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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE election campaign is now in active progress. It differs from previous campaigns in one essential respect. There is no real party cry before the electors—at any rate in this Province—and the question practically resolves itself into a choice between Sir John and Mr. Blake. If a Conservative be asked as to the guiding-star of his political principles at the present time, he will reply that he is going to "support Sir John," and he will probably point to the C.P.R. and the N.P. as all-sufficient reasons for so doing. Ask a Grit, and the pretty certain reponse is that he will vote for any man who opposes Sir John, without much reference to anything else. The large number of people who have no political opinions at all will vote for a good "local" man; one who takes up zealously some local demand, and can persuade a sufficient number of electors that his return will secure its realization. There is no doubt that the elections will turn very much on Provincial as opposed to Dominion interests. This state of things is much to be regretted, though it will always be so to some extent, and especially in the absence of any question of vital interest. Mr. Blake has made no pretence of placing a policy before the country, and, under existing circumstances, he must not be surprised if people decline to take him entirely upon trust. While it would be folly to attempt any sort of forecast as to the result of the contest, it is unquestionable that

a large majority of those to whom one speaks on the subject incline to the opinion that Sir John will be sustained, though by a very narrow majority.

FOR the present, competition among Liberal Conservative newspapers for the distinction of becoming Government organ-in-chief is over. The question has been solved by the establishment of a new journal in Toronto, called *The Daily Standard*, which has been placed under the editorial management of Mr. Louis P. Kribs. There is a prevalent opinion that the new venture has merely been set up to answer the purpose of a campaign sheet, and that it will cease to exist as soon as the elections are over. We are no better informed on this subject than our neighbours, but it may not unreasonably be supposed that in a Conservative centre like Toronto there exists an opening—almost a necessity—for a permanent advocate of the Conservative policy. Should the *Standard* prove equal to such a position there can be no reason, so far as an outsider can see, for its discontinuance. Its continued existence will probably depend partly upon the extent to which it may realize the expectations of its founders, and partly, perhaps, upon the result of the elections. Its articles so far have not been deficient in vigour. The following, *apropos* of the *Globe's* recent allegations as to the impending insanity of Sir John Macdonald, is a not unfavourable specimen of its journalistic style:

"The late Mr. George Brown and Mr. Gordon Brown were manly fighters who gave and took and wore honourable scars won in many a fight. But their spirit has passed out of Grit journalism, and in its place has come small-souled mediocrity, with its brutality that disorganizes and its servility that disgusts. But although the new and vitriolic pens of the new dispensation have poured out their venom on the reputation of a man whose greatest crime is that he loves his country well, yet they have not prevailed, nor will they ever prevail, against that great and unmeasurable character that has a place in the hearts of his countrymen that Mr. Blake can never hope to fill."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has reached Ottawa in safety, and has been promptly interviewed by the ubiquitous reporters at our national capital. Sir Charles was at first reticent as to the object of his journey, but after an interview with Sir John Macdonald he became more communicative. He declares that his mission has nothing whatever to do with the impending elections, and that he did not even know of them until he reached New York. His real object in crossing the Atlantic at this stormy season of the year was to discuss "very important public questions with Sir John and the Government." These very important public questions are stated to be "in connection with the proposed Canadian treaty with Spain, and certain changes in the Imperial Institute." That anybody is expected to believe such a tale as this seems incredible, more especially when Sir Charles himself intimates that he does not believe he will return to London. That he came out with a certain definite purpose fully agreed upon between himself and the head of the Government may safely be taken for granted. It may also be assumed that he will take an active part in the present campaign, and that the roar of his lungs will resound from more than one hustings. The rumour that he will oppose Mr. Blake in West Durham is probably unfounded. It is much more likely that he will lead the van of the campaign in his native province of Nova Scotia, where all his oratory and personal influence will be urgently needed by the adherents of the Government. The latest despatches from Ottawa announce, as might have been anticipated, that he will accept a place in the Government.

THE recent debate on the Edmunds Fishery Bill in the United States Senate evoked an amount of loud and splenetic talk which had much better have been left unsaid. Some of the speakers expressed themselves with a degree of acrimony and ill-temper which astonished the more sober-minded of their audience. For this display of irritation it is only reasonable that some allowance should be made, but it does not reflect much credit on the good sense of those who indulged in it. There never was a time in the history of the world when it was so desirable, in the interests of mankind, that a good understanding should exist between the two great English-speaking nations. Those who sit in the councils of the nation incur a serious responsibility when they seek to inflame animosities which arose from mutual misapprehension and mutual want of forbearance. These animosities are things of the past, and ought to have been dead and buried long ago. In this matter of the fisheries we are of opinion that we have the best of the argument, but we are far from believing that all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the other. It is a case for temperate discussion and dispassionate arbitration, not for inconsiderate aggressiveness or blatant displays of the eagle's claws.

THE Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* of Friday, January 21st, has a trenchant article on "Fiction in Politics," which deserves to receive a wide circulation throughout the land at the present time. As all readers of the newspapers know, the tone of the Canadian party press has become a crying

disgrace to the country. Nothing is too low, petty or mean for the hired journalistic assassin, whose only mission in life is to serve, according to his lights, the interests of his party. His delight is to stab his opponent in the back, or where that is impracticable to at least strike him below the belt. He has no sort of regard for truth, justice, or even common decency.

"We do not believe," says the *Sentinel-Review*, "indeed we deny that all Conservative politicians are liars; and we are quite willing to admit, too, that some Liberal politicians are—whenever a lie will serve their purpose better than the truth. About political speakers and political writers who will deliberately repeat or assert what they know to be untrue of their opponents, or in the discussion of public questions, there can be but one opinion among decent people. Whether they are party men or 'independents' they are a pest to society and to political life that should be eradicated. That such shameless liars are too common in Canada no one can deny, any more than that public opinion here too often condones their infamy. Those who will expose and run down to political death such living libels upon the honour of public life will render a high service to the country. And those newspapers that expect their reporters and leader writers to lie in the hope of securing a party advantage should be driven from the homes of the people to make way for what is decent and pure."

Canada has made considerable progress in civilization, and it is high time that public opinion should frown down this tainted survival of incapacity and savagery.

BRITISH politics are still in an unsettled and far from satisfactory condition. About this there is no doubt, but the information at our command is still so meagre that considerable doubt exists about everything else. All the "news" we receive comes so palpably tainted with an American bias that beyond the few positive statements of fact it is worthless. So far as can be judged at this distance from the scene of action, Lord Randolph Churchill has acted with an unwise precipitation which, while it has damaged the Government, will much more seriously damage his own political future by reviving in men's minds those ideas of his instability which his satisfactory record as leader of the House had done much to remove. One thing is certain: wisely or unwisely, intentionally or not, Lord Randolph's action will do more to hurry forward a sweeping civil service reform than years of agitation. The prodigal expenditure in all departments of the civil service is something quite beyond the power of ordinary belief, and the "soft snaps" are very soft and very numerous. The accession of Mr. Goschen is an event of great importance to the ministry. As a financier he stands high. As a politician he is a tower of strength among that party, so numerous and so steadily increasing in England, the "moderate" middle class; and as a man of great wealth and influence in the money markets of the world, he is of course a considerable social force. Mr. Gladstone made his reputation as Chancellor of the Exchequer during a period of unrivalled prosperity. He scored a great success by clearing the customs' tariff of a long list of articles, the tax on which never paid the cost of collection. Give Mr. Goschen fair play, and he will make quite as useful, though

perhaps not so brilliant, a Chancellor as his quondam political chief. His recent defeat at Liverpool will probably be followed by his return for some "safe" constituency.

THE Canadian toboggan is growing apace in favour with the beaux and belles of New York and Boston. Tobogganing has, in fact, become as popular an amusement there as it has long been in the principal cities of Canada. And it is not confined to the centres of population, but is widely practised in rural communities throughout the Northern States. During the present season hundreds of slides have been erected in New England alone, and scores of others are now in course of erection. Coasting sleds are still, as formerly, imported from Quebec and Montreal in great numbers, but they are also manufactured by the thousand in New York City, and the demand far exceeds the supply. After this, who shall say that Canada has given nothing to the world?

