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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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All articles, contributions, and letters on matter pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

It has long been evident that the martial rivalry among the great European Powers must ultimately reach a limit beyond which the burden-bearing capacity of the people could not go. That point reached in the case of any one of them, the alternatives would be reduction of armaments by mutual agreement, or the terrible war which has been so long foreboded. The limit has already been reached by Italy, at least, and for some time past bankruptcy and ruin have stared her in the face. Within a few days the cablegrams have brought rumors of a possible reduction of armaments by mutual consent of several of the Powers. Certain important changes which have lately taken place, especially the conclusion of the com-

mercial treaty between Germany and Russia, give colour to the hope that these rumors may be well founded. A good understanding between these two warrior nations means the isolation of France, whose revengeful attitude has long been the most threatening element of the situation. If it be true that both Germany and Austria approve of a substantial reduction of military expenses by Italy, the fact must be to that nation, in its present critical condition, almost as a promise of life from the dead. To the over-taxed people of the other members of the Alliance, and to those of Russia as well, a reduction of armaments would also bring a relief which might pretty safely be regarded as the beginning of a new era of social improvement. And the current once changed and setting in the direction of the things which make for peace, it would be very difficult to induce the people to return to the former methods. There can be little doubt, we suppose, that the present Czar is really averse to war. Could the French passion for revenge be in some way assuaged, there might be good reason to look forward to a prolonged European peace.

Commenting on the fact that Canada has suffered no such distress as that which the United States have seen during the last year, the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, says that it would be well to ask whether the conservative principles of finance and the stable yet elastic currency system, which obtain on this side of the line, might not be appropriated by the legislators at Washington with advantage. Referring further to the forthcoming tariff changes, it goes on to say that possibly in the method by which these promised changes are to be effected they, the people of the United States, might also learn a lesson from their northern neighbors. There can be no doubt that the first compliment is deserved. The sternest of practical tests seem to show that the Canadian banking system is unquestionably superior to that of our neighbour, in point both of flexibility and of stability. Should the result of the debate, which will no doubt be going on when these words reach the eye of the reader, be, as there is every reason to expect, the prompt adoption, with or without serious amendment, of the revised tariff which the Government will propose as the result of its inquiries and deliberations, there is little doubt that the amended tariff will be in operation long before the mutilated Wilson Bill, introduced at Washington so many months ago, can possibly

become law. However pleasing, or the opposite, the Canadian tariff thus to be passed may prove to the majority of the people, it will almost certainly be nearer what the majority of the people demand than the American Bill can be. It is a marvel that a people with so much political genius as that of the United States have so long been content to retain a system so complicated and cumbersome, and affording so many opportunities for delay or defeat by a self-interested few, of measures in which the interests of the whole people are involved, when by following the example of their neighbours they might be able to carry out the mandate of the people much more promptly, and hold their representatives and Government to a strict account much more effectively, than is possible under their present system.

Probably little reliance need be placed on the rumor that the American Government is finding serious fault with the British for delaying to enact the legislation necessary for carrying out the regulations adopted by the Paris Arbitrators for the preservation of seal life in the Northern Pacific. It is no doubt true that those regulations bear hardly upon the Canadian sealers, but there is now no honourable alternative to their enactment and enforcement in good faith, and the British Government is not accustomed to fail in the observance of its treaty engagements. Moreover, as the Washington Government is in the same position with respect to its legislation, it cannot well throw the first stone. Whatever may be the causes of the delay, we cannot doubt that they are understood by both parties and that the difficulties, if any have arisen, in interpretation or action, will be peacefully adjusted. It would be a shame and a crime against civilization if after having set an example to the world by submitting the dispute to arbitration, and having bound themselves mutually to accept the award of the arbitrators, the two great nations should now quarrel over matters of detail. But it is unfortunately so much the habit of American newspapers and politicians of certain classes to represent the American Government as constantly in a jingoistic ferment over some deep laid and perfidious scheme of Great Britain, and determined to bring her to terms by heroic measures, that the less attention paid to such rumours the better for all concerned.

As a sample of the quality of many of these belligerent rumours we may refer to

that which represented Congress as contemplating a punishment no less severe than that of cancelling the bonding privileges of the railways, in return for any discrimination that might be practised against the vessels of the United States in the Welland Canal, when, as every one who knows anything about the matter knows, the discriminatory toll complained of was discontinued by the Canadian Government nearly a year ago. It is not likely that there is more foundation for the disquieting tales which are being circulated concerning the alleged action of British war-ships in landing marines at Bluefields in Central America, and afterwards, as alleged, making a "deal" for the possession of Corn Island in that neighbourhood. We do not suppose that Great Britain would be disposed to regard the fact that the United States own and occupy a large part of the American continent as giving the Republic any better right than any other nation to interfere with the affairs of any independent people on the same continent. But it is in the last degree likely that she would trample in any way the supersensitiveness of her American offspring, save to accomplish some end of justice, humanity, or self-protection, such as could hardly be accomplished by such a move as that described. No doubt it will appear, when the facts become known, that her action, whatever it may have been, in all these cases, was in accordance with international rights and necessary to promote the ends of humanity or justice, if not to carry out positive treaty obligations.

Commenting on a paragraph or two which appeared a few weeks since in these columns, touching the failure of the University Extension movement in Canada, *The University Extension Bulletin* agrees with us to some extent in ascribing the failure partly to a "nervous dread" on the part of many college and university men, lest the extension movement should encroach upon their hitherto undisputed territory, and partly to the fact that in most cases university professors are too hard worked in the institutions with which they are connected to have any reserve of time and energy which they can devote to outside instruction. The *Bulletin* is, however, quite unable to admit that the work of university extension can be successfully carried on save in connection with the universities and by the aid and supervision of university professors. We are by no means convinced that this is the case, as a rule, though there are, we are glad to know, many instances in which good work has been and is being done under the auspices of universities. We, nevertheless, doubt whether the want of flexibility, both in routine of subjects and in methods of instruction, which is characteristic of many, at least, of the universities, especially the state universities, does not constitute a serious disqualification for successful extension work.

We believe that there are in most communities men whose contact with the outside world, superadded to thorough culture, whether obtained in universities or otherwise, fits them to be much more efficient and successful as conductors of extension classes than the average university professors. But we need not now argue the point. We have no doubt that the benefits resulting from a hearty interest in the work on the part of the universities would be mutual, and that a few years of such work would react powerfully in broadening the views and improving the methods of the professors in their proper university work.

We have recurred to the subject of University Extension mainly to admit that our criticism of the failure of Canadian universities to throw themselves into the work as we had hoped they would do, was too sweeping, and did injustice to at least one or two of our institutions which have really made good beginnings. We are aware, for instance, and should have stated, that Queen's University, at Kingston, has carried on extension work, to some extent at least, by means of a series of lectures delivered by its able and versatile Principal, and, if we are not mistaken, by other professors as well, though we are unable to say at present whether these lectures are now continued, and whether other methods, such as examinations and practical work by students, are connected with them. We should be glad of fuller information, as it is our desire to recognize and make more widely known every thing that is being done in this direction by Canadian institutions. We did not know, we blush to confess, that for several years past the University of New Brunswick has been doing a valuable extension work in the City of St. John. From the calendars of that institution kindly sent us we find that lectures in History, Literature, Physics, Chemistry, Geology and other branches of Science, and even in Law, Philosophy, and Political Economy, have been regularly given in St. John for at least three years past, to classes ranging in number from a few students up to almost one hundred. That real educational work has been done is evident from the fact that examinations have been held, and certificates won by a larger or smaller number of students, at the close of each series of lectures. It is possible that similar work has been done by other of our universities, of which we are in like manner uninformed.

A few weeks ago the San Francisco *Argonaut* had a strong article in favour of the restoration of the whipping-post as a punishment for crimes of a certain class, such as woman-beating, child-torturing, ravishing, and generally crimes against the person. The classification was made on the principle that the crimes to which this mode of treatment should be applied were

those "the very commission of which proves the criminal to be either degraded below manhood, or so essentially savage that the only conscience that can be appealed to is fear of physical pain." The *Argonaut* marshals a somewhat formidable array of historical and other facts to prove the effectiveness of this kind of punishment where other modes of treatment have failed. It attributes the freedom of certain States of the Union from crimes of the kinds indicated, as compared with the prevalence of such crimes in others, to the use of the lash in the former and the abolition of it in the latter. The fact, however, that the principal State instanced in the first class is staid old Delaware, and that such cities as New York, Chicago and San Francisco are put in the other scale, deprives the comparison of most of its value, seeing that the vastly worse record of the latter can be easily accounted for on other principles. Perhaps the most forcible example quoted in favour of a return to the old heroic treatment is that of the prevalence of garroting thirty years ago in England, and its almost complete disappearance as soon as the law authorizing the use of the lash was passed and began to be enforced.

While we cannot but admit the cogency of many of the arguments from time to time employed by those who advocate a freer use of the lash as a deterrent from brutal crimes, we must not forget that there is also much to be said on the other side of the question. In the first place, making a reasonable allowance for the constant influx into such cities as those above named of multitudes of the very lowest classes from Europe and elsewhere, is it not the fact that the ratio of crimes of the kind indicated as well as of all other kinds, is constantly decreasing? In Great Britain, for example, it is a statistical fact that the frequency of such crimes as larceny has steadily decreased as the severity of the punishment attached to them has declined. Whether the decrease, through some strange working in human nature, is due directly to the modification of the punishment, or only to the gradually increasing intelligence of the people, the inference is the same. We do not wish, in the absence of fuller data for the formation of an opinion, to take strong ground on either side of the question. We may just say, however, that even to demonstrate, if it were possible, the greater effectiveness, as a deterrent, of the whipping-post over other modes of punishment would not be, to our thinking, conclusive. The effects upon all the parties concerned would need also to be taken into the account. What is the effect of this peculiar mode of punishment upon, first, the public generally, who, either with or without the help of the newspapers, are sure to be made, figuratively, at least, familiar with the degrading spectacle. Nothing is to be gained and much may on the whole be lost if, in

seeking to obliterate crime, we degrade the public sense. Second, we cannot forget the effect upon the executioner who administers the punishment. Can he do such a service for a price and escape serious degradation? The picture presented by the application of a very aged man to be permitted to act as executioner in the case of a convict sentenced to capital punishment the other day in Ontario, for the sake of a few dollars, is as suggestive as it is pitiable. A similar degradation occurs whenever an individual is hired to wield the lash on a culprit sentenced to the whipping-post. If either capital punishment or flogging are to be prescribed by the courts, it is a serious question whether the punishment should not be inflicted directly by an officer of the court—not by a man hired for the occasion.

There is so much, both in the subject and spirit of Mr. Burton's "Reply," in our last number, with which we are in hearty sympathy that we should gladly let it pass without further comment were it not that it seems proper to set ourselves right in a matter in regard to which we are particularly anxious not to be misunderstood, because we deem it of the very first importance. Let us premise that we are not discussing a question of theology, as such, but are merely trying to make clear our reasons for thinking that religion cannot be taught in public schools, under State control. Mr. Burton regrets that **THE WEEK** "should lend itself to the strengthening of two popular fallacies, viz, that morality and religion are separable, and that the latter is inseparable from denominational dogma." Is religion separable from morality? We answer "Yes." Though religion cannot exist without morality, it is quite conceivable that morality may exist without religion. We do not know whether we could agree upon a close definition of religion, but we may surely assume that religion cannot exist without some positive belief in the existence and attributes of a God. Hence neither an atheist nor an agnostic can be held to be, in any ordinary sense of the word, "religious." But it would be easy to point to conspicuous instances, among the living and the dead, in which both atheists and agnostics are and have been men of unimpeachable morality—practicing the precepts of "charity, honesty, patriotism and truthfulness." Nor is the distinction between the two things hard to define. Morality has to do with conduct, religion with motive. Morality pertains to action, religion to character. Morality is external, religion internal. A man who thoroughly believes that "Honesty is the best policy" may be strictly upright in his dealings, yet in his heart be the very opposite of religious, in the usual acceptance of the word.

Is religion inseparable from denominational dogma? If we take "dogma" in its

proper sense, as denoting a settled opinion or belief, and admit that religion relates to God, the answer is clear. Religion must imply some particular belief with regard to the character and attributes of God. That belief is a dogma. And, inasmuch as it is well known that no expression can be given to such a belief, by any one class of the religious, which will not be dissented from by others who claim to be equally religious, the dogma is no sooner put into words than it becomes a denominational dogma. This may be made clear by reference to Mr. Burton's last article. Striving to find a basis in religion for the morality he would have taught in the schools—and, by the way, it is noteworthy that in so doing he himself unwittingly concedes that the two things are separable—he ultimately finds that basis in a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness along the line of love, and adds, "That power we name God, and the Christian God is Love." But let the teacher lay down that dogma in the school and teach it to the children as the essence of religion and he would quickly find himself in a cauldron of denominational controversy. "That is but one side of the truth," many would exclaim, "and hence a mischievous half-truth. God's justice, his abhorrence of sin, and so forth, are just as much attributes of his character as his love." This is but one of several reasons why religion cannot, as religious people are at present constituted, be taught in the State schools. Those who think it indispensable will have to fall back upon private—not separate—schools. Others, and probably the great majority, will content themselves with the next best thing, and try to procure teachers who know how to train the tender consciences of the child by constant reference to his sense of right and wrong, trusting to the religious teaching he receives in the home, the church, the Sunday-school, etc., to supply the foundation which he himself, assuming him in every respect competent—a large assumption—may not attempt to lay in exegetical or dogmatic teaching. But for the Government to authorize and require a public school teacher to teach "with authority" an alleged religious fact or principle is to violate the rights of every parent who does not positively accept that fact or principle.

#### THE NORTH-WEST QUESTION.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy has lost no time in re-introducing his North-West Bill in the Dominion House of Commons. The relations now existing between him and the Government leave little room to doubt that he will this time do his utmost to push the matter to a successful issue. The promptness and vehemence with which Mr. Devlin picked up the gauntlet which he fancied had been flung upon the floor of

Parliament, bodes ill for the tone of future discussions. And yet the Bill, on its face, simply proposes to recognize the people of the North-West as having reached the position, in point of population and intelligence, at which they should be accorded the same rights in regard to local legislation which are secured to other Provinces by the constitution. Why should they not? If any one were disposed to take the view that the people of the North-West are not yet numerous enough to be entitled to control the local legislation of so vast a territory, there might be room for argument on that point. But the contention of those who so strongly oppose the measure does not rest on this ground. The objections urged would evidently be urged no less strongly did the prairies contain ten times or twenty times the present number of settlers. The view is, evidently, that for some reason the North-West Territories and Provinces are not entitled now, and will not be entitled at any future time, to the enjoyment of the same rights in respect to the control of their educational policy which are enjoyed by all the other Provinces, except Ontario and Quebec, whose liberties are restricted by mutual agreement. One can but wonder what Mr. Devlin, Mr. Tarte, and those who think with them, would propose to do when the Territories shall have become, as we may not unreasonably hope they may become before many years, equal in population to Quebec itself, with a disparity perhaps greater than that which now exists between the mass of the settlers and those who have any special desire for the perpetuation of the French language in public documents, or the denominational system in public schools. It is evident that the time is not far distant when the idea of ruling the country from Ottawa, in respect to those local matters which are placed by the Constitution under Provincial control, would be absurd, if it is not already so.

When, two or three years since, we discussed a similar question with reference to Manitoba, we felt it necessary to do so on quite different grounds from those upon which the present discussion must be carried on. The crucial question was then one of constitutional interpretation. We were at that time utterly unable to admit that there had existed in the Red River country, prior to its absorption in the Confederation, anything in the nature of Separate Schools under legislative sanction, such as could give colour to the contention that the abolition of such schools was in violation of the rights secured to the Roman Catholic minority by the well-known provisions of the British North America Act. That contention has been finally disposed of by the highest judicial authority in the realm. No one will, we venture to say, claim that the principle underlying that decision does not apply with even greater clearness to the Territories.

A second contention, based upon a certain interpretation of certain other clauses in the British North America and Manitoba Acts, to the effect that it was the right, if not the duty, of the Dominion Government to entertain an appeal on behalf of the minority against the legislation complained of, even though it had been found to be *intra vires* of the enacting Province, has since been argued and pronounced against by the highest court of the Dominion.

It is very clear that both claims under the constitution must henceforth be abandoned. Not only does neither the B.N.A. Act nor the Manitoba Act contain any clause or clauses making it compulsory upon Manitoba to establish or retain a Separate School system, but neither empowers the Governor-in-Council to consider an appeal against any legislation of either that Province or the North-West Territories in the matter of education, which, although not *ultra vires* of the enacting body, may be deemed by some to be essentially unjust to the Roman Catholic minority.

On what ground, then, can the resistance to the will of the overwhelming majority in either Manitoba or the Territories be kept up? Parliament might, it is true, refuse to make the further necessary changes in the Act for the Government of the North-West Territories asked for by Mr. McCarthy's bill. But of what use would it be to prolong for a few years a struggle, the final result of which is a foregone conclusion? Even in the case of the Territories the time within which it is competent for the Federal Government to disallow the legislation complained of is past. Is it claimed that the Dominion Government and Parliament have still a right to control, or override, by special enactments, the legislation or action of the local governments and legislatures? If any such right exists it may be safely predicted that no Government or Parliament will ever be rash enough to attempt any such interference. Such attempt could have but one result, refusal on the part of the Provinces to submit and impotency on the part of the central authority to enforce. The Provinces would combine to refuse assistance to a measure which they would regard as equivalent to an arbitrary curtailment of their constitutional powers. Federal interference with the action of the Territories, or the new Provinces which may be carved out of them, is, in a word, hopeless.

