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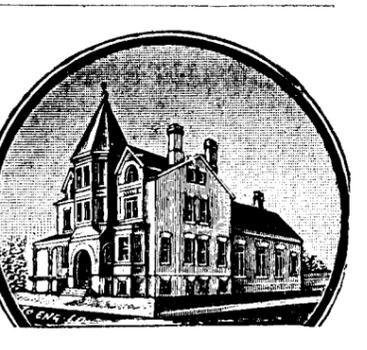
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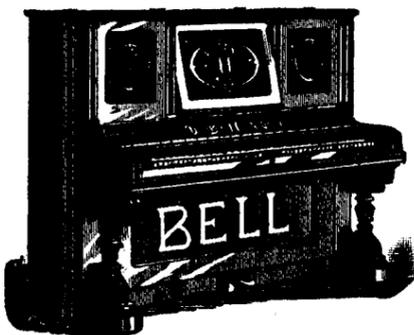
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE annual financial statement laid before Parliament the other day by Mr. Foster was as clear and straightforward a budget as could be desired. In refraining from any attempt at rhetorical elaboration, and in avoiding the discussion of unessential, though closely related, questions of a debatable character, the Minister displayed a degree of prudence not always shown on such occasions. It is of the first importance in the business of a nation, as of an individual, that the balance sheets should disclose a state of solvency, and, whether the surplus on the past year's transactions be reckoned at \$1,860,000, according to Mr. Foster's reckoning, or at half-a-million less according to Sir Richard Cartwright's contention, it is sufficient for the purpose, while not so large as to become a source of temptation or danger, or to give occasion for complaint on the score of unnecessary taxation. So far as the changes in the tariff are concerned, they are, with the exception perhaps of the duties imposed upon fruits, shrubs, and other articles last year declared free, in accordance with the statutory offer of reciprocity, about what was to be expected. The Government and the majority which supports it are fully committed to the principles of the National Policy. The only question, from their point of view, is how best to strengthen weak points and remove inequalities in the tariff. The protective system, so long as it is maintained, must be, as Mr. Foster observed, re-adjusted from time to time to meet changing conditions. The re-adjustments will almost invariably be in the direction of increasing existing taxes and imposing new ones. This results naturally from the fact that the Government must be guided in the matter mainly by the representations of those connected with the various industries protected or desiring protection. It is easy, of course, to point out how seriously defective, theoretically, is the system which thus compels the Government to take counsel with those who expect to profit directly and personally by the taxes imposed, in regard to the amount of the taxes which purchasers of the kind of goods such counsellors manufacture shall be compelled to pay as the alternative of purchasing from them. It is too much to expect that the advice given under such circumstances should be disinterested. But there is no help for it. The members of the Government cannot possibly be expertly acquainted with the conditions of the different industries they undertake to protect, and

the only individuals who have the requisite knowledge are, as a rule, those whose pecuniary interests are thus involved. The purchasers and consumers of the different commodities in question are no less interested than the producers in whatever threatens to affect the prices of those commodities, and they are usually vastly more in number, but were their advice to be taken and followed, in regard to the specific articles of which they are purchasers on a considerable scale, the wall of protection would soon be pulled down brick by brick. The fact that the Government, under a system of protection, is thus compelled, in a measure, to be guided by the advice of those interested in preserving and increasing the duties affords, no doubt, the answer to the question so often asked, "Why is it that the infant industries requiring protection so rarely reach the adolescent and self-supporting state?"

IN one respect the Government may be said to have taken a new position in the tariff debate now in progress, i.e., if the voice of a single Minister may be assumed to commit the Government. Hitherto it has generally been admitted, and unless we greatly err, explicitly stated by members of the Cabinet, that free interchange of agricultural products with the United States would be greatly to the advantage of Canadian farmers. The statutory offer of reciprocity went at least a good way towards affirming that view. Now the Hon Mr. Colby, whose speech, by the way, seems to have been exceptionally able, marking him out as one sure to wield great influence in Cabinet Councils, distinctly avers, if correctly reported, that no greater calamity could happen to the farmers of Canada than reciprocity in agricultural products. There can be no doubt that this view, consistently and conscientiously maintained, would greatly strengthen the logical position of the upholders of the National Policy. It would supply in fact a firm foundation stone for the whole superstructure. Farming, in its various lines, as pursued in the different Provinces, is unquestionably the most important of all Canadian industries. It is more important than all others combined, and must continue to be so, no matter what pitch of development our manufactures may reach. When agriculture flourishes, the country prospers. When agriculture declines, trade and manufactures must languish. So long, then, as it is openly or tacitly admitted that reciprocity in farming products would be greatly helpful to Canadian agriculturists, and it is further perceived that reciprocity in such products is unattainable, save on the basis of general reciprocity, so long the argument for protection is obviously top-heavy. But if it can be boldly maintained that the enlightened farmers of the Dominion do not desire free exchange of the products of their toil with the United States, and that such exchange would be calamitous to them, the whole course of the argument in regard to other things is made comparatively smooth. It is not, indeed, easy to see where Mr. Colby would hope to find a market sufficiently large and accessible, not only to absorb the present agricultural surplus of Canada, but to stimulate agriculture as it is indispensable to the growth and progress of Canada that it should be stimulated. It would be idle to imagine that a sufficient home market can be provided, even when manufactures have been developed to the utmost extent possible under the circumstances. But whenever such a market can be assured Canada may watch with comparative indifference the gradual heightening of the tariff wall on the other side of the boundary, and, secure in her own resources, go calmly and confidently forward in the path marked out for her by protectionist statesmen.

IT is not a little singular that one of the main questions at issue between the Government and its critics, especially between the Minister of Finance and his chief critic, Sir Richard Cartwright, should have been one of fact, in regard to the present condition of Canada—a matter on which it would be natural to suppose there could be but little room for differences of opinion. It is not usually difficult to know whether a country is in a prosperous condition, or in one very much the reverse. Private individuals, business men and public men agree on such points, particularly if the prosperity or adversity is at all marked. The simplest explanation of the fact that while Mr. Foster congratulates the House and the country on

the general prosperity, Sir Richard Cartwright sees nothing but threatened poverty, debt and disaster staring us in the face, is, we suppose, that the state of things is neither very good or very bad. A good many of the people in most communities are fairly prosperous, and a good many others are suffering considerable hardship. But as we have before pointed out, the apparently simple question of fact is in this case very seriously complicated by the want of a common standard of measurement. What degree of prosperity and progress ought to satisfy the people of Canada? Ought they to be content with a state of affairs such as would compare favourably with that of most other and older lands? Is it sufficient if the country jogs forward at a moderate pace, with a small annual increase of population, and an average condition of comfort for industrious citizens? Or ought the people, in view of the vast unoccupied areas and undeveloped resources of the country, to be satisfied with nothing less than an annual increase in population and wealth analogous to that which has so marvellously raised the power and status of the United States. On the former hypothesis there is little cause for discouragement or complaint. On the latter there is great cause for dissatisfaction. It is pretty clear that the second condition will never be attained under the present system. That it could be attained under any condition that Sir Richard Cartwright and his colleagues would have it in their power to effect, were they in office, remains to be proved. The burden of proof must rest upon those who maintain the affirmative. To furnish it to the satisfaction of the country will be, we suppose, the effort of the Opposition during the approaching electoral campaign.

THE specific changes proposed in the tariff are, we may well believe, the result of anxious and painstaking inquiry, and may therefore be presumed to be, on the whole, in the direction of uniformity and symmetry. Those whose special business is likely to be helped will approve, those whose personal interests are threatened with injury will remonstrate or condemn, while the great body of the people, whose gain or loss, though vastly greater in the aggregate, will be comparatively slight in the case of the individual, will look on with comparative indifference, or through distorting party spectacles. There are grave inherent difficulties in every protective system, and these difficulties, in the case of Canada, are greatly increased by the diversity of conditions in its various and widely-separated Provinces. That the price of bread will be increased to the people of the Eastern Provinces by the increase in the flour duty is almost certain, Hon. Mr. Foster to the contrary notwithstanding. But then it was, we suppose, a matter of imperative necessity, if the protective system is to be maintained at all, that the millers should be rescued from their anomalous position. The removal of the tax on corn as an article of food, coupled with the increase of the flour duty, will put a premium, in the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere, upon the substitution of the former still more largely for the latter as the bread of the poorer classes, but it is possible that the gain to the national health may more than counterbalance the hardship to the palate. Similarly, in the case of each specific change, the gain to certain classes and localities will be in a measure offset by a corresponding loss to other classes and localities. All that can be hoped for from the wisest legislation is that the sum total of the gain shall in each case be materially greater than that of the counter-vailing loss. Perhaps the least justifiable of all the changes proposed is the taxation of fresh fruits. We are inclined to believe that, were the members of the medical fraternity employed on the wiser system we have once or twice ventured recommend so that their interests lay wholly in the direction of prevention rather than cure, they would rise up in a body to protest, in the name of hygienic science, against any legislation which tends to increase the cost and so to discourage the use of fruits. To place, for instance, a duty of forty cents a barrel on apples seems a sin against nature. But then, on the other hand, why should not the horticulturists be protected as well as other producers? For the very reasons we have indicated, there is no industry more beneficent or more worthy of being fostered than theirs, and it would be too much to ask that while contributing their share to the protection of all other industries, they

alone should consent to be placed at a disadvantage in their special pursuit, on principles of public philanthropy. The business of indirect taxation is a puzzling one in any case. Like most other questions of practical politics, it has, after all, to be dealt with as a matter of expediency.

THE prolonged debate which took place in the Local Legislature last week on certain Educational questions may, we suppose, be rightly regarded as intended by both parties for effect outside the House rather than within it. It was the campaign debate of a moribund Assembly. The issues presented were not very large, nor were there any very wide and irreconcilable differences of opinion or policy between the two sides of the House. Mr. Meredith's rejected Bill, declaring broadly that under our Educational system every rate-payer must be held to be a supporter of Public Schools until by his own formal act he has declared himself a supporter of Separate Schools, was, confessedly, intended but as a clearer affirmation of a principle on which all are agreed. Remembering the confusion which arose under certain provisions of the existing law, and viewing the subject from an unpartizan standpoint, it would probably seem to most persons better that the matter should be made clear by a distinct enactment, than by the Government's interpretative clauses and book-keeping expedients; but the difference is, after all, only in method. A somewhat wider divergence was that in regard to Mr. Meredith's Bill to prescribe the use of the ballot in the election of Separate School Trustees. Of this proposal it is to be said that the compulsory use of the ballot either would, or would not, affect materially the result of such elections. To say that it would is to admit the utility and necessity of the Act in order to secure the free expression of the rate-payers' opinions, which it is the object of the election to obtain. To say that it would not is to lessen the importance of the change without giving any positive reason why it should not be made. It is also to affirm what nothing but experiment can prove, while in proportion to the degree of doubt the argument is on the side of the ballot. It is logically pretty clear, moreover, that whatever reasons are conclusive in favour of the ballot in political and municipal elections must hold good, to a greater or less extent, in the case of all elections to public office. We know no good reason why the ballot should not be made compulsory in the election of both Public and Separate School Trustees. It could hardly cause less interest to be taken in regard to the former, and if it gave rise to more, that would in itself justify its use. Moreover, why should not our democratic system be made uniform and symmetrical throughout?

THEORETICALLY, Mr. French's Bill to repeal those clauses of the School Act which give Separate Schools the right to representation on the High School Boards is sound, but from the practical and utilitarian point of view the existing arrangement is the better one, so long as the Separate Schools exist. Sound political principles certainly condemn all special representation of classes or sects. But the Separate School system, as engrafted in the Constitution, is based on the Sectarian or class idea, and so long as our Catholic fellow-citizens, as Catholics, have a special elementary school system of their own, so long it is desirable that the fact of their educational separation from the rest of the community should be recognized, and every facility given them to become reunited in the management and use of the High Schools. It was proposed by still another member of the Opposition that Separate School teachers should be required to submit to the same examinations as Public School teachers. The answer of the Minister of Education to this is probably decisive. The right which the Separate School supporters now enjoy, of qualifying and licensing their own teachers, is in the constitutional bond, or implied in it. They would no doubt stand upon the bond. That bond cannot be destroyed piecemeal. Meanwhile it is very gratifying to learn from Mr. Ross that the Separate Schools are improving so rapidly in efficiency, and that their teachers compare so well with those in the Public Schools. That is, however, no answer to the argument against which it was directed. The real question involved is that of the right of the Government and Legislature to inquire into and direct the expenditure of the public money, and to satisfy themselves that it is efficiently used for the purpose for which it is given. Should the supporters of Separate Schools choose to content themselves with poorly qualified teachers and inefficient schools, there would be, we fear, no help for it under the present system. Two remarks in regard to questions of fact touched upon in the course of the debate,

we may venture to add. When Hon. Mr. Fraser stated that the law provides for Separate Schools for other religious denominations, did he mean to assert that if the Presbyterians or Methodists should decide to establish schools of their own they would be relieved from the payment of Public School taxes, and the machinery of the law and the Education Department put into operation to collect taxes for them from their own adherents, as in the case of the Catholic Separate Schools? If this is the fact it will be news, we fancy, to most Protestants. But if the right of which Mr. Fraser speaks is simply that of establishing and supporting schools of their own, besides paying their quota for the support of Public Schools, just as some of the denominations now support their own colleges and universities, the parallelism fails in the main point, and Mr. Fraser's retort is futile. Again, Mr. Fraser, in his eloquent and effective speech, challenged comparison of his co-religionists, in point of intellectual culture and ability, with the members of other denominations. With regard to the few, who, like himself, have had superior advantages and made good use of them, his challenge is safe. But is he prepared to maintain that the average of education and intelligence of the Catholic population in the mass, in Canada and elsewhere, can bear comparison for a moment with that of Protestants in the mass? This is the crucial test.

IT is, we think, greatly to be regretted that the Legislature under the guidance of the Premier, refused to affirm in some shape the principle of Mr. Whitney's Bill to prevent bribery at elections. There is obvious and glaring inequality in the existing law, to say nothing of its ineffectiveness as a deterrent. The infliction of a fine, which is really no punishment at all to the wealthy man, may result in the imprisonment of a poor man for precisely the same offence. Experience has proved, too, that the disqualification, which Mr. Mowat thinks so severe a penalty, is of little avail as a deterrent. One of the principal causes of its failure is, we have no doubt, the fact that the penalty is of a political nature, and thus tends to perpetuate the too prevalent notion that bribery and kindred acts are political rather than moral offences. The chief difficulty in putting down bribery and other forms of corruption is, as Mr. Meredith pointed out, that these things are regarded by so many as venial. The law is an educative as well as a punitive force, and electoral corruption will not be rooted out until it is distinctly branded by law as a moral, and not simply a political crime. There is force in the Premier's objection that imprisonment should not be inflicted without the option of trial by jury, but it is not easy to see why such option should not be given in Canada as in England. In any case the hardship of imprisonment by the decree of judges would be no greater than that of imprisonment under the present system for inability to pay a fine. There is no trial by jury in that case. It is very likely that Mr. Whitney's bill may have stood in need of modification and amendment. But it is too clear that bribery of electors in various forms is disgracefully and demoralizingly prevalent in Canada. It is equally clear, we believe, that it will not be eradicated till public sentiment is educated by a law which makes both the giving and the receiving of a bribe criminal offences and punishable as such. We cannot agree with Mr. Meredith that the acceptor of a bribe is so much less guilty than the giver, save as his criminality may be lessened by his want of moral education. Such education a law on the lines of Mr. Whitney's bill would give, if properly administered.

THE Kingston News accuses THE WEEK of "lapsing into localism," because we did not oppose the Legislative grant in aid of Toronto University, though we admitted, after the appropriation was made, that the whole question of the relation of the State to higher education is open to debate. As we respect and wish to retain the good opinion of our contemporary, we may explain that, in our opinion, the exigency of the Provincial University did not afford, under the circumstances, a favourable or even a fair occasion for raising the broad question referred to. The University of Toronto is, as a matter of fact, the property of the Province. It is under the control of the Government. The Government was responsible for the failure to keep it adequately insured. We do not see how it is possible to deny or evade the force of the argument urged, if our memory serves us, by Mr. Cockburn, that the Government, that is, the public whose agent it is, was bound to make good the loss sustained through its defective management. Be that as it may, the University

represents a very valuable public property, and so long as it is retained as such, the Government must, on business principles, keep it in repair and in efficient working. Were it proposed to found a new institution, or even to increase materially the endowment of the old one at public expense, the question raised by the *News*, or rather by ourselves, would be in order. This is as the matter appeared to us. Of course, we may have erred in judgment, but we are not conscious that the matter of locality affected either our views or our action in the case.

IT is both amusing and instructive to read the comments of the English party journals upon Lord Randolph Churchill's remarkable speech on the motion for the reception of the Parnell Commissioners' Report. The display is, it is true, similar in kind to that which meets our eyes every day, in reading the criticisms of our own party papers on the speeches made in the Commons and the Local Legislatures. But there is a certain dignity of style, some would perhaps call it ponderosity, in the British press which has the effect of emphasizing such contrasts of opinion. A mere catalogue of the epithets, complimentary and the reverse, particularly the latter, which have been applied to Lord Randolph's speech, would be quite a formidable document. It is an "extraordinary blunder," "a laborious compilation from the oratory of the Gladstonians and Parnellites," "very powerful and very dramatic," a "portentous disquisition," an "entertaining of a jaded public" with "coarse vulgarities," a "powerful speech," and so on. Though the speech undoubtedly did the Government some injury, its chief significance is in its bearings upon the future of the orator himself. That speech has effectually dispelled any hopes that may have been entertained by Lord Randolph or his friends, of his return at an early day to the ranks of the ministry. He would, evidently, always be a dangerous man to have in a cabinet. Though he has thus cut himself adrift, for the present at least, from his own party, it seems hardly possible that he can enter the ranks of the Opposition. It would, indeed, not be surprising were he some day to come out as a full-fledged Radical, but the time is probably not yet come. His audacious recklessness is occasionally combined with an apparently sincere righteous indignation, which compels a degree of admiration. But he has, as yet, given no evidence of the "staying power," which springs from adherence to fixed and settled principles, either political or moral. In spite of all his erratic tendencies he has probably a "career" before him, but he would be a rash man who should venture a prediction as to the kind of the career.

