

THE WEEK:

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THE vexed question of religious teaching in the schools is once more under discussion in the Ministerial Association of Toronto. The Province of Ontario long since refused to tolerate so much as the shadow of a State-supported Church, and has since Confederation even withdrawn the small subsidies previously given to denominational colleges. Few can doubt that this absolute separation between State and Church is largely due to the constantly growing harmony and goodwill which happily prevails amongst the religious societies of the Province, and of which the Toronto Ministerial Association is itself a pleasing evidence. It may be asserted with confidence that any proposal to use the funds of the State for the endowment of a religious organization, or for the carrying on of an exclusively religious work of any kind, would be met with the determined opposition of every member of the conference, and of every Protestant denomination in the Province. In view of all this, it is certainly surprising to find so many intelligent and devoted Christian ministers using all their influence to force the Government into undertaking the work of religious instruction through the agency of its licensed officials—the public school teachers. Such a practice would clearly involve, amongst other violations of sound principles, religious as well as political, the taxing of Christians and non-Christians alike for teaching what the latter do not regard as truth; the training of teachers by the State in a system of religion; the application of a religious test as a condition precedent to obtaining a licence; and other intrusions into those realms of opinion and belief which are regarded by the most advanced thinkers of the day, Christian and non-Christian alike, as sacred to the individual conscience. It is to be hoped that the majority of the members of the conference, and of the leaders of Christian thought in the Province, will come to see that no law of the State, no regulation of the Education Department, can enable any teacher to exert a religious influence which is not the legitimate outcome of his personal character; that every truly Christian teacher is sure to wield whatever of such influence belongs to him by virtue of such character; and that any usurpation by the State of those religious functions which belong to the Church will almost inevitably be productive of formalism, hypocrisy, and sectarian discord, rather than of the true fruits of Christian life and character.

SUPERINTENDENT VAN HORNE has pronounced the statements from the Winnipeg Board of Trade and other sources, in reference to the wheat blockade, gross exaggerations. His statements are, however, flatly contra-

dicted by the officers of the board, while the Toronto *Mail* undertakes to show, and with apparent success, from Mr. Van Horne's own figures, that the Canadian Pacific Railway is, and has been for some time past, able to carry only one-fifth of the grain offered. There must, however, be some mistake or misinterpretation on this point. Perhaps it is in taking the number of cars which are reported as the daily shortages for a couple of weeks as if independent of each other, whereas the number for each day may be included in the following day's report. Be that as it may, the general fact of the inability of the road to forward the crop seems too well established to admit of doubt, and it is a fact which will immensely strengthen the demand for the speedy removal of the monopoly. The triumphant return of the members of the new Government—those who were opposed—by majorities which surprised both parties, and the deposition of Mr. Scarth from the presidency of the Winnipeg Conservative Association, are further tokens that the people of the Prairie Province are terribly in earnest. It is scarcely possible that the Dominion Government can fail to recognize the seriousness of the situation, and bring forward some proposition looking to a satisfactory settlement during the approaching session of Parliament.

CONTRARY to general expectation the members of the Fisheries Commission signed an agreement at Washington, before rising. The exact terms of the convention cannot be known until officially communicated through either the Canadian Parliament or the United States Senate. From the general consensus of the reports in the American and Canadian papers, its leading features may probably be inferred with some degree of confidence. There is little doubt that Canada has failed in the main points of her contention. Her strict interpretation of the Treaty of 1818 she has, it is pretty certain, been obliged to abandon, by granting to the American fishermen the "touch and trade" privileges they have been demanding, excepting only the right to purchase bait. If, as generally believed, Canada has been obliged to yield also her views on the headlands question, so far as to concede that the line defining the limits of her exclusive jurisdiction shall follow the contour of the coast in the case of all bays or other indentations more than eight or ten miles wide at the mouth, the surrender would seem to be a most serious one, involving so far as appears, the denial of a territorial right rigidly maintained by the United States herself, in regard to her own coasts. That these important concessions should have been made, as is almost certain, without any return in the shape of free admission in United States ports of Canadian fish, coal, salt, lumber, or other natural products, seems to indicate that the Canadian representation on the Commission was overborne at every important point. Some of the newspaper correspondents convey the idea that the United States have made a substantial concession in acknowledging Canada's exclusive right to the inshore fisheries. Such statements are either ignorantly or wilfully misleading, as the Canadian claim to these has never been seriously disputed. The representatives of the United States fishery interests have of late years, consistently declared their fishermen did not care for the inshore fisheries, but demanded only ordinary commercial privileges; while the view strenuously maintained by the Canadian Government in all its correspondence was, that these inshore fisheries were of special value, and that the denial of the "touch and trade" privileges was indispensable to their adequate protection.

SHOULD the above prove to be a correct forecast of the main features of the new Washington Treaty wonder is naturally excited that a member of the Canadian Government could be induced to put his signature to a document so strikingly inconsistent with the views which that Government have hitherto ably and resolutely maintained. The explanation is no doubt to be found in one or both of two considerations. In the first place it must be borne in mind that Sir Charles Tupper, while a member of the Canadian Administration and selected for that reason, derived all his powers as commissioner directly from the Home Authorities, and was for all the purposes of the Commission, a representative and servant of the British Government. Whether there is any element of truth, or not, in the newspaper report that a direct injunction from London was necessary to compel his assent at the last moment, few will doubt that that assent was given in deference to the British, not the Canadian, view of the case. In the second place, an auxiliary, possibly a controlling motive, may have

been operative in the expectation, which has much to support it, that what our neighbours refused to concede as a return either for the privilege of inshore fishing, the value of which they deny, or for the permission to "touch and trade" which they claim as right on the broad grounds of international usage and comity, they will shortly grant on purely commercial principles, and on its own merits. This consideration is certainly entitled to much weight. It seems, in fact, to be that suggested by Sir Charles Tupper himself, in his interview with the Montreal correspondent of the *Empire*. "It was impossible," he says in effect, if correctly reported, "to better our commercial relations with the United States, so long as the public mind was inflamed over the terribly irritating question of the fisheries. The causes of that irritation having been removed by the Treaty now agreed upon, both countries will be placed in a position to look with hope towards much improved commercial relations." Whether this line of argument, sound as it may be in itself, does not reflect somewhat severely upon the previous diplomacy of the Government of which Sir Charles is a member, need not here be discussed.

THE monotonous smoothness which has thus far characterized the proceedings of the Ontario Legislature was broken for a time one day last week by one of those recriminatory breezes which add nothing either to the dignity or to the usefulness of legislative bodies. Such scenes would seem better suited to the playground of a set of wrangling school boys than to the chamber of a deliberative assembly, though it must be admitted that precedents for them are not wanting even in the highest Parliament in the realm. Most thoughtful persons, however, who listened to or read the altercations referred to in the Ontario House, must have felt that it would augur better for purification of political methods if members on both sides were more anxious to purge their own skirts from the stain of corruption than to fasten that stain upon those of their opponents, and were but half as successful in doing so. The gleeful eagerness with which some members of either party seek to convict their opponents of the most disgraceful and corrupt practices is anything but edifying or hopeful. Charges and counter-charges are hurled across the chamber in tones too exultant for even righteous indignation, which, if believed, should be productive of the deepest humiliation. There was, however, one redeeming feature in this rather unseemly wrangle. It called forth from the Premier and the leader of the Opposition, respectively, emphatic denials of specific charges which have been repeated in respect to each till they had come to be very generally believed.

It is to be hoped that Lady Dufferin's early removal from India may not check the philanthropic project in which she has taken so deep and womanly an interest—that of supplying female medical aid for the women of India. The *London Illustrated News* contained a few weeks since portraits of some of those whom Lady Dufferin has in training for the work, and also information in regard to the character and need of the work itself. All who have any conception of the extreme seclusion which custom enforces upon the women of the East, the ignorant and superstitious practices to which they are subject, the unhealthiness of their modes of life, and the extent to which they are debarred from treatment by male practitioners, will understand how great would be the blessing brought to them by the presence amongst them of a supply of skilled female physicians, nurses, etc. In a letter received a short time since by a lady friend in Montreal Lady Dufferin explains that the £50,000 asked for for this project are as yet far from being subscribed, and intimates that any manifestation of interest and sympathy from Canada will be particularly grateful to her.

WHAT shall be done with and for the unemployed and famishing poor, is one of the hardest problems which Christian civilization has now to solve. It may be that the sum total of abject poverty and suffering even in England, where the cry of the starving thousands waxes exceedingly bitter, is not greater than in former days, but only that it is being brought more into notice by contrast with the increasing comfort of the well-to-do labourers on the one hand, and with the abounding wealth of the middle and upper classes on the other. But, from whatever cause, there seems good reason to believe that never before were the gaunt visages of hungry men, women, and children set so prominently before the eyes of the nation. And never before, there is good reason to believe, was the question of how the national reproach is to be wiped away, and those at least who are able and willing to work given the opportunity they seek to earn their bread, the subject of so much earnest inquiry and thought. The result promised is an early and great reform in English methods of dealing with pauperism. As some one has recently expressed it, "it is evident that in her future dealings with pauperism England will reserve her charities for those who cannot

work, and her penalties for those who will not work; but to those who at low wages both will and can work, the work shall be granted." Many projects are devised, numbers of which fail, but some of which are succeeding admirably. Amongst the latter is the experiment made last year, and repeated this year, at Chelsea with the most gratifying results. As described in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, this experiment was simply one in road-making. It was taken charge of by the local vestry without the aid of contractors. The pay ranged from 4d. per hour for "hacking" to 9d. per hour for paving. Though it was doubted when the offer was made if one hundred men would present themselves three hundred were on hand the first day. The writer of the article says that to his own knowledge there were among them carpenters, plasterers, bricklayers, fitters, shoemakers, watchmakers, printers, hatters, gentlemen's servants, and tailors. The severe work tried many at first, but with the good food they were able to procure there was soon a marvellous improvement in strength and physique. "One scarcely knew the men again." Two thousand pounds was distributed in this way; but not only was many a wife and her little ones saved from hunger and suffering, but a good road was built at a price "which could not be bettered for the quality of the work." The story is eloquent in its pathos and suggestiveness.

THE general surprise caused by the announcement of Lord Dufferin's resignation of the Governor-Generalship of India will scarcely be lessened by that of his appointment as Ambassador to Italy. Taken in connection with the reticence of the Government in replying to questions in the Commons concerning its relations to the Great Powers, and its correspondence with them on subjects connected with the present warlike demonstrations, the appointment may be thought suggestive of a secret understanding with the Italian Government. It gives, in fact, some colour to the rumour that Lord Salisbury is personally committed to a defence of the Italian coast, by means of a British fleet, in case of an attack upon that Power. Yet it is hard to believe that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues would be rash enough to implicate Great Britain beforehand and unnecessarily in a great European struggle, in which neither her interests nor her honour are directly involved, especially when to do so would not only be contrary to the views and wishes of the great majority of the nation, but would almost surely precipitate the conflict which has been so long imminent on the borders of India.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S motion for a Commission of Inquiry into the charges of malfeasance against the Metropolitan Board of Works has been agreed to in the British Commons. The list of alleged abuses of trust into which it will be the duty of the Commission to inquire, as recited in Lord Randolph's speech, is certainly a most formidable one. If one-half or one-fourth of the allegations prove to be well founded, American cities will shortly have to yield the bad pre-eminence they have hitherto maintained in municipal corruption. The enormous scale on which the operations of the London Board have necessarily been carried on have afforded opportunities and temptations unique in their magnitude, and there is unhappily reason to fear beyond the power of ordinary civic or aldermanic virtue to withstand. Astounding revelations may be expected, and the investigation will give an impetus to the impending revolution in the civic administration of the great city which is in itself a kingdom and a little world.

