

THE WEEK:

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Seventh Year
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TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 18th, 1890.

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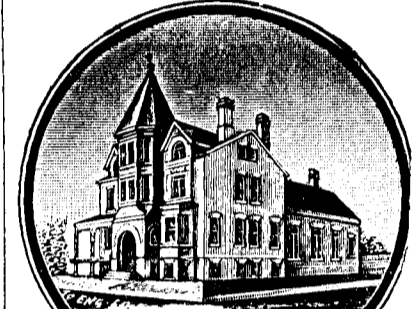
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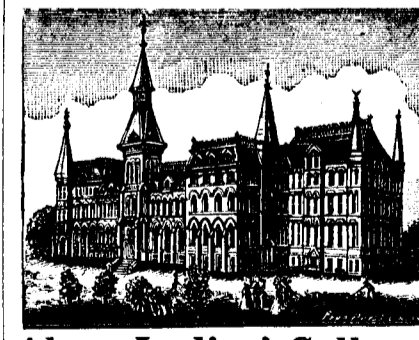
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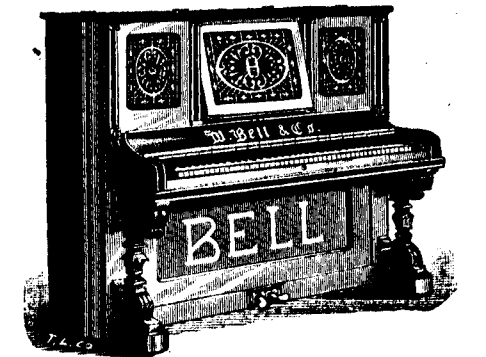
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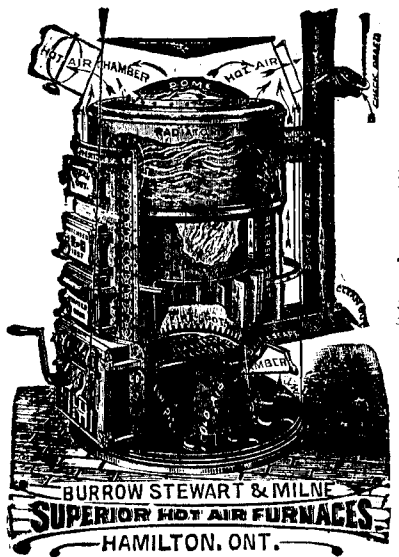
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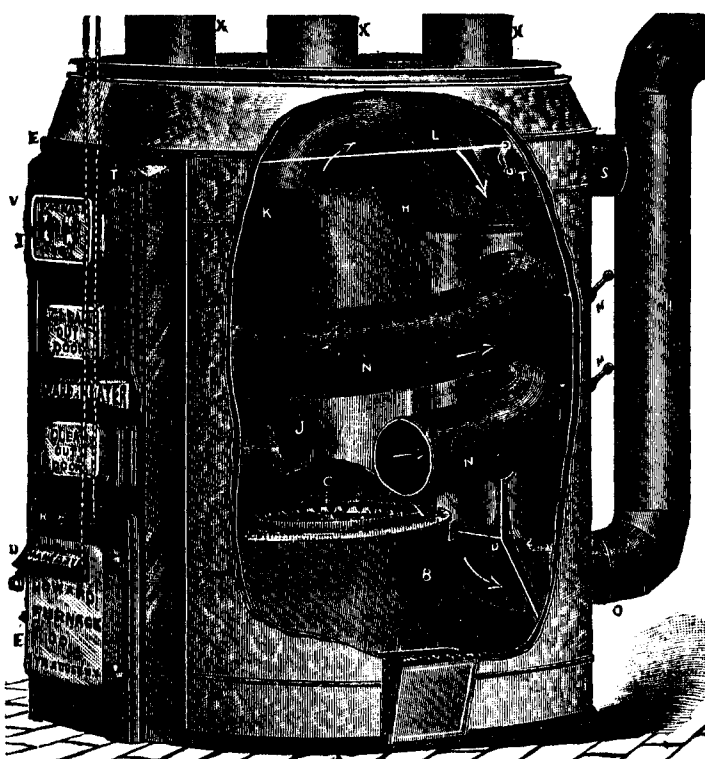
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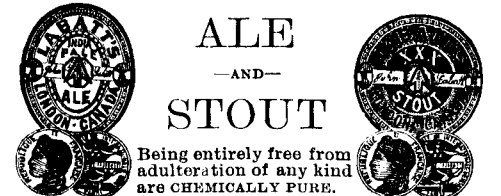
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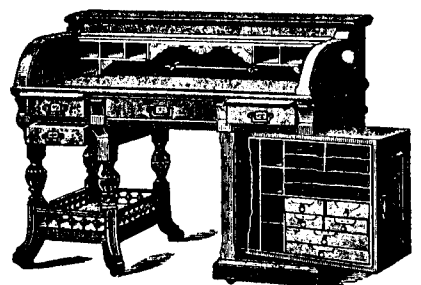


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"LA PATRIE," an influential Quebec journal, predicts in the near future a complete upbreak of the present political parties in Canada and a reconstruction of the entire fabric into two great factions, divided on the lines of race and religion. Every Canadian patriot will pray that such a forecast may never be realized. Pernicious as is the party system at present in vogue, that would be infinitely worse. Amidst all the prejudice, cajolery and corruption that mar the politics of the day, there is, no doubt, a substratum of genuine conviction underlying each of the old parties, and the new as well. If old issues are dead or dying, new ones of real importance are coming to the front. The great question of the true fiscal policy for the Dominion is one that is likely to array in opposite camps, to a much greater extent than it has yet done, the best minds and the best men in Canada. The determination of our national destiny, as it will be decided by the choice which must some day be definitely made between Imperial Federation and National Independence, is another true political issue demanding the best thought and effort of the whole people. Both these involve principles which are worthy to become the battle-ground of our coming statesmen and citizens. Conscientious and earnest men will be found in thousands on both sides of each question. But to divide on double lines of race and religion, lines which, by the way, are not even parallel or coincident, and which are not political questions at all, would be unworthy alike of the intelligence and the Christianity of our people. Such a division once made, there would be an end to all wholesome and educative discussion. A free-trader may honestly try to convince a protectionist of the error of his opinions, and vice versa, but of what use would argument be between a British and a French-Canadian, seeing that the question had already been decided for each, and that no possible cogency of argument could transform the one into the other. Discussion of the differences between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism would be almost as useless and quite as mischievous. Citizens may differ on questions of politics proper and yet sincerely respect each other and work together in a hundred ways for the common weal. But let them once

become divided into hostile camps on the question of race and creed, French Catholics against Anglo-Saxon Protestants, and we may at once say farewell to all hope of national unity, or progress. It would, in fact, be but a question of time, when either wiser counsels would prevail, or civil war drench the soil with blood. Surely every true Canadian, whether he speak French or English, will exert all his influence to avert such a catastrophe. All that is needed to avert it is a proper respect for each other's rights and a large toleration for each other's creed.

THE *Ottawa Citizen* has come to the defence of Sir Adolphe Caron, the Minister of Militia, in a vigorous and manly fashion. Its demand for particulars and proofs of the charges sometimes insinuated, often recklessly hurled, against the Minister, is reasonable and fair. The record which the *Citizen* gives of progress made, especially in the establishment of military schools, under Sir Adolphe Caron's régime, certainly looks very creditable. It is, nevertheless, true that, in English-speaking circles, at least, the name of the Minister of Militia is, in the minds of many, a synonym for snobbishness, favouritism and incompetence, nor has this view been confined to political opponents. It must, we think, be confessed that the impression he has made in the House of Commons, and before its committees, has not always been such as to dispel the popular notion, if it did not actually originate it. It is also true that the difficulties and delays met with in one or more instances in obtaining simple justice for Ontario volunteers has afforded excuse if not cause for his unpopularity in that quarter. The *Citizen's* plea that "although in 1885 and 1886 between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000 were expended, not one charge of corruption or favouritism was sustained," is not very convincing. The sum named was certainly a very large one for a campaign of the dimensions of the one referred to, and we do not suppose that anyone doubts that extortionate charges were made and paid for services rendered. But much allowance must be made for the suddenness with which the unlooked-for exigency arose. The Government's difficulty is always the self-seeking citizen's opportunity. When the rebels had taken the field, rifle in hand, there was no time to compare prices and bring competition to bear in the commissariat. The certificates of character quoted from various high officials do not necessarily mean more than the formal and courteous acknowledgments, such as are usually forthcoming in all cases, where there has been no marked and disastrous failure, and such failure is well-nigh impossible where there is a capable and active staff of subordinates. The question which the *Citizen's* article brings to the fore is that of the Minister's personal merits or demerits. It is well that the challenge is openly made, and it is, as we have intimated, but fair that it should be directly taken up and answered, or that the tone of disparagement which is so often adopted in speaking of Sir Adolphe Caron should be changed. He himself is said to attribute this disparagement to prejudice on account of his nationality. Our impression is that the charge which he will find most difficult to refute, if pressed, is that he has not been able personally to rise above the racial prejudice, so as to mete out even-handed justice to English-speaking volunteers in matters of discipline, patronage and sympathy.

THE *Winnipeg Commercial* has an article predicting the early failure of the "Canadian Agricultural, Coal and Colonization Company," popularly known as the "Kaye Farming Company," of the Northwest. Indeed, if the facts be as stated, it would seem that failure is already imminent, and that nothing but rigid economy, under a radically reformed management, can avert the catastrophe. It will be greatly regretted, in the interests of the Northwest, should this widely known enterprise be added to the number of English organizations which have come to grief in Manitoba and the Territories. The injury wrought to the country, to say nothing of that to the stockholders, is none the less real that the failure was easily foreseen and predicted by everyone who had any practical knowledge of the conditions of successful farming in the Territories. The Company in question was organized with the intention of carrying on farming and stock-

raising on an immense scale. Large tracts of land were secured at points along the Canadian Pacific railway, between Regina and Calgary. Sir Lister Kaye, by whose influence and efforts the Company was organized, was appointed general manager. His first announcement, to the effect that he would conduct the concern on English principles and in a manner befitting an English enterprise, was, as the *Commercial* observes, sufficient to seal the fate of the Company. Experience has again and again demonstrated that farming in Canada, east or west, cannot be conducted on English principles and made to pay expenses. Knowledge of and conformity to Canadian conditions are indispensable to success in any enterprise of the kind. These conditions differ very widely from those that obtain in England in vital respects, as for, e. g., in rate of wages, facilities for marketing, and expenses of every kind. In this instance, the *Commercial* says that "most ridiculous moves were made and large expenditures incurred in experiments and undertakings which, to say the least, were of an eccentric nature," insomuch that "very soon the Company and its manager became the talk and then the laughing stock of all Western Canada." This simply means, we presume, that the shrewd pioneers, who had been taught by experience, quickly foresaw that the scale of expenditure was out of all proportion to any returns that could possibly be received. As a matter of fact it appears that the capital stock, raised at the outset and supposed to be sufficient for all necessary investments for a number of years, was all expended in less than twelve months; that the sum of £40,000, raised about a year ago on second mortgage, has gone with it, and that at the recent meeting of the Company in London the directors were obliged to put up £30,200 "in order to meet the pressing liabilities of the Company, and enable the present season's corn crop to be harvested." Sir Lister Kaye has resigned the management, and Mr. Richardson, one of the Directors, is now in the Territories, to assist in reorganizing "with a view to securing all possible economy." While we sincerely hope that it is not too late for successful retrenchment, we can but regret the disregard of new conditions and of the experience of practical men, which leads to such unwise management, and tends to bring a country of marvellous natural resources into unmerited disrepute.

REFERRING to the refusal of the Toronto civic authorities to grant badges to certain newsboys, on account of their bad characters, the *World* sagaciously asked the other day, how the characters of children were to be improved by denying them the means of earning an honest livelihood. The question is one which should be pressed home on the minds and consciences of those responsible for the measure, which we dare say may be in itself salutary, and for carrying it out. We do not know just what was done, or whether anything further was done in the cases of the boys referred to. If not, it is about as certain as any moral consequence can be, that their next public appearance will be in the police court. A little reflection must convince any one that if the refusal of the badges was not in each case accompanied with the offer of admission to an industrial school, or employment on a farm, or in some mechanical pursuit, a crime was committed against the boys, while one of the plainest laws of sociology and of morals was violated. We might safely go further and say that not only should a choice be offered in such a case, but the boy should be compelled, or his parents for him, to make a choice. To refuse a boy permission to continue to sell papers, on the ground of alleged bad character, is in effect to brand him as an outcast or a criminal, and send him forth with that badge to qualify himself for prison or penitentiary. It may be, however, that we are not fully informed in regard to these cases, and that some means was used to avert such results. Recurring to general principles it cannot be too often emphasized as a law of civic as well as of family discipline, that a régime of "don'ts" is the worst possible law for childhood. Whether the thing prohibited be an industry or an amusement, if it be innocent in itself, to forbid it without providing something to take its place is both cruelty and folly. Activity is the law of child-life. To attempt simple repression is to fight against nature. When will the

rulers of this and other cities learn the lesson so often pressed upon them by the intelligent policeman, as well as by the thoughtful philanthropist, and provide ample spaces where the children of the street and the gutter may play without dread or danger? Can any one, who has given thought to the matter, doubt that to give the boys facilities for harmless play, at whatever cost, would be to make one of the best paying investments, to put it on the low ground of financial results, that could be made of civic funds? Watching and catching and punishing culprits, young and old, are expensive operations. Will not some city or community some day become wise enough to try the experiment of prevention, thoroughly and systematically? Free play-grounds would be but one of the several agencies necessary in a system of prevention; but it would be a most important and indispensable one.

A GOOD deal of very natural indignation has been aroused in Newfoundland by the part the commanders of British warships have taken in the fishery disputes with the French. It is exasperating enough for the native fishermen to be forcibly prevented by the foreigners from fishing in their own waters, or preparing lobsters for market on their own shores. But when to such injury is added what appears to them the insult of having the British officers to whom they appeal for protection take the side of their oppressors, and enforce the claims of the latter to the extent of closing, at their request, lobster-canning factories belonging to British subjects, it is no wonder that the aggrieved islanders feel that their loyalty is being subjected to a pretty severe strain. Even British colonists, when they see or think they see their territorial rights invaded and their means of livelihood taken away, cannot be expected to reason very coolly about the obligations of treaties, old or new. A little reflection, however, should make it clear that the British officers themselves are not to blame. They are under strict orders and have nothing to do but obey their instructions. Sir Baldwin Walker, Captain of the warship *Emerald*, pointed this out in an interview reported in late Newfoundland papers. The Captain says, rightly enough from his official point of view, that he ignores all past treaties and is guided simply by the terms of the *modus vivendi*, which is to govern operations this year pending negotiations for a final settlement of the dispute. The real cause of the present acute trouble is in this temporary agreement, which seems to have been made, not only, contrary to a promise of the British Government, without consulting the Island authorities, but also without any due regard to the rights and interests of the Newfoundland fishermen. That the *modus vivendi* is an unwise, not to say unjust, arrangement seems evident from the fact that, while the representative of the Government in the House of Commons affirms that the Government does not admit the French claims in regard to the lobster fisheries, in this temporary arrangement it is, Captain Walker tells us, expressly stated that no lobster factories erected after July 1, 1889, shall be allowed to work until the year expires and the negotiations are finished. Every one knows how difficult it is to cancel a concession that has once been formally made and temporarily acted upon. It is to be devoutly wished that the pending negotiations may lead to a satisfactory settlement before the close of the period of truce, but it cannot be said that the outlook is just now promising. Captain Walker thinks that the whole Newfoundland story has been greatly exaggerated, but it is easy to understand that, what may appear to him as a very trifling affair may be one almost of life or death to thousands of poor fishermen. Colonial difficulties often appear small to British statesmen and officials. But that which is relatively small may be of vast importance to those who suffer by it. Captain Walker seems disposed to try to intimidate the Newfoundlanders into submission by the obscure but ominous hint that the less said on the French shore matters, pending negotiations, the better for them, a remark which, by the way, is but a left-handed compliment to the British Government. The experience of the people of Newfoundland and other colonies is not likely to incline them to the view that meek silence is the surest way to guard against a surrender of their rights.

CONGRESS having called upon the President of the United States for the documents showing the progress of the Behring Sea negotiations up to date, the public will soon know the present state of the controversy, so far as it has been carried on by an exchange of written communications. As the interchange of views between the British and American Governments seems to have been

carried on mainly by personal interviews between Sir Julian Pauncefote and Mr. Blaine, it is not likely that the publication of the papers called for will make us much the wiser, unless they should be supplemented by a statement of the tenor of those personal interviews. This can, for obvious reasons, scarcely be expected. Indeed, unless such statement were endorsed by both parties, it would have only the weight of an *ex parte* narrative. Notwithstanding press rumours, we may safely accept Sir Julian Pauncefote's assurance that nothing of a threatening or belligerent nature has taken place, and that the seemingly interminable process of diplomatic fencing is still being carried on in a friendly spirit. There seems pretty good reason, however, to believe that a certain element of danger was imported into the controversy by the ill-advised proposal of the American Executive to continue the audacious policy which has been so quietly acquiesced in previous years, in Behring Sea, and that only the decided tone of the British Government led to a reconsideration of the instructions originally given to the revenue cutters which were on their way to do police service in the open sea. We are glad to believe that Mr. Blaine has shown a higher quality of statesmanship by preventing the repetition of the outrages which have caused so much irritation in the past, and which there is reason to hope the British Government will no longer permit. The peculiar unreason which is characteristic of certain classes of American politicians and newspapers is, we are sorry to see, not wanting in this case. What, for instance, can be more illogical than the position taken by Ex-Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, as defined in the *Detroit Free Press*? To begin with the blunt and emphatic statement that "the United States Government is wholly in the wrong from first to last;" to follow this with the assurance that the speaker believes "in strict justice and right in all intercourse between nations," and then to declare that he would "never stoop to advocate anything in the way of backing down," and that, though the country "has simply been treated with remarkable forbearance by the other great nations of the earth," yet "this is not the time for backing water," and "right or wrong we must fight it out on the policy that has been adopted," is surely a remarkable course of reasoning. We fear that it is not wholly peculiar to American politicians. Unhappily the motto, "Our country, right or wrong," has too often been adopted by patriots of other nationalities; we have heard such utterances even in Canada, but we do not think it would, in modern times, be declared with so much frankness by one having any claim to be considered a representative man of any other country. In a somewhat similar spirit the *New York Tribune* complains that "a certain quality of menace" has appeared in the later tones of the British Premier, although, so far as appears, the only shadow of foundation for such a statement is that Lord Salisbury may have signified his intention of protecting British vessels from capture and confiscation on the high seas. If this taking of an attitude so purely defensive is to be construed as a menace, it is difficult to see what course other nations can pursue in their relations to the United States, save that of unquestioning submission to whatever outrage the latter may see fit to inflict upon their subjects. It is to be hoped that the higher qualities of American character and statesmanship may yet assert themselves, and enable the Republic to rise to that true dignity, which makes a nation, like an individual, just as ready to admit a wrong or withdraw from a false position, as to defend the right at all hazards.