ANOTHER phase of the iniquity begotten of greed for money and carried on by appeal to the same degrading passion, is seen in connection with the Louisiana lottery. The newspapers chronicled, but a few weeks ago, the infamous attempt made by the managers of this concern to purchase the Legislature of North Dakota, and how near that impecunious body was to accepting the immense bribe offered. Only the energetic efforts of a few honest and influential men to arouse public indignation prevented the consummation of the crime. The object of the Company, it may be necessary to explain, is to secure a renewal of their charter, which shortly expires and which, it is feared, will not be renewed in Louisiana. They actually offered to advance to the North Dakota Legislature two or three hundred thousand dollars, without interest, to buy seed corn for the farmers of the State, with the generous proviso that should this year's crops prove a failure repayment need not be made. This bribe having been finally spurned, the managers seem to have fallen back in sheer desperation upon Louisiana. Taking advantage of the distress caused by the recent floods, they offered fifty thousand dollars to the city of New Orleans to repair the levees and one hundred thousand to the Governor of the State for the same purpose. Governor Nichols promptly returned the cheque, sternly refusing to put the State under any obligation to the Company. We are not sure whether the city accepted or refused the bribes. It is felt that there is still great danger that some State Legislature of feeble virtue may be induced to renew the charter of this most pernicious concern. If the vice and misery it produces could be portrayed in their true colours and proportions the picture would no doubt be appalling. It is quite a common thing for respectable young men, in various employments, to make a practice of investing all their spare dollars in lottery tickets. Lured on by the hope of some day winning the great prize which never comes, they be-

come the slaves of the gambling passion and are ruined for all the honest and useful work of life. The evil work is greatly fostered by too many newspapers—some we are sorry to say even in Canada—which publish glowing accounts of the alleged winning of immense prizes by individuals, who are thus lifted at once from poverty to affluence. It is questionable whether such articles, which are the most seductive kind of advertisements, whether paid for or not, should not be made illegal as well as advertisements in the regular form. It seems singular that Congress should not be able, through its control of the mails, to put a stop to the operations of such concerns, even though legalized by States. Two or three Bills with that end in view are now before Congress.

RECENT revelations made before a Special Committee of Investigation appointed by the New York State Senate, show that municipal corruption in the metropolis did not perish utterly with the Tweed régime. Some of the facts brought to light are astounding by reason of the magnitude of the scale on which iniquities have been perpetrated, as well as the length of time they have been permitted to go on. While Mr. Grant, now Mayor of the city, was Sheriff, no record whatever of receipts was kept, though they amounted to \$100,000 a year. Lawyers having business to do with the Sheriff's office were invariably forced to pay "extra compensation," or have their business delayed. Under Sheriff Flack, the present incumbent, Ludlow Street Jail was used as an instrument of extortion. One inmate testified that during his confinement he had paid the keeper for privileges and special accommodations no less than \$10,000, though said keeper was forbidden by law to accept a single dollar. These are but samples of what has been going on in municipal affairs. This same Sheriff Flack, during whose administration such extortion was practised, has now been tried and convicted before a criminal court on a charge of conspiracy with others to procure a fraudulent divorce that he might marry his paramour. The circumstances were peculiarly discreditable, and the crime is said to have involved two members of the bar, and to have left "more than a shadow on the reputation of a judge." It seems to be characteristic of the American people, that, while corruption and crime, even in such gross forms, may long flourish with impunity, when once public indignation is aroused and the machinery of purification set at work they are content with no half measures, but probe the matter to the bottom. The charge of Judge Barrett, who conducted the criminal part of this investigation, is described as "a model of decision, acuteness and plain speaking." As usual one or more new trials will probably be had, but there is little doubt that in the end substantial justice will be done. But there must be something seriously wrong with the system, if not with the whole state of society, under which such things can occur, and such men be placed in the most responsible offices.

LONDON LETTER.

"IN most of us there is the ghost of a Poet who has died young," says Sainte-Beuve. In many of us there is also the ghost of an Adventurer, one of those ancestors whose haunting existence has caused Wendell Holmes to liken us to omnibuses filled with the wraiths of our forbears. The presence of the Adventurer is sufficient to explain the interest taken in volumes of travel and romance, and the reason why such books as Cook's Voyages or Robinson Crusoe are still favourites with the majority of us. He who has never set out for the Spanish Main or the South Pacific Ocean under the guidance of some famous navigator, and for company a sailor or may be buccaneering ancestor, has lost an immense pleasure. There are no libraries worthy of the name that do not contain stories of the great sea or land heroes illustrated by those dear, delightful, outlandish cuts and charts we know so well. There are no readers worthy of the name who have not explored the world with Mandeville, or Drake, or Cook, a score of times, and become learned on the subject of pack ice, or enthusiastic over the strange birds and beasts and flowering shrubs of the tropics. Open the dingy, brown covers, and, presto, one is with Magellan a-sailing from Seville, while Holbein is busy at Windsor with the portraits of Henry VIII and his lords and ladies; or with Carteret in the *Swallow* on the search for certain islands, while Junius, Orsini-like, is making ready his masked batteries; or with James Cook, son of a stonemason, captain of one of His Majesty's ships, as for the last time he writes up his log in the cabin of the *Resolution*.

Everything that has been written of the old voyagers one has read and read until one knows the words almost by heart; so when Mr. Besant's sketch of the gallant York-shireman came into my hands I felt more than half inclined to put the volume aside. There could be no fresh material;—to that one made up one's mind in one's ignorance—but

after all Mr. Besant is always cheery and good-humoured, ("So genial and friendly," says Mr. Stevenson) and that is something; perfectly sincere and unpretentious, which is something more; always ready to talk over things in the simple, direct fashion best understood by the people; never weary of the world or at odds with his fellows. Then the soft, spring wind ruffled the pages of the little, red book, and I began to read, here and there, how James Cook, apprenticed to Mr. Sanderson of The Staithes, ran away, stealing from the house at daybreak, and, tramping over the purple moors and across the grassy fields, reached Whitby by the steep hill, down which, near half a century later, Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia" went at a quick pace with her load of butter and eggs—how he bound himself for a term of seven years to the Walkers, two Quaker merchants, in whose service he began as ship's boy on board a collier trading up and down the coast, and ended as mate. How he volunteered at the time of the American Rebellion, and was entered as an able seaman on board the *Eagle*, sixty guns, Captain John Hamer. How by degrees he became master, lieutenant, and, finally, captain in His Majesty's navy. . . . One hears again Dr. Hawkesworth's pompous tones as he swamps the First Journals with his lengthy periods. (You will recollect a dinner at Dilly's in the Poultry where Dr. Johnson insisted that knowledge was not materially increased by the discoveries of Captain Cook. "They have found very little," he said, speaking of the 1769 expedition, "only one animal, I think." Boswell, "But many insects, sir." Johnson, "Why, sir, as to insects, Ray reckons of British insects twenty thousand species. They might have stayed at home and discovered enough in that way.") Step by step one keeps up with the gallant crew; now watching the Transit of Venus from Otaheite; now tacking among mountains of ice in the vain endeavour to find the North-West Passage; anon basking, after incredible hardships, in the sunshine and plenty of the South Pacific Islands. It's an old story, this, I thought, and is it worth the retelling without the aid of the queer pictures which do so much for the early editions, without the help of the wonderful charts which are a necessity at all events to the home-keepers who remember next to nothing of that branch of learning one used to call "maps?" The 1781 or second edition has illustrations of the death of Captain Cook, of Omai's entry into York Island—that same Omai with whom one has dined at Streatham—of a painted Indian, a portrait resembling a signboard, and exactly the countryman's notion of a savage. If it were undesirable to reproduce these treasures for Mr. Besant's small book, at least we might have had a chart. But as you turn the leaves, suddenly, as Mr. Rider Haggard says, a strange thing happens; and you find the *raison d'être* for this new, unadorned sketch.

For, among the familiar voices repeating the familiar story there chimes in one voice, perfectly new, with fresh details of some of the events: perfectly new, and the expedition, disastrous as far as the two captains were concerned, came to an end over a century ago! As one listens to the vigorous tones of Mr. George Gilbert, midshipman on board the *Discovery*, one feels how much of interest his words have added to a history of which we thought we had heard all that there was to tell, and, deep in the admirable account, full of dramatic little touches, of the murder on the shore of O-why-hee, one pauses to wonder why, all this long time, no one has published this diary before, considering the fact that it has always been in the possession of literary folk.

The Journal is written by a cousin of that Rotherham classical tutor who, falling in love with Ann Taylor—one of those sisters to whose poems Mr. Ansley has drawn attention in *Punch*—in consequence of an absorbing admiration for the young lady's printed work, wrote, though a stranger, to beg permission to pay her his addresses. (Can you fancy anything more indiscreet when you consider how perversely disappointing authors can be personally?) After many vicissitudes—and for the diverting history of the courtship read in Mr. Gilbert's memoirs—Ann Taylor and the ardent if imprudent suitor were married. Though with a taste for letters she never seems to have thought of publishing her connection's diary. After a time it came into the possession of Dr. Doran, whose wife was a connection of Mr. Gilbert, and still, though the editor of *Notes and Queries* was never without a pen in his hand, the journal remained unprinted. At last Dr. Doran's son, having heard that Mr. Besant was about to write a "Life of Cook," bethought him of his great-uncle's log and of the use it might be to Mr. Besant. So at last Lieutenant George Gilbert, dead of smallpox the year he was promoted, has found his voice, and speaking with liveliness and discretion tells us the story of the expedition from his own point of view.

And what an interesting vivid little story he has to tell! His old sailor father out on both the previous voyages must have read the journal over many a time. There are new details of the murder at O-why-hee that one can never forget: there are many homely delightful little touches: one catches a glimpse occasionally of the stern harsh temper of the Captain of the *Resolution*. (Don't you recollect Miss Burney's little chirp of horror when the tragic end of the expedition became the talk of the town? Her brother James, father of Lamb's friend Martin Burney of the white soul, was Lieutenant on board Cook's ship.) Clearly, carefully, Mr. Gilbert has written his notes, which he evidently meant were to be edited and used by Dr. Douglas with the rest of the materials for the three volumes quarto. Did Mr. Gilbert conceal his diary, intending to use it himself to his own

profit: or, possibly, was it overlooked among the quantity of "journals, charts, drawings and observations of all kinds taken on the voyages" which, handed over to the Admiralty, were given to Dr. Douglas to arrange? That learned editor may have discovered little literary merit in Mr. Gilbert. After all it matters nothing that so long a time should have elapsed before the log was printed. So much the better for Mr. Besant: and all the greater surprise and pleasure for the readers of Mr. Besant's little book.

Not far from the original of Dickens' Titbull's Alms-houses stands Captain Cook's house in the Mile End Road, under the shadow of the People's Palace, for the existence of which one is eternally grateful to Mr. Besant. The good Captain's house has been turned into a shop. Was it here, I wonder, or in Greenwich Hospital (where hangs, by the way, Webber's portrait of Cook, engraved for this new edition) that Mrs. Cook heard of her terrible loss? The tragic fate of the children of the marriage is sad indeed, providing the poor, lonely widow with four days of solemn fasting, during which, says Mr. Besant, she came not out of her room; "they were the days of her bereavements, the days when she lost her husband and her three boys." She died, this handsome, old lady, with her white rolled hair and satin gown, with her husband's ring on her finger and her husband's Bible by her side, as late as 1836, aged ninety-three, and was buried at St. Andrew's, Cambridge, by the side of two of her sons. And Canon Bennett, who remembers her very well, has told Mr. Besant of her three o'clock Thursday dinner-parties at Clapham where she and her cousin, Admiral Isaac Smith, kept house; of her old furniture of the style called Louis Quinze; of the country rooms crowded with relics, and curiosities, and drawings, and maps, and collections brought home from the voyages; of the manner in which she always spoke of her husband, whom she would call "Mr." Cook and never Captain.

For the sake of Mr. Gilbert's voice, heard for the first times, for the sake, too, of Mrs. Cook's face, seen for the first time, this little history, the red covers of which one closes reluctantly, should have something of a success. To everyone is by no means given a love for books; indeed, I believe, far fewer people possess it than we have any idea of. But this volume being small, and the work therein quite excellent, it cannot fail, I submit, to entertain and even to edify the most hasty and superficial of Mr. Besant's many readers.

WALTER POWELL.

THE HEAVY HEART.

As one who leaves his northern home
To seek 'neath Californian skies
The health his ruder climate denies,
Staking what little strength remains,
As gamblers their last gold, and strains
His hope to banish leaden gloom;

Who feels upon his fading cheek
The breeze that ever breathes of May,
And graceful forms, and colours gay
His eyes solicit everywhere,
But voiceless all of pleasure there,
"So far from home!" they sadly speak.

So thou, beloved, whom a word
Hath banished further far from me
Than Erie from Pacific sea,
If joy draw near with shining face,
It shows too clear thine empty place:
"Lost! lost!" sighs every chord that's stirred.

Chatham.

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

NOTES FROM VICTORIA, B.C.

[The following letter was addressed to a gentleman at Ottawa, who has kindly placed it at our disposal. Mr. Fletcher is the author of "The Lost Island" (Atlantis), a poem which, when it appeared in our columns some time ago, attracted not a little attention.—ED. THE WEEK.]

KNOWING your scientific proclivities, and especially your partiality for meteorological studies, I enclose you herewith Mr. Livock's schedule (just issued) of the temperature and rainfall here for the past year, and also Captain Peele's New Westminster observations for the period same.

In these schedules I do not find that the dew-point is anywhere noted. I regret this, as I have heard it stated that, although the rainfall at Westminster is much greater than here, the climate there is drier; the atmosphere here being, in general, almost saturated with moisture. This damp air is carried over to the mainland, and the moisture is there precipitated; the intervals of precipitation being comparatively dry. Certainly the dampness here is quite perceptible. In summer, sitting outside after sunset is almost an impossibility. The air, even in midsummer, becomes, of a sudden, chilly and damp. The climate appears to me quite unfavorable for all who suffer from affections of the throat or lungs. On the mainland the contrast of the seasons is more marked. The winters are colder, and the summers warmer and drier. I suppose it is the immense evaporation from the Pacific, together with the warmth of the Japan current, that gives our Victoria climate its peculiarly damp and equable character.

We are now scarce past the middle of March, and the temperature is already in the forties. This morning at 8, it was 41, and the day has been pleasant and sunny. The

trees are budding everywhere, and the spring may be said to have fairly commenced. There has been no snow on the ground since the beginning of January. The winters here are almost without snow.

The Beacon Hill park, a favourite place of resort, is now again becoming crowded on Saturday afternoons. It is a delightful place, though rather spoiled, many think, by injudicious and expensive attempts at improvement. The surroundings in the way of sea, mountains and forests, are highly picturesque. Steamers and ships are constantly passing in the straits; some of the latter come from British ports round Cape Horn. It is quite a sight to see, on a fine summer afternoon, the innumerable army of baby-carriages (!), and the fair Victorians, in their quaint costume, watching the progress of a game of football or lacrosse. The latter game, I am happy to say, is gaining favour here, and on the mainland; and bids fair to banish that odious "base-ball," a mere resuscitation, I am told, of the "rounders" formerly played in the slums and by-places of London.

The town itself is certainly growing. Within the last few months an immense church has been completed for the Presbyterians; and buildings of equal size are contemplated for the Methodist and Romish sects. The Anglicans will no doubt follow suit, as their present cathedral is not over large. The leading denominations are all fairly well represented, and, none having any great preponderance in numbers, we all get along in peace and harmony. May it always be so!

Apropos d'église I would you were here to enjoy the superb rendition of the services in our English cathedral. The reading and intoning are alike excellent. One would say that the officiating priests had received a special training in this part of their duties. I have nowhere heard the sublime liturgy of the Church more impressively recited. For the rest, I confess that, here as elsewhere, we suffer under the infliction of a married clergy. We do not see much of these gentlemen outside the church walls. A great gulf seems to lie between the clergy and laity. Burdened as most of our presbyters are with wives and families, they cannot but be heavily handicapped in the performance of their pastoral functions.

Pleasant enough is the living in this little outpost of the Dominion, with its mixed Oriental and Caucasian population, and its white cottages embosomed in foliage. Of necessity, some things are wanting. The town is young. Books are scarce. Art is in its nadir. We miss the large libraries, the scientific and literary associations, and the art-galleries of the Eastern provinces; a contrast the more striking, as in the older French communities in the East, the literary aspirations are immense, and some one has said that almost every third man you meet in Quebec is either a poet or a historian. But these are the natural defects of a new colony, with a limited population. Time will cure all this. A facile communication with the East is now open. We receive from that side large and constant accessions to our numbers. We are part and parcel of a Dominion that bestrides the entire continent. The great centres of Canadian civilization, as Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, are now easily accessible, and we cannot fail to profit by the connection.

Laus Deo in excelsis: the genial spring-time is already upon us. Let us walk out by the side of the "many sounding sea," with its oak-covered land-slopes on one side and the waters of the interminable Pacific on the other. What can be finer than this glow of the setting sun, reflected on a thousand ripples—the "innumerable laughter of the sea waves," as old Æschylus has it? So, too, the Roman Catullus, not insensible to these grand influences, has described the waves of a placid sea, "quæ leviter resonant plangere carchini,"—"Which sound gently with a noise of laughter." Let us rest here; seated on a drifted pinestem, and bathed in a flood of sunshine. Who is it, Persius I think? who speaks of the "aprici senes"? A most happy epithet. "Old men that love the open sunshine." For what can be more pleasant, to those whose years are many than to bask in the sun, and feel one's energies revive under the kindly warmth, the blessed and healing influences of the Lord of light and life? They say that in the childhood of the world men worshipped the sun as a Deity. A noble and natural impulse; for surely it is His most glorious image. E. T. FLETCHER.

March 16th, 1890.

A MONTREAL SALON.

THOSE who were acquainted with the society of Montreal twelve years ago could not have been so without knowing well the face of a certain lady. She was about thirty-eight, beautiful and wealthy; lived with her family in an elegant stone residence on Sherbrooke Street; drove in what were probably the finest equipages in the town, and entertained largely. Everybody was charmed with her simple kindness of manner and universal sympathy. For a number of years past the city has missed her, but her influence has formed so large a part of the better life of the place that I venture, as a tribute and for the example's sake, to say a few words about it.

One aspect in which she shone—without, however, seeking to do so—was the social. By nature endowed with great beauty, and delighting in seeing others enjoy themselves, she, on the one hand, attracted to her house the gay, fashionable element, especially its young portion, in whom she took great interest. Her brother-in-law was Vice-Consul of France, and his family were leaders in the

French society of the Province. Her parlours, always open, became by this means the meeting-ground of the two languages. Thither frequently came the *littérateurs*, lawyers, judges, and distinguished French strangers. On one occasion the Duc de Morny breakfasts with them, at another time an "At Home" is given to Chief Justice Bermudez, of Louisiana, and his daughter—said to have been the most beautiful woman in America. The Count and Countess de Sesmaisons, among others, were close and constant friends. Distinguished Americans and Englishmen and women likewise entered and became part of the circle from time to time. It seemed as if the hostess were enviable to the utmost, from the point of view of fashionable success.

