to testify to their robustness and good health. Now that the Republic has come to stay, its "glorious fourteenth" has ceased to be a test of political feelings and calculations.

At the execution of Meunier a few days ago at Nancy, his estranged and strange brother hired a window to see the cruel wretch executed. But there is no accounting for taste.

### THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

IN a recent number of the *Englische Studien* there is a long, scholarly, and serious review of the first volume of the "Century Dictionary" by Professor A. L. Mayhew, the well-known collaborator with Mr. Skeat of the famous "Etymological Dictionary." The weight of such a name and such a periodical lends interest to the criticism. Mr. Mayhew says:—

"One of the weakest points in the American dictionary is the supply of quotations; the value of the book would hardly have been impaired if this feature had been entirely absent. The quotations have the appearance of having been put in here and there rather for the sake of ornament, for the look of the thing, than for any real help they give to the understanding of the word treated. In truth, the supply of quotations is poor and meagre in the extreme. A very large proportion of the most important words are not illustrated by any quotation or vouched for by any literary evidence whatever, or are only provided with one or two quotations of no significance, snatched up at random from some modern writer. All the quotations are undated, and most of them are furnished with references absurdly vague, and perfectly useless for the purpose of verification or of accurate study. No attempt has been made to give a chronological 'catena' of passages, or to make the word tell its own history by a carefully selected array of quotations. It is hardly necessary to say how vastly superior is the Oxford dictionary in this respect! Perhaps the most valuable feature to be noted in the 'New English Dictionary' is the abundant supply of carefully selected quotations, provided with exact dates (of authorship and edition), and minutely accurate references to title of work, volume, page, line, arranged in chronological order, and serving to illustrate every special meaning of the Main Word. Here we have the perfection of scholarly workmanship.

"And now we come to the strictly etymological portion

of the American dictionary—the part which deals with the form-history of the words, and with their relation to cognates in the related languages. To our thinking, it would have been a great advantage to the dictionary if all the Comparative Philology had been left out; it takes up an immense amount of room without adding one iota to the scientific value of the book. We find here no evidence whatever of independent investigation; and after a good deal of careful examination we are unable to report one single instance of a successful original etymology. We have been unable to discover any instance even of an advance made in the direction of the solution of a difficult phonological problem. If any one will take the pains to compare what pretends to be etymological exposition in C.\* with the admirably neat and scholarly workmanship of Dr. Murray in the 'New English Dictionary' and of Prof. Kluge in his 'Etymological Dictionary of the German Language,' he will see at once by the contrast how vague is the exposition, how careless and slipshod the arrangement, how inaccurate the scholarship, so painfully apparent on nearly every page of the American volume. There is no sign whatever that any one of the editors has taken the trouble to master the rudiments of Indogermanic, Germanic or Romanic philology; the doctrines of the new school of philologists as taught by Brugmann, Osthoff, Stolz and many others do not seem to have dawned upon the Centurions. Dr. Murray and Prof. Kluge, in giving the etymology of a Teutonic word, always attempt with the aid of the cognate forms to rise to the Germanic type, and having ascertained this they rise by similar comparison of cognate forms to the pre-Germanic type; the whole statement being made methodically, with a beautiful clearness. How far removed is this excellence from what we find in C.† Again and again the student will meet with some venerable absurdity, which one had hoped had long ago vanished from the etymological dictionary. This weakness of C. in comparative philology is all the more surprising as America can boast of some English scholars well trained in Germany in scientific method. It is a pity that Dr. Whitney could not have summoned to his assistance Dr. A. S. Cook, his colleague in Yale University, the learned *collaborateur* of Prof. Sievers.

"Enough perhaps has been brought forward to show that the 'Century Dictionary' is not a thoroughly trustworthy guide, and that it gives ample proof of careless workmanship and inaccurate scholarship. The fact is, the dictionary is being turned out at a rate of speed that absolutely forbids sufficient attention being paid to difficult points."

### BY THE RIVER.

THANK God for the gift of the rivers!  
Here by His murmuring stream  
The weary may come with their burdens  
And rest in a dreamless dream.

Yes, I know at the foot of the waters,  
Where the dusty city lies,  
A woman is kneeling with hopeless face  
Turned to the lurid skies.

I know there is toil and sorrow,  
And want and bitter care,  
While the ceaseless cry of the human heart  
Is an echo of despair.

But here where the strange marsh-calla  
Is clothed as a river-god,  
And the creeping wreath of the money-wort  
Droops from the yielding sod,

Here where the great, white lilies  
Shine mid the shadowy reeds,  
And the purple loose-strife mingles  
With the crimson willow-weeds,

Here beyond sound of the carping  
Is the peace for which we sigh;  
Let us dream for an hour by the river,  
While life and its cares go by.

EMILY MCMANUS.

### THE RAMBLER.

I HAVE no doubt that many of the contemporaries I uttered "Thoughts upon the Convention," or "After Thoughts and Impressions," which were valuable and novel in their way. So I, in mine, make bold to offer a few tardy remarks, which shall at least be brief. There was an impression—a very general one—and one I am eager to corroborate, that relates to the feelings of amity and good will which pervaded what the papers love to call "the vast and orderly assemblage." It was delightful to observe thousands of adaptable Americans singing lustily to Her Majesty's praise, and equally pleasant to see the bright orbicular banner of the Free and United States of America conspicuously draping platform and ceiling, desk and wall. It suggested vast Fishery Commissions, still vaster International Conferences, an improved and Looking-Backward kind of Inquisitional Congress. "Delicate attentions were showered upon the guests." (I quote from the *Canadian Trimmer*.) "The hotels offered

\*For brevity the author uses "C" to designate "Century Dictionary."

tempting fare in the shape of baked beans, hoecake, pumpkin pie (quite an unusual effort of culinary genius, as it is vulgarly supposed to be out of season) and great tanks of iced water specially procured for the occasion. The grace and beauty of the ladies and their superiority over their Canadian sisters in the matter of dress were topics of familiar discussion, while the manly and unaffected bearing of the distinguished officials from across the border spoke volumes for the high standard of private morals and manners existing in the Republic. One of the most important meetings referred to the barbarisms still extant in the English language, and the speakers confidently alluded to the near future wherein they proposed to thoroughly overhaul and recast that degraded and unfortunate tongue, which in the hands of clear-headed Americans might yet prove of some use and value, and yet produce a literature equal to that of those two great districts—the Bowery and the Hub. So warm was the feeling in favour of British Institutions, on the other hand, that several of the Western teachers begged for a bit of scarlet from the members of the Band, saying that they had never seen a British uniform before. Their request was forthwith granted, and the ladies—we presume they are ladies—have departed in high glee, bearing with them the precious relic of their interesting visit."

Now did you ever hear such nonsense as the above in all your life? The self-respecting attributes of the American people are altogether maligned and misinterpreted by the idiotic representations of the *Trimmer's* special Convention correspondent, who shall be held solely responsible henceforth for the Internecine war of 1900.

That progressive journal the *Review of Reviews* asserts that: "To drive children into school in order to fill their heads when they have nothing in their stomachs is like pouring water into a sieve; unless you stay the vacuum in the stomach the knowledge will not remain in the head. There is nothing on which there is more universal agreement in Europe than that starving children cannot learn, and that immediate improvement follows in any school upon the institution of free breakfast or free dinners. But it is only in the last half-dozen years that the necessity of feeding the children who are driven to school by the terrors of the law has received practical recognition in England. Experience in British towns now proves that you can breakfast your starving scholar, giving him a substantial hunk of bread and a cup of warm milk, for something under three farthings. You can give him a substantial and filling meal at midday for something under a penny. You can breakfast and dine him for three halfpence, or, say, ninepence a week, six days of the week, with the result that you not only prevent him from wasting away, or growing up into a more or less dilapidated and worthless member of the community, but you immediately increase his capacity to learn. Last winter 15,000 breakfasts were provided for the starving scholars in the poorer districts of Portsmouth, at a cost of less than \$250. The cost of a single London City dinner, one of those banquets in which the city companies muddle away so large a portion of their income, would cost at a moderate computation, say, \$25,000. A couple of hundred overfed men—every one of whom would have been probably better able to do his work in life if, instead of going to a city dinner, he confined himself for that time to a frugal chop and a cup of tea—waste upon this and other occasions money that would provide a million free breakfasts for the children whom the Educational Act drives into the public schools. There are hundreds of thousands of English children who tramp wearily to school without having breakfasted, and with no prospect of a dinner, except a casual crust and perhaps a bit of cheese."