SARTOR RESARTUS has been altogether outdone of late by a learned Swiss physician named Garre, who dubs himself a "scarpologist." Herr Teufelsdröckh merely professed to expound the philosophy of old clothes. The scarpologist interprets every phase of a man's character by the shape of his old boots. He claims that in nothing is human folly and frailty so truthfully delineated as in the method of wearing the covering for the feet. He has discovered the interpretation of every pedal peculiarity, and if he is furnished with a pair of old boots or shoes he can indicate the character of the wearer with unerring precision. If you find a man whose pedal covering first wears away at the outside edges and toe-caps, beware of him, for he is a murderer at heart, and if he has not already been guilty of murder it is merely because the opportunity or inducement has been wanting. The question presents itself: will the learned Doctor be the founder of a school? Shall we be afflicted with a succession of scarpological lecturers who will hold examinations, and who, after manipulating the cast-off boots of their patrons, will give charts of character graded on a scale of 1 to 10? The subject opens up a wide field of inquiry.

THOUSANDS of persons in all parts of the world will hail with delight the intelligence that a distinguished French physician has discovered a remarkably successful mode of treating that much-dreaded disease popularly known as consumption. The discoverer is a Dr. Bergeon, of Lyons, who is recognized throughout the French provinces as a physician of great learning and high professional standing. He has for many years made a specialty of the treatment of the various forms of phthisis, and his reputation has extended to Paris. His method consists of diurnal injections of carbonic acid gas, in combination with sulphuretted hydrogen. The treatment is attended with little or no pain, and is said to have been productive of the most marvellous results, even in cases where the disease was of long standing, and where the structure of the lungs had been seriously impaired. Under this painless regimen night-sweats are arrested after a few applications, and the patient's cough

ceases to be accompanied by expectoration. In cases where the tubercular deposit is of recent formation, the progress of the malady has in almost every instance been speedily checked, and complete cures have been brought about within the brief space of three or four months. The ordinary medical practitioner will naturally be disposed to look upon the new treatment with incredulity until it has been fully tested, but the professors in the great hospitals of Paris have adopted the innovation, and are now experimenting with it—so far with the most gratifying results. Some of the leading medical authorities of America are so strongly impressed in its favour that they are moving for the introduction of it into the New York hospitals, where it will be fairly tested and reported upon. Should these experiments prove all, or even the half, that is expected of them, Dr. Bergeon will go down to posterity as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race, and many an emaciated consumptive will have reason to bless his name.

THE announcement in our first issue, to the effect that the editor of ARCTURUS would be glad to receive and pay for original contributions to the various departments of this paper, has produced results which at least prove something for the literary activity among us. The number of stories, poems and discursive sketches received at this office during the past fortnight would, if printed, furnish out a library of fair dimensions. For the information of the senders, it may as well be announced that each contribution is numbered at the time of its arrival, and that it will in all cases be examined and considered in its turn. Some days will necessarily elapse between the time of receiving a manuscript and the time of pronouncing judgment upon it.

AMONG the numerous contributions to Jubilee Literature, *The Life of Her Majesty the Queen*, by Sarah Tytler, with an introduction by Lord Ronald Leveson Gower, is entitled to a due share of consideration. It contains a good many of the steel engravings which form a special feature of Virtue's publications, and a Jubilee Number has just been added, bringing the events of Her Majesty's life down to the current year. The publisher of the Canadian edition is George Virtue, 10½ Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was in his day recognized not only as a poet and essayist of lofty range, but as an authority on the highest departments of politics. In his *Table-Talk* may be found the following deliverance on the Irish Question, which is of special significance at the present time:—"I am quite sure that no dangers are to be feared for England from the disannexing and independence of Ireland at all comparable with the evils that have been, and will yet be, caused to England by the union. We have never received one particle of advantage from our association with Ireland, whilst we have in many most vital particulars violated the principles of the British constitution solely for the purpose of conciliating Irish agitators, and of endeavouring—a vain endeavour—to find room for them under the same Government. Mr. Pitt has received great credit for effecting the union; but I believe it will sooner or later be discovered that the manner in which, and the terms upon which he effected it, made it the most fatal blow ever levelled against the peace and prosperity of England. If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us."

ARCTURUS.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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THE RACE MOVEMENT.

RACE prejudice is growing in Canada, and if we are to form an idea of its volume and character from the tone and spirit of the French Canadian press, the antipathy which over a million of people are said to hold against their brethren who speak another language is very deep-rooted and widespread. Perfect cordiality between French and English Canadians we have never had. Of mutual toleration we have had much, but within the last decade coolness of a most pronounced type has sprung up between the two races, and this feeling promises to increase in time. The length of "boycotting" has not been reached, but it may come before long. Of course, most statements are general rather than particular. There are many persons of both nationalities who live in kindly sympathy with each other, but they belong to the better circles of society, are well educated in both languages, and because of their profession or business are thrown into daily intercourse with one another. As a rule, they are exceptionally liberal-minded, broad in their views and principles, and, though a difference in religion exists, questions of faith and observance seldom obtrude themselves offensively among them. Among the masses, however, a very different state of affairs exists, and it is their voice which finds utterance in the press, and from the lips of demagogues. It is from them that the mischief will come.

The unfriendliness of the races is no new thing in Canada. It has been steadily growing ever since the Conquest, when the blood of Wolfe and Montcalm reddened the soil of Quebec. Up to 1837 the British oligarchy ruled the French with a rod of iron. True, the laws, language and institutions of the conquered nationality were guaranteed to them, and could not be changed without breaking one of the most solemn treaties ever entered into; but the French had no sympathetic voice in the government. Against this injustice they rightly rose in rebellion, and though they were put down in the field, and by hanging and transportation, the cause for which they fought and bled was won. It was a gallant crusade against Family Compactism and irresponsible government, and though the French would have had their rights in time, there can be no doubt that their action precipitated matters, and forced an unwilling and insolent official class to accede to their demands. The rebellion did good generally, but for civil and political liberty it accomplished a great deal, and was a step in a direction which every lover of freedom and real manhood ought to applaud. From that day to this the bitter feeling towards English-speaking Canadians has become intensified. Political, social and economical advancement has emphasized itself into a creed with the French Canadian, whose aspirations to rule and govern in all things, even to crowding the English out of the country, has almost developed into a passion. Already they hold the chief offices in the Province of Quebec, which they proudly call a French province, and as they number

1,073,820 against 285,207 made up of persons of other nationalities, it may be admitted that they are not far wrong in the assumption. It is an unwritten law that the Lieutenant-Governor, the Prime Minister and the majority of the members of the local government shall be French Roman Catholics. The most that English Protestantism can claim, only by sufferance and not by right, is a representation of two in the provincial administration. In Civil Service appointments, of course, the French are largely in the ascendant. Thus we see half a century after the rebellion of 1837 the order of things reversed. The English who granted so much are now supplicants for the very favours which they were so loth to give. The whirligig of time has brought about its revenges. However, the trade and commerce of the country are still in the hands of the English. A few great merchants in the dry goods and grocery businesses are French, but the large lumber operators, the principal ship-owners and bankers are English and Scotch; and as long as commerce holds any sway the perfidious Saxon will keep his place.

For the safety of the Confederation, for the peace of Canada, one would wish that race prejudice might be banished from the Dominion. But how can it be banished when an illiberal press courts the subject rather than ignores it? Politically French Canada is divided into three camps, the Castors, the Bleus and the Rouges. The first named is the most dangerous of all. It is the ultramontane party pure and simple—Conservative, of course, but narrow, bigoted, and extreme in its views. The Castors still praise the Inquisition, and their cue is invariably taken from the most prejudiced portion of the clergy. The Jesuit influence always goes with the Castors, and could they gain power the future of Canada would develop into a State with views no larger than those which might be held by a petty province of Spain or Austria. The Bleus are Conservatives of ampler tastes and aspirations. They are French, of course, and their prophet is the present Secretary of State for Canada—not a great man, but a very eloquent and politic leader. "Principles," said Artemus Ward, "I have none; I'm in the show business." The minister is in the show business, and as he has to fight the Castors, a wing of his own cherished political party, he descends to any mode of warfare which exigency may suggest. Of the two parties, the Bleus are preferable to the Castors. They, at least, are more Liberal, though their love for the English element is hardly deeper. The Rouges are the Liberals or Radicals of Lower Canada. They number a smaller band, because the Church sees in them a force which might grow and develop into the Reds of Old France. The Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, the real Potentate of Canada, is a man of extremely broad views. His political leanings are Liberal, and, when he can, he helps the Rouges, but his wings are clipped now and then, and constant appeals to Rome are made by the enemies within his own camp—the extreme ultramontanians, and the devoted members of the *Cercle Catholique*,—a body of religious enthusiasts who are more Catholic than his Holiness himself, and who prove a constant thorn in the flesh of his Eminence of Quebec. The Rouges are more radical than the Liberals, and approve of every political movement which has a tendency to smash up every thing in general, and Conservatism in particular. Their chief difficulty is in getting subscribers to their tenets of faith. In the remote country parishes they cannot succeed, because the Church there is generally Conservative, and dreads the importation of new ideas. The *cure* has the notion, rightly or wrongly, that Rouge really

means Red, and the only Red he knows is the Red of France. From that Red he prays Heaven to defend him. But Liberalism is growing, and the old order of things is changing. The Pope has been convinced that Rouge and Bleu are two political terms in Canada; that Rouge means Liberal and Bleu Tory; that Rouges are not always enemies of the Church, and that Blous are not always saviours and defenders of the faith. Monsignor Conroy taught the substance of this doctrine when he came out to Canada seven or eight years ago, as Papal Ablegate. He was a man of generous views and ample Catholicity and scholarship. He forbade the clergy from meddling with politics and the elections, and had he lived his teachings might have availed much. The seed he planted, however, has done some good, and the spirit of his lessons is growing, and yearly promising a riper harvest. He found the district ignorant in many things. He found prejudice, and political infancy. He nearly killed out the former, and he extended so strong an arm to the latter that it at once sprang to its feet. Race prejudice as a question had not come before him. Had it reached his vision, he might have stayed its advance. Dom Smeulders, the Belgian priest, who came from the Pope a few months ago, is a man of different stamp. He easily fell into the hands of ultramontanes and Jesuits. His mission failed because he was not strong, and French Canada went back ten years.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will next week conclude what I have to say on this subject.