It was not her desire, however, to be a butterfly. Her heart was so good that social victories had not the slightest ill effect upon her judgment. She remained ever natural, cheerful, and overflowing with sympathy, invariably making a special effort to converse with the *less* notable of her company, and to set at ease the awkward, or bring out a hidden talent. It was with a view to knowing them, so that she might counsel and mould their characters, that she loved to attract the young. Scores on scores recall her as a real mother, who bettered their natures, and in some way decided their lives.

Her house was a *salon*, but so far as she had any desire for a *salon*, it was to collect, not primarily the pleasure-seeking, but such as had a talent or an aspiration for improvement. Her closest sympathies were with those who possessed earnest interest in art, music, literature, and philosophy, especially if any were poor or alone. It would be hard to estimate her influence in this respect. Among her visitors were to be seen John Reade, Talon-Lespérance, "Gowan Lea" (Mary Morgan), "Barry Dane," T. D. King, G. Mercer Adam, Dr. Sommer (a kind of Jean Paul Richter), John Lovell, the veteran publisher, Louis Honoré Fréchette, "Garth Grafton," "Louis Lloyd," and many others, besides English and Americans. I could name a poor, struggling painter whom she kept for years from sheer starvation in Europe, because she felt for him in his determination to develop at any cost the ability he undoubtedly possessed. One of the truest artists in the country gratefully thanks her to-day for success won chiefly by her faithful assistance, after a career of despair and poverty. Her house was a place of grateful rest—a "House Beautiful" in his "pilgrim's progress"—to that musical genius, wrecked by paralysis and sorrow, Heinrich Bohrer, who died not long ago in Victoria. She patronized the sculptor Bardolph, the representative of his art in the city, an art doomed then to struggle like the rest.

All who strove to intellectualize themselves or the public were objects of her special encouragement—an encouragement never made contemptible by any suggestion of patronage. Not only did she desire to make advance easy for them, but, with many-sided mind, she took a direct interest in the work of each. She formed, and for a number of years kept up at her house, a painting class of young lady friends, where art was studied in its true sense, with very appreciable results. It was her sympathy, too, which made possible the establishment of The Philosophy Club, a small circle which held its first meeting at her house and has continued for a number of years to afford to a changing *personnel* the only systematic opportunity for acquaintance with the subject included in its name. It will, perhaps, astonish the average reader to learn that this society lady read easily, and was deeply imbued with, the severe writings of Kant and Hegel. More than one other movement—especially of liberal thinking and advance, and of the higher education of women—owes a great deal to her influence; and several of the best of Canadian books would perhaps never have been written had it not been for the impulses received by the writers from the same source. In addition, she brought up a family of six children creditably and intellectually; while there is simply not room to mention her good acts and simple charities.

The immediate usefulness of her life to the community was brought gradually to an end some years ago by accumulating family misfortunes, which have impelled her to seek a residence for the present at a health resort in Switzerland. She there continues, in what measure is possible, the noble living which endeared her to so many here.

"I may at last," she writes in a letter, "pass over the Everlasting Hills and leave not a trace of any work done, not a particle of any achieved success; and yet I work on, perhaps grasping at shadows. I may be resting up in this quiet valley, recruiting my strength for some purpose which I cannot perceive now. I do not seek society, but a few sympathetic souls find me out; and it is as in the past, the young ever confide in me. I do not know why: either it is because I always keep the child-like heart, or it is because they confide in me as a true mother-friend. . . . We are responsible for ourselves, we are responsible for the influences we endeavour to give out, for the rays of light we shed from ourselves. We may be misunderstood by many, but how glorious if we do not misunderstand ourselves, but enjoy that perfected individuality—that ever anxiety for a completed mind and heart—that keen perception of what a perfect Being should consist of—that is the dignity of the True Life."

The name of this lady is Mrs. E. M. Tiffin. I do not think it is out of taste to render her this tribute in the name of many. There is no need of pointing the moral of such a life beyond suggesting the possibilities which might be within reach of any of our earnest women who possess a wealthy home. ALCHEMIST.

PARIS LETTER.

THE peculiarity about the ousting of Premier Tirard, and the incoming of M. de Freycinet, is the profound indifference with which the public view the transformation. Cabinet changes are commencing to be looked forward to, as annual events, about as regular as a Fourteenth of July. Since 1871, France has had no less than sixteen ministries, and as Gœthe observes, to pleasures oft repeated we become indifferent. The several cabinets present a common family likeness. It is to be hoped that the average duration of a ministry will not descend below the twelve-month. One extraordinary circumstance connected with this governmental instability is, there have been no less than nineteen Ministers of War since 1871, and the army has been well organized notwithstanding. England owes a debt of gratitude to M. de Freycinet; it was during his administration that France scuttled out of Egypt, and thus enabled her to make herself at home in the Land of Goshen, and to put up the sign-board—*j'y suis, j'y reste*.

French Parliamentarians being in a state of flux, it is to be feared that the absence of stiffness will still be a marked feature in the constitution of the ministry. M. Constans, however, is a grit, and may thus overcome any gelatinous tendencies on the part of his colleagues. If the budget can be squared without dipping too deeply into the tax-payer's pocket, and all expenditure faithfully included in a single budget, such as other nations practise, the ministers might hold on till the adoption of the income tax be made a cabinet question, and the separation of Church and State be brought within the sphere of practical politics.

The most melancholy characteristic about the Franco-Russian alliance is the *mot d'ordre*, silence, observed by the journals here upon the Siberian atrocities. The union of the carp and rabbit, a favourite illustration with the French of the impossible, is not more unnatural than historically liberal France marching arm in arm with Muscovite autocracy. Oh! for the days of 1854 and 1863, when Europe rang with denunciations of Russian misgovernment; when Prince Jerome Napoleon represented the Polish question in the Senate; when aid to Polish refugees and schools figured in the French budget; when France and England expostulated with the Czars on their blood and iron policy, to crush the last sigh of Freedom out of their subjects, and when also Prince Jerome Napoleon was booked as the future sovereign of the to-be-resuscitated Polish kingdom, as the European boulevard against Russian advance.

One Paris journal having alluded with a cat-like caution to Madame Tshebrikova's letter, that has continental publicity, to the Czar, on his being kept in the dark respecting the doings of his subordinate representatives, an official communication, doubtless from the Russian Embassy, was sent to the journal, asserting that the letter by that lady was compiled twelve months ago, with the aid of revolutionary pamphlets published in Geneva. The lady is an accomplished writer, and so able to tell her own story. It is further alleged that it was Nemesis Stepniak put the letter in circulation. It is not a question when the letter was written, or how composed and distributed, but, are its contents true? The official Cato asserts that Madame Tshebrikova is not in a Russian prison, but resides in Paris. It is to be hoped so, as she can thus avoid a "Hunger Strike." The official note does not allude to another lady, Madame Sikida—who is beyond all surgery.

Although the French Press—for political reasons—and which, like charity, would seem to cover a multitude of sins—abstains from touching on these subjects, they are not the less much talked about in society, and the apprehension is entertained that to escape from the home dilemma, the Czar may rush into a European war, and in Bulgaria, where events are rapidly approaching an explosive point, he can open the ball when he pleases.

Americans here state they will "stand no more stuff and nonsense" from the Portuguese, respecting the settlement of over three-quarters of a million sterling—known as the MacMurdo claim—for compensation on account of the tricky seizure of the Delagoa Railway. That claim interests many American families in Paris. England, whose claim for compensation is about one million sterling, is severely criticised for her "masterly inactivity" in the matter. America is likely to send her fleet to the Tagus, while Lord Salisbury is dreaming of upholding the House of Braganza, and insist on being paid forthwith. She acted in June, 1850, in that style, and nothing succeeds like success. It is rumoured that the English cabinet is waiting the decision of King Carlos respecting the deputation of the students—with whose "patriotic" pranks he cordially sympathises—demanding to cancel the *executur* of the English Consul at Oporto. Then she will take over Delagoa Bay. As for Portuguese republicanism, the article is not even passable Brummagem; the French joke about it, and the Spaniards ridicule it. Having been found out the Portuguese have lost all continental sympathy.

The Berlin Labour Conference is mentioned only with a concealed smile. Purely technical, and devoid of all obligatory vote, its meeting can only have negative result. As the programme of the conference is now well grasped, the practical judgment is that it will be a comedy to which Europe has been convoked, and where Germany naturally pays the expenses. The *invites* accepted because they could not well do otherwise, and none desired—France above all—to afford Germany the pretext of saying, the reunion fell through owing to their absence. It is clear that Prince Bismarck sees nothing practical in the illumi-

nism of William II. So Mentor has allowed Telemachus to march alone.

Germany wants her commercial rivals to help her to compete with them; to lend her a stick to whack their own backs. At the same time the emperor flattered himself he could solve social questions by diplomatic protocols, and reform society as readily as change a button on a gaiter. He relinquished his first project, that of regulating the industrial production of the universe by international restrictions, and definitely stopped at a programme of hygiene. Prince Bismarck has avoided the sanitary philosophers; he lent them the banqueting room of his palace, and while they palavered about the kind of plaster suitable for wooden legs, he went to see the trees coming into leaf in the "Unter den Linden."

But will nothing at all flow from the deliberations of the international Areopagus? It is likely that public opinion will be focussed on the question of State intervention in the solution of economical and social problems. The idea has not yet crystallized, but it is undoubtedly in the air. It is a struggle between the eighteenth and the "twentieth" century of economists. Putting aside the hygienic mercies due to the workers, the State can aid in developing mutual help societies, and insurances against accidents and death, as well as assistance for the invalids of industry and old age. Is it legitimate for the State to intervene, or should all these ameliorations be left to individual initiative?

If the State is to intervene, it is not an autocratic government like Germany that can handle the problem, though Frederick the Great once said, "I will be the king of the beggars." William II. is the young man in a hurry. Time and manners will bring about the desired changes and under free governments; but no international legislation can fix the elements of competition, and now less so than ever, when States are barricading themselves in with protective tariffs, and when Europe is divided and armed to the teeth.

Belgium is noted for its industries. It can boast of a new one, that of "potted frog." Till this year it was permissible to catch and sell frogs all the year round, for they are considered a very delicate food. Only the thighs are eaten in Belgium as in France, but in Italy, the remainder of the body is made into a soup. Perhaps no country in the world turns out so many parallel kitchen curiosities and mysteries, as Italy. So great is the demand for frogs' legs in Belgium, that in order to prevent the extinction of that "fresh-water fish," a royal decree has just been issued, declaring, that henceforth, from the 1st February to the 20th March shall be a close season. It is to have supplies of the delicacy beforehand, that a Frog Canning Company has been formed.

The frog ranks as fish in Lenten observances, and the "queen of the ponds" is in high favour for its delicate and savoury flesh. But the breeding ponds were becoming exhausted, so great was the demand. It is the aquatic green frog that lives in water, and that indulges on summer nights in serenades before the nightingale commences to wattle its love, that gourmands esteem. In winter, this frog buries itself in the mud at the bottom of the pond, till the severity of the winter be passed. Emerging, the females commence to lay eggs in bunches, which, in the course of a few days, are hatched into the *têtards*, or bull-heads of the streams, to become full comestible frogs in three months. Z.

MONTREAL LETTER.

OUR Street Railway Company is in the habit of receiving no small amount of pokes in its adamant ribs. Taunts, sneers, threats and jokes have all in turn been tried against its invulnerable sides. The service is said to be irregular. The cars are dirty. The men are careless and shabby. The horses are said to be in their dotage, and the speed is set up as a mark for street Arabs and newspaper cuts. But, to give even the Tram Company its due, things are looking up. If we are not in certain expectation of better cars, at least we are to have more of them. The system is to be extended, if not improved. A route is to be opened from Place D'Armes to the western limits by way of St. James, Windsor, Peel and St. Catharine Streets, taking in the chief hotels and railway stations. The hotels and railways have urged the matter upon the attention of the Council, and the Tram Company itself has approached the Council for permission to lay the track.

The Harbour Commissioners have presented their Report of Business for the year. The revenue and the tonnage have increased 15 per cent. An Appendix to the Report gives an interesting bird's-eye view of the growth of the shipping in the port of Montreal since 1853, when the first steamer sailed up the river from the ocean. Last year the total tonnage amounted to 763,783. The Commissioners expect that the new wharves at Hochelaga and Maisonneuve will be able to be used in part as soon as navigation opens, and that the prospect of a more general and extensive harbour improvement may be the result of the visit to the West paid by the officers of the Trust by the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. During the past year the Trust bought from the Grand Trunk Railway Company the tracks which are laid along the wharves, so that now all tracks on the wharves are on one system, and managed for the good of all railways. The Government disbanded the Harbour Police last autumn, and the city is now to attend to the protection of the wharves. The plans for harbour improvement, for

which provision was made by the civic grant of one million dollars, are at present under consideration.

In close connection with these plans comes the proposed bridge over the St. Lawrence at Longueueil, and all good citizens must hope that both will be considered as bearing a very important relation to each other. The Council has just received a deputation of the promoters of the scheme, and during the interview the pros and cons came in for a share of discussion. The spokesman for the bridge urged that the plans had been laid before the Harbour Commissioners and the Board of Trade; that for a distance of 80 feet the bridge was to be 176 feet high; that the greatest height of mast last year was 180 feet; that for these exceptional cases the bridge could open over the river channel; that an uninterrupted communication between the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence at Montreal was an absolute and urgent necessity; and that the scheme now submitted in no way interfered with navigation. After some discussion as to form and "order" a motion was put and passed that the Council approve of the passage of an Act of Parliament to authorize the construction of a bridge for general traffic of pedestrians, vehicles, trams and railways, provided that the bridge do not interfere with the safe and convenient navigation of the harbour, that the streets be not tampered with without the consent of the Council, and that the plans be submitted to and approved by the Dominion Government.

A Committee of the Home for Friendless Women has called a meeting of citizens to consider the necessity of establishing a School of Industry for young girls who pass through the hands of the Recorder. The opinion of other benevolent institutions and of the public in general is to be consulted. There is a Provincial Reformatory for boys at Sherbrooke, but all young girls, even after their first offence, have to be sent to the common prison with hardened women.

VILLE MARIE.

GLOOSCAP.

GLOOSCAP is gone from Glooscapweek,
In anger he has gone;
Vainly his sorrowing people seek
Their chief on Blomidon.

His kettle he has overthrown,
It is an island now;
His faithful dogs are changed to stone
Before the mountain's brow.

Strange ships invade his beaver-pond,
Strange wigwams line its shore;
The waving of his magic wand
Brings heat or cold no more.

The ancient dame that cooked for him,
The boy Abistanauch,
Are buried 'neath the basin's brim,
Or turned to lifeless rock.

The moose and cariboo that came
Fearless at Glooscap's call,
Have felt the stranger's ruthless aim,
And now are vanished all.

But Glooscap will return—at least
Such is the Micmac's faith,
As day by day he scans the east,
And the sun's shining path.

Glooscap will come, and bring again
The Micmac's golden age,
And wrest from grasp of stranger man
The Indian's heritage.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.

A BATTLE DESCRIBED FROM THE RANKS.

DAWN was just breaking. I could dimly see some objects in front of us looking like a lot of kangaroos hopping backwards and forwards—they were Egyptian cavalry we afterwards learned. I nudged my companion, and Rawson whispered, "We are not far off now!" Suddenly a shout was heard, then two shots were fired from opposite our left front, and a man of F company fell dead. No notice was taken of this, and the brigade marched on silently, every man on the alert. All at once a whole sheet of musketry fire flashed out, lighting up the scene far to the right and left. Above the crackle of the rifle-fire sounded loud the roar of artillery. Regardless of these portents, our regiments marched steadily and silently on. The order to "Fix bayonets!" was given; when it had been obeyed and the men sloped arms, the rattle of the bullets on the bayonets was like the sound of hailstones striking against glass. Some men, but not many, fell wounded. The 79th had marched quite 100 yards with their rifles at the slope when the command "Prepare to charge" was given. Down came the rifles of the front rank of the unbroken line, the "Charge!" sounded, and as the last note of the bugle died away a tremendous cheer was raised, the pipers struck up the slogan, and with our gallant colonel in front shouting "Come on, the Camerons!" the ranks broke into double time, and still cheering with all their power, swept forward on the enemy's position. One of the pipers, just as he began to play, had his bagpipes pierced by a bullet, and most discordant sounds escaped from the wounded instrument. "Gude faith,"

cried the piper philosophically, "but the bullet's a deevil-itch sicht better through her wame than through mine!" Shoulder to shoulder on we rushed for quite 200 yards under a shower of bullets, which fortunately were aimed too high and therefore wrought little harm. Suddenly our charge was checked by the first trench, twelve feet deep and the same in width. Many fell into it headlong, and others dropped on the brink under the fire of the enemy on the top of the front bank. The first man up among them was a brave young soldier, Donald Cameron by name, who had rushed to the front, determined to show the way. I saw him fighting desperately hand-to-hand against a throng of Egyptians, till a bullet through the head finished him and he tumbled back stone dead into the trench. It was full of Highlanders trying to clamber up the steep further face, and slipping back again, for there was no foothold. I tried in vain three times, and at last, calling to a comrade, "For God's sake, Finlay, give me a leg up," I succeeded in mounting. Once on the summit, such was my state of excitement, I was for a moment bewildered, and scarcely knew what to do—the enemy swarmed around us like bees, all in white with red fezzes, some brown-faced, some black-faced, and all showing their infernal white teeth. I plunged my bayonet into one of them; the man falling towards me, his weight toppled him and me back into the trench, and we fell together on top of one of my comrades; but I was soon again on the further bank, assisted by four of my mates, and then took part in the charge of the regiment onward towards the second trench.

Cheering vigorously, and clearing our way with the bayonet, we were soon up to and across that obstacle. Just as I got on my feet after clambering out of the trench I was felled by a blow across the legs from the clubbed rifle of an Egyptian, and as I fell saw the cold steel coming at me; but my comrade saved me, and in a moment I was up again, too excited to feel any pain. Suddenly there were shouts of "Retire! retire!"—word ran along the ragged front, causing an immediate and general check, and indeed a retirement on the part of many who thought they were obeying a command. Fortunately a staff officer in the nick of time galloped forward shouting, "No retirement, men! Come on! Come on!" There was a general rally, and then forward we went again. Those cries of "Retire" had been treacherously raised by a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen," who had somehow evaded the precautions that were in force since the days of Fenianism to prevent the enlistment of disloyal characters. They had been proved cowards or something worse on two occasions when the regiment was before Kafr Dowar; and, in virtue of instructions coming through the captain, the non-commissioned officers of the company appointed a sergeant and a corporal to watch the conduct of these two men in the battle. They were charged to use their own discretion, and if that step became necessary to put them summarily to death. When the treacherous dogs raised their shout of "Retire," the non-commissioned officers appointed to watch them promptly did their duty. I saw Sergeant ——— kill one of them with a thrust of his sword-bayonet; and also saw Corporal ——— fire at the other, who fell dead, but whether he was killed by the corporal's bullet or by one from the enemy I cannot undertake to say. The regiment was unanimous that both richly deserved to die, in which conviction every honest soldier will concur.

