

THE WEEK:

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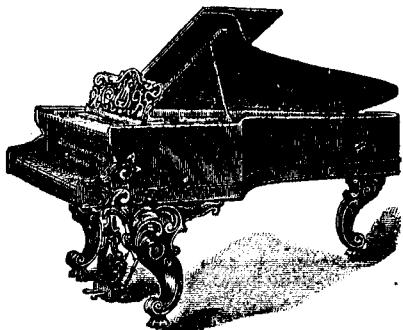
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Mr. Blake on Imperial Federation.....	839
The Equity of the Railway Case.....	839
General Laurie's Defence.....	839
The Transshipment Question.....	839
The Country not Agitated.....	839
The Protest Against Scholarships.....	840
The Great Educational Reforms.....	840
Checking Undesirable Immigration.....	840
Economics in American Colleges.....	840
The Irish Vote in America.....	840
Civil Service Reform in the United States.....	841
Emperor William's Speech.....	841
Parliamentary Power vs. Militarism.....	841
The Last News of Stanley.....	841
IRELAND.....	842
PARIS LETTER..... M. A. B.	843
KNIGHTLY INSPIRATION (Poem)..... William P. McKenzie.	843
A PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE..... A. M.	843
HEARTH..... Archibald MacMechan.	844
SONNET..... A. Cox.	844
"HARVEST FESTIVALS AND HARVEST HOMES."..... S.	844
"SNOWFLAKES AND SUNBEAMS."..... A. Ethelwyn Wetherald.	845
THE CHAPERON AND HER FRIENDS IN AMERICAN NOVELS..... L. O'Loane	845
BURIED TALENTS (Poem)..... J. St. Leger McGinn	846
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Methods of McGill..... Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray.	846
The Fisheries..... Spectator.	846
"..... International Comity.	847
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	847
SIR WILLIAM E. LOGAN'S LIFE AND WORK..... G. M. A.	848
MUSIC..... B. Natural.	848
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	849
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	849
CHESS.....	850

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

THE Hon. Edward Blake's reply to an invitation to speak at Ingersoll on the question of Imperial Federation has attracted considerable attention. Mr. Blake's declaration that he cannot participate in the movement has a significance over and above that given to it by his own personal character and ability, from the fact that he himself suggested many years ago a movement in that direction. He is now of opinion that the drift which was even then adverse has now carried the country far away, and that "apart from this, very much has since occurred here and elsewhere, tending to convert difficulties into impossibilities." Amongst other reasons alluded to for declining to identify himself with the federation movement, Mr. Blake says that he had not, either as a Canadian, or as a citizen of the Empire, any sympathy with some of the views prominently brought forward by chief supporters of it. The only one of these views he particularizes is that which deems it "either desirable or possible to restrict the importation of the food of the masses of England, even through this might at once raise rents there and prices here." No doubt Mr. Blake has here in a sentence indicated the rock upon which the project is doomed to founder if it has not already done so. It is idle to allege that the taxation of the food of the people of Great Britain is not a necessary feature of the scheme. Its advocates will find it hard to point out any other advantages which, in the absence of some such tariff arrangement, could form any sufficient inducement to a distant colony to incur all the cost and responsibility of junior partnership in the business of the Empire. The movement has never shown much vitality in Canada and Mr. Blake's open repudiation will go far to deprive it of whatever it may have hitherto had.

PENDING the decision of the Supreme Court upon the arguments submitted to it last week, it would be premature to discuss the main question involved, to wit, that of the powers of the Provinces in regard to the construction and control of public works within their respective boundaries.

There is however, one aspect of the controversy which possesses an interest of its own, independently of the legal issue. Did the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have in view the present contention when they were negotiating with the Dominion Government for the surrender of their monopoly? Did the Dominion Government have that contention distinctly in view? Assuming that they did—and the contrary assumption would not be complimentary to their astuteness—how is the fact to be reconciled with good faith, not only to the Manitoba Government, but to the Dominion Parliament? Or, if we give the company the benefit of their President's plea and admit that as their transaction was exclusively with the Dominion Government they were under no obligation to show their hand to the Manitobans or to Parliament, how can Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues free themselves from the imputation of want of frankness to the Manitoba commissioners on the one hand, and to Parliament on the other? It would be absurd to deny that the arrangement made with the company for the extinction of the monopoly was made at the urgent instance of Manitoba, or that the consent of Parliament to the guarantee of the Company's bonds was given simply and solely in view of the necessity of redressing the grievances and complying with the demands of that Province. In other words the one motive of Parliament was to secure for Manitoba the right to the free construction of railways within its own borders. If the Dominion Government knew or believed, as it is now tolerably certain they must have known or believed, that both the Government of Manitoba and the people's representatives in Parliament were being deceived, or were deceiving themselves in the matter, and that the consideration in return for which the guarantee was voted would actually be withheld from Manitoba under the operation of the General Railway Act, was the transaction characterized by the frankness and good faith which are to be expected from those entrusted with the control of Canadian Legislation? Equity is surely as worthy of being considered in such a matter as law. We should like to hear the course of the Canadian Government defended on the side of equity.

OUR thanks are due to Major-General Laurie for a letter—not for publication—explaining at length the incidents upon which the current statements to which we referred in a previous issue, were based. We gladly admit that the explanations shew those incidents to have been much exaggerated and somewhat distorted, and place General Laurie's personal relations to them in quite a different light. At the same time the subtle interposition of Government influence and the powerful use of that influence on behalf of the candidate still appear. That similar arguments, based on a prospective change of Government, were plied on behalf of the Opposition candidate, we do not doubt. Our only aim was to deprecate such a mode of political warfare, by whomsoever used. The reference to the Shelburne election was merely incidental, but having made it, justice demands that we should state the fact of General Laurie's emphatic denials. It would bode well for Canadian politics were every candidate equally sensitive in regard to the point of honour involved in such charges.

Two correspondents in another column find fault with our remarks in previous issues on the fisheries dispute. What we have said in regard to the transshipment-in-bond question has been rather interrogative and tentative than dogmatic. We have queried first, whether as a matter of "international comity" the refusal to our neighbours of the privilege of sending their fish across our territory is defensible, and second, whether as a matter of policy it is wise. The gist of our critic's replies may be summed up in the propositions that the treaty of 1818 gives us the right of refusal, and that to grant the permission, as an act of courtesy, would be to give the wily and unscrupulous American fishermen facilities for poaching on our fishing grounds which they would not hesitate to use to the utmost. It is not unlikely that the subject may come up as a practical question before many months, when there will be opportunity for fuller discussion. At present it must suffice to say, still tentatively, that it may be doubtful whether a seventy-year old treaty is the best basis on which to settle a question of present day neighbourliness; whether an argument based on the assumed depravity of a whole class, (the American fisherman) can be regarded as

logically sound, or as likely to be convincing to our American neighbours; and whether the fact that the granting of a privilege which is now regarded as belonging to the comity of nations, threatens to increase seriously the cost and difficulty of protecting our property, can be regarded as a valid reason for refusal. It has long been evident that the fisheries dispute can never be satisfactorily settled save on some basis of reciprocity. As a matter of policy our query is whether the finding of such a basis, acceptable to both parties, would not be facilitated by a liberal construction of the provisions of the old treaty. The chief root of bitterness would be removed. Is it so clear that the traffic in bait and supplies, and the profitable employment for railways would not more than make up for any increased cost of protecting the inshore fisheries?

AN outside observer, forming his opinions from the discussions carried on from day to day in the newspapers, would naturally conclude that Canada has very nearly reached a crisis in her history, or, to use the favourite metaphor, that she is approaching the branching of the roads and must shortly make her choice between Independence, Imperial Federation, and Annexation. Strange to say, however, the elections which are taking place from time to time give little or no indication that the people are greatly disturbed by any new considerations. The electors seem to cast their ballots pretty much according to their old party affiliations. The contest in East Northumberland the other day, for example, shows no change of votes such as would naturally have occurred had the people felt that they were in the presence of a new and vitally important issue. The increase or diminution of the ordinary majorities in such districts by a few votes may easily be accounted for by local causes. Had the great majority of the voters realized that the question before them was really that of Commercial Union, or any other radical change overshadowing all the old party considerations, it is in the highest degree unlikely that the totals would have accorded so very nearly with those of previous elections, when no such question was before them. It was, of course, to be expected that the papers opposed to changes should hail the result as a victory for their views and a condemnation of the agitators, just as the election of the other candidate, if but by a majority of half-a-dozen votes would have been claimed as a great triumph for the specific change advocated though it really would have proved nothing in particular. On the whole the most reasonable inference seems to be that the country is not as yet greatly affected in one way or another by the new discussions about trade and manifest destiny, but is running along pretty nearly in the old political grooves.

"We protest," say the hundreds of eminent legislators, clergymen, professors, authors, and others, who join in the remarkable protest in the *Nineteenth Century* against the English system of competitive examinations—"we protest against the common mistake of benefactors, anxious to help education, in founding new scholarships and thus intensifying the evil that exists, instead of founding local chairs and local courses of teaching." "One should not," says the old proverb, "look a gift horse in the mouth." It is certainly a delicate and somewhat ungracious task to criticise the form of a public benefaction. It needs, too, to be borne in mind that the aims of those who found prizes and scholarships are often not so much to promote the higher education of the many as to stimulate the few to greater exertion. They seek to develop talent, rather than to help mediocrity. Nevertheless, most educators and most thoughtful persons who have paid attention to educational methods, will, we have little doubt, heartily approve the view of the distinguished protesters. The mistake so strongly deprecated has been frequently made in Canada—has been made not long since in connection with the University of Toronto. By the persistent exertions of a number of educational reformers, an important change was made a year or two since by the Senate of that Institution. A certain portion of the funds of the University which had theretofore been bestowed in annual prizes and scholarships was diverted to true educational uses, no doubt to the advantage of all concerned. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the moral effect of the reform has since been, to some extent, counteracted by the generosity of individual benefactors who have provided new inducements to the cramming and other evils condemned in the *Nineteenth Century* articles, instead of bestowing their gifts in aid of better and more extended courses of teaching. It is true that the sum which may suffice to found a scholarship would go but a short way towards establishing a chair. Nevertheless, it may be hoped that the discussion, now so well begun, will be so successful in establishing sound educational principles that liberal patrons of the University, when devising liberal things for it, will henceforth take especial care that their gifts are so bestowed as to make them aids to true teaching instead of goods to selfish ambition.

COMMENTING on the articles above referred to, a Toronto contemporary, following the lead of the London *Times*, assumes that the majority of young people are naturally averse to study, and that no other stimulus so effective as the competitive examination has yet been devised to take its place. "The road to learning," it is declared, "is a hard one, and few young people traverse it voluntarily. Some means of spurring them on is absolutely necessary, and if not examinations and prizes, what?" Is not this very much as if one should say, "The majority of young people are averse to eating; therefore, it is absolutely necessary to coax them with confections, or goad their appetites with stimulants?" or "The majority of young people are averse to bodily activity; therefore, we must compel them to take courses of football, or offer prizes for cricket and gymnastics?" The best and most successful educators will tell us, and we do not see how any careful observer of children can doubt the statement, that it is just as natural for the child to crave knowledge, as to crave food. The healthful boy has no less delight in the exercise of his mental than of his physical powers. The almost universal dislike to study is artificial rather than natural, apparent rather than real. It is the product of bad teaching from infancy onward, just as loss of healthful appetite is usually the product of injudicious pampering. Teachers are slow to learn this truth, or rather to apply it in practice, but progress is being made. The new methods of education are working wonders in the schools of the United States and Canada. Kindergartens are beginning the work of educational reform; and the introduction of inductive methods is carrying it on in public school and high school; to some extent, too, in college and university, though, strange to say, these last, which should be foremost in applying scientific methods to educational processes, are too often the last and slowest to move. No more effective aid can be rendered to the great educational reform than by doing away with all artificial stimulants, such as prizes and scholarships, and compelling the teacher to fall back upon other and better inducements. Nor is it one of the least of the gains to be expected, that, whereas the pecuniary reward offered serves as a stimulus for but the very few who have any hope of gaining it, the love of knowledge and mental power is innate and universal.