### THE KEEWATIN REDUCTION WORKS.

THE thorough test so successfully applied to the Reduction Works machinery on the 6th inst. marks another era in the history of the development of our great mineral wealth. True, the annoying and oft repeated delays in the completion of the Works have been the cause of grumbling and adverse criticism, but after all we have every reason to congratulate ourselves and the promoters of the enterprise upon the happy termination of their labours. There is no doubt but that the building of such a complete establishment for the treatment of ore (the only one of its kind in the Dominion) has served to advertise and draw outside attention to the advantages of this district as a mineral producing country. There is no cause without an effect, and the fact of a work of this kind being carried on here, has stirred up outside capital to enquire into the why and the wherefore of it all. These enquiries have lately been pushed to an extent that the average citizen has little conception of, and already we see in the proposed working of the Sultana mine a powerful argument in favour of the exercise of a little push and enterprise in the advertising of our great natural resources. All this, however, while undeniably true, is somewhat of a side issue compared with the important fact that we now have in our midst one of the very best means for treating ore of all kinds that science and experience can suggest. Let us hope that it will be enabled to perform its share of the good work in helping Lake of the Woods on to a leading position among the mining centres of this continent.—*Rat Portage Weekly Record*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A THEORY OF THE DELUGE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I read with interest Kleic's article in your issue of July 17th, 1891, dealing with the Mosaic account of the deluge. The arguments are very able and ingenious, and will no doubt clear up much that has hitherto been obscure to many people, or at least furnish a plausible theory. I wish Kleic would answer a question: We know the dimensions of the ark and as Kleic says, "the proportions of it agree with the best models of modern naval architecture." We also know the sizes of animals, birds and reptiles existent and extinct. Allowing nothing for space lost by the shape of the vessel, and nothing for space required for an immense amount of provender, how did Noah find space for his charge in the ark?

SAXE.

Toronto, July 19.

THEOSOPHY—A DEFENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK.

SIR,—Having seen an article on theosophy in a number of THE WEEK which had wandered across the Atlantic to this little island of Jersey, I venture to send you a few theosophical jottings. We are told that the veil which shrouds the unseen from the seen is still as impenetrable as ever in spite of this new dispensation, as some mockingly call it. But then we never pretended to do the work for the world which each one must do for himself. The mystery of life and hereafter must find in the heart of men a fitting place to abide in, and each one must lift the veil for himself. But what theosophy can do is to show us how and where we may find the mystery of mysteries, and guide us in trying to fathom its depths. Thus, while religion teaches that God lives in the Heavens, and turns all the spiritual aspirations of man to the seeking of light outside of himself and away from the sphere of this earthly life, theosophy adds to this teaching a knowledge drawn from the study of man by himself. Whilst regarding the universe as under the ægis of powers divine and angelic, whilst admitting the presence behind the phenomenal world of a Being whose mystery is past all understanding, we say that in man himself is to be found that which explains them. In him lives a divine potentiality leading him onward from life to death and back yet again to life on this planet, to learn by the force of experience that wisdom which shall make of each one a conscious immortal and, as the prisoner within grows and expands, the life of the mortal is lived with a greater intensity, and consciousness deepens. To it (that self whom we know as the power of self-consciousness) is due the evolutionary impulse which carries the waves of life through the vibrating atoms of matter which build up the body of man, and cause organic change and development. Like a sacred fire burning deep in the human heart it throws out a glow which lights up the body of flesh, and sets all its parts into action so that the personal man is but an illusive reflection of his own individual Ego thrown on the background of matter as it struggles for freedom. In fact, a theosophist never forgets that within our coarse frame lie powers whose development right through the ages will, in the end, transform him into a god; and to learn where these are, and to learn how they are to be fostered, is the chief science which theosophy teaches to men. To ask at once for results of great magnitude, for a work which is only just now in its earliest infancy, is quite beyond reason when we reflect that more than one life in this world is needed to lead to that victory of the Divine in man over his grossness; but to neglect for this reason to enter the path leading to self-liberation is surely equally foolish. We claim that our view of the reason of life makes us more human, less inclined towards self-adulation and insensibility, by broadening our conception of causes, to a feeling of sympathy and fellowship with the rest of mankind.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

Holly Lodge, Jersey (Channel Islands).

"THE CHAUMIERE," in Moscow, is the most luxurious and elegantly appointed restaurant in Europe. The large dining-hall is a huge winter garden, with feathery and blooming mimosa as a background for the exquisitely served tables. In the middle of this unique restaurant-garden is a great marble fountain wherein trout and other delicately flavoured members of the finny tribe swim in deep, clear water. When a guest orders a fish for his dinner, he is forthwith conducted by the head-butler to this novel aquarium and is requested to select the fish most likely to tempt his fancy. A long-handled silk net is then given to him, and he can, if he pleases, catch his fish with sportsman-like zest and dexterity, a feat which materially adds to his enjoyment and general appreciation of the dinner he is about to eat. Russians, who are very fond of flowers, do not relish a repast when the table is not one mass of fragrant blossoms, and nowhere else in Europe does one see such gorgeous table decorations as in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Thousands of rubles are often spent for rare orchids to adorn the board of some wealthy boyard, and at the dinner given some time ago by Prince Narishkine to the diplomatic corps at St. Petersburg, the flowers in the dining-hall cost over twenty thousand

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE famous German actor, Ernest Possart, will make a professional visit to this country during the season of 1892-93, for which he will receive \$75,000.

THE Bayreuth Festival is the musical event in Europe, the operas selected being "Parsifal," "Tannhäuser" and "Meistersinger," in which the best Wagnerian singers of the day will participate. Alvary is one of the leading tenors.

SOLOMON'S new opera, "The Nautch Girl," just produced in London, does not seem to be successful. The music is described as thin and reminiscent. The wit of the libretto is deemed clumsy after the delicate satire of Gilbert.

AT the Peterborough (England) Festival the programme includes Beethoven's "Engedi," Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," and Gounod's "Redemption," by a choir of three hundred and twenty voices and seventy performers.

NEXT season Mlle. Rhea will present to the public two new plays. The first is entitled "The Czarina," or "Catharine the First of Russia," who was the wife of Peter the Great. It is in this play that Rachel made a great success during the last of her career. Rhea has secured the original manuscript.

AT the Albert Hall performance of "The Golden Legend," before Queen Victoria and the Emperor of Germany, the audience numbered 6,000 and the artists were Albani, Nordica, Belle Cole and Edward Lloyd. Miss Cole will visit New York in August and then return to England.

MME. MINNIE HAWK and her husband, Chevalier de Hesse Wartegg, are now at their home, the Chateau Tribschen, near Lucerne, Switzerland. She has signed an engagement with Mr. C. D. Hess, for a tour in Italian and English opera throughout the United States, beginning next November. The repertoire will include several of Wagner's best known operas.

MARCUS R. MAYER has cabled from London to his partner, Ben Stern, that Miss Agnes Huntington has decided to return to America the coming season, about October 15, for a tour of about sixteen weeks. "Paul Jones," "Fatinitza" and a new opera will be presented. Miss Huntington's new theatre in London will be opened about the first of April next.

A STATUE of Wagner will be erected by the Emperor William before the Royal Opera House in Berlin. "A statue," remarks *Le Menestrel*, "by order of the German Kaiser to the revolutionist who, in 1849, gun in hand on the barricades of Dresden, helped drive out the King of Saxony, and was himself condemned to death and obliged to flee! What singular vicissitudes in this world."