EVIL, if not always the perversion of good, is at least oftener than that something with a distinct, independent existence. The tendency to extremes is the bane of every form of pleasure. This law of perversion is in danger in these days of receiving a deplorable illustration in the matter of athletics, especially college athletics. It is well that the heads of colleges and other leaders of educational thought are coming forward to protest against the demoralizing extremes to which the cultivation of athletics is being carried in colleges. There can be no doubt, whatever, of the salutary effect the modern revival of athletic games in school and college has had upon the physique, and consequently upon the brain power and executive ability of American students. A time is within the recollection of many when the typical student was a lank, sallow specimen of humanity, whose frame had been attenuated to a shadow and deprived of every indication of manly robustness, as was supposed, by the fierce burning of the fires of intellect within, in reality by the neglect of nature's demands in the matters of food, exercise and sleep. Happily the days of this delusion are past, it is to be

hoped forever. But unhappily there has come in its place, especially in American colleges again, the opposite extreme, of the worship of brawn, the apotheosis of sport. The physical giant, with muscles developed like whipcords, is no nearer the true manly ideal, than the flabby, nerveless, spectral victim of mental as well as physical dyspepsia. Nor is it easy to conceive of an occupation much less worthy the study and devotion of a human being than that of the professional player of games. Dr. Fairburn, of Mansfield College, in a recent address at a school anniversary, spoke some ringing and truthful words on the subject. He sometimes thought that athletic sports were in danger of becoming the ruin of nobler ideals and higher ambitions. He enjoyed the eights at Oxford as much as any man. He liked to see a cricket match, and he even played lawn tennis itself in the decent and dignified way that became his years. He would say nothing to discourage the higher athletics. But nothing was so vulgar, so shabby, so much the mark of the worst sort of "smug," as the excessive devotion of men and boys to field sports. This excessive devotion to field sports is becoming the ruin of many a young man, who might but for it have large possibilities of future usefulness before him. The evil has not yet attained dangerous dimensions in Canada, but there is some reason to fear the spread of the infection. In the United States colleges it has become a fruitful source of much that is base and ruinous in morals, as well as of irregularity, excitement and extravagance which are utterly incompatible with true student life and ambition. The faculties of many of the higher institutions across the border have taken alarm, and are uttering strong and ineffective protests. Many of them are now giving much anxious thought to the question, and oscillating, for the most part, between the alternatives of restriction and repression, either of which is found to be impracticable. It may be hoped that our Canadian institutions will continue to apply the principle of prevention, so far as professionalism is concerned, which is both better and easier.

PARNELL, the inscrutable, is again playing fast and loose with the loyalty and devotion of his Home Rule followers. What manner of man is this who has so long managed to maintain absolute ascendancy over the minds and hearts of the excitable Irish patriots, and who yet vouchsafes them so little either of comradeship or confidence? When the true history of the great Irish struggle of the last quarter of the nineteenth century comes to be written, not the least interesting of its pages will be those which deal with the character, views and purposes of this mysterious man. It may be, however, that the veil, hitherto impenetrable, with which he has hitherto succeeded in shrouding his real personality, may yet be torn aside, and he stand revealed, as a patriot or a deceiver—which? The partial revelations of his character, which were made before the High Commission, and in the Commons in connection with the sittings of that court, must have left painful impressions upon the minds of many who had been accustomed to regard him as a man of remarkable unselfishness and singleness of purpose, as well as of very great mental acumen. The latter trait is indeed undeniable, and has been throughout the chief source of his power, though the air of mystery with which he has constantly shrouded his private life has probably contributed a good deal to the effect. But when a public man has once coolly declared himself capable of using falsehood, or exaggeration with all the qualities and effects of falsehood, to gain a temporary end, he must have shaken not a little the foundations of confidence on the part of all admirers who care for truth and honour. But be that as it may, it would seem that the Irish leader has now outdone himself in superciliousness. The manner in which he has, if correctly reported, trampled on the policy, convictions and passions of his Irish followers, and proposed a truce, if not a treaty of peace, with the man whom they regard as the deadliest enemy of Ireland, and whom they hate with a perfect hatred, is simply inexplicable. We wait the sequel with deep curiosity. Can it be that the leader has been so absorbed in other thoughts or pursuits that he is actually ignorant of what has been taking place from day to day in the House? Or has he such contempt for both followers and allies, that he does not deign to notice their work and achievements, but pursues a policy of his own? Conjecture is useless. We can but wait and see what we shall see.

CAN it be that the great Bismarck—great but yesterday—says one-half the querulous and undignified things attributed to him by the interviewers? It must be so,

and yet it is hard to believe it. Still the fact is, we suppose, but a new illustration of the law of perspective. No man, it has been said, can be a hero to his valet. On somewhat the same principle it must be, we fancy, that the man who, when in a lofty position, with power and place and armed millions of soldiers at his disposal, loomed as an intellectual and moral giant, forced to descend and take his place in the ranks, dwindles to a very commonplace personage. But who could have believed, a few years ago, that it was possible for Prince Bismarck, the power behind the German throne, to be deposed and another put in his place, and yet the affairs of the Empire and of the world go on very much as before. It is even possible that his successor, of whom the world knew next to nothing, until the young Emperor, who certainly displayed sagacity in the choice, called him to the place nearest the throne, may prove a better statesman than his predecessor—for peaceful times at least. More liberal-minded it was easy to be. It is quite possible that the outbreak of war would lead to the speedy reinstatement of the "Man of Iron." Meanwhile one can but wish, for the sake of his former greatness that he would cease to dispel the illusions created by his long and brilliant career, and no longer suffer himself to be betrayed into spiteful criticisms and complainings unworthy of the dignity of the high office from which he so reluctantly descended.

SPAIN has usually been regarded as one of the slow-going nations, whose movements are not of sufficient importance to the world at large to merit very much attention from journalists. Recent events seem to indicate that a change in this respect may come in the near future. With the first trial of universal suffrage, which will take place at the general elections next fall, the ancient Kingdom will enter upon a new career. Meanwhile the political leaders and parties are in a state of intense activity, as is shown by the recent hasty change of ministry. Both Sagasta and Canovas are regarded as statesmen of exceptional ability and integrity, and the fact that the latter has taken the place of the former does not necessarily bode evil to the cause of reform and progress. These two leaders have been alternately at the head of the Government several times during the past few years, and Canovas may no doubt again say, as he is reported to have said on a previous accession to office, "We do not come to interrupt or change, but we simply intend to continue the history of Spain." As was to be expected in the case of a country just awaking anew to a consciousness of life and power, the political questions under debate are many and serious. The Liberals, themselves, are divided on the question of protection. A new Republican party has been formed, having among its aims the abolition of the hereditary Senate, reduction of the power of the Executive in the Chamber of Deputies, reform in the Civil Service and in legal procedure, and a means of amending the Constitution. Both the great leaders will now keep their eyes fixed upon the coming election and shape their policies accordingly. As it was under Sagasta's premiership that the universal suffrage bill was passed, it would be strange if in the first exercise of their franchise the new electors should not return to power the party to which they are indebted for the right of suffrage.

LESSING'S "NATHAN THE WISE."

THE position in German literature occupied by Lessing, whether in regard to the time of his appearing, his extraordinary powers and attainments, his beautiful character, or the scope and effect of his work, is one whose importance is little known and appreciated outside of Germany. Born early in the 18th century, he entered upon his work under every discouragement of time and circumstances. Religiously, intellectually, politically, his country was barely alive. The dull torpor in which Germany had been left by the thirty years' war still lay heavy upon her. Princely absolutism, dull, grinding, petty; priestly or ministerly orthodoxy, dull, grinding, petty; these held sway over a people broken in spirit and exhausted well-nigh to death. It was for Lessing to arouse the forces of the Reformation from the torpor of a hundred years, and to set them again on their path leading toward the intellectual deliverance of mankind.

Looking around him on the religious state of Christendom, Lessing's sweet and earnest spirit must have suffered inconceivably. Heretics were still regularly burned alive in Spain before the king and court. Protestants were being, or had been, dragooned out of France. Ireland was under the hideous penal code. Scotland was just about burning her last witch; New England had hung hers not very long before. Everywhere, some cruel and stupid barbarity was being perpetuated by the Christian churches, one and all.

Lessing's writings on behalf of common sense and common humanity in religion have never been surpassed, probably never equalled in one rare and necessary feature. No trace of hate or scorn appears in them, but everywhere "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love." "Sweet reasonableness," to borrow one of Matthew Arnold's happiest phrases, pervades them throughout. Nowhere is it more conspicuous than in his last and greatest work, "Nathan the Wise."

The scene of this drama is Jerusalem, the time immediately after the third crusade. The chief characters are: Nathan, a wealthy Jewish merchant of Jerusalem; Saladin, the magnanimous Sultan of Egypt, then occupying Jerusalem; a young Knight Templar; the Latin patriarch of Jerusalem; a friar; Saladin's sister, Sittah; and Nathan's adopted daughter, Recha. Had the author's design been to rebuke the pretension of Christianity to the position of the one and only true religion, neither time, place nor personages could have been better chosen. Christianity was then, perhaps, at its worst and Islam at its best. The civilization alike of Bagdad and Cordova contrasted brightly with the barbarous condition of the great centres of Christendom. The *filioque* controversy, after lasting for centuries, had just culminated in the massacre of all the Latin Christians in Constantinople, the Papal Legate being beheaded, and his head tied to the tail of a dog and dragged through the streets. The personages, at least the three principal ones, are real figures, "Nathan" being fictitious only as to time and place. He is, in fact, the author's friend, Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher, translated to Jerusalem and to the end of the 12th century, and he needs little or no embellishing to make the beautiful character of "Nathan." Nor could the poet have added aught to the claims of Saladin upon our wondering admiration. Brave, magnanimous, "truest friend and noblest foe," merciful in a merciless age, tolerant when tolerance was almost unknown, great alike in war and peace, the Moslem hero and saint must forever stand in bright contrast to his Christian contemporaries and adversaries. The chief Christian character of the drama, the Patriarch Athanasius is, except in name, the very man who then occupied that position in Jerusalem. The young Templar is a fine fellow, and the friar has been a soldier in his youth, and still cherishes under his cowl a good share of soldier sense and manhood.

The first act opens with the return of Nathan and his caravan from one of his distant expeditions to the East. Recha narrates how, during his absence, his house has been burned, and how she has been saved, as she thinks, by an angel, but, in reality, by the brave young Templar, who immediately takes himself off and keeps out of the way. His long, white, fluttering mantle has been transformed by her imagination into a pair of angel wings. Very delightful is the simple, believing earnestness with which she tells her story, and equally so, and not devoid of humour, is the tender way in which Nathan deprecates the resort to supernatural agency in cases where natural means can be supposed. It turns out that the young Templar had been taken prisoner, along with others, in the act of seizing one of the Sultan's fortresses in violation of the truce, and that his life had been spared by Saladin, owing to his strong resemblance to a long-lost brother. Nathan uses this fact to press his argument:—

See, now, a forehead vaulted thus, or thus,
A nose bowed one way rather than another,
Eyebrows with straighter or with sharper curve,
A line, a mole, a wrinkle, a mere nothing
I' the countenance of an European savage,
And thou art saved, in Asia, from the fire!
Ask ye for signs and wonders after that?
What need of calling angels into play?

In the next scene the young Templar is approached by the friar, on behalf of the patriarch, for the purpose of inducing him to forget the claims of honour and gratitude by leading a party to surprise and seize the generous Saladin, who goes about very slenderly guarded, and carry him as a prisoner, in violation of the truce, to the quarters of the King of France. This the young Knight indignantly refuses to do, and, when told that the Sultan's clemency was due solely to his accidental resemblance to the lost Assad, he exclaims:—

Ah, Saladin!
A single feature in thy brother's likeness,
And nothing in my soul to answer to it?
Or what does correspond, shall I suppress
To please a patriarch? So thou dost not cheat us,
Nature, nor thou so contradict thyself,
Kind God of all! Go, brother; prithee leave me,
Do not awake mine anger.

The second scene of the third act gives the substance of the teaching of "Nathan the Wise." The Sultan sends for Nathan, who repairs to the palace thinking he is wanted in connection with Saladin's constantly recurring financial troubles. But, after a little conversation, he is undeceived. The Sultan says:—

Since thou art
A man so wise, then tell me now what faith,
Or what religion, if thou wilt, is best.

Nathan:
I am a Jew.
Saladin:
And I a Mussulman.

The Christian stands between us. Of these three
Religions, only one is real and true,
A man like thee remains not where his birth
Hath chanced to cast him; or, if he remain there,
Doth so from insight, choice, or grounds of preference.
Share then with me your insight, let me hear
The grounds of preference, which I have wanted
The leisure to examine. . . . How you start,
And weigh me with your eye. It well may be
I'm the first sultan to whom this caprice,
Methinks not quite unworthy of a sultan,

Hath yet occurred. Speak, I charge you, freely.
Or do you, to collect your thoughts, require
Some moments of delay? Be it as you will.
I'll soon return.

Nathan:
Strange! How is this? What wills the Sultan of me?
I came prepared with gold—he asks for truth!
As if truth, too, were gold, a coin disused,
That goes by weight. Indeed, 'tis some such thing;
But a new coin, known by the stamp at once,
To be flung down and told upon the counter,
That it is not.

When the Sultan returns, Nathan craves permission to relate a tale; and, receiving a gracious acquiescence, he delivers the famous Parable of the Three Rings. Long ago, when first I read "Nathan," the beauty of this so captivated me that I sat down there and then, and turned it into English blank verse. I had seen no translation at that time, and I am still vain enough to prefer my own to any I have seen so far. Here it is:—

Nathan:
In gray old days there dwelt a man i' the East,
Who, from a hand beloved, received a ring
Of price inestimable. Opal 'twas,
Shedding soft hues an hundred in the light,
Whose rainbow radiance owned a mystic power
To make who wore it pleasant in the sight
Of God and man—if worn in that belief.
What marvel, then, if this wise man o' the East
Ne'er put it from his finger, and resolved
It should not leave his house; and, dying, gave
The ring to him of all his sons best loved,
And bade him, in his turn, to do likewise;
That so the worthiest, without regard
Of birth, might be the lord of all his house.
Thou understandest, Sultan?

Saladin:
Yea, say on.

Nathan:
At length the ring, passing from son to son,
Came to a sire of three brave boys, who all
Alike obeyed and honoured him, while he
Might never choose but love them all alike.
One day the eldest, straight in turn the next,
And then the third, as each one with the sire
Might chance to be alone, possessed his heart,
The other twain unseen. By turns the sire
Promised the ring to each, and when his end
Drew nigh at last, he knew not what to do.
What did he, then? He called a cunning workman,
And bade him make two others, like the first,
And spare nor gold nor pains to make them like.
Th' artificer succeeds, nor may the sire
Know his own ring again. Well pleased, he calls
His children one by one, and, with his blessing,
Gives each his ring, and dies. Thou mark'st me, Sultan?

Saladin:
I mark thee, Nathan, and I pray thee bring
Thy story to an end.

Nathan:
The end is near.
Scarce was the father laid in sepulchre,
When each, in virtue of his ring, would be
The prince of all his house. Search, question, rage,
Amazement follow; but the one true ring
No more might be discerned—even as now
The one true faith!

Saladin:
And is thy tale an answer
To my great question?

Nathan:
Saladin, I dare not
Say which ring is the true, seeing the father
Commanded them so made that none might e'er
Pronounce between them.

Saladin:
Nathan, play not with me!
Meseems the three great faiths I'd choose between
Are easy known apart, yea, down to raiment,
Meat, drink and gesture.

Nathan:
Yea, but to penetrate
Unto their sources is another matter.
For each alike doth rest upon some legend
Spoken or writ, and all these several legends
Hang upon faith. And who shall say whose faith
Is best bestowed? To each it must be that
Of his own blood and kin, who from his birth
Have proved their constant love, have ne'er deceived him.
And shall not I cleave to my father's faith
As thou to thine? Shall I demand that thou
Forsake thy father's paths to walk in mine?
Or that the Christian turn him from his Christ?

Saladin (aside):
By the Eternal, the wise man speaks truth,
And I am silent.

Nathan:
Turn we to our rings.
Each son, perplexed, in turn aware to the judge
He took immediate from his father's hand
His ring, and each swore truly. Each, moreover,
Did claim the sire's behest that he should rule;
And, deeming such a father never played
Him false, accused his brethren.

Saladin:
And the judge?

Nathan:
The judge spake thus: Except ye bring your father
Before me straightway, lo, I send you hence.
What think ye? Am I here to answer riddles?
Or will ye wait until the true ring speak?
Yet stay; men say this wondrous gem hath power
To make that man beloved who, happy, wears it,
Of God and man; and this must be the proof,
For this the false ones do not. Which of you
Do other twain love best? Ye're silent; each
Loves but himself, and ye are all deceived
Deceivers, none of all your rings the true;
I fear 'twas lost, and, to conceal the loss,
Your sire bestowed the three. Now, if ye'll hear
My counsel not, then go. But hear my counsel.
Let each believe his ring to be the true,
For each remembereth the hand that gave it.
Perchance the loving father might not brook
The rule of one sole ring o'er all his house,
And thus his sons may know his equal love.
Let each endeavour, then, to prove his ring

By proving its blest power to make him loved
Of God and man; and when this power is proved,
And when the opal's charm hath lasted on
Throughout the ages, blessing children's children,
Hereafter, in a thousand thousand years,
Before his seat a wiser judge than I
Shall summon you.—So spake the modest judge.

Here, as I have said, we have the gist of the teaching of "Nathan the Wise," and it is, briefly: That the value of any religion is in direct proportion to its influence for good on the lives and characters of men, and not to the doggedness with which it clings to dogmas which the wit of man can never settle, and which would be valueless if it could. This lesson is at last being slowly learned. Common sense and religion have not married in haste, so they are not likely to repent at leisure. And there is still a good deal to be done before the union is complete. A High Church clergyman once said to me: "I care little what life a man leads, in comparison with what dogmas he holds." A High Church layman once said to me: "I would rather see a man a wicked churchman than a good dissenter." I do not believe that High Churchmen are worse than other religionists, but I have more to do with them than with others, and I hear more of their views. Certainly, in the matter of showing their faith by their works, they occupy a very honourable position; and, in fact, utterances like those I have quoted remind me very much of the rudimentary gills and the intermaxillary bone in man. They serve to illustrate a past or departing stage of religious development. Nathan's thousand thousand years are far from being over, but already the churches are showing a growing tendency to relegate the dogmatic and incomprehensible elements to the background, and to give due prominence to the practical application of their Master's teaching. Looking abroad over the world to-day, the question of the Three Rivals would appear already to be pretty well settled in favour of Christianity.

THOMAS CROSS.

"THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, commenting on the Apostle Paul's wonderful delineation of the virtue of charity, tells us that love is "the greatest thing in the world." A very admirable discourse it is that he delivers on this theme, and one that has most important implications. After mentioning the several elements that make up what he calls "the spectrum of love," the eloquent author observes that these are all "in relation to men, in relation to life, in relation to the known to-day and the near to-morrow, and not to the unknown eternity." Continuing he says: "We hear much of love to God; Christ spoke much of love to man. We make a great deal of peace with heaven; Christ made much of peace on earth. Religion is not a strange or added thing, but the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through this temporal world." It is now about fifteen years since the present writer, in the columns of the *Canadian Monthly*, was uttering, from a somewhat different standpoint, perhaps, very much the same sentiments as these, with the result, he has reason to think, of seriously offending orthodox opinion. To-day a man who is justly esteemed a pillar, if not of orthodoxy in the strictest sense, at least of religious faith, can place all that is most important in religion on a purely secular basis and in doing so can carry with him the sympathies of large numbers of earnest Christians. Times are evidently changing. In some respects the last fifteen years may have seemed to be years of reaction, but in reality there has been growth, there has been development, and men are evidently preparing to think the wider thoughts, to cherish the larger hopes, to exercise the broader faith that the spirit of the age requires. Perhaps, as they do so, they may extend a little of the charity which Professor Drummond so nobly describes and extols to those who, a few years earlier, caught lispsings of "a change in the dark world," and ventured to announce what seemed to them to be the coming truth.