Let it not be supposed that in writing thus we have no sympathy with the feelings, though we may have none with the views, of those of our fellow-countrymen who feel themselves aggrieved and injured by the loss of special privileges which they confidently expected to be perpetuated in the great prairie provinces. Believing, as no doubt some of them do, that it is essential to the temporal and eternal welfare of their children that they should receive their elementary education in schools in which religious instruction, under the direction of the clergy, has first and chief place, and seeing nothing in the nature of either church or state to prevent the work of the former being subsidized by the latter with the people's money, they cannot but be seriously disappointed and aggrieved by the assertion and prevalence of radically different views. They must not suppose that Protestants do not feel the same difficulty. Many of the latter are no less deeply con-

vinced than they that the religious faculties or sentiments lie at the basis of all right character, and so should receive special attention in all sound education. Many Protestants are not even yet convinced that such religious instruction cannot be effectively given and should not be attempted in institutions supported by compulsory taxation of all classes of citizens, and necessarily under State control. Probably the day is not far distant, when, as the result of further study of the question, thoughtful citizens of all denominations will come to see that they are, in the very nature of the case, shut up to one of these alternatives: the secularization of the schools, save in so far—and it is really very far—as the religious influence and spirit, which are, after all, the main things, can be preserved in them by the careful choice of teachers whose lives are moulded by genuinely religious principles and motives—the necessary instruction in religious truth being supplied by other agencies—or the establishment by those who are convinced of the necessity, without prejudice to their payment of their proportion of taxes, as citizens, for the support of the public schools which will still be required, of voluntary schools, in which it will be both permissible and possible for those who can agree to have religious and all other instruction carried on as they may choose. For our own part—we hope we shall not be outlawed for saying so—we are persuaded there is still a large work for voluntary schools of all grades to do, with positive benefit both to the public schools and to universal education. Nothing seems to us to show more clearly that parents generally are not yet fully awake to the necessary limitations and deficiencies of the public schools, than the fact that good private schools are so hard to find, especially in our large cities. Good private schools are of course expensive, but in what can money, even when it is to be had only by hard labour, be better expended, after the things absolutely necessary to life and health have been supplied, than in the moulding of the minds and characters of the coming men and women of our country?

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

The Easter recess has created a lull in the items of interest in political circles. Mr. Martin, the newly-elected member for Winnipeg, wound up the debate on the address in the Commons, and Senator Boulton closed it in the Senate. These two gentlemen from the North-West seem determined to endeavor to make up in quality what their Province lacks in quantity. In their opposition to the protective policy of the Government, Mr. Martin created more than usual interest in consequence of his being the author of the Manitoba School Act, and he was further signalized by Sir John Thompson when he paired the "yellow Martin" with the "black Tarte," in one of those phrases that will rank in our literature among "things we had rather left unsaid." Mr. Martin twitted the Minister of Agriculture on the knowledge he displayed in the scientific principles of mixed farming on his visit to the North-West, which Mr. Martin claimed was derived from the library adjoining the House of Commons. Your correspondent is informed however that the source from which lawyers have drawn their knowledge of mixed farming is the long list of questions

that pass under their review—as to how many cattle? how many acres of wheat and barley? how many children? etc., etc., appearing in the applications for loans which have to be answered by farmers. A point was made by the Opposition when they taxed the Government with holding their meetings with manufacturers behind closed doors, while the meetings with the farmers were open to the public, for which no reasonable excuses could be offered.

Sir James Grant, the mover of the address, seemed to think the country was safe so long as we had the brains of Nova Scotia to draw from; if the recent provincial elections are any indication, a different train of thought will inspire the people's representatives from the brainy maritime peninsula. One of the questions round which there will be a very hot fight is the subsidy for a fast line of steamships. The Opposition is likely to view with great jealousy the granting of such a large sum upon the eve of a general election and the demand can be very properly put forth that the verdict of the people should be passed upon the wisdom of granting it unless the Government want the same excuse that is offered for the maintenance of the tariff in the United States and advanced by protectionists, namely, revenue to provide for the heavy charges of the pension lists.

The Comptroller of Customs has again found it necessary to enter into explanations in regard to certain remarks he made about the Roman Catholic church, for which it is supposed he was hauled over the coals by the Premier, in the secret conclave of the Cabinet. It is unfortunate Mr. Wallace should so often have to rise and explain. Tuesday next will show the results of the Finance Minister's enquiries; the budget is to be brought down. What the changes will be the whole country is anxious to ascertain. Will the Finance Minister's greatness be like the greatness of a man whose thoughts during a charity sermon were entirely taken up in solving the question in his mind, "What is the smallest amount I can give without being considered mean?" Or will he rise to the demands of the country. As the speech foreshadows the maintenance of protection, and Sir John Thompson speaks of the labour of having to consider from nine hundred to a thousand items in the tariff list, the probabilities are the changes will be numerous, but on the scientific lines which find their parallel in the farmers' wives whose adroitness is displayed in their ability to pluck the largest number of feathers from their geese without making them squak.

Following the budget there is likely to be a fresh visitation of manufacturers and a prolonged fight over the changes may ensue, and Mr. Foster will then come down from playing the role of the statesman, to the role of the politician, or, to put it more tersely, from tragedy to comedy. The indications of the manufacturers' intentions are already manifested by the artistic display in the shape of a trophy of the World's Fair exhibit of the product of the iron and steel industry in Canada. It is in the main corridor of Parliament where it will attract most attention. If the Government would only have a trophy placed beside it consisting of the value in copper coins or in dollar bills the people are taxed to maintain this industry, the object lesson would be complete. However we may expect to see a Canadian General Coxe place himself at the head of a manufactur-

ers' army to march to Ottawa with the cry "save us or we die," during the budget debate.

The Premier has said we did not delay Parliament to enable us to follow in the wake of the United States, but we wanted to get the business knowledge their tariff discussion added, for the task that lay before us. Unfortunately, the business knowledge that has chiefly come to us is how not to do it. However, before this reaches your readers they will be in possession of the changes proposed by the Government, and writing in the dark is neither entertaining nor profitable. Winter is on us again. We are not alone in that respect. Along the Canadian latitude the same news comes. Fresh winter in the East and in the West. The Canadian roarer borealis has evidently repented of the leniency which he has dealt out to his northern subjects for the past four months. His reign must soon be over, and smiling spring will ere long gladden all hearts. The past week has been a week of activity in the churches, not only among those who actively participate in the management of the churches and their choirs, but in the humble attendants who participate in the devotion called forth during this solemn week. Every church appeared to be crowded to its fullest seating capacity, and the practical side of the Christian life in Christ's Church showed itself by an offering of three thousand dollars on Easter Sunday. A rush of visitors is expected after the re-assembling of the House in the transaction of the ordinary sessional business with Parliament.

Ottawa, Easter Monday.

"VIVANDIER."

#### VIEWS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.]

The accompanying letters are a continuation of expressions of opinion on the subject of our literature.

L. E. HORNING.

Permit me to express my gratification at bearing a share in a movement which so entirely commends itself to my good wishes as a "Canadian evening" in a Canadian University. Whatever tends to promote the welfare and progress of our country must be interesting and dear to her children; and her literature, that which should, equally with trade, make her known to the outside world, and her people known the one to the other, is perhaps the means to which we ought most heartily to wish prosperity and success. I trust that the example set by you will be often in the future followed by others.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

Kingston, Ont. I see great possibilities for our literature. We are cramped, just now, for the want of vehicles to convey to the public the best fruit of our authors. The editor of your Canadian Magazine is doing good work, in the way of stimulating and encouraging our writers, and introducing them to appreciative audiences. THE WEEK, too, has done much, and the daily newspapers, of late years, have not failed to keep before their readers, the achievements of Canadian men and women of letters. But, until Canadian publishers make up their minds to pay their contributors a fair honorarium, they cannot expect to get the best productions of their pens. Canadian poets, historians, essayists and sketch writers find ready acceptance of their work in the great magazines and reviews of the Mother Country and the United States, at remunerative rates. This proves that our literary workmen are quite capable of tak-

ing good places alongside of the British and American masters of thought. Every month from two to three foreign publications are enriched by the writings of our own authors. This fact speaks well for our mental output, and it is satisfactory to find that every year, new men and women are coming upon the scene, and adding their names to the already very respectable list of litterateurs belonging to our country. I do not believe in the idea, that until Canada is an independent nation, she can never have a literature. Considering our natural limitations, sparse population and the want of a large wealthy and leisure class, our people have done wonders, and kept very good pace with the intellectual progress and development of the century.

Quebec.

GEORGE STEWART.

The relations of the universities to the development of literature have always seemed to me to be too little considered. They can do much to quicken our higher aspirations and to guide our taste as well as to cultivate our intellectual faculties.

The very fact that our universities are showing an interest in our literature must, when known, have a good effect, and the plan you have chosen for that end deserves the fullest recognition and encouragement.

You give me a comprehensive subject for a letter when you ask me to write of Canada's contribution to the prose literatures of the French and English-speaking worlds. The pioneers of the Old Regime were mostly endowed with the writer's gift and some of them left important works from which historians of later generations were to draw. Charlevoix had no inconsiderable library to consult as to the course of events in the writings of Cartier, Lescarbot, Champlain, the Recollet, Jesuit and Sulpician Fathers and several administrators, soldiers and explorers who wrote concerning the discoveries and experiences of themselves and their companions. Some of the explorers of the British period have also handled the pen of the ready writer, and Mackenzie, Henry, Sir George Simpson and others have left us admirable accounts of their adventures in the great West and the vast North.

But our prose literature, properly speaking, did not have its inauguration before the Victorian era. A long list could be made of the representatives of Canada's achievement in the various classes into which prose literature may be divided—history, biography, fiction, essay and criticism, constitutional history and comment, scientific exposition and technical writing.

Some authorities may question the right of all these subjects to be considered literature; others include under that term whatever is committed to writing, whether it come under the head of knowledge or of imagination and without regard to style. In a sense, both are correct. Every subject may be said to have its literature, and from this standpoint literature is manifold and all-embracing. But when we speak of prose literature as something to be encouraged, to be proud of, something without which (in alliance with poetry) no country has reached a high plane of civilization, we surely mean something more than that which has only the form of books, however necessary or instructive. Unhappily this difference is too often forgotten, not in Canada only, but in greater centres of literary culture. What

it is the duty of the universities and the press to encourage is not mere book-making, nor the indiscriminate admiration of all that bears the shape of a book.

To show what proportion of our prose writings may be deserving to rank as literature in the higher sense would, even if I dared to pronounce such a verdict, be no easy task. I cannot do better, under the circumstances, than to refer the inquirer to the critical survey of our literature in all its departments contributed by Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., in his work, "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," which deals very fully with the whole subject thus indicated.

There is just one point on which I will venture an observation before I conclude this rather long letter. What is the best way to evoke and guide literary talent when employed in prose composition? It is hardly necessary to insist that to excel in literature, or to become known as a writer can be the aim of but one out of many of those who attend the classes of a college. But every student who takes (or whether he take or not) a degree ought to be taught to write as well as speak not only correctly, but clearly, vigorously and with some unaffected approach to the style of the best models. There is nothing more pitiable than an educated man (so-called) who is unable to use his pen with facility. There is now, as ever, a diversity of gifts. A student may have a genius for mathematics, for physical research, for the study of languages. But unless he learns to marshal his thoughts effectively, he is always at a disadvantage. His undergraduate years give him opportunities for learning to write which are not likely to recur in later life, and the advice of the Roman poet is still opportune, only that for us the best models are not Greek, but those of our mother tongue. From all the literatures that we have admission to through the gates of language we may, indeed, learn more or less, and from Greek even to-day not least. But to write our own tongue well we must give loving study to the masters and makers of it. With those masters, moreover, our Canadian writers must be compared, if we would judge them on their merits. Some of them have nothing to fear from such comparison, but these are the few. As a rule, our Canadian prose writers pay too little attention to style. It would be easy to pick out sentences from even reputable works that no leniency could excuse. The young learner should be taught to avoid such constructions. He will, however, find much to admire in our prose writers of the higher class and the more the works of such writers are studied and prized, the higher will the attainable standard of excellence be raised.

Montreal.

JOHN READE.

In the first place, our prose, like our verse, does not derive its interest from its power compared with the standard productions of Europe. In that respect we need to be very modest, indeed, having accomplished little if anything great, except the humorous works of Haliburton, and perhaps Kirby's "Golden Dog" in some aspects. Its interest is to be found in the fact that it comprises the beginnings of a school of work and the first intellectual movements of a new country. In saying the beginnings of a school of work, I mean that in this quarter of the globe we have, besides our heritage of the world's thought and problems, the task before us of trans-

cribing and developing imaginatively, the beauties, the flora, the climate, the manners, the history, and so forth, which appertain to our northern climate and our particular situation, a very important phase of which is our *national* situation. This work must necessarily be our own and cannot be done by residents in any other part of the world. It, and the tinges of it which would naturally color the world-work of our writers, constitute, or will and ought to constitute the Canadian school, of which the rudiments presently exist. They are to me on these accounts interesting.

In style, I do not on the whole find much that is original in Canadian prose either English or French; yet there is a good deal which is very creditable. Some names which occur to me are Mrs. Moodie, "Seranus" of Toronto, E. W. Thomson, Haliburton, F. G. Scott, Gibert Parker, and so forth. The French pens seem to me much inferior to the English of late years in both prose and verse.

The material gathered, the characteristics noted, the history recorded, by the prose writers, in both languages form, however, I think, precious stores for future literary development; and in fact are now coming into use. This, I consider, no small service. I also set a high value on every reasonable Canadian literary departure from set European phrases and thought. Few know the difficulty of opening up an original track, even a very mildly original one, in a new country, a fact especially impressed upon me by an examination of our verse literature some years ago.

As to our future, it depends largely on our own strength of character. Shall we recognize that we have a *people to make*? Shall our colleges adapt their teaching to the living world about them and its needs? Shall we *organize* in every way that looks toward social and national improvement? Shall our young men each make this his personal matter and ask himself what his people need in order to be more united, purer, higher in national solidity and progress, clearer in national ideal? And after thinking out our needs and his own duty, will he start or assist what will do some share of the work. Patriotism is part of religion. If we have real patriots, then a literature will follow—the burning word will accompany the burning deed.

Montreal.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

### PARIS LETTER.

Since it was evident to the French that Mr. Gladstone would not scuttle out of Egypt, and would not seriously resist the augmentation of the British Navy, he had ceased to be counted with as a Marplot to be utilized by France. Then he was so uncertain as to be unsafe for playing a political game of speculation. The French never counted much upon Home Rule aiding their calculations, knowing full well that in the event of foreign complications, Irish quarrels would have to be hushed up or suspended. But with respect to the intellectual side of Mr. Gladstone's character, his wonderful natural gifts and perennial freshness, there is no dissenting voice here—no more than anywhere else. On the internal politics of England the French never have any clear ideas, save to note that they never change the foreign policy of the country. But the French envy, and while deploring the fact, they cannot pay such testimony of respect and admiration for the natural gifts, high personal character,

and long and honourable career to so eminent a public man—as well as to all great Englishmen—by adversaries or enemies; tributes that follow their object in his retirement and even accompany his bier. In France public men are hated and execrated, party passions follow them whether they retire or cease to exist. Even the tomb does not still the rabidness of dissensions. In Lord Rosebery the French discount a statesman devoid of emotion, free of all sentiment, never magnifying trifles, very cool, of a practical turn of mind, who swiftly takes in a situation, and at once arrives at a decision; a Minister who will pull amicably with all foreign powers, but who will, now that he is master of the helm, never surrender a single right of England, and never leave her defenceless, and so warn off designing foes, while inspiring his fellow-countrymen with a sense of their security and power.

The extraordinary weather commences to inspire uneasiness; people are now falling ill who have escaped every ailment since October; one day heralding spring, and then a week of glacial rain, shrivelling-up nor-eastern winds, and with more than infant frosts at night. Farmers commence to growl, while invalids moan. It would seem that the cause of all these misfortunes has at last been discovered; it is the old enemy, a spot on the sun, only this time it is earlier and bigger—about three times the size of the earth, and visible to the naked eye. Only we do not know how to prevent its bad influence. Astronomy that has always influenced the fate of mortals—at least astrologers and poets say so—asserts that the solar spots are a combination of huge fumes of hydrogen shooting up with an amplitude of space representing a dark kernel. If all these phlegm phenomena would only leave our poor lungs and vegetation alone, we would not growl at grinding taxes or the over population of our planet.

The Woman's Rights League has held its annual banquet under the presidency of of Madame Pognon, the successor to Madlle. Maria Desraimes, deceased. The members have displayed disappointment at the latter not leaving the League one sou out of her fortune of 50,000 frs. a year—after giving it to be understood she would make a bequest. But when the will was read, the deceased had made a tontine arrangement with her sister, by which the latter naturally inherits all, and the survivor is not a known emancipationist. The banquet-room was ornamented with symbols and devices—a spinning wheel and sledge-hammer typified the sexes—thus admitting a difference, the scales of justice, where women kicked the beam, etc. There was a very numerous attendance of pretty young ladies, to protest against the "insexuality" of the brain. The speeches were directed to combat the injustice that before the law two women witnesses were not considered to be equal to two men. The "tear 'em" oration was by Madame Patonie, who scored economist P. L. Beaulieu for his ignorance and insolence by asserting the role of woman was to love and to rear children. Madame asserted the cause of the decay of the French population was due to husbands declining to be saddled with the expenses of rearing families, and to the injustice of the law in placing women outside the pale of civilization by depriving her of her legal rights. The meeting broke up without any doxology.