If recent Berlin despatches may be relied on Russia is already moving to precipitate the crisis for which Prince Bismarck supposes her to be preparing. If the Czar is demanding a substantial recognition of the right of Russia to control Bulgaria and Roumania, or in other words, permission to depose Prince Ferdinand, remove the Sobranje, and replace both with creatures of his own, he is making a demand which he must know full well will not be granted. There seems little doubt that the Bulgarian question is to be made the occasion of the "turn of events," in anticipation of which all these immense armaments are being equipped. Quite in harmony with the German despatch is another from London stating that it is semi-officially announced that Russia will shortly call upon the signers of the Treaty of Berlin to notify the Porte that the election of Prince Ferdinand was illegal. It will not lessen the difficulty or the danger of the complication that Russia's interpretation of the Treaty may be literally correct. The other signatory Powers are tacitly agreed, it would seem, to recognize the *de facto* situation as affecting the letter of the Treaty, while Bulgaria herself has in the meantime reached a position in which her own preferences become an important factor in the problem. There is too much reason to fear that the prognostications of a great war drama, to be opened during the coming spring, may be fearfully realized.

THE subject of the preservation of the forests of Ontario is to be brought before the Ontario Legislature on a motion of Mr. Meredith. The motion it is expected will give rise to earnest—not, let it be hoped, partisan—discussion. The matter is one which deserves the fullest and most anxious consideration. The same question is receiving such consideration in the United States. As the result of long deliberation by a body of men specially appointed and thoroughly acquainted with the subject, an elaborate bill has been introduced into both Houses of Congress. The changes proposed are radical. An entirely new system of management of the public lands is to be introduced. All such lands if covered with forests are to be withdrawn from sale pending careful inquiry into their character and value. As a result of such inquiry they are to be divided into three classes. The first class is to comprise those lands not near the head-waters of important streams but yet covered with timber and more valuable for forest purposes than for cultivation. The second class embraces lands partially or wholly covered with timber, but suitable for homesteads, and more valuable for agricultural purposes than for timber. The third class is composed of mountainous woodlands, those by the head-waters of streams, and others, which, for climatic, economic, or other reasons, should be kept permanently in a forest condition. Lands of the first and third classes are not to be sold, but only the timber upon them, under a system of licenses. Those of the second class are to be restored to entry and sale under the Homestead or other laws, but the timber upon such lands is to be paid for by the settler at an appraised valuation, with the exception of that on five acres. For carrying out the purposes of the bill a Forest Board forming a bureau in the Department of the Interior is to be formed. The whole scheme is carefully and elaborately wrought out, and the bill merits, as it will no doubt receive, careful study by our own legislators.

AMONGST other interesting topics touched upon by President Eliot, of Harvard University, in his last annual report, is the influence of the intercollegiate athletic contests which have become so rife in the United States. These contests are, happily, as yet rare in Canada, though the tendency is, it may be feared, in the direction of increase. What is to be the ultimate effect of elevating athletic games to the dignity of professional pursuits, in the moulding of character and the development of true manliness, is a question well worth considering. There is scarcely room for doubt that the influence of intercollegiate athletic contests upon student life in the United States has been of late years almost wholly injurious. Amongst other serious evils, one tendency clearly is, as pointed out by the *New York Nation*, "towards the erection of a false standard of superiority among colleges, according as one or the other 'carries off the cup.'" The idea of such a test of merit being set up in an educational institution of the highest class would seem too absurd to warrant a moment's consideration, were it not for the fact that, as the *Nation* says, the feeling which is the outgrowth of this idea has come to be a perfectly serious feeling amongst students. They are actually found discussing with all earnestness the injury that will result to Yale, or Princeton, or Columbia, if its students continue to take only second or third place in prize-winning. Dr. Eliot enumerates approvingly the various sports which are beneficial if pursued with proper ardour by the students, but adds: "Three of these sports, namely, football, base ball, and rowing, are liable to abuses which do not attach to the sports themselves so much as to their accompaniments under the present system of intercollegiate competitions. These abuses are: extravagant expenditure by and for the ball-players and the crews; the interruption of college work which exaggerated interest in the frequent ball-matches causes; betting; trickery condoned by a public opinion which demands victory; and the hysterical demonstrations of the college public over successful games. These follies can best be kept in check—they cannot be eradicated—by reducing the number of intercollegiate competitions to the lowest terms. The number of these competitions is at present excessive from every point of view. Wrestling, sparring, and football—games which involve violent personal collision—have to be constantly watched and regulated, lest they become brutal."

It is somewhat bewildering to an onlooker to note the different impressions produced upon different minds in the Republican Party of the United States by Mr. Blaine's letter stating that for personal reasons his name will not be submitted to the forthcoming Republican Convention as a candidate for the Presidency. Some accept the declinature as in good faith and final, and begin to look about for the next best candidate. Others see in the letter only another proof of the astuteness of the writer, in putting himself into a position to say that his choice as candidate was not of his

own seeking, thus discounting in advance any unpopularity likely to arise from his being suspected of selfish ambitions. A third class, amongst whom is Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, himself a possible choice of the convention, are shrewd enough to conceal the latter view if they privately hold it, and take the middle course, representing Mr. Blaine as sincere in his protestation, but falling back upon the paramount obligations of party loyalty, or, more euphemistically, of patriotism. "If," say they, "the delegates of the Great Republican Party at the convention with practical unanimity call upon Mr. Blaine to lead the party, he cannot possibly refuse." Probably that is the feeling of the great majority of those who are friendly to Mr. Blaine's candidature. The event may prove at the same time their sagacity and that of the great Maine leader. To a superficial observation, Mr. Blaine's "surprise" leaves the party at sixes and sevens, and greatly diminishes its previously slender chances of success. Observed more closely, and in the light of subsequent events, it may appear that in thus making clear to the party that he is their only really conspicuous man, and showing them how difficult it would be to find grounds for a choice amongst the half-dozen or more names of about equal prominence suggested by his withdrawal, Mr. Blaine has really taken the most effective means of silencing hostile criticism within the ranks, and of securing the greatest attainable degree of unanimity and enthusiasm.

STANDARDS OF CHARACTER.

MISREPRESENTATION of dramas, in the acting-versions, in written critiques, and books, and in painted pictures, is only too frequent. May it be permitted, not without every apology for taking so great a liberty, to suggest that in the Paris Letter of 31st December, in *THE WEEK* of 19th January, the correspondent may have been misled by one or more of these causes? We find it said: "How pitiful is the fate of the gentle Desdemona! What had she done to merit her sad end? To have married against the wish of her father—not an unpardonable fault, since the fault can be involuntary, while being tender and natural." All the rest admitted, "natural" it can hardly be said to have been. In the case of Desdemona there has been especial misleading. There is a book which came out with much prestige, and obtained a large degree of credit and favour. The authoress labours hard to prove that the marriage was natural. (Let it be said, once for all, that every word that is here written is to be tested by the play itself.) The lady's own precept is fully adopted—"no stage acceptance, but a conscientious study in the leaves of the great master's 'unvalued work.'" Othello is "black" and "thick lipped," and more than old enough to be her father, "advanced into the vale of years." These characteristics are suppressed, and we have instead a "complexion like the shadowed livery of the burnished sun." This is appropriated from another Moor in another play. There are Moors and Moors; some black, else whence blackamoor? Hero-worship? Yes, Othello "beguiled" Desdemona with moving tales of his own exploits and of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Yes, hero-worship, but marriage between such a couple! *Mensa et thorus!* The whole blame is thrown on Brabantio, her father, for neglecting her and leaving her affections, discouraged and crushed by him, to pour themselves out in some other direction. Not only is there not a shadow of authority for this—find it who can, it is all pure invention—but the play contradicts it. She was "opposed to marriage," and "shunned" her suitors, no heroes perhaps, but suitable matches for her. But this is far indeed from being all. The book attributes to Brabantio "cold malignity of natural disposition—unforgiving cruelty, which he keeps to the last that it may sting and wound more surely." Nay, it follows him, in this spirit, into the grave, and tells us that "self-reproaches" hastened his end. We shall see presently upon how secure a foundation this cutting structure of bitter words is raised. What sort of thanks would Desdemona owe for this! What would she have said to it? That we may have the full force of contrast, we read, "Whatever may have been Emilia in life, we cannot but feel for her now."

By Desdemona's elopement and marriage—she steals away from home at midnight—her father, aroused from sleep by messengers of the news, is overwhelmed with incredulity, amazement, and grief. The play alone can show how much and how great. When the father and daughter are brought face to face in the Council Chamber he says:

I pray you hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Just, you see, even to the man who has brought such affliction upon him. For she *had* been more than half the wooer, as Othello plainly declares.

She thanked me:
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.

Where is the "cold malignity" here, where the "unforgiving cruelty"? There is not one angry word, not a sign of irritation even. He makes one more short speech, and that is all.

God be with you!—I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Gentleness, dignity, high feeling. He would rather pass the remnant of his days childless and solitary than with a child, between whom and himself there would not be unbroken confidence, of whom he must entertain doubts that his soul would abhor. Desdemona, on her part, shows not a spark of contrition; she is argumentative, if not a shade defiant; but observe, he calls her "gentle mistress" and "jewel." "I have done, my lord." Yes, he has done; it is soon over; a few short weeks end it. Says his brother over Desdemona's dead body:

Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.

It is true that Brabantio says at last:

Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

No defence of this will be attempted here. If to have run from her father's roof without even being at the pains to find out whether his consent could be obtained was "deception" in Desdemona, then what her father said was true. But it should have been left unsaid. It was evidently put in by Shakespeare for a purpose, although inconsistent with Brabantio's character—and those who think that such inconsistencies are not to be found in him are very much mistaken; it would be easy to point them out. It is to show the direction which the sequel would take. Iago says afterwards:

She did deceive her father, marrying you,

and Othello can only at once admit,

And so she did.

However, let it have all the weight that it can justly carry. After all is said that can be said, to brand Brabantio's character, as it is branded, and to hold Desdemona faultless, as she is held, must be admitted to be an utter misrepresentation of the real truth of the first act of the play. Thenceforward, there can be nothing but boundless pity and heart-bleeding for poor Desdemona. Was there ever a more horrible fate? Victimized, insulted, struck, befouled with vile accusations, murdered by the man she loved, "not wisely, but too well"!

It is not for a moment to be inferred that such writers mislead us deliberately. On the contrary, it is the result of the extraordinary force of the prepossessions with which they come to their work. Certain female characters of Shakespeare's, of whom Desdemona is one, must be held up as patterns of perfection of womankind, and to that every other consideration, be it what it may, must give way. Shakespeare knew better than to draw faultless men or women. They are not to be found in his plays or out of them.

D. F.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Autobiography of Garibaldi (*Memorie Autobiografiche di Giuseppe Garibaldi*. Florence: Barbera) is a volume that will sell like an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is intended to be translated into English, French, and German. It is a work unique in its kind, as much by its rough diamond literary talent and richness in contemporary facts, as by its astonishing—aye, its heroic—sincerity. The "memoirs" show us Garibaldi in his entirety—one of the happiest of men, and the most representative of his generation. It is Garibaldi photographed by himself day by day, in a sort of journal or scribbling diary: the notes are dashed off without plan or study, written in the intervals of his active military life, that he has later read over, co-ordinated and unified. But the general character of the work has not been changed one jot or tittle; it displays the wild freshness of morning in every page, the warmth of improvisation in every line, and stern earnestness in every word. The memoirs smell of powder, of the clanking of arms, the palpitations of struggles, the intensity of hates, the enthusiasm of victories. They suggest in many parts the idea to have been written between the intervals of combat; the sword for a moment put aside for the pen. And yet the nervous jottings breathe the writer's child-like ingenuities, his weaknesses, his contradictions, his special narrownesses, his contempt for legality, and yet his passion for justice. The greatest democrat of the age has been his own interviewer, the honest Griffith who has stenographed the chronicles of the most romantic of lives.

