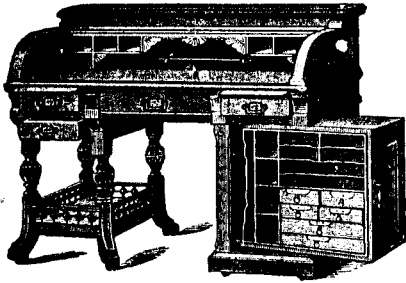




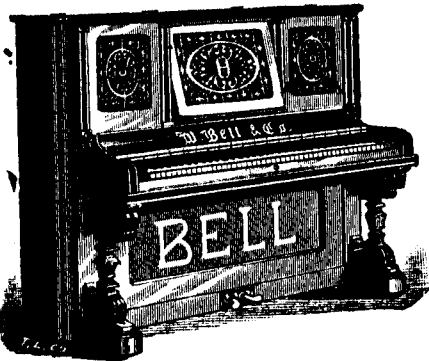
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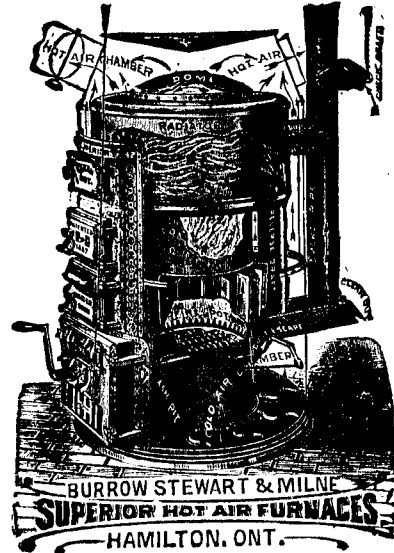


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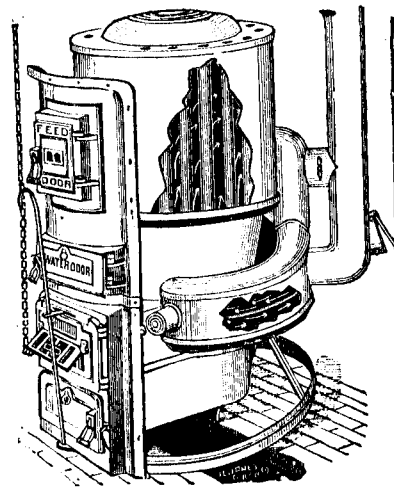
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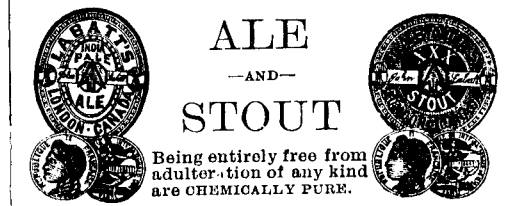
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TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14th, 1890.

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## THE WEEK :

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

OVER one hundred MSS. have been received by THE WEEK for its Short Story Prize Competition. These are now in the hands of the judges; but some time must necessarily elapse before their labours can be completed. The awards will be announced in these columns at the earliest possible moment.

TORONTO, in common no doubt with many other cities on this continent, is just now anxiously enquiring for an improved municipal system. The genius for self-government, which has served the Anglo-Saxon peoples so well in national affairs, seems for some reason to fail in the restricted sphere of civic politics. The repeated refusals of the taxpayers of this city to vote their councillors the money asked for specific and necessary uses has directed special attention to the fact that something is seriously wrong with the municipal machinery. To elect men by popular vote to the control of civic affairs, and then to refuse them by popular vote the means which they declare necessary in order to enable them to do the duties of their office is, to say the least, somewhat illogical. The impression is becoming general that a better system must be found or devised. An important contribution to the discussion appeared in the *Mail* of Monday, in the shape of a letter from Mr. Goldwin Smith, written at the request of that paper. Mr. Smith points out that it is the aldermanic part of the city government which is weak. The standing regiments of officials, such as police, firemen, and so forth, do their work well. Nor does he find it difficult to put his finger on the chief cause of the aldermanic weakness. It is the annual election. "Any Government must be weak and wanting in system and in foresight that is re-elected every year, and is half its time thinking, not of what is best for the city, but of its own re-election." This is so obviously the chief source of difficulty that there can hardly be, we think, two opinions in regard to it. The first step in the direction of reform is therefore clear. The civic rulers, by whatever system chosen, must have a longer term of office. In the second place, Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks these servants of the city should be paid for their services, as much as members of the Provincial Legislature. This proposal may not command so universal assent, though it is not easy to see how any valid objection can be found to a proposition so apparently fair and reasonable. The *Mail*, it is true, alleges that as a fact an increase of pay to civic representatives results in a deteri-

oration of quality. If this be so, it can be accounted for only on the ground that the mercenary inducement brings into the competition a lower class of candidates than the inducements supplied by the honour, or importance, or influence, of the position. But in ordinary commercial and professional life the rule is that the quality of service one is able to secure is improved in the ratio in which the salary is increased. If it be otherwise in municipal affairs, the fact must be due to the manner in which the choice is made, since, other things being equal, the conscientious alderman, who is paid for his time, will certainly be not less attentive to duty than if required to perform it at his own expense.