THERE seems little reason to doubt that the plan outlined by Congressman Ford, chairman of the Congressional Committee on Immigration, or some scheme following the same general lines, will be adopted at the next session of the United States Congress. The main feature of the scheme is the appointment of an inspector of immigration to be attached to every important consular station in those countries from which immigrants have hitherto come in large numbers. It will be the special duty of these inspectors to inquire into the condition and character of every proposed emigrant to the United States. Sufficient time to admit of such inquiries being made must elapse between the date of application and that of sailing. As a matter of course, when such a law has been enacted and put in operation after due notice, no immigrant from a foreign country will be admitted in any port of the Union without the certificate of the proper inspector. The method seems simple and feasible. While the effect need not be to prevent the incoming of any honest and industrious foreigner, it would be efficacious in keeping out vast hordes of the vagrant, pauper and vicious classes, such as are now to be found swarming in the lowest quarters of every great city. The people of the United States cannot be blamed for adopting a course so essential to the future well-being of their country. The facts brought to light by the investigations of Mr. Ford's committee shew that some such measure of self-protection is imperatively necessary. Canada is suffering from the same evil, though hitherto to a much smaller extent. It is evident that if our neighbours adopt such tactics Canada will be compelled in self-defence to follow suit, else a larger part of the unwholesome current will be pretty sure to be turned towards our shores.

FRIENDS of liberal culture everywhere will observe with regret that the colleges and universities of the United States are in danger of being drawn into the swirl of party politics. For causes which will be differently estimated according to the standpoint of those who undertake to assign them, nearly all the leading professors in the chairs of political science are ardent free-traders. This state of things has not unnaturally aroused the ire of the extreme protectionists. Many of the colleges of the country are, these declare, "hot-beds of free-trade." President Eliot of Harvard, notwithstanding, or rather in consequence of, his well-earned renown as a scholar and educator, comes in for the fiercest denunciations. The *Buffalo News* is outspoken and even violent in declaring that "President Eliot must go." The people, it declares, "are aroused over protection and Eliot will learn this ere many days. He cannot set himself upon a high

altar and be worshipped any longer. He is plainly stamped with the mark of Cobden and that brand will not take well in an American market. And the worshippers who fill the chairs at the foot of his altar, like himself, all free-traders, will have to go with him." The *Commercial* of the same city is scarcely less severe on the Yale College professors who, it says, "have contrived to bring that time-honoured institution of learning into disgrace." "Yale" it thinks, "would do well to give Professor Sumner his walking papers." It bodes ill, indeed, for the future of liberal culture if professors of the highest ability are to be excluded from institutions of learning because their views on abstract questions of economics do not coincide with the practical politics of the majority. It would perhaps be even more disastrous should the mouths of thinkers and investigators in the domain of political, or sociological science be gagged in the interests of partyism. There are no questions better worth the closest study in the schools of any country, especially one having democratic institutions, than those pertaining to political and social science. No man who will submit to have his freedom of research and discussion arbitrarily curtailed is fit to lead the investigations of students in such subjects. But if such views as those above quoted prevail, as they are too likely to do, one of two results must follow, either of which will be disastrous to the cause of higher education and to scientific research. Either the chairs in national institutions of learning will become the sport of party politics, to be emptied and refilled with the flux and reflux of the political tide, or, worse still, they will be occupied by men destitute of convictions, or strength of character, and prepared to avoid all difficult and dangerous ground, or else to mould their teachings to suit the views and prejudices of the party in power.

THERE is some reason to hope that the late Presidential election will afford another illustration of the manner in which good is often evolved from evil. It is not unlikely that a great blow has been given to the influence of the Irish vote in American politics. The fact that that vote failed to elect Cleveland, even though in cringing to it he not only went to the verge of personal humiliation, but incurred the charge of serious discourtesy to Canada and England, will probably help both parties amazingly to cast off the dread of the Irish faction in future elections. The unsuspected weakness now apparent of the element which has hitherto been made of so much account in the national politics may be due in part to the counteracting influence of other elements, particularly of the English vote, which is becoming a force to be reckoned with. So long as it is impossible to get rid of the influence of foreign factions in national affairs, it is manifestly better for the nation that those factions should hold various opinions, and be of such relative weight as to as nearly as possible counter-balance each other. In this particular instance it will also evidently be better for the nation's neighbours. If the statement, so often made, that there are now nearly one million Canadians residing more or less permanently in the United States, is near the truth, it is easy to see that a large field is opened up for the future influence of a possible Canadian vote. Why not? There is much to be said in support of the view that when once a citizen of any nation has permanently taken up his abode in a foreign country, it becomes his duty to the State in which he finds support and protection to qualify himself for the rights and responsibilities of citizenship in it. Should the Englishmen and Canadians now in the States adopt this view, the next Presidential contest might show us both parties as anxious to make themselves civil and agreeable to Great Britain and Canada, as they were a few weeks ago to pose in an attitude of unfriendliness and defiance.

THE New York *Independent* has been asking the opinion of some leading Republicans on the subject of Civil Service reform. In reply John James Ingalls, President of the United States Senate says, "If there will be more than forty thousand Democrats in office on the 4th of March next, about which I know nothing, they should all be removed before the going down of the sun on that day, and more than forty thousand Republicans appointed in their stead." Other leaders are, happily for the future of the Republic, not so stalwart. The Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, Ex-Member of the Civil Service Commission, argues forcibly and at length that no subordinate should be removed merely by reason of his political opinions, but holds reasonably enough from his point of view that the heads of departments and a few others "whose duties are in part an exercise of discretion in carrying out the political principles and policies of the new administration," should give place to new officers having confidence in those principles and policies. Mr. Eaton says that no President can wholly prevail against party pressure for removals in the present state of public opinion, however resolute his purpose to do his full duty. President Grant

yielded to the office-seekers, and abandoned a reform he had begun. He goes on to say :

"President Cleveland has made a more heroic and successful struggle, but has come out far short of his ideal in various ways. He has, however, fully preserved the examinations—constituting the specific reform—which were begun under President Arthur. That reform required a surrender of party patronage, and the selections of persons for appointment on the basis of non-partisan examinations of merit for about 15,000 places. It also prohibited the demand of political assessments by any one public officer of the United States of another, but not by private individuals. President Cleveland has faithfully upheld this specific reform, both as to assessments and as to examinations. He has also extended the examinations to seven additional post-offices, and various other offices, so that not far from 16,000 places are now covered by them. Fully half the clerical force of all the post-offices of the Union, as well as the clerical force of the customs offices where nearly ninety per cent. of the customs revenue of the country is collected are now covered by these examinations. These nearly 16,000 places are, therefore, practically taken out of party patronage and placed beyond the sphere of arbitrary removals, a reform by no means small to a beginning, and which is sure to grow."

THE speech of the Emperor of Germany, at the re-assembling of the Reichstag, was looked forward to with a good deal of interest and even anxiety as being likely to foreshadow to some extent the prospects of peace or war in Europe in the near future. The speech has been delivered, and leaves the world about as wise as it was before. That the Emperor should reiterate his desire for the peaceful progress of the nation was to be expected. Such an expression is one of the commonplaces of such formal addresses. The monarch or minister of a great power who should in these days hesitate to profess himself a lover of international peace would be regarded as a monster. There is, unhappily, as the semi-official journals have since pointed out, nothing in the references to the Emperor's round of royal visits to indicate that any sure basis of good understanding has been reached in the one quarter from which trouble is more likely to come than from any other, France not excepted. The Czar of Russia, who holds in his own hands the issues of peace and war more directly than any other monarch, continues mysterious and ominous as ever in his military manœuvres. The constant increase of armaments, and the raising of fresh military loans by each in turn of the great nations, is an index of danger, whose significance no general protestations of good intentions can do away with. The limits of borrowing power and of national endurance cannot be far off, but what shape the coming crisis may take not even the Emperors can tell. A European congress, a league of peace, a reduction of armaments all around, may be among the possibilities, though such a consummation would be little short of miraculous. Among the many influences that are tending powerfully in the opposite direction not the least dangerous is that arising from the presence in each nation of thousands of military and naval officers, whose numbers are being continually augmented, and whose professional interests and ambitions are all on the side of war.

THE new Austrian Military Bill is quite as stringent as the German system. The age of conscription is raised from twenty to twenty-one, and the duration of military service is fixed at ten years, three of them in barracks, and seven with the regular reserves. The actual force is increased by twenty-one thousand men, and the old exemption allowed to men who are the sole support of their families is abolished, they being drafted into the reserves. The new law is to operate for ten years, the experts declaring, as in Germany, that it takes that time to include a whole generation of the physically fit. Commenting on these provisions of the Austrian Bill the *Spectator* notes that the effect of such measures is that the Governments are placed in possession of irresistible physical force outside the control of the representatives. Parliamentary power on the Continent, so far from increasing, tends, the *Spectator* thinks, to decrease, the danger of invasion developing, as it has always done, practical dictatorship. The representatives retain, however, the power of the purse. The *Spectator* says "they cannot abolish the ordinary taxes, and though they can refuse loans, they would not do it if war seemed to be imminent." The force of the first remark is not apparent, so long as the parliaments have the control both of rates of taxation and of the disposal of the money when collected. Does not the *Spectator's* argument fail, also, to take into account two counteractive influences which are constantly at work? In the first place, as intimated in another note, the growth of armaments and of expenditures must be tending rapidly towards the maximum limit of national endurance, and so towards a coming period of reaction. And, in the second place, the increasing intelligence of the working classes and the extension of their political influence through the medium of labour unions,

mark the growth of an influence antagonistic to militarism which will make itself felt more and more, as witness the stand taken by a labour organization the other day in Italy.

In the general desire for news of Stanley, the announcement two or three weeks since that he had been met by carriers a year ago, was hailed almost as if it were an assurance of his present safety. Yet it must be confessed that the tidings, apart from the fact that they were for the first time seemingly reliable, contained very little that is really encouraging. The place in which the intrepid explorer was met, "west of the Albert Nyanza and south-east of Ganga," the fact that nearly half the expedition had already perished from disease, fatigue, or fighting for supplies, and the further fact that hundreds of miles of the most difficult marching still lay between it and Wadelai, its next objective point, afford, when soberly viewed, rather an unpromising foundation on which to build any sanguine assurance of his present safety. The best ground for hope is that recently pointed out by one who was a former companion of Stanley in Africa, that the hold he had obtained upon the minds and imaginations of the native tribes was such that the news of his death would be quickly passed from tribe to tribe and carried to the coast. There is great force in this view. In fact the inference that the death of so well-known an explorer could not have passed unannounced would be almost conclusive, were it not that the same argument applies, though perhaps in a less degree, to the stir that would be caused by his arrival at different centres along the route.

IRELAND.*

WE have no intention of exposing ourselves to the charge of contempt of court by criticising the proceedings or anticipating the verdict of the Court of Inquiry now sitting in London. It will be time enough when the whole case of the accusers has been presented, when the other side has been heard, and the final award has been given, to point the moral of the whole subject. Our concern at present is with a single independent witness whose testimony, we think, has been too little considered in this country, when we remember its nature and the simplicity, veracity, and disinterestedness of the witness. We refer to Mr. William Henry Hurlbert and his "Ireland under Coercion; the Diary of an American."

The importance of this witness will immediately be apparent. Over and over again we have been reminded that those who take an unfavourable view of Irish "patriotism" and Irish aspirations are Englishmen or Protestants, or both. Such persons are encumbered by all kinds of inveterate prejudices which blind them to the truth about Ireland. Listen, we are told, to what is said by Americans, by foreigners, by Roman Catholics, even by English Roman Catholics, and you will be more likely to come at the truth.

Very well, let us go to one of these, who are supposed to be impartial, and let us hear what he has to say to us. Mr. Hurlbert is an American and a Roman Catholic, and he is not at all unfavourable to a certain measure of home rule. As an American, he may be said to have a certain prejudice in favour of such rule. But he had also studied the Irish problem in his own country, on this side of the Atlantic, and he was prepared to keep his eyes wide open, and see and judge for himself as to the actual state of things in that Emerald Isle from which issue forth the governors of a large portion of the United States.

There were several problems which Mr. Hurlbert was ready to have solved; but the principal subject of interest to him was the social question—the question of the relation of man to man, of property owner to tenant, the question of law or anarchy, of chaos or cosmos. And he learnt lessons in Ireland which filled him with amazement; for he saw in Mr. Davitt's "plan of campaign" an engine of revolution, very similar to the attack made by Dr. McGlynn upon the rights of property in the United States.

To those who have time we can confidently recommend the perusal of Mr. Hurlbert's book; and we sincerely wish it were in our power to give more copious quotations from it than we have room to furnish. But here is an extract that will explain some of his opinions, and how he came to form them:

"In the course of the evening a report was brought out from Ennis to Colonel Turner. He read it, and then handed it to me, with an accompanying document. The latter, at my request, he allowed me to keep, and I must reproduce it here. It tells its own tale. A peasant came to the authorities and complained that he was 'tormented' to make a subscription to a 'testimonial' for one Austen Mackay of Kilshanny, in the County Clare, producing at the same time a copy of the circular which had been sent about to the people. It is a cheaply-printed leaflet, not unlike a penny ballad in appearance, and thus it runs: 'Testimonial to MR. AUSTEN MACKAY, Kilshanny, County Clare.'