My object however in referring now to Professor Drummond's book was not to claim justification for aught that I may myself have previously written, but to say a few words in regard to the burden of his teaching. Of love nothing too beautiful, nothing too impressive, can be said. Love cannot be over-praised, for in itself it is something pure and perfect. But even of love we are constrained in these days to take, upon occasion, the "scientific view." We have to ask, Whence comes it? What conditions render it possible? What is its physical basis? The only fault I find with Professor Drummond's treatment of the subject is that he speaks of love too much, as if it were a disembodied something that could come and go as it listed, instead of being, as it is, a function of the human individual that must derive its force from whatever feeds the individual character. I should be sorry to say one word to weaken the impression left by the Professor's excellent address, which contains a much-needed message to the men and women of to-day; but I hardly think it should produce that effect to express the complementary truth which I have just hinted at, that, before love can take any satisfactory form, there has to be a human being fit to exercise the feeling. Can an ill-developed character love? Can a character that lacks native strength love in a true and high sense? Love is magnanimous, but magnanimity implies strength. There is no magnanimity in yielding that which you have neither strength nor courage to make your own. Amongst boys we sometimes find one professing to be very meek and forgiving when he simply lacks pluck. So it is with men; there are many who give

way when they ought to stand firm, and who try to persuade themselves and others that they do it "for the sake of peace." In point of fact they would be willing enough to have war if they had sufficient confidence in their own resolution, and they inwardly despise themselves for their lack of that quality. Now how is this to be got over by love? What is wanted as the very preliminary to love is courage; when a man knows that he can fight his own battles and successfully defend his own rights then he may magnanimously make concessions; but, till then, he only further weakens himself and strengthens his aggressors by every point that he yields. In a word the *ego* must be a centre of force before it can impart itself to others.

Here we come in sight of Herbert Spencer's principle of individualism. He has been accused of preaching selfishness, but the accusation is unjust. He sees that the primary want of society is individuals, and that, just as these are well-developed, will their relations be satisfactory and the general tone of the society good and elevated. We are compelled therefore to ask, what is essential to a perfect individual? We see at once that there must be something stored up in the individual that is his own, that is inseparable from himself, something by which his personality is constituted and which enables him to act on others. In the moral as well as in the physical world action and re-action are equal and opposite. Professor Drummond rather writes as if there could be perpetual action without re-action, perpetual discharge without re-charge. The more actively we love the more do we require a lively consciousness of self, so that we may feel that it is *we* who love, not that a mere stream of feeling is passing through us. In point of fact we know that the most loving natures are the most sensitive. If the sun is radiating heat and light with the most splendid generosity, it is because in him the law of gravitation is acting with unimaginable force. He is a splendid individual and consequently he is luminous and life giving to the furthest bounds of the solar system. Granted that love is the noblest form of activity the truth remains that it has to have its basis, its source of supply, its *point d'appui*, in a well-developed individuality.

Shocking then, as the truth may appear to many, the greatest thing in the world, in the sense of the primal and most essential thing, is not love but *self*. Love is but a function of self, an interaction between self and other selves. True, interaction is the law and condition of development; and it is through the interaction of sympathy that a comparatively rudimentary individual takes on new and higher elements of being; still the great end toward which the work of creation visibly tends is the production of individuals. We cannot hope, therefore, to solve all the problems of human life by simply trying to "rush," if I may use the expression, the capacity for love. The first thing to do is to see that we are ourselves something, so that we may have a love worth giving, a love tainted by no weakness, alloyed by no selfish calculations. To love merely for the sake of developing our own natures—perchance of gaining adventitious rewards here or hereafter—is not truly to love. True love is a pure and simple desire for the good of others; and in order that it may not fail of its object due thought should be given to the question, What really makes for the good of others? In a fit of good humour or of complaisance people will sometimes do that which, while wearing the appearance of kindness, is by no means calculated to be of benefit to the person affected. Pope expressed himself with his usual sagacity when he said:—

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.

But when in a disinterested manner we come to study the real good of others we find that our power of promoting it is decidedly limited. "Charity" in a certain sense has been so abused that the very word has contracted a taint. The best we can give to any one is ourselves, and here again we come back to the necessity of having a *self*. It is enough for happiness simply to be in the company of certain persons; they radiate joy just as the sun radiates light and heat. It is not that we are overpowered by a sense of their interest in us; what we feel is that they are capable of a generous interest in all, and when with them we seem to share in the richness of their nature.

Let us then love as we can, and all we can; for truly love is the highest moral function, but let us remember that our first duty is *to be*, to exist in the plenitude of physical, intellectual and moral manhood or womanhood; and that we cannot make amends for defects of nature by the mere exaggeration of a function. How far most of us fall short of our duty to ourselves, and to a world to whom we owe a better self than any we can offer, we are often painfully conscious. The thought to keep constantly in view therefore is not, *pace* Mr. Drummond, the thought of love, but the thought of life in all its fulness.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,

More life, and fuller, that I want.

What the elements of a true and full life are it is not for me, at this moment at least, to say, but life, individual life, is the principal thing, "the greatest thing in the world"; and love, which truly links the individual with the world, and strikes the very chord of self into divinest music, is the highest moral manifestation of life.

Ottawa, July 8, 1890.

W. D. LESUEUR.

THE oracle that speaks in riddles is of no use to a man whose house is on fire.

THE BROKEN CHORD.

Mendelssohn, trying to compose the Fairy Dance in Act IV. (of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*), was interrupted by one of his children who begged him to come and play in the garden. The Musician paying no attention to the appeal, the child caught at his moving hand and so produced a peculiar and beautiful chord, a sort of shirred movement, which Mendelssohn introduced into the "Fairies Dance."—*Walter Powell, in "The Week," March 7, 1890.*

I.

DEAF to all mundane sounds and far away,
Where Queen Titania's fairy followers keep
Their moonlit revels in the forest, deep
From crown'd Athens and the garish day,
The master with the Mighty Poet strayed,
And heeded not the pause in childish play
Nor heard the soft entreaty whispering made
To leave the Athenian sward;
Till bolder grown the impatient childish hand,
Plucked the rapt Master's wandering touch astray,
And all the songs of vanished fairyland
Breathed in that broken chord.
Ah! wanderer in the dusty ways, you pine
World-weary, for the days that knew not sin,
Before the bitter strife and ceaseless din
Of life's long warfare; wouldst thou then resign
Thy bitter knowledge, and with fancy's eye
See the orb'd moon on fairy revels shine,
Once more before the time has come to die?
Thy hope is not all vain.
Take this as witness of a living truth,
A childish, trusting hand if laid in thine,
May touch a silver chord of vanished youth,
And bid thee dream again.

II.

Its clasp shall lead thee where the Fairy King,
Mad Monarch of the misty woodland scene,
Playeth wild pranks to spite his wayward Queen;
Or jests awhile with those who, wandering
From out the City of the Violet Crown,
Strayed to the mazy round where fairies swing,
And on the thymy-shadowed bank lay down
To wait the guiding day.
Oh! mighty poet of the magic pen
And great musician, ever shall ye sing,
The same sweet song to tired souls of men
Who halt upon the way.
Forever, in thy airy fantasy
Bottom, the weaver's hairy ass's head
Crushes the flowers on his fairy bed,
And Cobweb hunts the red-hipped humble bee;
And Puck, misusing love-in-idleness,
Shall make Lysander from his Hernia flee;
Forever shall Helena in distress
Be righted by the Fay,
So that no man can say those days are fled,
But only mortals are too blind to see
That, when Orion trembles overhead,
Titania still holds sway.

BASIL TEMPEST.

LITERARY DEFICIENCY.

MONTREAL aims to be a great city. It is the emporium of commerce of the Dominion and aspires to be the rival and equal, commercially and financially, of the great seaport cities of the United States, notwithstanding their advantages in climate and open navigation the year round. It possesses banks, the equal of which our Republican neighbours, with all their wealth, cannot approach, whether for the magnitude of their operations or the solidity upon which they stand, one of them being ranked among the greatest of the world. It is the terminal point and headquarters of management of the greatest line of railway on the Continent, and is the home of one of the largest steamship lines (if not the largest) now existing. It is equipped with factories, commercial entrepôts, church and educational institutions, political, religious and national organizations equal to any to be found abroad. Its architecture, while not highly decorative nor of a pronounced character, is simple, solid and sufficiently ornamental to be pleasant to the eye; while here and there are buildings the equal of any in artistic design seen in more pretentious cities. It is the fountain of wealth of one of the richest Roman Catholic orders of the world; it is the home of capitalists and millionaires, whose individual wealth may be exceeded by a few, but not equalled by many even among our opulent neighbours. To the honour of these wealthy self-made men be it said, their benefactions to the poor and philanthropy to the public rank them the equal of any money benefactors the world has ever had. In churches, charitable organizations, educational, legal and professional institutions, the city may be equalled by older and more populous cities, but is certainly not surpassed by many.

But withal, what of it? The commercial and financial prosperity for which Montreal may be renowned are not the insignia of greatness nor of great minds, nor the existence of great educational and religious bodies, charitable and eleemosynary institutions, indications of a high mental culture. All are ephemeral and transitory. A nation's literature alone is the monument of its mental calibre and in this Montreal is sadly deficient, the reason for which is not far to seek.

Without a library, public or private, worthy of the name; without a literary or scientific society, if we except those born of yesterday, struggling for an existence, without a roof over their head and one which is in a semi-moribund state; without one whose annals will demand the respect of an intellectual scholar; without a portal over which a time-honoured date of the long distant past is carved as the epoch of its foundation for public usefulness; without a gate into which an intelligent stranger may be introduced, where he can be in communion with the great authors of the past, or regaled with a sight of their great works, in their original shape, we are, nevertheless, asked to believe that we live in an intellectual and civilized city, one whose foundation dates back nigh two hundred and fifty years.

It is a privilege of the Anglo-Saxon community to bewail the dark era which overspread Canada under the French régime; but over one hundred years have elapsed since, and Montreal has not emerged from the literary darkness which enveloped the city during that unfortunate period. A few spasmodic efforts have been made by venturesome *litterati* to start societies of a literary character or to issue an occasional volume; but the lack of support, indifference, if not absolute contempt and ridicule, with which such efforts have been rewarded soon proved their death knell, and thus Montreal remains, with the God of Mammon alone reigning over its social life. Miles of residences may be visited and, with the exception in a few of the more pretentious houses of a show book-case of Russia leather volumes, half bound, highly gilt, a library is unknown. There is no literary life; no *salon* where minds of a congenial nature may meet; no intellectual conversation in household or club other than that of the latest novels or the superficial parrotism of the latest magazine article, or a political disquisition, about which there savours as much novelty as one finds in a religious controversy, and here intellectual "high life" ends.

It is, therefore, not a matter of surprise to find that no public libraries or literary societies of importance or age exist in Montreal. I have critically examined the shelves of the Fraser Institute, originally intended by its donor to be a public library and sufficiently endowed for the purpose, but its trustees have proven thoroughly incompetent for the work entrusted to them and, so far, it is a mere abortion, and will remain so unless placed in more intelligent and appreciative hands. Its shelves are laden with books, four-fifths of which are of no value or interest whatever, and would seem to have been bought by the yard or ordered upon the percentage system; its management is slovenly and would bring discredit upon a fifth-rate library in any town of the United States or England. In reference books, historical works, original editions, Americana, Canadiana, Bibliography, or the Sciences, it has practically none, and yet there are to be found some twenty thousand volumes on its shelves! The McGill library possesses the nucleus of a fine assortment in the leading departments of a library of utility, but unfortunately it is of a semi-private nature. The McGill authorities will permit citizens or strangers introduced to the use of the library; but the very necessity of this introduction takes away from its usefulness, and few therefore avail themselves of the privilege.

The merchant princes of Montreal, together with the Corporation, should endow under proper management (free from any individual control, never mind how exalted that may be; as, frequently, the more exalted the man, the more contracted and narrowed his ideas, his mind being more firmly set with prejudices and whims) a public library of reference worthy of this great city, where authors in their original and best editions can be consulted in all phases of literature, and further establish a Museum of Art upon the lines of the Metropolitan of Boston, where ancient art may be seen in the best obtainable examples, affording an attraction and amusement to the stranger.

They will thus remove from its portals the stigma of illiteracy and impotency in authorship, for which Montreal is now as remarkable as it is for its wealth and commercial attainments.

In the United States, cities of one-fourth the population of Montreal are endowed with several public libraries of magnitude and value, as well as numerous private libraries and museums of art, and there the wealthy merchant and retired gentleman considers it an honour to be enrolled as a member of a literary society or to give it his meed of support and encouragement in a more practical shape. It is with the finger of pride they point you out, as a result of their literary encouragement, the residences of Mark Twain, Mrs. Stowe, the Trumbulls, etc., as adorning their city with a fame, more lasting and attractive, than that which will ever surround the finest granite palace Montreal can dazzle the eye with. It is only necessary to mention Providence R.I., and Hartford, Conn., without speaking of the great intellectual city of Boston, which does not equal Montreal in wealth, though it surpasses it (not very largely) in population, where may be found more public and private libraries, worthy of the name, to the square yard, than Montreal has, even in gilded book-cases, to the mile.

Montreal.

COGNOSCENTE.

THE greatness of the poet depends on his being true to nature, without insisting that nature shall theorize with him, without making her more just, more philosophical, more moral than reality, and in difficult matters leaving much to reflection which cannot be explained.—James Anthony Froude.

THE RAMBLER.

THE Stanley wedding has been the topic of the week. Why? No one exactly knows. The African hero is certainly a very fine fellow, and his bride a woman of undoubted beauty and talent, but the glory which surrounded their marriage in the Abbey seems to me to have been a kind of reflected glory. One would not for the world disparage the heroic qualities of such a man as Henry M. Stanley, or underrate the pretty romance which brings him back to England a conqueror of maiden's heart as well as of sandy deserts and thick-lipped natives. But the grim figure of Livingstone rises as I write between me and the gay crowd in the Abbey, while I am glad to think it rose, too, before the mental vision of Dorothy Tennant as she deviated from the path laid down for her last Saturday, and proceeded to lay a wreath of white blossoms surrounding a scarlet L, on the tablet which now covers all that is mortal of David Livingstone. Well it was they made the letter scarlet—signifying the renown with which shall ever blaze that heroic name—immortal in the annals of English history and exploration.

Poor Livingstone! You remember how his teeth had become loosened by feeding on native corn husks before Stanley found him. With the advent of the irrepressible New York *Herald* correspondent, better fare appeared, both men taking much solid comfort out of a species of soft cake prepared on the spot and specially soothing to the Livingstonian gums. Said the Doctor in his famous journal, "I have to thank the disinterestedness of Mr. Bennett in sending such a man as Stanley after me. In a few more days I should have had to beg from the Arabs."

No one ever questioned the disinterested affection of Mr. Bennett or the whole-souled devotion of Stanley, yet the noisiness of the former and his continual allusions to the thoroughness of the American flag perhaps tended to belittle the really great and good offices of the hero. That, however, is now all past and gone. Stanley has a right to be judged upon his own merits, and very well can he stand upon them, too, yet with no small stock of that humility which has ever accompanied those ardent souls, great in exploration. Perhaps, as he bowed before that historic altar at Westminster, he thought—of Gordon—and Livingstone—and wondered which were better, to die in harness with set teeth and heaving heart, or to rest calmly after work is done, and hear on all sides the pleased verdict of one's friends and country.

But that Stanley, like Geraint, should waste his time in mere uxoriousness is not to be believed. If his health permit he will without doubt venture once again out to the continent rapidly coming into the light of everyday acquaintance. The explorer is like the actor; their careers have this point in common—a great and ceaseless glamour.

Which makes me think how, in the long run, things do right themselves in art as well as morals. It is confidently said of Mrs. Langtry that she is leaving the stage forever. I should not be at all surprised; she has not the physique nor the qualities of a great actress. Her title of professional beauty having expired, she goes out like a candle, for although her revival of "As You Like It" was conscientious and elaborate, it did not speak to the hearts of the public. She does not appear to be wanted on the stage. Whereas Ellen Terry gives as much satisfaction as ever, perhaps more. She has been recently reading portions of "Macbeth" to Birmingham audiences, accompanied by Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music for orchestra. These impersonations appear to have revealed the charming Ellen in a new and powerful light. *En passant*, what an artist the Bernhardt is! She refuses all offers to act in English! Sensible Sara! We are so tired of Rhea and Janauschek, Modjeska and Company.

I think we shall all be rather sorry to bid Gen. Middleton farewell. The situation has been very awkward for him and I suppose he *must* go. A friend and contributor to the *Law Journal* says he "cannot believe that the General would willingly do wrong." But nobody is infallible, and we can all remember, or most of us can, many trivial appropriations which were not found out, or, if they had been, would not have been attended with disastrous results. I know a man who would not steal for anything, yet when he goes to stay at a friend's house, uses up the soap and the pins and the ink and the pens as if they were his own. Then, he borrows his friend's dressing-gown, "It's a great deal nicer than my own," and the number of books and papers and penknives, and scissors and razors that find their way into his room is astonishing. There is nothing absolutely wrong but just a kind of dimness of vision respecting *meum* and *tuum*, and nothing but early training will ever eradicate this defect. But nobody wants to hear me preach this lovely July morning.

I always read Macaulay's account of the Siege of Derry, on the 12th of July. It's easier than going to see the procession, and cooler. Then, I know I have done my duty, and—is there anywhere a more magnificent piece of writing?

But if you were to emulate the Irish schoolmaster and say to one of those black-ringed young gentlemen riding the white horse—I beg pardon, charger I mean—

Come here, my boy. Hould up yer head,
And look like a gintleman, Sir!
Now tell me who King William was,
Now tell me if ye can, Sir!

What kind of an answer would you get? I fear very little to the point, though uttered, it might be, with every appearance of audacity and ready assumption of knowing all about it.

THE EVOLUTION OF SENSIBILITY.

THE proprietors of Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil have, among their illustrated advertisements, one representing a jolly, good-natured looking sailor, dragging after him an enormous fish. Whenever my eyes fall upon that picture an uncomfortable feeling creeps over me, not unlike the sensation of one who, having a habit more or less disapproved by his conscience, is visited by a fear that he must one day be found out in it and condemned. For the belief has for some time been forcing itself upon me that our present attitude towards the lower animals is not sanctioned by the principles of the "revelation" of evolution, as set forth by its apostle, Darwin; and that future ages will have need charitably to make allowances for our comparative ignorance, else we must appear in their eyes somewhat as cannibals do in ours.

I am led to this belief from two considerations: First, that the sympathy of man with other men varies directly with his ability to realize their kinship with himself, and is increased by everything that tends to wipe out arbitrary distinctions and minimize his feelings of a difference between them; and, as the doctrine of evolution more and more gains ground, it is easy to see that this sympathy may (or must?) extend itself to the lower animals. Secondly, that the sacredness of human life so far from being an "innate idea" has been the slow growth of ages and of civilization; and already it is apparent that the feeling is spreading beyond the confines of humanity.