The Budget has again been postponed;

it is not an easy matter to find 3½ milliard frs. to meet payments for all the needs and the glories of France. It has been discovered that owing to the laxity and inequalities of the excise laws in the matter of alcohol the Treasury loses 150 millions frs. a year. Germany is accused of killing the French with her cheap spirits prepared from potatoes and mangolds, but French farmers have now begun to distil from these roots themselves. That clever deputy, Jules Roche, had a project by which the state could realize at once one milliard francs revenue per year, by taking over the monopoly of alcohol, as it does tobacco and lucifer matches, etc.; he claimed that his plan would secure pure spirit for the consumer and not cost him one sou dearer. The great increase in the consumption of low grade spirits baptized "brandy," in the fish tavern as well as in the rum hole is decimating the French. They cannot stand the dose like people of higher latitudes.

Lord Dufferin's speech has been timely and plucky; it is only to be regretted he does not seek the occasion and improve it more frequently by similar discourses; a mixture of sound sense and bantering is what "catches on" with the French. Take the wind out of inflated trifles; show that imaginary mountains are but mole-hills, that blatant Anglophobists are only eccentric personalities, that the two peoples only want to know each other better to become faster and more money-making friends, and that fighting is not a national industry with the Britishers, nor ephemeral dissensions the overture to a seven, thirty, or a hundred years' war. Knock the vanity of the wind-bags into a cocked hat, that's the way to handle the little great people who puff themselves up to do Tooley-streetism for France. Above all, courage and boldness, united with common sense, kindness, and all the courtesies, with a little wit and a few grains of humor, then France and England will remain within the fraternities for twelve millions of years, when the world's lease of life will expire, according to astronomers.

Only two new but important facts have been settled about the 1900 Exhibition; the grand entrance will be on the Place de la Concorde, with electric trams running therefrom into all the head centres of the fair; next, there will be no more gormandizing, guzzling and drinking saloons, or anything approaching a kermesse. It will be serious and so shadow forth the twentieth century.

The work of cleansing and flushing society of anarchists by the authorities goes bravely on. The wild man have been scared and that is no small success. It will be salutary also in discouraging new disciples. The police bag about a dozen of affiliated members daily, and one is painfully surprised to see so many of the unfortunates well-to-do workmen having families of three to six children. Each one arrested is measured and photoed and his biography in full follows his portrait, and all figures for ever in the police day of judgment book. In making an arrest—the total at present numbers 1,500—the police search in presence of the captured all his papers and carry away whatever may be compromising. Now the uniform character of documents whether printed or private letter, is either inflammatory, melancholy or pitiable nonsense. The police had one exceptionally good find; they dropped upon a sort of general treasurer of the anarchists; this man of money was in the habit of receiving

remittances from timid people under the guise of charity to relieve the sorrows of the anarchists, but winding up with the hope that the latter would never harm the sender. Many clergymen's insurance letters were thus seized. Each batch of discovered correspondence leads to fresh arrests, but the police only select those who appear to have been actively dipped in the craze. The harmless lunatics have only their names registered for future reference. The Rev. Hyacinthe Loyson delivers a weekly homily on the anarchists and their malady. His lectures are well attended, most eloquent, and deservedly applauded; he does not spare the lash to society, there is a bracing breeze from the crack of his Juvenal whip. Anarchy is a part product of over-crowding the liberal professions, turning out persons with an education for which they cannot obtain employment, while ruining them for manual work, and that education becomes prostituted to heat the passions of the "Have Nots" against the "Haves" and of seeing a personal enemy in every man who gains success by the sweat of his brow and the superior working of his natural qualities. He agrees with Jules Simon, that materialism has much to answer for in wrecking society, and that it can only be saved by the return of man to God. Sound catholicism.

In reading between the lines of letters published from Russia, it is easy to perceive that the late revelations by the Comte d'Annay, as the Foreign Office accuse him of the misdeed and punish him by recalling him from his post of Minister at Denmark, respecting the questionable means taken to pump the Czar as to his intentions towards France, etc., have produced a very bad effect. The best way to put an end to this playing at alliance would be for the interested to boldly say if such officially exists, and tell as much as possible what are its aims. As to the means of common action, no one could expect that; let imaginations draw up the clauses.

There has been a *krach* in the publishing trade of France for months; the yellow covers are not in demand. A bookseller's stock had been seized for unpaid bills, in due course the bailiff proceeded to sell off; when he went to the cellars, where there were several cases, filled as he concluded with volumes, he discovered they were occupied by Roman candles, Catherine wheels, etc., and one and a quarter tons of gunpowder. The poor bookseller in order to live manufactured fireworks on the sly. The tenants and neighbouring residents might conclude that it was true, "in the midst of life we are in death." However, the French are accustomed to live on volcanoes, but for strangers and sojourners that mode of life does not always suit. Only imagine the president of the peace society sleeping over 25 cwt. of smokeless gunpowder nightly.

The Salvation Army has received an intimation to change its head dress; the cap resembles too much that worn by the army railway corps. While on matters military, occasionally German soldiers cross the frontier, deliver themselves up as deserters and demand to be enrolled in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, which is always accepted. That obviates sending the unfortunate back to be shot. A Uhlan has recently deserted, but the strange fact is that he rode 40 miles into France before any authority asked what he wanted. Another German anomaly. A well-known

Paris dealer in curios, chiefly *chinoiseries*, has voted for years for town councillors and deputies; he was also on the roll of jurors recently summoned, but failing to attend, his past was investigated, and the discovery made that a true blue German had been enjoying all the civil and political rights of a full blown French citizen. Ere now, men have entertained angels unawares. That, coming after the Russo-German commercial treaty, is too bad.

### A SPRING VISION.

Yelad in spotted leopard-skin,  
Adown the steaming hill,  
I saw a blue-eyed shepherd  
Go blowing on a quill.  
And, half-way down, there met him  
A shepherdess, whose hair  
Was wound around with early violets  
And daffodilies fair.

The shepherd lad was tawny March,  
Blythe April was the fay,  
And down they danced a-kissing  
Till they kissed the snow away.

JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE.

### EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.—I.\*

I am to talk to you this afternoon about some early Italian painters. It might seem natural to begin by discussing the value of the so-called old masters, but that, I am sure, is unnecessary in addressing the present audience. It would not be amiss, perhaps, to remind some of my hearers that much of the dislike of the so-called old masters which existed in the first half of this century, and even later, was caused by the gloomy productions of the decline—those dark shadows of the afternoon which followed the mid-day splendor of the age of Raphael—those tedious variations of the same themes regarding which everything had been done that originality of composition and skill in painting could accomplish. But I am to speak to you of the morning time, when every painter worthy of the name was adding his share to the increasing total of ideas and technical skill which was to make Raphael and Michael Angelo possible. I am to speak of the time when, so far from perfection having left little for the painters to do but to slightly vary the form of it, it had not yet arrived. For my own part the period of growth in an art movement is the most interesting. Although our grandfathers would not do so, we have learned to admire the sculptures of the school of Phidias more than those of Praxiteles; and in the art movement we are to consider—that of religious painting in Italy—we should, I think, admire the serious genius of Fra Bartolommeo much more than the exquisite grace of Correggio, or the masterly composition of Domenichino. Raphael had intervened, and "what's come to perfection perishes."

Matthew Arnold would doubtless warn us to beware of the historical estimate, almost as dangerous in literature as the personal estimate. It is undoubtedly very necessary to beware lest we value a painter too highly because of his historical position. Because the elder Pollajuolo was the first modern to study anatomy by dissection, we must not therefore conclude that he was a genius, or a great anatomical painter; but it is clear that we could not estimate his

\* The lecture of which the above is the first part, was read at Toronto University as one of a course of lectures delivered under the auspices of the University.

true importance without understanding his historical position. Here and there Fra Angelico or Botticelli may be overpraised, and an altar may even be raised to the fantastic Benozzo Gozzoli. This is just as foolish as overpraise of Herrick or some other Elizabethan whose poetry, however charming and beautiful, is not the outpouring of genius of the highest order. It is, however, a very amiable kind of weakness, natural in an age of investigation. We are all apt to be carried away by our own discoveries, and to conclude that the obscure something which we with difficulty have come to understand is the fruit of hitherto unappreciated genius. It is not this possibility of too highly praising particular early painters we have to dread so much, as failure to appreciate the genius and influence of such truly great minds as Masaccio, Signorelli or Leonardo.

The historical estimate—the disposition to value a painter too highly because he accomplished work important for his time, but not important for all time—is undoubtedly a snare to most of us, but what we have most to dread is the personal estimate. Let me again make a comparison by quoting what Matthew Arnold says as to the personal estimate in judging poetry:—"A poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses."

Lamb, who delighted in the pictures of Hogarth, was unwilling to listen to any criticism of Hogarth's technical skill. The story was everything, and to the painter's composition, Lamb easily and unconsciously added what was wanting out of his own fertile brain. This was the estimate of the man of letters, not the art critic, and it was therefore a personal estimate. Hogarth the painter meant nothing, but Hogarth the satirist, the humorist, everything, to Lamb. No remark is more frequently heard in a gallery of paintings than "I don't like that kind of picture." We all make it at times, and I certainly think there are many kinds of pictures which had better not have been painted. Nevertheless this is the personal estimate, and unless it is persistently restrained it is destructive of all catholic enjoyment of art and all sound art criticism. We can imagine that a puritan of two hundred years ago could not possibly have so overcome the personal estimate as to admire the altar pieces of Romish churches; indeed many gentle-minded Protestants twenty-five or thirty years ago were unable or unwilling to do so. We live in a happier time, and yet many fail utterly to appreciate the beauty of the religious paintings of the early Italians, because, while they endeavour to crush the personal estimate, they are unable to exercise their critical powers from the point of view of the painter, the point of view of his time and country. Indeed this is as necessary in looking at the work of modern as of the early painters. If it is a pastoral picture, it will not do to say "I do not care for sheep and cows." We may make Jacque and Troyon our standards, and criticize without stint what falls short of these high standards, but for the time being we must do our best to be interested in sheep and cows.

Let us then consider what was the nature of the country and the time, what were the surrounding influences when Giotto came from the fields of Vespignano, his

hand in that of his patron Ciambue. Unless we can become Italians of the thirteenth century for the moment, we cannot hope to escape the personal estimate created by our surroundings in the nineteenth century.

Perhaps because of that tendency to hero-worship present in almost all of us, many who think they grasp the significance of the Renaissance are apt to exaggerate the conditions which preceded Giotto, imagining as hopeless an atmosphere as possible for the growth of art, and thus elevating Giotto into a discoverer or re-discoverer of the first magnitude. It was not unnatural that in Italy, as in England, painting should only be stirring in the bud at the moment when the superb flower of Italian literature was opening into full bloom, but we must not suppose that the time was, therefore, unfavourable to the development of the first modern genius in painting.

When, wearying of that symbolic art which they had copied from the Romans and applied in fresco, mosaic and sculpture to the stories of the Bible, the early Christians developed the crude pictorial art we see in the mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries in Rome, and in those splendid remnants at Ravenna of the short period of the great Ostrogoths, Theodoric and Justinian, we are at least impressed by this first effort at the depiction of real life. These mosaics, crude as they are, are actual efforts, not altogether unsuccessful, at portraiture. But such other mosaics and sculptures as are preserved show this little burst of realism fading into a slavish adherence to a few types during the succeeding centuries, until about the eleventh. It was during the two centuries which followed the eleventh, during the bewildering struggle of religion, war and commerce, that the conditions arose which produced Dante and Giotto. Dark as were these dark ages, they were illuminated here and there by great men and great events; gigantic intellects like Hildebrand stamping remorselessly the mark of papal supremacy on everything; fierce soldiers such as Conrad and Barbarossa, the second Frederick and Rudolph, fighting for the Imperial crown; and the amazing religious revival—of which the Crusades were the conspicuous outcome—turning western Europe into a recruiting ground, and the east into a vast camp, where wild and picturesque Northmen, Britons and Gauls, with the less barbarous soldiers of the Italian republic, came in contact with the civilization of the Orient. It was in such a stirring time, aided somewhat by the commerce, the wealth and the vanity of the republics, that art ventured to rise. Wonderful objects brought from the East inspired the metal workers in Germany and the stone carvers in France. Saracenic architects were building out of Greek ruins in Sicily castles for the great Frederick and his warriors, while at his court Arab and Jewish sages, and turbaned envoys from the Sultan of Cairo, elbowed the German and Italian clerics. Well might the Pope disapprove of Frederick's menageries of wild beasts from Africa, his beautiful dancing girls from Turkey, the German minstrels, the juggler, the French *trouvere* reciting fierce tales of battle, murder and sudden death, and the love-lorn troubadour of the South. Other things were brought back from the East, other thoughts and actions arose from the Crusades, than the Church expected or desired. As Carlyle says: "That brave young heyday of chivalry and minstrelsy, when a

stern Barbarossa, a stern Lion-heart, sang *sirventes*, and with the hand that could wield the sword and sceptre twanged the melodious strings; when knights-errant tilted, and ladies' eyes rained bright influences; and suddenly, as at sunrise, the whole earth had grown vocal and musical."

While not entirely foreign to my purpose, I have not time to describe the wonderful effect on all Western Europe of the rebuilding in the eleventh and succeeding centuries of the Basilica at Venice, with that prodigal splendor which to-day makes one feel the influence of the Orient the moment he steps upon the square of St. Mark's. Nor can I more than remind you that at this time in trans-alpine Europe the foundations were being laid of those cathedrals which move us of the northern races perhaps more than any buildings the hand of man has fashioned out of stone.

Italy, even as late as the early part of the twelfth century, was behind Germany and France in architecture and sculpture. There were no classic models for the workers north of the Alps, and therefore there was more originality, although the result was a long struggle for harmony between architecture and plastic ornament. Indeed in such north Italian cities as Modena (1099), Verona (1139), Ferrara (1135), and others, we find that the most important works in sculpture in the basilicas and cathedrals built in the early part of the twelfth century were entrusted to Germans. Even a century later (1228) at Assisi, we find a German master (Jacopo Tedesco) at work. But it was left for the Pisans, at this time wealthy and successful rivals of Venice and Genoa in commerce, to accomplish, under the influence of the sculptured remnants of the old Roman colony at this place, all that was possible in Romanesque architecture. The Cathedral begun 1063, consecrated 1118; the Baptistery begun 1163, and not finished for a century and a quarter (1278); the Campanile, the so-called Leaning Tower, begun 1174, and because of its unfortunate accident not finished until 1350, and the Campo Santo, form a group of buildings in connection with which, from the foundation of the cathedral to the crowning of the bell tower, nearly 300 years were consumed. The work accomplished in this period must have had an effect on all Italy, the force of which can hardly be overestimated. What we are at the moment mainly concerned with is that it gave us the sculptor of the pulpit in the Baptistery, Niccolò Pisano, and with all the other fruit of his genius in work by his own hand and inspiration to his pupils, he gave Italy the great architect, Arnolfo di Cambio. Early in the thirteenth century the cathedral at Siena was begun, and although the dome was completed (1264) before Giotto was born, during his life and for half a century thereafter, the leading architects and sculptors were adding to its glories. At Orvieto (1290) the cathedral; at Florence, the cathedral (1294), the churches of Santa Croce (1294) and Santa Maria Novella (1278), and the Palazzo Vecchio (1298)—not to speak of works of lesser importance—were all building when Giotto was entering upon manhood. Arnolfo, having helped Niccolò Pisano with his second wonderful pulpit, that at Siena, and also, it is said, at Pisa, Perugia, Cortona, Orvieto, Bologna, Rome and elsewhere, was at Florence, growing old, but still in the full tide of his career, designing at the same time the Cathedral, the Palazzo Vecchio and the Church of Santa Croce. Dante was

yet to enjoy a few years of his beloved city before his banishment forever, and it is not hard to imagine the effect upon the open mind of Giotto of his many-sided genius, accompanied as it was by a friendship which neither time nor distance abated. Petrarch and Boccaccio were both born a few years after this time and were respectively 33 and 24 years old when Giotto died.

I have not time to dwell upon the many artists, now known by name, who preceded Giotto, further than to mention a few leaders who should not be disregarded by a student of the period. Many of you will have admired the mosaics of Jacopo da Torrita, particularly the coronation of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, richly decorative in form and color, finely balanced and full of solemn feeling, a specimen of the best of the mosaics, executed in the short Romanesque period which followed in Western Italy the Byzantine. He worked also in the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome with Gaddo Gaddi (1260-1327) who is said to have executed the mosaics in the cathedral and baptistery at Florence, and who was an easel and fresco painter, but is chiefly interesting now as the friend of Cimabue and the father and teacher of Giotto's godson and disciple, Taddeo Gaddi. Half a century earlier there lived at Pisa a painter now called Giunta Pisano, a mere name to me, although work said to be by him may be seen there and at Assisi, and at the same time, or a little later, but earlier than Torrita and Gaddo Gaddi, the better known Guido da Siena flourished, whose Madonna and child in the Institute of Fine Arts at Siena, is, perhaps, the best specimen of painting under Christian influences before Cimabue.

