

THE WEEK:

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Sixth Year.
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The total existing assurances in force at 15th November, 1888, amounted to	101,258,149 14
Of which was re-assured with other offices	6,882,060 00
The annual revenue amounted at 15th November, 1888, to	4,525,703 13
The accumulated funds at same date amounted to	34,019,523 27
Being an increase during the year of	888,470 73

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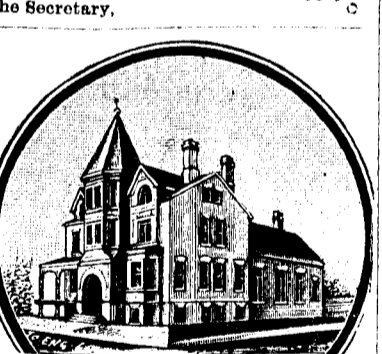
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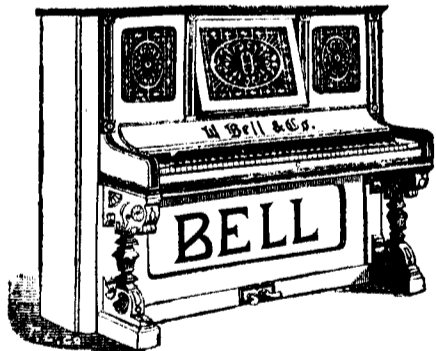
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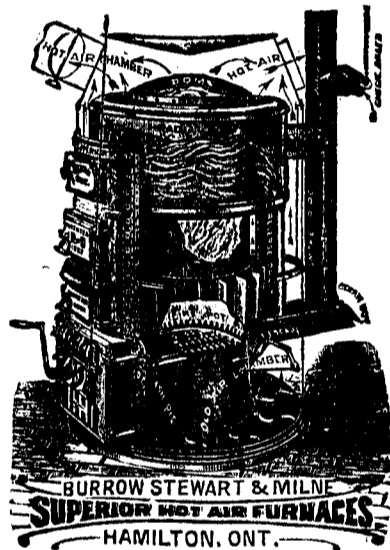
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Vol. VI. No. 42.

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THE WEEK :

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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 approaching election in West Lambton has given the newly-formed Third Party an opportunity to try its weapons and its prowess. As a consequence the progress of the triangular contest will be watched with considerable interest. It is to be feared, however, that those who deprecate most strongly the evils resulting from the old and corrupt Party system cannot derive much rational comfort from the entrance of the new brigade into the field. In fact, the multiplication of parties bids fair to be but a multiplication of evils. The public has, so far as we are aware, no guarantee that the operations of the Third Party will be carried on on a higher plane than those occupied by its seniors, while there is reason to fear that its platform will be narrower and its political outlook less clear than those of either. There is, theoretically, something to be said in favour of the existence of political parties claiming to be based on broad, distinctive principles, capable of application in the treatment of the many and varied questions which have to be dealt with by the Government and Legislature of a self-governing State. There is undoubtedly a science of politics. Between the extremes of Radicalism and Toryism a wide field is spread out for choice. The contrasted methods of the Liberal and Conservative schools of political thought awaken interest and challenge investigation. However difficult it may often be to trace the operation of any motives but those of self-seeking opportunism in the policies of the old parties, their titles suggest at least a reminiscence of the higher principles of statecraft. But from a Party whose platform consists practically of but a single, narrow plank; whose leaders seem scarcely to make a pretence of having seriously studied politics as the science of statesmanship; and whose one chief aim would be attained by the passage of an Act which would have for a large and influential body of citizens the odiousness of sumptuary legislation, what could be expected but a brief régime of political empiricism, followed by disastrous failure? The first essential of a political party, in order to give it a claim upon the support of an intelligent people, is that it have at least a modicum of statesmanship in its

leaders. No personal respectability, not even the loftiness of a philanthropic purpose, can supply the lack of this. It is, we trust, with no disposition to be ill-natured, much less offensive, that we ask in all seriousness whether and wherein the Third Party possesses this prime essential of statesmanship.

THE probable unseating of Mr. Colter, M.P., for unhappy Haldimand, for "bribery by agents," calls attention once more to the ineffectiveness of our seemingly stringent laws for the prevention of corrupt practices at elections. Within certain limits, it is true, these laws may be said to have accomplished their purpose. The cases are now very rare in which the candidate himself is found guilty either of having personally offered corrupt inducements, or of having connived at such practices. It sometimes happens, indeed, that after having honestly used his best efforts to secure a pure election, he finds himself obliged to pay the penalty of the misconduct of some dishonest man whom the law regards as constructively his agent. So far as appears this was the case in the present instance, though it cannot be denied that the action of the members of the Reform Association in systematically destroying the records of their meetings lays them open to grave suspicion. Their avoidance of the ordinary modes of organization may bear similar interpretation, though perhaps capable of a more charitable one. It is certainly possible that the aim may have been simply to shield the Reform candidate from the consequences of wrong-doing of which his supporters might be guilty without his consent or knowledge. In either case Mr. Justice Falconbridge's decision, virtually holding the candidate responsible for the conduct of all the individuals who take it upon themselves to canvass for him, will, if sustained, effectually prevent resort to this expedient. Of that decision no one can reasonably complain. Unless the courts feel themselves at liberty to draw the same inferences that any shrewd observer, versed in the dark ways of political partisans, would unhesitatingly draw from such cases as those proved in evidence before Judge Falconbridge, the law for the prevention of corrupt practices might as well be repealed. It is, we think, greatly to be regretted that the party journals, instead of openly denouncing the illegal practices of individual violators of the law and of political morality, whosoever they may be, should so often strive to belittle the crimes of their own friends and exaggerate those of their opponents, thereby doing much to deprive the judgments of the courts of their proper moral effect.

WHAT, then, is to be done? Must it be accepted as true, as one influential newspaper has said, that Parliament has done its best to bring about pure elections, and that this is the result? Are we shut up to the conclusion that there is really no means of putting a stop to these disgraceful and degrading practices? Far from it. Parliament has not done its best. The defects in the present laws are obvious and glaring. Under those laws the really guilty parties are usually allowed to escape, while one who may be entirely innocent has to pay one part of the double penalty, and the honest electors the other part, in the cost and turmoil of a new election. The real criminals are the givers and takers of bribes, and upon their heads the chief punishment should fall. Provision is now made, it is true, for their punishment if any one chooses to proceed against them. But this is evidently insufficient. There can be no reasonable doubt that if the statute made it the duty of the Court to punish with imprisonment, without option of a fine, every elector found guilty of having given or offered a bribe, or of having received or solicited one, and the punishment was rigorously inflicted in the first cases that came to hand, the personal corruption which now so disgraces the country would promptly cease. The educative force of such a law would be by no means the least consideration in its favour. Many citizens of the unreflecting class are accustomed to have their views of right and wrong very much influenced by the state of the law in regard to the practices in question. Hence the rigid infliction of punishment upon all offenders would soon educate the public conscience, and cause many who now see no harm in buying or selling a vote to see such a transaction in its true character as a crime against

both the individual and the State. The stereotyped objection that under such a law it would be impossible to elicit the facts and secure conviction has no greater force, so far as we can see, in respect to this than to any other criminal law. The same expedients, such as pardon to informers, could be employed, if found necessary.

FROM the statements of Attorney-General Martin, of Manitoba, during his recent visit to Ottawa, it appears that the Manitoba Government are fully decided not only to discontinue the official use of the French language, but to abolish the Separate School system. Mr. Martin seems to be of opinion that, in regard to the latter, there will be no occasion for the interference of the Federal authorities unless an appeal is taken by the minority in the Province. He is persuaded, too, that neither the Federal nor the Imperial power will permanently obstruct the carrying out of the policy determined upon by the great majority of the people of the Province. Mr. Martin's statement that some of the most influential Conservatives in the Province heartily approve of the proposed reforms is reassuring. It would be a great pity if the division on such questions, affecting the whole future policy and history of the Province, should be made on party lines, or follow political—we use the word in the popular sense—planes of cleavage. But it would be a grand sight to see the great majority of the people of the Province disregarding past affiliations and rising to demand that their vigorous young province be freed from the unnecessary and therefore unjust conditions which were imposed upon it at its birth by the Dominion Parliament and afterwards confirmed by Imperial Legislation. As we have said before, and as Mr. Martin evidently believes, it is incredible that either the Canadian or British Parliament could prevent the clearly expressed will of a province from becoming effective, or would seriously try to do so.

AN Ottawa despatch credits both Chief Justice Ritchie, of the Supreme Court, and Judge Armour, with expressions of opinion strongly favouring the creation of a divorce court for the Dominion. The views of these men, whose judicial training and professional experience so eminently fit them to speak with authority on the subject, can scarcely fail to carry great weight. In this instance their opinions doubtless coincide with those of most persons who take a common-sense view of the matter, unbiassed by prejudices of custom or creed. The unfitness of the Senate, a body whose proper functions are purely political, to deal with cases often demanding in an eminent degree the best professional acumen in determining the value of evidence and the trained judicial intellect and habit in balancing conflicting testimony, has often been pointed out and seems, indeed, too obvious to need argument. The unseemliness and absurdity of the method formerly pursued when the Senate sat as a body for the investigation of divorce questions, have, it is true, been greatly modified by the arrangement under which such inquiries are relegated to a permanent committee, which acts as a quasi court. Still it is but too clear that the present system fails and must fail to bring the provisions of the law of divorce, even as that law now stands, within the reach of all classes of citizens. Even those who hold most rigidly that no change should be made in the direction of granting divorce for any other causes than those specified under the present law, cannot deny that justice demands that provision should be made whereby all parties entitled to relief under that law may obtain a hearing and decree without unreasonable expense or delay. In a word, the process of adjudicating in such cases is purely and simply a judicial one, and so naturally belongs to a judicial instead of a Senatorial Court. It is to be feared, however, that the dread of opening up afresh the question of scope and extent will deter the present or any future Government from taking action for the establishment of a Divorce Court.

ALL Canada is interested in the wheat crop of Manitoba and the North-West. During the last few weeks most of those who have been desirous of forming an opinion as to the average result of the season's operations must have been in despair. The reports have been so contra-

dictory that pessimistic readers were prone to anticipate the worst, while those inclined to more hopeful views were compelled to confess their inability to find or form any reliable estimate. A recent number of the *Winnipeg Commercial* gives us the key to the vacillating character of these reports. The explanation is indeed easy, and most persons will have already guessed. "If," says *The Commercial*, "a visitor felt inclined to base his estimate of the North-Western grain crop of 1889 upon the result of the harvest in any one section of the country, he could by selection of the section supply himself with a report of the most glowing description, or he could procure one very discouraging indeed. It would all depend upon where he located his observations. The fact that the areas of good and bad crops have, to an unusual degree, 'run in streaks' makes it still impossible to furnish any close estimate of the average or aggregate yield. The fact is, however, apparent that "while wheat will be a short yield for the North-West, it would be a liberal one for any other portion of this continent, while the quality all over is turning out much superior to the grain produced here in any former year." This is, on the whole, very encouraging news. Even a moderately good crop of such excellent quality as that which all agree in ascribing to the product now being got ready for market will go far to establish on a firm basis the high reputation of the great Canadian prairies, and assure their steady and rapid growth in population and wealth. Year by year, as the capacities of the soil, and the climatic conditions and variations come to be better understood, the reward of the settler's toil will be larger and surer. The future of the Canadian North-West, as one of the greatest and most prolific food-producing countries of the world, may therefore be safely regarded as assured.

BOTH the spirit and the action of the Anglican Synod in its recent session at Montreal tend to show that the members of that communion are in downright earnest in seeking to bring about a grand reunion of the leading evangelical churches in Canada. This is, of course, in direct line with the recommendations adopted at the Lambeth Conference of Bishops, in July, 1888, which contemplate nothing less than such a reunion of the Churches throughout the English-speaking world. There are undoubtedly very serious obstacles to be met and removed before the proposed union can be effected, even in Canada, and even with the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies, but those who are most sceptical as to the possibility of attaining the result aimed at cannot fail to admire the feelings and motives that are prompting the effort, and to perceive that in the very existence and expression of those feelings and motives a great step is taken in the direction of that unity of heart and purpose which lies deeper and is more real and fruitful than any mere organic union, however desirable the latter may be. The progress of this remarkable movement at home and abroad will be followed with great interest by all who recognize in it, as the thoughtful can scarcely fail to do, one of the most promising signs of the times in the religious world. Late English exchanges intimate that the overture of the Lambeth Conference will shortly come before the autumnal sessions of the representatives of the Congregational and Baptist bodies of England. Their deliverances thereupon will be awaited with some interest, though possibly with less expectation of hopeful results than in the case of the Churches whose ecclesiastical systems are less widely divergent from those of the Anglican Church. Nevertheless it is evident from the tone of their newspaper organs that these denominations will not fail at least to heartily reciprocate the spirit in which the eirenicon is proffered.

AN event of no small interest to Canadians has been the recent sitting of the United States Committee on Relations with Canada, at Boston. The views of a number of men prominent in business circles in New England on the question of Reciprocity have been openly expressed, and it must be gratifying to Canadians of all shades of politics to find so marked a consensus in favour of a measure of reciprocity. Some indeed are prepared to go much farther than others, but the great majority would seemingly favour a renewal of the former reciprocity treaty with trifling modifications. This is unexpected. During the years that have passed since the abrogation of that treaty at the instance of the American Government, its merits have been pretty well canvassed on both sides of the line, and it had come to be generally believed that no renewal of reciprocal trade relations would be possible, which did not include a pretty wide range of manufactured

products. It would probably be unwise to accept New England opinions, in such a matter, as fairly representative of United States opinion. The geographical relations of the New England States and the Maritime Provinces are of such a kind, and the large interchange of products under the old treaty was productive of so much mutual profit, that it is no wonder both parties look back to its discontinuance with regret and would warmly welcome its renewal. But though different views may prevail in other parts of the Union, the situation is on the whole encouraging. It has been made tolerably clear by the investigations of this Committee and otherwise, that the chief obstacles in the way of a renewal of the old friendly trade relations between our neighbours and ourselves are obstacles reared by the politicians, not by the people, and indications are not wanting that the politicians on both sides of the line are beginning to see the error of their ways, or possibly to feel the pressure of public opinion, and are looking around for lines of retreat and places of compromise.

THE great London strike which ended the other day in the almost complete triumph of the strikers is likely to take its place as an event of no small historical interest. It marks a distinct phase, and probably a distinct stage of the struggle between capital in the hands of monopoly and labour. One of the most remarkable features of the struggle was the excellent conduct of the men. That from a hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand of the lower grades of labourers should have remained for a month in idleness, many of them no doubt feeling in themselves or their families the pinch of actual hunger, and yet during all that time have refrained almost absolutely from pillage, violence or other unlawful act, is indeed wonderful. Not many years since it would have been deemed well-nigh incredible. So far as this result was due to the ascendancy of the master minds which directed the movement, it indicates a growing subjection of material to moral force to which heartless or obstinate employers would do well to give heed. With this force, this triumph of organization and self-imposed law sufficiently developed, the labouring masses would be able to overcome almost any obstacle and to dictate pretty nearly their own terms. Their weakness hitherto has been their lack of self-restraint and other qualities necessary to enable them to develop the strength that lies in thorough organization and harmonious action. To the general public, who are in some respect the greatest losers by such prodigious waste of time and capital, the practical question is, how shall the recurrence of such contests be prevented. It is not easy to see what obligation of either physical or moral necessity makes it the duty of the whole community to submit meekly to such derangements of business with all the loss and misery which follow in their train, and it is not surprising that it is already proposed, in the particular case in question, that either the national or the municipal authorities should step in to put an end to the mischievous monopoly, and place the whole business on a plain, straightforward business basis. The same principle is manifestly involved in a good many other operations, those carried on, for instance, in some of the American mining districts, in which such misery and degradation are now the daily lot of the unhappy miners.

WE suppose that the question whether the naval manœuvres which have been in progress off the British coast are being attended with results commensurate with the enormous cost involved is one upon which it is presumptuous for civilians to offer opinions. One thing is, however, pretty certain. These movements have singularly failed to impress British journalists and other citizens. It was to have been expected that when the greatest fleet of the greatest nation in the world condescended to play a game of mimic warfare before the eyes of all the people, it would have managed to conduct the affair with such resemblance to the reality that the onlookers would have blanched and quaked with dread. On the contrary, the prevalent disposition seems to be in this case to criticize and even deride. One English journal, for instance, referring to the capture of Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Leith, says the way in which it was done can only be looked upon as a burlesque of naval warfare. "If," says the writer, "the capture of a city is completed by a monetary call on the part of a naval officer on the chief civil authority, the work may be accomplished very expeditiously. What could be the effect of such operations as these upon the issues of a great war? We surely did not need to be taught that hostile ships may attack, with a fair prospect of success, undefended towns, especially when the fleets of the

country remain untouched." And Sir Andrew Clark, in a letter to the *Times*, says: "Correspondents write airily of 'laying Brighton in ashes,' forgetting that it would require more than all the ammunition carried by our great fleet now afloat to destroy one-tenth of that town, and that the cost would not greatly differ from that of the damage inflicted. If the mayor and corporation of any British town were found willing to pay blackmail they would richly deserve to be hanged; and I only trust some venerable law could be raked up from our wondrous statute book which would enable the execution to be carried out. A company of volunteers would suffice to prevent the landing of any party that a cruiser could put ashore, and the only answer which I can conceive that any Englishman would return to such a requisition would be 'Come and take it!'" It does certainly appear like a new thing in naval warfare to imply that the chief business of those terrible ironclads is to be to exact enormous ransoms from commercial cities on pain of bombardment. But it is much easier to point out the weakness of this mimicry of war, than to show a better way of gaining exercise and practice. Navies cannot fight real battles with each other or with fortifications merely for the sake of testing their powers, or for the fun of the thing.