A CANADIAN.

Montreal.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

THE thunder-clouds are settling over Europe with ominous darkness. The occurrence of such small disturbances as the Albanian revolt is often the precursor of greater storms. Not that the revolt of the Arnauts is likely to spread or prove formidable; but it clearly denotes the eruptive state of Eastern Europe at the present time. Whether Prince Bismarck would not welcome a general imbroglio as a further means of Teutonic unification, which is seriously threatened by internal dissatisfaction, is a moot point. The common cry of danger to the Fatherland would dispel all minor party troubles by a tremendous wave of patriotism, the results of which would be lasting. France seems to be energetically entrenching herself on the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, probably with a view of recovery; but General Boulanger's antecedents scarcely warrant his assumption of a Napoleon's rôle, and doubtless the intimate knowledge of French movements possessed at Berlin would effectually prevent any recapture of territory by surprise. It is not unlikely that in case of any attempted reprisal by the French, General Von Moltke would regard the future preservation of peace as dependent upon the entire acquisition of the River Moselle as a natural boundary. At any rate, if Germany were attacked it would not be in accordance with the creed of Bismarck to act solely on the defensive. In point of actual utility the French army is perhaps at about its highest *café* heat. Its enthusiasm is always feverish, and its conduct impulsive; but it is to be doubted whether the members of General Boulanger's new military fencing club are a match for the players of the great Moltkean war game.

Along the east, the Bulgarian crucible has been on the point of explosion several times owing to the addition of Russia's diplomatic gunpowder; but the fear of a disastrous conflagration has prevented her from throwing in a decisive quantity. If Central and Western Europe could only rid itself of minor grievances and racial hatreds, an effective combination would prevent the further

encroachment of Russian barbarism, which is the chief hindrance to the general progress of Eastern Europe. Such a desideratum, however, is not likely to be obtained, and the probable alliance of Western and Eastern powers will, in the case of war, produce a conflict that will retard civilization and imperil the slow growth of liberty in Oriental climes. Italy has no need to anticipate any *casus belli*; but in case of any alteration of the Mediterranean outlets, as the second naval power, her voice and arm would probably be raised. The interests of Austria are materially concerned in the ultimate fate of the Balkan principalities, and the extension of her littoral is not beyond the dreams of her more sanguine diplomats. Everything seems to depend upon the immediate actions of Russia. After taking so lively a part in creating the storm it remains to be seen whether she has the courage to face its full rage. It is certain that she dare not do so alone, and the question is where can she look confidently for allies. It is on this solution the general peace of Europe depends, and so far as is at present discernible the bureaucracy of St. Petersburg has not secured the unconditional services of any other power. At the same time it is equally certain that it has approached every strong power which was at all likely to respond to the embraces of a bear, and the weaker ones likely to be crushed by its hug.

The position of Britain is that of an honest policeman watching the movements of suspected burglars and their confederates inside the house. His duty is clear when the right moment arrives for its execution, and the odds of opposition or the chances of assistance will not alter his determination to uphold the law. But England will not be without assistance when the critical moment arrives, and the only danger lies in the probability that, in the midst of party dissensions the critical moment may not be perceived, and the interference may be too late. In any case, hostile movements are not likely to happen before the spring, and it may be that diplomatic action on the part of a few interested powers in concert will after all prevent the catastrophe of European war.

E. G. G.

Book Notice.

THE STORY OF MANON LESCAUT AND OF THE CHEVALIER DES GRIEUX. Translated from the French of L'Abbé Prévost, by Arthur W. Gundry. From the edition of 1753. New York, F. T. Jones & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

This book will probably be new to most Upper Canadian readers into whose hands it may chance to fall, though it is still widely read in Old France and New France, just as *Tom Jones* is widely read in Old England and New England. It was written and published about a century and a half ago, by one of those dissolute but scholarly hangers-on of the church who regarded the profession of divinity as an eligible road to worldly preferment. There is good reason for believing that it is in large measure an autobiography, and many of the most moving incidents are known to be transcripts of real passages in the author's own life. Upon its first publication it was read throughout the greater part of Europe, and it has ever since held its place as, in its way, one of the masterpieces of French literature. Mr. Saintsbury refers to it as the first masterpiece of French literature which can properly be called a novel. It is chiefly devoted to recording the joys and sorrows, and more especially the amours, of a faithless, unprincipled woman and her infatuated lover. The tone is decidedly French throughout, and the book is by no means

the sort of thing which an English or Canadian mother would care to place in the hands of her daughter—or, for that matter, of her son. To those who are likely to read it, however, the work is certainly harmless, and its charm of style makes its perusal a most agreeable pastime. As for its morality, the less said the better. As a rule, one does not resort to French novels written by profligate clergymen for lessons in morality.

The edition under consideration may almost lay claim to be considered an *édition de luxe*. It is well printed, in a clear, bold type, and the illustrations, which are of exceptional excellence, are about as numerous as the pages. With regard to the merits of the translation, having no French copy of the work before us, we are of course unable to speak; but the phraseology employed is smooth and polished, and the most *blasé* of novel readers will hardly find the story tedious. Moreover, Mr. Gundry's attainments as a French scholar are such that one may feel tolerably safe in assuming his work to have been well done. In her new and attractive dress, the fair and frail Manon will almost certainly gain a new lease of popularity.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The first concert of the Philharmonic's fifteenth season was given on Tuesday evening, at the Toronto Horticultural Pavilion. The audience, a very large one, and, for Toronto, ultra-fashionable was warmly appreciative, if not very discriminating. The programme was composed of "The Spectre's Bride," Dvorak; Overture, "Phédre," Massenet; "Ah fors'è E' lui" (*Traviata*), Verdi; Flute Solo, "Du, Du, liegst mir am Herzen," Boehm; and the Trio "Qual Volutta Trascorre" (*I Lombardi*), Verdi. The principal vocalists were Miss Arthurs, soprano; Mr. Mockridge, tenor; and Mr. Geo. Prehn, bass. The solo-flautist was Mr. J. C. Arlidge. About 250 voices were in the chorus and 40 instruments in the orchestra. Mr. Torrington conducted.

The interest of musicians centered in the Dvorak novelty—"The Spectre's Bride"—while all were anxious to hear Miss Arthurs upon this her Canadian *début*, after about seven years of preparation for the operatic stage in Europe.

Dvorak's work is one of great beauty, abounding in original forms and with typical melodic phrases which add significance to the dramatic event they are intended to emphasize. Exception has been taken to the verbal repetitions (English edition) which certainly are calculated to entangle the sense to an exasperating degree. But the work is one of a class, and is by no means singular in the respect complained of. The orchestration is full and rich throughout, and the solo parts are no less poetically and admirably written than the concerted parts.

Of Miss Arthurs' singing there can be but one opinion, and it is fortunate that she was not confined to delineating the woes and sufferings of the "maiden wan." Opera, and unquestionably Italian opera, is her true sphere. With the *Traviata* aria (Patti's favourite) Miss Arthurs carried her hearers by storm, and an undeniable *encore* and floral tributes almost without end emphasized the favour with which this particular number was received.

Mr. Prehn was a conscientious artist throughout his exacting part as *Narrator* in the "Spectre's Bride," and no less satisfactory in the "Lombardi" trio. It is greatly to be hoped that we shall hear Mr. Prehn again, and at an early date. Mr. Mockridge, although occasionally over-weighted by the orchestra, was in unusually good voice, and certainly achieved a legitimate success. An extended word of praise is due to Mr. Arlidge's flute number, as well as to the chorus and orchestra, but limited space forbids anything beyond this bare acknowledgment.