It is not necessary therefore to give any attention to Vasari's story of Cimabue (1240-1302) learning his art from Greek painters employed to decorate S. M. Novella. From the Florentine miniature painters and illustrators, of whom several are known by name, he may have learned something, but we need look no further than Giunta, of Pisa, and Guido, of Siena, by whose work he was without doubt instructed. He was a complete master in mosaics, witness his work at Pisa; and in painting, whether we regard his wall painting at Assisi or his easel painting, he infused some life and grace of form and color into art, while in painting the heads of men he exhibited even force and character.

I cannot better illustrate the condition of the art of which Giotto was destined to broaden the scope, than by quoting a description, compressed by W. M. Rossetti from Crowe and Cavalcaselle, of the Madonna da Rucellai, the most important altar piece produced up to that time, that picture which was carried through the streets of the Florentine suburb in which Cimabue lived.

"The Virgin in a red tunic and blue mantle, with her feet resting on an open-worked stool, is sitting on a chair hung with white daisy flowers in gold and blue, and carried by six angels kneeling in threes above each other. A delicately engraved nimbus surrounds her head, and that of the infant Saviour on her lap, who is dressed in a white tunic, and purple mantle shot with gold. A dark-colored frame surrounds the gabled square of the picture, delicately traced with an ornament interrupted at intervals by thirty medallions on gold ground, each of which contains the half-figure of a saint. In the face of the Madonna is a soft and melancholy

expression; in the form of the infant, a certain freshness, animation and natural proportion; in the group, affection—but too rare at this period. There is sentiment in the attitudes of the angels, energetic mien in some prophets, comparative clearness and soft harmony in the colors. A certain loss of balance is caused by the overweight of the head in the Virgin as compared with the slightness of her frame. The features are the old ones of the thirteenth century, only softened as regards the expression of the eye, by an exaggeration of elliptical form in the iris, and closeness of the curves of the lids. In the angels, the absence of all true notions of composition may be considered striking; yet their movements are more natural and pleasing than hitherto. One indeed, to the spectator's right of the Virgin, combines more tender reverence in its glance than any that had yet been produced. Cimabue gave to the flesh tints a clear and carefully fused color, and imparted to the forms some of the rotundity which they had lost. With him vanished the sharp contrast of hard lights, half tones, and shadows."

Let me at once compare the Madonna and child of Giotto, in the Gallery of Ancient and Modern Paintings in Florence. Many of you will have seen the picture, and many will know it from the photograph. There is no effort to make a radical departure from the Madonnas of Guido and Cimabue. She is in each case the enthroned queen of heaven, not the mother of Jesus, here on earth. The heads of the Madonna, the child and the angels and saints, are each surrounded with the usual nimbus made in the shape of a disc of gold, without regard to whether the face is full or in profile, a most distracting feature if we attempt to judge of a painter's capacity for ordinary composition. But we cannot fail at once to notice the greater air of reality about the picture, especially the simple and natural manner in which the Madonna exhibits the divine child for the admiration of the angels and saints. The faces of mother and child, while not beautiful, are distinct efforts to present types of real human faces instead of the abstractions of the earlier period. The drapery, ornamentation and color are greatly advanced, while the grouping of the angels and saints, both natural and fairly correct in perspective, is perhaps the clearest evidence of Giotto's improvement upon his predecessors. The angel holding the tiara of the Pope is so beautiful in every respect that I do not think succeeding painters have improved upon it, save in technical skill. The architectural features of these early pictures are very interesting. The Madonna of Giotto sits upon a gothic throne, the ornamentation of which is in the style of the exquisite work of his contemporaries the Cosmati brothers, much of which may still be seen in Rome. I noticed recently that the modern French painter, Bouguereau, in trying to give some religious quality to a so-called Madonna and child, seats her upon a Cosmatic throne of this period—a pitiful admission as to the possibilities of his time and country in religious painting.

In altar pieces there was, however, little opportunity, because of conventional taste regarding such pictures, and because of the small space, for the genius of Giotto; but fortunately the church architecture of Italy afforded, as the northern gothic did not, those flat walls which made it possible for him to revolutionize art by telling in fresco the stories of the Bible. Although his

works may be seen in many parts of Italy, he can only be studied in Florence, Padua and Assisi; and apart from the small frescoes at Santa Maria Novella, about which Ruskin has written so enthusiastically, the modern student, who desires everything compressed for him, may learn to appreciate Giotto without going outside the walls of the Church of S. Croce, in Florence, and the Arena Chapel in Padua. I have not time to discuss particular subjects—I can only briefly refer to the qualities, good and defective, to be found in his work generally.

Our attention is first drawn to the fact that his figures are generally flat—that there is no evidence of any knowledge of anatomy and little of perspective. Again they are mostly in profile although many faces, such as the Christ on the ceiling of the Arena Chapel and one of the magicians in the St. Francis before the Soldan, show that he could paint the full face quite as perfectly when he made the effort.

Although his hands have the faults of all the very early painters, he makes excellent use of them in the simple gestures which are so effective in helping to tell the story; but feet, especially feet in perspective, are beyond him, and his efforts at foreshortening limbs are very unsuccessful, as may be seen in the Arena frescoes—one of the figures in the Raising of Lazarus, and the flying angels in the Birth of Christ. While the drapery as a rule shows little grace, it is always in excellent keeping with what the painter desires to express. That he could paint elaborately ornamented garments and make them hang in complicated folds, he has demonstrated, but we may be sure that he selected his simple drapery because it would not distract the mind from his narrative. If Shakespeare were alive to-day he would doubtless not wholly approve of the exquisite stage-setting of his plays as they are now produced. A little less attention to the draperies of Cordelia and a little more to the words of the poet would doubtless occur to him as desirable, and Giotto, in his humble way, meant first of all that his dramas should be at once understood.

His faces do not suggest any power of portraiture. They are not expressionless abstractions of humanity, as were those of the older school, but they are more like types of people than individuals painted from real life. There are many different types, some clearly of the people existing around him, some, such as the magician already referred to, which leave nothing to be desired in expression; but if painted from models he had little power of portraiture. Indeed it would have been strange if he had.

His schemes of color, and the balancing of his compositions, are very simple, although the colors are often rich and brilliant, and the arrangement of the figures nearly perfect for the purpose. In both respects the visitor to the chapels in the Church of S. Croce containing frescoes by Giotto will not be disappointed.

Considering the technical merits and defects of his painting as that which causes our historical interest in him, what is the quality which warrants our high regard apart from the historical estimate? Clearly it is his power of telling his story—the reality of his conception. The emotions expressed by his characters are as simple as their draperies, but absolutely effective. The gesture or expression of the face express clearly pain or joy, love or repulsion.

No modern analysis of emotions is necessary—none of the complexities in which Browning delights; nor are we bewildered by the exquisite beauty of textile fabrics or by schemes of color which withdraw our attention from the main issue. Everything is made subordinate to the action of the story. In the Raising of Drusiana, a fresco in Santa Croce, there are more than twenty onlookers around the two central figures, and yet the rapt attention of all is so strongly expressed that before you can examine the details of the picture you are forced to enter into full sympathy with the meaning of it. He could use gorgeous colors and paint elaborately, but he chose not to do so. Only a man of supreme common sense, a genius for apprehending facts as they are, with veracious eye and intellect, could have done this, with nothing behind him but centuries of slavish adherence to conventionality, only slightly redeemed by the few painters I have mentioned. Well may it be said that "The early efforts of Cimabue and Giotto are the burning messages of prophecy, delivered by the stammering lips of infants."

Siena, as we know, had been a greater centre of art than Florence down to this time, and during the period of Giotto, say 1276 to about 1340, it still produced the greatest number of painters. The first great Siennese painter, however, was Duccio di Buoninsegna, who was born perhaps midway between Cimabue and Giotto, about 1260, and who outlived Giotto. While he was in some degree a reformer, he resembles Cimabue more than Giotto. He gave to his figures true proportions, beauty of drapery, elaborate ornament, and dramatic action, conditions not present before and scarcely ever improved upon in Siena. Indeed he was free from many of the small technical defects of Giotto. Siennese altar pieces for several generations were but waning reflections of the grace and power of Duccio. His great altar piece, containing 26 scriptural scenes, was carried through the streets like the masterpiece of Cimabue, and will not even now fail to excite strong interest in any lover of the history of art. The better known Simone Martini was born 1283, painted much, was the friend of Petrarch, as Giotto was of Dante, acquired fame and a competency. While Duccio painted altar pieces, to which even his 26 beautiful pictures were but a pendant, being almost miniatures in size, Simone painted in addition to altar pieces, important frescoes, and work in several cities was at one time attributed to him. But there is so much dispute as to what may be safely assigned to him that I will not enter upon the subject. The main point is that he tried by noble conceptions in fresco painting, as did the Lorenzetti brothers, his contemporaries, to free Siennese art from the slavery of altar pieces, and failed. For 150 years or so Siena continued to turn out altar pieces, but as we are concerned in the progress of art, not in its decadence, Siena may be left out of account hereafter.

Turning to the followers of Giotto, among the many we are only concerned with a small number. The great Florentine, Orcagna (1308-1368), is the most important figure in the Giottoesque school. Like Giotto, he was architect, sculptor and painter. No one who has seen the bell tower of Giotto, will have failed to see the altar in marble, representing ten years of Orcagna's life in the church of Or San Michele, a few yards from the masterpiece of

Giotto. In painting, Orcagna softened the Florentine sternness or realism of Giotto, blending it with the tenderness and mysticism of the Siennese school. At Padua two painters, D'Avanzo Veronese and Altichiero, influenced by Giotto's work in the Arena Chapel, and working fifty to seventy-five years later, added the qualities of portraiture and individuality in each figure without loss of harmony in the composition as a whole, with improved perspective and dramatic force. D'Avanzo even advanced in expressional power beyond anything reached by Giotto. After Orcagna he is the greatest painter of the school of Giotto.

I have said nothing regarding the work of Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi, Spinello Aretino, and other followers of Giotto, because, although men of some capacity, they did not materially alter the conditions of painting.

We have reached the close of the first century after Giotto's birth, just half way between Giotto and Raphael. Little, as you see, has been accomplished as yet. Siena has practically dropped out of the race. The minor followers of Giotto, such as Agnolo Gaddi, have added some small graces and technical improvements. D'Avanzo has added the quality of individuality to the figures and has increased the dramatic effect, while Orcagna has recovered the intensely religious quality, the poetry in fact, which Giotto in his great strides for truth had to some extent lost. But no new master has arisen. They are all of the school of Giotto.

We are now at the parting of the way. But before we take up the second race of reformers, let us continue in the old path for a short time until the spirit of those followers of Giotto who, like Orcagna and Agnolo Gaddi, sought to preserve in art the poetry of religion, ends in the divine Fra Angelico. Those of my hearers who have visited Florence will remember the Adoration of the Kings with its pendant pictures, the centre of which is the flight into Egypt, the work of Gentile da Fabriano (ca. 1370-1450). This painter has been called the Umbrian Fra Angelico, and at one time was supposed to have been his teacher. He interests us mainly because he was certainly the teacher of Jacopo Bellini, whose sons, Gentile, and the younger but much more important, Giovanni, exercised such an influence upon Venetian art.

Gentile da Fabriano shows the Umbrian love of gay color and profuse ornament, by raised work in gold, in the gorgeous apparel of the kings. He has some sense of portraiture, but his manner of treatment, not very deep in feeling, is more suggestive of the much later Benozzo Gozzoli than of Angelico. I may also mention Fra Lorenzo Monaco, a direct descendant in style of Agnolo Gaddi. He also has the love of gay, pure color and gilded ornament characteristic of his time, and if not the teacher of Fra Angelico, surely the source of some of his beautiful ideas.

We know comparatively little of the early life of Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, to whom the world has given the loving name of Fra Angelico. Born at Vecchio (near Vespignano, the birthplace of Giotto) in 1387, at the age of twenty he entered the Dominican order at Fiesole, dropping his christened name of Guido. Doubtless he had already received some training in art, and we readily accept the statement that he was at first employed to illuminate religious books. Indeed the delicate finish, the clear bright colors, and the lack of

roundness in his figures confirm this. His defects are easily seen. He had little range of light and shade, little knowledge of anatomy, and almost no movement, that is, no quickness or decision in the action of his figures. But he had other qualities which make us when we look at his pictures either unaware of, or indifferent to, these defects. Perhaps no man before or since put into his paintings such intense religious feeling. He painted only for the sake of his religion—only what would increase faith, raise people to holier thoughts. He prayed and wept and lived holily, that his art might be purified from all earthly influences. Browning's "Pictor Ignotus," of a century later, strove to maintain this ecstatic altruism, but not without a bitter sense of all he had renounced. He cannot help telling us of the gifts he possesses, but has not dared to exercise: "I could have painted pictures like that youth ye praise so."

He dreams of worldly fame, of his picture carried about for the praise of Pope and Kaiser and the people:—

"Flowers cast upon the ear which bore the freight,

Through old streets named afresh from the event,

Till it reached home, where learned Age should greet

My face, and Youth, the star not yet distinct  
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet!—

Oh, thus to live, I and my picture, linked  
With love about, and praise, till life should end,

And then not go to Heaven, but linger here,  
Here on my earth, earth's every man my friend."

But he is frightened at the colder critics, and at those who buy and sell pictures, counting them but as "garniture and household stuff." And therefore, although not without a backward longing toward the world, he concludes:

"Wherefore I chose my portion. If at whiles

My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint  
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles

With the same series, Virgin, Babe and Saint,

With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,

At least no merchant traffics in my heart;

The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward

Vain tongues from where my pictures stand

apart;

Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine

While, blackening in the daily candle smoke,

They moulder on the damp wall's travertine,

'Mid echoes the light footstep never woke.

So die, my pictures: surely, gently die!

Oh, youth, men praise so,—holds their

praise its worth!

Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?

'Tastes sweet the water with such specks of

earth?"

Few painters have been able, no matter how high the purpose, how deep the religious feeling, to resist the longing to:

"Scan

The license and the limit, space and bound,

Allowed to truth made visible in man."

Yet we feel instinctively that Fra Angelico

was not even disturbed by such a temptation.

His mind was in that condition of

joyous faith which, although we may not

possess it ourselves, we hope is present in

our children when we join with them in

singing:

"There came a little child to earth

Long ago;

And the angels of God proclaimed his birth

High and low."

He had the simple faith combined with

the expressional power which enabled him

to realize, in the material form of painting,

those visions of sweet angels and of heaven-

ly things which the religious hymnist still tries to realize for us in poetry, although the modern painter no longer attempts it. He adhered closely to existing traditions of religious art, adopting no reforms. But in his hands it lost the severity of the Giottoesque school, deepened the poetry of the Siennese, and elevated the gay color and gilded ornament of the Umbrians, to a purity and grace never excelled. Even the nimbus became a thing of radiant beauty. The gloomy figures, with perpendicular drapery, of the Byzantines, became those slender, exquisitely draped creations, with garments colored like flowers, which have made for some of us the ideal of angels. No one, after seeing his angels, can be satisfied with the white-winged ghosts we have all at times imagined.

But his pictures are not all altar pieces—shining with gold and lovely color. The frescoes on the whitewashed walls of San Marco do not depend on these qualities. Painted to help the prayers of his fellow Dominicans, the solemn beauty and elevated imagination of these conceptions, especially the Transfiguration, must remain forever among the most precious memories of those who have been fortunate enough to see them. He was a conservative, but in working out the spiritual side of man, he gave us that supreme quality of Italian art, human faces, impressed with thoughts and feelings not attempted in art before. This and his pure color and sense of ornament are his legacies to time. To those who quarrel with the subjective nature of his art, who say: "This may be Fra Angelico, but it is not nature"—I can but answer in the words of another: "Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it." We have had only one Fra Angelico, and the world would not part with what he has left us for untold riches of any other kind.

B. E. WALKER.

### AN OLD SPRING SONG.

(Hor. Carm, Lib. I. 4.)

Keen winter melts away once more,  
With spring-tide and the western breeze,  
And the dry keels upon the shore  
Once more are rolled down to the seas.

Nor cattle in the stall delight,  
Nor ploughman at the fireside stay,  
For from the meadows, mantled white,  
The shining frost has passed away.

Lady Cythera, light of love,  
And her fair choristers advance,  
And the moon watches from above  
Her nymphs and modest graces dance.

And fiery Vulcan kindles red  
The heavy forge of Cyclops, while  
With myrtle green we braid the head,  
And flowers of the imprisoned soil.

To Faunus now, in shady groves,  
None shall a sacrifice refuse,  
A lamb perhaps, from early droves,  
Perhaps a kid, if Faunus choose.

Pale Death, with an impartial foot,  
Strikes at the hovels of the poor  
And at the towers of kings—oh put  
No trust in life, so insecure,

My Sestius, however blest;  
For darkness soon shall wrap our brows,  
And soon by hovering shades oppressed,  
We'll go down into Pluto's house.

No more the Lord of wine, alas,  
Elected at the dice's throw,  
You'll kiss the cheek of Lycidas,  
For whom the blushing maidens glow.

EZRA H. STAFFORD.