EUROPEAN military preparations and war prospects form a threadbare theme for comment. Yet how is it possible to fix our attention upon anything else when we look towards Europe, and see to what an extent in each of its great nations militarism is in the ascendant and casts everything else into the shade. In France, it is true, the Exhibition has for some time filled the view, almost to the exclusion of everything else, even of the elections, which are now so near and big with the fate of the nation. Happily, however, the safety of the Republic is now pretty well assured. But even with France, the respite from the war fever will, there is reason to fear, be but brief. Too closely connected, we are forced to conclude, with the fore-shadowed re-establishment of the Republic, is the fierce martial fire which has broken out afresh in the bosom of the German Monarch. The time and energies of Emperor William seem of late to be given so exclusively to military preparations, that no room is left for civilian affairs and interests. If it be true, as is asserted with great probability, that the Czar of Russia, in his turn, is but waiting to see the French Republic once more securely planted as the result of the plebiscite, in order to make overtures for an alliance, the new-born military zeal of the German Emperor is the more easily explained, though the explanation is suggestive of results too horrible to contemplate. Alas for our vaunted civilization! It is doubtful if there was ever a time in the history of Europe when, in the midst of years of peace, preparation for war was so exclusively the one great business of the nations as it is at the present moment. The carnage of the battle field is absent, but it may be questioned whether the effect of so perpetually thinking about and preparing for war upon the life and spirit of the nations is not as inimical to true progress, and as universally demoralizing, as would be a state of actual war.

ONE result, not unforeseen, of the Maybrick incident has been the commencement of what may prove to be a crusade, though it is as yet unorganized, for the abolition of capital punishment in England. Many of the papers have editorials and articles from correspondents either openly hostile to the infliction of the death penalty, or tending cautiously in that direction. Strange to say, the religious papers, so far as we have observed, are foremost in advocating the proposed change. We say "strange," for as a rule this class of papers has hitherto, we think, regarded the Scripture precept, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," as not merely prophetic, but mandatory. It cannot be denied that some of the arguments suggested by the Maybrick trial have considerable weight. In the great majority of cases of premeditated murder, which, as being the most heinous are deserving of the heaviest penalty, the evidence is necessarily of the kind called circumstantial. But circumstantial evidence seldom, if ever, is so absolutely conclusive as to leave no conceivable possibility of the innocence of the accused. Hence to hang a person on circumstantial evidence is always to run more or less risk of taking the life of the innocent. If, on the other hand, the Courts avoid all risk, and inflict the death penalty only in cases in which there is absolutely no doubt of guilt, the percentage of capital punishments will be so small in proportion to the whole number of murders, that their deterrent effect must be, to a large extent, destroyed. Hence, on the admitted

principle that the certainty of punishment has quite as much to do with giving it its deterrent effect as its severity, it may be argued with some plausibility, that a life-imprisonment with hard labour, inflicted with tolerable certainty, would prove more effective than death in a few cases, with acquittal as its alternative. The criminal who perpetrates a secret crime does not expect to be detected. He is confident that his precautions will render proof impossible. As a natural consequence the more absolute and unequivocal the evidence required for conviction, the stronger will be the expectation of immunity.

THE question of capital punishment has, however, another aspect. While in the case which recently excited so much attention in England the popular feeling was largely due to the prevalent impression that the evidence of guilt was not conclusive, there can be no doubt that it was almost equally due to a natural revulsion from the mode of punishment. There is, unquestionably, something in the idea of death by hanging, especially when the convict is a woman, from which the imagination recoils as incongruous with high civilization. This instinctive shrinking is rendered doubly acute by the newspaper reports of the bungling manner in which the act of execution is often performed, and the accidents which sometimes occur to add to its horrors. It is no wonder that the more sensitive and humane believers in the necessity of inflicting the death penalty are casting about for a less revolting if not more humane mode of inflicting it. Whether the electric fluid will supply the agent required the experiment to be tried in New York State will probably determine. That is, however, but a secondary consideration. The prime and fundamental question is that of the effect of the death penalty in deterring from the crime of murder, as compared with that of other possible modes of punishment. Nearly all thoughtful persons are now agreed, we presume, that this is the main, if not the only, point to be considered; that the idea of retribution, or vengeance, or even punishment proper is one with which the state, as such, has nothing to do. So far as we are aware the experience of all countries which have made the trial has gone to show that the death penalty cannot be safely abolished, that no other has the same terror for the cowardly and cruel class to which the cool-blooded murderer almost invariably belongs. If this be so it should settle the question. The duty of society to protect the lives of its members is one that no sentimental considerations can set aside, and from which no people with whom duty is a paramount motive may shrink.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, BUDDHISM, AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S first visit to this continent, and his recent sojourn in Toronto with his old Oxford tutor, have in literary and social circles raised a flutter of excitement about the distinguished author and his work. Aside from the literary interest which centres in the scholar-poet, to whom we are indebted for the remarkable epic poem, "The Light of Asia," and half a dozen other volumes of melodious Oriental verse, the passing through Canada of a gentleman who is at once Knight-Commander of the Indian Empire, Companion of the Star of India, Officer of the White Elephant of Siam, and the wearer of sundry other decorations and honours, including the Imperial Order of the Medjidie, could hardly fail to excite a lively attention. We are a democratic people, but we are far from indifferent to the seductive influences of a title, though as yet we are not used to distinguish between those conferred upon politicians and those conferred upon scholars. It is as a scholar, we hope, that we receive Sir Edwin Arnold, and as a scholar of high and varied attainments, as well as a most agreeable and accomplished gentleman, he deserves to be received. In appearance, Sir Edwin somewhat resembles Charles Dickens, and in manners he recalls to us Lord Dufferin. But his chief claim to notice is the reputation he has made for himself as a philosophic, though eminently joyous and tuneful, poet. To circumstances, as much perhaps as to natural gifts and mental dispositions, is he indebted for his fame as a singer. In early life he seems to have had a taste for the study of languages, and shortly after he graduated with honours at Oxford he was appointed Principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Poona, in the Presidency of Bombay. This gave Mr. Arnold the opportunity he sought, of making himself practically acquainted with the religious and literary thought of the East. In India, he became versed in Oriental languages, and made an intimate study of the philosophy, the ethics, and the religious systems embodied in her Sacred Books. What poetic gifts he showed himself possessed of during his college career were now to receive a new impulse and direction in his contact with the poetry and romance of India. He drank deeply at the fountains of Eastern legend and filled his poetic mind with the beautiful traditions of an ancient

faith. Nor in this did he do violence to the belief in which he was himself nurtured; for, unlike many who in matters of faith have let go the substance for the shadow, he has remained devout and orthodox, and his poetry is permeated with the spiritual beauty and hallowing influence which he has more or less consciously imbibed from his Christian creed.

Occidental as we are on this continent, it is not a little curious to note how Oriental we have seemingly become in our religious cravings and habits of mental thought. Sometimes we think this is an affectation, else history and tradition are wrong in indicating that the hardy seed of the Church-sheltering tree of the New World was Puritanism, and that the fruit of the mellowing years was Evangelical Christianity. We have no wish here to commit ourselves to a disquisition on so ambitious a subject as the comparative history of religions; but it is to be remarked that the proneness of the age to run after non-Christian systems of religious thought, particularly those of the East, is a disturbing phase of the times. We have fallen upon an era of unsettled beliefs, and of more or less daring and arrogant speculation. Discarding a faith, once cherished, the modern critical mind is unhappy until it can discover or manufacture a substitute. Hence the vogue for ancient or eclectic religions, and the tendency to discredit, and even dethrone, Christianity by setting against it the dogma-shorn creeds and colourless ethics of the East.

As we have hinted, however, Sir Edwin Arnold is not chargeable with leading the orthodox world astray in regard to its faith. It is true he is an enthusiast in the matter of Indian song, and at every step we take with him he tempts us to become enamoured of the tender grace and languorous beauty of Oriental poetry. It is true, also, that he throws round his work the glamour of a rare fancy, and decks it with the garlands of a fine imagery and great beauty of phrase. But it is not sensuousness that takes us captive, nor even the deep joyousness of some of his themes. These exercise their entrancing charm upon the reader; but there is much beside that wins. There is the charm of humanness—akin to that which we find in the New Testament scriptures—and that high ethical teaching that comes of acquaintance with sorrow and suffering, and is the result of meditation on the vanity of things. Much of the philosophy idealized in "The Light of Asia" is of the transcendental type, and not a little rises to the region of baths or falls to the level of the vapid or grotesque. It is well-nigh impossible to make such commonplace thought poetic; and it is needless to say that in other hands than Sir Edwin's the result would be much other than it is. It is here that we find the gospel of Buddha falling lamentably short of the gospel of Christ. In other respects the parallelism also sadly fails. High as is the motive of the poem—to depict the life and character, and set forth the philosophy, of the founder of Buddhism—how sharp is the contrast between Sir Edwin's ideal and what we otherwise know of the teaching of Guatama. We have written Sir Edwin's ideal, for in his case, as in that of Professor Max Müller, we have an idealized version of Buddha's philosophy, and an exalted estimate of even its ethical value. This is the result, not of conscious perversion of facts, but of an enthusiasm which is extravagant and blinding, and of an admiration which is almost without bounds. In an interpretation of the spirit of Buddha's gospel, poetry may claim the license of exaggerated praise. If we concede this, Sir Edwin Arnold may fairly escape criticism; though, taking advantage of the concession, Christianity should not suffer by being put in the scale with a sublimated Buddhism, or with any religion whose later teachers or impassioned interpreters, to deck it out, have borrowed its plumes.

How far this latter remark is warranted we may see from what Sir Edwin has read into the philosophy and religion of Buddha. In "The Light of Asia" we do not of course, charge the author with taking more than the license of a poet and literary artist; but in much of his epic-picture of the life and teachings of Buddha he has unquestionably taken this license. This is shown not so much in his account of the ethics and vaunted spiritual wisdom of Guatama; though even here poetic appreciation has run into extravagance. A system of ethics, to be salutary, ought to be based on a motive higher than the satisfaction to the individual derived from the exercise of virtue. In the case of well-constituted minds, to exercise self-denial and do good deeds are acts which are no doubt self-pleasing. But these acts, to be worth anything, must have the sanction of law and be done from an intelligent sense of duty. What sense of duty can a man feel whose religion, if it escapes ceremonialism, inculcates no loftier ideal than a contemplative human being, who, if he attains the bliss of Nirvana, enjoys it in the repose of unconsciousness? Again, moral excellence is to be commended, but only where it represents a virtue we have put into exercise, not where it is merely set up for admiration. In Buddha's philosophy his followers are exhorted to cultivate "right aims, right views, right thinking," etc., but chiefly that they may realize that sorrow is inherent in human life, and that happiness, if not wisdom, is attained by deliverance from conscious existence. What is this but a gospel of despair? How much is humanity helped by finding out that life is a struggle and a burden, when no source here of comfort or deliverance is revealed, and no prospect is held out of a hereafter?

Nor do we find treasure-houses of wisdom in either Brahminical or Zoroastrian gospels. In none of these ancient religions do we find the resemblance to Christianity worth a moment's consideration. Here and there, it is true, there are beautiful and often touching passages that

seem to recall the words of the Master; but for the most part they are the mere expressions of humanity's weakness and need, without the healing balm of Divine sympathy and succour. In nothing more is there a sharper contrast between these lauded Eastern religions and Christianity than in the doctrine of a future life. Particularly is this the case with the religion of Buddha. What is it to renounce the world and cultivate the ideal virtues of gentleness and calm, if these graces have no future field for their exercise than a state of torpor qualified by annihilation? To do Sir Edwin Arnold justice, it must be said that this is not his reading of Buddha's gospel: both his moral sense and his literary faculty revolt from such an interpretation of Guatama's creed. But will what is known of the doctrinal system of Buddhism bear out Sir Edwin's poetical rendering of it? We venture to doubt it. Is it affirmed that it recognizes a Supreme Being, and teaches that man has a soul and has relations with that Being? Does it inculcate belief in a personal immortality, or has it practically anything to say of a future life? "When the soul enters Nirvana, is it not extinguished like a lamp blown out?"

Sir Edwin Arnold does his best to read a future life, if not immortality, into the creed of Buddha. It is this, together with his apotheosis of the ethics of Buddhism, that gives the special charm to "The Light of Asia." Elsewhere, however, he admits that man is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality. Does not this seem to hint that Buddhism, at least, has failed to inculcate the doctrine? As if in doubt on the point, Sir Edwin has written a thoughtful essay advocating, upon natural grounds, the reasonable hope of a future life. The little brochure—"Death and Afterwards"—is, we fear, not so well known as its merits deserve. With the reader's permission, we shall utilize the little space we have left in its examination. We do so the more readily as there is not only a peculiar fascination in the subject, but there is an idyllic grace in the way in which it is presented.

"If we were all sure," says Sir Edwin, "what a difference it would make! A simple 'yes,' pronounced by the edict of immensely developed science; one word from the lips of some clearly accredited herald sent on convincing authority, would turn nine-tenths of the sorrows of earth into glorious joys, and abolish quite as large a proportion of the faults and vices of mankind." Can we doubt this? Yet is there not a purpose in leaving man, as a responsible moral agent, in the dark, free to work out his salvation as the Deity evidently intended, through the exercise of faith and trust? Revelation, it has been well said, does not affect to provide mathematical demonstration of immortality. It will give assurance of a future life only upon its own terms. It has been the divine purpose, evidently, that we should know here only such an amount of truth as Omniscience saw was best for us; and, read in the light of revelation, the arguments for a future life afford powerful confirmation of those derived from reason.

Independently of Christian revelation, it is interesting to enquire how belief in a future life originated. Can we say that it is more than an intuition, an instinct? Can we go further and claim it as "one of the primary certainties of the human mind?" "No safe logic proves it," exclaims Sir Edwin Arnold, "and no entirely accepted voice from some farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb our scepticism or shake our resignation; but only a few feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist." Yet on the other hand, our author points out, there are assurances, "worth nothing, perhaps, philosophically, and rendered no whit more valuable if one had studied all the creeds and mastered all the systems of earth, which none of all these can give or take away." The conviction that death does not end all lies deep in the foundation of human nature. Does our reason delude us when we wonder why matter and motion, which the scientists tell us are indestructible, should be preserved, if consciousness and intelligence, when the earthly career is over, are to be blotted out? Besides the universal recoil from the very thought of extinction, there are abundant reasons for deeming it utterly inconsistent with the apparent scheme of things. Why, it is asked, are we endowed with aspirations and longings if it is not intended that we should have the means of satisfying them? Man, admittedly, is endowed with powers far beyond the necessary requirements of this earthly existence; why? if not that the time and field will come for their ample employment. Our innate sense of justice, which calls for compensation in another world for inequalities in the present life, has supplied another and by no means insufficient argument for a future existence. Why is it, in this world, that any of us are content to suffer pain, hardship, ingratitude, neglect, wrong? How is it that we resign ourselves so submissively to disappointment, and rebel not when deprived of the things others enjoy or are possessed of? Is it not in the hope that the inequalities of the moral government in the present sphere will be redressed in the next? What consoles us for partings here if not the assurance of reunions hereafter?

But let us return to our author. "Disjoined from all conventional assertions and religious dogmas," says Sir Edwin, "there are some reflections [about the future life] which may be worth inditing, rather as suggestions to other minds than argument; rather as indications of fresh paths of thought than as presuming to guide along them." These he proceeds to set forth. We can but briefly refer to them. The first is the great mistake of refusing to

believe in the continuity of individual life because of its incomprehensibility. "Existence around us," he goes on to say, "illuminated by modern sciences, is full of antecedently incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. . . . Does anybody find the doctrine of the Incarnation incredible? The nearest rose-bush may rebuke him, since he will see there the aphides, which in their wingless state produce without union creatures like themselves; and these again, though uncoupled, bring forth fresh broods, down to the tenth or eleventh generation; when, behold! winged males and females suddenly result and pair." "Miracles" are cheap enough! "Another consideration having some force is that we should find ourselves speculating about this matter at all. All the other aspirations of infancy, youth and manhood turn out more or less, as time rolls, to have been prophecies. . . . There is a significance like the breath of a perpetual whisper from nature in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. Note also that he discusses it least and decides about it most dogmatically in those diviner moments when the breath of a high impulse sweeps away work-a-day doubts and selfishnesses. What a blow to the philosophy of negation is the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Plato or Schopenhauer—perhaps not even that heavenly verse, 'Whoso loseth his life for My sake, the same shall save it.' But arguments which are as far beyond philosophy as the unconscious life is deeper than the conscious sufficiently persuade him to plunge."

On the subject of death not staying, but hastening, the development of the individual, Sir Edwin has a fine thought or two with which we must now conclude. "Birth," he remarks, "gave to each of us much; death may give very much more. It may give us subtler senses to behold colours we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multiform State. Where does nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty or seventy elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? If death ends the man and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of a universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions."

But we cannot continue to draw upon these beautiful re-settings of the "intimations of immortality." As men's minds rise into higher planes of thought and science continues its revelations, they will not be the final word, even in the religion of nature. We could wish that they formed a part of the actual gospel of Buddhism, so barren is it of comfort in the presence of death. Then might we extol the ethics of its founder, and see in his precepts something of more value than the "renunciation" of home and home's sanctities and a sombre loathing of life. Our thanks are not the less due or less unfeignedly accorded to Sir Edwin Arnold. He has given us a glowing picture of a land of vivid colour, of bright flowers, and glad sunshine. A land of song, he has also made it a land of romance. His poetic sympathies and fervid genius have lit up for Western readers an old historic faith. Would that that faith were more worthy the heart-trust of its Eastern disciples, or that, discarding Krishna, they might receive the Christ.

G. MERCER ADAM.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE LABOUR CONGRESS.

MONDAY, September 2nd, having been announced by the Mayor as a public holiday in honour of the meeting in Montreal of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, business generally was set aside, and the city was in fête attire. The session was inaugurated by a public parade of 25,000 men in presence of enormous crowds of citizens, through streets gaily decorated and enlivened by music, flags, banners, mottoes and official regalia. The stream was two and a half hours long, and the day so auspiciously commenced was concluded at the Exhibition grounds in games and friendly contests of skill in various forms, among which the most conspicuous were races for presidents, for presidents' wives, for delegates, for members of labour organizations, for married women, for young women, and an amusing one for fat men.