Garibaldi was born at Nice in 1807, not far, it is said, from the spot where his friend Gambetta is buried. He hated three things: "priests—who were his first school-masters;" the Mazzinians, who ever crossed his attempts to secure Italian unity; and Cavour, whose diplomacy he abhorred. The political and military rôle of Garibaldi belongs to historians to judge; these memoirs are occupied with the man. The publisher has worthily done his duty, by scrupulously giving the manuscript such as it was left by the writer, even to not correcting obvious inaccuracies in dates and names of places. Some publishers in this respect so use the scissors that many memoirs resemble Jeanne Hachette's knife, which was so often repaired that none of the original remained.

The boyhood of Garibaldi was not different from that of other boys. He learned to write and read, and had a navigation-knowledge of mathematics, which was early tested by his setting out with some companions in a yawl, to sail down the Mediterranean, to live by fishing, and *en avant*, to seek fortune. The runaways were captured by a smack sent after them. Ere they could double any Cape of Good Hope, they had to encounter the Cape of Storms at home. Garibaldi ever regretted he did not learn English.

The book is divided into five parts, corresponding to the five principal periods of Garibaldi's life. He was apprenticed to be a sailor, and the rude lessons he thereby acquired seasoned him for his checkered career. Boys will devour his moving accidents by flood and field, his adventures, his shipwrecks, and his fights in South America. Few but will feel for the torture he underwent at Gualequay, when he was tied up by the hands to a beam for two hours, and whipped. And this after a journey of over fifty miles strapped on a horse, and exposed, defenceless, to the torture of clouds of mosquitoes. Garibaldi throughout all his career had a poetical ideal of woman; he maintained she was superior to man, and "the most perfect of human creatures." His affection for his mother was proverbial, and his devotion towards his first wife, Anita, profound.

The history of his first love is charming in its Biblical simplicity, though not quite orthodox. When off the coast of Brazil, he saw, from the quarter-deck, on the beach a beautiful young woman. He at once got into a boat and was rowed ashore. He then had matrimony on the brain; he was welcomed on landing by the husband of the siren, and invited to take coffee at his house. Garibaldi experienced a kind of ecstasy in presence of the captivating Portuguese beauty; they reciprocated their heart-loves in silence. "Thou art mine!" exclaimed Garibaldi. Anita felt she was, so the lovers fled, and their idyl unrolled in battlefields, in marches, in partisan combats, and in the supreme command of the land and sea forces of Uruguay. Anita followed her lord on horseback, sharing his fatigues and dangers, sleeping on the ground like an ordinary soldier, helping to work artillery, and having to witness sailors, drunk with blood and wine, make the corpse of a comrade serve for a gambling table.

The second phase of Garibaldi's career opens with Rome. He set out in 1848 from South America with a few men, and sailed for Italy. He visits his mother—broken by age—and then enters on a campaign, "to cleanse Italy of priests and robbers." The possession of Rome was his ideal of Italian Unity; it was not the Rome of old Rome in which he glorified, but a modern Eternal City, regenerated by a great and free people. Perhaps the descriptions of the events of 1848-49, and those of 1859, are the most vigorous bits of writing in the books. Garibaldi knows how to write as well as to act. He has the true Caesar gift of description; he expresses the poesy of the events he feels. Can anything be more sensational than his flight, after the capture of Rome by the French Republican soldiers; or more sensational than his campaign of 1859? It is, however, in the expedition of the "thousand" where the Dantesque fulness and quasi-religious character of his style can be seen; as when he and his phalanx during a starry night, when "all the air a solemn stillness holds," seems to speak to the very souls of the heroic band, who go to enfranchise an enslaved people.

The third part of the volume terminates with the events of 1860. The fourth part is devoted to the affair of Aspromonté, and Garibaldi's escape from Caprea. For his check he blames "the rule of the priests" that reduced the descendants of the soldiers of Marius and Scipio—his volunteers, to idiotcy and effeminacy. One-half of his volunteers withdrew from the campaign, due to the influence of the Mazzini party, who wanted an Italy united by a republic, instead of by a monarchy. Thus demoralized in advance, the volunteers only retired more rapidly when the French rained bullets at Mentana, where the "chassepots worked wonders," following General de Failly; but according to Garibaldi, the balls created more fright than they inflicted injury. It was the deceptive working of that modernized rifle, it was on its alleged "marvels," that Napoleon III. and his *entourage* staked their all during the War of 1870. The General would be nearer the true motive for the Second Empire—not the nation—discounting its success, had he named the *mitrailleuse*.

The fifth and concluding part of the book is devoted to the war of 1870-71. Garibaldi passes over, with a chivalrous reserve and in the best taste, the treatment he experienced from the Royalist National Assembly sitting at Bordeaux, in return for placing his sword on the side of Republican France. He not the less complains that it was merely to utilize his prestige that his services were accepted against the Germans, since he was not supplied with the means for any serious action. He maintains that the great fault committed by the French in their resistance was the not proclaiming a military dictatorship, having its abode in the headquarters of the armies. The great, perhaps the sole force of the Germans, lay in that concentration of all their military and diplomatic services. Dictatorship, from such a lover of liberty! the dreamer of universal peace, in the great man of war, were strange contradictions. Now, there was a large share of *féminité* in Garibaldi's character; but there was a still larger fund of combativeness, since he lays down—after gloriously illustrating it—"War is the veritable life of man." Comte de Moltke agrees with him in that doctrine, and unhappily both would appear to be right.

THE coldest spot known on the earth is Werchojansk, in Siberia. The mean temperature for the year 1885 was 2.9 deg. F. below zero. For January and December it was 62.9 deg. below, and for July it rose to 60.6 deg. above zero. The lowest temperature in July was 39.2 deg. above, while in January a fall to 88.6 deg. below zero was experienced. Werchojansk is in latitude 67 deg. 34 min., longitude 133 deg. 51 min.

HUCKSTER KING.

[One of the great nations of modern times, having acquired by purchase the holdings upon its continent of three nationalities, ventured to express the thought of buying for fifty millions of dollars some desirable provinces of a neighbouring, much disparaged though much coveted, dominion.]

I.

YES, buy a nation of free men with gold !
Buy with your wealth the love of native land !
The books are set, your college bankers stand
To tell your dollars when our days are told.
Buy where those things unbought before are sold,
Upon man's holy of holies set your hand—
Seal it your traffic hall with your new brand,
For Greece is dead, and England is grown old !

Now all the outer courts in splendid power
Ye have filled full ; your money-changers line
The aisles pure-wrought with art, where no voice falls.
Pass in, revere not : At this midday hour,
How should God dwell within a temple's shrine
That never knew His shadow on its walls !

II.

This is no race of negro slaves ye buy ;
The earth has none more fetterless than these
Fair children reared about your mother's knees.
From home—that sorry thing outworn, cast by—
From love—that mere bond service of the eye—
Redeem them, while across their hills and seas
You set a road wheredown your ministers
May bring their starved souls nurture ere they die.

Thou art the best-begotten of the earth ;
Wrap round the world's bleak heart against all lust,
The vesture of the glory of thine arm ;
Bow down in pity o'er that land of dearth,
And feed its hungry mouth with thy gold dust,
Lest envying thee its heart take sordid harm.

III.

It was not so in your great fathers' days,
Who stood for righteousness,—struck home for free
Un sullied truth ; while they who could not see
Eye to their eye no less learned heroes' ways—
Resigned what things the sons of women praise,
'To gain—whatever loyalty may be,
More frail than any flower of the sea,
More strong than all the great Sun's bitter rays.

You buy their children ! . . . Friends, our heart is set
To win in the old ways of love and fear.
We do desire your love pure heart to heart,
Yet take good heed lest haply ye forget
That love but follows where respect draws near,
That scorn and love dwell never far apart.

IV.

No, shut your reeking coffer's paltry lid !
Close up your treasury doors, take otherwhere
Your bargain-words which foul the day's clean air ;
The market is not open to your bid.
Within white walls let your white coins lie hid ;
Go lay your tarnished eagles for a share
Of barter in the Scarlet Woman's hair ;
Your hither course to chaffer, God forbid !

Being alive, we are not come to sale ;
And though this land would cover us being dead,
Ye have not wealth of heart to buy such graves.
Go learn devotion where world glories fail—
Valour and simple manliness, and dread
To deal your sordid whim to veriest slaves !

BLISS CARMAN.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

MR. BLAINE AND THE PRESIDENTIAL SITUATION.

THE letter of Mr. Blaine, announcing his withdrawal from his long-standing candidature for the Presidency, suggests one question of a philosophic nature, and raises another of immediate, practical import.

What were the characteristics or circumstances that placed Mr. Blaine in possession of an irredeemable mortgage upon the Republican party ? A parallel case was that of Henry Clay and the Whigs. It is easier to understand the fact than the motive of the popular enthusiasm for "Harry of the West," nearly half a century ago, but the much-used terms "Americanism" and "magnetism" are possibly as good as any to suggest the springs and sources of his power. He had, in high perfection, the arts of appealing successfully to national vanity, and of flattering those who came into contact with him, and thus turning them into devoted personal followers. In these two qualities Mr. Blaine is his rival as well as successor. The

latter-day politician has not the fine presence nor the silvery tongue of Clay, but his appearance does not lack dignity nor animation, nor his utterance certain effective characteristics of oratory. He is an agreeable, interesting man to meet in a private or social way, being ever-alert to please and impress those who may come to intercourse with him ; in political council he has long been recognized as one of the most resourceful of men ; he has a habit of cheerful industry, by which he accumulates such store of contemporary knowledge as to make him a master among friends and a terror to foes ; in temperament, he is ardent, sanguine, and aggressive, whereby he attracts to his standard the ambitious, the restless, and the freebooting spirits of his day, and being utterly untroubled by a conscience in public matters, he is among the most versatile and shifty of politicians. Never scrupling, since his entry into political life, to use his station and influence for the building-up of his private fortune, it is not surprising that where less objectionable qualities have failed, a multitude of subordinates have enrolled themselves under his banner in hope and trust of a lavish era of jobbery, should he come to the head of affairs. In his long public service he has made no solid nor lasting contribution to political life or progress ; no wholesome impulse or influence has emanated from him ; there is nothing to give him a fixed place in American history, but the student of the philosophy of politics will find much that is instructive and entertaining in his career.

What will be the effect of Mr. Blaine's withdrawal upon the Presidential election ? It is as certain that his control of the party machinery could have compelled his own nomination by the Republicans as that he would have been beaten in a renewed contest with Mr. Cleveland ; consequently (unless he means to "rule or ruin," by forcing a candidate subservient to himself upon the nominating convention), the first result of his withdrawal is to greatly improve the situation and prospects of his party, by leaving it free to choose such a candidate as is best fitted to undermine the strength of, and to profit by such weakness as there may be in, Mr. Cleveland and his position. Senator Allison, of Iowa, Evarts, of New York, Hawley, of Connecticut, and Sherman, of Ohio ; Judge Gresham, of Indiana, and General Sheridan are the names chiefly mentioned. The "boom" of the last-named is of the smallest dimension and weakest character conceivable : he is simply a successful soldier, living on his military achievements of a quarter of a century ago, among a generation of civilians, to whom the Civil War is merely an interesting page of history. Mr. Evarts is from a State which the Republicans are exceedingly desirous to carry, but he is destitute of a single personal or political quality that gives promise of popular interest in his candidacy. Judge Gresham is from a doubtful State, regarded as important to both parties, but he is comparatively an obscure man, and the talk about him seems sentimental only, and is probably insincere. Mr. Allison has contentedly occupied, for a considerable time, the position of a "dark horse," or availability candidate, willing to wait on the necessity or pleasure of Mr. Blaine, or to fill the breach in the event of all the strong men being killed off in the war of factionalism. He would run well in the West, but is lamentably weak in the East. General Hawley is a much more promising man than Allison, and under ordinary circumstances would make a candidate of more than average excellence. Under any circumstances he would make a good President, if he could be elected, but in existing conditions he would almost certainly be defeated by Mr. Cleveland. This leaves only Mr. Sherman, and upon him the choice of the party leaders will probably fall when they reach the point of determining how the stronghold of Mr. Cleveland is to be assailed with the best chance of success. In many respects he is the anti-type of Mr. Blaine, being a cold, deliberate, calculating man, neither having nor striving for a devoted or an impulsive following. He has an ample fortune, won by personal sagacity and without pushing his public opportunities. His acquaintance with the facts and theories of politics is as extensive and penetrating as that of Mr. Blaine is inaccurate and superficial. He has borne a distinguished part in constructive legislation and also in national administration. He possesses, in a greater degree than any other prominent member of either party, the confidence of the moneyed men and corporate interests of the great cities, and it is to the financial aid and active influence of these capitalists and corporations that the Republicans must look for the means of countervailing the personal strength of Mr. Cleveland and the advantage enjoyed by the Democrats in controlling the vast patronage of the Government. Altogether, it looks as though the Republicans will have to adopt Mr. Sherman with unanimity, if not enthusiasm, and in so doing they will probably take the most promising road to possible victory. Nothing could save him from being an uninteresting man, but he would almost certainly make an acceptable magistrate, his integrity and ability being, happily, beyond question.