'We, the Nationalists and friends of Mr. Austen Mackay, at a meeting held in March, 1887, agreed and resolved on presenting the long-tried and trusted friend—the

* "Ireland under Coercion: The Diary of an American." By William Henry Hurlbert. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. Cloth. pp. 475, with map. \$1.75.

persecuted widow's son—with a testimonial worthy of the fearless hero who on several occasions had to hide his head in the caves and caverns of the mountains, with a price set on his body. First, for firing at and wounding a spy in his neighbourhood, as was alleged in '65, for which he had to stand his trial at Clare Assizes. Again, for firing at and wounding his mother's agent and under-strapper while in the act of evicting his widowed mother in the broad daylight of heaven, thus saved his mother's home from being wrecked by the robber agent, the shock of which saved other hearths from being quenched; but the noble widow's son was chased to the mountains, where he had to seek shelter from a thousand bloodhounds. The same true widow's son nobly guarded his mother's homestead and that of others from the foul hands of the exterminators. This is the same widow's son who bravely reinstated the evicted, and helped to rebuild the levelled houses of many: for this he was persecuted and convicted at Cork Assizes, and flung into prison to sleep on the cold plank-beds of Cork and Limerick jails. Many other manly and noble services did he which cannot be made known to the public. At that meeting you were appointed collector with other Nationalists of Clare at home and abroad. This is the widow's son, Austen Mackay, whom we, the Committee to this testimonial, hope and trust every Irishman in Clare will cheerfully subscribe, that he may be enabled in his present state of health to get into some business under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, where he is a citizen of. Subscriptions to be sent to Henry Higgins, Ennis. Treasurers: Daniey O'Loughlen, Lisdoonvarna; James Kennedy, Ennistymon.' Then follow, with the name of the society, the names of the committee. In behalf of the Stars and Stripes, 'where he is a citizen of,' I thanked Colonel Turner for this interesting contribution to the possible future history of my country, there being nothing to prevent the election of any heir of this illustrious 'widow's son,' born to him in America, to the presidency of the Republic. The use of this phrase, the 'widow's son,' by the way, gives a semi-masonic character to this curious circular."

Mr. Hurlbert goes carefully into the history of boycotting in Ireland and quotes several instances which were examined into by himself. One of the most shocking cases, that of Mrs. Connell, he recounts in considerable detail. But perhaps the inquiry now proceeding has given sufficient illustration of the nature of that particular method of dealing with unpatriotic Irishmen who are so "base" as to "pay" their rents. Mr. Hurlbert sees in the "plan of campaign" only an organized system of robbery, and in boycotting a means of carrying on the same. But all this has become only too familiar to us.

Less familiar, but no less important is the testimony which Mr. Hurlbert gives respecting the working of the Labourers' Act, passed by the Imperial Parliament for the benefit of the Irish labourers. On previous occasions we have pointed out that while the Irish tenant farmers, as a class, are quite willing and eager to level down the landlords to their own position, they are by no means ready to level up the labourers who, as Mr. Hurlbert remarks, "get but scant recognition of their wants and wishes from the tenant farmers." It would appear that the Act in question is working very badly in Ireland, partly from the antagonism of the tenant farmers to any measure which is likely to improve the status of the labourers, and partly from the jobbing of the local authorities. Mr. Hurlbert, in the following passage, gives an illustration of both of these evils:

"Only last week Colonel Spaight had to hand in to the Local Government Board a report on certain schemes of expenditure under this Act, prepared by the Board of Guardians of Tralee. These schemes contemplated the erection of 196 cottages in 135 electoral divisions of the Union. This meant, of course, so much money of the ratepayers to be turned over to local contractors. Colonel Spaight, on inspection, found that of the 196 proposed cottages, the erection of sixty-one had been forbidden by the sanitary authorities, the notices for the erection of twenty-three had been wrongly served, twenty were proposed to be erected on sites not adjoining a public road, and no necessity had been shown for erecting forty of the others. He accordingly recommended that only thirty-two be allowed to be erected. For a small town like Tralee this proposition to put up 196 buildings at the public expense where only thirty-two were needed is not bad. It has the right old Tammany Ring smack, and would have commanded, I am sure, the patronizing approval of the late Mr. Tweed. I mentioned it to-night at the County Club, when a gentleman said that this morning at Macroon a serious 'row' had occurred between the local Board of Guardians there and a great crowd of labourers. The labourers thronged the Board room, demanding the half-acre plots of land which had been promised them. The Guardians put them off, promising to attend to them when the regular business of the meeting was over. So the poor fellows were kept waiting for three mortal hours, at the end of which time they espied the elected Nationalist members of the Board subtly filing out of the place. This angered them. They stopped the fugitives, blockaded the Board room, and forced the Guardians to appoint a committee to act upon their demands. It is certainly a curious fact that, so far, in Ireland I have seen no decent cottages for labourers, excepting those put up at their own expense on their own property by landlords."

Mr. Hurlbert investigated a good many of the cases of alleged hardship in the matter of evictions, and he came to the conclusion that, when you had heard the story of the tenants and of the priests who advocate their cause, you would do well also to hear the account given by the landlords and their agents, as there would certainly be a very wide discrepancy between the two. One tenant he mentions, on the estate of Lord Lansdowne, whose name will probably be guessed by some of our readers, who spent more money on horse-racing than on housekeeping, and who "entered a horse for the race at the Curragh after he had undergone what Mr. Gladstone calls 'the sentence of death' of an eviction." Cases are mentioned of tenants having plotted to bring about an eviction, in order that they might receive the benefit of a fund established for the support of such. A remarkable example of the misrepresentations of the priests is given in connection with the tenants of the Brooke estate, where it is clear that the account given by Dr. Dillon, if not a wilful perversion of truth, was at least the result of a serious misunderstanding.

Mr. Hurlbert comes clearly and distinctly to the conclusion that the tyranny under which Ireland is suffering is not that of the landlord or of the English Government, but of the National League. Indeed, he is so far from thinking the English Government as too stringent that he imputes to it the opposite but serious fault of weakness and vacillation; and there can be little doubt that this wavering policy of the Imperial Parliament has been a serious cause of mischief. In spite of this and other evils, however, he does not believe that the Irish people, if they could express their convictions freely would be on the side of anarchy. On the contrary, he believes that if the country could be polled the majority of votes would probably be in favour of authority and property; and he further declares that, if the plunder of the landlords were accomplished, the nationalization of the land would be no nearer. This is a point upon which we have insisted repeatedly, and we are glad to have independent testimony to the same effect.

But we must pause; and before concluding, we will give a story from Mr. Hurlbert's book which will show that wit still lives in Ireland.

"Some excellent stories were told in the picturesque smoking room after dinner, one of a clever and humorous, sensible and non-political priest, who, being taken to task by some of his brethren for giving the cold shoulder to the Nationalist movement, excused himself by saying, 'I should like to be a patriot; but I can't be. It's all along of the rheumatism which prevents me from lying out at nights in a ditch with a rifle.' The same priest being reproached by others of the cloth with a fondness for the company of some of the resident landlords of his neighbourhood, replied, 'It's in the blood, you see. My poor mother, God rest her soul! she always had a liking for the quality. As for my dear father, he was just a blundering peasant, like the rest of ye!'"

PARIS LETTER.

MANY are the comments made in Paris on the condemnation of Mr. Vizitelli's translations of the works of Emile Zola for the English market. As I understand that Canada took the lead in closing her ports to the novel *La Terre*, it is interesting to see that England has followed in the same path. Cheap translations have been placarded in the towns typical of the working man. In Birmingham, especially, any child with a shilling in its purse could lay hold of these books, and it was time to inflict a summary punishment. Vizitelli tried to get off by appealing to Shakespeare and the Old Testament,—to the literature of the Middle Ages and of the dramatists of the Restoration, but the relative value of words and images is like the relative value of colours, both are powerfully and profoundly modified by their surroundings; and where a Michael Angelo may pass unchallenged no one would tolerate the figures of the Last Judgment modelled in a waxwork or treated as easel pictures. Zola is a great artist who seems only able to paint in bad black tints—he does not see the more spiritual aspects of life nor believe in the seeing of other men. To the student his works may be read as a lesson on how the devil holds humanity, to the average reader of either sex or any age it is not well to look too closely on the spirit of evil; for it tends to reproduce its own horror as in a glass.

The *Rève* is a *tour de force* wherein Zola disports himself among young men and maidens, painted windows and sculptured stones. But it is not these things which Zola really sees. He sees the devil as Milton saw Satan, but his devil is more than half a grotesque, and he cannot be made to understand that the brute he has evoked is a fearful and a gruesome thing.

Personally M. Zola is a heavy looking *bourgeois*, a good deal of rugged power in the lower part of the face. He gets his wonderful imaginative faculty, strangely exemplified in *La Rève*, from his father, an Italian of Veronese origin, his sturdy business faculty from his mother, a French peasant woman from the north of France. All through M. Zola's house one can feel a strong love of warm rich colour which makes one feel that had he not adopted literature as a profession he might have become distinguished as an artist.

The painful process by which French criminal judges assume the guilt of an accused man was never more thrillingly shown than in the trial of Prado for murder which is now going on. The result must reach you before this letter can be in your hands, but whether he be acquitted or no, it is none the less shocking to see a man fighting for his life against a series of cleverly worded insinuations, for Prado defends himself. Every effort is made to entrap him, and like a hunted creature he turns at bay; denying the motives attributed, the actions related, speaking with angry vehemence, with sneering insolence, with cruel cynicism. At the best he is a very bad character, but when one sees men high in legal station and authority trying to lure him like a fox from his hole, it is hardly possible not to feel a sympathy for the poor wretch who shows his teeth and glares upon his persecutors. It is a nobler thing for human justice to warn a man that he need not criminate himself.

The Boulanger wedding has undoubtedly helped to bring the General again to the front. The ceremony, though performed at one of the most fashionable churches and by a most orthodox *abbé*, was attended by such men as Rochefort, Meyer, and all the Radicals who proudly claim the General's friendship. Never was such a scene witnessed, even at a Paris wedding; the pretty little church of Saint Pierre Chailot, situated by the Arc de Triomphe and the Tour Eiffel, holds almost fifteen hundred people and six thousand entrance tickets had been issued. The *invités* found it even difficult to approach the doors, for a regiment of gendarmes filled the streets for half a mile either way. The scene inside the church defies description. Mlle. Boulanger, the bride, looked very frightened and ill at ease, her father, *superbe et confiant*, glancing round with a pleased look at the motley crowd come to do him honour.

Although a strict order had been sent to all the commandants not to issue any leave of absence till the end of the month, a large number of

officers managed to appear to congratulate Capitaine Driant and—his father-in-law.

At the reception held after the ceremony in Comte Dillon's house all Paris seemed to be defiling before the General, the number of deputies were much remarked; the Duchesse d'Uzès, who has one of the brightest Imperialist salons in Paris seemed to be taking the whole affair as an excellent joke, laughing with Rochefort, Arsène Houssaye, and the young Republican, Laguerre, as though she entirely shared their political convictions, or rather they—her's.

The absence of Mme. Boulanger was somewhat remarked, but the marriage had already been twice put off on account of her health.

M. A. B.

KNIGHTLY INSPIRATION.

HE reined, and gazed upon the castle-towers,
The bravest knight in all the land was he,
Who now fared home from years of victory;
And lo! the Princess flitting 'mong her flowers
Him saw and gaily led through fairy bowers,
Till thrilled with joy he thought right merrily:
Into her palace now she bringeth me,
And love shall claim my life's remaining hours.

But she: Go forth again true-hearted knight,
Weak ones there are for thy right hand to save;
Let thought of me be impulse in the fight,
So all may know as I how thou art brave—
And though of love she yield no larger dower
His life was lived in that exultant hour.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

A PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

IT is a pleasure to learn from semi-official sources that a Professor of English will probably soon be added to the staff of Toronto University. Every lover of our language and literature in the province will sincerely hope that no difficulty will arise to prevent an early appointment. In no department, however, would the results be more disastrous if special care were not exercised in filling the chair. There must be no undue haste.