The session for work opened the following morning in the City Council Chamber, where an address of welcome from Alderman Rolland in behalf of the Mayor was read, and a reply from the President of the Congress was delivered. Thereafter the meetings were held in a hall of less pretence and were enthusiastically attended by an intelligent and earnest set of men, who if they exhibited at times the little knowledge which is dangerous, at least showed an inclination to conviction and enlightenment.

The platform of the Congress demands reform of abuses, equal rights to all, the abolition of all laws which work with a bias, eight hours' work in the day, and a just proportion of the wealth which labour produces. The Secretary's statement reported 200 affiliated bodies, sufficient revenue for expenses, and an improvement in organization which constituted the chief work of the past year. A bare outline of the ground gone over by the Congress,

and an idea of the far-reaching questions with which it intends to occupy itself in the future, may be formed from a glance at resolutions proposed, discussed, and carried with more or less unanimity:

That the system of subsidizing railways by land and money grants is detrimental to the best interests of the country, and that this Congress request the Government to discontinue said practice, but that when need arises the Government shall provide facilities to the citizens of this country to exchange their products with each other, and not delegate this important duty to private corporations.

That a Dominion Employers' Liability Act, uniform in its operation in all Provinces alike, is necessary to place the citizens of Canada upon an equal footing in this respect.

That, in the opinion of this Congress, any terms of stipulations other than the rendering of an equivalent for wages insisted upon or demanded by employers in the engagement of employees should be declared by law null and void; and that any attempt at their exaction be declared a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment for a specific period on proof and conviction in any court of competent jurisdiction. Be it therefore resolved that both the Provincial and Dominion Governments be respectfully petitioned to introduce and pass into law measures to that effect.

That this Congress approves of the use of Union labels and hereby recommends to the subordinate bodies represented to see that such labels are on all manufactured goods which they may purchase, and in which callings labels are in use by labour.

That whenever tenders are called for by either Federal or Provincial Governments, or by any municipality, for the building of any public work or the performance of any public service, and where in the building of such work or the performance of any public service workmen will be employed belonging to a trade or calling in which there is a usual and commonly recognized scale of wages, none shall be allowed to tender who have at any time during the previous twelve months paid less than the standard rate of wages in such trade or calling.

That in the opinion of this Congress the Provincial Government should take steps to establish printing offices in which all legal Government printing and the publication of school books should be done.

That the Provincial Governments be asked to transfer the allowance now enjoyed by the universities and colleges to the public schools for the purpose of further promoting their efficiency and providing the pupils of such schools with books free of charge.

That the Government establish offices where the workmen out of employment could go and enquire to obtain employment.

That, in conformity with the principle of equity, the labourer should have a first lien to the extent of his wages on all his labour creates, irrespective of ownership.

That in the opinion of this Congress the interests of the female workers require that female inspectors of factories and workshops should be appointed by the Government, and that in order that the duties of such female inspectors when appointed shall not be performed in a merely perfunctory manner, the wishes of the various labour bodies should be consulted in making such appointments.

That as the violation of any law with impunity tends to bring the Government into disrepute, and to make our judiciary system ridiculous, this Congress demands the appointment of one or more officers in each judicial district whose duty it would be to prosecute all parties violating or evading any law, either local or Federal.

That whereas the giving of piecework to apprentices is detrimental to the good and welfare of their future as journeymen, and also a menace to trades unions generally, be it therefore resolved,

That this Congress petition both the Local and the Dominion Parliaments at their next session to have an addition made to their respective Factory Acts, making it unlawful for any employer to give apprentices piecework, except in the last year of said apprenticeship, and that this Congress requests that all trades unions and Knights of Labour assemblies petition their respective members of both Houses of Parliament to give the matter their united support.

This Congress calls on the Quebec Legislature to enact a law for the protection of workmen in the Port of Quebec and Levis, that all proprietors of floating booms be compelled to keep such booms in proper order so as to prevent accidents, and that the wharves be kept in good order, and that all persons neglecting such means of prevention shall be held liable for compensation in case of accident.

That this Congress places itself upon record in approval of Bill No. 8, introduced by H. H. Cook in the House of Commons during last session of the Federal Parliament, entitled, "An Act for the examination and licensing of persons having charge of stationary steam engines and other devices worked under pressure," and which measure failed in being placed on the statutes of the country.

That the Government be petitioned to repeal the clause in the Seamen's Agreement Act not allowing any appeal after a conviction of any offence, and giving all persons charged under said Act the right to be tried by jury.

That all religious institutions, industrial schools, reformatories, penitentiaries or prisons in which any article of trade is manufactured, or in which the labour performed enters into competition with outside free labour should not, in the opinion of this Congress, receive any grants or subsidies from the Government, either Local or Federal.

Whereas, land is necessary to life and to the exercise of labour. Whereas, no generation of men have a right to sell forever the land that must needs be used by all succeeding generations; and

Whereas, the immense land grants of recent years by which vast tracts of the public heritage have been ceded to railway corporations is very injurious to the common weal; and

Whereas, land speculation, so rapidly developing in our cities, is enormously increasing the rents paid by all who require to use land; and

Whereas, the value of land, which is created not by individual labour but by the growth of population—that is, by the whole community—belongs to the people in the same manner as the product of the labour of each individual belongs to him; and

Whereas, the withholding of land from use causes a perpetual congestion of the labour market; therefore, be it resolved,

That this Congress, representative of Canadian workmen, does hereby express its approval of the Henry George land reform, and resolves to take all lawful measures for the promotion of land nationalization by means of the taxation of land to its full annual rental value, irrespective of improvements.

And further, that we call upon the farmers of Ontario—our co-workers—to aid us in our endeavours to thus lighten the taxation of labour and place public burdens upon the almost untaxed fruits of the land speculation.

That we ask the Ottawa Government to pass a law compelling cigar dealers to either burn or break the boxes after they are emptied.

That this Congress ask the Dominion Government to enforce the Internal Revenue Department regulations re the transference of cigars from boxes before sale.

That the law be amended so as to pay the petit jurors \$2 instead of 50 cents, which they are getting at present.

That this Congress petition the Government to pass a law compelling all vessels, whether steam or sail, navigating the inland waters of Canada, to carry competent crews of seamen; and also a law making it necessary to have hulls and rigging properly inspected by competent men appointed for that purpose; and also a law to stop the loading of vessels below a certain mark, to be designated by law.

That this Congress petition the Dominion Government to amend Subsection 2 of Section 13 of Chapter 173 of the Revised Statutes of Canada that said section shall read, "that no prosecution shall be maintainable against any person or persons for conspiracy for refusing to work with or for any employer, or for doing any act or causing any act to be done for the purpose of a trade combination unless such act is an offence punishable by statute."

That, with the object of facilitating the adjustment of disputes arising between employers of labour and employees, it be an instruction to the Legislative Committee of this body to seek the enactment of such legislation, either Federal or Provincial, as will provide machinery under which boards of arbitration may be provided for with power to act in such cases, and whose verdicts will have force of law.

That, in the opinion of this Congress, intemperance is one of the greatest drawbacks to the prosperity and social standing of the young men of this country.

That the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress call upon all labour organizations throughout the country to use their influence in

their respective localities in the direction of promoting and encouraging temperance.

Whereas, at the present time female labour is manipulated and used as a means of reducing the price of labour in general; and in trades where the female is so used to the detriment of the male labour, as exemplified particularly in the printing business, she is scarcely ever properly taught said trade or given an opportunity of earning a fair rate of wages, being merely used for the time being as a lever to reduce the price of labour; and whereas, if woman is to be recognized as a competitor in the labour market such competition should be on a fair basis, brought about by her going through the same routine of learning a trade as the male, and consequently getting the same rate of wages; therefore, resolved:

That the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress strongly discontinue this evil, and requests that employers of labour be urged to pay the woman the same wages as the man for the same class of work properly done.

That this Congress, recognizing the great injury done to organized labour in the passage into law by the Federal Parliament last session of an Act entitled, "An Act for the prevention and suppression of combines formed in restraint of trade," be it therefore an instruction to the Legislative Committee to lose no time in securing, if possible, such legislation as will give organized labour at least that legal status of which it has been deprived by the Act referred to.

That the continued and systematic expenditure of large sums of public money in encouraging to this country paupers, indigents and orphans from abroad is a gross injustice to the people of Canada, and in particular to the working classes; therefore, be it resolved, that it is the imperative duty of the Governments to peremptorily abolish the existing immigration system, and that due care should be exercised in preventing the introduction of such classes into Canada, whether they be sent under the authority of the Imperial Government or through any other channel.

The questions before the Congress which called forth the eloquence of the members were those of manual and technical labour, and the movement to reduce the working hours of the day to eight. On the former much diversity of opinion prevailed, and much shrewd common sense was exhibited. The debate found its key note in the system of manual training in schools proposed by the Minister of Education for Ontario. While favouring a judicious system of technical education, the scheme proposed by the Hon. Minister was considered prejudicial to the interests of the wage-earners. In time of strikes those enjoying such manual training would respond to the call of employers, and the trades would be filled up with greenhorns. The members of the Congress did not want their children to be greenhorns. The popularity of any such scheme shown by the numbers passing through the schools was no more to be taken as a guide than the expression of popularity of our prison-houses could be estimated by a similar computation. Labour and skill were all they had to protect, and these could only be protected by the old system of apprenticeship. A smattering might procure a young man a situation. It would be of no use to him in after life. If the system of the Hon. Minister is intended, as it is frankly admitted to be, for the relief of the professions, let the professions relieve themselves without injuring the working classes. Let the manual instruction be given in the evenings, and not in the day when only the better classes could avail themselves of it. If technical education does not reach the poor, the labouring classes need not fear it. What they have to fear is the theoretic mechanic, the full-blown, know-everything, who goes railroading through an entire craft in twelve months, and then hies off as a superintendent of hundreds of men who know more than he. In some of these schools the teachers were incompetent. Young men were placed in responsible positions who were incapable of anything beyond the merest A B C. On the other hand it was urged that if Quebec had reason to dread the innovation, Ontario had not. In that enlightened Province the workmen wanted as much technical and scientific knowledge as possible added to their manual training. Skilled labour is a relative term. If every man was skilled, the term would lose its meaning. In the United States, native labour was being elbowed out by foreign skill. In Canada we shall soon see the same thing.

The question of reducing the labouring day to eight hours was introduced by the following resolutions:—

That the Dominion, Provincial, and Municipal Governments be petitioned to declare eight hours a legal day's work, and that such constitute a day's work for all employees of said Government whether in their immediate employment or on contracts let by them to separate contractors, or given out by them at day's work.

That this Congress take action in the direction of having legislation introduced into both Local and Dominion Parliaments to the effect that eight hours per day, and no more, be a legal working day on all works under Government control.

That, in the opinion of this Congress, the time has arrived when our Federal and Provincial Governments should enact laws declaring eight hours per day a legal day's work in all branches of industry.

And the arguments were all on one side. The eight hour movement walked the course. In Government work profit was no object, and legislation was therefore the easier. First compel Government to adopt the system, and the end was sure. The great trouble in life is over competition. As civilization advances, desires increase, but the absence of money to procure their satisfaction soon destroys the desires. The real remedy is to reduce production. To secure that we must shorten the hours of production. When the hours are shortened competition in labour will be reduced, and wages will be increased. With an increase of leisure comes an increase of moral growth. Labour unions have done much, but they can't do all. They are not perfectly organized. Government alone has the power to impose the law in the whole country. One-fifth of the labour of the world is idle, and capital is doing all it can to keep it idle. After the struggle in Toronto between the Carpenters' Union and their employers, the result was eleven cents per hour more with shortened time. An eight hour day will take the surplus labour off the market. No need to fear the eight hour pay for the eight hours' work. Ten hours' pay will follow on the heels of the eight hour day. Reduce the length of the working day, and wages will rise. An increase in wages will increase the purchasing power of the workers. This in turn will benefit the manufacturers, and increase production. Clerks in Government employment work only six hours per day.

Tradesmen work twelve and sometimes eighteen. This must be remedied. Congress hoped to live to see the day when six hours will be the working day, as six days constitute the working week.

It was proposed to put "Progress and Poverty" on the list of books to be used in schools, but not carried.

VILLE MARIE.

NATURA VICTRIX.

NIGHT was dark but full of wonder
At the forest's muffled thunder,
For through valleys came and went
Tempest forces never spent,
Like the voice which called asunder
Each chaotic element.

Music like an inspiration
Swayed the pines a shadowy nation,
Round the wood-lake deep and dread,
Round the river glacier-fed,
Where a ghostly undulation
Shakes its subterranean bed.

Stern and gaunt as if not caring,
Stood the giant mountains, bearing
Weight of ageless ice and snows
Cleft by nature's labour-throes,
Monster faces, stark and staring
Upward into God's repose.

Savage peaks and wildernesses,
Which a gloom-like vapour dresses
In the livery of Time ;
Where your earth King reigns sublime
All your moods and deep distresses
Roll around him like a chime.

Heard we not the mighty chorus
Of the elements that bore us
Doubting, struggling, down the stream,
Unto waking of the dream,
In the darkness where before us
Time and death forgotten seem ?

Splendour of the links of lightning,
Round the neck of storm-god tightening,
Till his anger and his shame
Burst upon the earth like flame,
In the darkening and the brightening
Of the clouds on which he came.

Mother nature, stern aggressor
Of thy child, the mind-possessor,
Welling thro' us like a flood
In the course of thought and blood,
Greater holden by the lesser,
As the flower parts in the bud,

Love I not thy fixed enduring,
Times and seasons life procuring
From abysmal heart of thine,
Where are hid as in a mine
Magnet energies alluring
Storm-tossed spirit to combine ?

Would that spirit in the splendour
Of the thunder-blasts could render
Back the dismal dole of birth,
Fusing soul-clouds in the girth
Of thy rock-breasts, or the tender
Green of everlasting earth.

Haply when the scud was flying
And the lurid daylight dying
Thro' the rain-smoke on the sea,
Thoughtless, painless, one with thee,
I, in perfect bondage lying,
Should forever thus be free.

Mighty spirits who have striven
Up life's ladder-rounds to heaven,
Or ye freighted ones who fell
On the poppy slopes of hell,
When the soul was led or driven
Knew ye not who wrought the spell ?

Understood not each his brother
From the features of our mother
Stamped on every human face ?
Did not earth, man's dwelling place,
Draw ye to her as no other
With a stronger bond than grace ?

Tempest hands the forests rending,
Placid stars the night attending,
Mountains, storm-clouds, land and sea,
Nature, make me one with thee,
From my soul its pinions rending
Chain me to thy liberty.

Hark, the foot of death is nearing,
And my spirit aches with fearing,
Hear me, mother, hear my cry,
Merge me in the harmony
Of the voice which stars are hearing
Wander-stricken in the sky.

Mother, will no sorrow move thee ?
Does the silence heartless prove thee ?
Thou who from the rocks and rain
Madest man, take back again
Soul thy fingers wrought to love thee
Thro' the furnace of its pain.

Giant boulders roll beside me,
Tangled ferns bow down and hide me,
Hide me from the face of death,
Till the demon vanisheth—
Vain ! a whisper comes to chide me
Borne upon the forest's breath.

Soft and sweet as organ playing,
Came a voice my fears allaying
From the mountains and the sea ;
"Would'st thou, soul, be one with me,
In thy might the slayer slaying,
Wrestle not with what must be."

With the voice my heart was stronger,
And my days were dark no longer,
Girt about the land and sea,
One with all the days that be
In the older and the younger
Nature that was one with me.

Then I burst my bonds asunder,
And my voice rose in the thunder
With a full and powerful breath,
Strong for what great nature saith,
And I bid the stars in wonder
See me slay the slayer—Death.

Drummondville.

FREDERICK G. SCOTT.

LONDON LETTER.

NOTES BY THE WAY : IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY.

ROUND the windows grape leaves twist and turn. The children, leaning out, look like Bacchantes or young Bacchus crowned with vine-wreaths. Small bunches of green unripe fruit knock against the panes when the wind is in the east, and pink-brown branches and delicate fine shoots thrust through onto the inner side as the lattice is opened. On the lawn that slopes to the moat rose trees stand, shivering, flowerless, in the chill September breeze, and on the ruffled waters a boat dips and rocks, straining at the rope that ties it to the steps. From the woods fringing the gardens comes the peaceful cawing of the rooks, and the air is sweet with the fragrance of clematis, last of summer's odours, and cheerful with a multitude of never-ceasing sounds.

Silencing for a moment a robin's shrill song from the holly bush, some one cries on the terrace the latest news of the Docks, news which if it scares the birds has yet no power to stop the tennis balls, for London has lost its influence over most of us, and is a land with which for the next few weeks we care to have nothing to do. In the heart of the country, who wants to hear of anything of so little importance as a great strike ? We have matters to attend to of greater interest, so G. is bidden to shut up, and not bother ; and the counting goes on over the nets with redoubled fervour ; and the dog-cart rattles off with the shooters, and others start for their walks without staying a moment to hear that which in town would have caused them intense excitement. G. sits quiet in his wicker-chair, absorbed in his *Times* and *Post*, true-bred Cockney as he is ; and I, as the London smoke has somehow with the London papers blown across the lawn, and the smell of a cigarette has put to flight the faint clematis odour, and voices from the tennis-court drown those from the woods, I open a book (laying aside Alphonse Karr and his flower pieces), which fits in better with cigarettes and London accents, for the name of it is "The Confessions of a Young Man," and its author is Mr. George Moore.

I have never had much of an acquaintance with Mr. Moore's stories, which occupy, I take it, the same position in England as do those of the remarkable Mr. Saltus in America. To most readers bred to expect good manners if nothing else, Mr. Moore's fiction is generally intolerable. You remember Rogers' explanation of his bitter speeches, that his voice was so weak unless he said something disagreeable no one heard him. I think Mr. Moore argues that unless he writes what should not be written no one would read his books. With little artistic feeling he will paint you, and for the most part untruthfully, the depraved, sordid, vicious, so that the portraits are worse than the originals. He paints unclearly, and his touch fouls afresh their foul rags. So little a man of the world he mars the reputation of a volume full of excellencies, over which, be sure, he has spent weeks of care and thought for the sake of slipping in some schoolboy grossness, some hideous vulgarity, which can please no one, and can only hurt all. Lacking experiment, self-control, training, with immense belief in his own powers, and an unbounded admiration of the grimy models he follows, this author of ours has a curious future. One can not hope, though critics continue to sneer, and Mudie still refuses to circulate these novels, that Mr. Moore will cease altogether to write, for odious as he is occasionally, the most uncertain of companions, a chatterbox always, rough and coarse often, there is a something that attracts and interests whenever he chooses to remember he should be a gentleman. And in these "Confessions," hardly marred by his worse faults, only marked by his abnormal conceit, you find George Moore at his best.