With savages, we know, sympathy rarely wanders beyond the narrow limits of their own tribe, nor even within these limits is it too prodigally diffused. Alien tribes, strangers, are to them legitimate game. Not only may they be freely sacrificed to their need or their aggrandisement, but the sight of their sufferings, is one of the keenest of their pleasures. Even among civilized peoples, it may often be noted that the nationality of the sufferer has a great deal to do with the amount of sympathy felt for the suffering. "It is hard," says Major Bellenden, in "Old Mortality," "to cut a poor fellow down who cries 'Quarter' in the hamely Scots' tongue." It is a matter of almost contemporary history how blunted were the feelings of the Southern slaveholders to the sufferings, the agonies, even of "their fellows, guilty of a skin not coloured like their own." Even the artificial division of society according to rank makes for the deadening of sympathy between different ranks. Condemned criminals, being reckoned a class apart from the rest of the community, were long thought unworthy of the slightest consideration, and were handed over without remorse to a course of treatment of which now the bare recital serves to fill us with shuddering indignation. Instances might be indefinitely multiplied. Read Macaulay's history, read even Lecky's, which covers a period nearer our own, and then try to estimate the enormous growth of man's humanity to man in the very recent past. Truly a *feeling together* with all mankind is spreading everywhere throughout civilization, and with civilization; because man begins at last to realize that, however differently circumstanced, men are under all circumstances bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. In spite of all pessimists may say of the decline of faith and the evils following upon that decline, the counsel "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye likewise to them" was never so well lived up to as it is to-day; for it is the foundation of that true morality, which is but another name for general well-being.

"Sympathy beyond the confines of man," says Darwin, "that is, humanity to the lower animals, seems to be one of the latest moral acquisitions." It has gained rapidly since he wrote these words. What is the significance of the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Of the protests one meets almost daily against inflicting suffering upon animals, of sacrificing their lives in mere wantonness, of the contrivances for ending their lives, where the end is decreed, as painlessly as possible? And does it not seem entirely reasonable to believe that, as the theory of evolution is more and more accepted, we shall by degrees cease to look upon the animal creation as having been handed over to man to work his will upon, but shall rather see in them only infinitely less fortunate brethren, descendants of a common parent? And can this view fail of powerfully influencing our relations towards them? Doubtless there are many men to whom "disinterested love of all living creatures, the most noble attribute of man," is something entirely incomprehensible. But these are mere survivals of a less perfect type of moral evolution than, fortunately, has the ascendant amongst us.

To the most cultivated minds of a few centuries ago, our present sensitiveness concerning the taking of human lives would have been food for perhaps scornful amusement. Amongst the most polished nations of old, the lives of slaves and of infants were held in as slight estimation as they are to-day in those barbarous or semi-barbarous lands where the blood of the useless or the weak members of society is spilled as freely as water. Far enough removed from that stage, yet, almost equally far from ours, were the times, scarcely yet out of sight, when death was freely dealt out to starving thieves or misled "rebels." Now it is quite apparent to any observer of the signs of the times, that the days of capital punishment,

even for murder, are numbered. From seeking the most painful death for an atrocious criminal,

—Cunning cruelty

That can torment him much and hold him long,

we have got to the point when the most painless execution is becoming intolerable to contemplate, whatever circumstances may have accompanied the crime to be expiated.

So much for the revulsion of feeling as to human life. But the preservation of brute life, too, is ceasing to be a matter of indifference. Towards those animals which occupy positions nearest to man—his cherished servants, his companions, as the horse and the dog—the feeling would be of earliest and strongest growth; but, not long since, I read in a pamphlet issued by an advocate of exclusively vegetable diet, that one reason this should be preferred was that no life need be sacrificed in order to provide it. If that seems to any hyper-sensitive, I would only say, "Think upon past changes of sentiment ere you rashly underrate the possibilities of future changes."

Doubtless were the main principle of the sacredness of animal life established, many minor points would arise. To take life in defence of one's own would, it should seem, be always regarded as an inalienable right as against man or brute, unless, indeed, the world should be converted to the religious views of Count Tolstoi. But, should we be permitted to put to death such creatures as annoy merely and do not destroy, or those animals whose sole offence is against property? These may, indeed, be questions for futurity, though to us they admit of no question. But when they come up for settlement it will be amongst a people to whom a fishery question can never cause a heart-burn; amongst whom pork-packing and butchering are obsolete employments, and whose palate has never known the taste of turkey, oysters, or beef.

KATHERINE B. COURTS.

TOPEKA.

PRONOUNCED by the traveller with a slight accent on the *e*, and the short sound of *a*, but by the average Kansan "Topekee," with more of the accent on the final. But what white man has ever yet been able to pronounce an Indian word, as an Indian can? A distinguished Canadian doctor once said, that no white man was able to pronounce the word "Kamloops" as the Indian himself pronounced it, because it was accompanied by a peculiar "cluck" a white man could not correctly imitate.

A gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable says that Topeka, in the Indian vernacular, means "small potatoes," but the epithet is unjustifiable, since "Topeka" is one of the most promising, as well as most modest cities in the west, for city it is with its imposing State House that when completed will be the largest in the Union with the exception of the Capitol at Washington.

Unlike such buildings in the Dominion, the State Houses of the Union possess the stately columns and many fronts which denote that the form of government is, at least professedly, Republican.

The Kansan capital has a population of forty-five thousand, but in the rushing days of the boom, two years ago, its population was upwards of fifty thousand. Canadians have not been indifferent to the geography of the United States. They know where Kansas is but the *locus in quo* of Topeka may not have interested them, and it is, I am aware, not new to state that cities and towns in the west grow as if by magic. Let the reader take Gray's "Atlas of the World," and let his eye follow the course of the 95th and 96th parallels down to the Kansas and Nebraska State line; midway, he will find the heart of the "Dew King of Kansas" for this is a more just title than, "diminutive tubers"—Topeka. And what a contrast it offers to that "Natchez under the hill"—Kansas City, Mo. The one—what it really is—an upper Mississippi town, with its full equipment of all that goes to make the typical Julesburg, the other something of a Portland or a Philadelphia; the one, the centre of the whiskey traffic, and the other, a citadel of Prohibition; the one an illustration that there is no trade or industry, where there is no traffic in strong waters; the other maintaining that true progress and prosperity depend upon temperance; the population of the one largely foreign or of foreign extraction, the other American; the one a place where men look with suspicion on each other, the other a centre of culture and refinement; the one a place where the principles of the Bowery are still venerated, the other a spot where both hands are stretched out in the direction of education and reform.

In the latter are colleges and educational institutions that keep pace with modern advancement, places of learning, the chairs of which are filled by distinguished men from all countries. There was a time when the Canadian whose education was obtained in the halls of Europe looked with undisguised contempt on American colleges, but much of that was prejudice if not sheer ignorance.

"We endow our colleges and our universities most liberally," said an American gentleman to me not long since. "We obtain the best professors and teachers we can get, and why should the standard of our educational institutions be low?" I think I remarked that this impression prevailed more in respect of the western than the eastern states. Again, many persons have overlooked the fact that the west begins where the east leaves off. Many persons coming west, for the first time, have been agreeably disappointed; they have found the western people liberal, progressive, intelligent and fully alive to the importance of educational advancement. They have likewise been able to adopt

everything modern that progress has invented and that progressive educators have approved of. Their buildings and equipments have been modern in a line with what modern science has called for. "A supply of mediæval teachers, we can always get," said a Topeka professor to me, the other day, and while every true scholar respects and venerates these, the demand in a young and practical nation like this is more for the later school of instruction than for the old. The old and the new are well represented, as native Canadian professors who fill many of our chairs know, and their articles, which appear in our best periodicals, show that the hearts of the great bulk of the American people are sound and that they are not above allowing a Canadian to draw a correction line now and then, at least, in spite of the trade policy which both countries have seen fit to adopt.

The track of boom however, did not spare Topeka, for here a couple of years ago, the mania invaded the city and Inflation dethroned "King Corn," "Golden Wheat," "Proud Oats," "Modest Grass," "Buffalo Birch," "Clover and Orchard," "Standby Flax," and "Sweet Sorghum." The Plumed Knight was no longer King; the boomster had come and was regnant until the boom burst. The collapse was felt by not a few who had been led into the game in good faith. The original boomster had, in the meantime, "unloaded" and quietly withdrew, perhaps to Oklahoma, or Santa Barbara. More than two thousand vacant houses in the city attest to the rise and fall of boom in the Kansan Capital, but Topeka is not without certain resources which are of the substantial kind. Two trunk lines of railway run in and out of Topeka. These are the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and the Rock Island and Chicago. These companies represent a large pay roll, and their freight and passenger traffic is ever on the increase. The surrounding country is a very rich agricultural one, and it is thickly settled.

The building and street improvements did not cease with the collapse of boom. There are several avenues which are expensively but splendidly paved. On only one street do you see the the old-fashioned horse-cars, and these will shortly be replaced by the electric cars. The latter with the cable car run on all the principal streets. The city extends several miles, comprising many additions on which are erected handsome suburban residences; many of these denote wealth and refinement. Quite a number of Canadians are among the successful business men of Topeka, and what may interest many readers of THE WEEK is a certain similarity in the names of places.

For instance, there is the town of Ottawa, in Franklin County, which has a population of 6,626. Here, this month, will meet the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly, which will be the 12th session. This is second only in attendance to the parent Chautauqua in New York. The announcement states: "Ten days of rest, recreation and instruction, in the finest natural park in the State, the largest auditorium in Kansas, and the best time and place in the west to take a ten days' outing. Nine departments of instruction and over fifty literary and scientific lectures."

There is also a very large lecture platform, and, what is never absent from great gatherings in this country, Grand Army day orators, who will be led by General Russell H. Alger.

Again, there are also a Toronto, and a York, a Pardee, and a Prescott, a Stormont, and a Waterloo, a Windsor, and a Woodstock, a Russell, and a Belleville, a Brantford, a Carlton, and a town the name of which is "Dennis," a Halifax, an Ontario, and last, but not least, a Canada. Now, can anything be more Canadian than these names? They are certainly familiar to the Dominion dweller and they show that in the early settlement of Kansas, Canadians took a leading part.

Cosmos.

Topeka, Kansas, May 10, 1890.

A GLIMPSE OF A LONDON STUDIO.

AMONG the most successful of American artists resident in London is George H. Boughton, who must now, perhaps, be classed as an out-and-out Englishman, for not only does his well-proportioned and somewhat bulky frame show British health and physical vigour, but his accent and mannerisms are even more evidence in point. New York has undoubtedly lost him, while London has gained an artist who has won an enviable place in the ranks of modern painters. A glimpse of a famous artist's workshop is always interesting, and when, therefore, I received a neatly written note of invitation to West House, Campden Hill, for two o'clock on a certain Tuesday afternoon, signed, in a small yet neat hand, "G. H. Boughton," a resolve to accept it was as easily made as carried out.

Campden Hill lies just beyond Hyde Park, the street leading to the Hill being one of those erratic, narrow, winding, cobble-paved avenues which abound in the residential part of London. Rounding a curve, the first break in the line of masonry revealed a house of such curious and striking architecture as to stamp it at once as the haunt and home of a true artist. It was indeed an architectural oasis in a desert of dull brick and duller stone, with its quaint gables and its seventeenth century windows. Even the "Notting Hill gate" (of hammered iron) and the door knob were of an unique pattern—the latter very large and very bright in its brassy glory—as bright as the dainty white-capped domestic who piloted us through curious little halls and rooms and up odd little stairways, that did not seem to know quite where they were going or whither they would lead us, to the studio and its occupant. A hearty English welcome was given by the genial artist, who,

palette and brush in hand, was putting the finishing touches to a Dutch landscape. No one can doubt, after reading his "Artist's Strolls in Holland," that the land of dykes and windmills is his favourite source of inspiration. He must be a rapid worker, judging by the fact that the canvas in question was started and completed in two afternoons.

The studio was as charming and inviting as we had been told. Lying on chairs and settees and rugs were a queer disarray of costumes, brilliant in colours and velvety hues. Our host explained that they had been chosen by Henry Irving for him, he (Mr. B.) being engaged at that time in drawing a series of designs for a new illustrated edition of Shakespeare. We met a Shakespeare model leaving as we entered, a most ordinary looking, nineteenth-century individual, apart and outside of the doublet and hose and richly-lined cape lying in a corner of the studio.

"You have evidently settled in London for good?" I remarked. "Yes," replied Mr. Boughton, "it all turned on a comparatively trivial circumstance. About six years ago, while in London for a visit, I had made up my mind to return to New York and settle down there; in fact, I was going to start in less than a week's time. That same day, when walking down Fleet Street, I met a London friend who possesses a good deal of influence. On his recommendation I postponed my journey westward for a short time, and it has been postponed ever since. Through the influence and good-will of this gentleman I have been perhaps more successful here than I would have been in the States. Yet," he added, "England and America are practically one. An Englishman and an American are in reality one in their sympathies and tastes, and our civilization is also one; at least, no material difference exists."

I was, however, specially interested in the studio, a room that gives a fitting frame for Mr. Boughton's class of work, which a critic has described as "human and tender," dealing as it does with the gentle and domestic side of life. The north end of the high oak-roofed room is almost entirely filled with a large window, while the southern end has a lofty gallery such as one sees in the old Crosby Hall Inn in East London. The walls are covered with a gray coloured plaster. In an alcove is an inviting settee; on the floor rich Persian and Turkish rugs are spread. A book case, a writing desk and a few book shelves give a literary air to the room. The eastern wall is also adorned by tapestries of no inconsiderable value. Among the canvases on the walls were a number descriptive of Holland, some of the fruits of the "Artist's Strolls" in that country to which I have alluded. You will remember these charmingly illustrated and written articles, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1883. "Yes, the costumes of the Hollanders are horribly funny," said Mr. Boughton, as he noticed our amusement at a sketch of "Fisherman and Boy"—the latter a duplicate in miniature of his baggy-breeched, stolid, wooden-shod *paterfamilias*. "A scribe was to have gone with me on that journey, but failed, and I was in consequence compelled to act both as writer and sketcher"—in both of which, it may be truthfully added, he was equally successful.

But comparatively little of the interior of the house could be seen, owing to the fact that gloomy shrouds of white cotton encased the Chippendale furniture in the three beautiful rooms which open from the Main Hall, known respectively as the Yellow, the Blue and the Gold Room. The house was about to be closed for the summer, the artist spending the holiday season in Scotland as a rule. In spite of the white cotton, however, we saw sufficient of dainty *bric-a-brac*, of pink and blue friezes and walls, of golden panels with decorative sketches and amber-coloured dados, of Japanese embroidered yellow satin hangings, of cosy fire-places, and of a wealth of art on window-panes and blinds and screens, and in etchings, water-colours and oils, to convince us that West House, both in exterior and interior, is a masterpiece of Queen Anne architecture and decoration. It made us loath to leave the hall again with its fine old Beauvais tapestry, to turn our backs on the main staircase flooded with the rich light that filtered through a stained-glass window, and enter the unartistic, uninviting, undecorated street, and still more unwilling to bid good-bye to the modest, genial, grey-coated and velvet-capped Royal Academician.

FRANK YEIGH.

"SAINT" JOAN OF ARC.

REPORT says that Joan of Arc is to be elevated to her rank of sainthood by command of his Holiness, but as she has been in the other world something like four hundred years, it is charitable to suppose that she has already attained to some such honour, otherwise the good opinion of the people may not be of much advantage to her. That the Maid of Orleans dreamed dreams, saw visions, and heard voices of a right brave, and patriotic sort, we are all willing to believe, and that she was inspired by her own genius and fervour, to inspire the fainting heart of her King and countrymen with courage and hope, is one of the ever memorable incidents in the wars between England and France. Let St. Joan have honourable mention in the calendar of the pious departed by all means, and if need be, a monument as high as the Eiffel Tower. England will not be behind with her guineas nor her meed of praise, even as she was not behind with her fagots to burn the soldier-maiden as a witch four hundred years ago.

Every age, I suppose, has its own special weakness, and it is rare indeed that one covers the whole ground. When we come to look back a century or two it seems to

our exceeding great wisdom that knowledge was rather dilatory in coming to enlighten the world, but had it been otherwise, what would have become of our intellectual museum of moral curiosities, which is always such a treasure to the painstaking historian?

The wisdom of the age in which Joan lived was quite unequal to the task of comprehending how a mere female, without being in league with the prince of darkness, could outwit Englishmen under the warlike Salisbury, and snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat. But for that matter the good people of Massachusetts, at a later period, were not any wiser when they burned an inoffensive woman who was too audibly pious, on the ground that she made such beautiful prayers that the foul fiend must have lent her his particular assistance. The evolutions of belief have brought us to times of greater enlightenment and mental sobriety, when we can judge more justly, even if we feel more coldly in presence of issues of far-reaching significance.

All countries and creeds have had their times of ignorance and cruelty, and the room for stone-throwing, should any one desire to indulge in it, is narrower than some of us suppose. The Roman Church in France, a few centuries ago, burned men for eating meat on Friday, and hanged them as a concession to mercy, if they repented, which reminds us very much of bluff King Hal's tender mercy to Sir Thomas More. More was sentenced in the ordinary form with all the frightful accompaniments that went with the punishment for treason; but the sentence was commuted to death on the scaffold as a special instance of royal clemency. "God forbid," said Sir Thomas, "that the King should show any more such mercy to any of my friends, and God bless all my posterity from such pardons." Staunch Presbyterian Scotland, with her dear love of liberty and invincible hatred of tyranny by the State, was not free from the vice of intolerance, as, for instance, when she anxiously endeavoured to procure a law by which any one who taught anything contrary to the doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation should be punished with death, and all who taught Armenian, Antinomian, Baptist, Popish or Quaker doctrine should be imprisoned for life. We must admit that this was a thoroughly comprehensive and impartial way of snuffing out sects that happened to be obnoxious to the dominant creed. Calvinism was, beyond doubt, the strong meat which nurtured a brave people into independence and national power, but we confess it had some grim phases which make us content to be free from its paternal oversight in the nineteenth century.

John Wesley and the Associated Presbytery of 1736 were equally horrified at the movement for the repeal of the laws against witchcraft, although they had little even in common on other questions. The Presbytery, however, went even farther and entered their solemn protest against the use of "fanners in winnowing grain," such impious machines being wicked inventions of mere men to raise an artificial breeze in defiance of the Almighty, "who maketh the winds to blow as He listeth." English savants of the same period were no wiser. Dodwell, a Professor of History, at Oxford, was advanced enough to defend the use of instrumental music in public worship, but his defence was curiously enough based upon the theory that the notes of the organ had power to counteract the influence of demons upon the spinal marrow of human beings. It was his sage opinion that the spinal marrow, when decomposed, was liable to become a serpent, and the music of the organ was supposed to be the proper antidote to such a catastrophe. Music is indeed mighty, and hath wrought miracles ever since the day that David, fresh from the sheep folds, touched his harp with skill in the presence of Saul, and charmed the evil spirit of melancholy from the heart of the King, but Dodwell's theory was much more comprehensive and definite than the Bible story. The age was earnest—whatever else it was not—demons, witchcraft and intolerance notwithstanding. Indeed, these crudities rather witness to its zeal. The fragments of pulpit manners that have come down to us go to show that the Scotch clergy, at any rate, wept and perspired as fluently as they preached (and there were no read sermons in those days). Sometimes a preacher required as many as three or four pocket handkerchiefs during one sermon, and one or more changes of underclothing in a day, according to the number and fervour of his pulpit efforts. Present day preachers may be equally earnest, but they are much more composed. The etiquette of public speaking now requires composure and dignity, and in the utmost "whirlwind" of religious zeal the preacher is expected to "acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." If our great preachers took to profuse weeping in the pulpit we would be profoundly shocked, perhaps we would be profoundly impressed when we came to think about it, but at first we would certainly be as much taken aback as though a statesman wept abundantly before a Legislative Assembly in bringing in a measure. It is the stage that melts us to tears, not the pulpit; it is the work of fiction, not the New Testament—not historical nor any other phase of Christianity. We have out-grown emotional religion, and we think we have grown wiser, touching the higher problems of life here and hereafter. We are wiser than in the past, and have contrived for the most part to add to our faith some common sense and common charity.