B.

Washington, Feb. 18.

It may not be out of place at this season of the year, when cosmetics are so much used by professional and amateur artists at theatrical and other entertainments, to point out that this practice is not devoid of danger. Light cosmetics, such as properly prepared vegetable powders, starch, etc., may be used without any deleterious consequences ; but the heavier powders, which are often preferred because they do not come off so readily as the lighter ones, and because they are also cheaper, always contain mineral ingredients. Bismuth is occasionally used, but carbonate of lead in large quantities, mixed with chalk, is most common. Cases of lead colic and lead paralysis have been now and again traced to the wearing of such cosmetics, especially if applied night after night, and many cases of the milder forms of lead-poisoning, which at first seemed difficult to explain, have been shown to be due to the habitual use of these preparations.—*Lancet*.

MONTREAL LETTER.

At this date among Torontonians, *Dorothy* is in all probability evoking the same stentorian *bravissimas*, the same kindly smiles of matronly approbation that have been her guerdon here for the past week. Though perhaps old-world citizens would find much suggestive of speedy decline were an operabouffe to take precedence of the aldermanic elections, still I cannot help thinking such a situation augurs well for us. When one-half of the space devoted at present by our press to "bucket shops" and "boodlers" is given to music and the drama, so far has civilization risen from the condition in which it must find itself in every mushroom town.

Speaking of *Dorothy*, strange to say, one is by no means led to notice Miss Lillian Russell first, for despite her pert beauty and ostentatious manner, as an artiste she is quite insignificant beside Mr. Harry Paulton, the delightful Lurcher. Mr. Paulton, I believe, has given the theatre several very successful plays. His keen intelligence and fine artistic perception raise him far above the ordinary low comedian, whose exaggerated gestures and diction are more calculated to charm a matinee audience than theatre-goers of any taste. Paulton's art is good because it is simple, and he produces the more effect because he strives not after it. That ever-recurring "I beg your pardon!" of his, and the refrain of "few and far between," with its inimitable suggestion of revivalism, are quite perfect in their way.

Miss Russell's face is certainly very pretty, and she possesses a pleasing voice, but she also possesses an amount of assurance—not to call it by any other name—which seems utterly incompatible with any rôle she might ever be capable of playing. The only wonder is how our good neighbours have stood her eminently impertinent stage manner so long. She threw us a song as one would a bone to some limp-tailed mongrel, and we accepted it in that gracious, humble way peculiar to us.

We find *Dorothy* a younger sister of *Erminie*, and both are lineal descendants of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*.

Alderman Archibald, in a lecture on "The Two Races," recently gave us some just ideas respecting the relationship of French and English Canadians. Very little towards the unifying of the population has been done since the British Conquest, and this the lecturer considered was mainly due to the fact that the two constituent parts of it speak different languages; the superficial manner in which French is studied in our schools he considered a disgrace. Doubtful as it may appear at first, I am sure the deep-rooted antipathy that exists between the two races would sensibly diminish upon further acquaintance. That further acquaintance, as the lecturer truly remarked, is only to be gained from a thorough knowledge of French among the English, and *vice versa*. At present an English-Canadian here who can employ other forms of expression when speaking French than the rather irrelevant phrases of the grammar excites our undisguised admiration. To Montrealers of the West End, Rue St. Denis and Rue St. Laurent are far less familiar names than Regent Street or Piccadilly. We hardly ever read a French-Canadian paper; we know next to nothing of what our neighbours think, and perhaps care still less. I don't know whether this is a very intelligent way of living. It seems strange that with so happy an opportunity of asserting our individuality, of showing our opinion to be something better than an echo of old world prejudice, we let the subtle feeling grow apace. Of course there has existed and must always exist a radical difference between Saxon and Gaul, but is it not rather a difference that should excite mutual interest and study, than the somewhat irrational antagonism akin to the sentiment our favourite pug entertains for the feline community?

After a good deal of parleying, the M. A. A. A. affair has come to a most satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Brady has resigned. At the meeting of the Association on Friday evening Mr. Patterson promised to send in his resignation provided the motion of expulsion was withdrawn. The directors, who have throughout acted in a most manly way, saw the snare, and felt by no means inclined thus tacitly to acknowledge their former decisions had been anything but just. The amendment was lost, and Mr. Patterson resigned unconditionally.

Hustled together in rather a motley array, I found the other day in Mr. Scott's artistic emporium a most interesting collection of pictures. But more especially was my attention attracted to two canvasses of quite original merit. The one showed us an old workman, of very rubicund countenance, sitting in a wine shop, and complacently contemplating the contents of a snuff-box. The face was ugly—almost repugnant—yet the work evinced so delightfully bold and unconventional a spirit one could not help appreciating it. Then the old fellow's roughly patched breeches, of which the dark and the light-blue cotton made such honest, lovely bits of colour, were worth a picture in themselves. The second work was smaller and more attractive. Down a rough street comes a labourer with his great, strong horse beside him. Here again is the same absence of pose, the same truth, the same breath of the new-born modern art. Mr. J. Kerr Lawson is an artist whom we must admire. In this age of concession and contrivance, it revives one's faith in truth to come across one who will think his own thoughts, and speak what he thinks, quite irrespective of the world's fads and preferences. I hear from private sources that Mr. Lawson is likely to write an account from time to time, for this paper, of Canadian artists' life in Paris. It is an idea which is often carried out with marked success in the States, and from such a pen as our artist's, such a letter must prove extremely welcome to us.

LOUIS LLOYD.

A NOTE ON RUSSIAN REALISM.

A TIMELY work issued by Messrs. Crowell, *Great Masters of Russian Literature*, from the French of Dupuy, suggests a few thoughts on the distinguishing characteristics of that literature, which has of late come to fill so large a part of our intellectual horizon. There have been many words spent in the effort to discover the secret of the spell exerted by Gogol, Turgénief and Tolstoi. Much of the charm of this literature is doubtless due to its freshness. With the power and assured touch of older literatures, it sets us in a new atmosphere, it unveils to us a new domain of motives, aspirations, and influences. The method is fearlessly original, the treatment so direct and vivid that the inevitable sense of strangeness in the effects is no hindrance to a perception of their absolute fidelity. At the bottom of these qualities lies a realism, which is, it seems to me, sound and fruitful because it has its origin, not in a fickle thirst for novelty, and not in a headlong application of logical principles carried to the illogical extremes but rather in a profound sincerity and an overwhelming realization of a few of the burning facts of life.

If we had never been forced to make acquaintance with any other realism than this of the Russian Masters, there would have been no question at issue between realism and idealism. It would have been a patent truth that the two are inseparable in all work of the highest, and that the sanity, the symmetry, the applicability, of ideal creations are secured by dependence upon a selective realism. Now the rock on which, in the opinion of a large section of the best minds of the day, our Western so-called realists go to pieces, is the rock of indiscriminacy. It is because the principle of selection is ignored that scarce any of the works of those undoubtedly powerful intellects, who among us had the forces of realism, succeed in winning any universal sanction more authoritative than that of quick sales. With the Russian Masters consistency goes ever hand-in-hand with reality, and impertinent details are abhorred. When Gogol paints a scene, sketches a character, or reports a conversation, we are struck by the abundance of detail; but it is such detail only as tells appreciably toward the desired effect. Instance the following passage, quoted by Dupuy:—

"I see from here the little house, surrounded by a gallery, supported by delicate slender columns of darkened wood, and going entirely around the building, so that during thunder-showers or hail-storms the window shutters can be closed without exposure to the rain; behind the house, mulberry-trees in bloom, then long rows of dwarf fruit trees drowned in the bright scarlet of the cherries, and in an amethystine sea of plums with leaden down; then an old birch-tree, under the shade of which is spread a carpet for repose; before the house, a spacious court with short and verdant grass, with two little foot-paths trodden down by the steps of those who went from the barn to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the proprietor's house. A long-necked goose drinking from a puddle, surrounded by her soft and silky yellow goslings; a long hedge hung with strings of dried pears and apples, and rugs hung out to air; a waggon loaded with melons near the barn; on one side an ox unyoked and chewing his cud, lazily lying down. All this has for me an inexpressible charm."

French realism and American realism, in the received acceptation of the terms, are allied but not identical, and both differ from that of the Russians in that they are a theoretical deduction, rather than an organic growth. That of the French is the realism of *l'homme moyen sensuel*, to borrow a well-used phrase; it grants full credence to no physical facts save those which have their origin in man's physical nature. To it whatever is exceptional is unreal, or rather, I should say, whatever is exceptionally high; for much that falls almost infinitely below the human average, in conduct, in motive, in external and internal grace, comes within the range of its clearest vision and receives its all too frank acknowledgment. Selection, if not despised, is applied only to eliminate whatever might serve as an æsthetic or moral pattern. It is a realism which, while arrogating to itself a rigidly scientific method, is so unscientific as to make its deductions from imperfect specimens and to ignore the highest developments of the type.

Something much more decorous and urbane we have in American realism, which is that of the deliberately curious and conscientiously unheroic observer. Even though it be not very inspiring, even though some of the characters with which it makes us so intimately acquainted are bores, there is yet no great sin to urge against it save that most respectable sin of dulness. It partakes more of the nature of a catalogue or a commonplace book than of a work of creative art. In a word, it fails to impress one with a sense of vitality, being the result not so much of fervent conviction as of a desire to win vogue and to furnish entertainment in a marketable form. But the realism which we find in Russian literature is something widely different from this in origin, aim, and quality. It is the realism of passionate purpose, and of knowledge that has undergone the fusing of concentrated emotion. It springs from a national impulse, a restlessness under burdens long endured, a yearning love of country. It seeks to free the voice of a people long dumb, and to give expression to that which it knows for absolute truth. Too sincere not to be faithful in details, it is yet too much in earnest for details that are irrelevant; and as a result of all this it has something of the sanction of universality. It is not content to simply entertain; it inspires and impregnates. It is no mere cunning ordering of observations, it is life revealed in a white light. Vast interests are at stake, and what is without significance is forgotten.

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PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XII.

HON. J. A. CHAPLEAU, M.P., SECRETARY OF STATE.

In 1881, as Mr. Chapleau was in the course of a speech to his constituents, at Ste. Thérèse, the bell of the parish church suddenly struck, whereupon the orator stopped, bowed his head for a moment, then casting a glance over the vast audience, said in a voice that betrayed emotion: "Forty-one years ago, my friends, that same bell rang me to my christening; its sound has guided my footsteps many a time since; and it has often recalled me to a sense of duty to you." The incident is a key to Mr. Chapleau's character, seeking to make impression through the fancy and softening the asperities of political discussion by delicate reference to the beautiful things of this world. There was both eloquence and statesmanship in the allusion.