## DOWN THE GULF AND BY THE SEA.

## CHAPTER III.

We drove on in silence for some time:—Mrs. Emerson's mind had evidently been set thinking by the Colonel's remark, for *apropos* of nothing, as we were approaching the cemetery, she said: "I met Secretary Blaine the other day, and amongst other things we talked politics, and of course annexation came up. He said the only thing which could prevent annexation was independence. I suspect he was right. But here's the cemetery and let us talk about grave-stones and something cheerful and leave gloomy subjects alone."

The driver was soon busy pointing out the "vaults" of famous people in this splendid grave-yard in which, if ghosts were accustomed in these days as in those gone by to burst their cerements and marble prisons, they would certainly have pleasant walks and roomy bounds for their nightly excursions. Driving back by the St. Foye Road, the party had a glorious view of the valley of the St. Charles, in the distance, mountain rising behind mountain, and above all, white fleecy clouds floating in the azure depths of the summer sky. From Mount Pleasant they had a magnificent view of Charlesbourg, Beaumont and the confluence of the two rivers, as well as of the whole of St. Rochs. Driving through the district which the fire had destroyed, St. John's Church then in the course of erection, attracted the critical eye of Mrs. Emerson—"What a vast and expensive structure it will be," she cried. "Where do they get the money?" "Oh, they'll raise it, ma'am," said the cabman without explaining how.

On reaching the St. Louis Hotel once more they saw Sir John Macdonald with his thoughtful face and grey curls which, though thinned, still fought hard against the blanching touch of time. He was surrounded by a lot of cabmen all crying, "I'll take you, sir." "I've a fine horse, Sir John." "Hurrah! for the fine old man!" etc. Then our friend had an opportunity of witnessing one of those acts which more even than his great ability endeared Sir John Macdonald to the Canadian people. Sir John asked whether Jim McCullan was there. Jim McCullan was not there; but a little boy said Jim was on the stand below and he would fetch him. Many years ago when the Parliament met in Quebec, Jim always drove Sir John. Jim now came, old and ragged, driving the worst cab in Quebec. Sir John shook hands with him, enquired how Honorah and the children were, and then amid cheers, in which even the disappointed cabmen joined, drove off to visit their Excellencies. Both Sir John and Jim have since passed from the scene, the cabby quite recently following the statesman to the great unknown.

## CHAPTER IV.

On board the *Miramichi*. The women knitting, the men reading trashy novels, while the enthusiastic, if ill-ballasted Roby, shows his taste by pointing out to Mrs. Emerson and the Colonel, who had never seen the St. Lawrence below Quebec, the falls of Montmorency as white, snowy white, flashing through the wooded mountain gorge, and which they watched until they were hidden by the Island of Orleans. The *Miramichi* is a good, safe steamer, very steady, but if this trip down the Gulf is ever to be what it should be, boats with far bet-

ter accommodation must be pressed into service. Towards supper time it came on to rain—hardly any wind, but very heavy rain—yet such was the heat of the cabin that several men and women, armed with waterproofs and umbrellas, sat out on deck. The galleries round the staircase going down to the cabin were crowded with ladies who shrank alike from the rain and from the cabin below. They were unable to procure a stateroom for Mrs. Emerson, who had to lie on a couch in the ladies' cabin, while the Colonel, Bob Wilson, Dark and Roby were fain to put up with berths in the forward cabin, berths into which it was hard for the smallest of them to creep. So dense was the fog during the night the Captain thought it best to lie at anchor at a place known as St. Patrick's Hole; the morning was very gloomy, and the doleful fog signals were kept going throughout the day. As they sat down to breakfast a gentleman tapped our friend Dark on the shoulder and said: "This seat is taken, sir."

One of Dark's characteristics was grandiloquence. "I acknowledge no such law," he replied, drawing himself up. "The constitutions of this boat lay down, sir, that first come shall be first served."

By this time he had adjusted his eye-glass and seeing that the claimant of the seat was a well-known statesman, being no other than the late Adam Crooks, then Minister of Education—indeed Ontario's first Minister of Education—he was about to yield his right, when the other waived his claim.

On going aloft our party noticed another gentleman with an eyeglass, but who, unlike Dark, was very tall. He wore a grey suit, and looked like an English nobleman on his travels. "Here's a brother of yours, Dark," cried Roby, as he saw the tall figure approaching. Simultaneously the tall figure and Dark adjusted their respective eye-glasses to survey each other, and as they did so, the head of one turned up, the head of the other turned down, both with eye-glasses; each seemed to mimic the other, and each appeared to suspect he was being mimicked; the effect was intensely ludicrous. Roby was, of course, the first to laugh, and he was echoed by everybody present. Dark, certain that he was being fooled and made a show of, lost what self-command he had, and breaking into a passion, with his head back and frowning at the giant before him, cried: "Who are you, sir? How dare you do this? You're no gentleman, sir?"

"Well, I'm not a lady," was the tall man's reply, who turned out to be a well-known member of the Civil Service at Ottawa, and who, suspecting the truth, now laughed heartily, as he replied: "And who are you may I ask?"

Then, seeing an opportunity of making Mrs. Emerson's acquaintance, who, it was evident, was of Dark's party, said he feared there had been a misunderstanding, and after some explanations and no small laughter, in which at last his diminutive would-be antagonist shared, sailed off with Mrs. Emerson, while Dark, with his cane under his arm, and a more than commonly determined frown, strode away.

The next morning was beautiful beyond power of pen to describe. As they approached Magdalene River, Roby, who was about to point out the characteristics of the landscape to Mrs. Emerson, saw with disgust that she was already in the hands of the tall man with the eye-glass, who in a soft voice dwelt on the charms of the scene.

The little lighthouse to the left of the Magdalene was shining in the tender early light. Far up, the peaks of the mountains were still enveloped in fog and mist, but some of the lower peaks were bright in sunshine, while others were dark in shadow. Here and there a bit of fog like a scarf of muslin was drawn across the breast of the hills or spanned some wooded gorge, in which the sun and shade, owing to shifting clouds, seemed playing at hide-and-seek. Seaward a line of bright silver lay across the blue waters.

Here some English officers who had been fishing in the Magdalene came on board. Dark, having got into conversation with one of these, and having learned that they had not had good sport, asked whether the forest there was primeval.

"O yes, very," was the reply. "By Jove! I wawther think it is pwimeval. If you mean that it is difficult to get through—haw—I should think it is pwimeval. You have to cut a trail to make any way. Pwimeval! Vewy pwimeval—haw."

Here Roby came up to Dark and seizing him in a powerful grasp, cried out: "Did you ever see anything like that?" He could say no more. Even Roby's volubility was hushed into the tribute of a flash of silence. As the boat moved away, they saw over wooded hill and gorge bands of sunshine and shadow cross each other, making a kind of vast tartan. In the midst of this lay a patch of deep purple. Above the hills, white clouds; right above the boat thick black clouds; out to sea, over the blue, bounding waters, from which the fresh sea breeze came, a deep azure sky flecked with silver clouds, and hard by all this beauty and power, scattered on the right of the lighthouse, the little white-washed cottages of the fishermen.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

## DRESDEN FROM A FOUR-PAIR BACK.

111.

There was an item in the daily paper not long ago which was interesting for what it suggested rather than what it announced. A new textile fabric—at least, the raw material for it—has been discovered, it appears, on the borders of the Caspian Sea—a plant over nine feet high out of which a soft but strong stuff may be manufactured, having the gloss of satin, but of a much more durable substance. Nothing new under the sun? Is not this, to all intents and purposes new, though the plant may have been growing in the same spot since the age of the patriarchs? If only such a plant could be discovered in the immaterial world—a bran-new territory in human nature—a virgin domain of human interest! How tired we get of the old vices and virtues—motives and impulses! It matters not how far afield we go, there is the same old material worked up, with more or less pretence to novelty—torn asunder, unravelled, spun and woven into something which looks like new, but Truepenny is there all the time, although he "works in the earth so fast." The longing for novelty is common enough, and with regard to our own personality reaches such a height sometimes, that we would willingly pass through the fire if only we could burn out the tiresome old self—the tedious monotony and deadly ennui of our own individuality, and come out new the other side. It is often nothing more than this insatiable craving which leads us to cast aside what we once admired in art and literature, reaching out

to something new, and to this impulse is no doubt attributable the neglect from which the older classical composers are at present suffering in Dresden, while the public cannot get enough of Wagner and the new Italians—Mascagni and Leoncavallo. The one-hundredth performance (of the year) was lately given of Cavalleria Rusticana to a crowded house, while one of Mozart's loveliest operas was performed to empty benches; the critics cried shame! but the unheeding public knew what they wanted, and crowded to every performance of Wagner's and the Italians staying at home whenever Beethoven's or Mozart's names appeared on the programme. At last a champion arose in Munich to break a lance in defence of the Dresden "rabble," and declared that although it was a pity, said rabble must not be dealt too hardly with, as the state of things, however unsatisfactory, was to be explained by natural causes, and proceeded to point out that those whose musical susceptibilities are charmed to-night by Wagner or Mascagni, are in no fit state to-morrow to appreciate Mozart's limpid melody—that their nerves have been blunted, so to speak, by the refinement and depth of feeling of the one, and the anvil-strokes of the other, or, as he cleverly put it, the ear that has been listening to the roar of cannon will not hear an apple fall to the ground. At length the expedient was resorted to of giving one of Mozart's operas and Cavalleria Rusticana on the same night, and so the public was trapped into swallowing its pill, sugar-coated.

It is a fact worthy of note that the solidity and order here impress, not only the transatlantic traveller, but even those coming from across the Channel, where things are supposed to stand pretty firmly on their feet, and although one may feel inclined to grumble sometimes at the fussiness of German red-tapism, yet there is no doubt that the thorough police-system make life and travel as safe and easy as they are here. Another thing which helps to smooth out the creases of existence, is the universal politeness of the so-called lower classes. The Saxons are commonly acknowledged to be a particularly amiable people by Germans of other provinces, and one finds them almost without exception courteous and anxious to oblige; even the cabmen and tram-conductors—classes not generally distinguished by a high standard of manners—are here models of politeness and good temper, and the extraordinary honesty of the Dresden "cabby" has a widespread fame. It is true that the custom of tipping prevails to a great extent, which may help to keep certain classes good-natured, but the sums given are so small, and received with such genuine pleasure and gratitude, that it reflects a glow of warmth in the donor's heart, and I have certainly received the impression that one would meet with no less courtesy should one "forget to remember" in the proper place.

As the untravelled German believes that the inhabitants of the British Isles exist upon toast, plum-pudding and pale-ale, so one is apt to think Germans live principally on sauer-kraut and kirsch, but this is far from being the case, and although German cookery is not French, by any means, it is not so bad as it is painted, and with the avoidance of ultra-German dishes and a little experience as to the best products of farmyard and kitchen, one may steer clear of the shoals of dyspepsia; mutton is bad, beef indifferent, veal, pork, ham and game excellent, bread and butter good,

eggs doubtful, vegetables generally better prepared than with us, and soups of quite an amazing variety—wine soup, beer soup, meat soup, fish, meal, fruit and milk soups—also water soup; this latter I looked upon as a German joke of vast dimensions—as we speak of Adam's good ale—but I found it a "substantial" reality, and at the end of three days' grippe, up fourpair of stairs, there was really more solid comfort in it than may be imagined by the sceptical reader.

During the coldest snap of the winter, a bit of summer Italy paid a flying visit to this northern capital. The Italian tragedienne, Signora Duse and her company, gave a couple of performances and sent all who could afford to go and see her, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm—all who could afford it, for the prices were quadrupled. Even those among the audience who understood no Italian, did not remain unmoved, for the famous actress is said to speak with every muscle of her body. The critics were mostly in raptures, and one—particularly sympathetic with modern Italy and her aspirations, attributes the development of Signora Duse's genius to the regeneration—social and intellectual—which Italy has experienced since the accomplishment of national unity, comparing it to his own country since its union, much to the disadvantage of the latter; he goes so far as to attribute a greater degree of "gemuth" or feeling, to Italy than to Germany, which is surprising in view of the fact that Germans very generally claim a monopoly of that article. With regard to Signora Duse's rendering of the character of Marguerite Gauthier, it would seem to have been something entirely original and apart from the usual thing; to quote the critic just mentioned, the tragedienne works from the heart—outwards—and so gives a very different conception from that generally seen on the stage; indeed, she discarded stage-expediency to such an extent, that people promenading the corridors between the acts, were heard to complain with more or less bitterness that she had only coughed once. There was, of course, much jargon of "isms," but the outcome of it seems to be that she played the part with ideal-naturalism, or natural-idealism—one may mix the ingredients to one's own taste—all seem to agree, that though gifted with no great personal beauty, the medium height, or even below it—it is also whispered she limps—and without a "stage" voice, she yet has complete control of the emotions of her audience, and can do with them what she likes.

Since the departure of the great actress, the chief dramatic incident has been the production of Hauptmann's "Hannele" which seems destined to a brilliant career, as it has already been accepted for the London and Paris boards. It has been translated into most European languages, Finnish, Roumanian, Bulgarian and Bohemian being among the number, which is sufficient evidence of the immense popularity the piece has gained in spite of the holes the critics have managed to pick in it as an artistic production, and which, it must be confessed, are fully justified by the accepted canons of criticism, for in spite of the thrilling interest excited by the story of it—if one may so speak—and the great poetic beauty of some of the passages, the impression produced upon the mind is sadly broken up and disturbed by the fact that the author's personality and that of his heroine are interchanged according to the

will of the former, creating a confusion in the mind of the spectator quite fatal to his enjoyment of the whole as a work of art, as, for instance, when the author attributes the fruits of mature thought and ripe, poetic feeling to a child of fourteen, and one whose life has been spent in squalor and misery, so great that she has sought release from them by attempting to take her own life.

It may, perhaps, seem strange, that in writing of Dresden, no word has been said of Dresden china, but one has to come here in order to find out that there is no such thing, at least, no world-famous pottery of that name, for all the Dresden-china shepherdesses and their swains first see the light in Meissen, several hours' journey down the river. The tale of the discovery how to make the porcelain is wonderfully picturesque and suggestive, but "that is another story," as Rudyard Kipling would say, and does not belong to this place at all.

E. M. D.

### OUR INTELLECTUAL STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.\*

The Royal Society starts off well with this the first volume of its series of octavo Monographs; for it is a thoroughly well executed piece of work, full of research and abounding with judicious criticism. It is not easy, where the literary circle is comparatively small, to weigh with strict impartiality the productions of living authors, but the writer of this Monograph has succeeded in attaining a happy medium between the indiscriminate eulogy and the indiscriminate depreciation which are equally the bane of Canadian literature. The book is moreover very suggestive in its conciseness, and every page offers a text capable of expansion to an indefinite degree.

The volume, as a whole, is a conspectus of the literature of Canada from its commencement; giving, in small compass, a summary of all that has been done both by French and English Canadians in that direction down to, and inclusive of, the present time. This is followed by bibliographical and general notes, wherein the books referred to are more fully noticed and references given to their dates and places of publication. In this way, and with the help of the very full index, it becomes a handbook for ready reference to almost everything of importance within its scope, and, as such, will be found useful to all who seek information concerning our literature, the extent of which is greater than is supposed by the general public.

Canadian writers have much to contend with in the material interests which absorb so fully the energies of the people, and in the provincial spirit which yet survives. There is no unquestioned centre like London, New York, Paris, Brussels or Leipzig, where a book can be published and reach the whole Canadian people. The French Canadians are better off in this respect than the English; for their population is compact, and either Quebec or Montreal is such a centre as is needed; but there is no satisfactory way of putting upon the market, from Halifax to Victoria, a native Canadian book in the English tongue, let it be ever so meritorious. There appears to exist in Ontario almost a prejudice against books published outside the Province. In the case of school books it has hardened into a law,

\* A Short Historical and Critical Review of Literature, Art and Education in Canada. By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., etc. Royal Society of Canada. Series No. 1. Montreal: W. Foster Brown & Co.

written or unwritten, and although such a feeling does not exist in the other provinces to so great an extent, there is at least a feeling of indifference fatal to the birth of a common living literary interest throughout the Dominion. It has been hitherto impossible to sustain for any length of time a Canadian literary periodical in the English language, therefore there has not been any means of reaching those who take an interest in literature and of making known to them what Canadian writers are doing or proposing to do. The *Canadian Magazine*, recently established, is entitled, on every account, to the support of the whole Canadian people; and more especially because the great United States magazines, by the attractions which their immense pecuniary and artistic resources can command, make the struggle for existence increasingly keen. They tend to intensify the general movement towards literary centralization throughout the English-speaking world and to choke the independent literary life of the smaller communities. This movement has effaced Dublin and is injuring Edinburgh; it is even encroaching upon Boston, and drawing to London and New York all the greater interest of literature. Dr. Bourinot (at p. 10) speaks of a time when bookselling was not profitable; but a closer acquaintance with the practical side of literature will reveal the fact that the book-stores of twenty-five years ago were more numerous and better throughout Canada, and the book-trade more profitable than at the present time. Book-stores are, and always were, very essential to literature because they are the channels by which it is diffused and dry goods book counters will not perform their functions.

It is also open to discussion whether the pulpit eloquence of the past generation was so much inferior to that of the present day. Dr. Bourinot appears to base his judgment upon the pamphlet sermons which his characteristic diligence has collected and his characteristic thoroughness has compelled him to read. Weary and useless task—for any bookseller knows that it is precisely the most ephemeral and clap-trap sermons which clergymen are usually solicited to print. It is not their fault, but usually that of a few members of their congregations, not always the most intelligent, who, hearing a sermon quite down to their level, want to have it disseminated because it is what they themselves have so often thought. Clergymen often complain that their best efforts are seldom selected for re-printing. The pulpit literature of the past generation has probably one of its best examples in a volume of sermons by the late Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec, published as a memorial shortly before his death at the solicitation of his children and a few old friends. They are not "viewy;" nor do they contain anything about the tariff or the Pope; but they are dignified and logical and possess a simple scholarly eloquence.