The requirements of a Professor of English to-day are not what they were a few years ago. Graduates of fifteen or twenty years' standing, who have not watched the progress of Teutonic scholarship specially, would be astonished to learn what an entirely different aspect the study of English and the Germanic languages, generally, has assumed during the past ten years even. To possess an exceptional literary culture is doubtless more essential in a Professor of English to-day than ever before but vastly more is required. The historical development of the language and literature means more to-day—and promises to mean more with each day—than ever before. The English language and literature must not only be minutely examined from their earliest development to the present, but must also be carefully compared at every step with the cognate languages and literatures. The comparative study of Germanic languages and literatures—only just begun—has shed a world of light on the treatment of English; and has already made the great mass of English criticism of the past appear ridiculous. The standpoint of not only the linguistic critic but also of the literary critic is changing entirely. A trained classical student with a good knowledge of modern English literature would be a most unfortunate man to fill a chair of English in our day. A man without an intimate acquaintance with older French, one of the Scandinavian languages, German, Dutch and especially the whole range of English, including its dialects, would also be quite out of place in the English chair. To sneer at these aspects of English study, as many English and Canadian scholars still presume to do, is only to prove utter ignorance of the real significance of English study.

Let us find a man who is prepared for the place in sympathy at least, if none can be found prepared in fact, who is willing to accept the salary offered. And after all, to be fully prepared in sympathy is the one thing needful after intellectual ability, almost before intellectual ability even. With true sympathies and honesty of purpose few men will long remain ignorant of the necessary facts if they are not overworked in procuring food and clothing merely.

Many appointments in Toronto University in the past have awakened considerable dissatisfaction among Canadians, and perhaps not wholly without cause. We cannot think for a moment that there is any truth in the charge that fitness for the position is not essential in a successful candidate; still there is reason to fear that young Englishmen have been sent for before any serious search has been made for qualified men at home. To be truly Canadian ought surely to count for something in a Canadian University. An Englishman will require years at best to discover what are the actual needs of the country. The probability is he will never take the trouble to find them out at all.

It must be humiliating for a promising young Canadian candidate to feel, as we know some have felt, that if he could only be an Englishman and send in his application from Oxford or Cambridge much greater care would be taken to find out what his acquirements really are. What Canadians justly complain of is that no effort apparently is made to find out whether they are fitted for the positions they seek or not.

With regard to the chair of English, it would seem particularly unfortunate to pass all Canadians by and look again to England. We know that Englishmen have been, and still are, very slow to recognize any good in academic study of their own language and literature; and on the linguistic side they are still for the most part wholly unconscious of the work Germany has done for them, both comparatively and historically. It is notorious that Englishmen have not yet seriously taken hold of philology. The names of merit in this department of study—in all languages—may be more than told on one hand.

Possibly we might secure a young Englishman with a keen eye for literature; but have we none of equal merit in Canada? For a man well prepared in all phases of the English work, it would be much wiser to cross the line and choose an American than to import an Englishman. The study of English as a language has certainly been making more rapid progress in the United States than in England. But why look from home at all? We surely have men among us who have in them the real stuff out of which good professors are made. Cannot one of these be found without very serious difficulty? We may find him somewhat weak on the historical and comparative side of his subject, perhaps—though by no means necessarily so; but if he fully realizes the scope of his subject and shows his determination to master it, let us give him a chance. The probability certainly is that he will approach his work in the department of English in a much more liberal spirit than a graduate of any English University. There are young Canadians who have a true literary sense, and who, moreover, have given years of serious study to the mother-tongue in the light of modern comparative investigation, both in literature and language. Why not take some pains to find out what their acquirements are before going elsewhere?

A. M.

HEARTH.

THE room I had last winter was the pleasantest one in that pleasant old Maryland homestead. It was in the second story and the windows commanded a wide outlook to the south and the sun-rising. Instead of being papered, the walls had been whitewashed every spring for a hundred years and time had softened the limy glare into a quiet cream colour. The furniture was old-fashioned, a snowy continent of a bed stood in the corner and a wooden chimney-piece as high as my head surmounted the most noticeable feature of my modest chamber—the fire-place. It did not take long to fit myself into my new shell. My books soon made themselves at home; my pictures, my constant companions in travel at once gave the new quarters a familiar air; and the faces of scattered friends looked down from nook and corner in perpetual levée. But in all this there would have been a something lacking which not even the Queen Regnant with her pictured face, mutely eloquent of love and truth, could have supplied—the bright, companionable spirit of the room, the fire on the hearth.

The hearth was simply a bricked recess in which stood two old-fashioned andirons to build the fire on. These andirons had brass tops; one was in good condition, and stood primly upright; the other was battered and bent rakishly on one side. They always reminded one of the proper elder brother and the reckless prodigal. The fire-place had been white-washed as well as the rest of the room; but long before spring the inner part was black with soot and stray wreaths of curling smoke had given the rest the rich browns of a well-seasoned meerschaum pipe. Whenever I came home, the fire was always burning; and after the gloom and cold of the short winter's day to open the room door upon this centre of ruddy light and warmth was like meeting the cheery welcome in the face of a loving, winsome wife. On fierce December nights, I would pile log on log till the broad sheet of flame went rushing up the chimney with the roar of a blast furnace in miniature. The delight of basking in the blaze! and the dreamy pleasure of slumbering into sleeping when it had died down to glowing coals and grey ashes while lazily watching the fitful witchery of red light and leaping shadows on wall and ceiling!

What a time-waster it was and provoker of waking dreams! And the comfortable old-fashioned rocking chair aided and abetted it. The high back, the foot-rest and the cushions were conducive to repose, and many an hour which should have been devoted to books was spent in the treacherous embrace of that insidious chair. What doing? Nothing but watching blaze or the moonlight slanting through the uncurtained window and mingling with the ruddy light upon the floor; or the many foolish sights to be seen in the fire for the looking; churches, fine castles in Spain, salamanders and salamandrines sporting there, and vistas opening in the embers into the past life and the future, not to speak of the continual drama of the devouring flame's attack and conquest of the fuel. All the while the ear was filled with the crackle and roar of the flame.

And it was the visible link with the most distant past. Beside the fine old aristocratic contrivance of the wood fire, the device of incinerating black stones in an iron basket is contemptibly parvenu. Just as I gaze into the flame must my heathen ancestors have gazed in many a rude home, while the women wrought, the children played and the smoke curled through the roof. Then, as now, the bright fire was the natural centre of the home. Around it the family gathered, while the Saga men and Skalds told of Beowulf the dragon-slayer or Grettir the strong or Siegfried the peerless. How often must the eyes of the young Alfreds and Charlemagnes have been caught and held by the wavering flame! How great the sum of their thoughts burning as those fires and now as clean vanished as their ashes! Our forefathers brought the camp-fire of their wanderings into the house; we have moved it to the side of the room where it will do less damage. That is all the improvement twenty centuries have brought about.

At last I became a sort of fire-worshipper. There seemed to be a living presence on the hearth. The changing brightness was like the train of expressions on a human face, and the crackle and roar of the flame like a voice or the stirring of a living creature.

The fuel was constantly changing, the fire decayed and was ever again renewed from day to day. I knew that. But the aspect was the same and there was a something that lived on, like the soul in the ever-wasting, ever re-building body. It did not seem like a human presence and yet it was but half divine. Now I had the key to hokè legend and har worship: Ghebirs and Vestal Virgins were no longer a riddle. Many other things I learnt from goddess Heartha, whom I worshipped almost as my heathen forbears did. She was a benign, familiar and yet unearthly presence; and I needed no companion when I could have her. And so it grew upon me all winter in that pleasant room that looked to the south on the hills of Maryland. It grew so that I almost found it in my heart to regret the gentle message, which the first sunny spring-like morning wafted in at the open window, that I must lose my gentle companion, that the shrine of the goddess must be empty and her altar unhonoured till the changing season again brings winter's frost and rime.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

SONNET.

THE SATISFACTION OF DIVINE EVOLUTION

THE dead leaf falls:—from summer service free:—
To wait for higher use in darkened mould;
It feels no loss, nor sighs to keep its gold,
Obedient child of cyclic mystery.

And man a leaf on life's immortal tree,
Transmits God's will to spirit buds, that hold
Fair flowers, and fruits whose hidden seeds enfold
The germs that shall celestial harvest see.
To know we bear heaven's gift to heart of man,
Or make soft shade for wand'ers from true life.
Or form fair fruit divine, for these to taste,
To know no leaf is lost in life's great plan,
Is to be satisfied,—In darkest strife
Of Soil or Soul, creation knows no waste.

A. Cox.

Toronto, Nov. 1888.

"HARVEST FESTIVALS AND HARVEST HOMES."

THE season of the "fall of the leaf" is to many minds a sad one, and, regarded solely as the herald of Nature's decay, may well be called the "melancholy days" and "saddest of the year." But from another point of view there is also much quiet cheerfulness even in the falling leaf and fading verdure. A calm satisfaction in the fulfilment of the promise of spring, as

"With a sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,"

communicates itself to all men, and a peacefulness, perhaps not inferior to the buoyant hope of Spring and Summer, is felt by all. For now is Autumn's

"Royal hand
Outstretched in benediction o'er the land,"

and the most callous must surely be alive to a certain measure of gratitude towards the "Giver of all." Rich and poor alike must feel this, and in it recognize the common bond of humanity; for of all human sensations gratitude is perhaps the most levelling.

It then follows as a natural sequence that the season of harvest is commonly set apart as the most suitable for the offering of praise and thanksgiving; and no festival of man's ordination—if one may so call it—appeals more to the generality of people than the yearly Harvest Festival. It is "meet, right and our bounden duty" that we should assemble ourselves together at this season to give thanks to the God of Harvest for His manifold gifts of the fruits of the earth as well as all other benefits. The Church of England in establishing, comparatively of late years, the custom of Harvest Festivals, has done much to foster the natural impulse of gratitude, in thus providing a fitting means for its expression, and now the setting apart by each congregation of a special Sunday whereon to give thanks for the harvest is almost universal. On that day each church is appropriately decorated with the flowers, fruits and grain of the season, and in every way, to the external eye, as well as to the "eye of faith" is the purpose of the day emphasized and kept in view. Very commonly the offerings of the people on this occasion are dedicated to the wants of needy brothers in our own or foreign lands, which is a fitting counterpart of the old custom of leaving the gleaner at least a few ears from every sheaf.

"Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling
From the full sheaf with charitable stealth
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful, think
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours forth abundance o'er your flowing fields."

The Harvest Home, as every one knows, is a very old institution in the Mother Land, though of late years it has fallen greatly into disuse, there being a growing tendency in the present day to abolish this method, and substitute in its place a general festival for the whole parish to which

all the farmers are expected to contribute, and which their labourers may freely attend. Chambers in his "Book of Days," gives an interesting account of the manner of celebrating the Ingathering, which he tells us "is known in England by the name of 'Harvest Home,' while in Scotland it is called 'The Kirn,' supposed to be derived from the churn of cream usually presented on the occasion." The customs seem to vary in different parts of the country, but the main object in all is of course the same, the expression of joy and gratitude for the safety of the Harvest. The most universal custom appears to be in the bringing home of the "Hock-cart," or "Harvest Cart," loaded with the grain last cut and surmounted by a figure formed of a sheaf gaily dressed, preceded by a pipe and tabor, and surrounded by the reapers singing appropriate songs. In the north of England, it was customary for the reapers to leave a handful of grain not cut, but laid down flat and covered over; and when the field was done the bonniest lass "was allowed to cut this final handful, which was dressed up with various trimmings like a doll and hailed as a 'Corn Baby.' It was brought home in triumph, was set up conspicuously that night at supper, and was usually preserved in the farmer's parlour for the remainder of the year. The bonnie lass who cut this handful of grain was deemed the 'Harvest Queen.' The day's festivities ended with a supper in the barn, or some other suitable place, generally presided over by the master and mistress, and was the source of much good will and attachment between master and servant." Such were a few of the most common usages, but, as we have said, the old customs have now almost died out, or have been modernized beyond recognition.

Doubtless the American "Thanksgiving Day" was the Puritan modification of these festivities, or rather was intended by the Puritan fathers of the "Mayflower" to be so. But in these very un-Puritanical times the rigidity of the good fathers is so far relaxed in the observance of the day, that they would probably not recognize their institution, could they walk the earth once more!

"Seed time and Harvest, cold and heat, Summer and Winter," each in its turn and with a message of its own. And perhaps of all, the message of the Autumn brings most of sweetness and of cheer. Spring "with dewy fingers cold" is fleeting, and Summer only blooms to fade again. But with the autumn comes the looking forward to the certain hope of better things beyond, in the waking into life of a new Spring.

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymns that Death
Has lifted up for all mankind, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a fear."

S.

"SNOWFLAKES AND SUNBEAMS."