By this time it was clear daylight, and it was now apparent that in the semi-darkness, the scramble at the trenches and the hand-to-hand fighting, the brigade had fallen into confusion, and that in the charging and struggling whirl the four regiments had got all mixed up and intermingled. There was a short halt in order to reform, and, this roughly and hastily effected, the brigade swept down towards Tel-el-Kebir lock, driving all opposition before it. Just before this halt I received another "butt-ender," which smashed my water-bottle to pieces and knocked me down, but I was immediately dragged up on to my legs again by my fighting chum, who, exclaiming, "Steel for for leather! take that, you ———!" sent his bayonet into the Egyptian who had felled me. The regiment, when re-formed had suffered from a cross fire coming from the trenches on either flank, to silence which skirmishers were thrown out to the left. They speedily cleared the trench, and drove the enemy along it through a cross trench into trenches further to the left and rear. The detachment attacking the former came on a gun, the gunners belonging to which stood their ground and fought to the last man; they were killed, the gun was taken, and then brought into action against its owners.

As the regiment was pursuing its advance, I had the misfortune to be detached by an order from the sergeant-major to take charge of a prisoner, a man over six feet high and as black as coal. He was sullen and would not move; I tried to stir him with a hint from the butt end of my rifle, on which he bolted, and I had to stop his flight with a bullet. Setting out to follow the regiment I came suddenly face to face with a big Egyptian officer, revolver in one hand, sword in the other. He fired and hit me on the right hand, but the bullet glanced of a ring I wore, and I rushed at him with the bayonet. He warded off my first thrust and my second; I then feinted, he swung his sword round for the parry and had not time to recover it before the bayonet was in him. A pull on a blue seal hanging from his tunic brought to light a silver watch, which I still keep as a remembrance of him. When I reached the crest of the hill overlooking Tel-el-Kebir lock, there lay before me the many hundred tents of the Egyptian camp, and I could see the enemy swimming the canal, and running like deer across the desert in thousands. The

second brigade was hurrying forward, as also the Scottish division of the Royal Artillery at a gallop; when the gunners passed the Highland Brigade, such a cheer went up as they shouted, "Scotland for ever!" Halting they unlimbered, loaded, fired a round or two with great effect, and then, as it seemed in a few seconds, they were off again at a tearing gallop. One of their shells fell into a magazine, and the noise of the explosion was loud enough to wake the dead. Another struck and disabled the engine of a train pulling out from the railway station. It could not proceed, but another made shift to start, and, although a shell struck and shattered the hindmost carriage, it held on and got away. A steady rattle of musketry indicated the route of the Indian contingent advancing south of the canal; and soon after the Highland Brigade had reached Tel-el-Kebir lock, Sir Garnet galloped up with Sir Archibald Alison, called out to us "The battle is won, men!" and sent the 42nd to clear the village. Just as we were cheering the General, the cavalry came galloping forward to take up the pursuit, and shouting with many oaths, "You ——— jocks haven't left us the chance of a fight!" shot past in a whirl of dust, above which flashed lance-heads and waving swords.—*Arthur V. Palmer, in the Nineteenth Century.*

THE RAMBLER.

IN the French calendar Spring occurs on the 21st March. *Est-ce que l'on permet de parler au printemps?* I almost fear not. Here is the *Spectator*, a few weeks back, dying to indite an article upon the "Coming of Spring," and what compromise did it make? Why, it wrote the article embodying some very charming passages upon Nature at this time of the year and also in mid-winter, quoted Coventry Patmore and Matthew Arnold, and finally wrote over the top—"The Beauty of Winter."

But why should one fear ridicule when approaching the subject of spring? It all depends upon the way it is treated, and even editors will tell you that they are not averse at this season to Spring poems, nay, are actually in want of them, provided they be of the right sort. Ah! when it is the right eye that sees, the right ear that listens, the right tone that interprets, even the hackneyed Spring becomes a theme of beauty.

You will not surely tell me that these soft blue skies, these vaporious long twilights, these varnished brown buds, these purplish-grey twigs, these happy bird shapes—crow and robin, jet and jasper against the blue—these running rivers of snow, these confident first patches of bright grass starting up at the sides of the houses, these shimmering willows yellow against the rich darkness of the pines, these small furry points underneath the caked, and breaking, bursting earth, these mild nights and early bird-ushered dawns—and then, in the heart, these sensations of hope and dreams of anticipation, these reveries of half-sad, half-ecstatic pleasure, these longings that are as

—The desire of the moth for the star,
The night for the morrow—

you will not, surely, tell me that all these have been long ago exhausted as themes for the poet and are indeed but as a tale that is told!

Well, you may tell me so if you choose, and perhaps, as dear Charles Kingsley would have said, you are right and perhaps you are not right, in which latter case I am, so since somebody is, nothing else matters, and on we go again:

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—

Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,
And my Love's eyes.

This lyric will do very well for us if we except the daffodil and the speedwell's darling eyes of blue.

How well Austin Dobson puts it! Let Canadian poets eschew the daffodil, the crocus, the snowdrop, and remember the dogtooth violet, the bloodroot, the trillium, the arbutus, even the pitcher-plant, if they choose, anything so long as they give us Canadian blossoms.

Mention of Austin Dobson recalls his translations from the Latin and Greek poets, in which connection I must note Prof. Goldwin Smith's delightful little volume entitled "Bay Leaves," printed for private circulation, and sent out in exceptional style from the house of O. Blackett Robinson. No need to say that the Professor's work is marked by clearness, incisive treatment and metrical regularity; but it is interesting to compare these latest translations with others that have gone before. "Tu ne quæsieris scire," Hor. I. xi., is thus rendered by the Professor:

Draw not that curtain, lady mine;
Seek no diviner's art
To read my destiny or thine—
It is not wisdom's part.

Whether our years be many more,
Or our last winter this,
Which breaks the waves on yonder shore
Our ignorance is bliss.

Then fill the wine cup when you can,
And let us banish sorrow;
Cut short thy hopes to suit thy span,
And never trust to-morrow.

Mr. Dobson makes a Villanelle of it.

Seek not, O maid, to know,
(Alas! unblest the trying!)
When thou and I must go.

No lore of stars can show.
What shall be, vainly prying,
Seek not, O maid, to know.

Will Jove long years bestow?
Or is 't with this that's dying,
That thou and I must go.

Now, when the great winds blow,
And waves the reef are plying,
Seek not, O maid, to know.

Rather, let clear wine flow,
On no vain hope relying,
When thou and I must go.

Lies dark—then be it so;
Now, now, churl time is flying;
Seek not, O maid, to know
When thou and I must go.

I regret to offend so often in the matter of poetical extracts this week, but I am anxious to draw attention to the work of a new English writer, Mr. William Watson, who has just published an unpretentious volume of verse with T. Fisher Unwin. The following sonnet, though revealing no mannerism, is well expressed if not startlingly original:

LAST WORD: TO THE COLONIES.

Brothers beyond the Atlantic's loud expanse;
And you that rear the innumerable fleece
Far southward 'mid the ocean named of peace;
Britons that past the Indian wave advance
Our name and spirit and world-predominance;
And you, our kin, that reap the earth's increase
Where crawls that long-back'd mountain till it cease
Crown'd with the headland of bright esperance:—
Remote compatriots whereso'er ye dwell,
By your prompt voices ringing clear and true
We know that with our England all is well:
Young is she yet, her world-task but begun;
By you we know her safe, and know by you
Her veins are million but her heart is one.

Of course Mr. Howells and his followers will rejoice at a recent *Spectator* verdict. The "Hazard of New Fortunes" is described as being the work of a man of genius, and the *Spectator* is perfectly right. Mr. Howells has long ago given evidences of genius—a genius for labour, for keeping on, for steady, increasing perseverance; also, a genius for portraying the middle-class life of his native Republic. But let his admirers note that as his work has improved, his self-appointed goal has altered, and his old methods undergone change. At any rate, he is not averse now-a-days to a *soupeçon* of blood and fire, and the presentation of Bohemian personalities.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

BIBLIOTHECA MYTHICA. By Henry Gaidoz (Picard). This is the first volume of a most interesting publication, combining folklore and the history of European man from the earliest down to the present times. The author is among the first authorities on that ethnography where peoples pass before us, as it were, living and intellectual, with their traditions, characters, customs and songs; in a word, such as we want to know our ancestors, by their ideas and sentiments, and not by the dimensions of their noses, or the capacity of their skulls to hold small shot. Professor Gaidoz is a profound scholar, capable of comprehending the wide range of subjects that engages his talent. He sympathizes with the museum of human passions, superstitions and epochs, yet remains ever master of himself; never duped; full of commonsense, united to pleasing humour. His contribution of "St. Hubert and Rabies," when taken up by the reader, will not be laid down till the last line be swallowed. He examines why so many cures for hydrophobia are attributed to the Saint of the Nimrods.

Medicine, remarks M. Gaidoz, is the out-put of sorcery, as science is that of empiricism. A crowd of cures has sprung into existence, due to the hazard of observation; the essay of the virtues of plants and minerals; the growth of theories, and the sympathy between beings and things. Man lived in the supernatural and by the supernatural; he personified the forces of nature; to pristine remedies he joined rites, mysterious words and ceremonies, which ought not only to drive away evil, but secure the aid of the good spirits. And the beliefs, the practices, and the superstitions of the deep strata of the people to-day represent but the science of preceding ages. The recitals of St. Hubert, and other anti-hydrophobia saints; the rites, pilgrimages and popular remedies are graphically and humorously told. The "Dog's Mass" is strange, but not more strange, remarks M. Gaidoz, than the "Pig's Mass," celebrated in honour of St. Anthony by the pork butchers. To-day, at the opening of the sporting season, the mass of St. Hubert is still celebrated at Chantilly, the estate of the Duc d'Aumale, where the hounds and the populace of dogs, of high and low degree, are gathered round the forest chapel, while sportsmen pray that their dogs may be preserved from dangerous bites, and themselves from moving accidents of flood and field.

It is a relic of paganism. Thus the Gauls had the custom to invoke, before setting out to hunt, Diana, the goddess of hunting, Apollo, Pan and Mercury, who reigned over the roads, and the spirits that ruled the mountains. That devotion accomplished, good luck was to be expected; the dogs would escape wounds and the horses accidents. Xenophon alludes to the prayers addressed to Diana and Apollo, to whom the first fruits of the chase were offered. In the case of St. Hubert, his chaplains had two distinct anti-rabic cures, viz., incision and cauterizing. An incision was made on the forehead of the pilgrim, and a filament,

from the miraculous stole of St. Hubert, placed therein. This was the remedy when the person bled from the bite of an animal presumed to be mad. Light cauterization was the treatment in other cases, and especially for children, its efficacy being either for a fixed time or for life. St. Hubert lived, moved and had his being in the forest of Ardenne, where he met the lady who converted him to Christianity. His miraculous chapel is reported yet to exist in Belgian Ardenne, and at the opening of the sporting season still numerous disciples of Nimrod repair there to be cauterized as a "precaution" against bites, etc., of wolves, bears, dogs, etc. The hotel keeper in the vicinity recommends any incredulous pilgrims, if they are not satisfied, to "try Pasteur at Paris." A red hot wire *versus* vaccine.

MARIE THERÈSE IMPÉRATRICE. By the Duc de Broglie. (C. Levy). The author is devoting his political leisure to writing the history of the eighteenth century, from original diplomatic documents. Eighteen volumes represent the outcome of that task, and the present two, dealing more especially with the Empress Maria-Theresa for the defence of her throne, are very appropriately dedicated to her. They supply a parallel between the sentimental policy of Louis XV. and the virile energy of Maria-Theresa. At a moment when France appeared to have sunk into effeminacy, a woman, single-handed, badly seconded by her surroundings, with troops inferior to those of France, and commanded by generals of third rate talent, thought and acted as a king. Her agents may be crushed, her orders inadequately executed, but nothing shakes her courage. Even when disappointed in her hopes, and deceived in her plans, she commences the struggle with fresh tenacity, and, while pursuing Fortune, compels the Goddess to halt and smile.

On the side of Louis XV. we are in presence of shallow theories, philosophical verbiage, witticisms and illusions. There was poesy and grandeur round the actions of Maria Theresa; there was debauchery and *insouciance* in the conduct of Louis. Her majesty knew her own mind, and that of her subjects; she had a concrete aim and full comprehension of the means of its attainment. There was a third and contemporary monarch, who figured in the game of overthrowing kingdoms, of tearing up treaties, and of land-grabbing—Frederick II. of Prussia. "Father Fritz," in the war against the House of Austria, was the most unreliable ally France ever worked with. The more he snubbed, ridiculed, and deceived the French, the more they took to him. The more he proved a traitor, the more he ranked, apparently, as a favourite at Versailles. He seemed to have hypnotised the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis d'Argenson—and the French nation as well.

The philosophical French sympathized with the philosophical Frederick; Voltaire's encomiums of Berlin hushed all suspicions, salved all humiliations, pardoned all treasons respecting Prussia, at Versailles; Frederick, consequently abandoned the French whenever it was his interest to do so; he satirized their generals, their army, their statesmen and their king. After the battle of Fontenoy he told the French ambassador the victory was useless to the French, whom he desired to see, not out of Flanders, but beyond the Rhine. In a postscript of two lines, Frederick complimented Louis on his victory; a victory that no more concerned Prussia than a Gallic triumph at Pekin or Troy. The French Ambassador, De Valori, accompanied Frederick in his campaigns, to spur his majesty's zeal. The king lodged him on straw, in out-of-the-way places, along with the army attendants, recommending him to return to his fellow ambassadors at Berlin, if he disliked his quarters.

France subordinated all her policy to the maintenance of good relations with Frederick; yet that did not prevent Prussia from concluding a separate peace with Austria, and leaving France to look after herself. Frederick did not care a fig what opinion was formed of him, like Richelieu and Mazarin, he laboured boldly and resolutely for the rapid aggrandizement of his country, utterly regardless of the ways and means. After Frederick himself, the most powerful artizans in the building up of the Prussian monarchy were the French. Had Maria-Theresa at the time found at Versailles men of political foresight to second her intelligence and energy, the Prussian kingdom might have been suffocated in the egg, and both Austria and France spared the common misfortune of Sadowa and Sedan. The battle of Fontenoy is well told. Louis was present and the Dauphin, and it was thus putting back history four centuries; to the days of the Black Prince and King John; to Crecy and Poitiers. "Since the latter, said Louis, "no King of France has met the English face to face." And when a spent cannon ball fell at his majesty's feet, he kicked it towards the Dauphin, and laughing said: "Send that back to those fellows, I desire to keep nothing belonging to them." The author does full justice to both combatants, where the allies lost 10,000 men and the French 7,000, among the latter 400 officers, the flower of the French nobility. The victory was decided by a charge of the Irish brigade; now the Duc de Broglie, like other historian fails to remember that fact. Yet Cæsar ought to get his due. All that Fontenoy gained, diplomacy took back.

FEMMES DANS L'HISTOIRE. By Madame de Witt (Hachette). This is a writer of race, for Guizot taught all his family to write, and while urging the French to put money in their purses, he impressed upon his children to get knowledge and understanding—Madame de Witt, to wit. Only a woman, it is said, can dissect a woman, as the authoress here displays, in her skilful use of the literary

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scalpel on historical ladies. Madame Necker is agreeably handled; that young wife of the elderly and famous financier came to Paris from her Swiss home, as innocent as the Edelweiss of her native mountains. A profound stock of knowledge and exemplary virtue constituted the fortune of Pastor Curchod's daughter. She believed that letters were the key to society, and that books formed the pabulum for material wisdom. Error! In society she was a failure, because ignorant of its hypocrisies and untuned to its deceptions. So awkward was she in manner, that she composed rules of etiquette for her own guidance, and broke down in their application. She was a stranger to the *agrémens* of manners, to the mundane tone of Paris, and had neither taste in her dress, nor gracefulness in her carriage. These drawbacks descended to her celebrated daughter—Madame de Staël. She lived and combated for virtue, at an epoch when that was as difficult to find as cash for the French treasury. The sketch of the Marquis de Lafayette's wife is spirited. The famous general, who contributed so much to American Independence, and to transplant republicanism into France, was married at sixteen—when an orphan, his wife being but fourteen. It was only when her husband went to join his regiment that she learned to love him, and next, insisted on following him to the wars. She was a materialist, but consented to be confirmed a twelvemonth after her marriage. By-the-by, the authoress retains the particle *de*, in Lafayette's name. The general repudiated that aristocratic hall-mark; and his family have ever done so since. The Municipality of Paris called one of the longest streets, "De Lafayette," in honour of the general; his family compelled the 500 name plates to be taken down and painted "Lafayette," as at present. Thousands would be glad to own the *de*.

THE LAST LESSON.

A STORY OF A LITTLE ALSATIAN.

ONE morning I was very late in going to school, and I was in great fear lest I should be scolded, especially as M. Hamel had told us that he should question us on participles, about which I did not know the first word. For a moment I thought of playing truant and spending my day in the fields.

It was such a warm and pleasant day.

The birds were singing at the edge of the woods, and in the Rippert meadow behind the saw-mill the Prussians were drilling. All this was much more tempting to me than the rule of participles; but I had the strength to resist, and ran to school as fast as I could.

As I passed by the mayor's office, I saw that there were people gathered about the little bulletin-board. From there for two years had come all the bad news, of battles lost, of drafts, of official orders; and I thought without stopping:

"What's up now?"

Then, as I crossed the square on the run, the blacksmith Wachter, who was there with his apprentice engaged in reading the handbill, shouted at me:

"Don't hurry, little fellow; you will get to school soon enough."

I thought he was making fun of me, and I entered M. Hamel's little school-room all out of breath.

Usually, at the opening of school, there was a great stir and noise that could be heard even in the street,—opening and shutting desks, lessons recited aloud in unison, with ears stopped up in order to learn the better, and the teacher's heavy ruler rapping on the tables:

"A little silence!"

I counted on all this stir to enable me to gain my bench without being seen; but that day it happened to be perfectly quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades already arranged in their places, and M. Hamel passing back and forth with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of this great stillness. You can imagine how red and frightened I was.