Great were his fate who on the earth should linger,
Sleep for an age and stir himself again,
Watching God's terrible and fiery finger
Shriveled the falsehood from the souls of men.

D. KINMOUNT ROY.

ANACREON'S PICTURE OF HIS MISTRESS.

To my aid, thou best of painters!
Paint her for me, best of painters,
Master of the Rhodian art!
Bring my mistress back before me,
As I speak her, thou shalt limn her.
Paint me first her flowing tresses,
Black and yielding make her tresses,
And, if wax can give the picture,
Show the fragrance breathing from them.
Paint her brow like ivory,
Shapely, firm the cheeks beneath it,
Locks dark-gleaming resting o'er it.
Then the eyebrows touch so deftly,
Scarce they meet and scarce are sever'd;
Paint them black, the arching eyebrows
Imperceptibly commingling.
To her eyes ('tis here thou failest)
Eyes as bright as are Athene's,
Melting eyes like Aphrodite's,
Fire alone can give their glances.
Paint her nose and cheeks like roses,
Milk-dipped roses, white, yet blushing,
And upon her lips persuasion
Challenging the kiss of lovers;
'Neath her dainty chin the graces
Round a neck of Parian whiteness,
See! they hover, none is wanting.
Violet-hued the garb that veils her,
Half-revealing, half-concealing
Lustrous flesh that, peering through it,
Tells the tale of hidden beauty.
'Tis enough: she stands before me;
Wax ere long will learn her language!

Montreal.

X.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MODERN MYSTIC AND MR. DAVIN, M.P.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As several who know me here identify me with "The Modern Mystic," as described in your columns by our friend, Nicholas Flood Davin, it is only fair to myself to explain that his account is all pure fiction.

In his second article in THE WEEK (11th July) there is little or nothing to indicate myself, except that the name "McKnom" is Monk spelt backwards, and I may be, also, in some respects like "Socrates," as I may differ from other people generally in being an "earnest preacher of righteousness."

"Mr. George Helpsam," who is "well known to literary men as a thinker and a brilliant writer," is doubtless our friend N. F. D. himself (at least we may so interpret the name, until it is proved that "the cap fits" some one else better among our acquaintances here), I myself being the labourer "Sam," seemingly "doing nothing" (according to the well-known story), while our friend N. F. D. contrives to "help Sam" in that rather tiresome occupation, by drawing some attention to myself, and my seemingly fruitless efforts.

As for "Plato and Socrates," they were doubtless very superior men, centuries in advance of the time in which they lived; but nevertheless thousands of years behind the possibilities of our greatly advanced age. We, who may now know with absolute certainty what is at present known in reference to the great facts of astronomy, geology, and chemistry, etc., need scarcely refer to what Plato or Socrates may have merely thought or imagined in the comparative youth or infancy of the human race.

HENRY WENTWORTH MONK.

Ottawa, July 14, 1890.

THE GRAND PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Though modern inventions, such as the telescope and the spectroscope, etc., have enlarged our view and comprehension of the universe enormously, nevertheless the one grand purpose of the whole universe does not yet appear to be clearly perceived by scientists and educated men generally.

When we find a fruit tree (such as the apple tree or the fig tree) producing very excellent and important fruit, we may reasonably conclude that the one grand purpose of that tree is to produce just such fruit. In like manner, when we find a world (such as our earth) producing human beings possessing creative mind and progressive intellect, we may also reasonably conclude that the one grand purpose of the world is to produce just such human beings, possessing creative mind, etc.

When we discover also that the other worlds in our universe are generally more or less like our earth, we may reasonably conclude also that the other worlds generally produce also beings, more or less like ourselves, possessing creative mind and progressive intellect; and that consequently such beings, together with ourselves, are the natural fruit of the universe (as it were), and therefore the one grand purpose for which the universe exists.

The fruit of a tree generally contains the germ essential to the reproduction of that tree; so human beings (and doubtless the other beings also, more or less like ourselves, who are produced from worlds more or less like our earth)

contain the germ, or the creative mind and progressive intellect essential to the reproduction of a universe, similar to the existing universe; whenever the present universe, after the lapse of countless ages, shall have become utterly worn out and dissolved into its original condition, whatever that may have been. Thus the great problem of all existence (whether of the universe itself or of the creative mind of the universe) is solved at once, and proves to be about as simple (and as easy to be understood) as is the fact that the oak-tree produces acorns, and the acorn (or rather the germ within the acorn) becomes a great oak-tree like its parent *ad infinitum*. For the universe produces human beings, or beings more or less like ourselves, each possessing the germ of creative mind and progressive intellect, which by continual development during countless ages, ultimately becomes competent to renew the universe whenever occasion may so require.

Why shouldn't the infinitely small *ultimately* become infinitely great? It certainly must do so *eventually*; for given *continually progressive intellect* (such as the human mind certainly manifests already) and *eternal or endless existence* (such as the human mind instinctively anticipates); there can be no limit whatever to the ultimate greatness of our comprehension and ability any more than there is a limit to infinite space or to endless duration. The above may perhaps serve to convey a general idea of what a thorough understanding and recognition of "world-life" involves.

Ottawa, July 14, 1890. HENRY WENTWORTH MONK.

GLADSTONE AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—III.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In my letter appearing in THE WEEK for July 11, I proposed to show the injury that would have been done to Canada, as well as to Great Britain, had Gladstone been Premier in 1862, instead of his being subordinate to a man like Palmerston. Also the light his action at that time throws upon his attempt practically to do for the United Kingdom in 1886 that which he openly sought to do in 1862 for the United States, namely, to break up a union hallowed by many memories.

The Power wielded by a British Premier.

Take the case of Pitt in 1792. Notwithstanding the open and published threats of French Ministers against England and their known attempts to stir up sedition and risings (a million of francs having been devoted to those objects) and notwithstanding, also, the two actual attacks upon British ships of war in time of peace—not even apologized for—yet Pitt kept England at peace. But in Feb., 1793, the French Jacobins, eager to commence a wolf-and-lamb quarrel with feeble and wealthy Holland, without a dissenting vote in the Convention, at one and the same instant wantonly declared war against that half-defenceless and rich country, and against its treaty-ally and bulwark, Great Britain. When France thrust at England, England was compelled to parry and to thrust back. Nothing but the power of Pitt as Premier had kept peace so long. At this peace-loving era, would Great Britain (or any other great Power) submit to have her ships or war fired upon without apology, and emissaries sent to stir up rebellion?

Then, again, in 1829, Wellington as the Premier carried the Catholic Emancipation Act through the House of Lords. Had he not been Premier he could not have won over the hostile majority.

So with Peel in 1846. In 1841 the country had been appealed to on the Free Trade question, and it had returned Peel as a Protectionist with a majority of 91. Five years later, having come to the conclusion that Free Trade was right and Protection wrong, disregarding the strongly expressed anger of his political friends, he, with rare moral courage, did what he believed to be right, and brought in the Bill to repeal the Corn Laws. He brought over 112 of his own party in the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords changed a hopeless minority into a majority of 46. Had he been only a subordinate he could not have effected this vast change.

Then, in the case of Disraeli's Reform Bill. Previous to that the electors did not exceed six per cent. of the population. Some have thought that he set the example followed up by Gladstone of unwisely watering the standard of voting intelligence. It was only the moral pressure of a Conservative Premier that carried it through.

Again, in 1881 it was simply the influence of Gladstone as Premier that carried the partial confiscation of the property of those who had, a few years earlier, bought land from the government with a government title. Yet people wonder that British capital shuns Ireland; forgetful of the old proverb: "A burnt child dreads the fire."

Then with Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1886. That life-long Radical, John Bright, repeatedly declared that, except the Irish-Parnellite members, there were not twenty men in the House of Commons who were genuinely in favour of the measure. Yet the Premier's influence was so great that about 210 British Liberals voted for a measure which, eight months previously, they were opposed to. This is not counting Bright's twenty, who had, as he believed, been favourable to some such measure. And these 210 voted for a Bill to carry out that to which Gladstone himself had a year before been openly antagonistic.

These facts prove the great power wielded by the Premier of the United Kingdom for the time being.

What Gladstone would have done in 1862 had he been Premier.

All are aware of his fluency of speech and persuasiveness. But few understand his skill in glossing over facts, presenting them shorn of part of the truth and attractively dressed up with the opposite of truth. In Peel's cabinet of 1841, Sir William Follett, "the silver-tongued advocate," was Solicitor-General. He was reputed to be the cleverest lawyer of his time for glozing affidavits. Thus if in the course of an argument before a court, he had to read affidavits—his practice was chiefly in Chancery—he would most dexterously and innocently omit passages that told against himself and touch up passages in his favour, and leave out or confuse the meaning of the context. Gladstone, when in the humour, is certainly his equal. The unreflecting majority do not take heed of this.

Those who have made a study of Gladstone's career and of his skill in dressing up a case will easily understand how he would have acted had he unhappily for the Anglo-Saxon race, been Premier in 1862. Certainly he would not have confined himself to his Newcastle speech. He would have orated in those districts, where the million sufferers from the cotton famine lived. Consider—with no superior or equal to say him nay—how he would have enlarged upon the fact that all that was required to relieve this half-starved multitude was simply to agree to the urgent demands of our good ally Napoleon, and, acting with him, merely to acknowledge the independence of the South. He would have indignantly repudiated any idea of actual interference. To do him justice he never advocated or remotely hinted at using force. Neither did anyone else. What stage indignation he would have displayed towards "the classes as against the masses"—the former representing the intelligent minority—for their refusal to recognize Southern Independence as seeking practically to deprive of bread the less instructed majority in the United Kingdom. Considering his great persuasive powers it is morally certain that he would have brought over to his side the vast majority of that suffering million. That would practically have meant a great increase of support in the House of Commons.

Free Trade had much to do with Secession. The belief that Secession would enable the South to get rid of the then comparatively mild Protective tariff of the North, induced numbers to vote for it. In some of the States Secession was only carried by moderate majorities. Although of course the retention of slavery, uninterfered with, was the principal cause, yet if the question of Free Trade had been lost sight of—more than one of the seceding states would have stayed in the Union. In Gladstone's hands this question of Free Trade with the South, and an increase of commerce and employment, by simply acknowledging the Secession, would have been amplified, and, after his optimistic manner, exaggerated; and would have brought over multitudes of proof against other arguments.

Then think how he would have posed as a philanthropist and peace-maker. How he would have enlarged upon the fact that his proposed step would save the lives of hundreds of thousands and avoid the waste of untold treasure. How he would have charged against opponents—especially against the peace-at-any-price party—the members of which were the strongest advocates of the Civil War being carried out to the bitter end—that it was they who desired this loss of life and waste of treasure, and that he only aspired to act the part of a peace-maker. How effective his wealth of words would ornately have rendered Pecksniff's famous expression, "My friends, let us be moral," also, would have pointed out that practically the slave line would have had an increased southing of hundreds of miles. That it would be impossible to keep slaves in bondage against their will, when a few miles would take them beyond the reach of the Fugitive Slave Law, instead of, as hitherto, having hundreds of miles to travel before reaching Canada.

All who are aware of the real plane of English and Scotch moral feeling—which is higher than that of their reasoning power—know that, with such a consummate master of rhetorical fence, the humanitarian weapon would have been very effective. Multitudes who would have rejected any appeal to cash or trade arguments would have yielded to Gladstone's superficial moral reasoning. To those who spoke of possible war, he would have pointed out that with such an ally as France, which had a fleet nearly as strong as that of Great Britain, and had in addition a powerful army, there was really nothing to fear from that source. Independent of this, after his manner, he would have taken steps which practically would have committed the country, thus bringing over those who, proof against all other reasoning, yield to the logic of accomplished facts. Of course many of his colleagues would have resigned (as in 1886), and there would have been a powerful minority in the House of Commons opposed to his views, but nevertheless he would have carried his point.

Its effect upon Canada.

The independence of the South, brought about by Gladstone under such circumstances, would have greatly embittered the North, not only against Great Britain, but also against Canada. Instead of having a friendly nation as a neighbour, we should have had a hostile one—one always willing to do us an evil turn. It must be borne in mind, that, after peace had been settled between the North and the South, there would have sprung up on both sides a strong party to bring about a re-union. Although it would have taken a very long time to effect all this,

yet some of the Border States would long before have returned to the old flag. The Unionists on both sides would have always charged that it was owing to the fault of Great Britain that the Union had been broken up. Britain would have been the scapegoat for all their political sins. The evils resulting from such a belief would have existed for many generations. Only well-informed people know that the great majority of Americans are intellectually reared upon false history. For years many believed that England actually caused the Civil War. The writer received a letter in 1862 from an American author of Irish extraction, who was always held to be at the head of his branch of literature, distinctly charging that Britain was mainly responsible for the war. He did not specifically allege that England originated it. He believed what the Jefferson Bricks wrote.

How much stronger would this feeling have been had Gladstone unfortunately steered the ship of state! Among other probable results of a disruption would have been a repudiation of the debt. This would have caused a financial earthquake, affecting the whole civilized world. The course of strict non-intervention, which was carried out by the British Government, was the wisest course. It was better to let the Americans settle their own affairs. Napoleon's breach of faith to England in 1860 on the Savoy question showed the extreme danger of having any entangling alliance with him, or even adopting his suggestions. Always after the Savoy affair Palmerston rightly distrusted him. With the best intentions to lessen the loss of life and treasure, it was impossible to foresee what complications would have resulted from the recognition of the South. Under such circumstances the only wise course was the one pursued, although under the circumstances it required great self-command. It is a comfort to know that Gladstone was the only statesman who wished to pursue a different course. A still greater comfort to know that neither he nor any one else advocated using force.

To show how historical falsehoods are started and kept alive, a renegade Scotchman, naturalized in the States—who has made a large fortune by keeping down the wages of his work-people—has recently charged, well knowing it to be false, "that the Government of Great Britain was on the eve of entering the struggle against the Republic." If an intelligent and travelled Scotchman who does know better, forgetful of the old proverb, "it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest," seeks to inculcate national ill-will by publishing such a transparent falsehood, how much more common would that feeling have been among less-informed people if Gladstone had had his way?

I repeat that in future times, the strict neutrality adopted by Great Britain under great temptation will be looked upon as one of the grandest actions of the nineteenth century.

In my next I propose to deal with Gladstone and his unwitting attempt to do that for the United Kingdom in 1886 which he sought to do for the United States in 1862. His failure in both instances was truly providential.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (or Quincey, for it appears that he invented or revived the *de*) was born in Manchester—but apparently not, as he himself thought, at the country house of Greenhay which his parents afterwards inhabited—on August 15th, 1785. His father was a merchant, well to do but of weak health, who died when Thomas was seven years old. Of his childhood he has left very copious reminiscences, and there is no doubt that reminiscences of childhood do linger long after later memories have disappeared. But to what extent De Quincey gave "cocked hats and canes" to his childish thoughts and to his relations with his brothers and sisters individual judgment must decide. I should say for my part that the extent was considerable. It seems, however, pretty clear that he was as a child very much what he was all his life—emphatically "old-fashioned," retiring without being exactly shy, full of far-brought fancies and yet intensely concentrated upon himself. In 1796 his mother moved to Bath, and Thomas was educated first at the Grammar School there and then at a private school in Wiltshire. It was at Bath, his head-quarters being there, that he met, according to his own account, various persons of distinction—Lord Westport, Lord and Lady Carbery and others, who figure largely in the "Autobiography," but are never heard of afterwards. It was with Lord Westport, a boy somewhat younger than himself, that he took a trip to Ireland, the only country beyond Great Britain that he visited. In 1800 he was sent by his guardians to the Manchester Grammar School in order to obtain, by three years' boarding there, one of the Somerset Exhibitions to Brasenose. As a separate income of £150 had been left by De Quincey's father to each of his sons, as this income, or part of it, must have been accumulating, and, as the mother was very well off, this roundabout way of securing for him a miserable forty or fifty pounds a year seems strange enough. But it has to be remembered that for all these details we have little security but De Quincey himself—a security which I confess I like not. However, that he did go to Manchester, and did, after rather more than two of his three years' probation, run away is, I suppose, indisputable. His mother was living at Chester, and the calf was not killed for this prodigal son; but he had the liberty given him of wandering about Wales on an allowance of a guinea

a week. That there is some mystery, or mystification, about all this is nearly certain. If things really went as he represents them his mother ought to have been ashamed of herself, and his guardians ought to have had, to say the least, an experience of the roughest side of Lord Eldon's tongue. The wanderings in Wales were followed by the famous sojourn in Soho, with its waitings at money-lenders' doors, and its perambulations of Oxford Street. Then, by another sudden revolution, we find De Quincey with two-thirds of his allowance handed over to him and permission to go to Oxford as he wished, but abandoned to his own devices by his mother and his guardians, as surely no mother and no guardians ever abandoned an exceptionally unworldly boy of eighteen before. They seem to have put fifty guineas in his pocket and sent him up to Oxford, without even recommending him a college (they could at least have made sure that he would not have gone to that particular one if they had), and with an income which made it practically certain that he would once more seek the Jews. When he had spent so much of his fifty guineas that there was not enough left to pay caution money at most colleges, he went to Worcester where it happened to be low. He seems to have stayed there, on and off, for nearly six years. But he took no degree, his eternal caprices making him shun *viva voce* (then a much more important part of the examination than it is now) after sending in unusually good written papers. Instead of taking a degree he began to take opium, and to make acquaintance with the "Lakers" in both their haunts of Somerset and Westmoreland. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, he may have eaten some dinners, and somehow or other he "came into his property," though there are dire surmises that it was by the Hebrew door. At any rate in November, 1809, he gave up both Oxford and London, which he had frequented a good deal, chiefly, he says, for the sake of the opera of which he was very fond, and established himself at Grasmere. One of the most singular things about his singular life—an oddity due, no doubt, in part to the fact that he outlived his more literary associates instead of being outlived by them—is that though we hear much from De Quincey of other people we hear extremely little from other people about De Quincey. Indeed, what we do so hear dates almost entirely from the last days of his life.

As for the autobiographic details in his "Confessions" and elsewhere, anybody who chooses may put those Sibylline leaves together for himself. It would only appear certain that for ten years he led the life of a recluse student and a hard laudanum-drinker, varied by a little society now and then; that in 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, a dalesman's daughter, of whom we have hardly any personal notices save to the effect that she was very beautiful, and who seems to have been almost the most exemplary of wives to almost the most eccentric of husbands; that for most of the time he was in more or less ease and affluence (ease and affluence still it would seem of a treacherous Hebraic origin); and that about 1819 he found himself in great pecuniary difficulties. Then at length he turned to literature, started as editor of a little Tory paper at Kendal, went to London, and took rank, never to be cancelled, as a man of letters by the first part of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," published in the *London Magazine* for 1821. He began as a magazine-writer and he continued as such till the end of his life; his publications in book-form being, till he was induced to collect his articles, quite insignificant. Between 1821 and 1825 he seems to have been chiefly in London, though sometimes at Grasmere; between 1825 and 1830 chiefly at Grasmere, but much in Edinburgh, where Wilson (whose friendship he had secured, not at Oxford, though they were contemporaries, but at the Lakes) was now residing and where he was introduced to Blackwood. In 1830 he moved his household to the Scotch capital, and lived there, or (after his wife's death in 1837) at Lasswade, or rather Polton, for the rest of his life. His affairs had come to their worst before he lost his wife, and it is now known that for some considerable time he lived, like Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, in the sanctuary of Holyrood. But De Quincey's way of "living" at any place was as mysterious as most of his other ways; and, though he seems to have been very fond of his family and not at all put out by them, it was his constant habit to establish himself in separate lodgings. These he as constantly shifted (sometimes as far as Glasgow) for no intelligible reason that has ever been discovered or surmised, his pecuniary troubles having long ceased. It was in the latest and most permanent of these lodgings, 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, not at Lasswade, that he died on the 8th of December, 1859. He had latterly written mainly, though not solely, for *Tait's Magazine* and *Hogg's Instructor*. But his chief literary employment for at least seven years before this had been the arrangement of the authorized edition of his works, the last or fourteenth volume of which was in the press at the time of his death.