WAGNER'S works, literary and musical, says an American contemporary, embody in themselves a *renaissance* of the old Italian arts of expression from a German's serious, intellectual standpoint. Wagner's art-work is coldly, sometimes almost cruelly, intellectual, and his earnestness, while not exaggerated or overdrawn, is evident, and his ideality is a pronounced sublime realism. Despite its serene and eminently truthful character Wagner's work contains that indescribable beauty which is characteristic of the atmosphere of a cold Northern country where the winter sun tints with a delicate touch the clear blue sky and infuses a warmth of colour perceived, if not felt, to be devoid of all sensuousness and grossness, and which lifts our beings into a state of calmness and serenity and invests us with a certain transcendancy which we keenly feel and know.

MORE than 2,000 people were present at M. Paderewski's farewell recital at St. James' Hall, London, when the entire afternoon was devoted to the works of Chopin. If the reason be sought as to why M. Paderewski should draw so great a crowd it is plainly answered by the fact that excepting M. Pachmann no such player of Chopin's music has been for the last ten years heard in this country. It was a mistake, however, to give a purely "Chopin" recital. A dinner of sweets is not altogether dissimilar. If, however, M. Paderewski be gauged by his predecessors—MM. Pachmann, Rubinstein and others—his position is no less assured. As a player of pianoforte music he must stand with the best. Higher eulogy than this cannot be given.—*Manchester Examiner*.

DR. RITTER, whose recent death all lovers of music deplore, was a voluminous writer alike in English, French and German, his list of published works including "A History of Music in the Form of Lectures" (1870-74); "Music in England" (1883); "Music in America" (1883); "Manual of Musical History, from the Epoch of Ancient Greece to our Present Time" (1886); "Musical Dictation" (1888), and "Practical Method for the Instruction of Chorus Classes." He also contributed largely to magazines and newspapers. His musical compositions include symphonies, overtures, concertos for various instruments, many songs, and some sacred music, such as musical settings of the IV., XXIII. and XCV. Psalms. Many of his works have been performed in this and other cities, and received as the evidence of a skilful, technical musician, though they never won wide popularity.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WHEN THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY: A Story of Canadian Society. By Bernard. Montreal: John Lovell and Son.

This is the title of a pretty story of Canadian society just published by Lovell and Son of Montreal. The writer goes by the name of "Bernard," but it is whispered by those who know that this is but a *nomme de guerre*, and that the author is a well-known society belle who lives not a hundred miles from Toronto. The story is well written; the plot is skilful and at the same time simple, so that it is always fresh and interesting. The habits of Canadian society are well portrayed, and the descriptive portions of the novel are unusually good. Anyone who wishes a good book to while away an hour will find this little volume admirably suited to their requirements.—[Com.]

MODERN LANGUAGES AND CLASSICS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE SINCE 1880: Ten Years' Progress of the New Learning. By A. F. Chamberlain, M.A., Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Toronto: Press of THE WEEK.

It is with very much more than ordinary pleasure that we welcome and notice this work. The author has been known for many years as one of the most ardent and zealous of young Canadian workers in the large field of New World Archaeology, and, we may add, as one of the most successful of these workers. His name has been seen at the foot of innumerable papers, the results of original research, in the transactions and publications of various learned societies and journals, and now he has produced a brochure of some sixty pages on a topic which will appeal to a larger if not so scholarly a circle of readers. His wide reading is seen, not only in the table of contents, which bristles with eminent names, but also in the multiplicity of foot-notes whereby his assertions are corroborated. He has collected facts and theories lavishly from every side on a subject of vital importance both to learners and to the learned; for the value of the classics, the relation to them of the modern languages, their respective places in a scheme of education, how the study of each should be undertaken, first in the school, and then in the college—these and numberless other related problems still remain to be solved. A careful and scholarly *résumé*, such as Mr. Chamberlain has here given, it is difficult to overrate. We can only hope its success will be proportionate to its merits.

*Book News* is as sprightly and entertaining as ever.

*The Canadian Architect* is a valuable periodical, and the July number by no means lowers its record.

*The Magazine of Art* for August, so far as its illustrations are concerned, is scarcely up to its usual high standard.

*The Writer* for July contains, besides its usual good readable matter, a portrait and a sketch of James Lane Allen.

The August issue of the *Methodist Magazine* has appeared containing many articles of much interest to the general reader, among which we may point to that by the Rev. J. McLean, Ph.D., entitled "The Canadian Indian Problem," as especially timely.

AUGUST *Scribner's* contains the third article of the series on the great streets of the world—"Piccadilly" by Andrew Lang; the first three chapters of Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne's "The Wrecker"; and a sonnet by Archibald Lampman—"In Absence." Illustrations, not particularly noteworthy this month, abound.

*Harper's Magazine* for August is certainly a noteworthy number. In its table of contents are to be found the following names: G. M. Grant (by which simple designation perhaps some will not recognize the genial Principal of Queen's College, Kingston), Du Maurier, Mark Twain, Professor W. G. Blaikie, W. D. Howells, and Walter Besant. Despite these great names, however, it is difficult to see what *raison d'être* there is for the bulk of the contents, unless indeed we are to regard *Harper's*, not as a channel for the thought of the day upon burning topics of the day, but rather as a purely literary medium. If so, of course there is no cause for quarrel. Principal Grant, to whose article on "New Zealand" the place of honour is given, thinks, after having made "the circuit of the self-governing colonies of Great Britain," that none of them "present so many points of interest in small compass" as that upon which he writes, and certainly his paper seems to substantiate the claim. As certainly is the essay a highly entertaining and instructive one: economic statistics are blended with descriptions of natural scenery, and both are embellished with happy turns of expression, so that one finds oneself hurrying from paragraph to paragraph with tacit promises of a re-perusal. We set out with the intention of quoting, but the multiplicity of facts Principal Grant has collected, and the delightful manner in which he has strung them together, makes the process of choice so difficult that we refer our readers to the article itself. It is a treat.

*The Fortnightly* for July is a very unequal number: one or two articles are excellent to a high degree; others are below par. Canadians will perhaps turn first to the paper by Mr. J. G. Colmer, the Secretary at the Canadian Government Office in London, on Sir John Macdonald, a

short but readable and pleasant description of our late Premier. Some of the topics are highly timely and written by "those who know": for example, "The Credit of Australasia," by Sir George Baden-Powell; "Foreign Pauper Immigration"; "Card-Sharpping in Paris," by Edward Delille; "The Civil War in Chili." From some points of view one of the best papers is that entitled "Stray Thoughts on South Africa." The writer does not give his or her name, but it is so admirably written that one regrets the anonymity. Some of the descriptions are really beautiful, especially those of the Karroo, which are so graphic and evidently so true that they make the reader long to be there. This high plateau, by the way, despite its infertility and often aridity, the writer thinks has a future before it analogous to that at present enjoyed by the Riviera, namely, that it will serve as the great and much-frequented sanatorium of South Africa. For the large area of which the writer speaks and with which he is evidently much enamoured (the pseudonym adopted is "A Returned South African") he thinks there are splendid prospects, but before the tide of rapid growth sets in, he is careful to point out, there are many obstacles to be surmounted. One of the greatest of these is the heterogeneity of the populace, resulting in many divergent and antagonistic influences. South Africa is at present attracting a large share of English, and indeed of European, attention, and this article, by one who clearly knows whereof he speaks, by one also who gives expression to what he knows in that calm, deliberate, and careful style which is proof of conviction founded on large and clear generalization, constitutes an addition to our information difficult to evaluate too highly. The paper following this—"Cycling," by R. J. Mecredy—is unworthy of notice. Mr. Frank Harris, the editor, writes another story, "Montes, the Matador," and a very good one it is, happily devoid too of that unpleasant element which pervaded its predecessor.