As the swallows come and go across the waters of the moat, skimming past the moor hen's nest among the reeds, past the gray-green willows and stalwart elms, I read of the boy's up-bringing in Ireland, and of his early love for literature of the style of "Lady Audley's Secret," that murderess whom one used to think a creation as unreal as the fairies before we knew better, and call to mind how the other day I came by accident on Ingatstone Hall, the original of Audley Court. It is so exactly the house sketched by Miss Braddon that even if every other landmark were not accurate one could be certain there was no mistake. As it stood according to the story so it stands to-day. They tell you Miss Braddon lodged in a corner of this beautiful old place, let by its owner, Lord Petre, to anyone who would rent a few rooms, and wrote the novel here. They show you the lime avenues and famous well, and the path across the fields which Lady Audley and Phoebe Marks took that dark night when the Castle Inn at Mount Stanning (the real name is Mount Nessing), was burnt to the ground. If you care to go into the history of the picturesque house you can hear of the nuns and their successors, and of Count Zinzendorf and his band of Moravian Brothers, who for some years made this their country home. On the contrary, if the story spun by Miss Braddon from the suggestive materials about her interests you more, you will forget nuns and country squires and quiet German Reformers, and in their place will see moving about the quaint low rooms, in and out of the sunny quadrangle, Sir Michael with his snowy beard, my Lady in her gleaming silks, frowning, handsome Alicia, and the shrewd young barrister from Fig Tree Court. It is years since I read the novel, and I am afraid I have forgotten the name of the barrister—wasn't it Robert Audley ?—but I remember, as of course so you do you, everything in the history of Mrs. Dawson's governess and George Talboys, remember it better perhaps than the uneventful career, written in the American language, and read only yesterday, of that store clerk and the typewriter his *fiancée*. I wonder do tourists piously visit certain streets in Boston, or in New York, or in those extraordinary little country towns, for the sake of the heroes and heroines of the modern trans-atlantic novel ? Pilgrims still stroll under the archway of Ingatstone Hall to stare about them, still lean by the gate to look at the lime avenue towards the well, though "Lady Audley's Secret" has been told for nearly thirty years.

Mr. Moore's small, intelligent eyes impatiently frown at you from the frontispiece (who asked for his portrait ?) and follow you as you turn the leaves. "I am extraordinarily clever [so Mr. Moore says in effect] and it is a privilege to hear me speak. I will tell you of my school-hours, wasted : of my youth in Paris, wasted ; of the long purposeless days spent in the Strand lodgings where my principal studies were the Savoy chorus girl and the maid-of-all-work. I have so much to say about myself, and I can make the smallest detail of interest. Only you must accept my judgment as final, for I know I am right, always : and as a last word remember that Byron, Shelley and George Moore were the three great men of the nineteenth century, whose work ungrateful England received with cries of indignation." Byron, Shelley and George Moore, that is how he puts it. Will you care to listen to one who classes himself in such a fashion ? But it's a mad world, my brother, and this particular form of lunacy is dangerous to no one but Mr. Moore.

If the approval of one of Miss Thackeray's delicate little stories is an astonishment to a reader who remembers that he who commends is the author of "The Mummer's Wife," the disapproval expressed of George Meredith is even a greater surprise. This Young Man who confesses is full of contradictions. I think that is one of his attractions. He is arrogant and would have you believe he has just cause : it is merely the self-assertion of self-distrust. Missing the English boy's wholesome education of public school and university he has missed what he must always regret. But a taste cannot be wholly vitiated that appreciates the sweet gracefulness of Miss Thackeray's Elizabeth, and there may come a time when even the Frenchmen's books, which at present Mr. Moore loves so well, will grow wearisome. Then he will find peace, if not happiness, in the literature of the Villa, in the despised pages of Messrs. Hardy, Besant, Blackmore, Murray.

So the "Confessions" slip from my knee onto the grass and lie with the red Virginian creeper leaves flying over their pages ; at my back I hear the children chattering over "Big Claus and Little Claus," laughing with the freshest delight when the horse's skin squeaks under the table, though they know the song by heart. Yonder I can see the hollow where stood the old house, built by the founders of the Dunmow Fitch. There are the broken ranks of long-disused avenues up which ghostly carriages roll of a moonlight night. There are marks of ancient terrace walks, the hedge that once divided my lady's rose garden. The Past is continually asserting itself. Just the other day the well was discovered into which the men and maids let down their buckets when Henry the Eighth was on the throne. Brilliant flower beds, round and curved, are in the same position, and embroidered with much the same flowers as they have been these three hundred years. High overhead a cawing rook, black against the grey sky, flaps his fringed wings. The knights and dames heard a cry exactly like that sound as they sauntered under the elms so short a time ago. And the Present asserts itself too, joyous and alert—a Present, playing tennis and cricket on fields where bowls once rolled and the archer's arrow sung through the air ; tandem driving over the old coach roads ; scorning all

books and reading instead, under the trees where Colin was wont to discuss *The Spectator* with Cynthia, the latest paragraph from *The World or Truth*. Even in the heart of the country the society papers come, you see: a love of gossip—or shall I say, a sympathy with our fellow creatures!—follows one even into the wilds.

WALTER POWELL.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

I SHALL make the crooked straight,
And the rough places plain;
And Adam shall see, tho' late,
Eden restored again.

I shall sail with the cumulus cloud,
And pierce the blue summer sea;
From the heights I shall call aloud,
And the depths shall answer me.

I shall roam mid the dizzy stars;
The glory of Sirius scan;
The mystic red light of Mars;
The glimmer of Aldebaran.

Through the fire I shall pass, and not burn,
Through the still depths of ocean go;
Nor shudder with cold as I turn
To zones of perennial snow.

Where daisies and violets lie,
I shall stoop, sweet whispers to hear;
And the eagle and curlew's cry,
Shall find me patiently near.

All things shall obey my commands,
From my ken shall nothing be hid;
Clear-sighted as watcher who stands,
Surmounting a pyramid.

Through paths that have never been trod
I shall pass and their mystery scan;
For I am the Spirit of God!
And shall be the spirit of man.

And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain;
And Adam shall find, tho' late,
Eden restored again!

ROBT. STANLEY WEIR.

PARISIAN TOPICS.

PERHAPS the most flattering welcome offered to any of the celebrities who have come to see the Exposition has been offered to Edison. It has shone down upon him from the Eiffel Tower, it has smiled at him from amidst the flowers and the green swards, it has been murmured in the mysterious voice he must love infinitely more than the trumpeting of heralds or the beating of drums. The Shah had the success which a diamond aigrette is sure to enjoy amongst republicans. The Prince of Wales was fêted as much to spite the *raideur Anglaise*, the English stiffness, as anything else. But in Edison they honour the man. The profoundest respect, the most beautiful admiration for him are in all the newspapers; while even the people show their worship—after their crooked fashion—in piles of sonnets and demands for autographs, and such quaint requests as that of the country priest who begs the master to come with an electric machine to cure his rheumatism—as if he were a demi-god.

The *Journal des Débats* celebrated its centenary the other day by publishing its biography. The *Journal des Débats* is a paper which has had the honour of refusing an article of Napoleon the First, which has outlived the condemnation of several governments, which can name amongst its contributors some of the first writers in France, and which now steps into the second century of its existence true to its literary and political principles, and owing no man anything—the secret doubtless of its success.

Apropos of the *Débats* biography, the *Figaro* finds the time opportune to furnish its readers with a few details of its own history, the *Figaro* being the most perfect expression of the new school of journalism as the *Débats* is of the old. The latter writes for the study, the former for the *boudoir*. The former never says anything that can't be swallowed with the coffee and rolls of the "little breakfast," the latter requires the most solemn attention of our most lucid moments. The *Figaro* must be taken the moment it is uncorked, it gets "flat" ere the afternoon. The *Débats* is filed for reference.

When the founder of the *Figaro* was dying, "Take care," he said, "that the paper shall come out every morning as if I were going to read it." Now the founder of the *Figaro*, the *Figaro's* present editor, and French journalists generally, are not news-mongers, but literary men; not reporters, but commentators. Fire, murder, and sudden death give them "copy" rather as they suggest pretty phrases, and lightly philosophical dissertations, than as they present cold, blood-curdling details. The question isn't who can get the news first, but who can say the best thing about it once it's got. Therefore, when the founder of the *Figaro* said he wished his journal to appear every morning as if he were going to read it, he meant that should half America disappear during the night, this bit of intelligence musn't in the least interfere with the exquisite bit of buffoonery which the *Figaro* is pleased to

call its "leader;" it must oust not one of the beautifully expressed mundane items, and if no place can be found for the news on the third or fourth page, then let it wait till "Oaliban" or "Ignotus" has thought of enough clever things to say about it to fill a column with an article.

And to be convinced that the Parisian public is as literary as the Parisian journalist, you have only to glance at a few of the personal statistics with which the *Figaro* favours us. The money spent on the paper's printing, postage, etc. amounts to 2,340,594 francs a year. Besides this 2,000 francs a month go for cabs alone, 18,000 francs a year for carrying the paper to the railway stations, and the yearly expenditure for editing is 5,957,225 francs. The ordinary *Figaro* has four pages and costs three cents; with the bi-weekly supplement the number of pages increases to eight, and the cost to four cents. The daily circulation amounts to 80,000.

There are several bull rings here at present, but the largest, and the most picturesque, and the one honoured with the presence of all distinguished strangers visiting the city is the *Gran Plaza de Toros du Bois de Boulogne* in the Rue Pergolèse. Twice every week on Thursday and Sunday they have a bull-fight in the gorgeous arena open to the sky. It isn't exactly a genuine bull-fight, for though the bulls are as fierce as the most intrepid *torero* could desire, they are not allowed by the French authorities to be killed, and the tips of their horns being padded, the horses get off with nothing more severe than a few blows in the neck and ribs. When the ring was first opened, the players of this royal game were the *cavaliers of the arena*, two gentlemen who fight the bull on horseback by piercing his skin with a javelin pointed with iron; the *chulos* who tease him with their red cloaks; the *banderilleros* who stick in his neck the nasty instruments from which they take their name; and the *matador*, the most skilful of all, who stands at a few paces from the bull's head, holding a bit of flaring red cloth in one hand and a rapier in the other in case of emergency, but making all his wonderful "passes" by the aid of the first alone. Recently two *picadors* have come upon the scene. They ride like the *cavaliers of the arena*, but they do much more cruel and dangerous work. Whereas the javelins just take hold of the bull's skin, the long lances of the *picadors* make the blood come every time, so that now the unhappy brutes are not only decorated with *banderilleros*, but nasty streaks of crimson.

It is very improbable that this exotic amusement will amuse the Parisians long. One has to be born and brought up to bull-fighting fully to appreciate it.

In the paintings of the Exposition, I tried to interpret to you what of the minds of the different nations they seemed to reveal; in the music and the dancing you must see the different nations' hearts.

Far away from the Trocadero and the Tour Eiffel, in the extremest corner of the Exposition devoted to the east is a little Java village, and in a little Java village music and dancing seem to have been born. They play on instruments made of bamboo, and the sound that they make is like the gurgling and trickling of forest streams. Tiny maidens in dresses borrowed from the lizard and the butterfly posture and pose, and their posturing and posing are like the waving of forest trees. They have had no other teacher but nature; their *naïveté* is what mystifies us. The feelings and sentiments of these people of the southern seas must resemble those of Adam and Eve before the fall. Theirs is the heart of the child.

The Arab has the heart of the boy, an uneducated, ungoverned boy. He is conscious, he begins to know. His is no longer a tinkling, liquid music, delicate as birds' singing, but the vulgar, and noisy, and passionate throbbing of untrained pulses. When he dances it is riotous and brutal; he understands nothing of civilized reticence.

The Spaniards from the south of Spain have much of the Arab in them. The performances of the *gitanas* approach those of the Tunisian *almées* pretty closely at times, but the *gitanas'* freedom and independence have taught them a whole octave of feelings, while the Arabian dancing girls harp continually on one note.

Anon we will wander further amongst the musicians of the Exposition.

Paris, Sept. 4th, 1889.

LOUIS LLOYD.

ON THE SONNET.—V.

MILTON.

IN treating of the sonnets associated with the personality of John Milton we shall first deal with those of his own composition which are autobiographical, then speak of him as a sonnet-writer generally, and lastly give some of the poems which have been dedicated to and inspired by his great genius.

For the better comprehension of the relations of these heart-utterances to the life-events of Milton, it will be necessary to give with the sonnets the barest outlines of his career, and it will be found that while he wrote only 24 sonnets in all they bear very directly on the various periods of his life and record his feelings at certain critical epochs, so to speak, in his social and political history.

Of these 24 sonnets, we find there are 18 regular English sonnets, 1 English tailed-sonnet and 5 Italian sonnets. Of the 18 English sonnets 8 are strictly autobiographical, 3 are purely personal, 6 are political and luckily only 1 elegiac. Milton did not write an English love-sonnet which is remarkable considering that had been the chief use of the verse since Sir Thomas Wyatt had intro-

duced the Petrarchan stanza, but the 5 Italian sonnets are all amatory. The tailed sonnet is religio-political.

John Milton was a Londoner. His father, who had been disowned by his Roman Catholic family, had left the vicinity of Oxford to try his fortune in the already great metropolis and was successful enough as a scrivener, or petty lawyer, to have amassed "a plentiful fortune" at his shop with the sign of "The Spread Eagle," (his family crest) in Bread Street, Cheapside. It was here that John Milton was born on December 9th 1608. The scrivener was a man of good education himself and knew the value of such a possession. The benefits of a very liberal course of study were therefore bestowed on his son, who not only attended St. Paul's excellent school; but was allowed the privilege of a private tutor as well. Young Milton evinced a great desire for knowledge and it is recorded by Aubrey "when he was very young he studied very hard, and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night; and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him." His father had a special taste for music and Milton no doubt inherited it, as his sonnet "to Mr. H. Lawes on the publishing his airs" indicates.

While at St. Paul's school, young Milton formed his friendship with Charles Diodati, to whom he afterwards addressed his third Italian sonnet, wherein he confesses having fallen into the snare of love. In 1625 Milton went to Cambridge as a "Lesser Pensioner." Two years later he was suspended for a short time and Dr. Johnson hangs on a very slender thread the suspicion that he was also corporally punished; but this is not generally admitted, although physical chastisements had not been abolished at that time at either University. It is certain that Milton became unpopular awhile, probably because he was quite conscious of his superiority to the majority of those about him and cared little to conceal his knowledge. He was called "The Lady of Christ Church"; but whether in derision or as a compliment to his undoubtedly refined presence is questionable. However, after a few years' shouldering with the scholastic crowd his haughty manner no doubt wore off to some extent, while his fellow students could not fail to see the sterling qualities and great powers of their comrade. Milton became more respected and admired as he advanced through the schools. He took the degree of B.A. in 1629 and that of M.A. in 1632.

While at college he wrote two of his sonnets. The one "To the Nightingale" will be referred to elsewhere and the other "On arriving at the age of twenty-three" we will consider here. From its title it would have been composed about December, 1631. It appears that an elderly friend at Cambridge (who took an interest in Milton, but is unfortunately unidentified) had sent him a remonstrance on his not deciding on a definite course of study at the University with the object of taking up a profession or pursuing a thorough purpose in life. It is not unlikely Milton had received hints of a similar nature from his relations, but he seems to have been sauntering along the quiet lanes of learning at his leisure, without much apparent concern whither they would lead him and content to leave his future in the hands of a higher power. Milton probably felt that he was destined to do some great work, but was by no means in a hurry to commence on whatever chance might present and so perhaps waste his time upon the wrong road. Milton thanked his Cambridge friend for his admonitions and added the following—"Yet that you may see that I am something suspicious of myself and do take notice of a certain belateness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some while since, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in the Petrarchan stanza, which I told you of."

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endureth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

It is plainly to be seen that Milton is content to prepare himself and calmly await the proper time of action. The great work of his life came late; but the poet was ready for it. Had Milton attempted "Paradise Lost" when aged twenty-three instead of fifty, the English language would have been robbed of one of its strongest and grandest pillars. The poet was wisely forestalling the advice, "Learn to labour and to wait." He left Cambridge in 1632, and lived with his indulgent father until 1638 at Horton, where he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Lycidas," and other poems. Afterwards he travelled, and it was during a tour in Italy that Milton fell in love with a dark-browed beauty of majestic mien, and felt it necessary to ease his heart of its burden by the production of five sonnets in Italian. These have been pronounced very good by competent Italian critics. In the last one occurs a valuable introspective view of the poet's nature, showing that he was fully conscious of his high powers, and not afraid to speak of them. We give it as written by Milton, that such of our readers who read the sweetest language of the world may judge of his proficiency therein as a writer of verse:—

Giovane piano, e simplicitto amante,
Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor P'umil dono
Faro divoto. Io certo a prove tante

L'ebbe fedele, intrepido, costante,
Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante :
Tanto del forse e d'invidia sicuro,
Di timori e speranza al popol use,
Quanto d'ingegno e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse.
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l'insanabile ago.

The following is a translation by the poet Cowper, which is probably more free than easy :—

Enamoured, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear lady, with an humble sigh,
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good and addicted to conceptions high :
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around ;
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre and every muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by Love's immedicable dart.