Congratulations are due to Mr. Torrington, who through the medium of the Philharmonic Society has placed music lovers under a deep obligation by his bold and energetic attempts to create an interest in modern musical works previously unheard here. At this date, too, and as a result of these efforts, it may be believed that art patronage is not altogether a matter of fashion with us, but that a true musical instinct does exist. OCTAVE.

Correspondence.

SINCE the issue of the first number we have received a great many letters from various sources expressing appreciation of the political, social and literary stand assumed by this paper. These letters are written by reverend clergymen, grave judges, and persons eminent in political and professional life. Among them all, none has afforded the editor greater satisfaction than one received a few days since from an old and much-valued friend resident in western county. The following extracts are of public interest:

"Your leader on 'An Independent Newspaper' is completely in harmony with my own views, as it doubtless is with those of thousands of our fellow-countrymen. Less than an hour ago, while in conversation with _____, ex-mayor of _____, who is a Grit of the Grits, I learned from him, much to my astonishment, that his earnest desire is to see the early development of a Canadian National party, on lines widely diverging from those of the Sir John A. Macdonald Conservatives and the Blake Reformers. When men like our ex-mayor, a life-long reader of the *Globe*; born and bred a Reformer, a wool-dyed Grit, professes a desire to throw up the party sponge, it occurs to me there is enough to justify the belief that there are Lots in numbers sufficient to save the city. It remains for the *Mail*, ARCTURUS, and other journals of the same fearless, independent spirit to marshal the forces for a coming fray in behalf of a Canada to be made a country fit for Canadians to live in and to die in.

"In the article over the signature X, I am pleased to find discussed a question on which the writer seems to me to strike the proper key-note. The public schools must be rendered non-sectarian. The duty of the Canadian of the future will be to make the school-house like the counting-house—a place of business and not a place for divine worship. * * * Then, why should your income and mine be taxed, and that of the churches and religious houses be allowed to escape the attention of the assessor? My attitude here is: 'Stand and deliver!' to the church and its offshoots, and if they don't feel disposed to respond to the hint of the tax gatherer, I say, let us turn loose the bailiffs to learn the reason why. With his enemies, it is said, Black Hawk acted on the principle that it was upon the whole the safest to kill, skin and eat them. There are a lot of remnants of mediæval ideas and institutions, heirs of kings, nobles, right reverends and other things of the sort that we could properly dispose of in a truly Black Hawk fashion, devouring them alone excepted. What I mean by heirs of kings and nobles is the surplussage of titles in this country. What use have we for them? We could get along very well without vicerealty and knighthood and his Eminence and his Grace, and the sooner we laugh them out of court the better. * * *

"And now, one word before closing. Who and what is Mrs. Ogilvy? Where did you capture a postess with so much of the plunge and dash and music of old Tom Campbell's muse? Is she a lineal descendant of Lochiel himself? Upon my soul,

'In the dead silent river so rigid and still,'

I imagine I catch the real tones of the author of *Lochiel's Warning*. *The Dwina* is an admirable poem.

'Home he came never, we searched by the ford;

Small was the fissure that swallowed my lord;

Glassy ice-sheets had frozen above,

A crystalline cover to seal up my love

In the dead silent river so rigid and still.'

This stanza I do certainly think very fine indeed. Campbell himself has left us few sweeter or more rhythmical. He wrote many not half so good. The poem should have ended with the quoted stanza. What follows seems rather of the inverted climax order of beauties. The 'ice-crack' and the 'water hole black' smack of bucolic surroundings. But the 'glassy ice-sheets,' forming 'a crystalline cover' for the dead Ivan, much more than redeem the writer's reputation. I forgive her, in consideration of the pretty metaphors strung like pearls on the last three lines of the stanza for the bad taste of drowning her lover in a water hole black, after already drowning him enough for all poetical requirements in a stream with a name so poetical as Dwina. But of criticism *quantum suff.*"

Poetry.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER!

WEALTH, and glory, and place and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due;
Sounding honours or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter which we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same.
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend,
Tender caresses or cruel sneers,
What does it matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears.
Passionate kisses, or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honoured guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great—
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate.
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is all when all is told?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HERE are two songlets by Dean Swift which may be read in either Latin or English:

*Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,
Alo ver I findit a gatis,
His miseri ne ver at restis.*

A pudding is all my desire,
My mistress I never require.
A lover I find it a jest is;
His misery never at rest is.

Another in the same style and vein, is equally happy:

*"Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Mollis divinis.
O mi de armis tres,
I mina dis tres,
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?"*

"Moll is a beauty,
Has an acute eye,
No lass so fine is,
Molly divine is.
O! my dear mistress,
I'm in a distress,
Can't you discover
Me as a lover?"

The following is still another of Swift's exertions in this kind:

*"Lætus paco fit tis time:
"Let us pack off—it is time!"*

LITERARY NOTES.

WILLIAM KIRBY, of Niagara, has received a letter from Lord Tennyson testifying to the great pleasure he has derived from *Le Chien d'Or*. The laureate recognizes the possibilities of the legend, and declares that he would like to write a poem on the same subject. This praise is well deserved, and doubtless affords much gratification to Mr. Kirby and his numerous friends.

WE have received from Ingersoll, Ont., a gorgeously bound little volume of poetry, entitled *Musings on the Banks of the Canadian Thames*, by James McIntyre. As the book was issued in 1884, it is now too late for us to make any attempt to review it. From a letter which accompanies the volume we learn that the author was a personal friend of Robert Gourlay, "the Banished

Briton," whose sad story forms one of the most moving episodes in the history of Upper Canada. The following lines, which we find on p. 36, will give some idea of the author's versification and power of expression:

There came to Oxford Robert Gourley,
In his old age his health was poorly;
He was a relic of the past,
In his dotage sinking fast.
Yet he was erect and tall,
Like noble ruined castle wall.
In early times they did him impeach,
For demanding right of speech,
Now Oxford he wished to represent
In Canadian Parliament;
But him the riding did not honour
But elected Doctor Connor.

The rhythmical flow of the last two lines is something altogether out of the common way.

FROM the Rose Publishing Co. we have received *Loved I Not Honour More*, by Annie Rothwell, and *A Mystery*, by Caris Simla—two of the latest additions to the Rose Pocket Library. From the same house comes Rose's *Hand-Book of Dominion Politics*, compiled and edited by A. C. Campbell, which has already won recognition as an exceedingly useful little book of reference.

MR. J. M. LEMOINE, of Quebec, author of *Maple Leaves, Picturesque Quebec*, and half a dozen other interesting books, lectured before the Canadian Club, of New York, on the evening of Thursday, the 27th inst. His subject was "Heroines of Canada." These lectures by Canadian writers have become highly popular among Canadian residents of New York, and are largely attended.

IN the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is a picturesquely-written sketch which will be read with special interest by Canadians. It is entitled "Calabogie," and must have been written, we take it, by Mr. Grant Allen, naturalist, novelist, and what not. It describes a trip made in a director's carriage over the Kingston & Pembroke Railway to Calabogie Lake, which is referred to as "a beautiful little sheet of water formed by an expansion of the Madawaska River, one of the head waters of the Ottawa, among the unsophisticated and forest-clad ranges of the Laurentian hills." The writer was thoroughly enchanted by all he saw, and his raptures are expressed in language very pleasant to read. Even in the frigid depths of this characteristic Canadian winter, he carries us back to the glorious summer weather when he visited the comparatively unknown region which is now being rapidly opened up to the world. The High Falls of the Madawaska arouse him to a lofty pitch of enthusiasm. "Ten minutes' struggle through the pathless bush," he writes, "brought us at last face to face with a great cataract, and we stood breathless in front of the finest fall, save only Montmorenci (for I don't consider Niagara at all in the running), that we had yet seen on the American continent." Yet a few years, and this Madawaska region will have become as well known to the world as the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence. Much of the country opened up by the C.P.R. is a hitherto unexplored fairy-land. May every portion of it find an admirer as eloquent as the writer of "Calabogie."

So far as may be judged from "surface indications," admirers of H. Rider Haggard's peculiar school of fiction have a rare treat in store for them. His new story, commenced in the January number of *Longman's*, is a sequel to *King Solomon's Mines*. Its title is *Allan Quartermain: being an Account of his Further Adventures and Discoveries in Company with Sir Henry Curtis, Bart., Captain John Good, R.N., and one Umslopogaas*. It is to contain some characteristic illustrations, among which are "fac-similes of either face of the Sherd of Amenartas, and of the various uncial Greek, Roman, Black-letter and early English inscriptions thereon inscribed." From all which it would appear as though the most marvellous features of *She* and *King Solomon* are to be combined in the new story. The circulation of *Longman's* has already received an impetus in consequence of the announcement.