The quantity of work produced during this singular existence, from the time when De Quincey first began, unusually late, to write for publication, was very large. As collected by the author, it filled fourteen volumes; the collection was subsequently enlarged to sixteen, and, though the new edition promises to restrict itself to the older and lesser number, the contents of each volume have been very considerably increased. But this printed and reprinted total, so far as can be judged from De Quincey's own assertions and from the observations of those who were acquainted with him (nobody can be said to have known him) during his later years, must have been but the smaller part

of what he actually wrote. He was always writing, and always leaving deposits of his manuscripts in the various lodgings where it was his habit to bestow himself. The greater part of De Quincey's writing was of a kind almost as easily written by so full a reader and so logical a thinker as an ordinary newspaper article by an ordinary man; and, except when he was sleeping, wandering about, or reading, he was always writing. It is, of course, true that he spent a great deal of time, especially in his last years of all, in re-writing and re-fashioning previously executed work; and also that illness and opium made considerable inroads on his leisure. But I should imagine that if we had all that he actually wrote during these nearly forty years, forty or sixty printed volumes would more nearly express its amount than fourteen or sixteen.

Few English writers have touched so large a number of subjects with such competence both in information and in power of handling. Still fewer have exhibited such remarkable logical faculty. One main reason why one is sometimes tempted to quarrel with him is that his play of fence is so excellent that one longs to cross swords. For this and for other reasons no writer has a more stimulating effect, or is more likely to lead his readers on to explore and to think for themselves. In none is that incurable curiosity, that infinite variety of desire for knowledge and for argument which age cannot quench, more observable. Few if any have the indefinable quality of freshness in so large a measure. You never quite know, though you may have a shrewd suspicion, what De Quincey will say on any subject; his gift of sighting and approaching new facets of it is so immense. Whether he was in truth as accomplished a classical scholar as he claimed to be I do not know; he has left few positive documents to tell us. But I should think that he was, for he has all the characteristics of a scholar of the best and rarest kind—the scholar who is exact as to language without failing to comprehend literature, and competent in literature without being slipshod as to language. He was not exactly as Southey was, "omnilegent;" but in his own departments, and they were numerous, he went further below the surface and connected his readings together better than Southey did. Of the two classes of severer study to which he specially addicted himself, his political economy suffered perhaps a little, acute as his views in it often are, from the fact that in his time it was practically a new study, and that he had neither sufficient facts nor sufficient literature to go upon. In metaphysics, to which he gave himself up for years and in which he seems really to have known whatever there was to know, I fear that the opium fiend cheated the world of something like masterpieces. Only three men during De Quincey's lifetime had anything like his powers in this department. Now De Quincey could write English, and Sir William Hamilton either could not or would not. Ferrer could and did write English; but he could not, as De Quincey could, throw upon philosophy the play of literary and miscellaneous illustration which of all the sciences it most requires, and which all its really supreme exponents have been able to give it. Mansel could do both these things; but he was somewhat indolent, and had many avocations. De Quincey could write perfect English, he had every resource of illustration and relief at command, he was in his way as "brazen-bowelled" at work as he was "golden-mouthed" at expression, and he had ample leisure. But the inability to undertake sustained labour, which he himself recognizes as the one unquestionable curse of opium, deprived us of an English philosopher who would have stood as far above Kant in exoteric graces as he would have stood above Bacon in esoteric value. It was not entirely De Quincey's fault. It seems to be generally recognized now that whatever occasional excesses he may have committed, opium was really required in his case, and gave us what we have as much as it took away what we have not. But if any one chose to write in the antique style a debate between Philosophy, Tar-water and Laudanum, it would be almost enough to put in the mouth of Philosophy, "This gave me Berkeley and that deprived me of De Quincey."

De Quincey is, however, first of all a writer of ornate English, which for once was never a mere cover to bare thought. Overpraise and mispraise him as anybody may, he cannot be overpraised for this. Mistake as he chose to do and as others have chosen to do, the relative value of his gift, the absolute value of it is unmistakable. What other Englishman, from Sir Thomas Browne downwards, has written a sentence surpassing in melody that in "Our Lady of Sighs": "And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams and with wrecks of forgotten delirium"? Compare that with the masterpieces of some later practitioners. There are no out-of-the-way words; there is no needless expense of adjectives; the sense is quite adequate to the sound; the sound is only what is required as accompaniment to the sense. And though I do not know that in a single instance of equal length—even in the still more famous, and as a whole justly more famous, *tour de force* on "Our Lady of Darkness"—De Quincey ever quite equalled the combined simplicity and majesty of this phrase, he has constantly come close to it. The "Suspiria" are full of such passages—there are even some who prefer "Savannah la Mar" to the "Ladies of Sorrow." Beautiful as it is I do not, because the accursed superfluous adjective appears there. The famous passages of the "Confessions" are in every one's memory; and so I suppose is the "Vision of Sudden Death." Many passages in "The Cæsars," though somewhat less florid, are hardly less good; and the close of

"Joan of Arc" is as famous as the most ambitious attempts of the "Confessions" and the "Mail Coach." Moreover in all the sixteen volumes specimens of the same kind may be found here and there, alternating with very different matter; so much so that it has no doubt often occurred to readers that the author's occasional divergence into questionable quips and cranks is a deliberate attempt to set off his rhetoric, as dramatists of the noblest school have always set off their tragedy, with comedy, if not with farce. That such a principle would imply confusion of the study and the stage is arguable enough, but it does not follow that it was not present. At any rate the contrast, deliberate or not, is very strong indeed in De Quincey—stronger than in any other prose author except his friend, and pupil rather than master, Wilson.

The great advantage that De Quincey has, not only over this friend of his, but over all practitioners of the ornate style in this century, lies in his sureness of hand in the first place, and secondly in the comparative frugality of means which perhaps is an inseparable accompaniment of sureness of hand. To mention living persons would be invidious; but Wilson and Landor are within the most scrupulous critic's right of comparison. All three were contemporaries; all three were Oxford men—Landor about ten years senior to the other two—and all three in their different ways set themselves deliberately to reverse the practice of English prose for nearly a century and a half. They did great things, but De Quincey did, I think, the greatest and certainly the most classical in the proper sense, for all Landor's superior air of Hellenism. Voluble as De Quincey often is, he seems always to have felt that when you are in your altitudes it is well not to stay there too long. And his flights, while they are far more uniformly high than Wilson's, which alternately soar and drag, are much more merciful in regard of length than Landor's, as well as for the most part much more closely connected with the sense of his subjects. There is scarcely one of the "Imaginary Conversations" which would not be the better for very considerable thinning, while with the exception perhaps of "The English Mail Coach," De Quincey's surplusage, obvious enough in many cases, is scarcely ever found in his most elaborate and ornate passages. The total amount of such passages in the "Confessions" is by no means large, and the more ambitious parts of the "Suspiria" do not much exceed a dozen pages. De Quincey was certainly justified by his own practice in adopting and urging as he did the distinction, due, he says, to Wordsworth, between the common and erroneous idea of style as the *dress* of thought, and the true definition of it as the *incarnation* of thought. The most wizen'd of coxcombs may spend days and years in dressing up his meagre and ugly carcass; but few are the sons of men who have sufficient thought to provide the soul of any considerable series of avatars. De Quincey had; and therefore, though the manner (with certain exceptions heretofore taken) in him is always worth attention, it never need or should divert attention from the matter. And thus he was not driven to make a little thought do tyrannous duty as lay-figure for an infinite amount of dress, or to hang out frippery on a clothes-line with not so much as a lay-figure inside it. Even when he is most conspicuously "fighting a prize," as he sometimes is, there is always solid stuff in him.

Few indeed are the writers of whom so much can be said, and fewer still the miscellaneous writers, among whom De Quincey must be classed. On almost any subject that interested him—and the number of such subjects was astonishing, curious as are the gaps between the different groups of them—what he has to say is pretty sure, even if it be the wildest paradox in appearance, to be worth attending to. And in regard to most things that he has to say the reader may be pretty sure also that he will not find them better said elsewhere. It has sometimes been complained by students, both of De Quincey the man and of De Quincey the writer, that there is something not exactly human in him. There is certainly much in him of the demonic, to use a word which was a very good word and really required in the language and which ought not to be exiled because it has been foolishly abused. Sometimes, as has also been complained, the demon is a mere familiar with the tricksiness of Puck rather than the lightness of Ariel. But far oftener he is a more potent spirit than any Robin Goodfellow, and as powerful as Ariel and Ariel's master. Trust him wholly you may not; a characteristic often noted in intelligences that are neither exactly human, nor exactly diabolic, nor exactly divine. But he will do great things for you, and a little wit and courage on your part will prevent his doing anything serious against you. To him, with much greater justice than to Hogg, might Wilson have applied the nickname of Brownie, which he was so fond of bestowing upon the author of "Kilmeny." He will do solid work, conjure up a concert of aerial music, play a shrewd trick now and then, and all this with a curious air of irresponsibility and of remoteness of nature. In ancient days when kings played experiments to ascertain the universal or original language, some monarch might have been tempted to take a very clever child, interest him so far as possible in nothing but books and opium, and see whether he would turn out anything like De Quincey. But it is in the highest degree improbable that he would. Therefore let us rejoice, though according to the precepts of wisdom and not too indiscriminately, in our De Quincey as we once, and probably once for all, received him.—George Saintsbury in *Macmillan*.

In the society of ladies want of sense is not so unpardonable as want of manners.—*Lavater*.

ART NOTES.

DURING the first week of the "Salon" the number of visitors was 65,500, and \$10,000 dollars were paid in for fees and catalogues. The daily receipts amount now to over \$1,200 dollars.

MR. BURNE JONES' series of four pictures of the well-known story of the Sleeping Beauty, on which he has been engaged for seven years, is at last completed and on exhibition in London, Eng. The artist received \$60,000 for them, and they have been immediately resold at an advance of \$20,000, the original purchaser, Mr. Agnew, retaining the copyright.

THE hanging committee of the Royal English Academy had to select this year from 11,659 submitted to their judgment. It is no wonder that some mistakes were made as it is impossible to do justice to this mass of work in the time at disposal. Until the limitation of the number of pictures which may be submitted is reduced, mistakes, heartburnings, and injustice will always accompany every exhibition, and the quality of the collection will be lowered.

WE have received the report of the Ontario Society of Artists for the year ending May, 1890, the balance sheet of which shows a satisfactory state of progress, and there seems to be no reason why the Society, with its revised constitution, should not enter on a permanently prosperous career, outdoing its past efforts and making the Art Union more of a national institution. Especially praiseworthy is the attempt to attain a permanent residence in a building of its own in Toronto and the donation of some of their best pictures by the members, to be sold for this purpose, has promise of success.

AT the coming Industrial Exhibition in Toronto, we learn that the Art Exhibit has been placed in charge of the Ontario Society of Artists and that some large and important picture is to be imported for exhibition, such as Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate," a small additional charge being made for admission to the Art Gallery this year. This we believe to be a move in the right direction, as in this way very large numbers of our rural population will have the opportunity of seeing some at least of the best and most important work of modern times, and if, in addition, our own artists send good representations of their best productions, the results will be a successful exhibition.

THE Paris "Salon" this year has acquired additional interest from the fact that its new rival, the "Société Nationale des Beaux Arts," had withdrawn some prominent and rising men from its ranks, but it appears that the abstention of M. Meissonier and his following from the exhibition has not made so vast a difference as the thirty-seven rooms are as full as usual, and contain much the same collection of portraits, studies from the nude, domestic scenes, landscapes, marines, shipwrecks, etc., etc., with perhaps fewer distinctive features and fewer fine pictures than usual. The selection for the medal of honour seems to lie between Munkacsy, whose subject is a great ceiling painted for the museum of History of Art at Vienna, and Benjamin Constant, with a picture of "Beethoven, a Sonata by Moonlight," this latter being described as a painted poem radically different from the brilliant *tours de force* we are accustomed to from his brush. The English exhibitors include Alma Tadema, George Clausen, Mr. Guthrie and J. E. Christie. Our own Canadian contingent we have before noticed. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT will produce Sardou's "Cleopatra" on an elaborate scale next season.

A NEW opera entitled "Raggio di luna," by a young composer named L. one, has just been produced in Milan. The scene is said to be very fine.

AT Teresa Carreno's third recital in St. James Hall, London, the enthusiasm of the vast audience is said to have been something unprecedented in the annals of like entertainments.

ON account of going early to press, we are obliged to defer our notice of the Liberati concerts till next week. The great virtuoso and his combination fully sustained their continental reputation, which will doubtless be enhanced by the present successful tour.

DEL PUENTE is delighting Philadelphia audiences with his "Don Carlos," in the revived opera of "Ernani." The Philadelphia *Times* in speaking of him says: "He sings his part with extraordinary dramatic intelligence, varying not alone his manner, but almost the quality of his voice with the different situations of the opera." Louise Natali divides the honours with the great baritone, and is cordially greeted upon every appearance.

JOAN OF ARC will be given as a "spectacular equestrian opera," in the Paris Hippodrome. A thousand persons, including a number of harpists, dressed as angels, up in the gallery, whence Michael the archangel descends in a cloud of red fire to the sound of a brass band in the final act are numbered among the attractions. This seems to be carrying burlesque a little too far. Joan of Arc, in this super-sensational production, is an Italian equestrienne, who rides astride a horse costing four thousand dollars.

AMERICA thus holds forth concerning the Kendals: "Mr. and Mrs. Kendal begin their second American tour at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in October. They will have two new plays and will also revive 'The Squire.' Now that one American tour has worn off the novelty

possessed by the Kendals, now that Americans have had an opportunity to realise the commonplaceness of their talents and the maudlin hypocrisy of their advertising schemes, it is to be hoped that in their second tour these very ordinary players will garner a smaller harvest of American coin."

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

EN VOYAGE. By Victor Hugo. (Hetzet and Quantain.) This posthumous volume might be called chips from the Hugo workshop. The poet left quite a mass of manuscript, and his literary executors are busy separating the wheat from the chaff—the latter not a *quantité négligeable*, as they know to their cost. There is no writer more than Hugo, whose productions require "boiling down;" purification not alone from unnecessary matter, but from verbosity. It is a singular fact that the best prose productions of Hugo are his political speeches—those delivered—1848—under the Second Republic. They were terse, scathing, witty, and cogent, all stabs and *ripistes*. After his return from exile in 1870—for he kept his *chatiments* vow: *Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là*—he was enthroned a fetich, and so could only approach ordinary questions from the empyrean, or seventh heaven, stand-point. That made the judicious grieve, and the unskilful laugh.

"En Voyage" is a collection of travel memoranda, extracted from his diaries. In them his observations are illustrated by pen and ink marginal sketches, and friends who have seen them testify to their excellence, appositeness, and humour. It is a pity they have not been published; they would be the more interesting, as they cover a period—1839-1843—when the ancient ways and means for travelling had not been improved away by railroads. Then the *diligence* was an institution where travellers were as free in their movements as in the Pecksniffs' mail coach ride to London. Hugo's "Le Rhin" was published in 1842, but the present volume consists of fragments of the same tour through Switzerland, the Alps, the Pyrenees, round to Vendée, his mother's country. The pleasure of the book will be found to lie in the comparisons between the Then and the Now, not only in the actual facilities for transit, but in manners and customs, while noting the development of regions at present, as familiar in the mouths of globe-trotters and cheap-trippers as household words.

Since he was a baby, Victor Hugo has been always on the road. He commenced life as a kind of *fil du régiment*. He was born in 1802 in the old Spanish City of Besançon, where his father, an officer in the army, had been billeted, while on march for the Italian campaign. He passed the first three years of his life in the Isle of Elba, where his father's regiment had been quartered; next at Naples, and later in the Apennines, where the French were clearing Italy of brigands, and terminated that work by the shooting of Fra Diavolo. From Italy, little and frail-framed Hugo followed the army into Spain, where his father was nominated major domo to King Joseph at the Escorial, and governor of a few provinces.

Like all Hugo's descriptions, he seizes the salient points, and observes all that is most entertaining in the way of "human documents." But he inundates these with an impetuous verbosity: what torrents of words! the whole French dictionary is brought into play. There is a racy description of the Tolosa *diligence*, and its team of eight horses. The three men-drivers, no—"one, and worth the other two, was a boy between eight and nine years old; he looked quite a little savage, dressed in a Henri II. hat, a clown's blouse, and leather gaiters; features, Arab; eyes Chinese, but his gait was most graceful. When he jumped into the saddle he looked more a gnome than a postilion; he appeared to be screwed on the back of the large mule; with his tiny arm he brandished a monstrous whip, which caused the mules to bound, and the vehicle to shake the paved road like an earthquake. On the box was the *mayoral*, or driver, who sat as grave as a bishop, and with a long whip wound a cut into a point that bit into a mule like a burning rod of iron. *Anda niño*—go it my child—he patriarchally said to the little postilion, and the latter's whip did its duty."

In his description of the corpses in the crypt of St. Michel's tower, at Bordeaux, that are arranged upright, naked, black, and brown, but as undecomposed as mummies, due to some preservative qualities of the soil, Hugo makes a mountain out of a mole-hill. He beats the little bit of gold out too fine; the local curiosity is not an Egyptian or a Roman catacomb, and does not merit such a flood of grandiloquence, and Marius-on-the-ruins-of-Carthage reflections. Visiting Rochefort, Hugo strolled into a *café*; the waiter, as usual, handed him the local newspaper; the first article that met his eyes was an account of the upsetting of a row boat on the Seine near Rouen, involving the drowning of his daughter, and of her husband who courted death to save her. Both were buried in the one coffin; they had only been married a few months. The description of Biarritz, half a century ago, is very humorous; among the facilities to reach that now uppercrust watering-place was the omnibus from Bayonne; the conductor would bring you there for fifteen, but if bargained, for three sous. He intimated that after eight o'clock the return fare would be raised. Hugo was behind time: "What's the fare back?" he demanded: "Twelve francs, and not a centime less, Monsieur." That tariff of buying in the cheapest, and selling in the dearest market, was quite common, also, during the 1889 Exhibition.

UN DRAME ROYAL. By Comte d'Hérison. (Ollendorff.) This is a novel, based on the little that is known to be authentic in the details of the death of the Crown Prince of Austria, the Archduke Rudolph. The author's connections with Vienna court society must have aided him. The different personages are introduced on the stage, under very thinly disguised names. There is nothing forced in the tragic event thus dressed up as an historic novel, and perhaps it will be believed, till authentic official data be forthcoming, to be as accurate as any of the other recitals, real or imaginary.