The other sonnets, addressed to the "Fair lady, whose harmonious name the Rhine, through all his grassy vale, delights to hear," are merely amatory verses, and useless for our present consideration. Milton came back after sixteen months' absence, and found his native land embroiled in civil strife. The sympathies of the young poet were with the people, but he did not consider it his duty to rush to arms. He stayed quietly in his house at Aldersgate, giving private tuition to his nephews and a few other lads. On the 12th November, 1642, the citizens of London were in a state of great alarm, owing to the fact that King Charles, having reached Brentford, after the battle of Edgehill, threatened the city itself. All who could bear arms turned out to defend the place, but Milton did not leave his house or pursuits, and in the midst of the greatest excitement prevalent whilst the Londoners marched away to Turnham Green to stop the King's approach, the student sat still in his chair, and the poet contented himself with composing the following sonnet, concerning which Main has this interesting note :

"In the Milton MS. folio preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, an amanuensis has headed the sonnet, *On his dore when ye Citty expected an Assault*, but that title is scored through, and the present one substituted in Milton's own hand."

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower ;
The great Æmathan conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

By what seems to be a most extraordinary and unhappy perversion of judgment Professor David Masson declares the above sonnet to have been the result of "a mood of jest or semi-jest," and has some hypothetical nonsense to say about it, which Mr. Lowell has sensibly exploded. No one reading it can possibly see anything but a very serious and touching request made by a man who believed his house to be as worthy of protection as that of Pindar or the walls of Athens. Milton had a high opinion of his destiny, and in the midst of such serious surroundings was not likely to content himself with a very pitiable jest. He wetted his pen with satire but never disgraced it with foolishness. How Professor Masson can possibly see even the ghost or outline of a jest in this fine sonnet is a mystery of cerebral construction. Had Milton after writing it gone away with his fellow-citizens to meet the king and Rupert, there might have been some excuse for finding a sonnet nailed to the door of a deserted house ; but Milton most assuredly meant what he wrote and stayed at home, careless, probably, whether "captain, or colonel, or knight in arms" came to his door or not. Weigh every line and sift every sentence as we will, the jest, or even "semi-jest," is not at all apparent. Yet Professor Masson is a Scotchman, and most unlikely to discover a jest under the most favourable circumstances, according to popular theory. Can it be that he is gifted in the opposite direction? At any rate, his opinion is curiously singular.

It is worthy of notice, as an error on the part of Milton, who was so good a classical scholar, that Alexander, at the sacking of Thebes, in B.C. 335, not only spared the house of Pindar and the citadel, but also the temples and holy places. Yet Milton states "temple and tower went to the ground." "Electra's poet" was, of course, Euripides, and the incident referred to occurred when Lysander captured Athens in B.C. 404. It was proposed to demolish the city and leave in its place a desert. During a discussion of this proposal at a council of war, a Phocian sang some verses from the "Electra," which so moved the audience that they resolved to spare the city for the sake of its having produced so many great men.

In the middle of 1643, Milton went off suddenly on a secret journey, and stayed away from his home for about a month. When he returned he brought with him a lady aged seventeen, then Mrs. John Milton, and "some few of her nearest relations." Mary Powell was of a Royalist family, and how Milton managed to overcome the loyal scruples of the family cannot be said, unless certain mort-

gages held by him and his father had some influence with the Powells. The poet (aged 35) and his bride (aged 17) lived together—let us hope, happily—for about a month! Then Mrs. Milton, on the excuse of a visit and the promise of return, went back to her parental roof and refused to return to her husband after several invitations and commands. Milton felt wronged and aggrieved. His action was very characteristic. He set about writing a pamphlet entitled "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce Restored, to the good of both Sexes." It created a great stir, and several pamphlets were issued by Milton in answer to controversial replies. The last appeared in 1645, and was called "Tetrachordon." Milton seems to have been ready to remarry, in spite of law and opinion. Among his friends at this period were two ladies, the Lady Margaret Ley and a daughter of a Doctor Davis. The former was the wife of Captain Hobson, who lived in the Isle of Wight, and Phillips records her as one who "being a Woman of great Wit and Ingenuity, had a particular Honour for him (Milton) and took much delight in his company." Lady Margaret was the daughter of Sir James Ley, afterwards the first Earl of Marlborough, a very distinguished lawyer and statesman, who died four days after Charles I. dissolved his third parliament and proclaimed his own autocracy. Milton addressed a sonnet to this lady, which reads as follows :

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Cheroneia, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

"That old man eloquent" was the Athenian orator Isocrates who, at the age of ninety-eight, is said to have committed suicide by a voluntary starvation, lasting four days after he learned of the victory gained by Philip of Macedon over his countrymen at Cheroneia in the year B.C. 338. It has been suggested that Milton regarded the death of Isocrates as occurring suddenly after the report of Philip's victory, and that he confused it with the death of Eli, who fell from his seat and expired immediately on hearing of the defeat of his sons ; but this supposition is erroneous. Milton knew his Bible too well to mix it up with Greek history, and the wording of the sonnet does not warrant the construction. It is singular to notice in passing that Eli, at his death, was aged (according to the Massoretic text) ninety-eight years—the age of Isocrates at his death. The analogy, as Milton put it down, is strikingly complete and in no need of any critical emendation. The good Earl died four days after the dissolution of the Parliament by Charles and Isocrates is said to have died four days after the battle of Cheroneia.

The other lady who enjoyed Milton's friendship was a daughter of a Dr. Davis ; but nothing more of her is known. It has been supposed that she was the "virtuous young lady" to whom the poet wrote his fourth English sonnet. Phillips described her as witty and handsome, and it has been said that Milton pressed his attentions upon her to the point of marriage after his wife had left him. In his "Tetrachordon" occurs a singular and significant passage, supposed to have some bearing on this matter, as Mr. Mark Pattison points out : "If the law make not a timely provision, let the law, as reason is, bear the censure of the consequences." However this may be, the original Mrs. Milton put an end to her husband's erratic views by returning home penitent in 1645. Referring to "Tetrachordon," the poet wrote two sonnets on the stir occasioned by that work ; but they will be treated as sonnets on criticism. In 1646 Milton wrote a sonnet "On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson," which Mr. Mark Pattison not unjustly considers the lowest point touched by him in poetry. It is elegiac and devotional, but the subject is unsuitable to the form of verse. This, with the two sonnets on the Divorce tracts and that addressed "To Mr. H. Lawes on the Publishing His Airs," were included in the "Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, Composed at Several Times," a very rare volume originally published by Humphrey Moseley, at the sign of the Prince's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. In this collection was included one of the two or three English specimens of the "Sonetto Candato," or tailed sonnet, which we give as an illustration of a sonnet form used in Italy chiefly for burlesque purposes. It was favoured by Berni. The sonnet here given shows the scorn in which Milton held "the new forcers of conscience under the Long Parliament."

Because you have thrown off your prelate lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem by Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics,
By shallow Edwards, and Scotch what d'ye call ;
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packings, worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
And succour our just fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

In 1648, while Cromwell was crushing the Scottish forces at Preston after long and hard fighting, Fairfax was occupied in quelling the English Royalists who had joined in the Second Civil War. The siege and capture of Colchester by Fairfax was the occasion of great joy to the Parliamentarians, and Milton wrote his sonnet usually entitled "To the Lord General Fairfax," but which was originally headed, "On ye Lord General Fairfax at ye Siege of Colchester." In 1649 Milton became Latin Secretary to the Council of State. Three years later he went quite blind, and wrote his sonnets to Cromwell and the younger Vane. In 1655 the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants by the Italian troops occurred, because they would have neither their country nor their religion. The outrage brought forth indignant letters from Cromwell and his Council to the foreign powers, and these letters were written by Milton. But what is more important to our present consideration is that the poet gave vent to his personal feelings in a sonnet "On the late Massacre of Piedmont" :

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Of this sonnet Henry Reed wrote : "The spirit of Milton was so stirred by the sufferings of the Waldenses that he felt the need of more than even high-toned mandates to earthly monarchs, and therefore there went up from the depths of his poet's heart, in one of his mighty sonnets, the fervid imprecation, "Avenge, O Lord,"—a note so fearful and so loud that we can almost fancy it echoing over the valleys in which the bones of the martyrs lay covered with snow." Walter Savage Landor terms it "a magnificent psalm" and "the noblest of sonnets." Macaulay calls it "a collect in verse." Mr. Palgrave says it is "the most mighty sonnet in any language known to him."

About this time Milton wrote his famous sonnet "On his blindness" :

When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Mr. Main points out that nearly all the critics have taken the "one talent" referred to to be Milton's eyesight, whereas it really is his gift of poetry. His blindness was tolerable as a physical infirmity ; but as a hindrance to the accomplishment of his life's work it made the poet murmur in his heart. This sonnet has a connection with the one written when he arrived at the age of twenty-three, in which he said :—

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

He then had the patience to await the "inward ripeness" that was necessary to perfect the work of his life and forty-seven years afterwards he still finds his soul more bent to serve his Maker with his high gift and patience counsels him wisely when the sense of his affliction causes him to murmur. His work has yet to be done and must bear the mild yoke. Milton became resigned ; so much so that he wrote about the same time the following sonnet to Mr. Lawrence, whom Professor Masson has identified as one of his old pupils. It is light and cheerful, with a flavour of Horace about it that is truly refreshing. It has a touch of *otium cum dignitate*, quite compatible with Milton's temperament.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and the rose, that neither sow'd nor spun,
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well-touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

It is the same idea that runs through the first sonnet addressed to Cyriac Skinner, wherein the poet-philosopher deems it not wise to overburden life with too much work, but thinks it right to lighten the day with innocent recreation when the feelings so incline. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a proverb truer in fact than in rhyme, and Milton knew this and occasionally unbent his great mind from the work to which he had dedicated himself, and in spite of his blindness made merry with his friends. Cyriac Skinner was another of his old pupils and the "grandsire" alluded to was the celebrated lawyer Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of England, life-long antagonist of Bacon and reviler of Raleigh.

Cyriac, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrenched;
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

It was in a different vein that Milton wrote his other sonnet to his friend Skinner, which in the first lines echoes the same sentiment and submission to God's will as was expressed in the sonnet on his blindness; but he also gives an additional reason for his unflinching determination to steer right onward, or, as he wrote in his first draft, "up-hillward." That reason was the proud conscience or consciousness of having lost his eyesight in the defence of liberty. In 1644 Milton's eyesight commenced to fail, and six years later one eye became blind. He was warned of the result of further work, but Milton's sense of duty was too patriotic to allow even the most personal considerations to interfere with it. He was possessed of the Puritanical strength, and, were he an Argus, would have lost every eye singly rather than relinquish his task. Perhaps the most cruel taunt that his opponent Salmasius could have given him, during the regicide controversy, was in his reply to the poet's "Defence of the People of England," where the French Latinist thus records his opinion of Milton:—"A puppy, once my pretty little man, now blear-eyed, or rather a blindling; having never had any mental vision, he has now lost his bodily sight; a silly coxcomb, fancying himself a beauty; an unclean beast, with nothing more human about him than his guttering eyelids; the fittest doom for him would be to hang him on the highest gallows, and set his head on the tower of London." In reply to this brutality Milton said he had preferred to suffer the calamity against which he had been warned than to desert a duty that was supreme. "I could not listen to the physician," he wrote, "not if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary; I could not but obey that inward monitor, I know not what, that spake to me from heaven." The dignity of Milton's retort proves that he was wounded by the cowardly thrust of Salmasius, for his mode of dealing with that antagonist was usually scurrilous and abusive. The sonnet bearing on this matter reads thus:—

Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year:
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

The last sonnet written by Milton is purely personal and of a private character. In the early part of February 1658, Milton's second wife, Catharine Woodcock, died in childbed after only fifteen months' union. It is certain that, whoever this lady may have been, Milton loved her and was deeply affected by her death. This sonnet is the fourth one which had been inspired by women he had known; but the note struck here is fuller and deeper and the religious ideas more fervently expressed than in the others. The following lines were suggested by Sir Walter Raleigh's sonnet on "Spenser's Faery Queen," quoted in our third article of this series:

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestris, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of childbed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

In the sonnets we have selected of Milton's own composition the intense personality of the poet is seen throughout; but it attains to the height of impersonality, owing to the noble treatment of his themes. He is a law-giver of the nature of Moses, and addresses his advice to Fairfax and Cromwell, and calls on the Lord to avenge His murdered saints like some old patriarch who held the destiny of England in his hand. In an age when petty Puritan preachers and psalm-singers prevailed in every village in England Milton had the trumpet voice of the seer. Dr. Johnson, in that spirit of magnanimous condescension which often covered a want of true critical power, once said that three of Milton's sonnets were *not bad*. We have often wondered which were the three passed by the Doctor; but the Emperor of Fleet Street must be forgiven his unjust estimate for the sake of the memorable remark he made to Hannah More: "Milton's was a genius that could hew a Colossus out of a rock; but could not carve heads out of cherry-stones." The truth or untruth of this sapient epigram has been greatly discussed. SAREPTA.

No person living will again date a document properly without using a "9." It now stands on the extreme right—1889. Next year it will take third place—1890, where it will remain for ten years. It will then move into second place—1900, and there will rest for a century.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

One midst the forests of the West
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.—Mrs. Hemans.

THE *Geo. W. Elder* had cast her anchor in Freshwater Bay. The day was lovely, the water of the bay smooth as a mirror and as highly reflective. Close to its margin was the deep, thick rich border of the unbroken forest, and behind this and completely encircling the bay was a range of lofty mountains, some of which were snow-clad.

The bay reflected with great sharpness the belt of trees which reached the tide water-mark, and behind these, with equal distinctness the darker and deeper shadows of the lofty mountain range. Occasionally a salmon sportively leaping from the water disturbed its glassy stillness, adding additional interest to the picture, the bay soon resuming its perfect mirror-like appearance. I was much impressed with the marvellous beauty of the scene, and in speaking to our pilot, Capt. Wm. E. George, of Victoria, B.C., of its loveliness, he said to me, pointing to a particular part of the forest, "Eighteen years ago, a young Englishman serving on board the admiral's ship, the U. S. steamship *Saranac*, was killed and buried with military honours in that spot."

How wondrous must have been the sight in this bay! How quiet the resting place in the unbroken forest where in all probability the foot of white man had never trod! How grand the mountains, how far from his home, were thoughts which in quick succession rushed through my mind. I found myself unconsciously weaving the story into the following simple lines:—

What mean those sounds of music,
And the dip of the muffled oar,
As those boats in long procession
Move slowly towards the shore?

And why are those men armed
Who are not bent on fray,
Why this imposing pageant
In the waters of this bay?

See! The Admiral's ship is flying
Its flag at half-mast head,
And that boat, with its mournful drapings,
It bears a sailor—dead.

See! His comrades gently bear him
To his lonely place of rest,
So far from his home of childhood,
From the land which he loved best.

Hear the echo of the volleys
As they fire them o'er his head,
Ere with measured step they leave him
To slumber with the dead.

Where the wild, unbroken forest
Throws its shadows o'er the bay,
Its stillness broken only
By the salmon's sportive play.

In a land whose snow-clad mountains
Guard as sentinels his grave,
Fit resting-place for England's son,
For one so young and brave.

O England, dear old England,
Thy sons lie scattered wide,
Some sleep 'neath palms in tropic lands,
Some by the glacier's side.

But dear is every spot to thee
Where'er their ashes be,
And dear to thee is this lone grave
By this Alaskan sea.

On my return from Sitka the *Elder* again cast anchor in the bay and I determined, if possible, to find the grave. I was unable to make the Indian, whose aid I sought, understand what I wanted, but through the aid of Mr. Kastromitoff, the Government translator, and a Russian, as his name implies, I succeeded in getting the Indian, who, with two squaws, paddled me to the place.

Mr. Kastromitoff was anxious to accompany me. He had never heard of the circumstances and was somewhat doubtful. The Indian going into the forest and before us led us to the spot, for

The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

How well the memory of Capt. George had served him, not only as to the spot, but as to the date, may be gathered from the lettering upon the head-board, which reads as follows:—



W. H. NEIL,

SEAMAN,

U. S. SS. *Saranac*.

Died July 1, 1871, aged 27 years.

I found the grave in a perfect state of preservation. Nature had lovingly covered it over with the most delicate lichen, mosses, ferns, and wild flowers, with a profusion which seemed to mock man's efforts in bedecking the resting-places of the dead. I gathered specimens of these, and our pilot, who had been on board the Admiral's ship at the time, was glad to have one of the ferns as a memento. I found the lettering also on the head-board in an excellent state of preservation, and could only account for this by supposing that loving hands from ships subsequently visiting the Bay had carefully retouched it, so that time apparently had had no hurtful effect upon it.

JOHN MACDONALD.

Freshwater Bay, Alaska, August 10, 1880.

JOHN R. JESSE.

I HAD sauntered to the window and looked through the little smudged pane for the sixth time, when at last, swinging around the curve of the road, the yellow stage-coach came into full view.

"The stage!" cried mine host, thrusting his head within the door.

"Oh! yes—the stage," I muttered, "about time," and seizing my portmanteau, hurried from the room.

There was a peculiar air of melancholy about this inn, and as I stood beside the driver in the frosty road while he gulped down his pint of hot whiskey, my eyes wandered up and down the high narrow structure from one bare window to another; from the sign-board rattling in the wind to the dead vine beating itself helplessly against the faded façade, and thence to the blinds whose soiled corners seemed to be flapping upon the casement inside. The house was not unlike a huge shaking skeleton.

In the door-way stood the landlord, rotund and stuffy, questioning the driver, who continued to stamp his numb feet and smack his lips with so much vigour that the noise thereof almost drowned the voice of his interlocutor.

"What makes you so late?" I shouted, "you were due hours ago."

Without replying he handed the mug from which he had been drinking to the landlord—whereupon that worthy to my infinite relief withdrew—and then turning to me he said with much earnestness.

"Whuskey or siclike ye maun tak' wi' ye. Thae next stoppage is sixteen mile on, an' I'll be hanged gin ye'll no freeze."

"I have a good-sized brandy flask with me," I answered, "so just put this," taking up my valise, "inside, for I am going to sit in front with you. The stifling air of these coaches is too much for me. Are there any passengers?" And I vainly strove to peer through the frost-covered windows.

"Nane, nane!" responded he, depositing my baggage within, and quickly clambering to the box whereon I had installed myself.