Joseph Adolphe Chapleau was born at Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, in the county of Terrebonne, on the 9th November, 1840. His ancestors emigrated from France, and were among the early settlers of the seigniorship of Terrebonne; but the father of Mr. Chapleau was an humble, hard-working mechanic, of whom the son was not ashamed and who instilled into the latter principles of honour and devotion to duty. From the earliest age the boy displayed a taste for learning, and his mind was so active that means were found to put him to school where he grounded himself in the elements of grammar. Thence he was sent to the neighbouring village of Terrebonne, where a college had been established by Madame Masson, mother of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and where he pursued his studies until transferred to St. Hyacinthe and put through a course of solid studies which left their impression on the whole of his subsequent career.

On leaving college he wended his way to Montreal in search of a profession suitable to a youth of his tastes and aptitudes. He chose the law and, encouraged by his success, devoted himself to criminal practice, acquiring a position therein, which set him, within a short time, in the highest rank among his youthful associates. But this was not sufficient for his buoyant nature. He launched into politics at the age of nineteen, mounting the hustings with assurance and maintaining himself thereon, in the midst of the most violent campaigns. He went further, and took up the pen in defence of his political views and principles. With a couple of congenial spirits he founded a newspaper called *Le Colonisateur*, and for three years used its columns in an attempt to reach those readers whom his voice could not attain.

From these very beginnings Mr. Chapleau made his mark and the political leaders soon foretold that he would lose no time in taking high rank. His physical appearance was in his favour. Tall, well built; with a shapely head; wavy black hair thrown back over his neck like a plume; a musical, flexible voice; an abundance of animal energy; a fearless spirit that shrunk from no difficulty, he readily placed himself at the head of his companions, with their full acquiescence and as if by natural right. Another advantage which the future statesman enjoyed at the opening of his career was that he found himself the representative of the young men coming after the radicalism of 1848, when the French revolution of that year had its echo on this side, and the cry of annexation rang through the whole of Lower Canada. This period of acute crisis was followed by a long term of bewilderment and unrest, called the decade of transition, when party lines were only faintly drawn, because every one felt that there should be a reunion of all forces in order to insure the future of the common country. From 1860 to the year of Confederation, the young men kept on growing in the school of strife and trial, but none grew more perceptibly and with fuller promise of future strength, than the subject of this sketch.

His opportunity came at length, and he was not slow to seize it. In 1867 the British North America Act proclaimed to the world a new nation, and the Province of Quebec, without knowing it, and almost in spite of herself, entered into full possession of her autonomy. She was presented with her own Lieutenant-Governor; her own legislature, consisting of two Chambers and a long scroll of rights and privileges, which practically made the people of French-Canada their own masters. The general elections took place, and Mr. Chapleau, going straight into his native county, asked to be made its first representative in the Provincial Parliament. He was returned by acclamation, and has retained the seat to this day, through the ordeal of at least a half dozen elections. That first session at Quebec was a memorable one, with such members as Chauveau, a man of high temper and noble spirit—as Premier; Joly, the political Bayard, as leader of the Opposition; Cartier, Langevin, Irvine, Chapais, Marchand and others of hardly less note. In such a presence the representative of Terrebonne took his place, at the age of seven and twenty. Within a few hours he arose, and the eyes of a crowded house were fastened upon him, as he proceeded to discharge the honourable function of moving the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. His first effort settled his position at once, both as an orator and a public man, and thenceforth the legislative career of Mr. Chapleau was secure. He went along quietly for several years, making himself acquainted with the new order of things under Confederation, when the Province took an upward bound, and everything revived—business, agriculture, literature, and the national spirit—imbuing himself with the principle of practical politics whereby the development of the country's material resources should be fostered. The time came soon when he was called upon to apply these schemes in a higher sphere, and another forward step was taken. Mr. Chapleau was sworn in of the Executive Council, and appointed Solicitor-General in the beginning of 1873, with the sanction of his whole party and the approval of his political adversaries. And away, in a quiet London street, and on a bed of sickness from which he was never to rise,

Sir George Cartier heard of the promotion, and wrote that it was no more than the reward of merit. The great man, who was the friend of young men, and who took pains to train them in public life, was comforted at the last with the thought that one of his favourites had entered on the paths of responsible office.

But this new period, from 1873 to 1879, was a stormy one, and not the least exciting incident was the defence, at Winnipeg, by Mr. Chapleau, of Lépine and other Half-breeds, implicated in the North-West troubles of that period. In September, 1874, the Ouimet Government went down on the outcry about the Tanneries Land Swap, and Mr. Chapleau, after a vigorous defence of his conduct in a public speech, withdrew into private life. But in January, 1876, he was recalled as Provincial Secretary, and remained in office till the disruption of the Boucherville Cabinet, by Governor Letellier de St. Just, in 1878.

Another opportunity was here afforded, of which he took prompt advantage. In a mass meeting held at Montreal he was chosen leader of the Conservative party and of the Opposition, and at once set to work to prepare the way for the downfall of the Joly Ministry. This he accomplished within a little beyond the year. In October, 1879, Mr. Joly resigned, and his opponent was summoned to form a government, which he at once did, adding to his position as First Minister the department of Agriculture and Public Works. The same tact, energy, and general ability which he displayed as leader of the Opposition, where the best qualities of a public man are tested, Mr. Chapleau manifested as head of Government and he lost no time in turning to a business policy. The chief measure of his Administration was the sale of the North Shore Railway, to relieve the exchequer of the Province. The subject gave rise to violent debates, and led to a division in the Conservative party itself, but subsequent events have justified it in a measure, and effectually removed the danger of a powerful corporation being turned into a mere party machine, with nameless resources of corruption. The general elections came on in 1881, and Mr. Chapleau swept the Province, carrying fifty-three seats out of sixty-five. This seemed to crown his Provincial career, and the project long cherished by his friends of his promotion from Quebec to Ottawa was urged upon him with great force. Strong objections were adduced on the other hand, however, and Mr. Chapleau was warned against taking a false step; but there is reason to believe that the state of his health, shattered by the wearing and worrying labours of the previous two years, turned the scales at the end. In the summer of 1882 Mr. Chapleau resigned his position as Prime Minister, and accepted the portfolio of State in the Government of Sir John Macdonald.

It is only they who are acquainted with the modes, the habits, and the general situation of French-Canada who can measure the difference existing between Quebec and Ottawa. Many of Mr. Chapleau's critics foretold that he would be out of place in his new field; that the showy qualities which had won him so much distinction and power among his own people would go for very little with the cool, practical politicians of the Dominion capital, and that while he was supreme in the Provincial arena, he would prove only third or fourth rate in the Federal competition. The readers of this paper can judge for themselves how far these predictions were fulfilled. Foes will agree with friends in stating, as a simple matter of justice, that the influence of Mr. Chapleau has not waned since he became a member of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada. On the contrary, he increased his strength before the whole country by the bold and consistent stand which he took in the Riel affair. None but those who know the French-Canadian people, how they are attached to their race, some of them cherishing the odd feeling that they are not treated with becoming justice and respect by the other elements of the population, and none but those who dwell in the Province at this time, and witnessed the morbid excitement, the hopes, the fears, the anxiety which prevailed throughout the whole crisis, can have the faintest notion of the gravity of the situation. Against this universal outburst Mr. Chapleau, with his two Quebec colleagues, had to make a stand, and in the large Montreal district, over which he has recognized control, he was obliged to bear the brunt of the onset alone. All agencies were set to bear against him. At first he was tempted and cajoled. If he put himself at the head of the movement, all parties would join in his wake, and he would be the master and idol of the Province. Then intimidation was hinted at. If he ventured to set his foot in Montreal, he would be hooted and mobbed. There were several weeks, after the meeting in the Champ de Mars, when the tide of passion ran high, argument was useless, and but for the good sense and honest purpose of the best classes, a serious rupture might have ensued. From their point of view this indignation was natural, and it was respectable, springing from motives of injured patriotism, and aggravated by the definite promises which the party papers published, even on the eve of the unfortunate man's execution. There are two sides to every question of this kind, and the readers of Ontario and the other Provinces should take the particular circumstances into consideration in judging of the movement which almost rent the Province of Quebec asunder.

The record is that the Secretary of State remained calm and collected through it all. Knowing his people as he does, he understood all that he was risking, and the bright prospects which his ambition was throwing away, but, on the other hand, he seems to have seen his duty clear from the start, and, like a man, he did it. Without being defiant, he was fearless throughout. And he was outspoken. In a letter addressed to his countrymen, on the 28th November, 1885, he broaches the question face to face, saying that his oath of office was inviolable, even at the risk of losing friendships and emoluments, and that he had the profound conviction of the injustice of what was demanded of him as detrimental to the best understood interests of the Province. "I saw," he adds, "as a logical

sequence of this movement, the isolation of French-Canadians, causing an antagonism of race, provoking retaliation, combats, and disasters. I felt that there was more courage in breasting the current than in drifting with it, and, without failing in my duty, I let pass the misguided crowd who overwhelmed me with the names of traitor and poltroon." The letter then goes on to discuss the whole question in all its bearings, and coming from a statesman, on his defence, who was acquainted with even the most secret details of the controversy, it possesses an intrinsic value which future historians will not overlook. Mr. Chapleau closes with these brave words: "My conscience tells me that I have failed, in this instance, neither to my Maker, nor to my Sovereign, nor to my countrymen. . . . I have served my native land, as a parliamentarian, for eighteen years, with joy and pride. I shall continue to do it on one sole condition: that of keeping my freedom, with no other care than my honour and my dignity."

In other respects, as Minister of the Crown at Ottawa, Mr. Chapleau may be said to have pressed hard the claims of his Province in the Cabinet and in Parliament, and in certain cases he is charged with having done so at the risk of serious dissensions in the ministerial ranks. Here, as elsewhere throughout, the difficulties of the French-Canadian province must be taken into account, and many things, very well meant from that point of view, are quite inexplicable when judged according to Saxon standards.

Very few, if any, among partisan writers, will refuse Mr. Chapleau the quality of statesmanship, however they may differ on the principles that actuate it, or the results which it is likely to accomplish. But on the question of eloquence there can hardly be two opinions. He is a born orator, with almost all the physical gifts which go to the making of the perfect master of speech. A volume of his discourses has just been published, a perusal of which gives the further assurance of solidity, logical reasoning, rhetorical taste, and generous sentiment. To the persons who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, the Secretary of State is the accomplished gentleman, lettered and sociable, full of agreeable information and willing to oblige. Having married a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel King, of Sherbrooke, Mr. Chapleau is thoroughly conversant with our tongue, and, indeed, uses it in public speeches with judgment and fluency. As he is still a young man, there is reason to hope that he may long be spared to serve his country, and while naturally leaning a little to his own Quebec, devote his fine gifts to the welfare of the Dominion at large.

J. TALON-LESPEANCE.

MR. KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

WHETHER the writing of impartial history is a thing possible, whether it is even desirable, may be perhaps an open question. Mr. Kinglake at all events does not in the least disguise from us that he loathed, and loathes, the Emperor Louis Napoleon and all his works; that he despised Marshal Canrobert; that he had, and has, a very decided dislike to Sir George Brown; that he has a kind of humorous appreciation of the bluff Pélissier; and though he cautiously avoids any attempt to exalt his proper hero into a great general, he makes us feel the profound admiration which the stately courtesy and happy tact of the high-minded Englishman who commanded our army, a Tory of the Tories, won from the ultra-Radical Member of Parliament who closely watched him then, and, though he himself has passed through such changes as thirty years bring with them, loves his memory now. To every one who writes the Crimean story, no matter of what nation he may be, so long as he has an eye for measuring the moral stature of men, Todleben, as a man, stands out as the central figure. There is nothing therefore peculiar in the fact that, in the two volumes which have just appeared, dealing as they do with the very period of Todleben's most successful work, though not with that of his most masterly decisions, the Colonel of Engineers should tower over all his compatriots and over all his opponents. Nevertheless it may be doubted whether the full effect of all that Todleben did had ever till now been brought so clearly before the eyes of men. Here at least the subject was worthy of the pains bestowed by the careful sculptor, and the effect is what it deserved to be.