GAGTOOTH'S IMAGE.

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 4th of September, 1884, I was riding up Yonge Street, in the city of Toronto, on the top of a crowded omnibus. The omnibus was bound for Thornhill, and my own destination was the intermediate village of Meadowvale. Having been in Canada only a short time, and being almost a stranger in Toronto, I dare say I was looking around me with more attention and curiosity than persons who are "native here, and to the manner born," are accustomed to exhibit. We had just passed Isabella Street, and were rapidly nearing Charles Street, when I noticed on my right hand a large, dilapidated frame building, standing in solitary isolation a few feet back from the highway, and presenting the appearance of a veritable Old Curiosity Shop. A business was carried on here in second hand furniture of the poorest description, and the object of the proprietor seemed to have been to collect about him all sorts of worn-out commodities, and objects which were utterly unmarketable. Everybody who lived in Toronto at the time indicated will remember the establishment, which, as I subsequently learned, was owned and carried on by a man named Robert Southworth, familiarly known to his customers as "Old Bob." I had no sooner arrived abreast of the gateway leading into the yard immediately adjoining the building to the southward, than my eyes rested upon something which instantly caused them to open themselves to their very widest capacity, and constrained me to signal the driver to stop; which he had no sooner done than I alighted from my seat and requested him to proceed on his journey without me. The driver eyed me suspiciously, and evidently regarded me as an odd customer, but he obeyed my request, and drove on northward, leaving me standing in the middle of the street.

From my elevated seat on the roof of the bus, I had caught a hurried glimpse of a commonplace-looking little marble figure, placed on the top of a pedestal, in the yard already referred to, where several other figures in marble, wood, bronze, stucco and what not, were exposed for sale.

The particular figure which had attracted my attention was about fifteen inches in height, and represented a little child in the attitude of prayer. Anyone seeing it for the first time would probably have taken it for a representation of the Infant Samuel. I have called it commonplace; and, considered as a work of art, such it undoubtedly was; yet it must have possessed a certain distinctive individuality, for the brief glance which I had caught of it, even at that distance, had been sufficient to convince me that the figure was an old acquaintance of mine. It was in consequence of that conviction that I had dismounted from the omnibus, forgetful, for the moment, of everything but the matter which was uppermost in my mind.

I lost no time in passing through the gateway leading into the yard, and in walking up to the pedestal upon which the little figure was placed. Taking the latter in my hand, I found, as I had expected, that it was not attached to the pedestal, which was of totally different material, and much more elaborate workmanship. Turning the figure upside down, my eyes rested on these words, deeply cut into the little circular throne upon which the figure rested:—JACKSON: PEORIA, 1854.

At this juncture the proprietor of the establishment walked up to where I was standing beside the pedestal.

"Like to look at something in that way, sir?" he asked—"we have more inside."

"What is the price of this?" I asked, indicating the figure in my hand.

"That, sir; you may have that for fifty cents—of course without the pedestal, which don't belong to it."

"Have you had it on hand long?"

"I don't know, but if you'll step inside for a moment I can tell you. This way, sir."

Taking the figure under my arm, I followed him into what he called "the office"—a small and dirty room, crowded with old furniture in the last stage of dilapidation. From a desk in one corner he took a large tome labelled "Stock Book," to which he referred, after glancing at a hieroglyphical device pasted on the figure which I held under my arm.

"Yes, sir—had that ever since the 14th of March, 1880—bought it at Morris & Blackwell's sale, sir."

"Who and what are Messrs. Morris & Blackwell?" I enquired.

"They were auctioneers, down on Adelaide Street, in the city, sir. Failed some time last winter. Mr. Morris has since died, and I believe Blackwell, the other partner, went to the States."

After a few more questions, finding that he knew nothing whatever about the matter beyond what he had already told me, I paid over the fifty cents; and, declining with thanks his offer to send my purchase home for me, I marched off with it down the street, and made the best of my way back to the Rossin House, where I had been staying for some days before.

From what has been said, it will be inferred that I—a stranger in Canada—must have had some special reason for incumbering myself in my travels with an intrinsically worthless piece of common Columbia marble.

I had a special reason. I had often seen that little figure before; and the last time I had seen it, previous to the occasion above mentioned, had been at the town of Peoria, in the State of Illinois, sometime in the month of June, 1855.

There is a story connected with that little praying figure: a story which, to me, is a very touching one; and I believe myself to be the only human being capable of telling it. Indeed, I am only able to tell a part of it. How the figure came to be sold by auction, in the city of Toronto, at Messrs. Morris & Blackwell's sale on the 14th of March, 1880, or how it ever came to be in this part of the world at all, I know no more than the reader does; but I can probably tell all that is worth knowing about the matter.

In the year 1850, and for I know not how long previously, there lived at Peoria, Illinois, a journeyman-blacksmith named Abner Fink. I mention the date, 1850, because it was in that year that I myself settled in Peoria, and first had any knowledge of him; but I believe he had then been living there for some length of time. He was employed at the foundry of Messrs. Gowanlock & Van Duzer, and was known for an excellent workman, of steady habits and good moral character—qualification which were by no means universal, nor even common, among persons of his calling and degree of life, at the time and place of which I am writing. But he was still more conspicuous (on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) for another quality—that of reticence. It was very rarely indeed that he spoke to any one, except when called upon to reply to a question; and even then it was noticeable that he invariably employed the fewest and most concise words in his vocabulary. If brevity were the body, as well as the soul of wit, Fink must have been about the wittiest man that ever lived, the Monosyllabic Traveller not excepted. He never received a letter from any one during the whole time of his stay at Peoria; nor, so far as was known, did he ever write to any one. Indeed, there was no evidence that he was able to write. He never went to church, nor even to "meeting;" never attended any public entertainments; never took any holidays. All his time was spent either at the foundry where he worked or at the boarding-house where he lodged. In the latter place, the greater part of his hours of relaxation were spent in looking either out of window or into the fire; thinking, apparently, about nothing particular. All endeavours on the part of his fellow-boarders to draw him into conversation were utterly fruitless. No one in the place knew anything about his past life, and when his fellow-journeymen in the workshop attempted to inveigle him into any confidences on that subject he had a trick of calling up a harsh and sinister expression of countenance which effectually nipped all such experiments in the bud. Even his employers failed to elicit anything from him on this head, beyond the somewhat vague piece of intelligence that he hailed from "down east." The foreman of the establishment, with a desperate attempt at facetiousness, used to say of him that no one knew who he was, where he came from, where he was going to, or what he was going to do when he got there.

And yet, this utter lack of sociability could scarcely have arisen from positive surliness or unkindness of disposition. Instances were not wanting in which he had given pretty strong evidence that he carried beneath that rugged and uncouth exterior a kinder

and more gentle heart than is possessed by most men. Upon one occasion he had jumped, at the imminent peril of his life, from the bridge which spans the Illinois river just above the entrance to the lake, and had fished up a drowning child from its depths, and borne it to the shore in safety. In doing so he had been compelled to swim through a swift and strong current which would have swamped any swimmer with one particle less strength, endurance and pluck. At another time, hearing his landlady say, at dinner, that an execution was in the house of a sick man with a large family, at the other end of the town, he left his dinner untouched, trudged off to the place indicated, and—though the debtor was an utter stranger to him—paid off the debt and costs in full, without taking any assignment of the judgment or other security. Then he quietly went back to his work. From my knowledge of the worthless and impecunious character of the debtor, I am of opinion that Fink never received a cent in the way of reimbursement.

In personal appearance he was short and stout. His age, when I first knew him, must have been somewhere in the neighbourhood of thirty-five. The only peculiarity about his face was an abnormal formation of one of his front teeth, which protruded, and stuck out almost horizontally. This, as may be supposed, did not tend to improve an expression of countenance which in other respects was not very prepossessing. One of the anvil-strikers happening to allude to him one day in his absence by the name of "Gagtooth," the felicity of the sobriquet at once commended itself to the good taste of the other hands in the shop, who thereafter commonly spoke of him by that name, and eventually it came to be applied to him by every one in the town.