Dr. Bourinot's book is so suggestive that it tempts to incessant digression. In returning to its interesting pages, one is struck with the fairness with which he treats the literature of the French colony. One sentence is worth thinking over: "New England never originated a class of writers who produced work of equal value or indeed of equal literary merit. Religious and polemical controversy had the chief attraction for the gloomy disputatious puritan native of Massachusetts and the adjoining colonies." In truth, the first real poetry produced in the United States was Bryant's

Thanatopsis in 1817. It is a common delusion to suppose that printing presses create literature. That is one of the idols of the period. An idea is abroad that literature depends in some way upon the tariff, whereas an import duty of thousands per cent would not create one good writer, but, on the contrary, would dwarf the general intellect by preventing the free current of thought. The New Englanders had many printing presses but their culture was narrower than that of the Canadians. Lescarbot was the only early French writer who attempted verse, but the following stanzas from the favourite poet of colonial New England console us. It is the opening of the "plea of the infants" in Wigglesworth's poem "The Day of Doom"—a work which ran through ten editions.

Then to the bar, all they drew near  
Who dy'd in infancy  
And never had or good or bad  
Effected personally  
But from the womb unto the tomb  
Were straightway carried  
(Or at the least ere they transgress)  
Who thus began to plead.

The result of their pleading is as harsh as the verse.

A crime it is, therefore in bliss  
You may not hope to dwell  
But unto you I shall allow  
The easiest room in hell.

In Boston they had printing presses and little culture, while in Quebec they had more culture and no printing presses. Society at Quebec was doubtless more cheerful from not indulging in such poetical contemplations; while in New England it might be summed up in the verse of their own primer—didactic but not musical:—

Young Obadiah,  
David, Josias,  
All were pious,

but their piety was not provocative to good works, in a literary sense; it largely spent itself in the West-India trade.

Coming down to later times, it is no doubt true that there were no great libraries in former days but there were more home libraries than there are now. Books were not so cheap but they were more prized; and every house with any social pretensions had its library—a real library—with books in it. There was not so much bric-a-brac; perhaps not so many busts of Cicero and others; and the shelves had not glass doors lined with green or red silk; for our fathers liked to look at the backs of their books; and cigars with other worldly solaces were kept in more appropriate places. Many really fine libraries were dispersed, after the death of their owners, under the auctioneer's hammer. The younger people found the books were very troublesome to keep clean. They may have been, as Dr. Bourinot points out, stately quartos and serious octavos; but they were for the most part useful and classic books upon which the politicians formed their style of writing and speaking. Most leading politicians were discursive readers and had a keen relish for literature in its strictest meaning. When, sometimes in the forties, the Honourable Joseph Howe was driven from power to seclusion on a farm in Musquodoboit he read over again the whole body of English poetry and he included even Glover's "Leonidas," a book not known now to one in a hundred. From such sources Howe drew his wonderful command of language and his rhetorical style. Louis Joseph Papinseau was a very cultivated man, so were Lafontaine and Morin and

Viger and so were the Baldwins and the Drapers and the Robinsons, all stirring names in politics. The newspapers were small but the editorials were the work of scholarly and thoughtful men and there was time to read them and they had influence. The editor was the important man, whereas now the business manager, or the advertising agent, is the best paid man on a newspaper staff, and the editorials are daily shrinking in length. The practical proprietor finds that editorials must be shorter and shorter year by year, and the cartoons and coupons bid fair to oust the editorials altogether. One can see now how adequate the Aztec system of picture writing must have been for the transmission of political ideas.

The wide range of Dr. Bourinot's Monograph makes it difficult to review, because such a survey of the whole field of Canadian literature involves an innumerable number of judgments which cannot be noticed for approval or criticism without writing a book as large. Dr. Bourinot's opinions are evidently formed upon personal acquaintance with the books themselves, and are the result of very wide reading and of an impartial habit of mind. Everyone must admit, with him, that Goldwin Smith could not apprehend the controlling characteristics of the native Canadian mind; but, as Dr. Bourinot points out, he has been of very great value to Canadian letters, and, in spite of himself, his residence in Canada has reacted upon his political views. His "History of the United States" could never have been written had he not lived in Canada. Its inimitable style and condensation are all his own; but the candour and justice of the history are the result of his residence here. In Canada he could learn the other side of the story as related by the grandchildren of the defeated and expelled Loyalists; and hence he has been enabled to write the most impartial narrative of the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies which has ever appeared. Putting aside one or two passages, in which his fixed ideas as to the future of Canada peep out, the book may be described as perfect in style, unequalled in condensation, and absolute in historical truth. He could not have written such a book during the early illusions of his residence on this continent. Canada cannot give up her claim to a share in the formation of Dr. Goldwin Smith's historic views. He gave and took many hard blows; but, for the sake of this book, one might forgive him a thousand-fold more than his pessimistic views as to our future political destiny. He may discuss that at leisure at Oxford. They have leisure for anything there; but we, at least, are not going to cross any river before we come to it.

Poets we undoubtedly have, and Dr. Bourinot's appreciation is kind and just. He mentions especially the "Saul" of Charles Heavyside; but perhaps "Japhthah's Daughter" is a better specimen of that writer's finished work. Some of the shorter poems at the end of the little volume are Elizabethan in the strength of their diction. Here is a description of "Morning":

See how the Morn awakes. Along the sky  
Proceeds she with her pale, increasing light,  
And from the depths of the dim canopy,  
Drives out the shadows of departing night.  
Lo, the clouds break and gradually more wide  
Morn openeth her bright, rejoicing gates;  
And ever, as the orient valves divide,  
A costlier aspect on their breadth awaits.  
Lo, the clouds break and in each opened  
schism  
The coming Phoebus lays huge beams of gold,

And roseate fire, and glories that the prism  
Would vainly strive before us to unfold,  
And, while I gaze, from out the bright abyss  
Sol's flaming disc is to the horizon rolled.

There is not space in a review even to allude to the names of those who are now upholding the reputation of our country in the realm of poetry; Dr. Bourinot's pages give a most satisfactory resume of all they are doing.

What can be the reason that Canada produces no novels to rank with its productions in other branches of letters? The late Prof. De Mille wrote well; but only of foreign scenes and incidents, and Miss Dougall wrote a novel which captured the English reviewers, but it was a story of an English manufacturing town. The whole world of literature is running to story-telling and our writers are not in the stream. Some graceful story writers we have among us—some alas! have left us for lands where the rewards of literature are more generous; but we have not found our Fenimore Cooper, nor even our Gillmore Sims, nor Montgomerie Bird. And yet our annals abound in deeds of "derring-do" and our country abounds in striking physical aspects. Our author notes the fact but gives no indication of its cause. Our only comfort is the thought that Scotland waited long for her "wizard of the north" and we must have patience for a while until the coming of our wizard who will supplement with the "light that never was on sea or land" the warm shimmer of our summer noons and the frosty brilliance of our winter nights.

Of party politics, prohibition, and P.P.A. we have an abundance; yea, and perhaps, if one dared openly to speak, a superfluity; but, fortunately, of political writing in its true sense we have some very notable works. The late Dr. Todd was the pioneer in the study of the principles which govern the relations between the mother country and her semi-independent dependencies, and the writings of Dr. Bourinot have completed his work and continued, into new fields of comparative politics, a series of inquiries embodied in a number of exhaustive monographs. It was no doubt difficult for him to value his own work and therefore he does not mention his own contributions to our literature. This is the chief defect in the volume under review. Independently of his works on the constitution of Canada and the practice of parliament, Dr. Bourinot's writings on the history of our country are numerous and valuable. His Monograph on Cape Breton leaves nothing further to be said on that subject and some of his contributions to learned societies in the United States are very important for the candid and thorough way in which the various diplomatic windings of our neighbors are elucidated—especially in matters relating to boundary lines.

Science appeals more directly to the practical genius of the Canadian people and we have reason to be proud of our scientific literature. It has won recognition throughout the world and our wealthy men are pouring their treasures into the lap of science. Literature is the Cinderella, neglected by the rich of the present day. The fairy godmother takes a long time to come. Still she has her consolations and when we flee to the mountains, next summer, to escape Mr. Arthur Harvey's impending cataclysm we shall take with us—not Dana's Mineralogy nor Gmelin's Handbook of Chemistry—but our Homer and our Shakspeare and our Tennyson; and, above all, our book of Jewish literature to keep our souls tran-

quil. If we find that the "scientists" really cannot keep the crust of the earth quiet it is in literature we shall find our solace.

Ottawa

S. E. DAWSON.

### MY FANCY.

My fancy roves, I know not where,  
Light dancing here, or dancing there,  
Like to a thistledown in air,  
Blowing where it listeth.

My fancy! why wilt wander so!  
O wayward one, why soaring go!  
Wilt thou not rest with me below  
'Midst fragrant flowers?

Count'st thou the sweet violet naught?  
Or lily bell so daintily wrought?  
Why all the world holds food for thought,  
My foolish fancy!

'Tis vain that I entreat or cry,  
Where silver clouds go drifting by,  
Soars through the misty, azure sky  
My fleeting fancy!

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

### ART NOTES.

The Westminster *Gazette* has this to say of English art: Every day the greatness of English art is becoming better and better known upon the Continent—particularly in Belgium, France and Bavaria. In certain portions of Germany, however, the queerest notions seem to prevail, even among those who set themselves to instruct their neighbours. Here we have Herr Max Nordau, who has written a book on the degeneracy of the day, of which the meaning is concentrated in the one expression—*fin de siècle*. In art, says the learned author, the outward expression of this degeneracy is to be found in Pre-Raphaelitism (of the rise of which he gives a totally incorrect account), in symbolism, and the like. The chief causes, he tells us, are to be found in the present feverish methods of life, and particularly in the terrible war of 1870. But he does not tell us how it is that the effect happened more than twenty years before the cause: for he apparently ignores the fact that the Pre-Raphaelite movement took its rise in the forties. He is free to consider that Rossetti and his brilliant circle, including Mr. Ruskin, display the qualities peculiar to those unhappy persons who are marked out for idiocy or imbecility: but he really should not ring up his dates, especially in a "philosophical library" edition.

The *Literary Digest* has gathered the following notes:

The portrait of Mr. Gladstone in his official quarters in Downing street, painted by John McLure Hamilton, and shown in the recent exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, has been bought by the Academy for its permanent galleries. Hamilton is a Philadelphian, who has lived of late in London, after studying in his native city, in New York, and in Paris. Another portrait of Mr. Gladstone by him is in the Luxembourg.

M. Jacques Maillet, the eminent French sculptor, to whom was entrusted the restoration of the Vendome Column, has just died, at the age of seventy-one.

Art is feeling the effect of the universal depression. At a February sale in London, Sir F. Leighton's "Dante in Exile," which brought \$2,800 last year, sold for only \$1,600, and pictures by Whistler, Ety and others, went at similarly low prices.

In Lyons, France, a Universal Exhibition will be opened on May 1. The projectors of the exhibition, in a notice of the principal features of the show, have made known a nice discrimination in the use of adjectives. The notice is in English, and we are informed that the landscape will have "meandering alleys and secular trees."

Harry Furness, Joseph Pennell, and other British and American workers in black and white have established a society of artist illustrators, in London. The society is to protect

the interests of members somewhat in the same way that the British Society of Authors and Institute of Journalists attempt to look out for writers in their relations with publishers.

The sculptor Cavelier, member of l'Académie des Beaux-Arts, and vice president of Société des Artistes Français, is dead.

The accompanying remarks are taken from a recent number of the *Speaker*: Before sitting down to paint a landscape the artist must make up his mind whether he is going to use the trees, meadows, streams and mountains before him as subject matter for a decoration in the manner of the Japanese, or whether he will take them as subject matter for the expression of a human emotion in the manner of Wilson and Millet—the innocent happiness of a May morning, with dew bright on the flowers and grasses—an impression of the sadness of twilight on a river.

I offer no opinion which is the higher and which is the lower road; they may be wide apart; they may draw very close together; they may overlap, so that it is difficult to say along which the artist is going; but, speaking roughly, there are but two roads, and it is necessary that the artist should choose.

The growth of a work of art is as unexplainable as that of a flower. We know that there are men who feel deeply and who understand clearly what a work of art should be; but when they attempt to create, their efforts are abortive. Their ideas, their desires, their intentions, their plans are excellent; but the passage between the brain and the canvas, between the brain and the sheet of paper, is full of shipwrecking reefs, and the intentions of these men do not correspond in the least with their execution; their ideas wither and are lost in the execution; and noticing our blank faces, they explain their ideas in front of their works. They meant this, they meant that. Inwardly we answer, "All you say is most interesting; but why didn't you put all that into your picture, into your novel?"

How much we should borrow, and how we should borrow, are questions we cannot go into here. Suffice it to say that one of the most certain signs of genius is the power to take from others and to assimilate. How much did Rubens take from Titian? How much did Whistler take from the Japanese? Degas took his drawing from Ingres, and his colour—that lovely brown—from Poussin. But, notwithstanding their vast borrowings, Rubens is always Rubens, Whistler is always Whistler, and Degas is always Degas. Alexander took a good deal, too, but he too remained always Alexander. We must conquer what we take.

The following sensible comments on the misuse of coats-of-arms appear in the *Art Amateur*: "May I be permitted to utter a word of protest in your valued columns against the all too common practice of adopting arms and heraldic devices to which the aspirant has no valid claim? My reason for seeking expression in your publication is, that as you are calling attention to the collecting of book-plates, and are thereby very likely to stimulate the adoption of these very useful and dainty bits of engraving for the indication of book-ownership, you may also be looked upon as furnishing models and proper devices for those who now wish to have plates made for their own use. My attention was particularly called to this matter by an illustrated article in the *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*, entitled Coats-of-Arms, opening with the following sentences, which convey an astonishing idea of the prevalence of this fashionable but erroneous adoption of coats-of-arms: 'There is in Pittsburgh a Fifth Avenue stationer who runs a regular herald's college. No matter how rare the name in his books he will be sure to find a coat-of-arms to match it. Should the ones in the book be unsatisfactory, the obliging young man, a sort of republican king of arms, is quite ready to invent for the fastidious customer such a device as may suit his taste or ambitions. The use of coats-of-arms is becoming quite common. People not entitled to the distinction by birth usually adopt such an one

## LIBRARY TABLE.

GEOLOGY: A Treatise on Generative Life.

By Sydney Barrington Elliot, M.D. Boston: Arena Publishing Co. 1893.

In a recent copy of the *Arena* noticed in THE WEEK, there was an article by Dr. Elliot, on the subject of this book. It is, indeed, a very important subject, and one which can be better treated in a separate volume than in a magazine article. The principal subject discussed in these pages is pre-natal influence, a matter which can hardly be said to have been neglected, but which has never received satisfactory treatment before. The question of Heredity has recently been largely discussed, and may be said to be fully appreciated, although differences of opinion still exist as to certain details. But this of pre-natal influence has been comparatively little considered. Yet there can be no doubt that the condition of the mother—her health, her mental and emotional condition, and the like—all have an immense power in determining the constitution of her infant. The neglect of such considerations, when they are once known, is criminal; and Dr. Elliot has done well in bringing together a mass of facts which bear strictly upon the subject. The work is accomplished with scientific precision, with literary ability, and with excellent taste. It is not a book which everybody need read; although we cannot imagine that it should hurt any one; but it is emphatically a book for parents, and especially for mothers.

CATHARINE FURZE. By Mark Rutherford  
New York and London: Macmillan & Co.  
Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1893.  
\$1.00.

This book takes its name from the heroine of the tale who is the daughter of an ironmonger of the market town of Eastthorpe, in the Eastern Midlands of England. The story begins in the year 1840. It is not a tale of stirring adventure or extraordinary incident, but rather a portrayal of life on a somewhat common plan and not without commonplace circumstances and character. The reader, however, does not advance far within its pages without being reminded that the trials, temptations and even the great problems of life, like black care of the heathen poet, knock at the cottage of the poor as well as the castle of the rich. Catharine's resolute, honest character, her clear head and quick discernment in every situation, stand her in good stead, and there is small wonder that her charm of spirit, character and person should so strongly influence not only her plastic father and mother but the strong-minded Tom Catchpole, and the cultivated and intellectual Mr. Cardew. That prime factor of human life, the spiritual element, receives a large share of recognition. The portrait of the self-called materialist, Dr. Turnbull, who ignores the letter but observes the spirit, is well drawn. There is ample food for thought in this book; it has many keen observations on human life, character and conduct; and some of the solemn truths of religion in their application to daily life are presented with earnestness and sympathetic power.

MISS STUART'S LEGACY. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.  
New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., 1893.  
\$1.00.