One sometimes wonders whether, if these latter volumes could have been written by the Mr. Kinglake of 1854, their tone would have been what it is now. I have spoken of the effect which the personality of Lord Raglan has manifestly exercised upon Mr. Kinglake's mind; but the force, the influence, the power which Mr. Kinglake ascribes to his hero is by no means only that of a man of personally commanding presence influencing other men by his self-possession and his great character. It is quite as much the influence of a man, by habit, by training, by social position, accustomed to exercise and to be worthy of authority. In the gloomiest period of the siege, when the French army had reached a stage of the deepest depression, when Canrobert had completely sunk under it, so that he could not even in the common councils of the allies refrain from giving expression to his despair, Mr. Kinglake records the contrast:

"It is," he says, "amongst men ground down to a state of what the French call equality that panic revels and spreads. The greater the diversity of character, sentiment, habit, and social station between any two men in council the abler will one of them be to allay the other's despondency." "In those times of trial" Lord Raglan "ceased to be equal with other men. Without dissembling facts he would calmly withhold his assent to all gloomy apprehensions, and manfully force attention to the special business in hand, and thus, or rather perhaps by a kind of power that cannot be traced or described in words, he threw upon those who conversed with him the spell of his own undaunted nature. Men went to him anxious and perturbed; they came away firm."

I quote this passage, part of which is taken by Mr. Kinglake from the words of a personal friend of Lord Raglan, because it seems to me typical of at least one very distinctive characteristic of Mr. Kinglake's power as a writer in dealing with the men he describes. We none of us can forget certain epithets of Carlyle, "the sea-green incorruptible" and the like. The outward presentiment of his characters, very often by the force of caricature and of iteration, are stamped on English minds in a way that probably hardly any other *dramatis personæ* but Shakespeare's are stamped on them. Mr. Kinglake, at least in these later volumes, hardly attempts to force upon us any impression we do not choose to carry away. He describes with the utmost care and with much graphic force the outward appearance of the men whose actions he records, but he gives them once and for all. We have not even repetitions here such as "Marshal St. Arnaud, formerly Jacques le Roi." A notable instance is the carefully drawn sketch of Pélissier with which the concluding volume opens:

"This short, thick-set, resolute Norman had passed his sixtieth year; but the gray, the fast-whitening hair that capped his powerful head, and marked the inroads of Time, wore a strange, wore an alien look, as though utterly out of true fellowship with the keen, fiery vehement eyes, with the still dark and heavy moustache, with all the imperious features that glowed or seemed to be glowing in the prime or fierce mid-day of life. His mighty bull-neck, strongly built upon broad, massive shoulders, gave promise of hard, bloody fights, gave warning of angry moods, and even of furious outbursts."

It is an admirable pen-and-ink sketch. As you read it you can picture the man to yourself—as he stood among his soldiers, or entered the council-chamber of the allies, or received the mischievous despatches of his sovereign. But if you want to have the details of the man's appearance before you, you must recur to the picture again and again. It is not through an effort to press details on you, such as you get in Carlyle's letters, of almost all his contemporaries cut out of stone with a tool dipped in vinegar, that Mr. Kinglake's characters make their mark. You feel throughout his work the impression left on him by living men whom he has known, some of whom he hates, some of whom he loves and admires, but to all of whom he introduces you as a friend introduces you to an acquaintance of his whom, whether for good or ill, he knows well.

Mr. Kinglake himself says that there was a period when Todleben's success seemed so pronounced, and the progress of the besiegers so slow, that men began to look upon the siege of Sebastopol as a kind of siege of Troy, destined to last its ten years at least. In many respects, even as the case stands, the comparison seems not inappropriate. It is a siege which was representative of the contest of forces altogether out of proportion to the direct result attained and the time spent over it. If this story lives it will be due to the power of the artist: Homer, and not his own deeds, will have given immortality to the Crimean Agamemnon. Yet England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia ranged against Russia, represented a power on either side which ought at least to have been the equivalent of the forces employed in the campaigns of 1866 or 1870. Every one now talks as if the wars of Prussia against Austria, or of France against Germany, were so great that the Crimean contest sinks into insignificance. Yet Russia at least put forth the full power she could exert; and even if with the allies it was mainly a question of expenditure, it is well to remember that during that first terrible winter we could not feed the men we had landed, and that therefore no additional numbers would have been of any service to us.

It is by measuring the power which Russia exercised in Europe prior to 1854 that we realize how great the struggle really was. The power ultimately employed against Russia was greater than hers, and forced her to bend to it. Therefore in estimating the real importance of the theme it is useless to reckon the numbers of men engaged, and to judge of the Crimean war as if the sum totals of the combatants fixed the nature of the forces employed on both sides.

In 1870 it was France that struggled against Germany. If a new contest for Elsass-Lothringen is to arise it will be again a struggle between the same mighty opposites. Yet, as Sir Charles Dilke has recently shown with admirable force and clearness, the numbers of men which can now be placed on the French frontier by Germany are just tenfold those which in 1870 France could put in the field. France has similarly been developing her fighting power. The change in the character of the struggle of the armies thus foreshadowed is portentous enough. But behind the armies in each instance stands the nations, and the deep interest of the struggle lies in that fact. So, in the Crimea, the struggle of the allies was against the whole strength which could there be exerted by the mighty empire which had struck down Napoleon in the zenith of his power as the master and the conqueror of Europe. Therefore, to one who looks a little below the surface, the theme does not seem unworthy of any pains that has been bestowed on it. All the hosts of Germany would not in the Crimea, against the will of France or England, enable her even now to use such power as was there employed in 1854. What Mr. Kinglake has here worked out for us, in volume after volume as they have come out, is no mere record of a fight in which, to take the period immediately preceding that covered by these later volumes, just before Inkerman, sixty-five thousand English and French troops represented the whole might on land in the Crimea of the two monarchies; while all the forces which Russia could there gather were one hundred and twenty thousand men. All the circumstances of the Crimean campaign, its very failures, the passionate interest in it of the whole English people, their earnest determination to find out where mistakes had been made, the peculiar effect of the *Times* newspaper on the war, on the nation, on the commanders, on the army, the descent of the ladies and their marvellous effect in saving the lives of

the men and so adding force to the armies in the field, the continued victories of small numbers over large, the siege without investment, without numerical superiority, the slow bleeding of Russia, the death of the great Czar under the consciousness of hopeless failure,—all these and many other features peculiar to the war give to it a dramatic interest rare even amid the struggles of such mighty powers. And yet on the whole, so confused, so conflicting, so varied were the incidents, so ponderous had been the efforts made by successive committees and commissions to sift out the truth, that over all the story there had gathered a kind of mirage or desert haze, distorting the true proportions and making it most difficult, even where the truth and the lesson to be derived from it were in reality most certain, to distinguish the dust that rises up and is lightly laid again from the solid facts of value for all time.

The earlier volumes had revealed the Crimean campaign to the end of the battle of Inkerman. But between the story of the battle of Inkerman itself, which occupies the fifth volume, and the story to be told in these volumes, there is interposed an account of the difficulties of the first Crimean winter, due to sickness, starvation, bitter cold and damp, against none of which any adequate provision had been made. This occupies the sixth volume, which was published seven years ago.

The subject of the seventh volume is, in fact, the effect on the war of the mission to the Crimea of Marshal Niel. Canrobert, who from the time of the death of Marshal St. Arnaud commanded the French Army, though he has always had the reputation of being one of the most personally brave of men, appears to have lacked the moral courage for the command of an army in the field. The Emperor Louis Napoleon, on the other hand, always imagined himself a great general, and was thirsting for the opportunity to appear before the world as such, if only he could obtain the chance without running the risk of failure. Steadily therefore he gathered in the neighbourhood of Constantinople large reinforcements for his troops in the Crimea, with which he designed himself to land in the course of the spring and to take command of the whole French army. The miseries which both English and French armies endured during the winter, the long weary work of the trenches, the apparent uselessness of the successive victories as long as the Russians were able securely to replenish their supplies both of men and materials seem to have suggested the opportunity for just such a *coup de théâtre* as the Emperor desired. If only, landing with fresh forces in the Crimea, lavishly pouring in supplies of all kinds that should restore comfort and health to his unfortunate army, he could, as his uncle had done in 1815, appear among his soldiers "with the violets in the spring," he might by defeating the Russian army in the open field, cut off Sebastopol for the first time from the resources of Russia, and, trusting to the overwhelming materials for bombardment which would in the meantime have been accumulated, might bring the siege to a rapid conclusion. It was a tempting chance. To make the contrast as sharp as possible between the previous darkness and the brilliancy of the transformation scene blazing upon the eyes of astonished Europe at the touch of the magician's wand, it was necessary to ensure that no great success should be achieved before the wand was waved. For this purpose Niel was despatched to the Crimea. It is because of this scheme that Mr. Kinglake describes the French army as, throughout all these months, "an army in waiting," an army, that is, dancing attendance on an emperor and prepared for a court-ceremonial. It would, however, be absurd to suppose that, though Niel and Canrobert were warm personal adherents of the Emperor, they would have committed themselves with eyes open to all the ruinous consequences which in fact followed from their submission to these proposals. There were most plausible reasons why the Emperor's proposal in its broader outlines should seem wise.

Mr. Kinglake, thanks to his marvellous industry and research, has had the opportunity, in filling out the details, to supply in not a few instances matter absolutely new and of the deepest interest.

From the sixth of November, 1854, the "morrow of Inkerman," onward, the allies, impressed by that battle with a conviction of the numbers of the Russians with whom they had to deal, accepted the fact that they must now settle down into a long siege. Canrobert had on the day of Inkerman utterly refused to follow up the English victory, or even to take part in its later phases. The fruits of victory had been allowed to slip from the grasp of the allies. The design with which they had at first moved to the south front of Sebastopol was to surprise the garrison. They had surprised it. But they considered it necessary, instead of taking advantage of that surprise, to accumulate against it first an overwhelming force of artillery. The long delay which that had entailed on them had given the Russians time to recover, to bring up their ship-guns, and to increase the power of their batteries; and now, instead of the surprised and disconcerted handful of men who had been left, as they themselves believed, the hopeless task of defence against a victorious army, there confronted the commanders a formidable fortress, manned by an adequate force, in full communication with an army in the open field superior in numbers to the whole of the allies. The inevitable result was a recourse, on one side of the French attack, to a system of mining and counter-mining, in which Todleben proved greatly superior in knowledge of the craft to those who opposed him, and, throughout the general front of the position, to a series of operations, in which Todleben, "manœuvring his earthworks as other men have manœuvred armies," proceeded to advance against the allies, to make his great fortress continually occupy and command more and more ground, and to deprive the allies of every point of vantage from which they could assail his chief works. Canrobert's continual dread of attacking these new "approaches" as they were thrown up, allowed Todleben to send out his engineers by night, and, by working hard till day-

light, to force the besiegers to discover in the morning that his new works had been so far completed that, from that time onward, they would daily grow in strength till he was ready for some new advance. The only mode in which the allies were now able to meet these efforts was by slowly accumulating guns and ammunition for successive bombardments. With these, as soon as an adequate collection had been made, they pounded the besieged. The effect in causing loss of life to the Russians was appalling, because they were always obliged to keep large bodies of men in the works ready to resist any assault. But actual progress in the siege during all the winter months was, thanks to the improved defences, practically more in favour of the garrison than the besiegers. After every bombardment Todleben succeeded during the night in so far restoring his shattered parapets and replacing his dismounted guns, that the actual work of assault was as dangerous and difficult as ever.—*Frederick Maurice, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

(To be concluded next week).

MY WASHERWOMAN'S STORY.

"Yes'm I know as how it seems a foolish thing to you,
An' slightin' gifts o' Providence a doin' as I do,
With money slow a-comin' in, an' doctor's bills to pay,
To keep Jim from the 'Ospital where you'd get him any day.