My acquaintance with him began when I had been in Peoria about a week. I may premise that I am a physician and surgeon—a graduate of Harvard. Peoria was at that time a comparatively new place, but it gave promise of going ahead rapidly; a promise, by the way, which it has since amply redeemed. Messrs. Gowanlock and Van Duzer's foundry was a pretty extensive one for a small town in a comparatively new district. They kept about a hundred and fifty hands employed all the year round, and during the busy season this number was more than doubled. It was in consequence of my having received the appointment of medical attendant to that establishment that I buried myself in the west, instead of settling down in my native State of Massachusetts.

Poor Gagtooth was one of my first surgical patients. It came about in this wise. At the foundry, two days in the week, viz., Tuesdays and Fridays, were chiefly devoted to what is called "casting." On these days it was necessary to convey large masses of melted iron, in vessels specially manufactured for that purpose, from one end of the moulding shop to the other. It was, of course, very desirable that the metal should not be allowed to cool while in transit, and that as little time as possible should be lost in transferring it from the furnace to the moulds. For this purpose Gagtooth's services were frequently called into requisition, as he was by far the strongest man about the place, and could without assistance carry one end of one of the vessels, which was considered pretty good work for two ordinary men.

Well, one unlucky Friday afternoon he was hard at work at this employment, and as was usual with all the hands in the moulding-shop at such times, he was stripped naked from the waist upwards. He was gallantly supporting one end of one of the large receptacles already mentioned, which happened to be rather fuller than usual of the red-hot molten metal. He had nearly reached the moulding-box into which the contents of the vessel were to be poured, when he stumbled against a piece of scantling which was lying in his way. He fell, and as a necessary consequence his end of the vessel fell likewise, spilling the contents all over his body, which was literally deluged by the red, hissing, boiling liquid fire. It must have seemed to the terror-stricken onlookers like a bath of blood.

Further details of the frightful accident, and of my treatment of the case, might be interesting to such of the readers of this paper as happen to belong to my own profession; but to general readers such details would be simply shocking. How

even his tremendous vitality and vigour of constitution brought him through it all is a mystery to me to this day. I am thirty-six years older than I was at that time. Since then I have acted as surgeon to a fighting regiment all through the great rebellion. I have had patients of all sorts of temperaments and constitutions under my charge, but never have I been brought into contact with a case which seemed more hopeless in my eyes. He must surely have had more than one life in him. I have never had my hands on so magnificent a specimen of the human frame as his was; and better still—and this doubtless contributed materially to his recovery—I have never had a case under my management where the patient bore his sufferings with such uniform fortitude and endurance. Suffice it to say that he recovered, and that his face bore no traces of the frightful ordeal through which he had passed. I don't think he was ever quite the same man as before his accident. I think his nervous system received a shock which eventually tended to shorten his life. But he was still known as incomparably the strongest man in Peoria, and continued to perform the work of two men at the moulding-shop on casting days. In every other respect he was apparently the same: not a whit more disposed to be companionable than before his accident. I used frequently to meet him on the street, as he was going to and fro between his boarding-house and the work-shop. He was always alone, and more than once I came to a full stop and enquired after his health, or anything else that seemed to afford a feasible topic for conversation. He was uniformly civil, and even respectful, but confined his remarks to replying to my questions, which, as usual, was done in the fewest words.

During the twelve months succeeding his recovery, so far as I am aware, nothing occurred worthy of being recorded in Gagtooth's annals. About the expiration of that time, however, his landlady, by his authority, at his request, and in his presence, made an announcement to the boarders assembled at the dinner-table which, I should think, must literally have taken away their breaths.

Gagtooth was going to be married!

I don't suppose it would have occasioned greater astonishment if it had been announced as an actual fact that the Illinois river had commenced to flow backwards. It was surprising, incredible; but, like many other surprising and incredible things, it was true. Gagtooth was really and truly about to marry. The object of his choice was his landlady's sister, by name Lucinda Bowsby. How or when the wooing had been carried on, how the engagement had been led up to, and in what terms the all-important question had been propounded, I am not prepared to say. I need hardly observe that none of the boarders had entertained the faintest suspicion that anything of the kind was impending. The courtship, from first to last, must have been somewhat of a piece with that of the late Mr. Barkis. But alas! Gagtooth did not settle his affections so judiciously, nor did he draw such a prize in the matrimonial lottery as Barkis did. Two women more entirely dissimilar, in every respect, than Peggotty and Lucinda Bowsby can hardly be imagined. Lucinda was nineteen years of age. She was pretty, and, for a girl of her class and station in life, tolerably well educated. But she was notwithstanding a light, giddy creature—and, I fear, something worse, even at that time. At all events, she had a very questionable sort of reputation among the boarders in the house, and was regarded with suspicion by everyone who knew anything about her, poor Gagtooth alone excepted.

In due time the wedding took place. It was solemnized at the boarding-house; and the bride and bridegroom, disdaining to defer to the common usage, spent their honeymoon in their own house. Gagtooth had rented and furnished a little frame dwelling on the outskirts of the town, on the bank of the river; and thither the couple retired as soon as the hymeneal knot was tied. Next morning the bridegroom made his appearance at his forge and went to work as usual, as though nothing had occurred to disturb the serenity of his life.

Time passed by. Rumours now and then reached my ears to the effect that Mrs. Fink was not behaving herself very well, and that she was leading her husband rather a hard life of it. She had been seen driving out into the country with a young lawyer from Springfield, who occasionally came over to Peoria to attend

the sittings of the District Court. She moreover had the reputation of habitually indulging in the contents of the cup which cheers and likewise inebriates. However, in the regular course of things, I was called upon to assist at the first appearance upon life's stage of a little boy, upon whom his parents bestowed the name of Charlie.

The night of Charlie's birth was the first time I had ever been in the house, and if I remember aright it was the first time I had ever set eyes on Mrs. Fink since her marriage. I was not long in making up my mind about her; and I had ample opportunities for forming an opinion as to her character, for she was unable to leave her bed for more than a month, during which time I was in attendance upon her almost daily. I also attended little Charlie through measles, scarlet-rash, whooping-cough, and all his childish ailments; and in fact I was a pretty regular visitor at the house from the time of his birth until his father left the neighborhood, as I shall presently have to relate. I believe Mrs. Fink to have been not merely a profligate woman, but a thoroughly bad and heartless one in every respect. She was perfectly indifferent to her husband, whom she shamefully neglected, and almost indifferent to her child. She seemed to care for nothing in the world but dress and strong waters; and to procure these there was no depth of degradation to which she would not stoop.

As a result of my constant professional attendance upon his mother during the first month of little Charlie's life, I became better acquainted with his father than anyone in Peoria had ever done. He seemed to know that I saw into and sympathized with his domestic troubles, and my silent sympathy seemed to afford him some consolation. As the months and years passed by, his wife's conduct became worse and worse, and his affectionous centered themselves entirely upon his child, whom he loved with a passionate affection to which I have never seen a parallel.

And Charlie was a child made to be loved. When he was two years old he was beyond all comparison the dearest and most beautiful little fellow I have ever seen. His fat, plump, chubby little figure, modelled after Cupid's own; his curly flaxen hair; his matchless complexion, fair and clear as the sky on a sunny summer day; and his bright, round, expressive eyes, which imparted intelligence to his every feature, combined to make him the idol of his father, the envy of all the mothers in town, and the admiration of every one who saw him. At noon, when the great foundry-bell rang, which was the signal for the workmen to go to dinner, Charlie might regularly be seen, toddling as fast as his stout little legs could spin, along the footpath leading over the common in the direction of the workshops. When about halfway across, he would be certain to meet his father, who, taking the child up in his bare, brawny, smoke-begrimed arms, would carry him home—the contrast between the two strongly suggesting Vulcan and Cupid. At six o'clock in the evening, when the bell announced that work was over for the day, a similar little drama was enacted. It would be difficult to say whether Vulcan or Cupid derived the greater amount of pleasure from these semi-daily incidents. After tea, the two were never separate for a moment. While the mother was perhaps busily engaged in the perusal of some worthless novel, the father would sit with his darling on his knee, listening to his childish prattle, and perhaps so far going out of himself as to tell the child a little story. It seemed to be an understood thing that the mother should take no care or notice of the boy during her husband's presence in the house. Regularly, when the clock on the chimney-piece struck eight, Charlie would jump down from his father's knee and run across the room for his night-dress, returning to his father to have it put on. When this had been done he would kneel down and repeat a simple little prayer, in which One who loved little children like Charlie was invoked to bless father and mother and make him a good boy; after which his father would place him in his little crib, where he soon slept the sleep of happy childhood.