Our voices startling the silence seemed but to exaggerate it, and render the stillness of the isolated spot still more palpable. I was eager to be off, and so were the horses. Pulling on his shaggy fur gauntlets, the driver took up the reins and next instant we would have started, had not the sudden creaking of the inn-door attracted our attention.

Simultaneously glancing back we saw a figure which paused surveying us. It was that of a little elderly man five feet six perhaps in height; he was habited in a fawn-coloured frock coat, with black breeches. On his head loftily reared itself a high, stiff fawn-coloured hat, and in one of his hands which were covered with black gloves, was grasped an odd oblong gripsack. His face was round and fresh and smooth, but the eyes were extraordinary. Wide open and fixed, they were almost colourless, with a strange white light in them.

During the few seconds that he stood there, this little personality fastened upon my memory, where it will remain to the last moment of my life. Scarce had we breathed again, when to our still greater astonishment, he moved rapidly to the coach, and pulling open the door at the back, stepped inside. A cold shiver had crept over me; I turned to my companion. His face expressed both perplexity and discomfort. "Sae we're tae hae anither after a'. Weel, thae mair thae merrier." He cracked his whip and the horses tossing their impatient manes commenced a brisk trot. The wheels rumbled and groaned along the hard ground. I gathered the rug about me and sat back.

"D'ye ken," said the driver, thoughtfully, "it's Friday, an' baith thae beasties were shod thae morn. It's nae guid luck," shaking his head. Failing to see the relevancy of this remark, I made no reply, but bent my eyes and thoughts upon the world about us. The road lay before us, straight and monotonous. On either side stretched the vapid December woods; a thin layer of snow barely sufficed to cover the ground from which innumerable tree-stumps started abruptly. Hardly a shrub in this forest country but bore the marks of destroying fire, and it seemed to me a pitiful sight, that of a tree left standing, its grace consumed with its branches, its trunk shattered midway, its surface charred and black.

To the left of the road the land sloped perceptibly down, and far on the grey horizon, above the burnt and naked tree, a few comely cedars waved in their dusky verdure.

"Is this the work of bush fires?" I enquired, after having contemplated these scenes of devastation for some time in silence.

"Nō altaegither. For thae maist pairt they hae done it tae clear thae kintra—that meline is guid. They'll hae farms a' about here, I suspek, afore mony years hae rin awa', an' gin I'm no wrong, it'll be a mighty sicht better. I dinna li'e this lonesomeness masel'."

"I should have thought you would have grown accustomed to your own society by this time, travelling backwards and forwards as you do. How long have you been driving?"

"About ten years—siblins mair. But it's no ma ain socety that I'm objectin' tae, naething o' thae kind. I'm maist content wi' onything o' ma ain. It's thae socety o' a' these ones," waving his whip vaguely towards the woods, "an'"—with sudden strange significance he jerked his thumb backwards towards the coach, "sic ones." I shivered again—it was growing colder surely! My gaze turned from the earth dissatisfied, to the sky, and more

balked there, fled back to the silent woods and the desolate drifting snow.

The rugged face of the man beside me was perhaps the most pleasant thing to look at, but all its cheerful energy had blazed into some mysterious dread. This old highland blood tends strangely to the occult. It is the last surviving instinct of barbarism, fostered still among their northern fastnesses. The horses were large and powerful, and with heads well lifted they swung steadily on; but the glancing brilliancy of their eyes, coming to me at odd moments as they threw back their quivering lips, seemed to my excited imagination, full of that same indefinable something, which flitted over the driver's face, and of which I myself felt so painfully conscious.

"Does all the road lie straight along like this?" I questioned, chiefly for the sake of interrupting my own train of thought.

"Na, it does na'. It taks a turn further on, an' gets unco staney. This is what I ca' a damned mirchy nicht—it gars ma bluid loup."

The shadows were hastening to envelop us. They rose up from the woods, and they came down from the heavens; they hurried together from the north and the south, from the east and the west—swift-footed messengers of darkness. And the dim vapours, shaping themselves, seemed almost tangible, closing about me oppressively.

The ground began to grow rougher. Large boulders strewed the wayside. We had reached the base of a small hill and our pace slackened a little. Suddenly awaking to the fact that my hands and feet were cold, and feeling thoroughly chilled, I bethought me of my brandy.

"On a night of this kind there is nothing like brandy," I remarked handing the flask to my companion, "perhaps the gentleman inside might be the better for some—he was lightly clad; just see!"

He gave me the reins and jumped down. I heard his feet crunch on the road, and I heard the stage-door open, but how he came to be sitting beside me, the next instant, is more than I can explain. Even in the gloom the ghastly paleness of his face was invisible. He held out his hand mechanically for the reins.

"Well, where is the flask? Did you leave it with him?" I demanded.

"There's twa o' them noo." The tone in which these words were enunciated is indescribable. The abject terror in the coarse voice, rendered me speechless. "An'," he continued, speaking with evident difficulty, "they're baith alike, they're settin' glamerin' at ane anither."

"Nonsense!" I said sternly, "you are dreaming, man!"

"Get doon then yersel!" I said no more, and we toiled on up the hill. It might have been a quarter of an hour later when, as we again reached level road, above the noise of the wheels and the clatter of the hoofs, we heard the sound of voices. They issued from the coach. A dialogue was being carried on, and apparently of no peaceful nature, for the tones grew suddenly loud and violent. The words were not distinguishable.

Neither of us looked at the other; my every nerve was in tension.

"I'll be damned, gin they've . . ."

"Hus—sh!" I retorted fiercely.

"Wae's me—we twa are bickerin' aboon, an' they twa are fichtin' ahin't us. Gee up, Tam! Gee up, Jamie! Thee deil himsel's ahin't us. Hech, mon! But I wad like noo tae be settin' by a bleezin' ingle instead o' tumblin' along thae gate here amaist dead. I'm a' i' a smither."

So he rambled on flourishing his whip and crying out to the horses, while I sat straining my ears to catch every sound from the coach.

Presently the voices ceased and for an hour we drove in uninterrupted silence. I could see the faint outlines of the trees as they rushed past us through the wide, dark space. The grey plain of the sky seemed infinitely far away; its dull shimmer was like the fancy of a dream. As the minutes grew our alarm subsided; excitement cannot outlive its cause. A certain easiness had even made itself felt, when with awful distinctness the voices behind us again rang out; a muffled sound of scuffling ensued and then a heavy noise as of a body falling. The perspiration stood out upon my brow; the driver was muttering foolishly to himself.

"Come, come, let us see into this matter!" I cried, "We'll both get down."

"I'll no budge."

"What! are you such a coward?"

"Ca' it sae, ca' it sae. I'll hae nae dealin's wi' ghaists."

And now there came from within a long groan of anguish. My heart failed me—I sat still. For the rest of the journey not another word was spoken. Swiftly, silently, fearfully, we sped along until the out-hanging lantern like a great red eye discovered in the little inn our destination.

Warm and panting the horses stood; warm and friendly the light shone out upon us. With a sigh of relief I rose to my feet. The door of the coach was slowly opened.

"God!" gasped the driver.

He had passed from the coach and was standing there in the road once more looking towards us, the wild eyes once more thrilling us.

A mere instant he waited, then disappeared within the tavern. Rushing together with an irresistible impulse we pulled aside the door of the coach. The light fell through the windows straight upon the fixed, white eyes of a little, elderly man, whose body, prostrate in the floor, lay in a great pool of blood. Through his heart was plunged to

the hilt an old-fashioned dirk. The stiff fawn hat had rolled under the seat.

I think we did not breathe—there was not a sound save that dull, faint splash of the blood as it dripped through the planking to the ground beneath. My eyes, falling from the dead man's face upon the oblong grip-sack which rested near the door, read: "John R. Jesse."

"God almighty! murder, murder, murder!" shouted the driver, running towards the house. Helpless I followed him.

"Did any o' ye catch sicht o' an uncanny auld chiel wha cam in ae minute syne? Some o' ye maun ha seen him!" With incredible rapidity he jerked this out.

"I seen him," came from a slatternly girl behind the bar, "he went through here into the back room a minute ago, had on a long, light coat and a big, light hat, looked crazed—I seen him!"

The clamour soon spread. From room to room they hurried, and the search was still in progress, when the girl, the only other witness, edging her way among the crowd of rough shoulders to look at the dead man, outstretched now on the long table, shrieked: "Why *this* is him!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—There is a story of an American politician, who borrowed a copy of Plato's "Republic," and after perusal returned it with the remark, "I see he's got some of my ideas." We are reminded of this story by a letter which lately appeared in THE WEEK. Your correspondent claims that the idea of government as resting on the will of the people as its source will be known for all time as the American idea of government. I venture to question the American title to this idea. I submit that it is older than America, and that it owns America more than America owns it. Tacitus found it amongst our early ancestors on the banks of the Elbe. Here is his account of it: "On smaller matters the chiefs debate; on greater matters all men. . . . The multitude sits around. . . . Presently the king or chief, according to the age of each, according to his birth, according to his glory in war, or his eloquence, is listened to, speaking rather by the influence of persuasion than by the power of commanding. If their opinions give offence they are thrust aside with shouts; if they are approved the hearers clash their spears." Save in the matter of costume and weapons, wherein does this primitive assembly differ from an American caucus? The American Constitution is a most valuable document. It was framed by men who had enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being British colonists, and its vital force lies in the British constitutional principles which are embedded in it. It seems necessary, therefore, to lodge a protest against this most recent American capture. An idea which dates back to the patriarchal and tribal times should not now be appropriated and patented as an original American invention. G. M. M.

THE FUTILITY OF INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In a recent issue you have discussed with characteristic ability the question of Canadian Independence, upon which question, indeed, you would appear to have not only crossed the Rubicon, but to have burned your boats behind you. Permit me to mention a few points which have occurred to me in connection with your summing up of the objections to Independence, as being found in three words: Weakness, poverty, and ingratitude. In the first place, the question of our future is not so much positive as comparative; we are not confined to merely one alternative to colonialism, which condition I should deprecate for the future as much as you could possibly do, but have a choice of at least two besides. The question in my mind is: Would we not be stronger, more respected by the United States, more influential abroad, better known in the markets of the world, if we were to form part of a great Confederation than if we were to be a comparatively small, isolated, and scattered community? It is possible that the Republic to the South might not be aggressive, but none the less would we, under Independence, be entirely dependent upon any action which they might see fit to take. It would be this practical, though not nominal, dependence which would be so galling to a proud people.

But, to my mind, the chief objection to Independence is in the fact that were any of the Provinces to consider themselves aggrieved at an action taken by one of them or by the Central Government, the tendency would be to appeal to the United States for assistance and support, or else to use that potent force, the threat of secession, possibly backed up by promised external aid, in order to obtain satisfaction from the Central Executive in the matter which may have caused displeasure. Nor is this the only danger. Even now when forming a part of the British Empire we have seen a movement inaugurated in New York which, if ever it proved successful, would inevitably land us in Annexation. How much greater would the danger of such agitation and the exertions of aggressive demagogues in the United States be if we were comparatively at their mercy.

Every little internal trouble or disturbance would be magnified and encouraged by outside influences, and I

venture to say that within five years of such a consummation as Independence, we would find ourselves forced into the arms of the States by a process of alternate coaxing and coercion. As to the poverty plea, I can only say that it would be infinitely cheaper for us to go in for a federation with all the powerful auxiliary advantages which the Mother Country could share with us than to take upon ourselves the immense consular, diplomatic, naval, and military expenses which would be incumbent upon us, even though limited to the smallest possible sum, under a state of Independence.

It is not necessary to do more than allude to the question of ingratitude. It would seem to me to be more a question of justice. If the Mother Country, which has protected our national infancy, encouraged our constitutional expansion, assisted our commercial growth, treated us with never-varying conciliation and kindness, should ask us to join her in a national and political partnership which should take the form of a great federation, it would be not only just for us to accept, but incumbent upon us as a duty which we owed to our ancestors, to our country, and to ourselves, in order to perpetuate our allegiance to a common flag and political principle. Yours, etc.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Toronto, September 18, 1889.

TRUE TALE.

THE Chevalier Léon Paul Vasilivitch de Saarkow was, as his name implies, a European of mixed but correct extraction. He was by profession a pianist, and at heart a genuine, conscientious and refined artist. But from lack of address, personal timidity and a commonplace exterior, he neglected to score any startling success. Good pianists are not to-day the rarity they once were. It is almost harder to find a downright bad pianist than a fairly good one. And, although friends and critics all insisted and conceded that Saarkow was much more than a merely fair performer, he made no great success with his gift. Concertizing all over Europe, he kept his home and dearest affections centred in Paris, and the small and exclusive public which knew him there was not surprised one day to find that he had suddenly left for a tour in the British Isles. From that tour, however, he never returned. Playing only twice in London, he accepted some engagements for Wales and Scotland, where pianists are presumably rarer than in the metropolis, and from Edinburgh and other large towns he proceeded one night to a small town of the name of Glyntawr, where he had been billed and announced for a month. The town hall was miserably lighted, cold and half empty. Poor Saarkow, whose health had long been failing, almost unknown to himself, and who foresaw debts and all sorts of trouble at the close of his tour, went about his work half-heartedly. He was quite addicted to composition—indeed, he laboured under the delusion that the creative, and not the executive, was his forte—and the programme contained, along with a Beethoven sonata and numerous small selections, a requiem and nocturne of his own. The man was ill, cold, tired, disgusted, embittered. In the middle of the requiem his fingers grew stiff, refused to work, his head fell forward on the keys, his profile showed sickly yellow against the white ivory underneath; he was quickly raised by those in attendance and carried behind, and for six months he was ill—ill all the time, sometimes worse, sometimes better, but unable to move or leave Glyntawr.

Not that he wished very madly to leave it. He had been taken from the town hall to the residence of a certain Mr. Andrew Peebles, the stationer and music-seller who lived with his daughter Judith, a charming and unaffected Scotch lassie of twenty-three, in a plain but comfortable house next the shop. First from pity, then from genuine interest, both Mr. Peebles and Judith had tended the interesting stranger, till a close sympathy flourished up between the hard but honest Scotch natures of the father and daughter, and the moody, restless, often irritable, but captivating personality of their guest. As for the future of the latter, it seemed anything but clear. He could not play at all. His nervous system seemed entirely shattered. He therefore took refuge in study and composition, a departure which increased his claims to attention and affection more than ever in the minds of Judith and her father. They were good souls of course, but not above a little fondness for flattery, and it did seem to flatter them that Destiny should have thrown in their way the Chevalier Léon Paul Vasilivitch De Saarkow. Completely cut off from the artistic world, Saarkow forgot that he could no longer grow in knowledge of his art.

During his convalescence, he frequently protested that he must soon be thinking of going.

"Go? And where will you go?" demanded Mr. Peebles, in honest Scotch fashion. "Look at your white face and your trembling hands; you are not fit to travel yet surely. I know this is no place for a musician, though, from what you have told me of your past career, I certainly see little to attach you to any spot in particular either in England or on the Continent. And if you really wish to compose, as you say you do, why here is your opportunity! You shall stay with me, at all events until you are strong; you shall have leisure and plenty, and who knows but that I may prove an Esterhazy and you a Haydn! Scotch fare is plain, I know; brose and herring are not probably what you would choose, but they have helped to pull you through a long illness all the same."

Saarkow was ill, weak, disgusted and disappointed. He had a burning, unquenchable desire to be a composer.

He, therefore, without distinctly saying that he would be very glad of such a home and opportunities for composition, certainly accepted the unique invitation of Andrew Peebles, for he remained under the roof of the speckless and proper Scotch house for ten years. During this time Mr. Peebles, who went on in his business just in the same fashion as of old, saw Saarkow daily in the study of instrumentation, scoring and composition generally. It never occurred to him to ask whether his works were making any stir in the world. He saw packages of MS. depart and he saw similar packages return; he mailed letters to publishers and music dealers all over England and Germany, and piles of letters with foreign postmarks were constantly received by Saarkow, who, however, never said a word about fame. He was not quite prepared for the revelation which finally burst on him. Saarkow called him into his room one night and said, "It was good of you. Yes. You never ask if these men—those Breitkopf and Härtel, those Augener, take my things. How do you know? You believe in me, yes? But I cannot believe in myself. See!"

Saarkow unlocked a drawer. It was large, and crammed with letters. He turned them out; some of them bore postmarks of eight, nine, ten years ago. Publishers' letters and all rejecting the MSS., which for so long the composer had been sending to Leipsic, Paris, London and Vienna. "Now," said he, "you see those—you will read with me—so. They say I am old—what you call fashioned, *nicht wahr?* I am not of the new, the modern, I cannot write, they say. I have no variety, changefulness; it is the old harmonies I give, too much always of Mozart and Haydn. Now it is other, different; there is Richard Wagner and there are Brahms and Raff, who, say they, make old things new, so new that you do not care again for the old things. I tell you, I must go to London and hear him, hear this Wagner. There is to be the great Festival there, and I will sit and listen and see what the world has done in ten years, and then perhaps I will write. If I do not, I can kill myself, and you know that is not so bad as bad music."

"I do remember Richard Wagner now, but he was not so great when I was in Germany years ago."

In a few days there were registered at one of the smaller London hotels the Chevalier and his friends, Mr. Andrew Peebles and his daughter Judith. She was prettier than most Scotch girls, and absorbed always in the contemplation of Saarkow, who was, notwithstanding the disparity of twenty years in their ages, a kind of god to her. The Trilogy Festival with its wonderful music, spectacular effects, water-gods and air-goddesses, German cast and orchestra, and hero-prince conductor, was quite the most startling event of the season. All England seemed on the *qui vive*. The Chevalier and his friends were fortunately there for the opening night. They went early and curiously watched the incoming crowd. If it was strange to Judith and her father, was it not far stranger to Saarkow? The London of ten years ago was not the London of to-day. That he had been a part, though a very small part, of; he had played once or twice in St. James' Hall, he had strolled into Chappell's or taken his hat off in Bond Street to a *prima donna* of the day, but who would remember him now? No one. And much better that they shouldn't.