Well, no. M. Hamel looked at me without anger and said to me very gently:

"Go quickly to your seat, my little Frantz; we were about to begin without you."

I went to my desk and sat down directly. Then only, a little recovered from my fright, I noticed that our teacher wore his beautiful green coat, his fine plaited frill, and the embroidered black silk skull-cap which he put on only on examination days and when prizes were to be awarded. And in the appearance of the scholars, too, there was something extraordinary and solemn. But what surprised me most was to see at the back of the room, on the benches that usually were empty, people of the village seated and silent like ourselves,—the aged Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postman, and others besides. They all seemed sad, and Hauser had brought an old primer worn at the edges, which he held wide open on his knees, with his big spectacles laid across the pages.

In the midst of my astonishment, M. Hamel went to his desk, and, in the same gentle and serious voice with which he had received me, he said to us:

"My children, this is the last time that I shall give you a lesson. An order has come from Berlin that hereafter only German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher comes to-morrow, To-day you will receive your last lesson in French. I beg you to be very attentive."

These few words completely upset me. Ah! the wretches, that was what they had posted at the mayor's office.

My last lesson in French!

And I who scarcely knew how to write! I should never learn, then! How I now regretted the lost time, the lessons missed in order to hunt birds' nests or go skating on the Saar! My books, which only a few moments before I had found so tiresome, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my sacred history, seemed to me now like old friends, from whom it would give me much pain to part. And I felt the same towards M. Hamel. The idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget the punishments, the blows from the ruler.

Poor man!

It was in honour of this last lesson that he had put on his handsome Sunday clothes, and now I understood why these old people of the village had come to sit in the back part of the room. It seemed like a confession of regret that they had not visited the school oftener. It was also a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of good service, and of fulfilling their duties to the departing country.

I had got so far in my reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to repeat in full that famous rule of participles in a loud, clear voice, without an error! But I became confused over the very first words, and I remained standing, balancing myself at my bench, with a heavy heart, not daring to raise my head. I heard M. Hamel speaking to me:

"I will not scold you, my little Frantz; you must be punished enough. That's the way it is. Every day we say to ourselves: 'Bah! I have plenty of time; I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens. Ah! it has been the great misfortune of our Alsace to always postpone its instruction till to-morrow. Now these people have a right to say to us: 'What! you pretend to be Frenchmen, and you don't know how to write or speak your own language!' In all this, my poor Frantz, you are not the most guilty. We all come in for a good share of self-reproach.

"Your parents have not taken a sufficient interest in your instruction. They preferred to send you to work in the fields or in the mills in order to gain a few extra pennies. And have I not also reason to reproach myself? Have I not often watered my garden, when I ought to have been working? And when I wanted to go trout-fishing, have I shown any hesitation about dismissing school?"

Then, going from one thing to another, M. Hamel began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the finest language in the world, the clearest, the most solid; that we must preserve it among ourselves and never forget it, because, when a people falls into slavery, provided it keeps its language, it holds, as it were, the key to its prison-house. Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was surprised to find how well I understood it. All that he said seemed to me easy, easy. I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never been so patient in his explanations. One would have said that the poor man wished, before going away, to give us all his knowledge, to put his entire self into our heads at one sitting.

The lesson over, we passed on to writing. For that day M. Hamel had prepared for us entirely new copies, upon which were written in a beautiful round hand: *France, Alsace, France, Alsace*. These had the appearance of little flags, all around the school-room, flying proudly from our desks. You should have seen how everyone applied himself, and what silence prevailed! There was nothing to be heard except the scratching of the pens upon the paper. At one time some maybugs flew into the room, but no one paid any attention to them, not even the smallest scholars, who applied themselves to tracing their pot-hooks with as much heart and conscience as if those too were French. On the roof of the school-house pigeons were softly cooing, and I said to myself as I listened to them:

"Will they not oblige them to sing in German, too?"

From time to time, when I lifted my eyes from the page, I saw M. Hamel motionless in his chair and looking steadily at the objects about him, as if trying to fix upon his mind a permanent impression of the little school-house. Think of it! For forty years he had been there in one place, with his yard in front and his school-room always the same. Only the benches and desks had become polished and rubbed by use, the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and the hop-vines that he had planted himself now twined about the windows and up to the roof. What heart-torture it must be to this poor man to leave all these things and to hear his sister moving about in the room above engaged in packing their trunks! For they were to start the next day, and leave the country forever.

Nevertheless he had the courage to continue the session to the end. After the writing, we had the lesson in history; then the little ones sang the BA BE BI BO BU. In the back part of the room the aged Hauser had put on his spectacles, and, holding his primer in both hands, he spelled out the letters with them. One could see that he too applied himself; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all had a desire to both laugh and cry. Ah! I shall remember it, that last lesson.

Suddenly the clock struck the hour of noon, and then the Angelus. At the same time the trumpets of the Prussians returning from their drill sounded under our windows.

M. Hamel arose with a pale face. Never had he seemed to me so tall.

"My friends," said he, "my friends, I . . . I . . ."

But something stifled him. He could not finish his sentence.

Then he turned to the black-board, took a piece of chalk, and bearing on with all his might, he wrote in bold a hand as he could:—"Vive la France!"

Then he remained there, with his head resting against the wall, and without speaking, he made a gesture with his hand that signified:

"It is finished . . . you may go."—*Alphonse Daudet, in The Transatlantic.*

THE SERAPH'S TASK.

WHEN the fiat of creation
Was thundered from the Throne,
And borne on the winds of the echoes,
To the void, where Space alone,
On his mighty dais seated,
Swayed a despot-sceptre far
O'er the realms of endless distance
To the path of the nearest star,
I stood in the ranks of the seraphs
With my flaming wings outspread,
The halo of heaven's lustre
In light-waves over my head.
Then a sweet, soft voice flew to me,
A page by the Master sent,
A messenger golden-throated,
And in homage low I bent.
"Fill up a measureless chalice
To the very brim," it said,
"From the font of Love, and follow
Where the angel of light has led,
And over the new world flutter
Your ceaseless wings and drain
From the bounteous cup o'erflowing
The precious heavenly rain
On the souls of mortals henceforth
Till earth's brief day is done."
With a sweep of my swift wings downward
I circled the shining sun,
And reached the puny planet,
Where the pigmy swarms of men
Live out their lives in a moment,
Are buried away, and then
Their places are taken by others,
Who struggle, delve and toil,
And fight like hungry demons
For possession of the soil.
O'er the seething mob I flourish
My goblet brimming o'er,
And anoint the ocean's billows,
The land from shore to shore.
I visit the hut on the highway,
The shanty in the swale,
The cabin upon the prairie,
The cot in the flowery vale,
The camp on the lichened ramparts
Of the miner-tunnelled rock,
The light-house lone that the tempests
Assail with savage shock,
The palace of the noble,
The lodge of the porter old,
The squalid hovel filthy,
In the slums that the cities hold.
The young and the old regardless,
The saint and the sinner alike,
The rich and the poor my showers
In gleaming dashes strike.
To some they bring endless sorrow,
To some unbounded joy,
And to some that saddened pleasure,
The trouble of Love's alloy.
At times I catch the echoes
Of the anthems round the Throne,
And note the glint of glories,
That wander far and lone,
And my heart leaps in my bosom
At the thought of soaring back
With the angel of light in the evening
On his home returning track,
And I hold my exhaustless measure
At arm's length in the air,
And pour with the rush of a torrent
The contents everywhere.

Stayer, Ont.

CHARLES EDWIN JAKEWAY.

ONE of the London *Daily Telegraph* men tells the New York *Sun's* London correspondent that they are seriously afraid that their chief, Sir Edwin Arnold, will settle down in Japan. "He is an Orientalist by disposition and temperament," says this sub-editor, "and the hurly-burly of the practical world has always jarred upon his sensitive organization. He is a man of the gentlest character. I never heard him use a harsh or discourteous word. He is polite to a crossing sweeper or a cabman. He would be courteous to a woman who annoyed him in the streets. In Japan he has found the exact environment he has always craved, and we very much fear that he will not return to Europe."

THE "BYSTANDER" ON EUROPEAN TOPICS.

THE bubble of "Randy's" reputation seems to have burst at last. Unscrupulous the man not only is but professes to be. In that respect, at all events, the mantle of his "Elijah" has fallen upon him. But he never had any real gift save that of talking smart rowdyism, which pleased the music halls from the lips of a lord. At least if he had any other gift it was that of intrigue. That he should have ever become a power was one of the most sinister features of the situation. Lord Salisbury showed the weakness, of which there is an element in his character, by allowing Lord Randolph's cabal against Sir Stafford Northcote to succeed, and rewarding it with the leadership of the House of Commons. He did worse. He allowed Lord Randolph to entangle him in an alliance with the Parnellites for the overthrow of the Liberal Government and to abandon the Crimes Act as the price of their support. This disgraceful and fatal move was the beginning of the mischief. It threw Gladstone into the arms of Parnell. Very different would now be the situation, and very different Lord Salisbury's own position, if he had said in answer to such tempters that though the opponent of Mr. Gladstone and desirous of ousting him from power he was before all things a British nobleman, and that he would never embarrass the Queen's Government while it was defending the integrity of the nation against foreign enemies and domestic treason. Had the grace been given him to take that course he would now be in real power. But Party is not the school of patriotism or of honour.

What dirge is loud or pathetic enough for the fall of Bismarck? It is an ominous comment on personal government that a youth fresh in power and intoxicated with it, as unsteady as he is ambitious, lurching from Chauvinism to mock Socialism, should be able at his imperial will and pleasure to cashier the creator and preserver of German unity, the man whose mighty genius has wrought what few men have ever wrought for a nation. We almost look in vain amongst the giants of history for one who has achieved such things and borne such a weight of responsibility. Bismarck's faults were but the shadows of his great qualities, while the union in him of Militarism with Liberalism was as rare as it was indispensable to the work that was to be done. The other day his work and that of Von Moltke were in danger from the intrigues of the Empress; now he is cast from power by the vanity of her son. Were the crisis of Germany's fate over, the Man of Iron might be spared, perhaps even his retirement might be seasonable as opening the way for an era not of iron; but with France and Russia in their present attitude the crisis of Germany's fate is not over, nor the crisis in Europe's fate, which is bound up with the fate of Germany. It will now be seen whether Phaeton can guide the chariot of the sun any better for having a crown upon his head. Bismarck's age makes it very doubtful whether if necessity should once more call for the man and not the shadow, he can ever take the reins again. But Herbert Bismarck, though he has hitherto appeared in an equivocal light, is said by good judges to inherit more of his father's qualities than is supposed, and to be capable of becoming, at need, the pillar of the State.

The German Emperor's attempt to outbid Socialism has met the usual and the deserved fate of such manoeuvres. His International Conference is not likely to come to much. It has proved hitherto impossible to get the working-men of different nations to agree to the same restrictions; and if the workman of one nation handicaps himself those of the other nations will take advantage of him. The English workman under the guidance of Mr. Burns is in a fair way to drive trade from England.

Socialism is a very vague term and is being much misapplied. Genuine Socialism means nothing less than the total subversion of a civilization founded on industrial liberty, private contract and private property. This has not yet anywhere made great way or got political power into its hands. On this Continent it has scarcely gained a footing even in opinion. In France, or rather at Paris in 1848, it for a moment, in the person of Louis Blanc, mounted to power and founded the national workshops which at once and ignominiously failed. But the name "Socialistic" is applied to mere extensions of the action of the Government, the limit of whose regulative functions must always be a question of experience, and may vary greatly in different circumstances, in different stages of civilization and in different nations. There are people who call the factory laws socialistic and exult in them as a triumph over political economy, as though any sane economist had ever denied that law must protect those who cannot protect themselves. All law restrains liberty of private action, and might, at this rate, be called Socialistic. Factory laws are so far from being opposed to political economy that they fulfil its purposes by preserving the efficiency of labour which would be marred by overworking the child or the mother. State construction and ownership of railways and telegraphs, again, whether desirable or not, are no more a breach of the laws of political economy than State construction and ownership of highways and ships of war. As to German Socialism it appears to be in the main a local revolt against the military system, the burden of taxation, and the grinding usury of the Jew. The same people when they come over here are, with the exception of a few maniacs such as Herr Most, quiet and ordinary citizens. Reduction of armaments is what Germany above all countries needs; but it is hardly possible

while Russia on one side and France on the other continue to grind their swords. To imagine that the Pope could be accepted as arbiter of disarmament is preposterous. He would disarm the Protestant nations.

The world is sometimes led by verbal fallacies into practical errors. We have mentioned as an instance of this the word "money," the equivocal use of which has led Governments to fancy that because it was their province to guarantee and regulate the coin it was also their province and their right to regulate the circulation of bank-bills and appropriate the profit, "Labour" is another fallacious word, which is betraying us into practical aberrations. We talk of labour, the dignity of labour and the claims, applying the terms solely to those who labour with their hands, in fact almost exclusively to the mechanics. All alike labour—the farmer, the storekeeper, the clerk, the millowner, the schoolmaster, the lawyer, the minister and the physicians, as well as the mechanic—though nobody proposes for anybody but the mechanic an eight-hour law. The farmer at times works fifteen hours and the lawyer as much. Labour is simply the means by which all but the few who have inherited property live: there is no dignity about it except that which belongs to work well done; nor can any man or set of men claim special privileges or honour in its name. On this subject there is a good deal of nonsense to be cleared away. People are repeating the complaint of John Stuart Mill that hardly any of the working-class labour for themselves, meaning that they do not themselves use or consume what they make. Who does? The pastry-cook does not eat her own pies, nor the druggist swallow his own pills. All who work work for wages in one form or another, not for the specific article which they produce. Let us not make sham grievances when there are real grievances enough in the world.

The strong point of the Russian character is not veracity and, Stepniak is a Russian. We receive then, with allowance all narratives of atrocities which come from that quarter. But whatever may have happened no man who has not taken leave of good sense and morality will give his sympathy to Nihilism. Nihilism, like the Clan-na-Gael, is a murder club; and no murder club ever helped or ever will help the progress of humanity. Nihilism is believed to be made up chiefly of five elements, not one of which is likely to lead the world or any community in the path of wisdom: wild students, the women whom they inspire, dismissed or discontented servants of the Government, intriguing Jews, and destitute sons of the clergy. The clergy in Russia are all married, are all poor, and their sons, too much educated to stoop to manual labour, are often, in the close hierarchy of Russian professions and callings, unable to find a place. The creed of the Nihilists is destruction, not political only, but social, domestic and moral. They do not represent the Russian people, who, if the question were to-morrow put to a vote, would decide by an overwhelming majority in favour of the autocracy of the Czar. Their only constituency is Chaos. The effect of their murderous agitation has been to discredit moderate reforms which were before making way, and to silence moderate reformers who are afraid of being tainted by the association. Alexander II. not only emancipated the serfs but outstripped both the aptitudes and wishes of the people in grants of local self-government. His reward was assassination. His heir was not likely to follow in his footsteps. Nor is it surprising that the constant fear of assassination, notoriously the most maddening of all fears, should goad the Czar to acts of cruelty, the responsibility for which falls mainly on the Nihilists themselves.

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.*

ENCASED in a cover of matchless purity, and set forth in the clearest type, is "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Prof. Henry Drummond, a short but powerful lecture delivered by him to the students of Northfield, Mass., and now translated into several languages. With such a subject, immeasurable, infinite, in its height, breadth, and depth of results, it does not strike the reader as wonderful that the lecturer has been able to handle it in so clear and succinct a manner—a manner, however, appealing strongly to his hearers, especially to those eager to grasp at the tangibilities of life.

It has been a well propounded theory of other able writers, that the chief characteristic of a great man—the essential to a successful life, the pure golden thread woven into the texture of the Heroic—is sympathy with whatever cause one makes the aim and object of life.

This living, acting, absorbing sympathy or love is not only the foundation of greatness, but is the necessary cause of every particular achievement, the mainspring of all arts and sciences, and the very essence of philanthropy.

And so Professor Drummond, in a higher and more spiritual sense, inculcates his theory, based on the words and ensample of the world's Redeemer, that Love, and not Faith, is "The Greatest Thing in the World," regarding our relations to God and man, enfolding in its wide spread arms the moral laws, the lesser attributes and higher graces.

Taking St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xiii.) as his thesis, he declares the supreme good of this life to be "Love"—greater than Faith, because the "end is

*"The Greatest Thing in the World." By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Toronto: Williamson and Company.

greater than the means;" above Charity, because "the whole is greater than the part."

With a threefold division of this chapter he proves his argument by "Contrast," "Analysis," and a most noble "Defence." In the latter, his reason for singling it out as a supreme possession from a world where all is fleeting, temporary, passing away is because it is "lasting," a certain and sure "survival of the fittest." Prophecies, Tongues, Knowledge, all vanish as a dream; "whatever we are stretches past what we do—beyond what we possess." The immortal soul must give itself to something that is immortal, to "Faith, Hope, Love, but the greatest of these is Love."

And this Love that the Lecturer exalts to the topmost pinnacle has its origin and infinitude in the Incarnation—a love of which man has in his heart but a faint echo, a slowly expanding overflow. If man had not the eternal horizon of the Divine Passion of God on which to gaze, human love would be unutterable anguish.

Professor Drummond concludes with the startling fact that the final test of religion will not be religiousness but love—a withholding of which is a negation of Christ himself. Before the Son of man, in the presence of humanity we shall be charged, and the words will "sound not of Theology, but of Life." M. E. A.

MONTGOMERY.

A MAN whom flirting Fortune oft annoyed
By anxious epochs in a fight for bread;
Though falt'ring some when hope had well nigh fled,
A poet's solace on life's wave him buoyed,
Nor suffered in despondency to drown
Amid the surgings of inclement need.
For on the fruits of Paradise they feed
Who court the muses more than earth's renown.
'Twas his to ask at high Elysium's gate
Admittance to its hallowed precincts' gleam,
And walk with vested seraphs in the dream
Of inspiration, which would him translate.
Companion of the blest, he learned their psalms,
To find in them below soul-soothing balms.

Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

GOLD AND SILVER WASTE.

A PAPER of practical interest was read by Mr. J. F. Latimer at the last meeting of the Mineralogy branch of the Canadian Institute, on "Gold and silver waste and its utilization." He said the chief occasions of waste of the metals arose out of the very fact of their comparative indestructibility determining their use in peculiarly exposed positions. He referred to the chief sources of waste as erosion of gold and silver coin, and of jewelry, silver-plate, plated ware, and watch cases; loss in the operation of gilding, polishing, dentistry and photography—the waste in many cases becoming a total loss, and of so serious a character that, were it not for the fresh supplies delved from the mines, the precious metals would soon be at a premium. The loss from the wear of coin alone throughout the world is estimated at some \$300,000 per annum. Add to this, loss by wearing away of jewellery, watch cases and domestic articles, accidental loss by fire and flood, and unavoidable loss in the arts and industries, and the sum total will amount to upwards of \$1,000,000, probably nearer a million and a half every year.