THE fourteen heavy articles composing the contents of this month's *Nineteenth Century* certainly look formidable enough to give the hurried and hard pressed reviewer pause. One critic, however, avers that all but one are second-rate. The one he excepts is Mr. Rennell Rodd's description of the life-work of Aristoteles Valaoritis, the "poet of the Klephts"; but modern Greece, we fear, is a *terra incognita* to the majority of readers, at all events to those on the hither side of the Atlantic. Of the other thirteen papers we may notice Sir James FitzJames Stephen's on "Gambling and the Law." Sir James is interesting whatever his topic, and it is to be hoped he will now use his pen even oftener than he did before his retirement—Professor Huxley has set him a good example. Sir Herbert Maxwell in his "Woodlands" deals with a subject in which Canada ought to take a vital interest—forestry. He shows how far behind many of her European neighbours England is in the scientific conservation of her timber. He might have pointed his moral with a keener sting had he travelled further for his facts. Mr. Robert Hunter argues on behalf of a fair taxation of ground-rents, a doctrine for which much may be said, for which indeed much is now being said in various ways and by various theorists. Mrs. Lynn Linton's characteristically written abjuration of woman suffrage will rouse the ire of not a few. Her very title is inflammatory—"The Wild Women. No. I. As Politicians." What will Mrs. Mona Caird say to her concluding paragraph—"For, after all, the strong right arm is the *ultima ratio*, and God will have it so; and when men found, as they would, that they were outnumbered, outvoted, and politically nullified, they would soon have recourse to that ultimate appeal—and the last state of women would be worse than their first"? Mr. S. B. Boulton, in a very kindly paper, speaks of a conversation he held with Sir John Macdonald in 1881 in which, as the writer takes particular pains to emphasize, that statesman showed how deeply he was imbued with the spirit that rejoices in cementing still more closely the many ties that bind Canada to the Mother Country. "I was much struck," he says, "with the remarkable clearness of foresight and vigour of expression with which my distinguished interlocutor described and foretold ten years ago the difficulties which at present impede the progress of that Imperial Federation which he strongly desired."

THE August *Arena* declares in red ink at the top of the cover that "Eight prominent women of America, England and France contribute to this [July] number," and similar asseverations concerning its noble self are to be found scattered negligently, or studiedly, through its pages. The *Arena* taken altogether is something of a curiosity. The editor speaks in the same column sometimes in the first person singular, sometimes in the first person plural; different personages at different times get great notice taken of them—once several pages were swallowed up by and about the author of "Is this Your Son, my Lord?" This month Mr. Hamlin Garland is the hero. The editor reviews his "Main-travelled Roads" in six and a half pages, and further on comes another notice of a page and a half headed "The Book of the Hour." And so it may be in Boston. Between these comes Mr. Hamlin Garland's own review of Professor Goldwin Smith's "Canada and the Canadian Question," and this gets one page. Some of the eight women who write (we thank the *Arena* for not calling them "ladies") write excellently and pleasantly; notably Miss Amelia B. Edwards—but this was to be expected of her. She writes of her "home life," and there are many to whom her frank and interesting details will be most enjoyable. Elizabeth

Cady Stanton's contribution is entitled "Where must Lasting Progress Begin?" One is inclined to answer "in the nursery," and this would be a splendid aspect of the question for a prominent woman to discuss; but, alas, nurseries, we fear, do not over-abound in the native land of the *Arena*. We wonder what the Russian censors will do with the following sentence if ever this magazine should travel so far: "The apathy and indifference of the masses in their degraded condition are as culpable as the pride and satisfaction of the upper classes in their superior position." However, "Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the noblest figures in active life," the *Arena* itself is careful to tell us, "writes thoughtfully on one of the most important problems that presses upon the intelligent mind to-day." Mme. Blaze de Bury's "The Unity of Germany" is a really good and scholarly review of two notable books—Sybel's "Begründung des Deutschen Reiches durch Wilhelm I.," and Brühl's "L'Allemagne depuis Leibniz." One of the editor's many laudatory explanations about his own contributors has puzzled us not a little. "Mr. and Mrs. Underwood," he says, "have been . . . long known as leading materialistic thinkers." Turning to Mrs. Underwood's paper we find it called "Psychic Experiences," and these certainly are of a most remarkable, not to say astonishing, character. But the "materialism" we failed to find; it seemed to be "spiritualism" throughout, although Mrs. Underwood certainly says "at no time have I been a believer in spiritualism." However, these are hard sayings, not to say ways that are dark (and, many think, tricks that are vain) and we must leave them, if not to the heathen Chinese, at least to the Tibetan Mahatma to deal with. By the way, could Koot Houmi be persuaded to communicate with Mrs. Underwood? Jakob Boehme has written a sentence (Mrs. Underwood holding the pen), why should not Mr. Sinnett's friend? Mrs. Underwood seems still in a haze about Boehme. She says, "My mind reverted hazily to a German philosophical writer who had died within a few years and of whose life one of our friends had written a sketch." The time and date of Jakob Boehme's death is known to an hour, and it occurred two hundred and sixty-seven years ago. "The friend" is, we presume, Mr. Franz Hartmann, so we know in what society we are—hence the puzzle about "materialism."

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

G. W. DILLINGHAM, New York, has published a new novel by Albert Ross, entitled "Moulding a Maiden."

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have just issued a choice collection of Celia Thaxter's poems under the simple title "Verses." The volume is richly illustrated.

MISS MARY HAWKER is the name of Lancelot Falconer, who wrote "Mademoiselle Ixe." She sent the first check from her publishers (\$50) to the editor of *Free Russia*.

MESSRS. GURNEY, MYERS, AND PODMORE'S extraordinary book, "Phantasms of the Living," has been abridged and translated into French and has created much excitement.

MISS F. A. DEANE has just issued by D. Lothrop Company, "National Flowers." It tells the story of the accepted flowers of different nations, as, for example, England's Rose, Scotland's Thistle, Egypt's Lotus, France's Lily, etc.

BOTH the great English literary quarterlies, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Reviews*, discuss in their July numbers Talleyrand and John Murray. The latter also reviews Professor Goldwin Smith's "Canada and the Canadian Question."

MRS. FRÉMONT has collected the stories of her adventures in Western life in the early days when the gallant Pathfinder, her husband, was a power and a presence in the West, under the title of "The Will and the Way Stories." D. Lothrop Company publish the volume.

THE address of condolence presented to Baroness Macdonald by the Toronto City Council was such as befitted both the donors and the bereaved: it was handsome, elegant, artistic, and chaste. It was designed and executed by Mr. A. H. Howard, of the Royal Canadian Academy.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have just reissued in new and attractive form Rev. A. B. Muzzey's interesting volume "Prime Movers of the American Revolution." Mr. Muzzey is the third oldest living graduate of Harvard and enjoyed last month his sixty-seventh Harvard commencement.

*Harper's Weekly: a Journal of Civilization* for July 25 contains a highly amusing story of Hielan' life in Glangarry County, Ontario, by Mr. E. W. Thomson. Were we not sure that the majority of our readers will already have laughed over it, we should have been tempted to have asked permission to reproduce it; but it is accessible to all. It is pleasant to find Canada's best story-teller retaining Canadian scenes and characters though Canada can no longer boast his genial presence.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, though over seventy-eight years of age, is still at work on new books. To a correspondent of the *Pall Mall* he said recently: "I am just writing a book which I hope will be published before long, the life of Gasmin, a French poet, who died twenty years ago. He was a barber, and lived in the south of France. Very few of his poems are known even to the French, for he always wrote in Gascon, and so the few of his works that are known in France have previously been translated into French. Longfellow translated one of his most charming

and pathetic pieces years ago. You know it, perhaps—"The Blind Girl of Castel-cuille." But even in the village where he lived and worked and died, I could scarcely find a trace of him, or even of any one who knew he wrote. All they knew about him was that he was a barber." Dr. Smiles began life as a physician, then he became a journalist, and, like the late M. Chatrian, he has had much to do with railways, having been secretary of two or three large companies. At first he wrote as a recreation after his secretarial duties were over for the day.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

A MOST winning personality passed from among men in the flesh when the poet, writer, orator, editor, and athlete, O'Reilly gave up the spirit. Men of all creeds and nationalities delighted to honour the man, no matter how they may have regarded his opinions. One Calvinistic Congregational clergyman, we remember, could not understand how one who had once been a referee in an athletic contest requiring the use of the fists could be so honoured; but his brother, an editor of the most orthodox sheet in Boston, immediately pleaded his magnetic and unselfish character, and his passionate love for truth and beauty as well as for out-door manly sports. By his fellow-Irishmen he was almost idolized, yet he won also the loving regard and highest intellectual appreciation of the leaders of literary Boston. His marvellous experiences in camp and regiment, civil and military life, in prison and on ship, amid the solitudes of nature and the rush of great cities, gave him a many-sided interest in man akin to that so noticeable in Franklin. He certainly laboured for the good of his fellow-men. He was an intense lover of liberty and a glowing admirer of his native Celtic race. The study of its history, literature and traditions was with him almost a religion, and with Celtic ardour and enthusiasm he laboured to have in the Public Library an alcove devoted to books on his favourite subject. It is sincerely to be hoped that this project, which would have served as the noble monument of a beautiful life, may not be given up.—*The Critic*.