MR. W. W. CAMPBELL, who has well earned the title of "The Poet of the American Lakes," bestowed upon him by New York literary circles, has given us the dainty holiday booklet, "Snowflakes and Sunbeams," a delicious foretaste of his long looked for volume of "Lake Lyrics." The publication of "Lake Lyrics" has been postponed until some verse, which the poet wished to include in the collection, had been published in the various magazines to which it had been sent. Mr. Campbell needs no words of praise to introduce him to a literary public that must always read his words with the keenest pleasure and admiration. His "Legend of Blind Man's Lake," which appeared with illustrated frontispiece in the *American Magazine* for September, was called by the *New York Critic*, a poem of weird beauty. In the *November Century* was printed "Lake Memory," and another of Mr. Campbell's poems, "The Winter Lakes," will appear in the *December Century*.

But it is as the poet of winter that we shall learn to know and love the author of "Snowflakes and Sunbeams." Nearly every one of the score of poems collected under this title is a winter scene, crystal clear or sparkling, or with its wintry purity heightened by contrasts with gleams from the fireside. Mr. Campbell has a remarkable power of putting by force of suggestion the entire domain of winter into a single phrase. The essence of the season is caught by a stroke of his pen. February, which comes twixt winter's birth and winter's wane, is spoken of as the month "Of drifting at the whited pane."

Could anything be more colourless, more February-like than this? Could any line open up a wider outlook of suggestion? When you open your eyes on a chilly morning, and see the snow drifting at the whited pane, do you need to be told a single word regarding the aspect of all things out of doors?

Here is the embodiment of a winter twilight:

"Shadowy white,
Over the fields are the sleeping fences,
Silent and still in the fading light,
As the wirtry night commences.

"The forest lies
On the edge of the heavens, bearded and brown;
He pulls still closer his cloak, and sighs,
As the evening winds come down."

In these four lines we get a spirit-like glimpse of the world an hour before the dawn.

"I cannot see, but well I know,
That out around the dusky grey,
Across dark lakes and voiced streams,
The blind, dumb vapours feel their way."

And here, in a few vivid strokes, are the splendour and melancholy of Indian summer perfectly reproduced:

"Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

"Now by great marshes wrapped in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south."

A "Canadian Folksong," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* is a blithe mingling of the rigours of the season with joys of home, set to the music of the merriest little tea kettle that ever bubbled on a hob. "To a Robin in November," has been highly spoken of, and there is scarcely a poem in the book that is not worthy of special mention and commendation. "Little Blue Eyes and Golden Hair" is given in full, as it is a favourite of its writer:

Little blue eyes and golden hair,
Sits like a fairy beside my chair,
And gazes with owlish look in the fire,
Where the great log crackles upon his pyre;
And down in my heart there broods a prayer,
God bless blue eyes and golden hair.

Little blue eyes and golden hair,
Chatters and laughs and knows no care;
Though far outside the night is bleak,
And under the eaves the shrill winds shriek
And rattle the elm boughs chill and bare;
God bless the blue eyes and golden hair.

Little blue eyes and golden hair,
Taken all sudden and unware,
Caught in the toils of the drowsy god,
Has gone on a trip to the Land of Nod;
Half-fallen in my lap she lies,
With a warp of dreams in her lash-hid eyes;
And deep in my heart still broods that prayer;
God bless blue eyes and golden hair.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE CHAPERON AND HER FRIENDS IN AMERICAN NOVELS.

WHOEVER has read Tolstoi's novels must have noticed that there are Russians and Europeans. This "men, women, and Montague" classification is less offensive to the "men and women," it seems to me, than is that of our near relatives over the border, who give themselves the wide designation of "Americans" in sublime forgetfulness of the existence of anybody else who may have equal claims to be so called. Notwithstanding their lack of a specific cognomen, they have become a great nation, they have never hesitated to tell us this, and have asserted so often and so loudly their superiority over ourselves and everybody else, that, with the nation as with the individual, they have been largely accepted at their own valuation, and they are wonderful and "Americans" the world over. We follow their lead and speak of the "American" novel.

Some years ago it dawned upon a number of enlightened individuals that there could be and there was a lack somewhere. It was discovered that their social machinery not only needed repairs, but improvement; a shudder ran through the social world of various Eastern cities when it realized that the great Republic, the United States of America, had reached the mature age of one hundred years without a chaperon. In some very exclusive circles she existed in mild form; but as a recognized necessity she was not. Extensive and intelligent European travel, with the opening of the doors of good society in many foreign cities to Americans, contributed to this enlightenment; the Anglo-mania furthered it. This eminently necessary, highly esteemed personage is not indigenous to the soil of the neighbouring Republic. In a story whose name, and the name of whose author I have quite forgotten, an English girl has been so unfortunate as to awaken the ire of an American girl who tries to take her revenge by attacking English institutions. At one time she says, "Why you never even hear of a chaperon in England!" and turning to the English girl asks for confirmation of her statement. "No, one does not," is the answer, "nor of the Tower of London." In that answer lies the reason why the chaperon has become a "personage" in our American fiction. She has not penetrated the wilds of the Western States. Chicago knows her not. Her name is unheard in Omaha. In their eyes Daisy Miller would be a quite correct young damsel. Charles Egbert Craddock gives her no place among the people of the "Great Smoky Mountain"; Egglestone does not introduce her to his "Hoosiers"; the Lady of the Aroostook reaches Italy before she realizes that she has sinned, sinned terribly, and has done worse than if she had trifled with the Decalogue—has broken a social law. Garda in "East Angels" needed her; she does not seem an imperative necessity to the heroines of Cable's acquaintance. Owing to French and Spanish influence she ought to be at least the Capitol at Washington to Southerners.

But there seem to be only a few writers whose mission it is to let all the world know that the great American nation has a chaperon; if they would only let her appear as a felt need, not as a fashion, their efforts might be more effectual, they certainly would be more impressive. She is as necessary and as useful to these as the villain to the "Terrific School" of fiction, or the ugly, funny, very young man to the "Duchess."

The chaperon, like the hare in Gay's Fables, has many friends; they are Americans who have lived abroad for years, or descendants of those who came over in the "Mayflower," or of old Knickerbocker families. Oliver Wendell Holmes may, I think, be said to have created them. With due

reverence for their creator, their conscious superiority makes them snobs. Osmond in "A Portrait of a Lady" is of a much later, more highly developed type than the "Autocrat." He is an American Grandcourt, more æsthetic than his ancestor in literature, but a true descendant.

If the Dutch merchants and Yankee traders of three generations ago were told by these their descendants that not to have eaten an ice-pudding, not to dine habitually in evening dress, not to play tennis or polo, not to have driven a four-in-hand, not to have gone to a theatre party, and to have done such other things as sell Limberger cheese or Holland gin, to have sat in one's shirt sleeves, to have smoked long pipes solemnly on the front door-step,—stamps them as irremediably vulgar, as objects to make one shiver, what would they say? Yet novelists assure us that there is a class in the United States who rank with rare china, old lace, pot pourri, not the children of "a thousand earls," but the grand-children or great-grand-children of those who—sold herrings we shall say. Truly, to have invented the electric telegraph, the reaping machine and an aristocracy is to be really great. But the republican simplicity is lost, and in the loss there is danger. It has been one of the boasts of this continent that a young lady if necessity demands it, may travel alone in safety from Labrador to San Francisco. As soon as people are taught to think that a young lady without an elderly attendant is low in the social scale or lacking in a sense of propriety, that true refinement without the accessories of wealth, does not make the gentleman or gentlewoman, then an evil influence has begun to exert itself which this superior class of individuals cannot counteract.

L. O'LOANE.

BURIED TALENTS.

"Sin attends
To occupy the fields by faith unfought."

From peaceless rambling through earth's devious ways,
By clinging memories and God's spirit led,
I turned within the house of prayer and praise,
And knelt heart-hungered. Courage long had fled
With its protégé innocence; but still
Faith came not: so, the two estates between,
I, hating, clung to self, while doubt did fill
My mind to hope's exclusion. I had seen
The vengeful sword—not the withholding hand—
And shrunk back trembling. O'er the throng did dwell
Silence; nay, more, a hush, tangible, grand,
Like passion checked; such as on Galilee fell
When, not hearing, it yet felt Christ's "peace, be still!"
Here mercy bids the wrath of justice cease,
No searching light, no storm with fear doth thrill
Within this harbour. O'er all a breath of peace
Forth venturing from the organ low begun—
The air scarce knew the burden of its tone,
Soft as the waft from passing wing of dawn
That turns the waking leaves to greet the sun,
And with it entering, my soul did feel
Waked from unrest, invited to repose
'Neath that soft, hallowed light that Christians feel,
And in that feeling solemnize their vows.
O, Christ! who through the storm my soul doth bring,
Through contrite tears thy promise-bow hath shone,
Until my soul, like opening bud of spring,
Yields to the wooing love-light of its sun.

With solemn circumstance one standing forth
Read God's great message of good will to men;
O, I have heard that story from my birth,
But never with such longing! Would that then
My ears 'gainst human converse had been sealed,
E'er he, of some man's hiring, and inspired
By Mammon, read the essay that doth yield
For fruit his weekly wage. In robes attired
Of holy office, stood he cold as stone,
With eye unlit and lip untouched by flame
From heaven's altar, lisping in listless tone,
As shameful of his task, that mighty name
That moves the universe. Hast thou the bread
Of life received, and in God's banquet hall
Before his bidden guests dost dare to spread
Thy empty platter? What living seed did fall
Into thy barren heart comes forth still-born
Form of a talent, whence the spirit fled,
Impatient of the napkin it had worn
In living burial. The spirit is not dead,
And, if thy heart unto its task were true,
Thy tongue, though palsied, would its fetters burst
To cry, Hosanna! Fearest thou not lest through
Unfaithful service thou aside be thrust
With all thy college-taught theology—
Thy reverend title in world's learning won—
To make way for the stones to testify,
In song that must be sung, to the great Son
Of God and Abraham? Art thou less stirred
By spirit of thy calling than are they

Of earth's ambition, bending each act and word
To earnest purpose? Though 't be but mimicry,
From idle audience to win applause
And earn his wage, a Hamlet sweltering pales
At his mock father's ghost. In that great cause
Which for eternal theme in Heaven avails
With angel choirs, Christ's pastors, bent with care
And toil, sweat heart and brow His straying sheep
To gather from each storm swept hill, and bear
Them to His fold. Whilst thou, soft clad, dost keep
Where vain Narcissi o'er smooth waters bend
In worship not of God, nor dares one stone
To cast their mirror to disturb, where blend
Thy countenance and theirs. Mid bowers o'ergrown
With vines and flowers, cultured the mind to charm
From serious thought to languor, sensuous, sweet,
And thence to death, thou'rt sent to sound alarm
In conscience echoing tones, and dost repeat
Christ's knocking with gloved hand. If holy light
Warms not thy frozen heart, what then to thee
If thou with chill some germ of faith dost blight
That hither came for sunshine? And what to me?

Winnipeg.

J. ST. LEGER MCGINN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

METHODS OF M'GILL.

MONTREAL, 24th Nov. 1888.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have not, of course, been unaware of a correspondence which has been carried on at intervals for the past four or five months in the columns of THE WEEK, with reference to certain incidents in McGill College. Though the correspondence has unfortunately forced my name into an undesirable prominence, I have not hitherto thought it necessary, nor do I think it necessary now, to take any part in the controversy between your correspondents. But a letter from "Medicus" in the last number of THE WEEK makes an appeal to me, which I cannot ignore without exposing my silence to misinterpretation. The statements of "Medicus" in a former letter have been met by a denial from one of the Governors of McGill College in language which, I presume, few editors care to see recurring often in their pages, and which, therefore, I shall not repeat. Accordingly "Medicus" now calls upon the Board of Governors, as well as upon me, to prove or disprove his statements by publishing the whole of the correspondence which has passed between us.

I am pleased with this appeal in two respects. In the first place "Medicus" has the good taste to see that the publication of the correspondence in question does not rest with me alone. Except as a last resort of self-defence it is not desirable that I should assume the responsibility of publishing the communications of the Board, and it might be considered unfair to publish merely my part of the correspondence, even if it were intelligible without the other.

The good taste of "Medicus" is further shown by his not calling upon me for any mere statement of mine in reply to the assertions of his opponent. The question at issue is a question of facts, and is not to be settled by mere confidence of assertion on either side. The only way in which such a question can be set at rest is by an appeal to the facts involved. In the present case the facts are a series of communications which passed between the Board of Governors and myself. I have certainly nothing to fear from the facts being made fully known; and, therefore, the only answer I can make to the appeal of my unknown friend, and the best recognition I can give of his generous championship, is to authorize, as I now do, the publication of all my share of the correspondence. J. CLARK MURRAY.

THE FISHERIES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—One is at a loss at times to understand the drift of your leading paragraphs, especially when you touch on the question of the Fisheries, and the privilege of transit *in bond* of the cargoes of American fishermen through Canadian territory.