"*Milles tonnerres!* It is a miracle? Saarkow, the *enfant perdu* himself! *ciel*, why it is ten, no twelve years, since we met." The speaker was a Frenchman with the *air noble* and plenty of moustache. "But you were dead, *mon ami*. Oh clearly it is that you were dead, or I should have heard of you."

"I was dead, if you like," muttered Saarkow.

"Well, you are alive now," said the lively Frenchman, "I will see you again. I am in the suite of the Princess Theodora Zilinsky. She is a Russian now, but once was a Parisienne. *Je suis Romaine, hélas, puisque Horace est Romain*. She is gay, and if I introduce you to her, you must smile and laugh and not look grim, *triste*, as you do now. *Au revoir*."

Saarkow shook off the interruption and settled himself to listen. At first he could make nothing of the music, then, it began to clear itself. He listened in rapt astonishment. He hardly felt delight yet, that would come; if he had the score now! He *must* get one. He fidgeted nervously for some time, quite alarming good Mr. Peebles who wished him to be calmer. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Now, I hear," he said, "but I must also see. I will get a score." He was naturally remarked, being almost the only person in the vast crowd that dared to move while the music was in progress. He got into the corridor and felt quite giddy from the heat and excitement. He would have some fresh air for a moment before going after his score. He used to frequent a long terrace which led out of the refreshment-room in another part of the theatre, he might go there for a few moments. *Ach Gott*, what music it was! In the refreshment room were three people, two gentlemen and a lady. Saarkow never noticed them. The lady, however, gathering up her costly skirts of black lace over amber, followed him noiselessly on to the terrace. What a "Carmen" she looked in the half-light! Amber shone and gleamed, soft and waxen, or bright and glinting, all over her priceless dress, in her ears, round her shapely head. Saarkow caught the rustle and gleam. He turned and cried, "Elise!"

"Be quiet," she said imperiously, "you were always clumsy. I thought you were dead. I am not Elise, I am the Princess Zilinsky. Give me your word not to trouble me."

"Elise!" once more cried Saarkow, but the amber dazzled him. What did it mean? "Elise, for ten years—"

"Bah," said the lady, "I know. For ten years *you* have suffered, and so have I. So have I, but I will not suffer any more. I wouldn't trust you. I *hate* you and always did, and that is why I left you." A moment's search in the lace fold of the "amber-dropping" dress, the next Saarkow lay stabbed to the heart. Ten minutes after, the Princess Theodora, whose attire was as much the talk of the house as the music, sauntered back to her box. "This Wagner is heavy, he is tiresome," yawned the Prince, her husband, with true French Toryism, for like so many Russians he disliked the modern German school. His estates were in Russia, his name was Polish, and he lived in Paris when he had met the fascinating brunette Elise *alias* Theodora. "I wonder what my friend Saarkow thinks of him," laughed the moustached Frenchman leaning familiarly over the Princess' chair. "You do not know him, my Saarkow. I will introduce him to you. It is ten years that I have not seen him; he used to play well, but ever so quiet—quiet. He will amuse you, Madame; he is funny, this Saarkow!"

Next morning the London press noticed in its various reports of the opening night of the festival, the sad fate which had befallen an estimable though not widely-known musician. According to the statement of his friends, he left his seat during the performance in order to obtain a score without which he seemed to think he could not properly hear and appreciate Herr Wagner's marvellous music. His manner was noticed by many present, who thought him very eccentric and possibly over-excited. The attendants in the corridor noticed him and also testified to his peculiar appearance. He remained for a short time in the lobby and then was seen to pass out on the terrace where he was found a few hours later, dead, stabbed with a dagger, which too clearly proves the manner of his death to have been suicide, for it bears his own initials. This fatal aberration must have been troubling the unfortunate gentleman for some time, as his friends testify. "The musical temperament is, indeed, a curious study," said the *Morning Post*, "and it may be questioned whether the effect of such music as Herr Wagner's is more calculated to soothe and delight than to mystify and pain certain susceptible, imperfectly-educated and emotional natures." "Would it not be well," said the *Telegraph*, "for our theatre system to be more efficient? Such an occurrence as that of last night could not happen if a proper surveillance of persons leaving the theatre were ensured."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A CORRESPONDENT having inquired as to the present distribution of organs and organists in Toronto, a hasty search and inquiry results in the following table, which is not, of course, thoroughly representative, but includes the most prominent church organs and those who occupy them at present: Sig. D'Auria, St. James' Square Presbyterian; Mrs. H. Guest Collins, Northern Congregational; Mr. H. Guest Collins, St. Philip's; Mr. G. Dinelli, Church of the Redeemer; Mr. Bowles, St. James Cathedral; Mr. Blakely, Sherbourne Street Methodist; Mr. Fairclough, All Saints; Mr. Doward, Ascension; Mr. Birch, St. Luke's; Mr. Arlidge, Carlton Street Methodist; Mrs. Blight, Elm Street Methodist; Mr. Phillips, St. George's; Mrs. Dallas, Central Presbyterian; Mr. Vogt, Jarvis Street Baptist; Mr. Blackburn, Holy Trinity; Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, St. Simon's; Mr. E. Fisher, St. Andrew's; Mr. F. H. Torrington, Metropolitan.

A RECENT number of the *New York Critic* in reviewing, or rather noticing, the Grove "Dictionary of Music," takes offence at the space allotted to *English composerlings*. Some injury is also expressed and implied at the fact that American *composerlings* have not had justice done them. It would be a mistake to regard the *Critic's* statements in any international light, it is too broad and sound a journal for that species of advertising retort which finds now-a-days few to stomach it. But the notice has perhaps been handed in by someone incompetent to deal with the subject of English music. To call Arthur Sullivan, John Francis Barnett, Sterndale Bennett, A. C. Mackenzie and Frederic Cowen *composerlings* is manifestly unfair, and to wonder that the earlier and still more original school of English music under Arne and Purcell is inferior in influence to such isolated work as a Boito has given us, for instance, is simply absurd. To accuse Sir George Grove of favouritism because he has seen fit, further, to chronicle every London performance of an artist or every appearance before a crowned head is equally out of place. Is not London the natural resort for all great artists, who sooner or later find themselves there? Who are more anxious to appear there and have it cabled all over the country than the American artists themselves? An appearance in London is usually the trial-test appearance of the performer. Sir George Grove, we imagine, in chronicling such events simply did so among others of greater or less importance as the case might be. Who are the American composers, or *composerlings*, if the *Critic* prefers the word, who have been left out in the cold of un congenial English criticism by Sir George Grove? What American works are there worthy to be gravely analyzed, discussed, labelled and catalogued? Mr. Dudley Buck has done some charming work, but it will not compare with Arthur Sullivan, with Corder, Cowen, Barnett, Barnby, Mackenzie, King. The *Critic's* critic voices only his individual opinion, for in the musical circles of Boston

and New York appreciation of both modern and ancient English schools of music is to be found in enthusiastic admiration untouched by jealousy or belittling of the common heritage.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE. Thomas Hughes. New York: John B. Alden.

This Thomas Hughes is the "Tom Brown" of earlier years, and it would be safe to say, without reading a page, that a biography of so great and good a man furnished by one so thoroughly in touch with all that is manly and much that is Christian, is certain to be best among books of its class. It is a book for boys, for those young and ardent spirits to whom exploration, travel and adventure ever present new and ever-alluring forms—the mirage of youth that does sometimes fulfil its wonderful promise. It is a book for older readers, for all missionaries or those nursing the missionary spirit, for lovers of all that is intrepid, honest and of good report. There are few more moving episodes in biographical literature than the death of David Livingstone at four in the morning of May 1st, when he was found kneeling by his rude bed with his face in his pillow. Beaten—he probably told himself. "One of the World's Martyrs" says that world, looking back upon the constant sufferer, struggling with disease so many miles from friends and home.

Two or three points of interest will occur to the reader on laying the work down. The natives described by Livingstone differ very widely from preconceived notions of African tribes. They are handsome, gentle, easily moved, cry aloud that "their heart is bad," are affectionate, even trustworthy, remember kindness done them, are tender-hearted, occasionally even truthful. Viewed in this light the efforts of missionaries to reform and convert seem almost superfluous. But a genius for exploration and a Christian's love for his fellowman pushed Livingstone on into the very heart of the great Dark Continent, that he might win to the true faith those whose hearts might indeed be "bad" but who nevertheless were far from being totally depraved. The son of a Scotch peasant, David Livingstone never forgot his origin, and we must hope that he never carried his virtuous remembrance of it too far, so as to emulate that subtle form of conceit which is perhaps, in fiction, best demonstrated in the character of "Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown." The great explorer, however, was candid as well as humble, the soul of truth and honour.

DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST. Edna Lyall. Montreal: John Lovell and Son.

The novels of this minor English writer have met, and are continuing to meet, with great favour. It is easily seen why. They attack modern phases, show up modern life and express the thoughts in modern ways, and all in just sufficiently superficial degree to impress a great many readers who like to have some kind of theoretical or sociological interest connected with their novels, while not proving at all too heavy for that other class which prefers, under the head of *novel*, a love tale pure and simple. But nothing can disguise the feminine workmanship, not even the pleasant frank personality of the narrator, Derrick Vaughan's friend. The career of the young novelist is sympathetically treated, and the episode of the destruction of his manuscript and his re-writing thereof fairly probable. The tale is prettily written, and testifies, as all her works do, to much genuine culture and not a little bookishness on the part of the writer.

ROLAND OLIVER. Justin McCarthy, M.P. Toronto: W. Bryce.

This story of four characters is much slighter in construction than others from the same versatile and busy pen, but it has a certain strength of its own about it for all that. There is a certain novelty in the situation, and the ingratitude and blindness of an invalided husband who is waited upon by a self-sacrificing friend and a gentle wife are depicted with a clever insistence. The *denouement* seems sudden, but is followed by a speedy and perfectly natural sequence of events. The book is worth reading.

THE COLONIST AT HOME AGAIN. Emigration not Expatriation. A sequel to a "Year in Manitoba." Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company.

The most ardent lover of Canada can find no fault with the tone and the conclusions of this little work. It contains ample information for all those intending to make their homes in our grand Dominion, while it includes some very interesting notes "by the way" of a trip to England—the Old Country—the home still of many a contented and prosperous English settler. The book reveals a fine old-fashioned, loyal, chivalrous, active and able spirit, and should be read by both ardent Canadians and satisfied Englishmen. The North-West has never been painted in more glowing, nor in more sensible, well-weighted terms.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for September is not exactly heavy. It is worse, for it is dull. The paper, "Flowers and Folks," might have emanated from a Ladies' College. An article, "La Nouvelle France," is little more than a compilation. The poetry is ordinary, and a story called "The Gold Heart" is only so far successful in that it suggests the material and local colour of Bret Harte, without the power or pathos of that master of short stories. A

review of Abbott's "Greece" closes with some pregnant remarks upon American culture and scholarship, which will, if we mistake not, cause considerable friction in over-patriotic—or, shall we say, *super-national*—quarters. In a notice of William Winter's oration, "The Press and the Stage," the *Atlantic* says that the "condition of the theatre has shown continual and great betterment."

Temple Bar always presents interesting features. A bright French story, entitled "Achille," is true to national feeling and bourgeois civilization. Baring-Gould's serial is strong, though unequal, like all his work. Still, he is a novelist, in the true sense of the term, and is always abreast of the time. Frances Mary Peard, whose work has little or no individuality, furnishes more of her serial; and a touching paper is that on "Charles Whitehead," a "Forgotten Genius," the early and intimate friend of Charles Dickens. Two unusually fine sonnets gild this number, and the remaining paper of interest is "The Court of Vienna in the Eighteenth Century," which, in the light of the recent sad bereavement to the Royal Family of Austria, will probably find many readers. A new departure in this magazine of "Musical Notes" would not appear to be such as shall meet with any great success. They are somewhat too discursive.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MARK TWAIN will have a new story in the November *Century*.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD "prefers to think of Americans as of trans-Atlantic Englishmen."

THE *Century* advertises a series of articles on the French salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

CASSELL AND Co. announce a work on "New Zealand," by Edward Wakefield, the most thorough and authentic yet published.

St. Nicholas is to be enlarged in November, with new and clearer type, and four strong serial stories, one of which will be by that prince of story tellers, Frank R. Stockton.

MR. C. C. TAYLOR, of this city, and author of that very notable guide-book, etc., "Toronto Called Back," has been lecturing on the Dominion in the North of England, notably in Blackburn and Wigan.

WALTER BESANT's story of the London working-girl, "Children of Gibeon," filled with the same spirit that animates his "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," is the new volume in the "Library Edition" of this author's novels published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL has been elected a Life Corresponding Member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art for services to literature. The only other Life Corresponding Members are Max O'Rell, Mark Twain, Wm. Davie, of Buenos Ayres, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, Jules Verne, and Douglas Sladen.

TENNYSON, whose career, characteristics and opinions the exchanges are trying in vain to depict, seeing that he keeps so close, is reported to have said that when he is dead he will take good care they—presumably his friends—shall not "rip him like a pig." The great poet's love of solitude and hatred of the madding crowd are well-known.

MR. BROWNING expects to have ready in October a new volume containing thirty poems, long and short. A short biography of Mr. Browning, containing an etched portrait and a fac-simile of the poet's handwriting, will appear presently in Messrs. Virtue & Co.'s "Celebrities Series." Smith & Elder are to issue the poems of Mrs. Browning in style uniform with their new edition of her husband's works—the edition which in this country is supplied by Macmillan & Co.

MR. FREDERICK VILLIERS recently left Liverpool for Quebec by the Allan Line, to join the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley, and party, on their journey over the Canadian Pacific Railway through British Columbia to Vancouver; he returns, lecturing in New Westminster and Winnipeg, to the United States, to lecture under the management of Major Pond. Mr. Villiers proposes afterwards to go to Australia and New Zealand, and will probably also lecture at certain points in Japan, Hong-Kong, and through India.

THIS week is rich in foreign visitors of some literary renown. Mr. Douglas Sladen, known as the Australian litterateur, is in town. Is Mr. Sladen, however, an Australian by birth? One paper has it that he has only been "out" ten years. Also Mr. Wm. Sharpe, the well known editor of Walter Scott's London Publishing House, is in the city. Mr. Sharpe was the guest of Mr. W. D. Lighthall, in Montreal; of Dr. George Stewart, in Quebec, and will stay with Edmund Clarence Stedman while in New York.

A MAGAZINE on a novel plan is announced by the American Press Company, of Baltimore, Md. It will be called the *No Name Magazine*, and all who have anything worth saying are invited to contribute, whether they are known or unknown. Articles will be accepted on their merits, and not on the fame of the writers. The *No Name Magazine* will open a fair and honourable field for American literary talent. No contribution will be received from any person who is not a paid subscriber on the books of the publishers. The first number will be issued in October. The subscription will be one dollar a year. Brief, bright, sparkling articles will be the attraction of the *No Name Magazine*.

AMONG the popular scientific articles to be published in *The Century* during the coming year will be reports of the latest studies and discoveries made at the Lick Observatory in California, furnished by Professor Holden. Professor Putnam, of Harvard, has written a series of papers for the same magazine on Prehistoric America, in which he will give the result of his own explorations of caves, burial-places, village sites, etc. A detailed account of the strange earthwork known as the Serpent Mound of Adams County, Ohio, will be printed, and the illustrations of some of the papers will include a number of terra-cotta figures of men and women in a style of modelling heretofore unknown in American prehistoric art.

SUCH a non-sectarian reviewer as the *Athenaeum* thus puts its pen through the weak spot in all educational books, emanating from Roman Catholic sources, when it says of Father R. F. Clarke's "Manual of Catholic Philosophy": It is science clipped and purged till it can serve the principles of the adherents of a special form of faith and satisfy the intellectual needs of students not too inquisitive. Logic here appears as *ancilla fidei* and its serviceableness in that humble function is shown by a number of illustrations that are doubtless welcome and intelligible to the Stonyhurst mind, but may prove rather distasteful at first to the bewildered outsiders whom Father Clarke hopes to draw into the net of sound logical doctrine.

THE London *Academy* of July 27 has a pleasant, if somewhat tardy, little notice of Crofton's essay on "Haliburton—the Man and the Writer." It is as follows: "We have received the first number of the publications of the Haliburton, a society established at the university of King's College, Nova Scotia, 'to further in some degree the development of a distinctive literature in Canada.' The president is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, whose name is not unknown as a poet in this country. This first publication is appropriately devoted to Judge Haliburton, the creator of Sam Slick, himself a graduate of King's, and the recipient of an honorary D.C.L. from Oxford in 1858. It is written by F. Blake Crofton, formerly of Trinity College, Dublin, and now provincial librarian of Nova Scotia. The bulk of it consists of literary criticism, as just as it is appreciative, but there are also several new statements of fact concerning Haliburton's life and works which we hope are not too late for use in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'"

THE originals of the new and important series of letters by the famous Lord Chesterfield, which Lord Carnarvon is preparing for the press, comes to him in virtue of his first marriage. His first wife was Lady Evelyn Stanhope, daughter of the Lord and Lady Chesterfield, who were such eminent leaders and ornaments of society in the first half of this century. Lady Carnarvon had an only brother, the seventh Earl of Chesterfield, who was one of Lord Londesborough's ill-fated shooting party in November, 1871, at which the Prince of Wales caught his memorable attack of typhoid. Lord Chesterfield contracted the same fever, and succumbed to it, when he was succeeded in his title by his cousin, and his estates devolved upon his sister, Lady Carnarvon, subject to his mother's life-interest. They now belong to Lord Porchester, Lord Carnarvon's eldest son, a lively youth of twenty-three.