Neither Mrs. Steel's name nor fame are new to readers of *Macmillan's Magazine*. They will cordially welcome this clever serial story now appearing in book form. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has of late had quite a monopoly in Indian story. Mrs. Steel will prove a not unworthy competitor in that rich oriental field. This novel of 460 pages takes India for its scene, and Anglo, and native, Indians as its characters. The hero and heroine, Philip Marsden and Belle Stuart, meet you at the threshold and the story of their checkered fortunes never flags in interest from the first page to the last. One is at the outset impressed by the fact that the authoress is no less at home in writing good and fluent Eng-

lish than she is in describing the peculiar traits of Indian character or the impressive features of Indian climate and scenery. The plot of the story is cleverly conceived, and the portrayal of character excellent, but perhaps its chief strength lies in the tragic force with which the striking scenes are set before you. Who that has read the book will forget Dick Smith's heroism in the Peirak Pass, Belle Raby's experience with the Mahomedan procession, or the scene at the bursting of the dam. Of character drawing the Oriental scheme Lala Shunker Das, the rugged old Afghan soldier, Khan Mahomed Lateef Kahn (an exceptional portrait), the dissolute Colonel Stuart and the strong, vigorous, self-contained John Raby may be mentioned. To us the book has a freshness and force quite out of the ordinary and Mrs. Steel in it fairly proves the claim made for her of being one of the strongest and most promising new writers of the day.

## PERIODICALS.

The *Literary Digest* has surpassed itself in its Easter number, which is a most praiseworthy production.

Professor William Clark, D.C.L., F.R.S.C., is contributing a series of articles on the discipline of life and character to the *Canadian Educational Monthly*, the first of which appears in the March issue. These papers are, as is customary with Professor Clark's work, suggestive and scholarly.

We can understand some bewildered reader saying as he ends Mr. C. B. Roylance-Kent's quite learned article in *Macmillan's* for March, entitled "The Growth of National Sentiment." "I suppose every article must have some name." There can be no doubt, however, of the fitness of the title "The Riots in Bombay" for the old Indian magistrate's article which follows, or, that the clear-headed old gentleman knows whereof he speaks. The Hon. J. W. Fortescue has an interesting historical paper on "Cromwell's Veterans in Flanders,"—a spirited account of British pluck and valour it is. "The Two Dorothys" is the title of a short story by William Watson—presumably the poet.

"The fundamental wrong in existing social and industrial conditions is the fact that a few monopolists are permitted to hold valuable land out of use and to levy a heavy toll upon labour for the right of access to the opportunities supplied by Nature." So says Mr. Arthur Withy in his paper on "Work for the Workless" in the *March Westminster*. A prettily written article full of good sense and right feeling is that by Mary Campbell Smith on "Picturesque Village Homes." Mr. W. R. Sullivan contributes a serious paper entitled "The New Eirenikon." "We must, in a word," says Mr. Sullivan, "rationalise religion." Mr. England Howlett has an instructive paper in this number on "Baptismal Customs." Very interesting, too, and Mr. Edward Reeves' remarks on "The Land laws of New Zealand." "Ireland's Position in Literature" should also not be overlooked.

The *Expository Times* for March has some very interesting papers. We note one, in particular, on the late eminent Dr. Milligan, by a scarcely less eminent colleague, Dr. Moulton, of Cambridge. They were both members of the New Testament revision company, and both contributors to Dr. Schaff's Commentary on the New Testament, in fact they were joint authors of the commentary on St. John in that work. The sketch of his departed friend is both interesting and valuable. We have the usual excellent notes of recent exposition. By the way, we have some doubt about a word in Kethe's version of the Hundredth Psalm, beginning "All people that on earth do dwell." The third line reads "Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell." This is as it stands in most modern hymn books, but we believe the original word was "mirth" and not "fear," and this corresponds with the "gladness" of the Prayer Book version.

as pleases them. If a man or woman bears the name of Russell, they usually adopt the coat-of-arms of the Duke of Bedford, whose family name is also Russell. Sometimes a man or woman with heraldic aspirations, and perhaps the name of Salisbury, adopts the arms of the Marquis of Salisbury, whose family name, however, chances to be Cecil. The article goes on to speak of these arms as being carved on the panels of oaken doors, on the stone-work of porches; as being found in stained-glass windows, and on stationery and carriage-doors. The next step, I doubt not, will be to use them on book-plates, for as the use of these is surely returning, the old heraldic form, used oftentimes correctly, but sometimes wrongly by our ancestors, will also reappear. This is most deplorable, and most heartily do I wish that it could be prevented. The first book-plates were of necessity heraldic in form. Families were known by their armorial bearings quite as well as by their names, and when the arms without the name were stamped upon the cover of a volume, or pasted within, the ownership was established beyond peradventure. Libraries descended from father to son and were kept intact for decades, and all along the same shield of arms, with the necessary additions, were used to mark the books. In a country where heraldry has held a place for centuries, this is an ideal method of proclaiming the family and individual ownership of libraries, but in a new country, where but few have any real right to bear arms, such an institution cannot possibly be transplanted. Imagine the future genealogist in search of material for a work on the Salisbury family finding a batch of books filled with book-plates which bore the Gascoyn-Cecil arms! Heraldry, once a valued assistant in genealogical research, is fast becoming a blind guide in America."

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Paderewski is in Italy.

Sophie Menter, the great pianiste and Liszt pupil, is writing her memoirs.

Edward Grieg relates his youthful musical experiences in the *London Musical News*.

Teresa Carreño has been astonishing Vienna with her superb piano playing, her facile technic and fiery temperament creating wild enthusiasm. Repose and tenderness are likewise embodied in her playing, and with these combinations, coupled with a handsome face and figure, and a manner graceful, modest and happy, who would not be enthusiastic?

The most enjoyable series of entertainments we had last week were those given in the Pavilion by the distinguished and inimitable Grossmith. His powers of delineation and mimicry are really extraordinary, and his sayings are always pointed and humorous to a high degree. His remarks about the American railway and American tailor were very funny, and his skit on the American drama was not only mirth-provoking but pretty nearly true. Large audiences attended his every appearance.

The splendid choir of Central Methodist Church gave an admirable sacred concert on Good Friday evening under the direction of the choir-master and organist, Mr. T. C. Jeffers. The choir sang several choruses in excellent style and with good tone, and Mr. Jeffers can be congratulated on the result. The visiting talent were Miss Agnes Knox, elocutionist; Miss Agnes Dunlop, contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; Miss Ida Hatch, soprano, and Mr. R. G. Kirby, baritone. These well-known public entertainers—with the exception of Miss Dunlop, who is quite youthful and also new to Toronto audiences—won their usual applause and were much appreciated. Miss Dunlop has a very deep contralto voice of considerable purity, and will doubtless develop into a valued and artistic singer. As it was she pleased immensely and received several encores. A large audience was present.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The Cassell Publishing Co. announce the "Life and Later Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew." 1 vol.

Bliss Carman's last volume of poems, "Low Tide on Grand Pre," has met with such success that the first edition has been exhausted and a new and enlarged edition will soon be issued.

The jubilee of Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian historian, poet, novelist and dramatist, has been celebrated by his publishers by the issue of an edition of his works in a hundred volumes, at a profit to him of \$37,500.

Mr. Lew Wallace is engaged upon a new novel, which he says will be quite different in character from anything that he has ever done. It will be a love story with no historical background, and so will not require years of research, like "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India."

Macmillan & Co. have arranged to add one volume editions of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Matthew Arnold and Coleridge to their Globe editions. These editions are known to be scholarly, satisfactory and in all respects one of the very best obtainable of the great English poets.

Sir James FitzJames Stephen, one of the most eminent of British jurists and judge of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice of Great Britain, died recently. Sir James was perhaps unrivalled in his profound knowledge of criminal law and was the compiler of a criminal code.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce the publication of a translation of a recent French work entitled "The Life of Saint Francis of Assisi," by the Rev. Paul Sabatier. The book is said to be the most important, as it is almost the first attempt to portray one of the most attractive figures of the Middle Ages.

We regret to learn that Mr. John Reade, of Montreal, one of the most learned and brilliant of Canadian litterateurs, has been seriously ill. We cordially wish Mr. Reade a speedy recovery and also promise our readers, at an early date from his pen, an exceptionally able sketch—in our "Prominent Canadian" Series—of our renowned constitutional authority, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C. M. G., F. R. S. C., etc.

Mr. E. L. Godkin, of the New York Nation, was announced to read a paper on the problems of "Municipal Government, in the United States," at the meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, held on the 16th March, at Philadelphia. The Academy is doing good service in elevating and purifying the pursuit and discussion of politics and social science.

It is said of Dr. Isaac Funk's *magnum opus*, the Standard Dictionary noticed recently in THE WEEK, that it is now nearly four years since this work was begun; 247 specialists and other editors have participated in the labor; the cash outlay to the completion of the first volume being nearly \$600,000. The cost and labour involved in the production of a new dictionary on a large scale will be seen to be enormous.

Captain G. Mercer Adam has prepared one of the most striking books on physical culture that has yet appeared from the press. It is to be published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, of New York, and is entitled "Sandow: his system of Physical Training." The object of this notable book in the athletic world is not simply to extol the feats of strength of an extraordinary athlete but to place his method of training, which for simplicity and utility is perhaps unrivalled, within reach of all. Sandow has most effectively aided Mr. Adam in his work, which is exceedingly well done, and as regards illustrations, print and paper the book may fairly be called a work of art.

The *Speaker* mentions Dr. William Alexander, who died at Aberdeen on 24th Feb., as a man of remarkable literary gifts, though his constant occupation in journalistic

work gave him comparatively little leisure for the writing of books. The best-known of his works, "Johnny Gibb, of Gushetneuk" is a charming specimen of quiet humour, and shows a wonderful insight into the character and ways of the Scotch peasantry. He was a man of a reserved and retiring nature, not widely known beyond his native country, but profoundly respected and valued there for the fine quality of his gifts, and his warm interest in whatever made for the welfare of the people.

The *Springfield Republican* thus speaks of the rising English poet: Francis Thompson, who is hailed by Coventry Patmore, H. D. Traill and other leading Englishmen of letters as one of the really great poets, has been reclaimed from a life of vagrancy, which he has been leading in London, and is now in a Capuchin monastery in Wales. For years he had been wandering about London streets, selling matches or earning a few pence as a cab tout and sleeping in alleyways when he could not earn anything at all. His verses were written on such disreputable scraps of paper that they were often tossed into the waste-basket unread. Thompson is 32 years old, and is the son of an English physician. He was educated at the Roman Catholic college at Ushaw.

The *Spectator* has this story of Carlyle: There is a story of Carlyle in his old age having taken the following farewell in his broadest Scotch of a young friend who, while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood, had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him: "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest bore in Christendom." The Lord had consisted solely in the rather regressive sin of not having been convinced of the truth of one of Carlyle's dogmas, a sin all the more heinous because instead of standing boldly up to Carlyle and declaring his doctrine utterly perverse, the companion had betrayed his weakness by an apologetic tone. Now Carlyle liked disciples, and he respected antagonists, but he could not endure being merely thwarted without being thoroughly roused. Of course it is only exceptionally despotic minds that are bored in this way.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Standard Dictionary of the English Language, Vol. I, A to L. Under the supervision of Isaac K. Funk. New York and Toronto: Funk and Wagnalls.

Two Bites at a Cherry. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Edinburgh: David Douglas. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The New Spirit of the Nation. Martin MacDermot. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

Katharine Lauderdale, Vol. I. and II. F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Toronto News Co. \$2.00

The Birds of Ontario—Second edition. Thomas MacIlwraith. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Britain and Her People. J. Van Summer, jr. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will—  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death—  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

## OUR SWORD PINS



are "the admired of many admirers."

We are showing a line of them of which we are justly proud; both GOLD and SILVER with VERY DAINTELY ENAMELLED "HILTS;" but the large CORSAGE size with settings of PEARLS, TURQUOISE, and DIAMONDS are specially attractive.

## RYRIE BROS.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall—  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotton.

## A LAND WITHOUT A MICROBE.

The most ideally sterile spot is undoubtedly the moon, but on this particular planet the Spitzbergen group of islands, in the Arctic regions, are found to be a close second. Analysis of the air, water and soil of Spitzbergen brought to light the extraordinary poverty of these regions in bacteria. While the air of the streets of Paris contains on an average 51,000 bacteria, that of the Arctic Sea contains only three per cubic metre. As to the water of Spitzbergen, not only is it devoid of any pathogenic micro-organisms whatever, but all bacilli are absent.—*Health.*

## CABBY AND HIS FARE.

The *Gaulois* newspaper has discovered yet "another of those Englishmen how they are bizarre." This time it is "Sir William Dragg," who, it appears, hailed a cab at Brighton about a year ago, and told the driver to take him to the pier, off which "Sir Dragg" had his yacht. He told the cabman to wait for him, meaning to cruise about off Brighton for an hour or two; but changing his mind, he determined to go round the world. The cabman waited and waited, and finding that his "fare" did not come back, he obtained leave from the municipality to erect a shelter for himself and his horse. Here he waited for a twelvemonth, when the other day "Sir Dragg" returned with his yacht, and was not at all surprised to find the cabman waiting for him. "How much do I owe you?" he said, and upon the cabman handing him a bill for £600 he tore a cheque out of his book, filled it up for the amount, and told the man to drive him to his hotel. To illustrate the extortionate character of cabmen, the *Gaulois* adds that the man asked for his fare from the pier to the hotel.

## PROPER BREATHING.

Are you short breathed, gaspy of utterance? When you try to inhale deeply do you lift shoulders and chest, and contract the abdominal muscles?

Then you do not know how to breathe properly. What is proper breathing? How to breathe is a greatly disputed subject among

teachers, speakers and singers. If one closely observes the breathing of healthy, unrestricted children one can quickly determine what is normal breathing. The principal action of a child's breathing is in the lower part of the torso, the abdominal muscles rising and falling with every breath. This is the normal breath of men and animals. There are certain abnormal conditions under which there is no action in the abdominal muscles.

There are various exercises to teach the right habit of breathing. If respiratory exercises begin with exhalation, instead of inhalation, good results will quickly follow. Breathing exercises are also of great value in quieting the nervous system, particularly when the breathing is slower and fuller than is normal. Here is the first exercise.

Lying prone upon the back, place one hand upon the chest, the other upon the abdomen, forward of the hip joints; slowly and audibly exhale the breath; then close the lips and let the air flow into the lungs through the nostrils. Keep the chest quiet during the exercise, and when complete control of the chest is gained take this exercise in a sitting, then standing, position.—*New York Herald.*

ROSSETTI'S MODEL.

A certain critic, evidently not numbered among the faithful, has been to the Burne-Jones exhibition at the New Gallery, and is sorely troubled to account for the likeness between Burne-Jones's women and those of Rossetti. The explanation is very simple. In their early days they both painted from the same model. The long oval faces, with the sweeping curve of the cheek, the full-bowed mouth, the large, languorous eyes, and the thick Tuscan hair, which crop up eternally in the canvas of both artists, were painted from Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, afterwards Mrs. Rossetti, who was referred to in "Pictures and Painters" recently. She was the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman, and came to London as a milliner's assistant. She was discovered by another Pre-Raphaelite brother, Walter Deverell, from whom Rossetti stole her. Under his tuition she became a clever artist herself, and Rossetti wrote of her that "her fecundity of invention and facility are quite wonderful; much greater than mine." Her portrait appears in nearly every picture of his, but I am told by one who saw her before her marriage that "Fazio's Mistress," which was at the Guildhall in the spring, is the truest to nature, though Rossetti preferred the "Rosa Triplex," in which she is shown once full-face and twice in profile. "Beata Beatrix," with its sad inscription, *Quomodo sedet sola civitas!* in the National Gallery, was painted after her death.—*Piqaro.*

WHY SHOULD YOU INSURE YOUR LIFE?

Because in case of your early death, life insurance makes absolute provision for those dependent upon you, enables you to leave an estate that can at once be realized upon, and that cannot be taken from them; secures to your family freedom from privation and those distressing experiences which come to the destitute; provides the means to keep your family together, to educate your children, and prepare them for the responsibilities of life; and to save your property or business perhaps from being sacrificed to meet the demands that come in the process of forced liquidation of an estate by strangers.

Life Assurance gives to a man a consciousness of safety in regard to the interests of his family, which eliminates a large part of the wearying worry and carking care of life, and thus fits him for the free, energetic and successful prosecution of business.

It promotes thrift, cultivates habits of economy, and in the form of an investment policy enables a man, during the producing period of life, to provide a goodly competence for old age.

During your life you surround your family with reasonable comforts and even luxuries.

Are you willing, in the event of your untimely death, that your wife and children should experience a double bereavement in the loss, not only of a husband and father, but

also of suitable means of protecting them from the privation, distress and humiliating economies necessitated by poverty?

After perusing the above you should act at once, by communicating with the agents of some responsible life insurance company, and endeavour, if it lies in your power, to place some insurance on your life. A life company that has a record for the prompt payment of death claims and for liberal treatment to its members is the one in which you should insure your life. The North American Life Assurance Company of this city, has justly earned for itself a splendid reputation for the promptness with which it has paid its losses, and for the unexcelled success that has attended its financial operations. Today the Company has assets of \$1,703,453.39, and a net surplus for its policy-holders of \$297,062.26.

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

WONDERFUL ADVANCES MADE IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

Mr. John McGovern of Toronto Relates an Experience of Deep Interest—Utterly Helpless and Suffered Greatly Before Relief Came.

From the Toronto Globe.