My own house was not far from theirs, and I was so fond of Charlie that it was no uncommon thing for me to drop in upon them for a few minutes, when returning from my office in the evening. Upon one occasion I noticed the child more particularly than usual while he was in the act of saying his prayers. His eyes were closed, his plump little hands were clasped, and his

cherubic little face was turned upwards with an expression of infantile trustfulness and adoration which I shall never forget. I have never seen, nor do I ever expect to see, anything else half so beautiful. When he arose from his knees and came up to me to say "Good Night," I kissed his upturned little face with even greater fervour than usual. After he had been put to bed I mentioned the matter to his father, and said something about my regret that the child's expression had not been caught by a sculptor and fixed in stone.

I had little idea of the effect my remarks were destined to produce. A few evenings afterwards he informed me, much to my surprise, that he had determined to act upon the idea which my words had suggested to his mind, and that he had instructed Heber Jackson, the marble-cutter, to go to work at a "stone likeness" of little Charlie, and to finish it up as soon as possible. He did not seem to understand that the proper performance of such a task required anything more than mere mechanical skill, and that an ordinary tomb-stone cutter was scarcely the sort of artist to do justice to it.

However, when the "stone-likeness" was finished and sent home, I confess I was astonished to see how well Jackson had succeeded. He had not, of course, caught the child's exact expression. It is probable, indeed, that he never saw the expression on Charlie's face which had seemed so beautiful to me, and which had suggested to me the idea of its being "embodied in marble," as the professionals call it. But the image was at all events, according to order, a "likeness." The true lineaments were there, and I would have recognized it for a representation of my little friend at the first glance, wherever I might have seen it. In short, it was precisely one of those works of art which have no artistic value whatever for anyone who is unacquainted with, or uninterested in, the subject represented; but knowing and loving little Charlie as I did, I confess that I used to contemplate Jackson's piece of workmanship with an admiration and enthusiasm which the contents of the Italian galleries have failed to arouse in me.

Well, the months flew by until some time in the spring of 1855, when the town was electrified by the sudden and totally unexpected failure of Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer, who up to that time were currently reported to be one of the wealthiest and most thriving firms in the State. Their failure was not only a great misfortune for the workmen, who were thus thrown out of present employment—for the creditors did not carry on the business—but was regarded as a public calamity to the town and neighbourhood, the prosperity whereof had been enhanced in no inconsiderable degree by the carrying on of so extensive an establishment in their midst, and by the enterprise and energy of the proprietors, both of whom were first-rate business men. The failure was in no measure attributable either to dishonesty or want of prudence on the part of Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer, but simply to the invention of a new patent which rendered valueless the particular agricultural implement which constituted the speciality of the establishment, and of which there was an enormous stock on hand. There was not the shadow of a hope of the firm being able to get upon its legs again. The partners surrendered everything, almost to the last dollar, and shortly afterwards left Illinois for California.

Now, this failure, which more or less affected the entire population of Peoria, was especially disastrous to poor Fink. For years past he had been saving money, and as Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer allowed interest at a liberal rate upon all deposits left in their hands by their workmen, all his surplus earnings remained untouched. The consequence was that the accumulations of years were swamped at one fell swoop, and he found himself reduced to poverty. And as though misfortune were not satisfied with visiting him thus heavily, the very day of the failure he was stricken down by typhoid fever: not the typhoid fever known in Canada—which is bad enough—but the terrible putrid typhoid of the west, which is known nowhere else on the face of the globe, and in which the mortality in some years reaches forty per cent.

Of course I was at once called in. I did my best for the patient, which was very little. I tried hard, however, to keep his wife sober, and to compel her to nurse him judiciously. As for little

Charlie, I took him home with me to my own house, where he remained until his father was so far convalescent as to prevent all fear of infection. Meanwhile I knew nothing about Gagtooth's money having been deposited in the hands of his employers, and consequently was ignorant of his loss. I did not learn this circumstance for weeks afterwards, and of course had no reason for supposing that his wife was in anywise straitened for money. Once, when her husband had been prostrated for about a fortnight, I saw her with a roll of bank notes in her hand. Little did I suspect how they had been obtained.

Shortly after my patient had begun to sit up in his arm-chair for a little while every day, he begged so hard for little Charlie's presence that, as soon as I was satisfied that all danger of infection was past, I consented to allow the child to return to his own home. In less than a month afterwards the invalid was able to walk out in the garden for a few minutes every day when the weather was favourable, and in these walks Charlie was his constant companion. The affection of the poor fellow for his flaxen-haired darling was manifested in every glance of his eye, and in every tone of his voice. He would kiss the little chap and pat him on the head a hundred times a day. He would tell him stories until he himself was completely exhausted; and although I knew that this tended to retard his complete recovery, I had not the heart to forbid it. I have often since felt thankful that I never made any attempt to do so.

At last the fifteenth of September arrived. On the morning of that day Messrs. Rockwell and Dunbar's Combined Circus and Menagerie made a triumphal entry into Peoria, and was to exhibit on the green, down by the river bank. The performance had been ostentatiously advertised and placarded on every dead-wall in town for a month back, and all the children in the place, little Charlie included, were wild on the subject. Signor Martigny was to enter a den containing three full-grown lions, and was to go through the terrific and disgusting ordeal usual on such occasions. Gagtooth, of course, was unable to go; but, being unwilling to deny his child any reasonable pleasure, he had consented to Charlie's going with his mother. I happened to be passing the house on my way homewards to dinner, just as the pair were about to start, and called in to say good-day to my patient. Never shall I forget the embrace and the kiss which the father bestowed upon the little fellow. I can see them now, after all these years, almost as distinctly as I saw them on that terrible fifteenth of September, 1855. They perfectly clung to each other, and seemed unwilling to part, even for the two or three hours during which the performance was to last. I can see the mother too, impatiently waiting in the doorway, and telling Charlie that if he didn't stop that nonsense they would be too late to see Samson killing the lion. She—Heaven help her!—thought nothing and cared nothing about the pleasure the child was to derive from the entertainment. She was only anxious on her own account; impatient to shew her good looks and her cheap finery to the two thousand and odd people assembled under the huge tent.

At last they started. Gagtooth got up and walked to the door, following them with his eye as far as he could see them down the dusty street. Then he returned, and sat down in his chair. Poor fellow! he was destined never to see either of them alive again.

Notwithstanding her fear lest she might not arrive in time for the commencement of the performance, Mrs Fink and her charge reached the ground at least half an hour before the ticket office was opened; and I regret to say that that half hour was sufficient to enable her to form an acquaintance with one of the property men of the establishment, to whom she contrived to make herself so agreeable that he passed her and Charlie into the tent free of charge. She was not admitted at the front entrance, but from the tiring-room at the back, whence the performers enter. She sat down just at the left of this entrance, immediately adjoining the lion's cage. Ere long the performance commenced. Signor Martigny, when his turn came, entered the cage as per announcement; but he was not long in discovering by various signs not to be mistaken that his charges were in no humour to be played with on that day. Even the ring master, from his place in the centre of the ring, perceived that Old King of the Forest, the largest and

most vicious of the lions, was meditating mischief, and called to the Signor to come out of the cage. The Signor, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the brute, began a retrograde movement from the den. He had the door open, and was swiftly backing through, when, with a roar which seemed to shake the very earth, Old King sprang upon him from the opposite side of the cage, dashing him to the ground like a ninepin, and rushed through the aperture into the crowd. Quick as lightning the other two followed, and thus three savage lions were loose and unshackled in the midst of upwards of two thousand men, women and children.

I wish to linger over the details as briefly as possible. I am thankful to say that I was not present, and that I am unable to describe the occurrence from personal observation.

Poor little Charlie and his mother, sitting close to the cage, were the very first victims. The child himself, I think, and hope, never knew what hurt him. His skull was fractured by one stroke of the brute's paw. Signor Martigny escaped with his right arm slit into ribbons. Big Joe Pentland, the clown, with one well-directed stroke of a crowbar, smashed Old King of the Forest's jaw into a hundred pieces, but not before it had closed in the left breast of Charlie's mother. She lived for nearly an hour afterwards, but never uttered a syllable. I wonder if she was conscious. I wonder if it was permitted to her to realize what her sin—for sin it must have been, in contemplation, if not in deed—had brought upon herself and her child. Had she paid her way into the circus, and entered in front, instead of coquetting with the property-man, she would have been sitting under a different part of the tent, and neither she nor Charlie would have sustained any injury, for the two younger lions were shot before they had leapt ten paces from the cage door. Old King was easily despatched after Joe Pentland's tremendous blow. Besides Charlie and his mother, two men and one woman were killed on the spot; another woman died next day from the injuries received, and several other persons were more or less severely hurt.

Immediately after dinner I had driven out into the country to pay a professional visit, so that I heard nothing about what had occurred until some hours afterwards. I was informed of it, however, before I reached the town, on my way homeward. To say that I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved would merely be to repeat a very stupid platitude, and to say that I was a human being. I had learned to love poor little Charlie almost as dearly as I loved my own children. And his father—what would be the consequence to him?