Very much more than this is recovered from accumulated waste in the same range of operations. A single firm, the American Watch Case Company in this city, receives for their rough waste, exclusive of the richer turnings and filings, about \$3,000 per annum. Messrs. Brown Bros., perhaps the largest users of gold leaf in the city, recover about \$350 from the fragmentary gold leaf saved; and a single purchaser of the same material in Toronto receives about \$2,000 annually. The waste of silver through photography in Toronto alone every year would be in the vicinity of \$2,500. Much of the silver in this waste is now recovered, but a large portion is still lost in the washings, toning baths, films and emulsions. Most of the loss occurs through want of facilities for saving and precipitating the solutions, want of knowledge of the methods, or want of appreciation of the gradual accumulation of consequential value. Most of the silver could be extracted from this waste by burning out the combustible matter and then fusing with a suitable flux; but the silver obtained would need to be refined to prepare it for market.

The solutions are precipitated by common salt, as chlorides, or by sulphides of the alkalis, as sulphides, the sulphur is driven off by heat and the residue fused with an alkaline carbonate. Silver chloride, being volatile at a high temperature, should be carefully fused with a little nitrate of potash to oxidize any base metals present, and sufficient carbonate of soda to absorb all the chlorine; or, better still, should first be reduced by hydrogen and fused afterward. Gold solutions may be precipitated by sulphate of iron; but sufficient muriatic acid should be added to hold the iron in solution, otherwise oxide of iron would gradually precipitate and become mixed with the precipitate of gold.

There is room for profitable employment of capital in large reduction works in Toronto; but for all the purposes for which such works would be required machinery and appliances to the value of about \$10,000 would be necessary.

IS THERE A DOMINANT RACE?

SLOWLY and steadily, by a peaceful process of natural selection, the Celt is swamping the Teuton in Britain. More than any other British type, he retains unimpaired the reproductive faculty of early and vigorous races. Already he possesses nearly half the voting power of the United Kingdom; and he must needs increase while the so called Saxon decreases, because all the great feeding-beds of towns, the nurseries of men, are situated in the Celtic half of Britain, while the Teutonic half of the population, being largely urban and therefore decadent, can only be kept up at its full level by continuous importation from these more wholesome breeding-places. Those who fear such a change, however, fall into a grave error as to the nature of race distinctions. They are in most cases themselves quite half Celtic by birth; and there is no real danger of the Celtic element making any change for the worse in the state of Britain, because, as a matter of fact, a very great proportion of what is best in our mixed population is and has always been of largely Celtic origin. The truth is, we talk glibly enough in our hasty way about Celts and Saxons, but who is Celt and who is Saxon, it would puzzle the best ethnographer among us all to determine with the slightest approach to accuracy. There are men still living in many parts of Britain whose skulls exactly resemble in every measurable particular the skulls of the very earliest preglacial inhabitants. The great lesson driven in upon us by the irrefragable conclusions of modern ethnography is the lesson of the folly and futility of all race rivalries and race animosities. Not only is it true that God has made of one blood all the nations upon earth, but it is also true that the blood of all nations is so mixed and so blended that no pure race now exists anywhere in civilized Europe, Asia, or America. Nor has it ever been clearly shown that any one stock, in Europe at least, is intellectually or morally superior to any other. For years, for example, it has been usual to regard the fair-haired and blue-eyed type as the true Aryans, and as the highest embodiment of European culture. But the most recent historian of the Aryans, Canon Isaac Taylor, has shown grave reasons for doubting this supposed pedigree, and has pointed out that culture belongs historically rather to the smaller and darker people of central Europe than to the big-bodied and fair-haired Scandinavian mountaineers. The tall blue-eyed race has everywhere in Europe formed, by conquest, for several centuries, the dominant aristocracy; but the men of thought, the men of art, the men of leading, and the men of letters, have belonged, if anything, rather to the smaller and conquered than to the larger, fairer, and conquering type. On a balance of all good qualities, mental and bodily, I believe no one race can be shown to possess any marked superiority, all round, to another; but if in energy and activity of a military sort the so-called Teutonic type has the best of it, in brain and eye the so-called Celt seems on the other hand to have somewhat the advantage.

It has been shown pretty conclusively that English poetry and English art have been mostly Celtic, while English engineering and English politics have been mainly Teutonic. Nor is that all. Even this mild form of dogmatizing on race superiority is itself deceptive; for there are no pure Celts, and there are no pure Teutons. All over Britain the intermixture is so intricate and so nice that one can hardly do more than say roughly of such and such a given large area that it is on the whole a trifle more Celtic or a trifle more Teutonic than such and such another. And the moral of this is, as the Duchess would have said to Alice, let us not be excessively puffed up with personal pride because we think ourselves, on one side out of a hundred, of pure Norman origin; and let us not despise our fellow-subjects anywhere because we imagine they have a smaller fraction of the blue Aryan blood, whatever that may be (a most doubtful point) than some of the rest of us. Everybody is a bit of a Norman and a bit of a chimneysweep. The very same people who are noble here are roturier there; the very same physical characteristics that mark in one place the haughty ruling caste mark in another the crouching pariah or the leper whom his neighbours shun with religious awe for fear of ceremonial contamination. In Spain, the Hidalgo is the Hi-d-al-go, the son of the Goth, the representative of the conquering Teutonic overlords; but just north of the Pyrenees his brother, the Cagot, is the dog of a Goth, the heretical Arian refugee, who refused to conform to Catholic usage, and whose descendants, therefore, till lately entered the church, like accursed beings, by a separate doorway. It is the same everywhere. The race that for the time being has the upper hand anywhere prides itself largely upon its noble and masterful manly qualities; it despises with all its heart the servile characteristics of the servile race. Change their places and you change their natures. The servile race becomes in broader circumstances generous and wide-minded; the degraded overlords sink forthwith into ignoble serfs. So the Saxon went down before the Dane, and the Dane before the Norman; and in the second generation after the conquest the English-born gentleman of Frisian blood degenerated into farmer Godric, the illiterate churl whom the mailed Norman knight despised as a vulgar boor. No race of slaves was ever anything on earth but slavish; no race of nobles ever failed to develop the chivalrous qualities of courtly life. Even the unspeakable Turk himself is "at least a gentleman," say his friendly apologists; and the southern slave-holder, whatever might be the vices of his private life, had usually the dignified and complacent manners of a Louis Quinze nobleman.—Grant Allen in the English Illustrated Magazine for March.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

Sparks from the anvil! sunlight gilds the plain!
Gentles! the Blacksmith is at work again.

To give—an' giving pinches us,—is generosity,
The gift that costs us nought is often vanity.

"Pay as you go," the preachers loudly cry, and yet
A church is not respectable till it's in debt.

The married butterfly is one, who sipping, loves to roam
Always at home, save when, alas! the rascal is at home.

Who deems himself a trenchant satirist,
Is often but a fifth rate pessimist.

The farmer's hireling breathes a purer air
Than the bank-clerk or bloated millionaire.

Some people are the very deuce
At raising hopes—only to dash 'em,
One half their lives are promises,
The other half they live to smash 'em.

If girls who're "tailor-made" most suit the men,
Then the tailor's shears are mightier than the pen.

They say "No mind has yet been found
To make a rhyme with month,"
Trot out old Pope who *liep'd* in rhymes,
He'd do the thing at *wouth*.

Beware the scriptural business man,
He who cants will ever-reach,
The wise hen seeks the highest perch
When Sir Reynard 'gins to preach.

Lust goes no warfare at his own expense,
His *quid pro quo*, with interest, he gains
Who loans out pleasure to the youthful heart
That pays him back with body, soul, and brains.

All labour's dignified, of course,—but still
We wouldn't have a Caesar carrying "swill."
Nor Hannibal, stern, dignified, and grand,
Running a Carthaginian pea-nut stand.

This it is disturbs my slumber,
This it is that flecks my hair,
If two pears be not an apple
Can two apples be a pair.

We covet that which we most lack. But see
The low born snob invent a pedigree
And *Lion couchant* crest that should have been
A mushroom rampant on a field of green.

The shark guffaws when people say
That human beauty's but skin deep,
And *Leo* roars about the day
When *Agnus* by his side shall sleep.

Her father and her elder brother twain
Saw Ethel in the act of osculation,
Her lover says he got those two black eyes
As the result of "relative observation."

Bereavement leaves the Son of Dives richer still,
It leaves the poor man poorer by a funeral bill,
And somehow, reader, strange as it may seem to you
The rich man's oft the shabbier funeral of the two.

Though "we sing of the realms of the Blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,"
We're uncommonly loath, if it must be confessed,
To leave *this* for the land over there."

One nuisance Father Adam miss'd
In the brave old days of yore,
He wasn't ask'd by Mother Eve
"Have you ever lov'd before?"

"Poor shots; them cockney gents? Poor shots is they?"
(And these old Dick, the keeper's, diplomatic words)
"Hi don't say that exact, but this hi'll say,
As 'ow they's werry *marciful* to birds."

The man who makes no enemies,
That man lacks balance as a rule,
But he who makes a needless foe,
Is, by long odds, the bigger fool.

"Quick!" quoth the gentleman *who's nameless*, "begone!
Leave these fair halls of mine, or I'm undone,
Up with the drawbridge swiftly!—Warders—he!
Take in a railroad *magnate*?—Not for Joe!
For if I did he'd beg, or sell, or steal
Myself and every *water-front* in Sheol."

The still, small voice breathes a more potent call
Than the loud utterance of Anger's thrall
As, when soft dews (that weave the shroud of night)
Obscure the landscape from the brakesman's sight
As, wearily he treads his lefty round
Unnotic'd falls the shrilly warning on his ear
Yet neath the *Batt's** caress of softened sound
Instinct awakes—the deadly arch is near.

Reverse, well used, is victory in disguise,
Bereft of its true effort wanes and dies,
Undue success is worse than dire defeat,
Capua was more disastrous than retreat,
For he, who by the Capuan ease undone,
Dishonour'd, forfeits that which Cannæ won,
And greater he who, oft defeated, still
Fights on, untamed and undismay'd, until
His steady courage bears his foeman down,
And wrests from him the victor's laurel crown.

Silent the anvil! Shadows veil the plain,
Gentles! a fair good night—we meet again.

THE BLACKSMITH.

* The Batt is a long line of thin leather strips hanging over the track. When the standing brakesman feels their light touch in passing at night he is thus silently warned that a bridge is being approached.

ART NOTES.

No fewer than ten lady students were among the successful competitors at the Royal Academy Schools this year, among them Miss Gertrude Hammond, whose design for the decoration of a portion of a building was deemed so excellent by the Council that the artist is to be given an opportunity of carrying it out.

THE exhibition of pictures illustrative of Art and Sport opened in London, Eng., near the end of January has not called together so many good pictures as was expected. Rubens and Snyders, Landseer and Morland, Fyt, Pard de Vos and Cuyp are all represented, but the exhibition as a whole has emphasized the fact that good animal pictures are much rarer than portraits, landscapes or *genre* pieces.

POSSIBLY to appease the discontent amongst English artists with the distribution of medals at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, Sir Frederick Leighton has been made a commander and Mr. Herkomer an officer of the Legion of Honour, while Messrs. Oulless, R.A.; Moore, A.R.A.; Leader, A.R.A.; Burne Jones, A.R.A., and Whistler have been nominated knights. In the American section Mr. Ridgway Knight and Alex. Harrison have received similar distinctions.

SINCE 1885 the Royal Academy has adopted the plan of having designs for decoration of public buildings carried out by the successful student, and the Autotype Company has just issued a reproduction of the first prize design so carried out, which is said to be a great triumph of photography. It is by Mr. Herbert Draper, and although it lacks the dignity of the great masters, it has a charm of its own and will give pleasure to many who see it. The subject is "Spring," with many figures of children, birds and blossoms, and it is executed by Mr. Draper on the wall in the nurses' refectory at Guy's Hospital.

THE object of the English "Art for Schools Association" is an admirable one. It is to supply schools at a reasonable price with adequate reproduction of works of art both ancient and modern. The importance of surrounding children with pictures which shall cultivate their sense of the beautiful can scarcely be overestimated. The debasing effect of the cheap German oleograph has to be counteracted, and the society which undertakes this work deserves all the support which the public can give it. The Association was primarily formed to minister to the needs of elementary schools, but it now numbers among its customers several public schools and a large number of secondary schools. This Association is able to give its subscribers more than a full equivalent for any aid it may receive, as good productions of the best works are procured at very low prices in quantities. It would be a great boon to the rising generation of Canada, if a similar scheme could be put in operation here, and there is little doubt that more lasting benefit would be received from a study of copies of good art than from the feeble attempts at teaching drawing and design in the public schools which amount to little or nothing in educating either the eye or the hand of the children, who cannot, in the multiplicity of studies demanding attention, devote sufficient time to attain any amount of facility with the pencil. A few lectures on the art of seeing and the picturesque, with a portfolio of examples to discourse on, would leave more impression on the minds of children and teach them more about seeing as artists see them than many hours of perfunctory drawing lessons of the usual kind.

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE London County Council has abandoned its scheme of compelling actors to take out licenses.

THE recital to be given by Dr. Von Bülow promises to equal the Sarasate D'Albert concert in interest.

LIONEL BROUGH is reported to be making a fortune out of his performances in Africa at the diamond fields.

A TRIAL has taken place at Prague of Dvorak's new symphony in G, composed for the Philharmonic Society, and it is spoken of in the highest terms by the musicians present.

PROF. CARL REINECKE has orchestrated his cycle of piano pieces entitled "From the Cradle to the Grave," and produced it at a Gewandhaus concert. The orchestration is said to be most graceful and appropriate.

SARAH BERNHARDT is making ready to play "Cleopatra." Nothing if not original, her European Queen will be black; of course, not coal black, but chocolate-coloured, like the modern Egyptian mule-driver of the streets of Cairo.

LEOPOLD LEWIS, the adapter of "The Bells," told a friend just before his death that Mr. Irving had for many years paid him privately an allowance sufficient for all his wants in recognition of the opportunity provided for him in "Mathias."

F. R. BENSON's production of "Hamlet" at the London Globe Theatre appears to be chiefly remarkable for the conversational tone adopted by the melancholy Dane, who is said to exhibit small concern either about his princely dignity or the exigencies of blank verse. In the closet scene Hamlet carries a portrait of his father in his bosom, and compares it with a picture of the usurper which stands upon the Queen's dressing-table. At the words, "A king of shreds and patches," he dashes the second picture to the floor and tramples upon it.

HENRY IRVING intends to open his next season in London with a new and original poetic play by Herman Merivale, which has been in his possession for a considerable time, and is said to be a very fine dramatic work. For the purposes of the new play Mr. Irving has re-engaged William Terriss, who will take his old place in the Lyceum Company, which he only left to become the hero of Adelphi drama. The play is said to be founded on "The Bride of Lammermoor."

M. LAMOREAUX, the famous orchestral leader of Paris, can afford to keep his band together and lay out his *tournees* without thought of the material outcome of the venture. The eminent French conductor married a daughter of Dr. Pierre, inventor of a dentifrice that has long been popular in France, and that has brought millions of francs to its compounder. And it is understood that Dr. Pierre's bank account is at his son-in-law's disposal, whenever the interests of art require it to be dipped into.

AN interesting concert in Association Hall last Monday under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music revealed great talent among the members of the staff and much promise in the pupils. Mr. Harrison, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. S. H. Clark (elocutionist), Miss Dallas, Miss Gordon and Mrs. Bradley contributed some pleasing selections, and the accompaniments were rendered by Signor D'Auria. Mr. Tripp surpassed all his previous efforts in a creditable performance, though taken at a slightly too rapid pace of Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, and received a double encore. The friends of the institution were present in large numbers; the object of the concert being the purchase of a reference library.

THIS little anecdote from the *World* of yesterday conveys some notion of the tribulations of the stage manager: Miss Jeffreys Lewis, who was cast for an important part in the production of "The Knights of Tyburn," at Niblo's, on April 7, presented herself for the first time at the Academy of Music for rehearsal yesterday. To the astonishment of Stage Manager Stuart, Miss Lewis announced that she had made out a part for herself, and didn't care to play that provided for her by the management. "But, my dear madam," said Mr. Stuart, "you must stick to our text. We can't let you do what you like in this matter." Miss Jeffreys Lewis, who has been a star of high rank, was very indignant. "I must play the part as I understand it," she said. "No? Oh, very well." With that she beckoned to her little child, who had been playing with Mr. Stuart in seraphic innocence of mamma's dramatic tribulations, shook hands with the company, smiled sweetly, and left.

THE N. Y. *World* says of a Canadian lady in a recent issue: Unlike other women composers, Helen Gregory stands almost alone in her profession. She is a writer of the ultra-classical, and enjoys the distinction of having been the first woman to have conferred upon her the dual degree of Musical Bachelor and Bachelor of Arts. Few imagine the necessary capabilities required for the attainment of such honours. In the Trinity University of Toronto, Canada, from which she graduated for the degree of Musical Bachelor, four successful examinations were necessary, each embracing a course in harmony, counterpart, canon, fugue, form, history of music and instrumentation. At the last examination the student is required to write a musical composition with full orchestral accompaniment, one or two choruses of at least four or six parts, a fugal chorus and solos. In order to keep the standard as high as possible the papers are sent to England and examined by three noted professors of the University of Cambridge. All this Miss Gregory went through successfully, claiming the credit of opening Trinity University to women, which had previously issued only certificates instead of degrees. She then, at the same college, by dint of perseverance, succeeded in persuading the Senate of the University to also grant her admission to a full collegiate course, and, but a few months ago, after a three years' course of study, she graduated with honours and the degrees named.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO. By William Wetmore Story, D.O.L., Oxon. Two volumes. Boston and New York; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The conversations in these neatly made volumes are on a great variety of topics. They are chiefly about art and literature, but the speakers—there are only two—dwell rather more on letters and authors than on art and artists. Many good stories are told, some of them quite new and some even venerable, but none that we should wish to exclude. We have the anecdote so often told, in one form or another, to illustrate Wordsworth's complacent self-conceit. The poet and Douglas Jerrold "were talking together one day about Shakespeare and his wonderful plays, when Wordsworth said, 'I have often thought that I, too, could have written plays like Shakespeare's, if I had had a mind to.' 'Ah,' said Jerrold, 'I see! it is only the mind then that is wanting.'" The caustic comment is, we think, usually attributed to Charles Lamb. Shakespeare is naturally the subject of much talk; and German criticism comes in for some vigorous condemnation. Even the great Goethe is spoken of in a tone that savours strongly of disrespect. "It provokes me," M. says, "to be told, as a man constantly told, that the Germans appreciate Shakespeare more than the English, and that they have taught us of late truly to estimate him. I am sick of hearing of Schlegel, and Goethe and the next, and what they say. We might just as well tell the Italians that we English

understand Dante better than they do. Some of the German criticism is as bad as Voltaire's. . . . But the very best of it is not worth much. Even Goethe's 'Analysis of Hamlet,' much as it has been praised, seems very poor to me—not to be mentioned for insight and sympathetic sense with, for instance, Lamb, Coleridge or Hazlitt. The single phrase of Hazlitt, 'We are all of us Hamlet,' is worth all that Goethe and Schlegel ever wrote. Not that I count for much the English criticism on Shakespeare, which is very traditional for the most part, and greatly overshadowed by stage influences. . . . But the Germans have the vice of anatomizing Shakespeare, and laying him out in parts and pieces, and admiring the worst as much as the best. They find admirable reasons to show that the notoriously ungenious parts of his plays are as admirable as the others. When once they go in to praise, they praise everything. . . . In fact, take the German criticism on Shakespeare for all in all, it seems to me very commonplace. It is vehement and indiscriminate in its praise and blame, without any true critical sense. It is the same in their criticism of art."