"It's where you'd go? I dessay. It's where I'd want to get well,
If I was took with anythin' an' laid up for a spell,
The nusses is nice mannered, an' they do their very best,
An' to lay there an' be doctored, 'ud be just a blessed rest.

"But often what you'd do yourself you wouldn't let your child,
An' to have Jim in the 'Ospital 'ud drive me nearly wild,
Besides you couldn't coax him, even when his hip's the wust
To go out among the kindest-hearted strangers to be nussed.

"He likes the bit geran'um he's got groin' on the shelf,
An' he likes the old rag carpet as he helped to make himself,
An' then I like to have him, when I've got through for the day,
To look to and do for, better'n they could do for pay.

"For paid I s'pose they all are, though it's free enough to us,
An' right enough they should be—it's no easy job to nuss,
I don't run down the 'Ospital, though folks say I've the right.
My husband ma'am, went there two years ago this very night.

"Consumption ma'am, and bad he was, an' should 'a gone before
But he waited till the winter was at the very door,
He was so set agin' it. But the nusses they was kind,
An' he didn't lay there long afore he made up his poor mind

"Just to be took care of. An' then the winter came,
An'—mind ma'am, I'm not sayin' anybody was to blame,
But to that cold dissectin' room, where they cut folks limb from limb,
They took poor Tom, an' stretched him out, an' the students sounded him.

"An' him not fit to leave his bed—I never thought that did
Poor Tom no good—but there! he had to do as he was bid,
Three times a week I saw him—as often as I could—
Tom was a drinkin' man ma'am, an' you couldn't guess how good

"It was to have him glad to see me! Poor Tom! He sunk slow,
But if a turn come for the worse they said they'd let me know,
An' so they did, one mornin' afore I was out o' bed
'A bitter Sunday mornin', an' to be smart they said,

"An' smart I was, in half an hour I run the whole two mile,—
Sayin' it wasn't but a turn, to help me all the while.
Consumptives never dyin' when you'd most look for them to.
To see poor Tom's dead face that day I couldn't think I'd do.

"But still I thought o' Bible words I allus meant to say,
When the time came—'the gates o' pearl an' everlastin' day',
'No ways cast out,' an' more too, as had slipped my mem'ry quite
To let him go without 'em I couldn't think was right.

"Poor Tom! I felt so bad for him as I hurried through the ward,
Prayin' to myself, though out o' breath, that the forgivin' Lord
'Ud make it easy for him. Then I stopped, ma'am—There
Was Tom's bed—empty!—mattresses an' all turned up to air!

"I might talk to you till doomsday, an' not tell you what that was!
Him gone—the empty bed!—an' only break down, wuss because
I allus do. But now ye know ma'am, the best reason why
I couldn't have Jim where perhaps I couldn't help him die."

SARA J. DUNCAN.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A BRAVE RESCUE ON MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

It is only within the last few days that particulars have been published in the Swiss papers of a brave rescue effected on Mount St. Bernard on the night of the last Sunday in November. While a violent snowstorm was in progress, Grand, the manager of the hospice, noticed that his own special dog that was alone with him in his room became very restless, and made signs to him to go out. He took the lantern and fog-horn, and went out on the mountain, the dog leading him. In a very short time he heard a call and groaning, and, helped by the dog, dug out of the snow an Italian, whom he carried on his back into the hospice. The rescued man stated that his father, two brothers, and another Italian, all journeying home with him over the pass, lay buried in the snow. He had pushed on to obtain help, but had been overpowered by the storm. Grand made ready, and went out again. This second search was more tedious, and led him further away, but at last the barking of the dog announced a discovery. It was the Italian stranger who was now saved and carried up to the hospice. A third time Grand and his dog sallied out into the tempest, and after a quarter of an hour's search found the others near where the second man had been discovered. They were quite buried under the snow, and almost insensible. He took the most feeble on his own shoulders, and with difficulty conducted the others to the hospice. It was now past midnight, and his toilsome task had occupied Grand over four hours in a blinding snow-storm.

PHYSICAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

To sit on one of the Highland Hills that overlook the Firth of Clyde, and watch the ships as they come and go from all corners of the earth; to trace village after village, and town after town, dotting the coast-line as far as the eye can reach; to see the white steam of the distant railway rising like a summer cloud from among orchards and cornfields and fairy-like woodlands; to mark, far away, the darker smoke of the coal-pit and the iron-work hanging over the haunts of a busy human population; in short, to note all over the landscape, on land and sea, the traces of that human power which is everywhere changing the face of Nature;—and then to picture an earlier time, when these waters had never felt the stroke of oar or paddle, when these hillsides had never echoed the sound of human voice, but when over hill and valley, over river and sea, there had fallen a silence as of the grave, when one wide pall of snow and ice stretched across the landscape; to restore, in imagination, the vast ice-sheet filling up the whole wide firth, and creeping slowly and silently southwards, and the valley-glaciers into which this ice-sheet shrank, threading yonder deep Highland glens, which to-day are purple with heather and blithe with the whirring of grouse and woodcock; to seal up the firth once more in ice, as the winter frosts used to set over it, and cover it with bergs and ice-rafts that marked the short-lived Arctic summer; to bring back again the Arctic plants and animals of that early time, the reindeer, the mammoths, and their contemporaries; and thus, from the green and sunny valley of the Clyde, with all its human associations, to pass at once, and by a natural transition, to the sterility and solitude of another Greenland, is an employment as delightful as man can well enjoy.—*Dr. Geikie's Scenery of Scotland.*

A DAY IN WINTER.

How could one live through a day like this,
Sweet! were one not with his books or in love?
I am both; I am happy; with that dear bliss
Of lovers who have no faith to prove,
Of readers who have no task for heeding,
But read for the sheer, sweet love of reading.

The sun is dead, and the clouds hang low,
And the winds are weeping a dirge. What though?
My life is full: in my heart I know
'T is only distance keepeth the kiss
On thy lips from mine,
On my lips from thine;
No task to learn, no faith to prove—
Oh, how could one live through a day like this,
Sweet! were one not with his books or in love?

—*Century.*

ONE of the chief products of Sicily, according to a report by the British Council at Palermo, is sumach, which appears in the English and American markets in the form of a powder packed in bags, and produced by drying and grinding the twigs and leaves of the plant. The powder serves both as a dye and as a mordant to fix other dyes, and is used also for tanning. The sumach powder produced in Sicily is of two sorts. The best is of a rich green colour and carefully sifted, is soft to the touch, smells rather pleasantly, and has a strong astringent taste. The second has these qualities in an inferior degree, while its colour degenerates and takes a reddish hue. The sumach grown in Continental Italy is much inferior to the Sicilian, and has a yellowish colour tending both to green and red. None of the inferior sorts are prepared with such care as the best Sicilian, and are known by the prevalence of unground fibres and minute chips, indicative of less pains taken in sifting. Various adulterations are practised in preparing sumach for the market,—the most obvious, that of mixing it with mineral dust, can be discerned by steeping the suspected powder in water.

THE sensation which France produces on the impressionable foreigner is first of all that of mental exhilaration. Paris, especially, is electric. Touch it at any point and you receive an awakening shock. Live in it and you lose all lethargy. Nothing stagnates. Every one visibly and acutely feels himself alive. The universal vivacity is contagious. You find yourself speaking, thinking, moving faster, but without fatigue and without futility. The moral air is tonic, respiration is effortless, and energy is unconscious of exertion. Nowhere is there so much activity; nowhere so little chaos. Nowhere does action follow thought so swiftly, and nowhere is there so much thinking done. Some puissant force, universal in its operation, has manifestly so exalted the spirit of an entire nation, here centered and focussed, as to produce on every hand that phenomenon which Schiller admirably characterizes in declaring that "the last perfection of our qualities is when their activity, without ceasing to be sure and earnest, becomes sport."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ESTES AND LAURIAT are preparing a complete book on etiquette under the title of *The Correct Thing*.

DR. FRANCIS HUEFFER is preparing an English edition of the *Correspondence between Wagner and Liszt*, which appeared recently at Leipzig.

FRANK ASA MITCHELL will describe in *Outing* for March an exciting incident in a day's trout-fishing. The story is well told, and will be appreciated by all anglers.

WE learn that the second volume of Professor Henry Morley's "English Writers," embracing *From Cædmon to the Conquest*, will be published by Messrs Cassell and Company early next month.

MAX O'RELL has a remarkably clever article in *Lippincott's* for March, entitled *From My Letter-Box*, presenting the contents of anonymous and other letters received by him, with humorous comments.

THE *Bookworm* remarks that "there are probably more English and American collectors of Dickens than of any other author," and warns them to "beware of 'fac-simile reprints' of the genuine first editions."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY will publish early in the year a new edition of Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People*. The work has been a remarkable success, the sale now being over 125,000.

PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE'S *Life of Burns* will be the March volume of the "Great Writer" series. In the "Camelot Series," also published by Mr. Walter Scott, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* will be issued at the same date.

ON the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of Lord Byron's birth most German daily and weekly papers produced highly appreciative articles on the poet's genius—rather a contrast to the tone of the English daily press, as the *Athenæum* justly remarks.

MR. STEVENS, the bicyclist, who recently put a girdle round the earth, has arranged with Messrs. Scribner, in New York, and Sampson Low, in London, for the publication of the second and concluding volume of *Around the World on a Bicycle* about the end of April.

THE general interest in the answers from twenty-three distinguished clergymen to the question, "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of the belief in a hereafter?" that appeared recently in the *Sunday Herald*, has led to their publication in book form by the D. Lothrop Company, under the title, *The Hereafter*.

WHO are the Anarchists? What is their doctrine? Why would they overthrow society and government, and what do they wish to substitute? These are questions frequently asked by thoughtful citizens. An article by Z. L. White, in the March number of the *American Magazine*, will answer such inquiries, and show the depth and virulence of the disease of which the Haymarket murders were only a symptom.

FAIRS—old-fashioned gipsy fairs—are fast disappearing both in this country and in England, and presently they will be traditions only. To get a good idea of them, however, one need only turn to F. Anstey's article in *Harper's Magazine* for March, entitled *A Gipsy Fair in Surrey*. All the cheats and amusing vagabonds usually found at such places are closely sketched by Anstey's pen and Frederick Barnard's pencil. The seven illustrations by Barnard are in his well-known style. His familiarity with such subjects, gained by frequent contact with them on sketching tours, appears in every stroke of his pencil, and every stroke tells.

MR. HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK'S many friends in Toronto will be very glad of the opportunity of looking at some of the results of his ten years' study of portrait painting in London, Paris, and Rome, which are to be seen for one week only at Messrs. Roberts and Son's gallery, 79 King Street West.

ATTENTION is directed to the fifty-fifth annual report of the British America Assurance Company, published in other columns. Owing to exceptional circumstances, the showing for the past twelve months has not been as profitable as could be desired; but the directors of the company look for better results during the year upon which they have entered. Certainly the company occupies a sound financial position; and under the direction of a specially strong board the shareholders may reasonably expect ever-increasing prosperity in the future.

CHESS.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

ANNUAL REPORT, ETC.

The fifty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company was held in the Company's Offices, Front St., on Wednesday, the 15th inst., the Governor, Mr. John Morrison, occupying the chair. Among the gentlemen present were: Hon. Wm. Cayley, Henry Pellatt, W. J. Macdonell, Thos. Long, John M. Whiton (New York), J. Y. Reid, Frank Cayley, G. M. Kinghorn (Montreal), Robert Thompson, Geo. H. Smith (New York), A. Myers, Chas. D. Warren, John Stewart, Geo. Boyd, and Dr. Robertson.

The Secretary, Mr. G. E. ROBINS, read the following

REPORT.

The Directors have the honour to submit their Annual Statement, showing the Company's assets and liabilities, and the result of the business for the year ending 31st December.

It is to be regretted that, owing to so many exceptionally large fires in the principal cities of Canada and the United States, the fire business of the Company has not been as profitable as desired.