I drove direct to his house, which was filled with people—neighbours and others who had called to administer such consolation as the circumstances would admit of. I am not ashamed to confess that the moment my eyes rested upon the bereaved father I burst into tears. He sat with his child's body in his lap, and seemed literally transformed into stone. A breeze came in through the open doorway and stirred his thin iron-gray locks, as he sat there in his arm chair. He was unconscious of everything—even of the presence of strangers. His eyes were fixed and glazed. Not a sound of any kind, not even a moan, passed his lips; and it was only after feeling his pulse that I was able to pronounce with certainty that he was alive. One single gleam of animation overspread his features for an instant when I gently removed the crushed little corpse from his knees, and laid it on the bed, but he quickly relapsed into stolidity. I was informed that he had sat thus ever since he had first received the corpse from the arms of Joe Pentland, who had brought it home without changing his clown's dress. Heaven grant that I may never look upon such a sight again as the poor, half-recovered invalid presented during the whole of that night, and for several days afterwards.

For the next three days I spent all the time with him I possibly could, for I dreaded either a relapse of the fever or the loss of his reason. The neighbours were very kind, and took upon themselves the burden of everything connected with the funeral. As for Fink himself, he seemed to take everything for granted, and interfered with nothing. When the time arrived for fastening down the coffin lids, I could not bear to permit that ceremony to be performed without affording him an opportunity of kissing the dead lips of his darling for the last time. I gently led him up to the side of the bed upon which the two coffins were placed. At sight

of his little boy's dead face, he fainted, and before he revived I had the lids fastened down. It would have been cruelty to subject him to the ordeal a second time.

The day after the funeral he was sufficiently recovered from the shock to be able to talk. He informed me that he had concluded to leave the neighbourhood, and requested me to draw up a poster, advertising all his furniture and effects for sale by auction. He intended, he said, to sell everything except Charlie's clothes and his own, and these, together with a lock of the child's hair and a few of his toys, were all he intended to take away with him.

"But of course," I remarked, "you don't intend to sell the 'stone likeness?'"

He looked at me rather strangely, and made no reply. I glanced round the room, and, to my surprise, the little statue was nowhere to be seen. It then occurred to me that I had not noticed it since Gagtooth had been taken ill.

"By the by, where is it?" I enquired—"I don't see it."

After a moment's hesitation he told me the whole story. It was then that I learned for the first time that he had lost all his savings through the failure of Messrs. Gowanlock and Van Duzer, and that the morning when he had been taken ill there had been only a dollar in the house. On that morning he had acquainted his wife with his loss, but had strictly enjoined secrecy upon her, as both Gowanlock and Van Duzer had promised him most solemnly that inasmuch as they regarded their indebtedness to him as being upon a different footing from their ordinary liabilities, he should assuredly be paid in full out of the first money at their command. He had implicit reliance upon their word, and requested me to take charge of the money upon its arrival, and to keep it until he instructed me, by post or otherwise, how to dispose of it. To this I of course consented. The rest of the story he could only repeat upon the authority of his wife, but I have no reason for disbelieving any portion of it. It seems that a day or two after his illness commenced, and after he had become insensible, his wife had been at her wits' end for money to provide necessaries for the house, and I dare say she spent more for liquor than for necessaries. She declared that she had made up her mind to apply to me for a loan, when a stranger called at the house, attracted, as he said, by the little image, which had been placed in the front window, and was thus visible to passers by. He announced himself as Mr. Silas Pomeroy, merchant, of Myrtle Street, Springfield. He said that the face of the little image strikingly reminded him of the face of a child of his own which had died some time before. He had not supposed that the figure was a likeness of any one, and had stepped in, upon the impulse of the moment, in the hope that he might be able to purchase it. He was willing to pay a liberal price. The negotiation ended in his taking the image away with him, and leaving a hundred dollars in its stead; on which sum Mrs. Fink had kept house ever since. Her husband, of course, knew nothing of this for weeks afterwards. When he began to get better, his wife had acquainted him with the facts. He had found no fault with her, as he had determined to repurchase the image at any cost, so soon as he might be able to earn money enough. As for getting a duplicate, that was out of the question, for Heber Jackson had been carried off by the typhoid epidemic, and Charlie had changed considerably during the fifteen months which had elapsed since the image had been finished. And now poor little Charlie himself was gone, and the great desire of his father's heart was to regain possession of the image. With that view, as soon as the sale should be over he would start for Springfield, tell his story to Pomeroy, and offer him his money back again. As to any further plans, he did not know, he said, what he would do, or where he would go; but he would certainly never live in Peoria again.

In a few days the sale took place, and Gagtooth started for Springfield with about three hundred dollars in his pocket. Springfield is seventy miles from Peoria. He was to return in about ten days, by which time a tombstone was to be ready for Charlie's grave. He had not ordered one for his wife, who was not buried in the same grave with the child, but in one just beside him.

He returned within the ten days. His journey had been a fruitless one. Pomeroy had become insolvent, and had absconded from Springfield a month before. No one knew whither he had gone, but he must have taken the image with him, as it was not among the effects which he had left behind him. His friends knew that he was greatly attached to the image, in consequence of its real or fancied resemblance to his dead child. Nothing more reasonable, then, than to suppose he had taken it away with him.

Gagtooth announced to me his determination of starting on an expedition to find Pomeroy, and never giving up the search while his money held out. He had no idea where to look for the fugitive, but rather thought he would try California first. He could hardly expect to receive any remittance from Gowanlock and Van Duzer for some months to come, but he would acquaint me with his address from time to time, and if anything arrived from them I could forward it to him.

And so, having seen the tombstone set up over little Charlie's grave, he bade me good-bye, and that was the last time I ever saw him alive.

There is little more to tell, I supposed him to be in the far west, prosecuting his researches, until one night in the early spring of the following year. Charlie and his mother had been interred in a corner of the churchyard adjoining the second Baptist Church, which at that time was on the very outskirts of the town, in a lonely, unfrequented spot, not far from the iron bridge. Late in the evening of the seventh of April, 1856, a woman passing along the road in the cold, dim twilight, saw a bulky object stretched out upon Charlie's grave. She called at the nearest house, and stated her belief that a man was lying dead in the churchyard. Upon investigation, her surmise proved to be correct.

And that man was Gagtooth.

Dead: partially, no doubt, from cold and exposure; but chiefly, I believe, from a broken heart. Where had he spent the six months which had elapsed since I bade him farewell?

To this question I am unable to reply; but this much was evident: he had dragged himself back just in time to die on the grave of the little boy whom he had loved so dearly, and whose brief existence had probably supplied the one bright spot in his father's life.

I had him buried in the same grave with Charlie; and there, on the banks of the Illinois river, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

I never received any remittances from his former employers, nor did I ever learn anything further of Silas Pomeroy. Indeed, so many years have rolled away since the occurrence of the events above narrated; years pregnant with great events to the American Republic: events, I am proud so say, in which I bore my part: that the wear and tear of life had nearly obliterated all memory of the episode from my mind, until, as detailed in the opening paragraphs of this story, I saw "Gagtooth's Image," from the top of a Thornhill omnibus. That image is now in my possession, and no extremity less urgent than that under which it was sold to Silas Pomeroy, of Myrtle Street, Springfield, will ever induce me to part with it.

J. C. D.

At the age of 25 a man should have acquired his maximum height, varying normally from 5ft. 6in. to 6ft. His weight should slowly increase throughout the adult period, being at 30 a little less than the maximum, which should be reached at 40. The weight is very variable between the normal limits; but the average among men of medium height 25 years old may be placed at about 140 pounds. The power of endurance should be greatest between 20 and 30; that is, a man should be better able to endure severe hardships between 20 and 30 than at any other time of life. The system may perhaps bear the burden of more protracted but less vigorous exertions during the period of maturity; but intense heat or cold of short duration, and such work as lifting heavy weights, taking short but rapid runs, and indeed every exercise which taxes severely but briefly the muscular and nervous systems, are best borne at the adult age.

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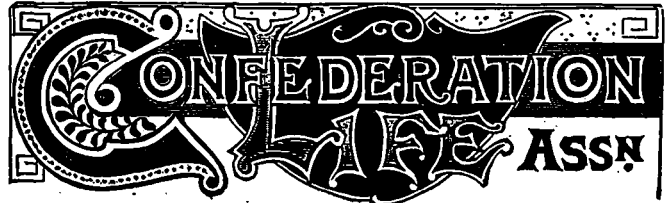
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