The French are praised for their literary art, but are condemned for the plots and incidents they prefer to use. "The French generally write well—better than the English. They are neat, precise and clear in their style, and say what they mean with directness and simplicity, whereas in English we lack these qualities as a general rule. The French are more accustomed to talk, give vent to their thoughts and feelings more freely in conversation, are more impulsive and eager in their utterance, than the English, and when they write, they write more naturally."

The *motif* of many of their plays is seduction or a criminal *liaison*. They assume a condition of things which is repulsive to a just sense of honour, and impossible for pure and honest persons. . . . It is not the vice or wickedness of these French plays as much as the spirit in which they are conceived and developed that disgusts. It is the constant *inuendo* and allusion that offends. One cannot, however, deny that, given their theme, the best French authors develop it with great spirit, talent and vivacity. They are seldom tedious, heavy and boring; and, disapprove as you may, you cannot but admire the skill and literary faculty they display. . . . There are some charming plays in French, such as 'The Village,' of Octave Feuillet, which is full of pathos and tenderness of treatment and refinement of feeling; and what a pity it is that the French writers will waste their extraordinary talent on *demi-monde* subjects. There can be no doubt that they have a wonderful ease and lightness in dialogue, as well as great cleverness in the delineation of character, and skill in the development of their plot. But the subjects and incidents they choose, and the low tone of their morality and manners simply disgust one. Indeed, the stage has so fallen now that it would seem as if there must be soon a reaction towards virtue and nobleness. A pure, high-minded character now would have the effect of originality, and I cannot but think would have a fresh relish after all this low viciousness."

Let us give just one more extract about the French *à propos* of the art of conversation, for, as we are here told, "to talk well is an art, and it can be cultivated; and to listen well is equally an art." "There is nothing that charms like simplicity and unconsciousness. Freedom and naturalness are the very soul of life. The French understand this; artificial as they often are in their manners, they really know how to talk, and there is nothing more agreeable than the society of clever and educated Frenchmen. They are so light of hand, so frank, so quick, that the ball of conversation never falls. Sometimes they strive a little too much at cleverness, but they do not orate, which is the bane of social intercourse. They do not frame solemn sentences, but talk and let talk."

These almost random extracts will give the reader some idea of the quality of the conversations in these exceedingly interesting volumes, but none whatever of the almost infinite variety of topics touched upon or discussed with as much fulness as the plan of the work would permit. It is an admirable book to pick up at odd moments; for, open it where he will, the reader is sure to hit upon something entertaining, suggestive or instructive. An unusually full index facilitates reference to the subject matter of the "Conversations."

THE *Atlantic* for April opens with the first part of a paper on "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform," by Oliver T. Morton. The serials, "The Tragic Muse," "Sidney" and "The Begum's Daughter" are continued; James Thayer contributes an interesting paper on "Trial by Jury or Things Supernatural;" Albert Shaw writes about "Belgium and the Belgians," and Oliver Wendell Holmes gives another instalment of pleasant talk "Over the Tea Cups." The verse of the number is by James Jeffery Roche and Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE leading article in the *Methodist Magazine* for April is a memorial tribute and portrait of the late Dr. Williams, by Rev. Dr. Carman and the Rev. Dr. Dewart. The continuation of the Editor's account of the Canadian Tourist Part in Europe is interesting and richly illustrated. "The Last Voyage" of Lady Brassey and Rev. Geo. Bond's record of travels in Palestine in his *Vignette Papers* are also generously embellished with illustrations. Mr. T. G. Mason's reminiscences of George Street and Richmond Street Churches have something more than a denominational interest.

THE Merchant of Venice is the subject of Mr. Andrew Lang's Shakesperian study in the April *Harper's* for which Mr. Abbey furnishes ten illustrations. Under the title of a "A Suit of Clothes," Mr. R. R. Bowker describes the processes in the manufacture of woollens; in "Three Indian Campaigns," General Merritt gives a graphic account of Indian warfare in the west; and in "American Literary Comedian" Henry Clay Lukens talks pleasantly about Nye, Burdette, Adams, and other American humourists, living and dead. All these articles are liberally illustrated. In addition to an instalment of Mr. Howells' new novel, three short stories of more than common merit are provided for lovers of fiction.

Canadiana is always welcomed and each number increases our appreciation of its usefulness. In the March number Miss Blanche L. Macdonell concludes her interesting review of "The literary movement in Canada up to 1841." The matter of Miss Macdonell's work indicates industrious and painstaking research, but her style betrays literary inexperience and would be improved by a little editorial revision. "The Trafalgar Tower" by the editor is a paper of much interest which, in some respects calls up recollections of Poe's prose stories. Mr. Robert C. Douglas contributes a paper on "The Lachine Canal French Régime;" Mr. Cruikshank continues his "Reminiscences of Col. Claus," and Mr. Lighthall relates an interesting anecdote of the Rebellion of 1837-8.

THE April *Magazine of American History* is notable for the timeliness of its topics and the clever style in which they are treated. The opening paper by the editor conducts the reader into a fresh and untrudged field, and no one who glances over the first page will be inclined to lay the periodical aside without making the complete tour of South America. It is rarely that so much of information and suggestion is condensed within so brief a space. "Laval, the First Bishop of Quebec," by John Dimitry; and "Diplomatic Services of George William Erving," by Hon. J. L. N. Curry, ex-Minister to Spain, are scholarly productions of the first importance and interest; such papers are always welcome. "Washington at the Columbus Exposition," by Rev. Dr. G. S. Plumley; "An Account of Pennsylvania, 1765," from Percy Cross Standing, of London; "Anecdote of Lord Chief Justice Holt," by D. Turner; and "Westward to the South Seas," by Milton T. Adkins, are varied, instructive, and delightfully readable articles, not a line of which could well be spared. This great historical monthly, the only one of its kind in the country, and the best in the world, grows more and more popular every year, exerting an educational and healthful influence in every branch of literature and study. The six departments of which no mention is here made for want of space are worth in themselves the entire subscription price, \$5 a year. Published at 743 Broadway.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Bishop of Ripon will contribute a poem to the April number of the *Church Monthly*.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that the proprietors of the *Times* number nearly 100 persons.

A SECOND cousin of Wordsworth, Mrs. Dorothy Harrison, has just died at Ambleside in her eighty-ninth year.

AFTER the April issue, Mr. Edward Arnold resigns the editorship of *Murray's*, which he has held since its foundation.

BRET HARTE's new story, "A Waif of the Plains," and "The Mistress of Beech Knoll," by Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, will be published soon from the Riverside Press.

BEGINNING with the May number, the *Andover Review* will have a new department devoted to the Literary Outlook, under the charge of Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

THE late Sir William Gull, the famous court physician, has died and left a fortune of \$1,750,000. Thirty years ago he was an unknown hospital doctor, living from hand to mouth.

THE British War Office has decided that when it becomes necessary to handcuff a soldier in uniform he must not be marched through the streets, but a covered conveyance shall be provided.

"LOOKING BACKWARD" has reached its 333rd thousand. If the copies were laid end to end, they would make a continuous line over thirty miles long; or, if placed one upon the other, would make a column more than four miles high.

THE latest additions to "The Penny Library of Fiction" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) are "A Drift for Life and Other Stories" and "The Log House by the Lake," a tale of Canada, by the late Mr. W. H. G. Kingston.

THE rush to the gold fields in the Transvaal region has been unprecedented in history. In three years £150,000,000 of English money have been invested there. Cities have sprung up where in 1886 only grass could be found and no habitation.

THE April *St. Nicholas* will contain the first of several important papers entitled "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," by Mr. E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers. These articles contain vivid descriptions of the author's personal experiences, and will, in addition, tell much of the methods and achievements of the great explorer Stanley. The series will be illustrated by Kemble, Taber, and other artists, after sketches by the author.

ALTHOUGH Professor Piazzi Smyth has, through old age, been obliged to resign his post of Astronomer Royal for Scotland, he has been hard at work revising his famous book "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," the fourth edition of which has just run out.

"IN the matter of weight," writes a London gossip-picker, "Lord Salisbury undoubtedly has it. He stood on a machine this week while the Prince of Wales looked on, and the record gave 230 pounds. Mr. Gladstone's weight is only a little more than 160 pounds."

IN her lecture on "The Literature and Religion of Ancient Egypt" at Chickering Hall, New York, last Friday evening, Miss Edwards said that the poetry of the Egyptians, although singularly regardless of rhyme and metre, like Walt Whitman's verse to-day, is true poetry of a high order.

IS it the fact that a new sect, the Elmerites, is to arise, as the *Standard* puts it, to be the followers of an apostle who exists only in fiction? If so, the movement will afford an interesting study to men like Professor Max Müller, who are fond of prying into the origins of religious faiths.

MR. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY is at work upon a poetic drama of the Viking time, the subject of which, taken from the old Icelandic *Laxdæla Saga*, is the same as that of Wm. Morris's "Lovers of Gudrun." Mr. McCarthy is a son of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., who visited Canada some years ago.

A REPORT to the Dominion Parliament alleges that last year 31,000 persons who had been for a time settled in the United States returned to remain in Canada. Australia and the Argentine Republic are now the most formidable competitors for emigrants which Canada has to contend with in Europe.

MISS AGNES DUHAMEL, of Ottawa, niece of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, who has been studying in the Royal Conservatory of Music, in Paris, has passed a very creditable examination in that institution. She got first prize in declamation and voice culture. She will probably finish her course in Milan, Italy.

IN Mrs. Fawcett's delightful little volume, "Some Eminent Women of Our Times," just published by the Macmillans, there are biographies of a dozen English women of international reputation. Of these, seven never married, and three of the remaining five did not marry until in the neighbourhood of forty.

UNDER the title "Robert Browning: Personalia," Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. will soon publish a little book by Edmund Gosse, the well-known English writer. It will contain a notable article printed in the *Century* some years ago, Mr. Gosse's recent paper in the *New Review*, with prefatory matter and an epilogue, with a poem by Mr. Browning never printed.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and Rev. Herbert D. Ward have collaborated in a novel which Houghton, Mifflin and Co. will publish shortly. It is entitled "The Master of the Magicians," and deals with court life in Babylon six hundred years before Christ. The prophet Daniel is the hero, and the royal personages, the life and customs of the time, the conflict between polytheism and the Jewish religion, are figures and elements in a striking love story.

"OYSTER CULTURE" by the Marquis of Lorne, with illustrations by Princess Louise, is, perhaps, the most noticeable of the contents of *Good Words*. The visit described to the oyster nurseries of Arcachon is very interesting, and the information that 200,000 people get their living in France in connection with this and similar nurseries, obtaining also fair wages, is a strong recommendation to the Marquis' plea for the encouraging of the industry on British shores.

IN the April *Atlantic*, Dr. Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," discussing modern realism, says that the additions which have been made by it "to the territory of literature, consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin." After falling foul of a romance which has been lately quoted by a brother-author as "a work of austere morality," he says: "Leave the descriptions of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, and the details of the laundry to the washerwoman."

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and his wife and stepson have arrived at Apia, Samoa, from the Line Islands. A correspondent of the *New Zealand Herald* says: "Mrs. Stevenson and her son, I understand, go to Sydney by the *Luback*, but we are likely to have Mr. Stevenson with us for a month or so longer. He seems to have struck quite a rich vein in some of the islands he has visited. These islands are the last resort of many of the desperate characters that have stamped their personality on Pacific island history. I believe he has had a stirring time among some of the old beachcombers sheltered there."

FIDELIS writes: Kindly correct two or three *errata* which have crept into the article in last issue, entitled "The Murder Microbe." The first is of most consequence, as it conveys a sense—if such it can be called—directly opposite to the intended meaning. (1) At the close of the third paragraph, for "the altruism which has been slowly cooling," etc., read "the altruism which has been slowly evolving through ages of moral growth." (2) At the beginning of the next paragraph, for "this malignant nidus," read "its congenial nidus." (3) The quotation from Alfred Russell Wallace should not end where it seems to do. The quotation marks should have been carried on to

the line of Tennyson which ends it. Dr. Wallace repudiates, like many other evolutionists, the materialistic belief, the effects of which he so vividly describes, and all who respect his lifelong devotion to science rejoice that he does so. (4) For "excess of crime," near the end of the article, read "access of crime."

THE *New York Catholic Review*, in its review of Mr. O'Hagan's volume of poems, "A Gate of Flowers," which appears in its last issue, has the following complimentary estimate of the author's gifts: "Mr. O'Hagan has been before the public for some years, and has won for himself an enviable place in the temple of the Muses. His verse is flowing and musical, in fact its greatest fault is its tendency to weaken a strong idea for the sake of a melodious phrase or rhyme. In this volume the twenty-five poems are fairly indicative of Mr. O'Hagan's poetic ability, which is far above the average. The tone of the poem is, perhaps, too melancholy, though this is really the fault of a poetic soul; for the deep insight which poets have into the things that are is apt to sadden their expression. Young poets should resist this feeling of melancholy, for we go to the muse to be cheered rather than saddened. The most dignified poems in the book are the poems on different occasions, such as those read at Moore's centenary and the College commemorations."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

TWO STATESMEN.

ONE in England served his Queen,
The people called him "Dizzy,"
So much work had he to do
That he was very busy.
Busy Dizzy.

ONE worked hard for "Fatherland"
Old "Blood-and-Iron" "Bizzy";
A ruler new came to the throne
And made the warrior dizzy.
Dizzy Bizzy.

THE British sphinx is dead and gone,
The Chancellor has resigned,
And two such men as Diz and Biz
Full a-rarely shall we find.

—America.

THE AGONIES OF COMPOSITION.

DICKENS, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, living like a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his book went to press, society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends, he looked, said his publisher, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. The manuscript was afterwards altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten for the third time. Again it went into the hands of the printer—two, three, and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press, and to have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors. Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the garden, Maud," more than fifty times over before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall," the first draft of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing.—*Answers*.

MASSACRE OF CHINESE IN FORMOSA.

THE last mail from China brings news of the massacre of a force of Chinese troops in Southern Formosa by the aborigines now in revolt there. The natives, or savages as they are called, aided, it is said, by a number of half-castes, planned an ambush. Putting on their sandals reversed they made a number of tracks connected with a particular spot. Messengers were then dispatched to the nearest Chinese post with news of an outbreak and an appeal for assistance. The troops went out, the commanding officers, it is said, being considerably in the rear. Pretended sufferers by the raid appeared from time to time. On reaching the tracks the soldiers followed them up and fell into the trap, when all but a very few were killed. Out of 200 which left the post only ten escaped. It is reported that, for the first time in the history of Formosa, all the aboriginal tribes are banded together and act on an organized system. Thus the eighteen tribes of Bhotans in the south, numbering about 5,000 warriors, were concerned in this ambush. Shortly after the disaster the Chinese issued proclamations offering ten dollars reward for the return of each of the guns lost on the occasion, and subsequently the Chinese general began negotiations, in which he was greatly hampered by the bad faith shown on many previous occasions to the natives. At last, and with many precautions on the part of the latter, a meeting was arranged, and a peace was patched up for the time by means of large presents and larger promises to the chiefs. The past is to be forgotten, and the savages are to live on terms of friendship with their Chinese neighbours. From subsequent information, however, it appears that the disturbances in the south of the island have broken out with more violence than before.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE KANGAROO.

AUSTRALIA is likely before many years to have no kangaroos except in its museums. From the reports of the various stock inspectors, it was estimated that in 1887 there were 1,881,000 kangaroos, but in 1888 this number fell to 1,170,000. The chief objection to the adoption of measures for the effectual protection of the marsupial is his vigorous appetite. One kangaroo is said to consume as much grass as six sheep, a fact to which sheep farmers are painfully alive. It is curious to learn, however, that if the kangaroo is likely to be exterminated, a new introduction, the wild buffalo, has found a home in the plains of Northern Australia, where it is now to be met with in vast herds. These animals, which are said to be of extraordinary size, and to possess splendid horns, are, apparently, the descendants of the first buffaloes which were landed at Port Essington, in North Australia, about the year 1829.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

A VISIT to Charles Lamb's Grave, in the Edmonton Churchyard, is described by Benjamin Ellis Martin, who says in the *April Scribner*: "The obscurity and desolation of the grave—the shocking structure which dominates it, of the stone-mason order of architecture, well-cared for, and which aggressively commemorates one 'Gideon Rippon, of the Eagle House, Edmonton, and of the Bank of England,'—all this is typical of the relation borne by literature to Society, and to Respectability in England. These combined cohorts don't know, and don't want to know, about the burial-place of their only Charles Lamb; but they do due reverence, with naïve and unconscious vulgarity, to the memory of the bank-official who kept Books or handled Money. Lamb himself, with his large sense of the ludicrous and his small sense of the decorous, would be tickled by the harmony between this state of affairs and his whole life. To the grave come pilgrims from the other side of the ocean, and sometimes the Blue Coat boys in small groups."

HOW THE BOOMERANG IS MADE.