THE following account is given in the *Manchester Examiner* of the third annual Literary Ladies' Dinner, which was held recently at the Criterion, London, when some thirty-five novelists and journalists of the gentler sex gathered in the Prince's Rooms: Flowers for the occasion had again been sent up from Stratford-on-Avon by Mrs. Leith Adams, and Mrs. L. T. Meade took the chair for the second year in succession. The *menu* was simple, but the cards were etched with a fine female figure, and bore on the back half-a-dozen of the most appropriate of Ben Jonson's "Leges Convivales," originally carved over the mantel in the Apollo room of the Old Devil Tavern at Temple Bar. Mrs. Emily Crawford was entrusted with the first toast, "The Queen," and in proposing it she gave an uncomplimentary picture of the bibulous days of the early Georgian period, with a mild reference to the profane language of William IV. Ever since Victoria came to the throne Mrs. Crawford believed that things had improved, and she considered all women had reason to rejoice in the fact that it was a queen and not a king who ruled the land. In England there was no need for women to take an aggressive position against the opposite sex. She had resided long in France, where the Salic law held sway, and it enabled her to appreciate the freedom and honesty of English life. Long might the Queen live, and keep the throne from any masculine influence! The toast was heartily drunk in coffee, and then Mrs. Frank Leslie, who was a blaze of diamonds, recited Joachim Miller's poem on "Woman." The recitations were a novel feature of the evening, and were an agreeable diversion. Miss Adeline Sergeant spoke for Fiction, and pitied the ladies of the Middle Ages who had no novels to read, but only needlework in which to weave their romance. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, in the name of the many American guests present, said how pleased and astonished she was to find the dinner such a gay and amusing entertainment; and then Mrs. E. Robins Pennell, to prevent the Committee from becoming proud, rose to object to the snobbish title of "literary ladies," and hoped that next year it might be altered to that for "writing women." Miss Eweretta Lawrence spoke of the Drama, and spoke very well, showing how hard was the life for anyone endowed with the nervous temperament which was peculiar to the actor and actress, and how lightly and carelessly the public looked on dramatic labours. The need for a national theatre and for a national school of dramatic art was insisted on by Miss Lawrence. The waiters having been banished the room for some time, it appeared that a well-known publisher had sent a box of little cigarettes, which were handed round, and after a little hesitation and a search for matches, several ladies began to smoke, and the proceedings became more informal and the conversation general. Amongst those present were Miss Helen Zimmern, Miss Jean Middlemass, Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, Miss Jane Cobden and Mrs. Mona Caird. Letters of regret for non-attendance were read from Miss Mathilde Blind, Miss Jessie Fothergill, Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, and other supporters of the dinner, influenza being the excuse in most cases. Yet the company was far larger and the proceedings in every way more successful than in past years.

MR. ANDREW LANG, says the *Athenaeum*, is busied with the production of a "Blue Poetry Book."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has returned from Mexico with abundant materials for another novel, so it is said.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Abbott, Evelyn, M.A. Theodoric. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
 Ames, Fisher. American Leads at Whist. 25c. New York: Chas. Scribner's.  
 Davin, Nicholas Flood. High Commissioner—A Speech. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.  
 Harris, Joel Chandler. Balaam and His Master. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
 McLaughlin, And. C. American Statesman: Lewis Cass. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
 Page, Thos. Nelson. On Newfound River. \$1. New York: Chas. Scribner's; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.  
 Strong, Rev. Jos., D.D. Our Country. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.  
 Smith, F. Hopkinson. Colonel Carter of Cartersville. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
 Sweetson, M. F. The Maritime Provinces. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
 Tineau, Leon de. Jenny's Ordeal. New York: Worthington Co.  
 Worthington, Slack. Politics and Property; or, Phonocracy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BEDTIME.

WHEN they have said  
 Their small, short prayers,  
 At which, methinks, God, unawares,  
 Must sometimes sigh,  
 Into their little beds they go,  
 And there on pillows white as snow  
 The flaxen and the brown heads lie.

Perchance some angel, tender eyed,  
 By mother-sight, unseen, doth say  
 "Here now to dreamland runs the way,"  
 And their sweet, tottering steps doth guide  
 Into those realms beatified  
 Of baby dreams,  
 Where we catch the passing gleams  
 In sleepy smiles and broken words  
 Dropped like the thunder-song of birds.

—Minnie C. Ballard, in the *Queries Magazine*.

THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

We are entering upon a new era in dramatic writing. The literary play, so long divorced from the stage, is to be reinstated—indeed to some extent it is reinstated, and we may hope to see it become firmly established. How few alas! are the plays which read in the study are not utterly insipid, nay, worse, filled with cheap sentiment and vulgarity. After Shakespeare, the Elizabethan school, Sheridan and Goldsmith, only George Colman, the younger, and a few of the old comedy writers, will bear the test of reading, until you reach Robertson. Lytton's and Charles Reade's plays cannot be read; even the "Lady of Lyons" fails to be satisfactory without a stage setting. Simplicity and artistic veracity are now demanded of the playwright. Playgoers are growing more educated and more critical, and theatrical managers are recognizing the fact, though perhaps none too rapidly. If one may judge from the criticisms which find their way into print in some quarters the least discerning persons in an average audience are the professional dramatic critics so called.—W. Blackburn Harte, in the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

DARWIN'S METHODS OF WORK.

As a working naturalist Darwin was a model of exactness, patience, and perseverance; he rarely lost a moment, and while not a rapid worker, he compensated for this by the attention he gave to the subject. His study was adapted for work, his appliances being essentially simple. A dissecting board with a low, revolving stool was a principal feature, while a table bore his tools, and various drawers contained the various articles he was likely to use. Darwin's library was a curiosity, as he considered books simply as a part of his working material, and had not the reverence for them that we find in the bibliophile. They were marked with memoranda, and divided if too large. He often laughed with Sir Charles Lyell over the fact that he had made him bring out an edition of his book in two volumes by informing him that he was obliged to cut the book in halves for use. Pamphlets he cut up, often throwing away all the leaves that did not relate to his work. When books were filled with notes he frequently added an index at the end with the number of the pages marked, and thus had a list of the subjects in which he was interested, so that at short notice he could command all the material bearing on a certain point in his possession. Fortunately, Darwin had ample means, which enabled him to devote his entire time to scientific work without the distraction which would naturally have come from an attempt to make his labour pay a yearly dividend or income. His habits were simple and methodical, and within a short distance of the hum and bustle of the great city of London he carried on his experiments for forty years, happy in the companionship of such men as Huxley, Hooker, Owen, Lubbock, and others, producing results that will place him among the leaders of science as long as time endures. One of Darwin's experiments will illustrate his method of work, and the consideration and labour which he gave to it. While on a visit to his uncle the latter suggested that the supposed sinking of stones on the surface was really due to the castings of earth-worms. The idea made so strong

an impression upon the mind of the naturalist, that he read the paper previously referred to on the subject before the Geological Society. When the farm at Down was secured, in 1842, he set apart some of the ground for his experiment, which was to cover a part of the field with broken chalk, and note, among other things, the disappearance of the layer through the agency of the worm castings. The plot was covered in December, 1842, Darwin waiting twenty-nine years, or until November, 1871, before noting the results; a trench was then dug across the field exposing a series of white dots or nodules; the original deposit of chalk being found on both sides of the trench at a depth of seven inches from the surface. Another portion of this field was spread with cinders in 1842, and twenty-nine years later the stratum was also found seven inches below the surface, so that Darwin assumed that the mould, exclusive of the turf, had been thrown up at an average rate of .22 inches per year.—From *C. F. Holder's Life of Charles Darwin*.