THE winners of the Montreal *Witness* "Dominion Prize Competition" have just been announced. The competition, concerning which we notice some writers request that it should be made annual, or at least repeated, was a capital device for stimulating patriotism and native literature at the same time. Tales and sketches were asked for from all school children, illustrative of pioneer life in Canada. The *Northern Messenger*, a small paper published at the same office, was offered as a prize for the best tale in every school in the Dominion. A prize of greater value, Macaulay's history in five volumes, was sent to the writer of the best tale in each county, and a set of Parkman's works was the reward of the best in each Province. The judges appointed to award these prizes were men of recognized ability, the judge for the Province of Ontario having been Mr. Wm. Houston, Parliamentary Librarian, Toronto. Finally, a Dominion prize, a splendid type-writer, was awarded by Lord Lorne. The Dominion prize has very curiously been taken by a young lady outside the Dominion, the *Witness* having, in view of its numerous readers in Newfoundland, counted that Province for the purposes of this competition as though it had been a part of Canada. No one will be jealous that our little sister Province has carried off this honour. The winner is Miss May Selby Holden, of St. John's, whose portrait and autograph appear in the *Witness* with her tale.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

STATE AND CHURCH IN FRANCE.

THIS contest, waged by the Catholic clergy and the Roman Court against the civil authority, is of very ancient date, and it may be said to make up a great portion of the history of modern people. The Court of Rome and the clergy who are attached to it, have always yearned for dominion over civil society, and when it is refused them, they cry out as loudly as they can and in that violent manner which is peculiar to them, that religion is oppressed or that the Church is persecuted,—as if religion and the Church were persons veiled in the flesh of monks—as if the priests were being persecuted every time they

were prevented from persecuting others, and that an application of common law was made to them.

The attitude assumed by the Catholic clergy, their well-known character, the abundant means for swaying the consciences of others which the dogma they teach procures for them, have for a long time past engaged the attention of thinkers and politicians. The question is asked by them, whether the pecuniary sacrifices made by the State in favour of the Catholic clergy, bear any proportion to the services rendered by the latter body. It is well known that for three hundred years, but more pronouncedly during the past sixty years, the clergy have been becoming denationalized, so to speak, in order to become Roman; that they have almost given up the teaching of moral duties in order to teach exclusively their pretended rights to supreme power; that their principal object in life seems to be the acquisition of this world's goods, and that their activity in this direction has become painfully felt in private families, while at the same time their meddling with political matters has been a permanent source of troubles to the State. Influenced by these considerations, a great number of people have been led to think that religion should not be made a State institution, and that it was a fitting time to return to the rule laid down by the Constitution of the year III, which gave up the profession of religion to the care of private virtue, because the framers of that Constitution thought that the practise of religious duties satisfied a need of individual tastes solely. They considered that religion had for its only object the safety of each faithful adherent, individually, in the next life; they regarded and treated it as a free individual opinion, without any connection with the public institutions of the country. They did not meddle with religion in any way, as they often declared: they only formally stated that the Catholic Church had ceased to be a government institution.—*Extract from Préparation à l'Etude du Droit, by J. G. C. (Seneuil, Paris, 1887), translated by R. J. Wicksted.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

IF I were asked what is the particular difficulty that usually prevents the English from understanding art, I should answer the extreme energy and activity of their moral sense. They have a sort of moral hunger which tries to satisfy itself in season and out of season. That interferes with their understanding of a pursuit which lies outside of morals. The teaching of their most celebrated art critic, Mr. Ruskin, was joyfully accepted by the English, because it seemed for the first time to place art upon a substantial moral foundation, making truth, industry, conscientiousness, its cardinal virtues. The English imagined, for a time, that they had subordinated the fine arts to their own dominant moral instincts. Painting was to abandon all its tricks and become truthful. It was to represent events as they really occurred, and not so as to make the best pictures, a sacrifice of art to veracity that pleased the innermost British conscience. Again, it was assumed that mere toil in the accurate representation of details was in itself a merit, because industry is meritorious in common occupations. In short, all the virtues were placed before art itself, which in reality is but accidentally connected with them. . . . The feebler moral sense of the Parisian mind, and its less passionate affection for nature, have left it more disengaged and more at liberty to accept art on its own account, as art and nothing more. There is a kind of Paganism which is able to rest content without deep moral problems, and to accept with satisfaction what art has to give without asking for that which it cannot give. The final word on the subject may be that there is a diversity of ideals; that the English ideal (speaking generally) is moral, and the Parisian ideal is artistic.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

MR. GLADSTONE ON SMALL CULTURE.

I AM no practical authority in these matters at all. My time has been spent in other affairs. I have never pretended to be a practical authority, but what I have tried to do is this—to direct the mind of the community to these subjects by quoting people, as far as I am able, who are practical authorities, and by at any rate enabling them to go to sources—to persons who have themselves laboured in this important field—and then form their own judgment for themselves. Now, I observe that the whole of these branches of an institution of this kind may be comprised under the name of the small culture in France. It is called *petite culture*, the small culture as opposed to the larger operations of the farmer. You have here to-day seen an exhibition of vegetables, of flowers, of fruit. Then we have seen some bee culture—but I believe it is not a very good year for honey; and we have seen what does not appear to be entirely within the same province—but, notwithstanding, I have no doubt it is very useful—we have seen specimens of sewing and knitting, female indoor labour, which are no doubt of very great importance to the community; and finally, for the first time, you have had an exhibition of butter. (Cheers.) Now, not upon my own authority, though I suppose we all of us know bad butter when we see it, but upon better authority, I can tell you that the Hawarden butter is pronounced to be extremely good as compared with butter produced in other parts of the country. I have heard of one large show, and that in the northern part of England, too—I will not mention the name, because while we are paying compliments to ourselves we do not wish to be rude to any one else (laughter), but I say it is in the north, because in the north

we are supposed to be rather shrewd fellows. And yet the Hawarden butter is declared to be decidedly better than the butter in this show to which I have referred. (Cheers.) Besides these, there are other points which are of great interest. Although the pig is an animal hardly to be named to ears polite on account of his dirty manners—(laughter)—yet he is an extremely useful animal to the community, and he likewise constitutes a very important matter in connection with the minor descriptions of productive industry, which may be pursued by cottagers as well as by farmers. There is also, of course, the care of poultry. Now, there is a very shrewd woman living not far from here whom I asked a little about her hens, having always observed that her hens were very nice. I asked her how many eggs they laid in the year. She could not tell me exactly, but she made it about 100. That shows the great importance of the choice of kinds, which applies, of course, to live things and dead things alike, because I have here a book written for the purpose of improving the care of poultry in Ireland, a book called the "Freeman Handbook," and published at the *Freeman's Journal* office in Dublin, wherein they give an account of a multitude of different descriptions of poultry, and actually a kind of poultry which will lay from 200 to 240 eggs in the year. It is an important thing to make good selections of breeds. I have no doubt the person to whom I have referred, though perhaps not very intelligent, has very good poultry, but it seems that still better poultry is to be had. These societies have the advantage among others that they enable everybody to learn from his neighbour. Nobody, or very few, are perfect in their pursuits. I am sure I am not in mine. (Laughter and cheers.) Very few people, indeed, are. It is all nonsense to say that they go on as they are, content with what they have done. Whatever we do we ought to do it as well as we can. If we want to do it in the best manner, to compare and communicate with one another is of very great importance. (Hear, hear.) I will send this book to one of the reading rooms here that other people may study it if they like.—*Manchester Mail*.

SIR PHELM PULCE'S ELIXIR.

SIR PHELM PULCE, physician-in-ordinary to the Duchess of Leinster-Munster-Puffenhausen-Schwerin, has discovered an elixir which bids fair to perform wonders greater even than those that are said to be wrought by the medicament which doctors all over the world are now extracting from the glands of guinea-pigs, lambs and rabbits, and injecting into the veins of men and women tottering on the verge of the grave. The Brown-Sequard elixir of life changes physical decrepitude into bounding youth and vigour, indeed, but there it stops. The body alone is affected by it; but the elixir discovered by Sir Phelim Pulce goes to the soul of the person into whose veins it is squirted, and completely changes his temperament, and, in fact, his whole psychological structure. Under its influence the most abandoned villain and ruffian becomes in a few hours, and frequently in a few minutes, a model of all the virtues; blasphemers take to psalmody; drunkards of the vilest sort are turned into teetotalers so quickly as even to surprise and alarm their doctors; prodigates are reclaimed to the paths of rectitude and honour; misers grow charitable, punsters become rational beings, and, in short, the new elixir works upon a man's morals just as that of Brown-Sequard works upon his crumbling and moribund body. It has long been an accepted theory that all crime and vice are the results of disease, and, taking this for granted, Sir Phelim Pulce sought about for means of curing that disease. It is one of the greatest of the many mysteries connected with the Brown-Sequard elixir, that the doctor should ever have guessed that the rejuvenating juice was to be found in certain special glands of the guinea-pig, when the whole animal creation was the field of his guessing. It need not then be wondered at that Sir Phelim Pulce hit upon the common domestic cat as the one beast in which his treasure was to be sought. Possibly he was at the time seeking merely the *elixir vite* within that animal, having been led to do so by reflecting upon the well-established fact that the cat has a larger store of vitality in its glands than any other known animal, having, in fact, nine lives. But it often happens that in searching for one thing a man finds another and a more precious object, and this was certainly true in Sir Phelim Pulce's case. Seeking for immortal life he alighted on all that makes life worth having. So, at least, the reader must believe after reading the newspaper reports of the miracles now wrought in the duchy by many doctors who have eagerly snapped up and appropriated the latest discovery.

Case I.—Dennis O'Dinkelspiel, a terrible blasphemer, one-eyed, light-haired, and forty years old, of the parish Vatchugivenhaus. For twenty-five years had never begun or ended a sentence except with a shocking oath. Heredity well marked, his great-grandfather having been a captain under Sarsfield when the army was in Flanders. Struggled and cursed horribly when held down on the table for the purpose of having fifty minims of the Pulce elixir injected under the cuticle of the great toe of his left foot. When the squirt was given, was near the middle of a long and previously unpronounceable oath, which, however, was broken off before it was finished. Called at once for a catechism, and the next morning joined the Salvation Army.

Case II.—Johann Murphy, housebreaker, aged ninety years, of which forty-seven had been passed behind prison bars. Caught as he was creeping into a house through a small rear window. Was held by the leg till the arrival of Dr. Pulce, who at once injected into his off foot forty

minims of *extractum felis*. On being released began at once to sing "Now I Lay Me" and "I Want to Be an Angel," of both of which hymns there are excellent translations. Is now on the way to Congo and expresses his firm determination never to return till all the heathen, who now sit in darkness, shall be converted.

Case III.—Gottlieb Bulgruddery. Drunkard. Red-haired, cross-eyed, and splay-footed. Has a large mouth from which all the front teeth have been obliterated by his confirmed habit of biting pieces out of tumblers and chewing them on the theory that some of the liquor soaks into the glass and is lost. Heredity unknown. Sixty years old, and had not drawn a sober breath in forty years. Mind almost gone. Was about to take a schooner of his customary dram when sixty thousand minims of the elixir were injected between his shoulder blades with a hose syringe. Immediately dashed bowl to earth and grabbed for a pitcher of water, which he drained to the very dregs, the same being the first water that had passed his lips ever since he could remember. Feels weak and shaky, but is determined to hold on so that he may never fall into his old courses or downstairs. He is now a very successful temperance lecturer and hopes to see the day when prohibition shall be placed in the constitution of the duchy. It will be seen from these reports that Sir Phelim Pulce is a true benefactor of his race. But the full power of his elixir is best shown in the lower animals upon which—differing in this from Brown-Sequard—he experimented last instead of first. The tigers in the duchess's private menagerie no longer roar, but bleat, and the scorpions and tarantulas smile as they gaze fondly into each other's eyes. The effect of the elixir has not yet been tried on creaking stairs, smoky chimneys, locks that perversely refuse to yield to the wrong latch keys, doors that bang, policemen's clubs, and hats that fit at night and don't fit in the morning, but we may yet hope for the best. The day of elixirs has come to stay.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—That nothing succeeds like success is well exemplified in the case of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. During the last two years the encouragement received has been most gratifying—over one thousand pupils having taken advantage of the excellent system of teaching provided, and no better proof of the wisdom which prompted the establishment of this useful institution can be found than that the attendance is still on the increase, and that the praises of pupils and parents as to the thorough efficiency of the staff (so ably led by Mr. Edward Fisher) are daily growing louder. From the handsome calendar just published we learn that there are now fifteen departments of instruction, including piano, voice-culture, theory, organ, orchestral instruments, etc., etc., besides elocution, languages (English and foreign) and numerous lectures delivered from time to time by eminent scientists and physicians upon such subjects as Acoustics, Physiology and Anatomy of the Vocal Organs, Vocal Hygiene, Health principles, Musical History and Biography. In the Piano Department the technical and intellectual development of all the pupil's faculties receive due and uniform attention, and the aim of the Conservatory is to produce performers of well-balanced and versatile powers, able alike to grasp the standard classical composers and the more modern and perhaps more fashionable school of romantic writers. The vocal section is particularly strong—the instructors being all artists in the highest sense of the term, and the earnest student may, under their guidance, receive true scientific training, not only in voice production and management, but also in the artistic rendition of English, Italian, German and French songs. In the two departments just mentioned no more valuable testimony can be found than the enthusiastic letters of Wm. H. Sherwood and Madame Albani, who both bear witness to the high state of the efficiency of the Conservatory in their respective branches of Musical Art. Few (if any) Conservatories offer such peculiar advantages to the organ student, both in the experience and recognized abilities of the teachers and in the opportunity to practise on the magnificent and complete instrument which has been provided at great expense, and which is constructed upon the most approved modern principles. Lack of space forbids us eulogizing as we would wish the other departments of the Conservatory, but we may say that there are free violin classes, a Conservatory orchestra, fortnightly and quarterly concerts for the encouragement and instruction of students, a Teachers' and Musicians' Bureau, for the purpose of recommending vocalists, pianists, organists and violinists to positions in churches, schools, orchestras, etc., many valuable scholarships, and an admirable system of granting certificates and diplomas to pupils passing the prescribed examinations. Among the new names contained in the calendar we notice with pleasure that of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, a gentleman who must, indeed, be a tower of strength to any musical institution, and one who will soon make his presence felt in the two departments to which he belongs—piano and organ. The latest calendar may be obtained upon application to the Toronto Conservatory of Music, corner Yonge Street and Wilton Ave.

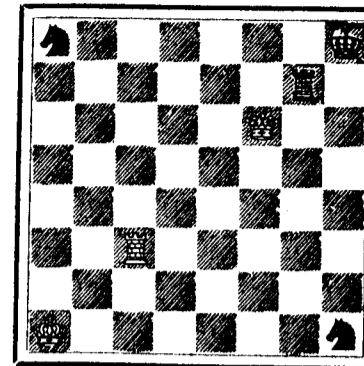
The city of Paris has been almost wholly recouped for its subvention of 8,000,000 francs to the cost of the Exhibition through the increase of the receipts from its octroi taxes on provisions, etc. The total receipts for the past eight months were 7,196,557 francs over the estimate. By the time the Exhibition closes, therefore, the city will be a clear gainer by the amount of its increased trade.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 393.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



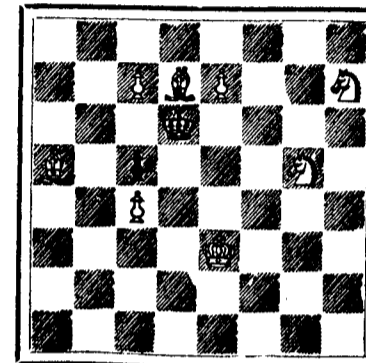
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 394.

By J. P. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 387.

We regret that there is an error in this problem.

No. 388.

- | | |
|--------------|----------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-Kt3 | Q-Kt8 |
| 2. K-B1 | any move |
| 3. Kt mates. | |

GAME BETWEEN MR. R. L'HERMIT AND MR. C. HAGEMANN.

From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.
Centre Gambit.

- | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|
| Mr. L'Hermit. | Mr. Hagemann. | Mr. L'Hermit. | Mr. Hagemann. |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 8. P-KR4 | Kt-Kt3 (a) |
| 2. P-Q4 | PxP | 9. P-R5 | Kt-K4 |
| 3. QxP | Kt-QB3 | 10. B-Kt5 (b) | Q-K1 |
| 4. Q-K3 | B-Kt5+ | 11. B-B6 | P-KKt3 |
| 5. P-QB3 | B-R4 | 12. PxP | KtxP |
| 6. B-B4 | KKt-K2 | 13. QxP+ | PxQ |
| 7. Q-Kt3 | Castle | 14. R-R8 mate. | |

NOTES.

- (a) Not a good move; we prefer P-Q4.
(b) A very good and excellent move.

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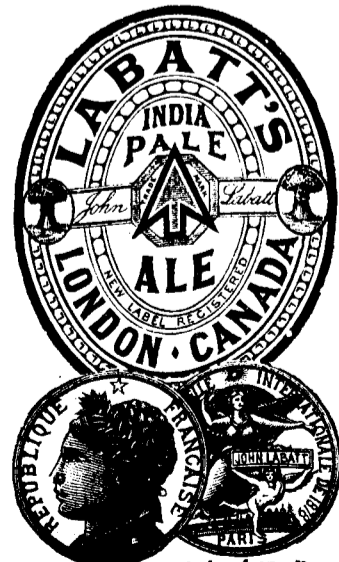
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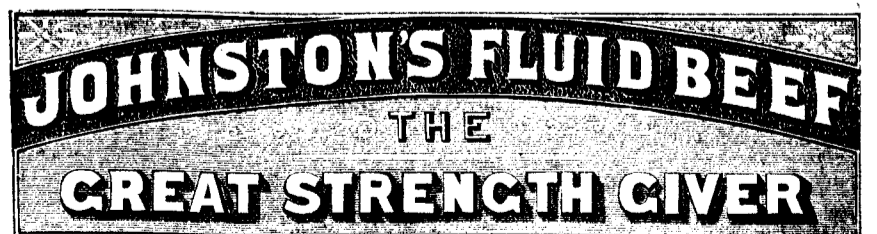


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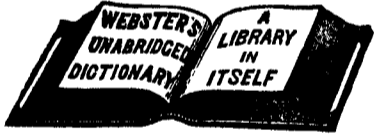


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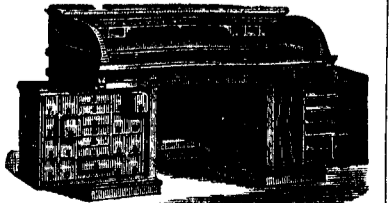
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