JOURNAL D'UN ETUDIANT PENDANT LA RÉVOLUTION. By Gaston Maugras. (Calmann Levy.) No subject is apparently more inexhaustible than the Révolution. Each month certainly, if not each week, witnesses the appearance on that event of a study, an essay, a journal or a memoir. The present volume is curious; it is composed of "authentic letters" by a young man—Edmund Géraud—sixteen years of age, sent to Paris in December, 1789, in order to complete his studies. Edmund was the son of a wealthy Bordeaux ship-broker, and he wrote long and regular letters home, in which he sketched passing events with his own comments thereon, and of which he had been a witness, up to the close of 1792, when he returned home. It is truly a singular book, and the conclusion to be drawn is this, that the most complete order and tranquillity never ceased to reign in Paris during the student's three years' residence; never were witnessed milder or softer manners; the people were kind and magnanimous; they liked only pure pleasures and country *fêtes*. Place this testimony alongside the descriptions of other eye-witnesses and the conclusion is, that Edmund Géraud must have seen events through eccentric spectacles. Monsieur Taine will indulge in a melancholy smile on turning over the leaves of this unexpected "human document."

MON MUSÉE CRIMINEL. By Gustave Macé. (Charpentier.) The author occupied, for several years, the office of chief of the Detective Service of France, and though retired from governmental work on his pension, he is at present the superintendent of the detective service in one of the leading monster retail establishments of Paris, where his name alone appears to be an antidote against that curious malady—kleptomania. The book is a serial publication relative to the Parisian police; it is not an agreeable one for humanity, nor is it exactly of the penny-dreadful character, though intensely dramatic. M. Macé relates the crimes and the captures of the celebrated criminals he was so fortunate to secure for justice. The volume is not only illustrated with portraits of the criminals but with engravings of the weapons and implements that they employed in their "ordinary calling." All is as exact as the contents of the Tussaud Chamber of Horrors. The period covered by the book extends over twenty years; contains thirty-four plates and 300 woodcuts. The details of the *anthropométrique* system for the identification of *recidivists* are interestingly and fully given. M. Macé intends to bequeath his collection of criminal curios to the School of Anthropology.

ALEXANDRE I. ET NAPOLEON. By M. de Tatistcheff. (Quantain.) This is a collection of private and hitherto unpublished letters that passed between Alexander I. and Napoleon I., extending from 1801 to 1809. They bear pertinently on the present relations between France and Russia. "Alexander, the coxcomb Czar—the autocrat of waltzes and of war," as Byron wrote, entertained something like an affectionate admiration for General Bonaparte, as First Consul. This sympathy remained sincere till Bonaparte, throwing off the mask, became Napoleon the emperor and tyrant. The correspondence reveals that at one stage both rulers truly desired the establishing of good relations between the empire and the First Republic. M. de Tatistcheff aims to show that between the French and Russians there is a natural affinity, and between France and Russia a solidarity of important interests. Napoleon met Alexander for the first time on the raft in the Nièmen, at Tilsit, and bid him a final adieu fifteen months later on the high road between Erfurt and Weymar; while Alexander and his Empress were most effusive in their intercourse with the French Ambassador, the Empress-mother could not bear him. After a resistance of six weeks she consented to see him, and that only for one minute! Napoleon on opening the "Corps Legislatif," 14th August, 1807, stated that if the House of Brandenburg continued still to reign, it owed that indulgence to the sincere friendship that France had for Russia. In 1807 Napoleon expressed to Alexander how easy it would be for the French and Russians to chase the English from the continent; they could easily arrange Constantinople. Now, Constantinople was the only point not discussed at Tilsit. Napoleon maintained that whoever possessed Constantinople held the keys of the East. In 1808 Russia was to receive Roumania, Bulgaria, Constantinople and the Dardanelles. France was to possess the Morea, all the Turkish trading ports in the Mediterranean, and Egypt. During the fourteen days, in the autumn of 1808, that Alexander and Napoleon resided at Erfurt, great *fêtes* were given; one comprised a hunt over the battlefield of Jena. Napoleon wrote to Joséphine that Alexander danced, but that he did not, being then forty years old. Strange, though the Emperors were next-door neighbours at Erfurt, they always transacted business by letter. Napoleon made presents of toilettes to the Empress Elizabeth, selecting them himself. He sent actors and actresses, too, for the St. Petersburg French theatre.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE A NOISE IN THE WORLD: Theodore of Corsica. By Percy Fitzgerald. Count Konigsmark and Tom of Ten Thousand. By Henry Vizetelly. London: Vizetelly and Company.

This series of biographies is designed to give to the world in condensed form all the information obtainable about those personages who, although sufficiently notorious in their time, whether for good or evil, did not occupy the most prominent places in the world's gallery. The earlier volumes will deal, in addition to those we now notice, with such names as Mesmer, the beautiful Gunnings, Paul Jones, people who by their individuality, their powers of fascination, their daring, cunning, or crimes contrived for a time at least to attract to themselves a large share of the world's attention. With this class of men, except perhaps through an occasional and historically founded novel, most people are unacquainted. The first adventurer told of is especially a case in point. King Theodore, of Corsica, adventurer, monarch and hanger-on, was born somewhere between 1680-90, in the very heat of that period when intrigue was the passport to power and a lady's favour, provided she were sufficiently notorious, a stepping stone to fame and wealth. It is needless to say that the reverse side was often seen and the *spretæ injuria formæ* the crime which marred untimely many a life of romance and adventure. At no time perhaps in the world's history did feminine influence, sometimes for good, more often for evil, play a wider or more influential part. Theodore de Neuhoff by all accounts was the son of a Westphalian baron and a Spanish lady of middle class. Educated in France, partly under clerical influence, which may be traced in his subsequent career in his versatility and talent for intrigue, for at that time the clergy were the greatest living masters of diplomacy. Pitchforked into a pageship by the influence of his mother's second husband he had considerable opportunity for acquiring languages, and apparently made good use of his time. Thence into a cavalry regiment, during which period he involved himself so heavily in debts of honour and dissipation that he was obliged to leave suddenly without taking leave of his friends, which according to his son must have been extremely disagreeable to a gentleman of his sensitive temperament. To Sweden, where Charles XII. then held court, "Baron" Theodore repaired, partly to exploit his budding genius for intrigue, partly, if we may believe his son, to become perfect in the art of war. There he found employment for his pliant qualities, Gortz and Alberoni using him in the plot to place the Pretender on the British throne. But this engagement proved disastrous to the future king. He escaped with a damaged reputation and an empty purse, which latter was by far the more inconvenient of the two. Thence gravitating through Spain, where he married Lady Sarsfield, an Irish exiled dame, to Italy, he became entangled in the Corsican and Genoese war, which furnished the stage for the great tableau of his life. Through these scenes to his final destitution and end the reader can proceed alone. Of Count Von Konigsmark and Tom of Ten Thousand there is little to be said. Charles John Von Konigsmark was the grandson of the famous or infamous renegade and Lutheran general, Christopher John, marshal, plunderer, and assassin, whom Queen Christina, at the close of the Thirty Years' War, had actually to bribe, in order to induce him to raise the siege of Bremen, over whose rich warehouses and fat merchants the grim and avaricious old *reiter* gloated. The subjects of Mr. Vizetelly's biography were only connected towards the close of the life of Tom Thynne, "Tom of Ten Thousand," so called from his wealth and prodigality. Both led dissipated lives in the cesspool which at that time went by the name of Society, 1659-1759. A rich and historic heiress was the connecting link between the two, eventually leading to the murder of Thynne—after his marriage to and desertion by the young lady—by some of Konigsmark's hangers-on. Konigsmark was acquitted, and his tools, if such they were, hung. The biographies are vividly written and though necessarily condensed convey a very fair idea of life in those stirring times, when wit and beauty were the index to fortune.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By W. E. Henley. New York: Scribners. 1890.

The art of reviewing has, in these latter days, attained great importance and it wields a strong far-reaching influence upon all the offspring of the human intellect which invite public attention. The crude and uncouth vagaries of the rural rhymester and the grandest work of art or sublimest research of science have alike to pass through the crucible of the literary chemist, who proclaims their merits or shortcomings to the world. The vast and increasing volume of mental effort which courts publicity in every civilized nation makes the office and work of the critical reviewer necessary. As we need skilled and competent pilots to guide us across the physical ocean, so we have come to avail ourselves of the services of the literary artistic, or scientific pilot, in our ventures upon that sea of knowledge which ever wells out from the mind of man, and whose shoreless tide flows like the primal deluge with resistless ebb and flow over this restless world. From the birth of the *Journal des Savans* on the 5th of January, 1665—of which George III. spoke to that literary monarch, Dr. Johnson, in their historic interview in the library of the Queen's house—down to the present day, there have been men of the requisite ability, culture and fairness, who have applied the golden rule of criticism

enunciated by George William Curtis, in *Harper's Magazine* for July, "to tell the truth, as they saw it, of other men's works as they would have wished those men to tell the truth of theirs." It is true, on the other hand, that there have been those who have ruthlessly, by pen stabs as fatal as sword thrusts, "killed the sound divine." One has only to think of Keats, to realize the great and solemn responsibility of the reviewer, who sometimes, it may be fairly said, holds in his mind the scales which mete out life or death.

In the neat little volume of "Views and Reviews," by W. E. Henley, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, we have a bright and happy illustration of the high standard to which the art of criticism can be raised by one who is eminently qualified to exercise it. Though the subjects dealt with by Mr. Henley are diverse and difficult, yet they are all treated with conspicuous ability. The diction is clear, choice and brilliant, the style vigorous, expressive and musical. The Reviews are marvels of conciseness and comprehensiveness, and abound in apt illustration, exquisite description, ready reference, and fair and genial criticism—dealt out with a gentleness and deftness that are positively charming, and that disclose wide reading, a thorough knowledge of the subject, love of the art, delight in its pursuit, and through all a desire to be free, full and fair in its exercise. Though one may not agree with all the conclusions arrived at as in the comparative estimate of the influence for good of Byron and Wordsworth, yet it would be hard to find within the same compass such terse, brilliant and instructive criticisms as Mr. Henley offers in his own inimitable way. Mr. Henley's prose has the limpid flow, the merry sparkle, and the musical tinkle of a pure and purring stream, and the genial humour which irradiates his pages well warrants the sub-title, "Essays in Appreciation." We heartily commend the volume to all who love literature as specimen work of one of those bright and brilliant reviewers whose genius illumines the pages of *The Athenæum*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Academy*, *The Magazine of Art*, and kindred journals. We cannot close without quoting a portion of the essay on quaint, delightful, unapproachable Herrick. "In Herrick the air is fragrant with new-mown hay; there is a morning light upon all things: long shadows streak the grass, and on the eglantine swinging in the hedge the dew lies white and brilliant. Out of the happy distance comes a shrill and silvery sound of whetting scythes; and from the near brook-side rings the laughter of merry maids in circle to make cowslip balls and babble of their bachelors. As you walk you are conscious of the grace that morning meadows wear, and mayhap you meet Amaryllis going home to the farm with an apronful of flowers. Rounded is she and buxom, cool-cheeked and vigorous and trim, smelling of rosemary and thyme, with an appetite for curds and cream, and a tongue of cleanly wantonness. For her singer has an eye in his head, and exquisite as are his fancies he dwells in no land of shadows. The more clearly he sees a thing the better he sings it; and provided that he do see it nothing is beneath the caress of his muse. The bays and rosemary that wreath the hall at Yule, the log itself, the Candlemas box, the hock-cart and the may-pole, nay,

"See'st thou that cloud as silver clear,
Plump, soft, and swelling everywhere?
'Tis Julia's bed!"

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA, VOL. 20. Infant-Joppa. New York: Garretson, Cox and Company.

A publisher's notice informs us that the publication of this useful and cheap cyclopedia has been transferred to Garretson, Cox and Company. The volume just issued marks the completion of the first half of the work. Looking through its pages one is struck at the same time by the fulness of the information given and by the unequal balancing of the space assigned to different heads. For instance, President Johnson receives four full pages, and the great lexicographer but one and one-half. Again Isis receives a bare page and a fourth while Bishop Jansen receives two and one-half pages. The cyclopedia, however, is brought down very close to date, even the history of the Johnstown disaster being included. There is a very good sketch of the Jews, extending to over thirty-one pages, and some valuable interest tables. Iron receives some twenty pages, and we could wish that Mr. Alden's compiler had given less space to the lives of the three Presidents, Andrew Jackson, Thos. Jefferson, and Andrew Johnson, and more to the scientific sub-heads, which are comparatively numerous, and about which one naturally expects to get full details in a cyclopedia. A new library edition, however, is announced in an enlarged form and we hope that more space will be assigned to many subjects that have, perforce, before been stinted. Extra illustrations are promised, why not extra matter? Ireland receives in this issue some nine pages—a comparatively small allowance in an American Cyclopedia.

Le Canada-Français for July contains the first of an interesting series of biographical articles on ancient Montrealers by William McLennan, who is well known to readers of THE WEEK. A Gerin-Lajoie continues his review of the decade, 1840-50, in Canada, and Napoleon Legendre sends the regular instalment of "Annibal." J. Angot des Rotmis has a thoughtful paper on commercial crises and joint international responsibility, in which he considers the effect of the latter upon the former. Poetry by Louis Fréchette, Beauchemin, a translation of one of Geo. W. Cable's short stories, and other articles, with foreign review and book notices make up the tale.

THE *Forum* for July opens with a contribution by Professor John Tyndall to the autobiographical series, begun last month. Professor Tyndall recounts and comments upon the "formative influences" of his own life. The somewhat unusual standpoint of actor and student is made use of by James E. Murdoch, in an article upon "Hamlet," and the political papers are by W. M. Ferriss, who dissects the obstacles to Civil Service Reform, pointing out that the chief bar is the unwillingness of the people at large, and by Walter C. Hamm, who reviews the worst cases of "Gerrymandering" in the States. Most interesting to Canadians will be the article by a Canadian writer, A. R. Carman, entitled "The Perplexities that Canada would Bring," showing the complications that would arise in U.S. politics from the advent into them of a Canadian party. Mr. Carman also criticizes very justly points in U. S. Government. Other interesting articles are "The Newspaper of the Future," by Noah Brooks, and "The Newer West," by Col. Hinton, who prophesies a speedier development of the Pacific trade than is dreamed of. Professor Todd, Commander Barber and Dr. Lyman Abbott also contribute papers.

THE statement has been widely circulated, probably by parties who wished it might be true, that John B. Alden, Publisher, of New York, Chicago, and Atlanta, had joined the "Book Trust," which is trying to monopolize the publication of standard books, and to increase prices from 25 to 100 per cent. Mr. Alden sends us word that he has not joined the Trust, and there is not and never has been any probability of his joining it. The "Literary Revolution," which has accomplished such wonderful results within the past ten years in popularizing literature of the highest character, still goes on. Instead of increasing prices, large reduction in prices has recently been made, particularly on copyright books by American authors. One of the latest issues from his press is "Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," by Wauters, a very handsome, large-type, illustrated volume, reduced in price from \$2 to 50 cents. This work tells a most interesting and complete story, beginning with the conquest of the Soudan, and continuing through years of African exploration, the revolt of the Mahdi, the siege of Khartoum, with the death of Gordon, the return of Dr. Junker, besides the story of Stanley's own adventures, including his successful Relief Expedition.

THE always interesting *Magazine of American History* opens its twenty-fourth volume with a brilliant July number. A fine portrait of Sir William Blackstone serves as frontispiece, its pertinence apparent to whosoever reads the leading article, "The Golden Age of Colonial New York." Mrs. Lamb has given a wonderfully vivid picture of the little metropolis of the province under kingly rule in 1768, conducting the curious through its streets, houses, public buildings and churches, to the commencement exercises of its college, to the founding of its Chamber of Commerce, to the king's legislative halls in Wall Street with the governor, Sir Henry Moore, presiding, to the chamber of the City Corporation, and to the court-rooms, with graphic personal descriptions of the men who figured in those places; while the newspapers, social affairs, amusements, shows, and quaint dress of the people are all painted with a master hand. Following this delightful chapter Roy Singleton writes briefly of "Sir William Blackstone and his Work," the first volumes of which were already possessed by the principal lawyers of New York. "The Indian College at Cambridge," by Andrew McFarlane Davis, follows with valuable information on a subject little known; "Burgoyne's Defeat and Surrender, an enquiry from an English Standpoint," by Percy Cross Standish, is very interesting; "A Curious and Important Discovery in Indiana," by ex-Lieutenant-Governor Robertson, gives a picturesque view of the links connecting the days of chivalry in France with those of adventure among the savage tribes of America; and then comes "President Lincoln's Humour," by David R. Locke. One of the most stirring and important papers in the number, however, is by the celebrated Boston divine, Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D. D., entitled, "Our Relation to the Past a Debt to the Future," which, although specifically addressed to the people of Southampton, Long Island, may be taken home and freely appropriated by every community in the land. Its lessons are worth committing to memory by all classes in the schools.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILLIAM BLACK was paid \$6,500 for the serial rights to his last novel.

IN the library of the British Museum are over thirty-two miles of shelves filled with books.

A SINGLE page of manuscript by Charles Dickens brought \$200 at auction in New York recently.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON has finished in collaboration with Miss Dolores Marbourg a novel called "Juggernaut."

A NEW story by Mr. Bret Harte, entitled "Through the Santa Clara Wheat," has been commenced in Mr. Archibald Grove's periodical, *Short Cuts*.

THE publication of Mr. Marion Crawford's "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" is deferred till the autumn. It will first make its appearance in serial form on the Continent.

MRS. A. E. BARR has just finished a novel in which the American Navy takes part, entitled "She Loved a Sailor." She contemplates writing a story which will have socialism as a basis.

COUNTESS TOLSTOI makes hektograph copies of her husband's books that are under ban in Russia and thus circulates them in the mail. She has nine living children, the oldest, a daughter, aged eighteen.

"THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE" by Thomas A. Janvier has just been issued in book form by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The volume contains several striking illustrations from drawings by Frederic Remington.

MR. WHITTIER was invited to read an original poem at the 250th anniversary of Haverhill, but sent word that, in the present state of his health, he was "scarcely able to bear even the pleasurable excitement of such an occasion."

IN response to a very general demand for a popular edition of Walter Besant's well known novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Messrs. Harper and Bros. announce the immediate issue of that work as the next addition to their Franklin Square Library.

GEN. LONGSTREET is understood to be engaged on a history of the Civil War, especially the campaigns in which he had a share. Lord Wolseley, having finished his study of the same war, is said to have undertaken an elaborate life of Marlborough, from a military point of view.

IN the current number of *Imperial Federation* are two striking articles, "What is Imperial Federation?" by Mr. Jehu Matthews, of Toronto, and "Pass, Friend, All's Well," by the well-known Secretary of the Canadian branch of the League, Mr. Casimir Dickson. Mr. Matthews' article is the first of a series.

WHILE turning over some old contracts belonging to the Notary De Tomei, in the notary's Archives of Sarzana, near Genoa, two parchments were found containing fragments of the Divine Comedy of Dante. These are considered to be of great value because they constitute portions of one of the earliest copies of the poem.

THE popular English author, Mrs. Alexander, has written the complete novel for the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is entitled "What Gold Cannot Buy." The many readers of "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," and other of Mrs. Alexander's charming stories, will await this her latest novel with pleasurable anticipations.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has in preparation a new volume of verse to be entitled "The Lion's Cub." Besides a poem in blank verse of that name, the volume will contain several shorter pieces. "The Lion's Cub" is a poetical version of an Eastern story, the English original of which is found in Sir William Jones' prose translation of Calidasa's "Sakontal, the Magic Ring."