THE OBSCURITY OF BROWNING AND MEREDITH.

My charge against them [Browning and George Meredith] is this:—

(1) They have hurt the English language, by undoing (for a while, at least) all the purity and precision that the eighteenth century won for it, at great cost and pain.

(2) They have done this out of mere egoism—Browning maiming and torturing the delicate instrument to make it reproduce the processes of his thought, and Meredith distorting it for his adornment, as a fop before a looking-glass might pull a good tie this way and that until he crumples and spoils it in the attempt to look smarter than his fellows.

And I urge, in the first place, that though language may (and, indeed, must) help thought in the making, literature has not to express the process, but the product. Take this for instance—

My curls were crowned  
 In youth with knowledge,—off, alas, crown slipped  
 Next moment, pushed by better knowledge still  
 Which no wise proved more constant: gain to-day,  
 Was toppling loss to-morrow, lay at last  
 Knowledge, the golden?—lacquered ignorance!  
 As gain—mistrust it! Not as means to gain;  
 Lacquer we learn by: . . .

A man in this year of grace 1891 will, of course, be laughed at if he declares the above to be neither poetry nor English. And yet with a weak voice in the wilderness I assert the extract—a very fair one—to be no more nor less than a piece of scamped work. A conscientious artist would have worked out the thought and compressed it into a single line. Worshippers of Browning speak of his condensation, and it is true that he gives colour to that delusion by omitting to articulate his sentences; but I ask how the thought in the above passage could be more diffusely expressed. An amiable versifier once wrote—

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself, and thus to myself said I . . .

and this pleasant line sums up the method.—C., in the *Speaker*.

INCIDENTS OF THE EMPEROR'S VISIT.

THERE were one or two little incidents in the reception of the German Emperor that will remain stamped for ever on the memory of those who happened to observe them. The first was the obvious embarrassment of the Duke of Clarence when his Imperial cousin planted a manly kiss upon his cheek. The Prince of Wales had gone through this ordeal with practised firmness, but it looked as though his son was unprepared for such an accolade, and, whether spontaneously or in accordance with the programme, the Kaiser bestowed no osculatory greeting on the Dukes of Edinburgh or Connaught. Then there came rather a pretty and natural scene when the Royal and Imperial party came ashore after luncheon, and Miss Benson, the youthful daughter of the Vicar of Hoo, timidly stepped from the little crowd and off red the Empress a bunch of Marshal Niel or tea roses, exclaiming: "These are English flowers, your Majesty." The Empress took them with a ready smile, and replied at once in English: "Thank you so much. It is kind of you to give them to me." Another interesting sight was the face of the Mayor of Windsor and of others in the audience when the Emperor, in his answer to the long-winded address of the Corporation, artlessly referred to her gracious Majesty as "Grand-mamma."—*Picadilly*.

ANNEXATION—AN AMERICAN VIEW.

NOT within the last fifty years has the sentiment in favour of bringing Canada into the Union been so feeble among the American people as at present. This country has ample territory for its full political development, and quite enough political and social problems of its own without seeking new complications. The cry of "Manifest Destiny," once so familiar on the lips of Fourth of July orators, is scarcely ever heard, and the old earth hunger, so greatly stimulated by the desire of slavery to extend its area, has well-nigh subsided. The admission of eight or ten Canadian States into the American Union would be little less than a political revolution. Instead of strengthening the bonds of union, it would be more apt to relax them by creating within our boundaries interests antagonistic to the General Government. The Canadians, too, have their own peculiar problems, which they can best solve for themselves and in their own way. Annexation, so far from removing, would increase the embarrassments which these questions present.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Infinite always is silent,  
 It is only the finite speaks;  
 Our words are the idle wave caps,  
 On the deep that never breaks.  
 We may question with words of science,  
 Explain, decide and discuss,  
 But only in meditation  
 The Mystery speaks to us.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

POLO IN ENGLAND.

MR. MORAY BROWN classifies English polo in three eras: Looking back at the changes that polo has undergone during the twenty odd years of its existence in Britain, it may be said that there have been three distinct phases or periods in the game—viz., the first period, when it was a comparatively slow, dribbling game, played on small ponies, of which the Messrs. Murrmeta were the ablest exponents; the second period, when the numbers were limited to four a side, and (owing mainly to the Messrs. Peat) it became a fast, galloping game, in which, except for the placing of a man back to guard the goal, there was no organization of the sides, each of the three forward players playing as much as he listed; and the third, or present period, which, owing to Mr. John Watson, is quite a scientific game, each member of a team being assigned his position in the field, and having distinct duties attached to that position. It is, therefore, very apparent that now the excellence of a polo team is not so entirely a matter of individual ability (although that is, of course, of very primary importance), but that it depends on combination and on a man not only knowing his place and duties, but sticking to them and playing for his side, and not for himself. There is no doubt that when polo was first introduced into England, it was looked upon generally as a purely and essentially military game; but public opinion altered, and as civilian clubs started up in every direction, with very satisfactory results, it became evident that the sport, besides its individual attractions, encouraged and cultivated a very high class of horsemanship.—From *Riding and Polo*.

THE MAN MILLINER.

AN original dramatic sketch, by Mr. W. R. Walkes, in *Temple Bar*, entitled "Her New Dressmaker," opens with the following amusing complaint by a fashionable young widow: "I declare that dressmakers are the greatest nuisances in life—worse, far worse, than even husbands, for when poor George was alive I could coax a new frock out of him with one-twentieth of the trouble it cost me to get it made. It was bad enough when the business was in the hands of tradespeople, but now that dukes and duchesses have taken it up one encounters all the vices peculiar to dressmakers with aristocratic *hauteur* and *nunchalance* thrown in. (*Sits, R.C.*) Every one knows that the ducal house of *Cordelie et Compagnie* is the only place one can go to for garments; but it is much more difficult to get a new frock from them in a reasonable time than to procure an invitation to their place in the country. After waiting for three whole weeks merely to give an order for a gown, I receive a note informing me that if convenient—I presume to himself—their representative, Lord Adolphus Fitzcilverin, will give himself the pleasure of dining with me this evening to talk the matter over. (*Rises*) There's a pretty way of doing business! Makes me so nervous, too; suppose the soup is cold, or the quails are overdone, he'll cut my stripes all wrong and I shall be ruined. Besides it's so embarrassing; how on earth can I talk to a lord about clothes? I shall have to dodge round the subject and lead up to it by degrees, just as if I were trying to find out if his grandfather had been hanged for forgery; and all the time I shall feel conscious that he's taking me in from head to foot, and saying to himself, "My good woman, who on earth has clothed you up to now?" They all do that when you go to them for the first time; but it always makes me so miserable and ashamed, that I feel I must cry out to them, "My good people, charge me *anything* you like, only make me fit to be looked at by you." Oh! dear (*sinking into chair*), I wish there were no such things as clothes in the world! (*Very slight pause*) But no I don't; life would be very dull without the pleasure of cutting out one's best friends."

HER MAJESTY'S warrant has been gazetted approving the Constitution of "The Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies and India, and the Isles of the British Seas." There is something very breezy about the last part of this title. Since England's flag floats o'er every sea no doubt the expression "British Seas" is intended to suggest, if not actually to include, all the salt water on the globe. Looking at the more prosaic side of the Constitution of the Institute, the *Chamber of Commerce Journal*, while not complaining generally of the recognition accorded to Chambers of Commerce in respect of the right of nominating Governors, yet calls attention to the absence as yet of any direct appointing power granted to the powerful Chambers of Commerce in the colonies. Surely this is an omission that should be supplied. The Boards of Trade in Canada and some of the Chambers of Commerce in Australia are particularly active and useful bodies, specially qualified to exercise a useful influence upon the counsels of such a body as the Imperial Institute.—*Imperial Federation*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE friends of the typhoid fever patient will not fail to remember and be grateful to the physician for his care and skill in treating the patient, but would have thought him intrusive and troublesome had he taken one-half the same trouble to see that the cause of the fever was prevented.—*The Builder*.