THIS curious and unique weapon, about which so much has been written and so little is really known, is a curved piece of wood, slightly convex on one side and nearly flat on the other. It is cut from a natural bend or root of a tree, the hardest and heaviest wood being always selected, and its curve follows the grain of the wood. Thus it will vary from a slight curve to nearly a right angle; no two ever being the same shape. It is about three-eighths of an inch thick, and from two to three inches wide, tapering toward the ends, which are either round or pointed. The edge is sharpened all round, and the length varies from fifteen inches to three and a half feet. This is the shape of the boomerang but the secret of its peculiar flight is to be found not so much in its general form as in its surface. This, on examination is found to be slightly waving and broken up by various angles. These angles balance and counterbalance each other; some, by causing differences in the pressure of air on certain parts, give steadiness of flight and firmness; others give buoyancy, and each has generally to be determined practically by experimental throwing. Some boomerangs appear to be mere dented or crooked sticks; but they are really implements which some black man has whittled and scraped till these dents or angles have been properly adjusted according to the boomerang principle. I believe it is possible to make a boomerang by exact mathematical calculation; but yet I have never seen two exactly alike. I have made two, apparently the same in every particular, yet, while one rose buoyantly the other fell dead, because of some untrue adjustment of the angles of its faces. When all angles are properly arranged the boomerang goes through the air somewhat as a screw propeller goes through the water—whirling rapidly in its flight like a revolving wheel. Gravitation and the force with which it is directed cause its peculiar swallow-like swoops, which are prolonged by the action of the floating angles in counteracting gravitation; consequently, with spent force it is still kept on the wing, and often reaches the ground considerably behind the thrower.—*Horace Baker in Scribner's Magazine*.

DIARY OF MARIE BACKBAYSHIFT.

AH, mon Dieu! Fifteen years old to-day, and not one "affaire du cœur" to look back on,—mon Dieu! I will be loved! I am young! I am beautiful! I am svelte! I am chic! (Smashes a chair.) Ah, mon Dieu! but I will be loved!

Tuesday—Yesterday, after my ebullition of passion, during which I looked very handsome (my eyes flashed and my beautiful nostrils dilated), I dressed myself carefully in purple moire antique, with the green ribbons, letting my stockings fall little loosely about my ankles, and thrusting a yellow jonquil in my belt, I tripped lightly down the stairs singing as I went that little chanson:

"Oh, to feel the breath
That comes through a soft moustache:
To lean my head on a manly breast
Without being considered rash."

My voice is a beautiful one. Wouldn't I like to sing in Music Hall, and raise the roof and make Patti tear her imperial dyed hair with rage. Ah, mon Dieu! (The reason I say mon Dieu so much is because I had a French governess. Oh, she was une mignonne—a corker! She taught me to roll cigarettes and read Zola. Ah, friend of my infancy, in what paths do your tender feet wander?)

Art thou listening to seraphic music in the heavenly spheres or wandering on this dull orb? She ran off with a herdic-driver. I could have killed him.)

Still singing, I slipped into the drawing-room, where I knew a man from some dry goods establishment was putting up curtains. I went swiftly over to the step-ladder on which he stood. He was *Beautiful*. His hair, of a rich, deep red, was dressed pompadour, and his nose was Roman. Oh, Rome! Rome! goal of my young fancy, even a nose will turn my thoughts to thee. (If I do not succeed in music I shall go to Rome and study art. Ah, mon Dieu! Glorious, heavenly art! Art cannot exist without artists, and artists are usually men! Oh, art, beautiful art!) But the man on the ladder. I turned an arch look upon him (I am always arch), and said in a low, trembling voice, "Did it rain when you came in?" "Not much, Miss," said he.

Ugh! how I hate that word Miss, so bourgeois, so sou-edy. I shook the ladder with rage. He lost his balance, and I caught him by the arm, not so much to save him as to feel his manly breath on my cheek. Ah, mon Dieu, for one instant I was delirious with happiness. "Look here, young woman," he said, "where's your keeper and your cage?" "But I love, I adore you," I cried; and with that he picked up his leather apron and hat and ran quickly from the room. Poor boy, how he loves me! He was pale with passion, but I no longer love him; I tire of him. Helas! he loved me too well, and no man shall ever kiss me! I swear it. Mon Dieu! Ah, love, love, when shall I find love?

Wednesday—I have been reading "The Quick and the Dead," "Thou Shalt Not," and "The Evil That Men May Do." Ah, what grand thoughts are in them, mon Dieu!

Thursday—I wanted a sweet bracelet that I saw down at Bogigian's this morning. Another girl bought it before I could get home and ask mamma. I threw an in-laid table *straight* through the plate glass window and put my foot through a showcase. Why not be frank and candid, mon Dieu, and act as you feel?

Friday—Ah, but I am cruel. I feel I have no heart, and can never know the "le grande passion." To-day I met a handsome man at five o'clock tea. I deftly stood in front of him for one hour, and kept him from talking to any one else. I was brilliant in my conversation, *risque!* *brusque!* I said:

"You are a naughty man."
"How so, Miss Backbayshift."
"Oh, I know you are."
"But —"

"You want to flirt with me. I know you do. Don't you try to squeeze my hand."

"But I assure you—"

"But you may. Here it is. Nobody is looking. You may kiss it if you like."

"But I do not like, Miss Backbayshift. I haven't any desire to kiss your hand, and you are a great bore. If you will kindly let me get away from—"

I threw my cup of chocolate in his face, and let him go. The man is mad to love me so passionately. Why, why, can I never reciprocate love. Ah, mon Dieu!

Saturday—I have been to the Symphony concert. I cast burning glances at all the orchestra, and smiled in my *seduisante* style. None of them looked at me. They do not yet appreciate my style; I am not like other girls. There was one silly young thing in front of me who got a smile from one of the violins. I promptly ran the whole length of my hat pin into her back! Ciel! Then I went home, and, after taking a hot bath, stood at the open window for an hour with only a pongee wrapper on.—*Boston Gazette.*

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

DR. SAYRE, of New York, declares that "everybody under ordinary circumstances, ought to live to be one hundred years old." It would have been an entertaining piece of information had Dr. Sayre explained what he meant by "ordinary circumstances." As mortals seldom live to be one hundred years old, and a majority die at a much younger age, it follows that the human family is living under highly extraordinary circumstances. The Doctor does indicate certain rules for which it is hardly probable he would claim more than that, lived up to, they would do some good. The hundred year rule does not appear very distinct anywhere. A summary is: not to undertake to accomplish the work of a lifetime in the first ten years, which leads one to remark that children ten years and under seldom do attempt that. Use tobacco to aid digestion and smoke like a human being and not like a locomotive, which leads one to suggest, would it not be just as well to omit tobacco entirely? Does the Doctor ever prescribe tobacco? Sleep whenever you can is another rule, which unquestionably is all right. Another is, do not swill down ice-water. Considering how small a part of the human family ever see ice-water, this cannot be the hundred-year rule; it is a good one nevertheless. Don't worry, says the Doctor, nor strive to possess the world, which is an old saw that has lost considerable of its original force from age. Dr. Sayre is a man of genius in his profession, but he fails to justify his assertion that ordinarily mankind should live one hundred years. No one has yet made it clear, for the reason that it is not correct and cannot be made impregnable. Rules for old age have not yet been patented. Were the human family to begin again, with all the light and knowledge gained up to the

present day, it is not improbable that the one hundred years might be evolved; but it is something that has not been found out, though it be true that longevity is increasing, which is a great compliment to the civilization of the present day. Still Dr. Sayre's formula is a good one, and lived up to would doubtless insure everybody a comfortable number of years.—*The Pittsburgh Times.*

LENT.

Is it the fast which God approves,
When I awhile for flesh eat fish,
Changing one dainty dish
For others no less good?

Do angels smile and count it gain,
That I compose my laughing face
To gravity for a brief space,
Then straightway laugh again?

Does Heaven take pleasure as I sit
Counting my joys as usurers gold,—
This bit to give, that to withhold,
Weighing and measuring it;

Setting off abstinence from dance
As buying privilege of song;
Calling six right and seven wrong,
With decorous countenance;

Compounding for the dull to-day
By projects for to-morrow's fun,
Checking off each set task as done,
Grudging a short delay!

I cannot think that God will care
For such observance; he can see
The very inmost heart of me,
And every secret there.

But if I keep a truer Lent,
Not heeding what I wear or eat,
Not balancing the sour with sweet,
Evenly abstinent;

And lay my soul with all its stain
Of travel from the year-long road
Between the healing hands of God
To be made clean again;

And put my sordid self away,
Forgetting for a little space
The petty prize, the eager race,
The restless, striving day;

Opening my darkness to the sun,
Opening my narrow eyes to see
The pain and need so close to me
Which I had willed to shun;

Praying God's quickening grace to show
The thing he fain would have me do,
The errand that I may pursue,
And quickly rise and go;—

If so I do it, starving pride,
Fasting from sin instead of food,
God will accept such Lent as good,
And bless its Easter-tide.

—Susan Coolidge.

MORE HUMOURS OF THE BOARD SCHOOL.

MR. HENRY J. BARKER contributes to *Longman's Magazine* a further instalment of entertaining essays by Board School boys. Here is a paragraph from an essay on "Kindness":—"By being kind a person may rise in the world, as the following story will show. Mr. Smith was a poor boy. At first he was a paper-boy. One day, while he was selling his papers, he caught sight of a little girl trying to get across the road, but could not for the number of carriages. He at once went to her assistance and carried her safely across the road. A little while after this Mr. Smith had a paper-stall on nearly every railway station in England." The only authority the boy could give for the story was that he had "heard" it, and that "a lot of boys knew it as well." The following effort is a selection from a Third Standard lad's composition exercise upon "The Donkey":—"The Donkey is one of that tribe of beasts on which the cane has no effect, for the harder you hit it the slower it goes. Your fathers never use a whip for these donkeys, because they no it would not hurt them. For the donkey rather likes to feel a whip, as it only tickles him and makes him feel joyfull and hungry. The best thing to punish a donkey with is firstly a short thick cane for ears and belly; and secondly, a boomstick cut in two for backbone and back legs. He will then go betwixt four and five miles an hour. The donkeys which you see painted yellow and blue on the school pictures are what are called jews asses. These tribes of donkeys go many miles an hour, and will follow there masters like dogs and lambs because of kindness. The young ones are sometimes called kolts and foals of asses. Therefore, if you have a nice young donkey show mercy unto it, and it might grow into a kolt or the foal of an ass. There is also a tribe of wild asses which prowl upon the top of rocks, and never slip over,

even in winter. They are larger than our modern donkeys, and surer-footed. In the night time they climb down, and feed like rabbits upon the poor farmers' hard-earned vegetables." A village schoolmaster was told by the parson that he intended to bring a friend next morning to hear the boys put through their paces in religious teaching. They had not received much instruction of that kind; but it was necessary to do something. Accordingly he called his little grey-smocked "first class" before him, arranged the members in a certain order, grafted into each blossoming yokel the particular question he intended to put to him in the morning, and likewise added the correct answer. After priming the young hopefuls over and over again with their respective answers, he ventured to dismiss them. Next morning, while the visitors were being awaited, boy No. 2 was told to carry out two stone ink-bottles into the back porch, and ordered to clean off the great streaks of ink and the patches of matted dust. Shortly afterwards the two visitors walked in. The master, quite forgetting that one of his first-class boys was absent in the back yard, commenced to put his questions to the class in the particular order which he had arranged and promised. Pointing to one boy he asked, "What is that part of you, my lad, which can never die?" "My soul, sir," smartly replied the rustic, with an air of confidence and decision which was really quite surprising in one so young. The visitors nodded their approval, and the dominie continued his interrogations. "Now you, my boy," he said, pointing to the third boy in the back row, "tell us who made you." Now the lad thus addressed occupied the very position which had been vacated by the industrious pupil out in the porch. Accordingly, this was not his proper question; and, remembering the master's positive instructions that he was only to give a certain answer to a certain question, he bravely remained dumb and quiescent. "Will you be quick and tell me, sir?" the master cried out angrily, never dreaming, of course, that any hitch had occurred. No; the lad never opened his lips or twitched a muscle. Possibly he thought the master was "trying it on" with him. "Come, my dear child," the visitor ventured to interject, seeing the painful chagrin of the dominie, "you should try to give your master some sort of answer. Surely you know, my lad, that it was God who made you?" "No, sir, it wanna me!" the lad at last burst forth, "I'm sure it wanna, sir! The boy as God made is outside washin' t' inkpots!"

The extract which follows is the latter portion of a Third Standard lad's essay on "Cleanliness":—"Do not go and say that you are feared of making yourself clean, just because it is cold and it hurts to get the dirt off, or because the suds get in your eye. For when you are clean, people do not edge away from you, never mind about your clothes, but they say unto you like our teacher that it is next to godliness. Be thankful unto him because your mothers can afford soap, and because they make you use it. Also when your mother puts her finger down your coat-neck afore breakfast, and peeps to see if there's any black there, and then sends you back to the sink again to wash yourself better, say unto her, yes, mother, also smiling. On Saturday nights say also unto her, mother don't forget to get my bath-tub reddy for me, and a new piece of soap, for I love to wash myself course of cleanliness for it is next to godliness. Do not be same as them there Blacks, and Amerikens, and Ingoos, which just splashes their faces with water and no soap, and never gets inside of a tub, only paddlin about bits of rivers. When you say to a dirty boy, 'Dirty Dick wants the stick,' only say it about once, so as he can't say as you are wicked. Say unto him, look at the thoteful cat, which spits on its pores just to get a bit of lather for a fair start, and then wipes its nose, and into its eyes, also behind its ears, not counting over. Then say unto him as it will actshelly lick itself where it can't get its pores, rather than be hitching anywhere around. Tell him to look at the necks of masters and superintendents and preachers, and he will never find a ring, which is always a sine as you have not gone far down."

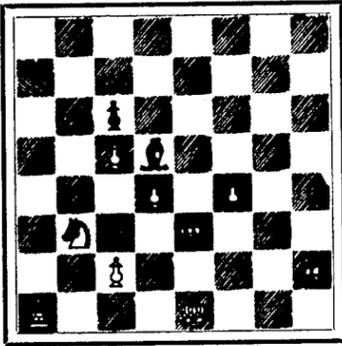
A CURIOUS phenomenon is reported from Batoum, says *Nature*. On Jan. 23., at 4. p.m., during a complete calm, the sea is said to have suddenly receded from the shore, leaving it bare to a depth of ten fathoms. The water of the port rushed out to sea, tearing many of the ships from their anchorage, and causing a great amount of damage. After a short time the sea assumed its usual level.

A PROJECT is on foot to dig a ship-canal from a point opposite Grand Island in Lake Superior to the northern extremity of Green Bay in Lake Michigan, cutting across the narrowest part of the long peninsula between those two lakes. The proposed canal is to be thirty-six miles long, and would save two days and a half for steamers and five days for sailing-vessels that would otherwise have to go around the peninsula.

ANDREW LANG joins in the cry over "the modern destruction of Venice." In his "comments on 'The Merchant of Venice,'" which will accompany Mr. Abbey's illustrations of the comedy in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, he says that he is not sure but that one can see a better Venice in the poet's pages than on the Adriatic. "Beautiful it still is," he continues, "but it is larger; it is very modern; it has iron-clads lying on its waters, and steam-tugs puffing on its canals. Its palaces are hotels or curiosity shops; its famous church is haunted by the most unholy *laquais de place*."

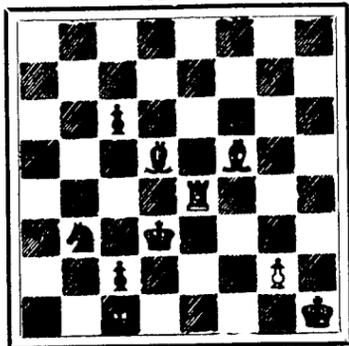
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 449. By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 450. By B. G. LAWS. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 443. White: 1. Q-Kt 6, 2. Q-Q 5, 3. P-Q 4 mate. Black: K-K 4, K-B 4.

- No. 444. B-R 6.

GAME IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR 1890, PLAYED BETWEEN MR. MUNTZ AND MR. FRITH ON MARCH 31st, 1890.

- MR. MUNTZ (White) vs MR. FRITH (Black) moves 1-17. MR. MUNTZ (White) vs MR. FRITH (Black) moves 18-33. Includes notes on game progress and a win for White.

NOTES.

(a) The Queen should have retired to Q 1. She has to play the whole game and prevents Black getting out his pieces. (b) Q x P + would win the exchange.

A LONG-PROTRACTED CHESS MATCH.—Following is the result of the second International Correspondence Chess Match, beginning November 1, 1888, between the United States and Canada, sixty players on each side: Canada, games won, 16; drawn, 7 1/2; total, 23 1/2. United States, games won, 29; drawn, 7 1/2; total, 36 1/2. Grand total, 60. The game between Mr. W. Neish, of Kingston, and C. O. Wilcox, of New Orleans, has been decided a draw. The latter is a member of the New Orleans club, with a limited membership of seven hundred, and was the winner of last year's tourney. Mr. Neish won the two games played in the first international match some years ago, his opponent then being a chess editor.

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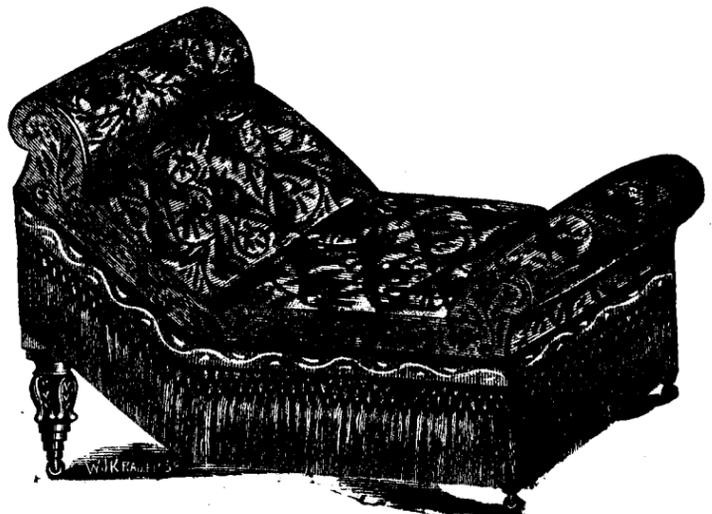
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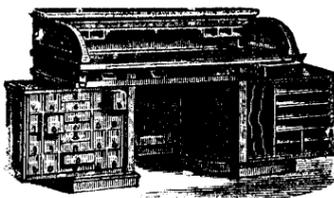
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Magazine of American History,

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1890.

- Portrait of Columbus. Frontispiece.
- Our South American Neighbours. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
- Romance of the Map of the United States. How California was named. H. G. Cutler.
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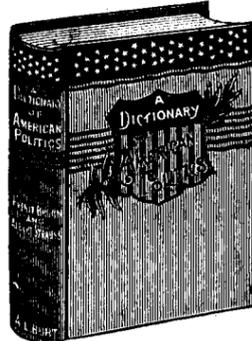


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