It must be presumed that you and all respectable Canadian journalists rejoice in the welfare of the Dominion, and that you would do nothing to weaken her interests. Such being the case, I would ask you in all sincerity, Have you given the question due consideration, and have you weighed well the evil results that must arise by granting such a concession?

You say, "American fishermen so much desire the privilege." Too well I know they do so, and they would use every means to attain it. Too well I know their insidious encroachments in the past. Foiled on one point they soon attack you on another, and the point now aimed at would, if pierced, virtually destroy that system that it has taken years to build up.

What! offer a premium to American fishermen to trespass on your fishing grounds, and to carry their ill gotten cargoes through your own territory? What! allow your neighbours to rob your richest orchards and then permit them to carry the fruits of their spoil through your own farm?

It is only those who have had practical experience of the wiles of American fishermen to capture cargoes of fish (legally or otherwise) who can fully understand the difficulties that surround the question; and there is no one thing that could be more injurious to the fishing interests of the Dominion than to open up such a "Pandora's box" of evil.

Ottawa, 24th Nov., 1888.

SPECTATOR.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I apprehend that the Fisheries Question cannot properly be classed as one of "moral heroism" where modifications of the law are discussed; but rather one of *international law and right of enforcing treaties, once made*, until such are abrogated. This does not hinder its being looked at from the point of view of common sense and the relations of economy.

Now the Maritime Provinces claim, with apparent justice, that if you concede the transshipment as a question of practice, not of right, you concede all the United States fishermen could desire; for, giving them this base of operations, the power to trade is practically included—that means to buy bait and supplies—and having the supplies on board, to fish in *our waters*. It may be said we could look after them. We do look after them, as far as we are able, but we do not want the duty to be made any heavier than need be. To avoid this, we must not fall into the error of giving to lawless men a base of operations for lawless conduct.

INTERNATIONAL COMITY.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DE LESSEPS AND THE PANAMA CANAL.

THERE is probably no more picturesque figure in the whole world than M. de Lesseps. At an age when most men would be either chair-ridden, or bed-ridden—for he is now in his eighty-fifth year—this old-young Frenchman is as light of step and heart as a boy. "Time has forgotten me," is one of his favourite expressions. But the other day he stood before the people of Lyons and declared to them that the Panama Canal would be opened for business in July, 1890. In this opinion, undoubtedly honest and sincere to its very fullest, no other engineer shares, still less those engineers who have gone over the ground and looked into the entire field of probabilities and possibilities narrowly. The outlook to some of the more cautious or conservative of these is more than gloomy—it is appalling. True, they have spoken of it but very little, but still that little has been enough to reveal a state of affairs entirely different from M. de Lesseps' Utopian state. The Panama Canal is there as far as there is any Panama Canal, but its *couleur de rose* has all been extinguished. The French people have already put into that enterprise a little over \$200,000,000, virtually thrown away unless such enterprise is completed. At the rate of progress hitherto made in cutting the canal, it is estimated that it will require twenty years more of time and \$500,000,000 more of money to finish it. These estimates appear as if they might well be incredible, and yet they have been made and insisted upon, and are still being made and insisted upon. Others regard it as the old Mississippi bubble over again, and just as certain to end in a like series of almost overwhelming disasters. Over one hundred and fifty years ago somewhat, John Law went to Paris and laid before the people a visionary project of colonizing and cultivating the country watered by the Mississippi River. He sold shares in the scheme by the million, and organized the Bank of France. Paris went mad. All France rushed in a sort of frenzied delirium to buy stock at fabulous prices. Gigantic fortunes were made on paper in a single day. The bubble lasted a year, burst, and then to almost every household there came cruel suffering and untold misery. Law escaped barely with his life. It would be a perverted use of terms certainly to call the Panama Canal enterprise a bubble, and yet it is difficult to see how it can ever be made successful, the way it is being conducted. It is charitable at least to suppose that M. De Lesseps is himself ignorant of the real situation on the isthmus. He has been there but once, and to remain only a few days. His agents have all been at odds and ends, and now his sole remaining financial resource is a public lottery. It appears to be scarcely anything more than a makeshift, and an extremely poor one at that. The money from it comes in slowly and grudgingly.—*Kansas City Times*.

CONFESSING BY TELEPHONE.

FROM time to time one may notice events that bring out, with unusual force and clearness, the fact that great inventions are chief among the conditions that shape modern life. This is recognized in regard to civilizing elements with which people have long been familiar, such as the railroad and the telegraph, but is not so commonly accepted with respect to an innovation like the telephone. Yet that little instrument is most remarkable for the new relations into which it brings men and their affairs, and it incessantly calls for novel adjustments of our ideas and actions. The legality of contracts by telephone has been an issue for the courts, and but recently we mentioned a case in which a defendant submitted himself for judgment by telephone and received sentence in the same way. More lately, again, the point has arisen whether gambling carried on by telephone can be lawfully and effectively stopped. In medicine numerous instances have occurred wherein it is unnecessary for the doctor to see his patient, the prescription or advice being such as the telephone shows to be desirable. And now the Catholic Church is troubled to decide as to the efficacy of a confession by telephone. The question has been referred to Rome by the French bishops, and among the Italian priests also the subject is an unsettled one. Some authorities hold that the telephone can be used for censure, but not for absolution; while others consider that as the telephone annihilates distance, the confessor and the penitent are actually together. Evidently the question goes far deeper than the disputes of mere casuistry, and touches all that serves to surround a solemn act with sentiments of awe. And how solemn itself, after all, is the thought that the telephone is thus among the instrumentalities that release us from the clogs and bonds of physical sense and lift us to a realm where mind and soul, as if clarified and disembodied, can have freest communion.—*Electrical World*.

CHINESE STREETS.

STREETS from six to twelve feet wide, filled from morning to night with a ceaseless throng. Every man is black-haired, the fore-part of his head is shaven, while behind him hangs the long queue imposed by the Manchu conquerors. Here come the coolies, in blue jackets and blue knickerbockers, bare-footed or straw-sandalled, with a bamboo across the shoulders, carrying heavy weights, and singing, "Eh ho, ah ho, ay ho-li!" like all the brethren of their craft east of the Mediterranean. This man with long flowing robe, wide sleeves, huge horn-rimmed spectacles, slow swaggering gait, languid-fluttering fan, evidently a very important person indeed, is in fact a Confucianist scholar. Here totters along a woman on her tiny three-inch feet, clad in gay embroidered jacket and delicate silk skirt, perhaps a small silver-mounted tobacco-pipe in her hand, her head adorned with strange hirsute structures like a carving-knife, a trencher, a flying swallow, or what not, a touch of rouge to cheeks and lips, while white powder gives mistiness to full-fleshed facial charms. Here a small boy, if it be winter, gaily dressed in brilliant colours, a perfect ball of many wrappings—if it be summer, equally gaily dressed in the not unbecoming garb of his yellow skin alone. For vehicles look at yon sedan chair, borne by two or three men. In it sits a gentleman, elegantly clad in white or flowered silk or in costly furs, according to the season. If there be four or even eight bearers you will have timely warning, for this is a mandarin; before him runs a motley crowd of retainers beating gongs, carrying tablets inscribed, "Be silent," "Make way." Villainous-looking fellows, with steeple-crowned Guy Fawkes hats, armed with whips, mouthing out uncouth cries, are the lictors of the great man. Others carry the great silk umbrella, the badge of office, meant for the official, should he ever wish to move his heavy well-fed body, with its impassive self-content, from his chair. This is an event which rarely occurs; in fact, it is an awful thought to an Englishman that sitting in a chair and scolding are the most violent forms of exercise in which a mandarin ever indulges. On the breast of his handsome silk robe he bears embroidered some strange bird or beast, which marks his rank; on his hat a button, blue, red, crystal, or gold, according to his dignity, and, if he be distinguished, a one-eyed or even two eyed peacock's feather. Occasionally some disturber of the peace, spied *flagrante delicto* from the chair, is promptly thrown down in the street, stripped, and beaten. Here comes clattering and jingling along a small pony, which bears a military official; none but one accustomed to the rough life of camps would use so fatiguing a mode of locomotion. This miserable unkempt being, howling a dismal ditty, and rattling together two bamboo slips, is a beggar. It is as well to give him the microscopic dole he claims, for he will stay there, inert but vocal, till he gains his point. Such a one has been known to commit suicide in a determinately parsimonious shop in order to bring its owner into trouble with the authorities. Avoid this man carrying odorous buckets through the crowd; his burden is liquid manure, which will shortly fertilise the gardens outside the city; so hold your nose and look at the stalls—for, narrow as are the streets, there are numerous stalls, fixed or moving.—*Quiver*.

THE HEIGHT OF OCEAN WAVES.

A WRITER in the *Liverpool Mercury*—a captain of the mercantile marine—has taken great pains to take what are probably the most careful observations as to the height of ocean waves in a gale which have ever been recorded. He made them during a voyage round Cape Horn, and to do it, he went up in the main rigging, to get, if possible, the top of the wave coming up astern in a line of sight from the mast to the horizon at the back. The reason he selected the mainmast was this, that, as a rule, it is nearly amidships, and when the sea is running, the sea ahead and from aft lifts the two ends, forming a hollow amidships (the actual foot of the wave below the mean draught, equal to the slight elevation), and the observer necessarily is above the true height. It was a difficult operation, but the captain obtained some good observations, marking the height of the waves on the mast. On measuring the distance from these to the mean draught, he found them to be as follows: 64, 61, 58, and 65 feet respectively, varying in length from 750 to 800 feet.—*Iron*.

GEORGE ELIOT AS A TALKER.

IN the course of a recent article in the *New York Tribune* on "The Influence of Women on Conversation," Mr. Smalley gives the following account of George Eliot's talk: "That women are the best letter-writers in the world has long been agreed, and exceptions like George Eliot may prove the rule. But 'on dit les choses encore plus finement qu'on ne peut les écrire;' and if women write the best letters why should they not talk best? It was once the fashion to praise George Eliot's talk, and there have been, I believe, people who could read her letters. They were not letters, those pompous, pretentious, pedantic compositions, each one plainly composed with an eye to future publicity. But they were curiously like her talk. Woman of genius as she was, she had no more genuine gift of talk than of poetry. In any case, she had no place in society, and her talk could never have been the fashion if she had. Her remarkable gifts were of use to her in the company of the devout, who gathered weekly to listen to the oracle, but that was not society, it was a form of public worship, and we do not go to church or chapel to talk, or at least we ought not. If George Eliot had chosen so to arrange her life as to bring herself within the pale of society, she might have been the female Macaulay of her time. That is to say, she had a full mind, and she discoursed on many subjects for a long time without stopping, and without missing a date or mis-stating a fact."

AFRICAN PYGMIES.

ONE of the abounding follies of the pedant is that of sneering at popular traditions. The philosopher treats them very differently by studying their origin—they must have some sort of origin. They may be fallacious, but they cannot be baseless, and their history is always instructive. In many cases they are records of fact concerning which the pedant is simply ignorant. This was notably the case with the traditions of the fall of meteorites which were treated with such lofty contempt until the beginning of the present century, and may yet prove to be also the case with the sea-serpent. Among such traditions is that of the existence of a race of pygmies in Central Africa, the truth of which has been finally demonstrated by Emin Pasha. The Akkas that he found in the country of the Monbuttu, one of whom he retained as a domestic servant, are true pygmies, as proved by the detailed measurements he sent to Professor Flower, and the skeletons he disinterred and forwarded to the British Museum, and which arrived safely in September, 1887. They are of full grown people, one a man, the other a woman. The height of the female is just four feet, to which should be added half an inch for the thickness of the skin on the soles of the feet and top of the head. The male skeleton is about a quarter of an inch shorter. The height of the full-grown woman, of which Emin states particulars, is barely three feet ten inches. As Professor Flower observes, "one very interesting and almost unexpected result of a careful examination of these skeletons is that they conform in the relative proportions of the head, trunk, and limbs, not to dwarfs, but to full-sized people of other races, and they are therefore strikingly unlike the stumpy, long-bodied, short-limbed, large-headed pygmies so graphically represented fighting with their lances against the cranes on ancient Greek vases." Their skulls are quite unlike the Andamanese and the Bushmen. They are obviously negroes of a special type, to which Haney has given the appropriate name of Negrillo. They occupy various spots across the great African continent, within a few degrees north and south of the equator, extending from the Atlantic coast to near the shores of the Albert Nyanza (30 deg. E. long.), and perhaps even farther to the east, south of the Galla land; there are still surviving, scattered communities of these small negroes, all much resembling each other in size, appearance, and habits, and dwelling mostly apart from their larger neighbours, by whom they are everywhere surrounded. The above particulars are derived from a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor Flower.—*Hardwick's Science-Gossip.*