DR. GRIFFIN, Brantford, Ont., medical health officer, estimates that there have been two hundred cases of measles there during the past two months. Overcrowding in the schools is given as the cause. Typhoid fever also has been very prevalent in Brantford, from eighty to a hundred cases occurring every year. Bad water from river pollution is doubtless the cause.—*Canada Health Journal*.

OF the Peroxide of Hydrogen, Dr. Dickey, in the *Annals of Gynecology and Pædiatry*, says: I know of nothing in the whole materia medica that will dissolve the diphtheritic membrane so quickly and thoroughly, and yet leave the healthy mucous membrane intact. We have in it a remedy of the greatest value in combating this dangerous malady. None will destroy the false membrane and bacilli more speedily and with greater certainty.

FEW people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression: "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 227 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One-hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre.

WE are at work just now, said a manufacturer the other day, on some pretty small wire. It is 1-500th of an inch in diameter—finer than the hair on your head, a great deal. Ordinary fine wire is drawn through steel plates; but that wouldn't do for this kind of work, because if the hole wore away ever so little it would make the wire larger, and that would spoil the job. Instead, it is drawn through what is practically a hole in a diamond, to which there is, of course, no wear. These diamond plates are made by a woman in New York, who has a monopoly of the art in this country. The wire is then run through machinery which winds it spirally with a layer of silk thread that is .0015 of an inch in thickness—even finer than the wire, you see. This wire is used in making the receiving instruments of ocean cables, the galvanometers used in testing cables and measuring insulation of covered wires.

## "German Syrup"

WE have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ☉

It is stated on the best authority that the electric railway between Stockwell and the city, London, England, affects the earth-currents registered at Greenwich Observatory, although the nearest earth-plate is about two and a-half miles from the railway, which, it should be remembered, is encased in an iron tube covered with cement.—*English Mechanic*.

THE type-writer has hitherto been supposed to be an English invention, subsequently developed by the Americans; but a patent has been discovered in the French archives which gives the credit of originating the idea to a Frenchman, M. Pogrin, of Marseilles, who devised and illustrated his apparatus as far back as 1833. "With a little practice," says the author, "one can write as rapidly with the ktypographic pen as with the ordinary pen. I have called it the ktypographic machine or pen, because it prints by striking. It will give birth to a new art." The latest development of the invention is a type-writer for the blind.—*English Mechanic*.

THE STARCH OF PLANTS.—It is generally believed that after the fall of leaves the reserve tissues of ligneous plants remain filled with starch until spring, the epoch at which this substance emigrates in order to serve in the evolution of buds, in the development of the root and the formation of a new layer of wood. The hibernal period is consequently considered that in which the amylaceous reserve is most abundant. It results from the researches of Mr. Emile Mer that such is not the case, and that in the vegetation of ligneous plants there occur two acts that up to the present have passed unperceived—one, a resorption of starch at the end of autumn, and the other a genesis at the beginning of spring, each of them having a duration of from six weeks to two months. It hence follows that winter, far from being the season during which the amylaceous reserve is the greatest, is precisely that in which it is the least.

COMMON thyme, which was recommended in whooping cough three or four years ago by Dr. S. B. Johnson, is regarded by Dr. Neovius, who writes a paper on the subject in a Finnish medical journal, as almost worthy the title of a specific. During an epidemic of whooping cough he had ample opportunities of observing its effects, and he came to the conclusion that if it is given early and constantly it invariably cuts short the disease in a fortnight, the symptoms generally vanishing in two or three days. They are, he finds, liable to return if the thyme is not regularly taken for at least two weeks. Regarding the dose, he advises that a larger quantity than Dr. Johnson prescribed be taken. He gives from one ounce and a-half to six ounces per diem combined with a little marshmallow syrup. He never saw an undesirable effect produced, except slight diarrhoea. It is important that the drug should be used quiet fresh.—*Lancet*.

THE late Sir W. Siemens tried the effect of the electric light in the cultivation of plants by night, but a Russian agriculturist, M. Spechnoff, is reported to have made a trial of seeds which he electrified for two minutes by means of a current, and repeated the operation ten times upon peas, beans, rye, etc., and found that, generally, the electrification of seeds nearly doubled the rapidity of their growth. He then tried to electrify the earth. He took large plates of zinc and copper, 72 centimetres (28 inches) high, and 45 centimetres (18 inches) wide, which were sunk deep into the ground at the extremity of flat iron bars, and joined them above the ground by an iron wire. The effect of this continuous current is stated to have been prodigious upon vegetables. A radish grew 44 centimetres (17.3 inches) in length, with a diameter of 14 centimetres (5½ inches), and a carrot 27 centimetres (10.6 inches) in diameter weighed 3 kilogrammes (6.6 lbs.); nor did this excess in size detract from their good quality. The harvest was in all four times superior to the ordinary for roots, and two or three times for plants.—*English Mechanic*.

AN exchange suggests the use of electricity as a motive power for propelling ocean steamers. This idea is by no means as chimerical as might be imagined. The marvellous advances that have been made in the electrical world in the last decade furnish abundant reason for believing that

the uses to which this subtle force may be and will be applied have only begun to be discovered. It would be nothing unexpected should a method be discovered for utilizing it as a power in ocean navigation. The great difficulty in modern war cruisers is the inability to secure sufficient coal capacity together with the lines of model essential to the highest speed. The *Charleston* has just furnished the country with a striking illustration of this. She burns 175 tons of coal per day when running at full speed and her storage capacity is only 800 tons. As a result she could only run a little over four days in her chase of the *Itata* without securing a fresh supply of fuel. Of course naval authorities fully realize the disadvantages of this condition of things but it is hard to see how it can be avoided, unless, as has been suggested, a way be found to make use of electricity as the propelling power.—*Kennebec Journal*.

THE mischief wrought by damp beds unfortunately does not usually react upon its heedless originators. The sole sufferer is the luckless occupant, who, forgetful of the buyer's caveat and all that it implies, buries himself within the chill of the half-dried bedclothes. In a recent instance, in which the law was appealed to, the tables were turned. The plaintiff, who, with his family, had for several days occupied a room in a seaside restaurant, was then told that the apartment was let, and he must accept another. Here the trouble began. Illness, with its expenses, followed, and the final cost incurred in consequence by his too unceremonious host amounted to £150. An action so unusual and a verdict so consonant with sanitary principles deserve to be kept in remembrance. It is to be hoped that their obvious teaching will not be forgotten by any who live by housing their fellow men. As regards the latter, however, the maxim which inculcates prevention is still the best. Not even a money fine will always atone for the injury done by avoidable illness. *Caveat emptor*, therefore, notwithstanding. Let the traveller, however weary and inclined to sleep, first be careful that his bed is dry. In any case of doubt the use of an efficient warming-pan, or, if needful, even a change of bedding, should be insisted on, and the further precaution of sleeping between blankets rather than sheets is in such cases only rational.—*Lancet*.

THE report of the United States Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners, who have recently had under consideration the subject of providing the best means of rapid communication in New York, has been issued. The Commissioners recommend that an underground electric railway be constructed through the west side of the city. The plans for this new rapid transit system are not yet completed, but it is to consist of a four-track road built mainly in tunnels under the streets, but partly on viaducts where it is necessary to cross depressions in the upper portion of the city. In Broadway, between the South Ferry and Forty-second Street, the tunnel is either to have the four tracks on a level, or is to be double-decked, with two tracks upon each deck, but in any case it is to be so far below the surface as not to endanger the foundations of buildings, or to interfere with sewers, pipe lines and other subways. It will thus escape the objections which killed the Arcade railway scheme which was proposed several years ago. Above Forty-second Street the line is to consist of four tracks upon a level as near the surface as possible, when in tunnel, but not in open cut at any point. The Commissioners have been compelled by the enormous expense involved in securing right of way to abandon the idea of any system of viaducts or open cuts.