BROCKHAUS, of Leipzig, has secured the coveted rights for the publication of the large book *Emin Pasha* is writing about his life and discoveries in Africa. Emin accepted the publisher's big offer, but sent word that it would be some time before he could complete the book, particularly as the new expedition that has taken him into the interior again will, for the present, demand about all his time and activity.

MR. WHISTLER has taken up his new quarters in Cheyne-walk. The house "is at present a 'disarrangement' in the hands of the workmen, but Mr. Whistler soon hopes to convert it into a 'harmony.' He himself, in the most good-humoured way, presides over the distempers." A studio is to be built in the curious old garden which winds in and out like a maze, and is distinguished by a fine and large mulberry-tree. Mr. Whistler is contemplating a trip to Spain with Sarasate.

RUDYARD KIPLING, whose name is now on everyone's lips, and whom the *London World* has dubbed "A New Literary Hero," has written a story entitled "At the End of the Passage," for the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is a sketch of Anglo-Indian life, and it is in such sketches that Mr. Kipling is at his best. His information of Indian life has been obtained at first hand in the very heart of native cities, in dens no European has ever penetrated before, and his researches have been facilitated by a perfect mastery of Hindustani, both as it is taught in books, and as it is spoken among the people.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER tells a good story on herself. Some years ago a representative of a Brooklyn paper called on her one day and asked for some items about herself, to be included in an article on "Brooklyn's Literary Women." It happened to be Mrs. Sangster's busy morning, so she said, scarcely looking up from her work: "Oh, I am only an ordinary common-place woman; there is nothing to say about me." The reporter bowed and withdrew. In about a week the article appeared, and at the end of the list of Brooklyn's famous blues appeared these words: "Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster is only an ordinary common-place woman; there is nothing to say about her."

THE opening and closing scenes of Mr. Besant's new novel, "Armored Lyonesse," are laid among the Scilly Islands. Tradition relates that these islands, now many miles from the main-land, were once united to Cornwall by a region of extreme fertility. This was the ancient country of Lyonesse. It was inhabited by a people remarkable for their industry and piety. No less than one hundred and forty churches stood over that region which is now a waste of waters; and the rocks called the Seven Stones are said to mark the place of a large city. According to an old English chronicle, Lyonesse was overwhelmed by an inundation of the sea on the 11th of November, 1099.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A NOVEL METHOD OF LAYING A TELEGRAPH WIRE.

As most people know, the main telegraph wire in London run through the subways in which the gas-pipes and sewers are placed. The principal arteries are so large that it is easy enough for men to work in them, but the pipes through which the side-wires branch off are much smaller, and great care has to be taken to preserve the connection between the main and the lateral wires. Some years ago men were repairing one of these latter, and carelessly omitted to attach it to a leading line by which it could be drawn to its place when mended. The blunder seemed likely to have serious consequences, for it was thought that the whole of the lateral pipe would have to be dug up in order to get at the broken wire. But one of the men came to the rescue with a happy thought, suggesting that a rat should be procured, and, with a fine piece of wire attached to it, sent through the pipe. This was done; but, to the dismay of the workmen, the new hand came to a stop after it had gone a few yards. The inventor of this idea was not yet, however, at the end of his resources, and by his advice a ferret was procured and started on the dilatory rat's track. There was a moment of suspense before it was settled whether the rat would show fight or run away, but this was soon ended by the paying-out of the wire, and in a short time the latest addition to the staff of the Post Office appeared at the other end of the pipe. It was caught, the wire detached, and then it was set free in recognition of the service it had rendered. By means of the wire the telegraph line was secured, and a long and laborious piece of work saved.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

DICKENS' MANUSCRIPTS.

"A FRIEND of mine," says a writer in the *Boston Journal*, "has recently been making a study of some of the manuscripts of Charles Dickens' works. In one thing, at least, these manuscripts point a lesson to young writers, i. e., that even so great a writer as 'Boz' revised his work repeatedly and cut out not only many lines, but often large blocks of his text, and always to the advantage of the novel. It seems quite evident that a few, if any writers, can write with sufficient conciseness at the first draft. Novels have been written which have had little 'cutting' done to them, but it is a question whether the work of the traditional blue pencil would not have improved the text. These manuscripts of Dickens show that the work of the printer has been difficult enough, and exhibit among all the traceries of corrections a peculiarity of authors which all readers of such manuscripts must have observed. In substituting one word or line for another, the erased passage is always so thoroughly and carefully blotted out that it can be no longer read. A common characteristic of authors seems to be an unwillingness to show what minor mistakes existed before the correction was made. All who examined the manuscript of Brander Matthews remember him as a marked type of this sort of the revised author. Each word struck out is covered by a dense network of lines, forming a black square on the paper, more interesting, perhaps, than picturesque. Dickens accomplished the same end by a series of minute flourishes.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

It is only about sixty years since Daguerre produced his wonderful sun pictures, which took the name of Daguerreotypes. They were taken on metal plates and could only be seen distinctly at a certain angle. In time these were succeeded by "ambrotypes," which were thought to be an improvement on the original process. The pictures were more distinct and could be seen at any angle of vision. Then came the photograph, which was a still more radical improvement on the earlier processes. The sensitized paper took clear impressions. Hardly a year has elapsed during the last half century in which some important improvements have not been made on the original process of Daguerre. The sun-picture has had a wonderful development and is, possibly, destined to a still greater evolution. There was a time when photography hardly ranked as an art. It was considered rather as a chemical and mechanical process. But of late photography is beginning to claim a place among the arts. The photograph and artotype are based on the photograph and are hardly more than variations of the original process. Yet by this means book illustrations have become cheap and often quite effective. It cannot be said that they are better than engravings. They are not so clear and strong, but they are the best substitute for wood-engravings that has yet been found. The steel-engraving was too costly. The wood-engraving finally came to have nearly all the distinctive excellence of the engraving on metal. The traveller, if he intends to publish a book, takes a camera with him. He chooses his own points of illustration. His pictures frequently add immensely to the interest of his written account. Stanley, it is said, on his last expedition in Africa, took the camera with him, and the pictures taken in that way will probably appear in his forthcoming book. There is always some lack of the best atmospheric effect in the photograph. But life, motion, mechanical proportion and perspective are secured. The instantaneous photograph now delineates all the motions of ships, men and horses. Even the turbulence of the ocean can only be better represented by the marine artist. The one thing lacking about the photograph is colour. For many years thousands of chemists

and artists have been searching for this secret. Daguerre was confident that this discovery would be made. Ten years ago discoveries were made in Germany which led many to suppose that in a short time there would be no more difficulty in taking a photograph in colours than without them. At frequent intervals accounts are published of some discovery in the same direction. But the sum of these, whatever it might be, falls short of the one which so many thousands are striving to obtain. At present, what purports to be the coloured photograph is only a variation of photogravure. The sun-picture which catches all the tints of the landscape by a single process has never been obtained. But experiments have been carried far enough in Germany to encourage the belief that such a result is not impossible. If the reports are to be accepted, one or two primary colours can be transferred to paper by processes that are not very complicated. This progress is the ground of prediction that finally every colour in nature will be caught in the camera. Such a process would revolutionize book illustration and a large part of the industry within the limits of graphic art.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

TO THE CRICKET.

DIDST thou not tease and fret me to and fro,
Sweet spirit of this summer-circled field,
With that quiet voice of thine, that would not yield
Its meaning, though I mused and sought it so?
But now I am content to let it go,
To lie at length and watch the swallows pass,
As blithe and restful as the quiet grass;
Content only to listen, and to know
That years shall turn and summers yet shall shine,
And I shall lie beneath these swaying trees,
Still listening thus; haply at last to seize
And render in some happier verse divine
That friendly, homely, haunting speech of thine,
That perfect utterance of content and ease.

—A. Lampton, in *July Scribner*.

SCENE IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

AN extraordinary scene in a lunatic asylum is thus described by the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, (London):—There is nothing, mad doctors say, more unusual than for lunatics who are together to act on a common impulse. Last Sunday, however, six inmates of the Bicêtre Asylum were so irritated and oppressed by the sultry weather preceding the hailstorm as to take an identical course in letting off their nervous excitement. The outbreak took place in the refectory, where a lunatic who has often had to be kept in a padded room complained that a new keeper had deprived him of a portion of food to which he was entitled. The complaint was well founded. As the dish was being fetched the madman lost patience and dashed the plate before him against the wall opposite. Five others followed his example, and then ran to pitch everything they could lay their hands upon out of the windows. M. Pinon, the Governor, was called, compulsion of a violent kind never being suffered unless by his order. As he entered the refectory a dish was broken on his head, and he and a keeper who was with him had difficulty in escaping with their lives. The mad people tore down the iron bars which formed a partition between their part of the hall and a section where other patients were dining. They then got to the keepers' rooms, and, seizing knives and razors, went to cut the throats of those who denied them their liberty. Troops were summoned from the fort, and arrived as the mutineers had got possession of the kitchens and courtyard. When twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets entered the latter there was a sudden collapse. The six ringleaders dropped their knives and razors, begged pardon, and submitted quietly to be taken to their cells. Nearly all the keepers were seriously injured. One, Fournier, was beaten with a chair and his arm broken in two places. A madman named Jolly rifled a desk of bank-notes, all of which he ate.

THE DECLINE OF THE HERO AND THE VILLAIN.

AMID the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction amid the delicate drab-coloured shadings and half-lights which require, we are told, so fine a skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid colouring of his youth. He misses the slow unfolding of quite impossible plots, the thrilling incidents that were wont pleasantly to arouse his apprehension, and, most of all, two characters once deemed essential to every novel—the hero and the villain. The heroine is left us still, and her functions are far more complicated than in the simple days of yore, when little was required of her save to be beautiful as the stars. She faces now the most intricate problems of life; and she faces them with conscious self-importance, a dismal power of analysis, and a robust candour in discussing their equivocal aspects that would have sent her buried sister blushing to the wall. There was sometimes a lamentable lack of solid virtue in this fair, dead sister, a pitiful human weakness that led to her undoing; but she never talked so glibly about sin. As for the hero, he owes his banishment to the riotous manner in which his masters handled him. Bulwer strained our endurance and our credulity to the utmost; Disraeli took a step further, and Lothair, the last of his race, perished amid the cruel laughter of mankind. But the villain! Remember what we owe to him in the past. Think how dear he has become to every rightly constituted mind. And now we are told, soberly and coldly, by the thin-

blooded novelists of the day, that his absence is one of the crowning triumphs of modern genius, that we have all grown too discriminating to tolerate in fiction a character whom we feel does not exist in life. Man, we are reminded, is complex, subtle, unfathomable, made up of good and evil so dexterously intermingled that no one element predominates coarsely over the rest. He is to be studied warily and with misgivings, not classified with brutal ease into the virtuous and bad. It is useless to explain to these analysts that the pleasure we take in meeting a character in a book does not always depend on our having known him in the family circle, or encountered him in our morning paper; though judged even by this stringent law, the villain holds his own.—*Agnes Repplier in the Atlantic Monthly*.

CANON LIDDON ON MISSIONS.

ACROSS the triumphs and the failures of well-nigh nineteen centuries, the spiritual ear still catches the accents of the charge on the mountain in Galilee; and, as we listen, we note that neither length of time nor change of circumstance has impaired their solemn and enduring force. It is a precept which, if it ever had binding virtue, must have it at this moment over all who believe in the Divine Speaker's power to impose it—it must bind us as distinctly as it was binding on the first disciples. We are ambassadors of a charity which knows no distinctions between the claimants on its bounty, and no frontiers save those of the races of man. A good Christian can not be other than eager for the extension of our Lord's Kingdom among men, not only from his sense of what is due to the Lord who bought him, but also from his natural sense of justice, his persuasion that he has no right to withhold from others those privileges and prospects which are the joy of his own inmost life. When he finds comfort in the power of prayer, when he looks forward in humble confidence to death, when he enjoys the blessed gift of inward peace—peace between the soul and its God, peace between the soul's various powers and faculties—he can not but ask the question: "Do I not owe it to the millions who have no part in these priceless blessings that I should do what I can myself, or through others, to extend to them a share in this smile of the Universal Father which is the joy and consolation of my life? Can I possibly neglect the command to make disciples of all nations?"—*Spirit of Missions*.

Do you know what duty is? It is what we exact from others.—A. Dumas, *filis*.

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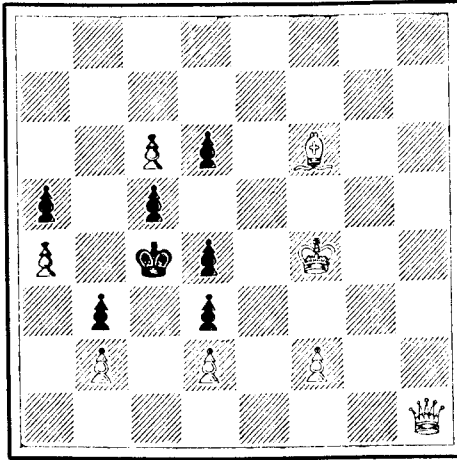
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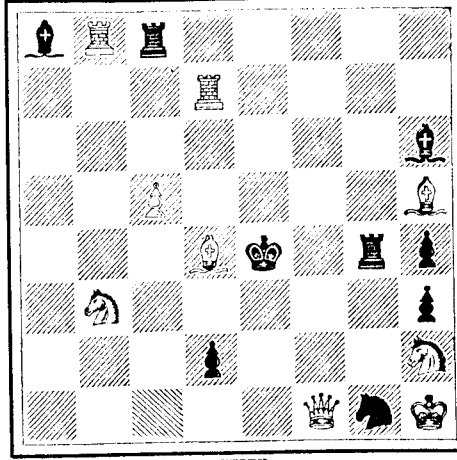
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White.
1. R—Q B 2
2. R—K 2 +
3. Q mates.
Black.
1. K—Q 3
K—Q 4

NOTE.—Remove the Q at W. K 1 from the board; the R on white Q K 3 should be a black Rook.

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Tchigorin.	Gunsberg.	Tchigorin.	Gunsberg.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	24. Q Kt x P	Q B—Kt 4
2. K Kt—B 4	Q Kt—B 3	25. K B—Kt 3	K—R sq (g)
3. P—Q B 3	K Kt—B 3 (d)	26. K R—K sq	Q B x Kt
4. P—Q 4	K P x P	27. K B x B	K Kt—B 5
5. P—K 5	K Kt—Q 4	28. P—K Kt 3	Kt—his 3
6. K B—Kt 5	P—Q R 3 ?	29. P—K B 4	Q R—Q sq
7. K B—R 4	K B—K 2	30. K—his B 2	K—Kt 2
8. K Kt x P !	Q Kt x Kt	31. P—K R 4	P—Q Kt 4
9. Q x Q Kt	Kt—Kt 3 (e)	32. B—Kt 3	K—B sq
10. K B—B 2	P—Q B 4 (?)	33. K R—K 6	R—Q 7 +
11. Q—K 4	P—Q 4	34. K—his 3	Q R x P
12. P x P en p.	Q x Q P	35. K R x P	R—K Kt 7
13. Castles	P—K B 4	36. K—his B 3	Q R—Q 7
14. Q—K 2	Castles	37. R—K B 6 +	K—home
15. Q Kt—R 3	Q B—Q 2	38. K R x P	Q R—Q 6 +
16. Q B—B 4	Q x Q B	39. K—Kt 4	R x B P
17. Q x K B	Q R—B sq	40. K R x P	K Kt—K 2
18. Q R—Q sq	B—his 3	41. R—K R 5	K—B sq
19. P—K B 3 (f)	P—Q B 5	42. R x R 2d P !	R + Kt P +
20. Q R—Q 4	Q—K R 3	43. K x Q R	Kt—B 4 +
21. Q R—Q 6 !	K Kt—Q 4	44. K—Kt 4	Kt x R +
22. Q x K R +	K R x Q	45. K—Kt 5 !	Resigns.
23. Q R x Q	Kt P x R		

NOTES CONDENSED.

(d) Two moves are advocated as best—the text, and P—Q 4. Ponziani's counter gambit, 3. P—K B 4, is now held to be more than met by 4. P—Q 4 ! As for Black's 4. K Kt x P is certainly best.
(e) 9. P—Q B 3 was decidedly worthy of attention.
(f) We can but think this ill-advised, almost to fatality. This isolated B P, coupled with the badly posted Kt, becomes substantially the source of all Black's subsequent troubles. 10. P—Q 3 seems good.
(g) Obviously not 19. Q x Q B P, for B x Kt P !; followed by Black 20. Q—Kt 4, or 5, with a winning attack.
(h) Forced; 25. R—Q B sq is not available on account of the pinning of Black Kt when the White one moves. Black's game, however, is virtually hopeless.

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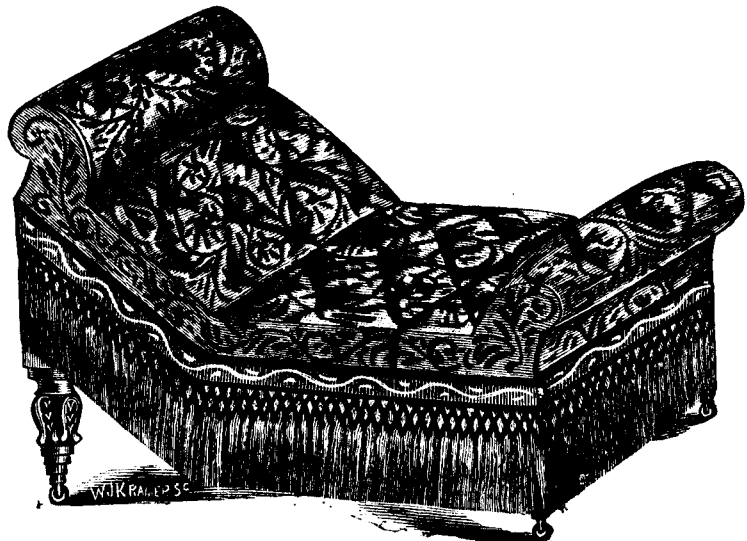
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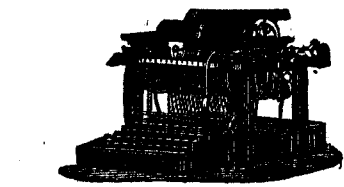
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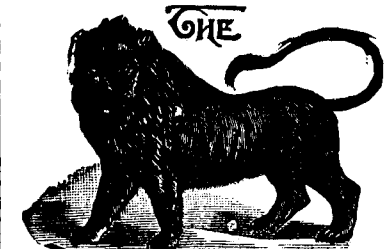
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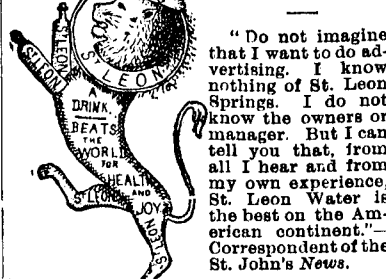
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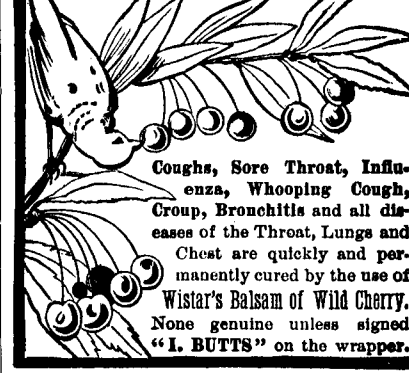
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