SIR WILLIAM E. LOGAN'S LIFE AND WORK.*

It is late in the day to attempt any review of this interesting memoir of one who was worthily charged with the founding, and the practical management, for a long series of years, of the government system of Geological Surveys of Canada, and whose life, in its humble heroism, seemed to be consecrated with rare devotion to the task. The biography though known, we fear, but to the few scientists and immediate friends of the great geologist, should not, however, pass unnoticed; nor should the lesson of the noble life of him who is its subject be unfamiliar to Canadians, or to the honest toiler at his work, whatever be his nationality. Few men other than geologists or mining experts can imagine how great and onerous was the task which Sir Wm. (he was then plain Mr.) Logan undertook, when the government of the old Province of Canada appointed him in 1842, first Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, a department of government work which was then just about to be organized. The work was of the first importance, from an economical point of view, and the field to be opened up was, in Canada at least, as new as it was vast. Born at Montreal, about the close of the last century, Mr. Logan was not only a Canadian, but a Canadian lovingly interested in his country. In 1814 he went to Scotland to complete his education, and from there he went up to London, and we afterwards find him in Wales engaged with a Copper Mining Company and pursuing with great activity his geological explorations, which soon attracted the notice of many eminent British geologists. During his absence from Canada his thoughts often reverted to the colony, and in 1840 we not unnaturally find him again in the country and now thoroughly interested in its study, as an inviting field for the geologist. The coal formations of Canada, landslides on the Maskinongé River, and the phenomena of the packing of ice in the St. Lawrence, were among the subjects of his early investigations; though at this early time his head was full of projects of undertaking some detailed and systematic survey of the geological features of the country. Soon he had the good fortune, as we have stated, to be entrusted by the government of the day with the prosecuting of this survey, and in its work up to the year 1869, when he resigned his trust, his whole life was spent. Such, in outline, are the surface facts of his career; but it would take volumes to detail the incidents of his working life and to give any adequate account of his scientific researches and to estimate their worth. For such a task, were we to attempt it, we have here neither the space to devote to the subject nor the technical knowledge to do it justice. Sir William issued in all about twenty volumes giving a periodic report of progress of the surveys undertaken either by himself or by the staff under him in various parts of Canada. These must be examined to be appreciated; and only a competent and thorough examination can enable one to judge of Sir William's long and herculean labour and of the immense commercial and industrial value his services have been to Canada. Not only did he lay the foundation of scientific research in this country, but he has enriched it with investigations

*"Life of Sir William E. Logan, Kt., F.R.S." First Director of the Geological Survey of Canada. By B. J. Harrington, Ph.D., Professor of Mining in McGill University, Montreal; Dawson Bros.

of the highest value, many of which were prosecuted at his own personal expense. When one considers how small was the annual government grant to the survey over which he so ably presided, one wonders at the extent and magnitude of the result achieved. It shows what devotion and assiduity will accomplish in the course of a life-time; and the remembrance of this should long keep green the memory, in Canadian hearts, of one of the most ardent of Canadian students of science and one of the most noble of Canada's sons. Though we have been late in taking up Dr. Harrington's interesting memoir, we accord him our hearty thanks for the pleasure he has afforded us in making a closer acquaintance with Canada's first and greatest scientist.

G. M. A.

MUSIC.

JUCH-CARRENO.

It will be difficult for any concert company that is now in America to present a more satisfactory concert than that given by Messrs. Suckling and Son, last Friday evening, and it will probably be as difficult to gather as large or as fashionable an audience as that which graced the Pavilion on that occasion. Miss Emma Juch has been a favourite in Toronto since her first appearance, and on Friday she increased the deservedly high opinion in which she is held. When she first sang here, her voice had the delicious creaminess of youth, and it now possesses a glorious maturity of volume, and as a performer Miss Juch has gained experience and power of expression. There was a dramatic intensity in her singing of "Knowest thou the Land" from "Mignon" that has rarely been equalled. The "Jewel Song" is a selection which in its proper home on the stage is surrounded with the glamour of exuberant action and sensuous orchestral accompaniment, and therefore does not lend itself readily to the concert platform. In Miss Juch's hands, however, few felt that any restraint or lack of conventional *entourage* was present, so natural and suggestive was she in expression and delivery, and yet so thoroughly within the bounds recognized as governing a concert appearance. Her rendering of "Annie Laurie" and "The Heather Rose" was equally charming. Miss Hope Glenn quite justified the high expectations formed here from her great successes in England. Her voice is clear, resonant and smooth, and her style is excellent. She possesses a dignity of presence and tone, which does not lend itself readily to lighter music, but she imparted a depth of feeling to the "Three Fishers" which went to the hearts of all her hearers. Mme. Carreno was simply delightful, but then when was she otherwise in Toronto? She played with all the vivacity, depth, elegance and power which have always proved the versatility of her resources. She gave a powerful rendering of the Sixth Liszt Rhapsodie, and played the Campanella with an elasticity and sureness of touch that gave no suggestion of its difficulty. The "Harmonious Blacksmith" she took at a pace that was in itself a proof of her virtuosity, yet still retained the utmost clearness of every note, and a delightful little *intermezzo* of her own was most delicately rendered. Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg was both pleasing and disappointing. Pleasing in his perfect intonation, wonderful double stopping, his honest breadth of tone, and in his generally conscientious interpretation; and disappointing in a certain coldness of expression in his solos and in the *obligato* he played for Miss Juch, to which must be added a lack of power and individuality in the Rubinstein Sonata. His excellences far outweigh his faults, and it is to be hoped that he will soon revisit Toronto. The one drawback to the enjoyment of the concert was lack of proper management, causing the concert to begin at an absurdly late hour, (8.25) and permitting such long intervals between the numbers on the programme, and allowing so many encores.

MR. TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA.

To maintain a permanent orchestra in Toronto is an obvious impossibility if it is to be composed of professional musicians, and the only way in which an instrument of such powerful influence for good is to be kept up here is to call in the assistance of the amateurs. Mr. Torrington, whose other name is "energy," has done this, and after many vicissitudes has now an orchestra which, in point of both numerical and artistic excellence, may hold up its head among many more pretentious rivals. Its performances are now excellent, and its repertoire quite extended. Such an organization cannot be kept up without money, and its announcement of a season of three concerts should meet with the support of every music lover in Toronto, in the shape of subscriptions. The first concert takes place on Thursday, Dec. 13, when a number of novelties will be produced, and when Miss Adèle Strauss will sing. The young lady has made a number of important appearances in France and Germany, and created a splendid impression here by her singing at the Archer Recital.

B. NATURAL.

ANDREW LANG writes as follows in the November *Forum* about Robert Browning's poetry: "To the young lover of poetry, who has been frightened away from Mr. Browning by the sybils who shriek and the priests who beat their vain cymbals around him, interpreting his dark meanings, I would say read 'Men and Women.' Read it without puzzling after problems, or grubbing for more than you see on the surface. Read 'Men and Women' as you read 'Adonais,' or 'The Ode to Autumn,' or 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' or the 'Ancient Mariner,' just for first plain sense, for the romance, for the delight of the heart and the fancy, for the human beings who move there, and the human emotions. Whoever does this, not being blind and deaf to poetry, will be a life-long and grateful admirer of Mr. Browning."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HAPPY PRINCE AND OTHER TALES, by Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Walter Crane and Jacomb Hood. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This dainty little volume is the joint product of artist and prose poet. The contents are five delightful stories in the Hans Andersen vein, or in that of Knatchbull-Hugessen. They are only mildly didactic, and will therefore not be the less acceptable to ingenuous youth at the now fast approaching holiday season. The volume has the further merit of being brief.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP, OR WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE MEREDITH, with selections from his poetry, and an introduction. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The readers of George Meredith's novels, it may safely be said, are not many on either side of the Atlantic. The few who are familiar with them, and who, not without reason, rank him next to George Eliot, will be glad to get hold of this little volume. This novelist exacts so much thought from his readers that many who have heard of him and have taken up one or other of his clever stories, find him too much of a tax to continue their reading, and they incontinently lay him and his books aside. Those, however, who have persisted in their reading, and have got across the rather forbidding threshold of his stories,—the long and often unintelligible preludes with which they are mostly encumbered,—have been amply rewarded for their pains, and have found in him a man of undoubted though erratic genius, and an exceedingly clever epigrammatic writer. His novels are fairly gemmed with striking, brilliant thought, and have innumerable passages weighty with aphorisms, wise and witty, and with descriptions of scenes which only a poet could describe, and of studies of character which only a philosopher could pourtray. The book before us is made up of selections from such passages, which stand forth in their fine crystallized beauty and are often pregnant with meaning. Meredith's work abounds with faults of style, as regards both its literary form and the meaning the author desires to express. But behind both there is a wealth of thought which will repay the effort to track it. His poetry has much the same fault as his prose; though the selections in the present volume are happily free from his worst faults. An excellent introduction supplies biographical facts and a critical estimate of the novelist and poet which add much to the value of the book.

SIGURD SLEMBE: A Dramatic Trilogy. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian, by Wm. Norton Payne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We daresay many of our readers know the author of this volume only as a fascinating writer of Norwegian tales. To his countrymen, however, he is perhaps best known as a lyric and a dramatic poet; it is as a poet chiefly that he has won fame, and in Christiania and Copenhagen his plays are almost constantly on the boards. Of his dramas, *Sigurd Slembé* (Sigurd, the Worthless), is the favourite, partly on account of its historic and partly on account of its poetic value. It is a story of civil strife in Norway during the first half of the twelfth century, caused by the pretensions to the throne of an illegitimate son of a Norse King, who stakes everything in the endeavour to grasp the coveted royal prize. The work has many passages of tender beauty and of high dramatic power. In the union of these two qualities it much resembles Goethe's *Faust*, while in spirit there is a good deal that is strongly Shakespearian.

A SPORTSMAN'S EDEN. A season's shooting, chiefly in British Columbia. By Clive Phillippis-Wolley, F.R.S., late British Consul at Kertch. London: Richard Bentley and Son.

We have added the words "A season's shooting, chiefly in British Columbia," to the title of this work, as explanatory of the "Eden" of which this English sportsman recounts his experience, and in which he found material for the series of delightful letters here given to the public. The letters are addressed to friends in England, and are the work of a keen sportsman, who has evidently seen much of the world, and who writes with great zest of his Nimrodian experiences in the Pacific Province of the Dominion. He writes, moreover, with considerable enthusiasm of the country he visited, and of other matters of practical interest to Englishmen who may be induced, like himself, to make the trip from the Old World to the New. The attractions of the volume are increased by including among the sportsman's letters those of his wife, who accompanied him on his journey, and who is equally with her husband a keen observer and a bright and genial letter-writer. In the volume are a few letters, of evident feminine authorship, from other members of the expedition, which are also written in a pleasant vein. The ladies' letters are, in the main, from such abodes of civilization as Montreal, Saratoga, and Victoria, B.C.; those of the sportsman of the party are written chiefly from camp. The work, we judge, will chiefly be read for its records of sport, and in this respect lovers of the rod and gun will find the work delightfully appetizing as well as full of interest. The feminine letters have an interest of their own, and will be found piquant and pleasant reading. In one of the sportsman's epistles, our eye lit upon a fine passage, descriptive of our characteristically Canadian autumn-tide, which though often and sometimes wearisomely described, is worth quoting. The author dates from a ranch, in the neighbourhood, we take it to be, of Hope on the Fraser River, not far from Yale. "The year," he writes, "has as many a town on the Fraser River, not far from Yale. Caught by the first chill ways of dying as men have. Here the year's death is a red one. Caught by the first chill ways of winter in the full foliage of summer, the leaves, instead of shrivelling and dropping one by one in a sobbing November wind, burst into a crimson glory, more beautiful in death than they were in the spring-time. There are no colours on the artist's palette in which to paint the autumn foliage on the Hope Mountains; no words in the Anglo-Saxon language in which to describe them. The crimson of port wine against the light; the glow of sunlit windows by Albert Dürer; the red glow of embers in a frosty night—all these pale before the burning October bushes on the mountain-side, lit by a late September sun, and vividly contrasted with the sombre pines and gray runs with which they are surrounded. Of all these bushes the brightest is the crimson sumach, but maple and dogwood and a score of others display the purest, most transparent tints of every hue, from golden green to royal purple. Summer dies here with a smile, under clear skies which seem to bring heaven very near, and then a wild wind sweeps off the leaves at a coup, the snow falls thick and heavy, covering all with its beautiful white wreaths, and the year is dead, by a beautiful 'sudden death,' dead before it has got old and feeble, sere and yellow, and the onlookers are spared the dull yellow fogs and the agony of tears through which an English summer lingers to its grave."