THE declining powers of old age may be wonderfully recuperated and sustained by the daily use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MEN and women—young and old—will find health anew by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, an unfailing blood builder and nerve tonic. Cures suppressions, bearing down pains, nervousness, general debility, and all forms of weakness. No other remedy equals them. All dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price (50c. a box). Dr. Williams Med Co., Brockville, Ont.

MESSRS. James and George Thomson, Glasgow, have modelled a new steamer guaranteed to steam at the rate of 23½ knots an hour, which will enable the vessel to cross the Atlantic within five days. The vessel is to be about 630 ft. long by 70 ft. beam. The lines are very fine. The new vessel will have twin screws 22 ft. or 23 ft. in diameter, well supported. There are four funnels, and about 200 ft. of the length of the ship is left for the boilers and bunkers. The engines are to be triple compound, with four cylinders working four cranks. They will probably indicate 33,000 indicated horse power. Accommodation is provided for 700 first-class and 300 second-class passengers and about 400 emigrants, and all the arrangements worked out in the plans are far ahead, as far as regards luxury and comfort, of anything yet produced. The plating of the ship is carried up to the promenade deck, which runs from end to end, and width of about 20 ft. on each side is left for walking. On the promenade deck are twelve machine guns, and in other respects the vessel is made suitable for an armed cruiser.

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It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

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## Fort Warren

Voluntary Statement from Mr. H. Graham, Ph. G., Hospital Steward, U. S. A.

Fort Warren, Boston, June 15, 1891.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:"

"My wife and child have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past two years and it has done them both an incalculable amount of good. We came here from Florida, one of the yellow fever districts. On arrival they were weak, anæmic and thoroughly out of tone in every way. I tried them with iron, quinine, etc., etc, but with no benefit.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

was recommended highly by a personal friend in the service, and I can truly say that it is just as good as you state. Will take precious good care not to be without it hereafter.

"You are at liberty to use this letter together with my name for any purpose that you think serviceable, and more especially for those who I know are unhappy on account of ill health." H. GRAHAM, Ph. G., Hospital Steward, U. S. Army.

N.B. Be sure to get

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ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the *hautton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the most harmless of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

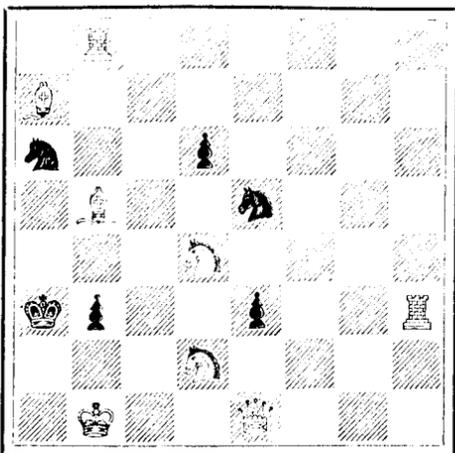
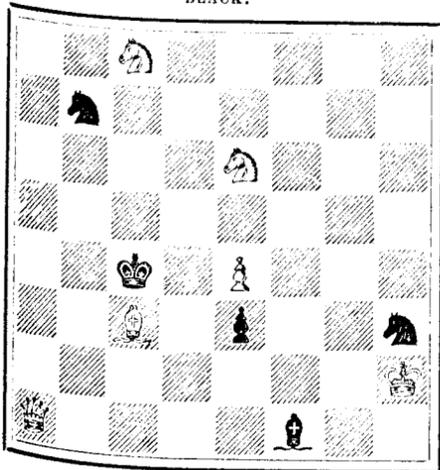
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CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 587. By G. Heathcote.

PROBLEM No. 588. By E. N. Harrison.



White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 587.

No. 588.

- White. 1. B-Kt 5 2. Q-K Kt 1 + 3. Kt-R 6 mate. Black. 1. K x R 2. K x Q if 1. K-Q 4 2. K-K 5

In this Problem there should be a Black Kt on Black K 1 instead of a White Kt.

With other variations.

CONSULTATION GAME.

PLAYED AT THE COLUMBIA CHESS CLUB BETWEEN DR. MEYER AND J. B. MUNOZ vs. NUGENT AND HEIN.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

- White. M. & M. 1. P-K 4 2. P-K B 4 (a) 3. Kt-K B 3 4. P-B 3 5. B-Kt 5 6. Castles 7. B-K 2 8. P-Q 4 9. P x P 10. K-R 11. Kt-B 3 12. P-B 3 (c) 13. Q Kt-R 4 14. Kt-B 5 15. Kt-K 4 16. Kt-Q 6 17. Kt x B 18. Kt-Kt 5 Black. N. & H. 1. P-Q B 4 2. P-K 3 3. Kt-Q B 3 4. P-K Kt 3 5. Kt-Kt (b) 6. P-Q R 3 7. B-K Kt 2 8. P x P 9. Q-Kt 3 10. Kt-K 2 11. Castles 12. Q Kt-B 3 13. Q-R 2 (d) 14. P-Kt 3 15. B-Kt 2 16. K Kt-Q B 17. Q x Kt 18. Q Kt-K 2 White. M. & M. 19. B-B 3 20. P-Q Kt 3 (c) 21. Kt-K 4 22. Kt-B 3 23. B-R 3 24. Q B x Kt 25. B x Kt 26. Q-B 3 27. Q x P 28. Q R-B 29. Q P x P 30. Kt-R 4 (g) 31. R-B 6 32. R-Q 6 33. Kt x P 34. R x R 35. R-Q 6 36. R-Q Black. N. & H. Kt-Q 4 P-E 3 P-B 4 K Kt-K 2 K R-K 1 R x B P x B K-R 1 (f) P-Q 3 P x P Q-Kt 1 R-Kt 2 Q-Q 1 Q-B 1 R x Kt R-R 2 R-R 1 Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) This move is not the best, P-Q 4 as played by Mr. Pollock, or Kt-K B 3, are considered the proper moves. (b) One of W. Steinitz's cramping moves which we do not approve; K Kt-K 2 would have developed the game better. (c) This move cramps still more black's game as it shuts out the B. (d) A poor move, made with the idea of keeping the attack on the apparently weak Q. P. (e) The beginning of a pretty combination, which ultimately won the game. (f) The best move as White threaten Kt x P attacking the R and winning the exchange. (g) Nothing is left for blacks after this move, as the pawn must fall.

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You have a handsome horse, bright and spirited, that you would like to drive but hesitate to do so as under certain conditions you feel you cannot stop him. With the Automatic Safety Bit you can drive him and stop him easily without the slightest injury or irritation to the horse. You have a handsome horse you would like to have your wife or daughter drive, but are afraid to do so, for fear they will not be able to control him. With the Automatic Safety Bit adjusted a fifteen year old girl can stop the most vicious horse without hurting the horse or in any way worrying or fretting him. The mechanism for stopping the horse does not act upon the bit proper, but through the outside of the bit on the nostrils, closing them and shutting off the horse's wind, and of necessity stopping him. Absolute safety from running away is guaranteed to anybody using these Bits. Simple in construction, easy on the horse and absolutely reliable. Circulars and testimonials will be sent you upon application to

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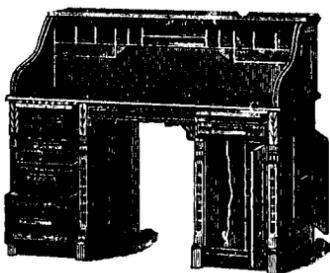
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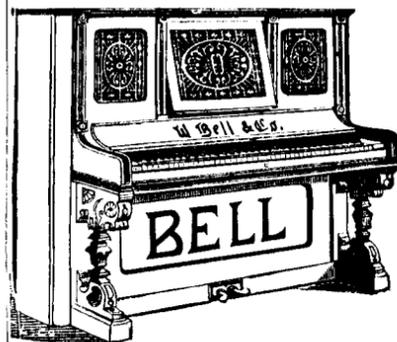
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