Very little is heard by the general public of the great discoveries in medicine, and the countless scores of lives that are saved by the advancing knowledge of medical science. People who a few years ago were left to drag out a miserable existence as hopeless invalids, or helpless cripples, are now, thanks to the advances medicine has made, restored to the fullness of health and strength. Mr. John McGovern, who resides at No. 2 Alpha avenue, in this city, has good cause to appreciate the truth of the above statements. Mr. McGovern was formerly an agent for agricultural implements, and is well known in different parts of Ontario. A Globe reporter who had heard that he had been restored to health, after an illness which threatened to leave him a hopeless cripple, called upon him at his residence recently, and was given the following interesting account of his case:—

"My trouble first began," said Mr. McGovern, "two years ago when I was living in the Village of Bolton, in the County of Peel. The trouble was all in my elbows and knees, and the doctors thought it was rheumatism. I couldn't walk a block without wanting to sit down, and even to walk down stairs was hard work. It afflicted me terribly. I was all right in other ways but for this terrible weakness.

For a year and a half I suffered from this, but by sheer force of will held out against it, and managed to get about; but six months ago I broke down completely, and had to give up my business. I then removed to Toronto, and for three months after this I was in terrible shape. I was almost always confined to my bed, being able to come down stairs for a little while, perhaps once a day. I suffered all the time from a terrible soreness in the joints, and at this juncture my appetite began to fail, and I was only able to eat the lightest food, and not much of that. I could find nothing to help me or give me relief. All this time I was unable to do anything, and had I not fortunately had a little money laid by which enabled me to go on, I would have been dependent upon my family for support. Well, while I was in this terrible shape, my eldest son prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and early in last July I began to use them, and I took them steadily during that month and the two following months. Before the first box

was finished I began to get relief, and from that out I steadily improved until I was able to discontinue the use of the Pink Pills, feeling that I was fully restored to health. I am satisfied in my own mind that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have still been helpless and suffering, and I have much reason to be thankful that my son persuaded me to use them. Thanks to Pink Pills I am now a new man and intend soon to resume my work."

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

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had from all druggists, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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Income

Received for Premiums	-	\$33,594,337 98
From all other sources	-	8,358,567 70
		\$41,953,145 68

Disbursements

To Policy-holders	-	\$26,885,472 40
For all other accounts	-	9,484,567 47
		\$36,370,039 87

Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities	\$72,936,322 41
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	70,729,938 00
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	7,497,200 00
Real Estate	18,089,918 69
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	10,844,691 72
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,609,608 39
	\$186,707,680 14
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities	168,755,071 23
Surplus	\$17,952,608 91

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed \$708,692,552 40

NOTE—Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.  
CHARLES A. FELLER, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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**PUBLIC OPINION.**

The Victoria Province: Mr. McCarthy is the best champion that free traders can possibly have; first, because he is a man of position and wealth, and consequently not subject to influences which are in most cases too strong for the ordinary politician; second, because he is a man of great ability and integrity; and third, because he is a convert from that policy the inner workings and effect of which no man in Canada is better able to judge than he.

Halifax Chronicle: The Dominion Parliament might as well have met at least two months ago. Why cannot Canada reform her tariff in the interests of her own people without regard to what other people do? The Tories have done a good deal of boasting about our commercial independence under the National Policy, and yet Premier Thompson confesses that we cannot make changes in our tariff without waiting to see what our American neighbors will do.

St. John Globe: Mr. Royal sees the danger of the hour, and proposes to settle it by making Canada an independent nation, and by placing in her organic law a clause which shall settle forever this school question. Mr. Royal ignores the fact which ought to be obvious, that a paper constitution cannot dispose of a matter of this kind. He ought further to see that there is not sufficient public opinion in this country to-day in favor of separate schools to give them a place in the national constitution. The school question may break up the Dominion, but it cannot very well be the basis of a new nationality.

Montreal Gazette: It is a good thing that Canadians have been convinced of the advantages of their own land. It is good also that emigrants from other lands are coming to see what Canada can offer them. Besides the British born immigrants and migrants, there are in the Northwest colonies of Germans and Scandinavians and other European colonizing races, which will in time act as magnets to draw their friends from their transatlantic homes to the new country. It is rightly said in the report (of the Department of the Interior) that Canada has never been the subject of so much and so favorable comment in Europe as it is to-day.

Ottawa Free Press: In appointing Mr. A. C. Campbell to the vacancy on the House of Commons Hansard staff, in succession to the late Mr. T. J. Richardson the Debate Committee has made an excellent choice. Mr. Campbell served on the staff during nearly the whole of last session, during Mr. Richardson's illness, to the satisfaction of all concerned. He is not only an experienced stenographer, but possesses that knowledge of parliamentary practice and political history which is necessary in a man filling the position of official parliamentary reporter. Mr. Campbell was for many years a member of the Press Gallery, and an ex-president of that institution. His old conferees on the press will be pleased to hear of his appointment to the Hansard staff.

Quebec Chronicle: The Opposition members in both the Commons and the Senate, have, taking their cue from the Liberal leader, come out boldly against a fast Canadian Atlantic service. Should they ever come to power, the St. Lawrence route will, probably, be deprived of even the small subsidy which is at present paid to the Allan and Dominion Lines. In the Senate, the other day, Mr. Power, of Halifax, spoke against the proposed new steamship service, though his own city was destined to be the winter port. Thus we see Mr. Laurier, who represents Quebec and Mr. Power, who represents Halifax—the two cities in all Canada, which would receive the greatest benefit from the scheme—both ranged alongside of those who have no friendship for those ports. There is not much patriotism about their conduct, to say the least.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by its own fault.—Johnson.

**POET-LORE**

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196 Summer St., Boston.

MARCH, 1894.

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He actually cures a young lady who derived the  
seeds of Consumption in her system through inheri-  
tance. The patient commenced going down about  
four years ago; the most eminent physicians were  
consulted; change of climate was tried; the strict-  
est hygienic measures adopted; all care and atten-  
tion was given this young lady, for she was the  
stepdaughter of the above-named M.D. Besides all  
this care, the Creosote treatment was used, as well  
as other popular professional methods, but never-  
theless no progress was made in staying the disease;  
it was gradually obtaining a better hold day by day,  
and the conclusion was almost arrived at that the  
case was hopeless, at least as far as "Medical  
Skill" was concerned. Just two years ago, while  
in Europe with the patient, it was quietly decided  
upon as a last resort to try RADAM'S MICROBE  
KILLER. The patient's condition, at that time,  
was as follows: Very greatly emaciated, hectic  
fever, temperature 99 to 102, pulse 90, night sweats,  
persistent distressing cough, and no appetite. The  
mildest form of M. K. was used. Gradually the  
patient got better, and last August was a well wom-  
an, and got married. She is a well woman for good,  
and for the sake of humanity the physicians cogniz-  
ant of this above result have decided to give these  
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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

There has been a recurrence of cholera at Warsaw, and many deaths have resulted.

A retired French naval officer has invented a rifle that is capable of firing two kinds of explosive bullets, both having immense power of penetration.

During the past year, according to the annual report of Director Powell, of the Geological Survey, topographic surveys were carried on in twenty-eight States and Territories, covering nearly 26,000 square miles.

Official tests of different qualities of steel at the Massachusetts Arsenal show, contrary to the popular opinion, that steel is stronger at zero Fahrenheit than at ordinary temperatures. The minimum of strength is at about 210°, but above that it rises again till it reaches its maximum at 550°.

It is claimed in an article by M. de Djeri in the *Revue Scientifique* that aluminium will soon replace tin for many purposes; that for equal volumes the price of the two metals is not very different, and that the alloys of aluminium with copper and other metals are superior to those of tin.

Putting the cart before the horse is no longer a mere conception. In France it is now an accomplished fact. An inventor has gotten up a street car or omnibus, not drawn but driven with gearing from a treadmill attached to the rear of the vehicle and supported on wheels. The horse, therefore, rides while he works.

The tunnel which carries the Colorado Midland Railway through the Rocky Mountains, at Hagerman Pass, Col., has just been completed. The tunnel is close upon two miles long, and it is bored through solid gray granite. Its completion involved three years and twenty days' work, each day comprising twenty working hours. The tunnel is 10,890 feet above the sea level. — *Scientific American*.

Wire netting has been so coated with glass as to fill up the openings and make a transparent but not brittle roofing and sidewalls. For the glass an insoluble gelatine film has been substituted, and the material, known as "tectorium," is now extensively employed in constructing hothouses, verandas, factory windows and store roofs in several foreign countries. It is tough and flexible, and, if desirable, may be painted any color.

A new competitor of the silkworm has been found on the Dalmatian Coast, according to a report of the French Consulate in Trieste. This is the *Bombyx Lasiocampa otus*. The moth of this is similar to that of the silkworm, but the cocoon is much larger, and the silk finer and snow white. The worm feeds on the leaves of the evergreen *Quercus ilex*. Experiments are being made with the intent of raising this newly discovered worm for commercial purposes.

A process of plating aluminium has been devised by Professor Neesen, a German chemist, which shows very good results. The aluminium is first dipped in a solution of caustic potash or soda, or in muriatic acid, until bubbles of gas begin to appear, then into corrosive sublimate, then a second time into the caustic or acid, and finally in a solution of a salt of the desired metal. A film of the metal is rapidly formed, and adheres so firmly that, in the case of gold, silver or copper, the plate may be rolled out or polished. — *Engineering News*.

The Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland has placed in the dispensaries of Baltimore, cards ten by fourteen inches, reading as follows: "Watch a baby's eyes carefully for a week after birth. If they look red or run matter, take it at once to a doctor. The child may become blind if not treated properly." The lesson taught by this card should be learned by every one in charge of an infant. No inflammation of an infant's eye is trivial. Home remedies are not to be trusted. Medical advice should be sought at once. — *Popular Health Journal*.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Newspaper advertisements date from 1652.

London theatres employ over 12,000 persons.

A Russian does not become of age until he is 26.

More accidents occur to the right leg than to any other limb.

Finger-prints as a means of identification has been adopted to the Indian army.

Over 1,800 stray dogs were recently captured by the police during a single month in the streets of London.

Great Britain is first in merchandise freights, Germany being second, the United States third and France fourth.

Egyptian figures found on obelisks mounted on two-wheel vehicles show that the Pharaohs had some idea of the velocipede.

REV. A. HILL, 36 St. Patrick Street, Toronto, with an experience of fourteen years, can recommend Acetocura for la grippe, fevers, etc.

Rudolph von Benningsen, whose political services in consolidating the German Empire are rated only second to Bismarck's, will retire from political life next July, when he reaches his 70th year.—*New York World*.

This is the way Colonel Watterson deals with a newspaper that has been pestering him: "If this newspaper had been born a bird," he says, "it would have been a buzzard; if a beast, a panther; if a fish, a mudcat; if a reptile, a lizard; if an insect, a bedbug."—*Rochester Democrat*.

An interesting and valuable relic of the Roman occupation of Britain (writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) has recently been acquired by the Department of British Antiquities in the British Museum, in the shape of a bronze boss of a shield of Roman work found in the Tyne and bearing the name of the soldier to whom it belonged, as well as the number of the legion.

A curious passage of the letter from Lobengula to Dr. Jameson with reference to the terms of his surrender was a request to the doctor to send him some pens and ink, as the royal supply had run low since Buluvayo had been destroyed. The letter is said to have been written by one of Lo Ben's followers, who had had some education in the Cape Colony and is a curiosity as regards orthography and calligraphy.

There is a trite but true saying that nothing succeeds like success. This saying is peculiarly applicable to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, which celebrated the fiftieth year of its existence in 1893. Such a comparative increase as the following over the preceding year's showing during phenomenal hard times is simply marvellous: Increase in payments to policy-holders, \$1,498,939.94; increase in receipts, \$1,714,279.74; increase in surplus, \$2,784,364.97, and increase in assets, \$11,623,523.43. Nothing more need be said except to add that the assets now amount in the aggregate to \$186,707,680.14 and the liabilities to \$168,755,071.23, and the surplus fund for the payment of dividends and to insure the policy-holder against every possible future emergency amounts to \$17,952,608.91.

The revival of the Napoleonic spirit now in progress in France and evidenced by the numerous dramatic and literary efforts which are put forth by the disciples of that dynasty is cropping up in the queerest way right here in New York. Half the French restaurants in town are investing in colored prints of Bonaparte, and pictures of the Emperor adorn conspicuous places in the markets and delicatessen shops in the different French colonies.—*New York Press*.

## Macmillan &amp; Co.'s New Books

TO BE READY NEXT WEEK.

A New Novel by the Author of "Robert Elsmere."

## MARCELLA

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, author of "The History of David Grieve," "Robert Elsmere," etc., etc. With new Portrait. In two volumes, small 12mo. Cloth, price \$2.00.

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As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—*Thomas Fuller*.

A remarkable record in steam navigation was made last week when the White Star steamers *Britannic* and *Germanic* completed their two hundredth round voyage between Liverpool and New York, four-hundred trips apiece across the Atlantic, a total distance in each case, of one and a half million miles. They have carried between the Old and New Worlds over 100,000 saloon and 260,000 steerage passengers. They were built in 1874-5, and

are yet working as efficiently as ever, with their original engines and boilers.—*New York Sun*.

Professor Victor Horsley astonished his hearers at Toynbee Hall by the information that even in the Stone Age prehistoric men practiced the art of trephining, which is regarded in these advanced days as a difficult operation of surgery. They managed to drill holes in the injured cranium, and with their stone saws—for at that time they were ignorant of the use of metals—cut out portions of the bone; this, too, as was shown, for the purpose of relieving their friends of pain.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

She is the brown-eyed girl who works in the telephone exchange, and he is the young man who is sometimes more energetic than courteous. "Hello, central," he called the other day. "This is the second time I have called you. Have you been asleep?" "Yes," she answered sweetly; "I have, and I had such a strange dream. I thought I heard a voice from the infernal regions and awoke just in time to hear you calling. What number?" — *Washington Star.*

Solicitor (to Irish client who has been arrested for horse stealing): Now tell me the truth; it's no use concealing it if I am to do any good for you. Did any one see you steal the horse? Murphy: Yis, sorr. There was wan man seen me stale the harse an' he's goin' to come into Court and swear to it, the low contimptible blackguard." Solicitor: In that case I am very much afraid it'll go hard against you. You can't escape with evidence like that. Murphy: But, sorr, look ye here. Oi can bring twinty men an' more that'll swear they didn't see me stale the harse.

Essay on "Breath" by an American schoolboy who has attended a course of lectures on physiology: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our livers and our kidneys. If it wan't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out doors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India and carbonic acid got in that black hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't run or hollar like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I would rather be a boy so I can run and hollar and have a good big diaphragm." — *Educational Exchange.*

A tailor named Sam Smith, from a country place, visited a large wholesale warehouse and ordered a quantity of goods. He was politely received and one of the principals showed him over the establishment. On reaching the fourth floor the customer saw a speaking tube on the wall, the first he had ever seen. "What is that?" he asked. "Oh, that is a speaking tube; it is a great convenience. We can talk with it to the clerks on the first floor, without taking the trouble of going down stairs." "Can they hear anything you say through it?" "Yes, and they can reply." "You don't say so. May I talk through it?" "Certainly." The visitor put his mouth to the tube and asked: "Are Sam Smith's goods packed yet?" The people in the office supposed it was the salesman who had asked the question, and in a moment the distinct reply came back: "No; we have not packed them yet. We are waiting for a telegram from his town. He looks a slippery customer."

When Ponce-de-Leon sought to find  
The fountain giving back lost youth  
It may be that he had in mind  
That draught which seems to make a truth  
Out of the fable ages old,  
For drinking it the old grow young;  
It is, indeed, a draught of gold,  
Surpassing all by poets sung.

The draught meant is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of course. It is a most potent rejuvenator of the weakened and debilitated system. It drives out all poison, all impurity, enriches the blood, and makes the old and worn out feel young and vigorous. Ponce-de-Leon didn't discover it, but Dr. Pierce did, and he rightly named it when he called it a "Golden Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, indigestion and headache. All dealers.

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are used in the preparation of

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which is absolutely pure and soluble.



It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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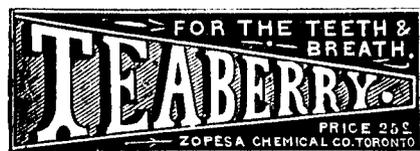
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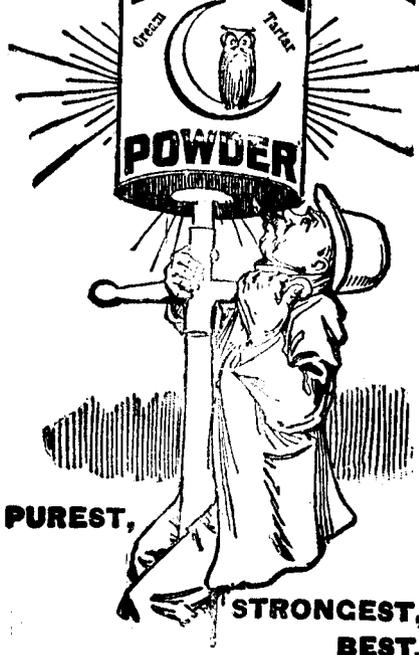
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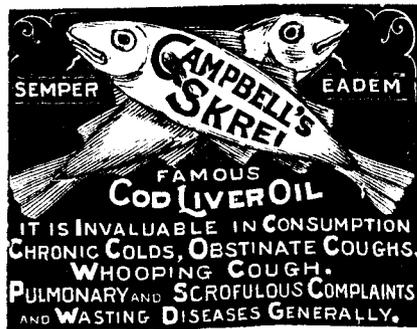
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