A SCORE of admirable articles from many sources make up the *Eclectic* for December. Among the authors whose contributions are selected for this number are such well-known writers as Andrew Lang, Prince Kropotkin, Prof. Max Müller, Principal Donaldson,

LL.D., S. Baring-Gould, and Canon Isaac Taylor whose disturbing article in the *Fortnightly* on "The Great Missionary Failure" is reproduced.

We have received a small pamphlet—an address—on *Imperial Federation*, by Mr. R. Cuthbert, of this city. Mr. Cuthbert is an ardent freetrader and an enthusiastic confederationist. Though some of his arguments are plausible and some perhaps incontrovertible, we do not feel that we are drawn to adopt his conclusions; but we cheerfully concede that he has treated certain aspects of a difficult subject with much ability.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for December contains, among much other interesting reading, a short description of "The English Lakes," by B. E. Bull, M.A., and a poem, "The Flag at Half-mast," by Senator Macdonald, suggested by the death of the late Hon. Thomas White. Hereafter the periodical will be called the *Methodist Magazine*, and the editor, in his announcement for the next volume, promises many new attractions. Professor Goldwin Smith, Hon. Senator Macdonald, Dr. Daniel Clarke, and many other well-known writers are to contribute papers on important subjects. The magazine is to be printed in new type specially cast for it, and other improvements may be looked for.

IN the December *Forum* "Count Tolstoi's Religious Views" is the subject of a second article by Archdeacon Farrar. "A Simpler Southern Question," by George W. Cable, and "The South as a Field for Fiction" are excellent articles by writers exceptionally fitted to deal with the matters of which they treat. Professor Francis A. March writes on "A Reign of Law in Spelling," and Junius Henri Browne on "To marry or not to marry." The former alleges that one of the causes of the excessive illiteracy among English speaking peoples is the badness of English spelling. "The reform of spelling," he says, "is a patriotic and philanthropic reform." Several other articles on important social, economic and scientific subjects complete an excellent number.

THE first thing that catches one's eye on opening the December *Lippincott* is a fine portrait of Captain Charles King, author of "Dunraven Rancho," the novel of the number. This story is one of military life at a Western outpost, and is full of incident and adventure. This is followed by a biographical sketch of Captain King by Lieut. Reade. Amélie Rives contributes a poem "To all women," excellent in spirit and sentiment, but marred by the passionate extravagance of expression that characterizes her novels. Mr. Habberton's serial, "At Last," is continued, and much interesting and valuable information may be gathered from "Our One Hundred Questions" and "Every Day's Record." This number completes the forty-second volume, and for the coming year the publishers promise contributions from many eminent novelists and litterateurs.

Scribner's Magazine completes its fourth volume with a Christmas number which a large staff of accomplished writers and skilful artists have made exceedingly attractive. Much of the poetry and prose has a distinctively Christmas character, Mr. Stevenson's monthly essay being "A Christmas Sermon." The number opens with a description of "Winter in the Adirondacks," by Wright Mable, the beautiful illustrations for which are furnished by Hamilton Gibson, Bruce Crane, and others. Lester Wallack's "Memories of Fifty Years," is concluded, this instalment being perhaps the best of the series. Thackeray's appearance and manner are graphically described, and many interesting anecdotes told of the great novelist. Some chapters of Mr. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," and three or four short stories, all suitably illustrated, should satisfy lovers of fiction; while those who interest themselves in art and art history will find matter to their taste in Mr. Low's paper on Stained Glass Windows and Mr. George Hitchcock's account of Sandro Botticelli, "who, above all others, gave a new impulse to the art of Christian world."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP

MARGARET DELAND, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is to have an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January.

MRS. ALEXANDER begins a new serial story, "A Crooked Path," in the number of *Harper's Bazaar* published December 14th.

MRS. S. FRANCES HARRISON—"Seranus," so well known to readers of the WEEK—will contribute to the December number of the *American Magazine* a strong and pathetic story, full of the poetry of the French Canadians, entitled "In the Valley of the Eustache."

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, announces in that periodical that he has in press a new work of six hundred pages describing "the vast extent and almost illimitable resources" of Canada. Dr. Withrow does not allow his pen to be idle.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON'S novel, "Son of a Star," Longman, Green & Co., is a historical romance of Great Britain and Judea in the days of Hadrian. Founded on the most careful historical research, and yet enlivened with much scientific fantasy, it combines certain of the elements which have given popularity to the novels of writers as unlike as Lord Lytton and Jules Verne.

MESSRS. ESTES AND LAURIAT publish this month an *édition de luxe* of Victor Hugo's "Nôtre Dame de Paris." It is illustrated with 175 drawings by Rossi, Bieler, and De Myrbach, reproduced by Guillaume Frères, of Paris, by whom fifteen of them are printed in colour especially for this edition. The work has been newly translated by A. L. Alger, and the edition is limited to 500 marked copies. The French text, in a similarly limited edition, is published simultaneously by W. R. Jenkins, of New York.

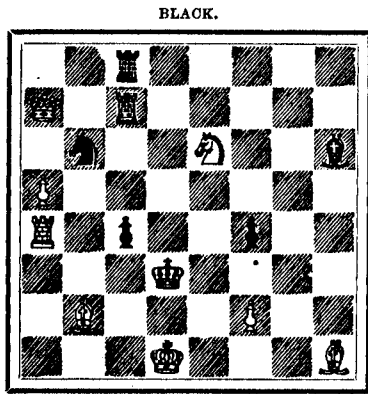
MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, the English dramatic critic, has just completed "Masks or Faces, a study in the Psychology of Acting," which Longmans, Green & Co. will issue at once. Mr. Archer takes up afresh the question debated by M. Coquelin and Mr. Irving as to the amount of feeling an actor should have. He has collected from books and from leading living actors a mass of pertinent and interesting anecdotes. Among those who have helped him are Mary Anderson, Mrs. Kendal, Genevieve Ward, John Drew, and Dion Boucicault. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

FROM the *College Times*, a clever little journal conducted by the pupils at U. C. College, we learn that Mr. John A. Barron, M.P., has presented to the College "a large volume elegantly bound in morocco and adorned with the College crest, in which his father had caused to be entered, in manuscript, compositions in Greek and Latin prose and verse, and several in English verse, the production of pupils of the College during the time of his Principalship. The compositions speak for themselves, and the following are the authors, whose names and persons will be affectionately recalled by many an old Upper Canada College boy:—T. Hudspeth, Adam Crooks, E. Stinson, Thomas Cronyn, S. Arthur Marling, George Palmer, George M. Evans, A. M. Clark, James G. Grier, Charles F. Eliot, Edwin O'Reilly, C. F. Gildersleeve, Nicol Kingsmill, C. J. S. Bethune."

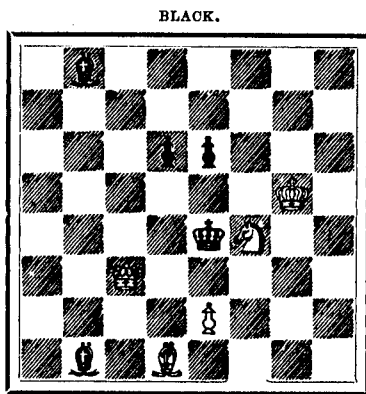
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 309.
By W. H. HAWKES.
From *Dublin Weekly Mail*.

PROBLEM No. 310.
By B. G. LAWS, London, Eng.
From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.



White to play and mate in two moves.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 303.
- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-Q Kt 2 | 1. K x R |
| 2. Kt-Q 5 + | 2. K moves. |
| 3. B or R mate. | |
- If 1. K-Q 5
2. K-B 4
2. Kt-Q B 2 +
3. B-B 2 mate.
- With other variations.

- No. 304.
- | | |
|--------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| R-K 8 | |

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB ON THE 15th NOVEMBER, 1888, BETWEEN DR. RYHALL, OF HAMILTON, AND MR. BOULTBEE, OF TORONTO.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

DR. RYHALL.	MR. BOULTBEE.	DR. RYHALL.	MR. BOULTBEE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	24. Kt-Kt 5	P-Q B 3
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-K B 3	25. Kt-Q 6	R-K 2
3. Kt x P	P-Q 4	26. R-Q 3	K Kt-Q 5
4. P x P	Kt x P	27. P-K B 4	P-Q Kt 3
5. P-Q 4	B-Q 3	28. B-B 2	Kt-K 7 +
6. B-Q B 4	B-K 3	29. K-B 1	K Kt x B P
7. Q-K B 3	B x Kt	30. R-Q B 3	Kt-R 8
8. P x B	Kt-Q Kt 5	31. R x B P	Kt-K 6
9. Q-Q Kt 3	B x B	32. R-B 3	Kt-Q 7 +
10. Q x B	Q Kt-B 3	33. K-K 1	R x P + (a)
11. Castles	Castles	34. K-Q 1	R-Q 4
12. P-Q R 3	Kt-R 3	35. R-B 8 +	K-R 2
13. B-B 4	R-K 1	36. Kt x P	Kt-K 5 +
14. Q-Q B 3	Q-Q 5	37. K-K 1	Kt x B (b)
15. Q x Q	Kt x Q	38. K x Kt	R-Q 7 +
16. Kt-B 3	Kt x P	39. K-K 3	R x Q Kt P
17. Q-R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	40. R-R 8 +	K-K 3
18. B-Kt 5	R x R	41. Kt-K 5 +	K-B 4
19. R x R	P-K R 3	42. P-Kt 4 +	K x Kt
20. B-B 4	Kt-B 4	43. R-K 8 +	Kt-K 3
21. R-Q 2	Kt-K 8	44. R-K 7	R-Kt 6 +
22. B-Kt 3	K Kt-Kt 6	45. K-B 2	R x P
23. R-Q 1.	Kt-B 7		

and Black wins.

NOTES.

- (a) Well played.
(b) Will win a pawn and get a winning position.

A match by telegraph was played between the Toronto and Quebec Chess Clubs on Thursday the 22nd inst., and continued on Saturday the 24th. Six games were played, six players on each side taking part in the contest; three of the games were finished, each side winning one, the other game was drawn. The remaining games are to be finished on the 28th inst. Toronto has the best position in each game, and should easily win two of them. The Toronto Chess Club is greatly indebted to Mr. Dwight, of the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, for the free use of the wires, this being only one of the many favours received from this gentleman.

MILK heated to much above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body or mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue, will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects. "There is many an ignorant, overworked woman who fancies she could not keep up without her beer; she mistakes its momentary exhilaration for strength, and applies the whip instead of nourishment to her poor, exhausted frame. Any honest, intelligent physician will tell her that there is more real strength and nourishment in a slice of bread than in a quart of beer; but if she loves stimulants it would be a very useless piece of information. It is claimed that some of the lady clerks in our own city, and those, too, who are employed in respectable business houses, are in the habit of ordering ale or beer at the restaurants. They probably claim that they are 'tired,' and no one who sees their faithful devotion to customers all day will doubt their assertions. But they should not mistake beer for a blessing or a stimulant for strength. A careful examination of statistics will prove that men and women who do not drink can endure more hardship and do more work and live longer than those less temperate."—*New York Medical Record*.

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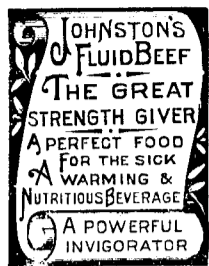
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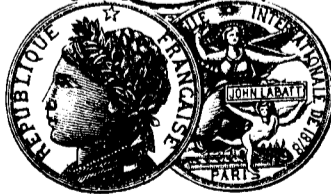
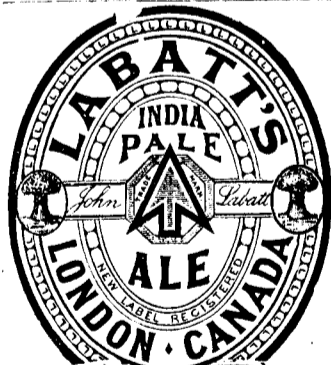
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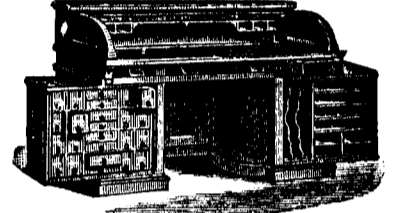
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Will be held in the Room of the President, E. O. Bickford, Esq., in Club Chambers, York Street, Toronto, on

Monday the 31st day of Dec, 1888,

At the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of considering and voting on the proposed by-law to establish the Office of the Company at Toronto, Ontario.

By order of the Board of Directors,

JOHN E. FOREMAN,
Secretary.