The Ocean Marine business also shows a loss, and, as it always has been a precarious one, your Directors have decided to abandon that branch.

The Directors hope for more gratifying results during the ensuing year, as the business of the Company was never in a more satisfactory condition.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. MORRISON, Governor. G. E. ROBINS, Secretary.

Toronto, 15th February, 1888.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1887.

Table with 2 columns: Asset/ Liability and Amount. Assets include United States bonds, Bank and other dividend paying investments, Real estate, etc. Liabilities include Capital stock, Losses under adjustment, Dividend No. 87, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Profit and Loss and Amount. Items include Fire losses, Marine losses, Commissions and all other charges, Government and Local Taxes, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Surplus Fund and Amount. Items include Dividend No. 87, Profit and Loss, Balance, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Reinsurance Liability and Amount. Items include Balance at credit of Surplus Fund, Reserve to reinsure outstanding risks, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Net surplus over all liabilities and Amount. Total amount is \$140,815 75.

To the Governor and Directors of the British American Assurance Company, Toronto:

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned, having examined the surties and vouchers, and audited the books of the British America Assurance Company, Toronto, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a statement of the Company's affairs to 31st December, 1887.

R. R. CATHRON, HARRY M. PELLATT, } Auditors.

In presenting the report Governor Morrison said: It is not a pleasant duty for a president of a company to present the annual statement showing a loss on the business for the year, and the only consolation to be had under the circumstances is that we are in good company; for you will notice by the statements already published a great many of the ablest and best managed companies in the United States are in the same position, and I have no doubt the depressed state of business, and the extreme dryness of the season, had something to do with such a result.

But the companies have the remedy in their own hands, and that is to charge a higher rate and begin first with those places where they have suffered the most. You will also see that the Ocean business has been unprofitable, and considering the limited amount of business which was done from the few Canadian ports, and taking into consideration the bad practices which prevail in the mode of payment, having to take notes one year after date for insuring wooden hulls, we believe we had either to extend our business largely in other countries or to give it up, and I think you will endorse our action and say we adopted the wisest course, for we don't give a button for a large business with all its care and trouble unless it is on a solid foundation.

At the end of each year our investments are all revised and the market price arrived at, and you will observe they have been depreciated to the extent of \$15,829.59; and some of you gentlemen may think that we ought to have valued the Company's building and increased the amount on the same basis, which would be a very reasonable argument, for it cost \$12,790.09 ten years ago, and was reduced about six years to \$90,000, and has remained at that figure ever since. But your Directors thought differently, and their reason for doing so was great difference of opinion existing upon the value of real estate, and it is not an easy task to arrive at the actual cash value for such a large building, and he believed the shareholders did not care what value was charged in our statement, for they were as competent to form their own opinion of its value as we had done. Now, gentlemen, I have nothing more to add; your business is now being done direct from your own office with special agents paid by salary to watch your interests all over the United States and Canada, and although the year has given a greater loss ratio than formerly, still with a steady and consistent policy we must achieve success. I now beg to move the adoption of the report.

Moved by the GOVERNOR, seconded by J. Y. Reid, that the Report now read be adopted and printed for distribution among the shareholders. Carried.

Moved by THOS. LONG, seconded by J. M. Whiton, that the thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of this Company for their attention to the interests of the Company during the past year. Carried.

Moved by DR. ROBERTSON, seconded by John Stewart, that Messrs. W. J. Macdonell and Henry Pellatt be appointed Scrutineers for taking the ballot for Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and that the poll be closed as soon as five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being taken. Carried.

The following is the Scrutineers' Report: We, the undersigned Scrutineers, appointed at the Annual Meeting of the British America Assurance Company, on the 15th day of February, 1888, declare the following gentlemen unanimously elected Directors:—Messrs John Morrison, John Leys, Hon. W. Cayley, J. Y. Reid, A. Myers, G. M. Kinghorn, Geo. H. Smith, Thos. Long, and Dr. H. Robertson.

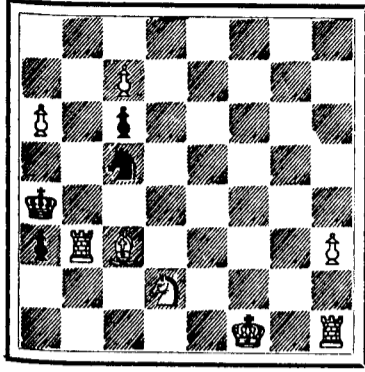
W. J. MACDONELL, HENRY PELLATT, } Scrutineers.

The meeting then adjourned. At a meeting of the Board Mr. John Morrison was re-elected Governor, and Mr. John Leys re-elected Deputy-Governor.

PROBLEM No. 229.

By Editor Glasgow Herald.

BLACK.



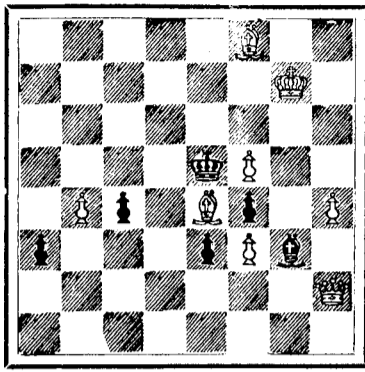
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 230.

FROM A FRENCH PAPER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 223.

- White. 1. Q-Q 6. 2. Q, R or Kt mates. Black. Any move.

No. 224.

- White. 1. Kt-K 4. 2. R-K 1. 3. Kt x P or Kt-KB 6+. 4. R mates. Black. K-Q 4. K x Kt or K-B 5 or [K-K 4]. K-B 5 or K-Q 5.

GAME PLAYED IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT BETWEEN MR. DAVISON AND MR. CROSS.

SICILIAN OPENING.

Table showing chess moves for Mr. Davison (White) and Mr. Cross (Black) in a Sicilian Opening. Moves include P-K 4, Kt-K 3, Q x R, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) Kt-Q B 3 is now considered the better move. (b) Black has now much the better game. (c) This move wins a Pawn and gives Black a winning game. (d) B-R 3 is the better move. (e) Bad, losing a valuable Pawn. Black should have played P-R 5, or P-R 3. (f) Throwing away a won game. K-K 3 is the proper move. (g) This gives Mr. Davison first place in the "Toronto Chess Club Tournament" for 1888.

"A GREAT WRONG," a powerful melo-drama, will be produced all of next week at Jacobs & Shaw's Toronto Opera House, with J. B. Studley in the leading part, supported by a strong company. The scenes are said to be wonders of the painter's skill, and the play one of interest—in fact, the greatest work of John A. Stevens. The hero is Kenneth Rawdon. He is a young gentleman, reared in all the refined luxury of an aristocratic English home. He has the world at his feet. To save the honour of his mother, the reputation, perhaps even the life of his father, he changes the habiliments of fashion for the convict's dress, accepts stripes and blows for caresses and kisses, and endures a martyrdom of suffering and sorrow that is without parallel in the terrible record of the wrongs of humanity. The man who follows Kenneth Rawdon through his martyrdom without that choking in the throat which betrays the effort to suppress emotion, is without heart or feeling, and is one of the few who live in themselves and for themselves alone. For such natures A Great Wrong was not written, but for those in whose hearts a touch of humanity still lingers. A Great Wrong is a powerful, noble, and moral lesson, better than a thousand sermons, and more potent than the laboured efforts of writers and philosophers.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, the clever comedian, John Mackay, will present his famous musical farce, Pop, with new scenery, a number of new specialties, a company of clever people, and a chorus of lovely girls. Pop has just sufficient plot to make it interesting. In the concert scene, in the second act, will be introduced songs, dances, imitations of prominent actors, recitations, medleys of popular airs, a travesty on Pygmalion and Galatea, and a brief burlesque on Faust, not forgetting the lovely dudes who, in the exquisite costume of the directoire (same that is worn by Dixie in the first act of Adonis), will interpret a new and original musical sketch.

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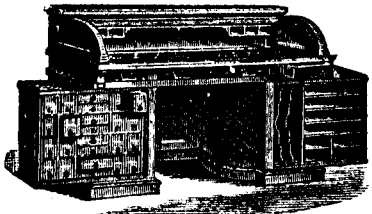
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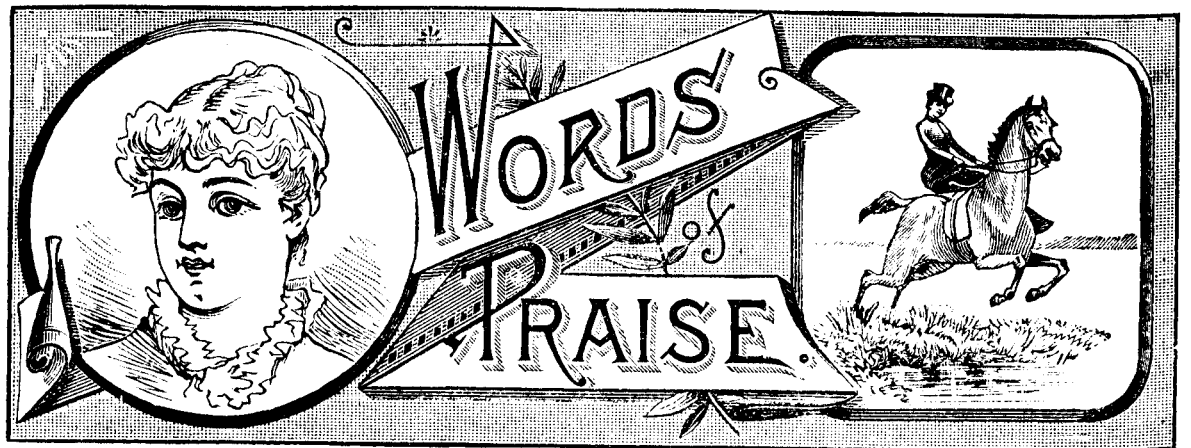
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HELP WANTED. \$25 a week and expenses paid. Steady work. New goods. Samples free. J. F. HILL & CO., Augusta, Maine.



The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

\$100
THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST
EARTHLY BOON.

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY
HER
SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS
WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: 'Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.'

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS
FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

JEALOUS
DOCTORS.

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

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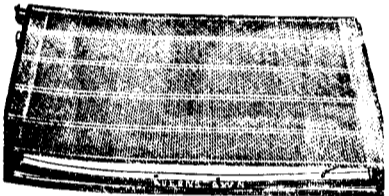
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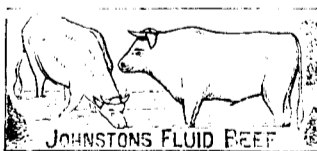
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 Monday, 12.—Forward per G. T. R. one bbl. St. Leon. Knowing it of old I cannot say too much in favour of its beneficial effects on my system. D. MONTGOMERY, Chesley.
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 Wednesday, 14.—Gobbled everything down anybody advised me; kept shuddering in my overcoat in June. A neighbour coaxed me to try the Leon. I did. Great Caesar! the health and joy it brings. JAMES CALBECK.
 Thursday, 15.—Mr. J. W. Adams, Grocer, 800 Queen East: Fill and return my jug with Leon bilge water. It leads me back to the joys of thirty years ago, when a boy of twenty-one at sea. E. ADAMS, Woodbine.
 Friday, 16.—Send bbl. St. Leon; customers and myself require it. It clears off bile, headaches, etc. Don't feel at home without it. Canon City, Colorado, boasts no such water as St. Leon. Wm. NASH, 318 Gerard Street.

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SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectation of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy** cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."
 Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."
 THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months I could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.
 ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

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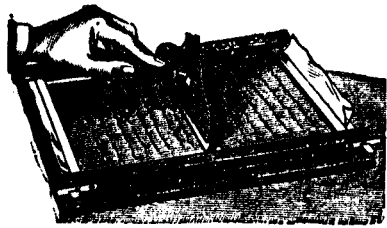
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