THIS opens the question of electoral methods. Mr. Goldwin Smith refers, with evident approval, to a proposal which has been made to put the city into the hands of a Board of Commissioners appointed by some impartial authority, such as the judges, but thinks it would be difficult to get the people to part with so much of their power. With due deference to so high an authority we should be sorry if it were otherwise with the citizens. The people who would voluntarily divest themselves of the power of self-rule would prove themselves by the act unfit to use it, by reason of want of intelligence, sloth, or corruption. In either case the confession of inability and the policy of despair would but confirm their unworthiness, instead of helping them to rise above it. It would be very likely, too, to result in ultimate loss of the despised birth-right, for, as Mr. Smith indeed hints, it would be very difficult to secure due responsibility in the use of the transferred authority. A regime of family compactism, or of oligarchism, would be pretty sure to ensue sooner or later, and the last state of the civic administration would be worse than the first. In any case Mr. Goldwin Smith's suggestions that those who do the work should be paid for it, and that their number should be largely reduced, may, we think, be set down as the second and third steps in the direction of reform. Mr. Smith would give the Mayor a veto, to be overridden only by a two-thirds vote of the Council, but does not think it would do to sever the Executive entirely from the legislative by taking the Mayor out of the Council. Certainly not, if the Mayor alone were to constitute the Executive. But why not empower and require the Council to select some four or six of their number to constitute with the Mayor the sole, paid, Executive? The choice of these Executive officers should be in some way sanctioned, not simply by their respective wards, but by the whole body of citizens, and they should hold office so long as they retained the public confidence. In this way the principle of responsibility would be more effectually secured than in the case of members of the Provincial or Dominion Governments, whose acceptance of office requires endorsement only by their own small body of constituents. Possibly all the members of the Executive should be elected directly, as the Mayor now is, by the whole city. This suggests an answer to the difficulty pointed out by Mr. Goldwin Smith, in doing away with the ward system. "Suppose the elections were for the whole city, how and by whom would the candidate be nominated?" There has not usually been much difficulty in securing good nominees for the mayoralty. If nominations are really necessary, which is not quite clear, and the large number of councillors required would cause embarrassment or confusion, the nominations might be made by a meeting of delegates chosen for the purpose by the rate-payers of the various wards. But much would be gained could the electorate decide on even the three changes we have already named as recommended by Mr. Goldwin Smith, viz., a longer term of office, payment of aldermen, and reduction of their number.

AS the season of the year approaches in which there is usually more or less of destitution and suffering from want of employment, various modes of meeting the difficulty are being proposed. It is unnecessary to say that simple charity, the giving of food and clothing without an equivalent, is, as a rule, the worst of all methods of relief. Gratuitous support is, of course, necessary in many cases, in which, in consequence of old age, sickness, physical deformities, accidental injuries, etc., labour is an

impossibility. In all such cases all that is needed for health and comfort should be promptly and amply supplied, and will be so wherever there is any efficient system by which the wants of the sufferers can be reliably ascertained and some guarantee given that the gifts of the charitable will be properly used. But it cannot be too often or emphatically repeated, until the lesson is fully learned, that gratuitous relief to those able to work is a degradation and a serious moral injury. The establishment of some kind of public labour exchange, such as we are glad to see is being advocated in the daily papers, should be made one of the first cares of every city and town in the Dominion, in which there is danger of men and women and their children suffering for want of employment. It matters little whether the employment bureaus proposed can be made to pay expenses or not, though there should be no great difficulty in enabling them to do so under good management. There are thousands of citizens who would most gladly contribute to make up any deficiency, could they but be put in a position to know what is right to say and do when able-bodied men and women come to them for help. How often one would a thousand times rather give than withhold the aid asked, but for the conviction or the fear that to do so would be to do a moral injury to the individual, and a wrong to society. It is quite possible that there is more danger of actual suffering from destitution in the smaller towns and villages than in the cities, simply because of the more frequent absence of systematic modes of enquiry and relief. A correspondent of the *Globe* suggests that the municipal governments all over the land should provide public farms in every county and public workshops in every city and town for interim employment, so that no one able to work could say, "I cannot get work." It is not easy to see why some such plan should not be everywhere adopted. But whatever the mode it surely is both right and feasible that in this land of plenty and of industry no one who is able to work should suffer for want of an opportunity to earn at least the necessaries of life. The simple, inflexible rule should be in every such case: food and clothing for all who are able and willing to work for them, but no fostering of able-bodied pauperism.

AT the last monthly meeting of the Toronto Presbytery a resolution was passed deprecating the selection of persons of hardened and debased character, "as has sometimes been done," as the instruments of justice in carrying out the sentence in cases of capital punishment. The Presbytery strongly pronounces "against the dishonour done to public justice in connecting any but reputable, recognized public officials with an act which is the supreme vindication of the majesty and authority of the law." The point is well taken. It is hard to conceive of anything better adapted to weaken or destroy the supposed moral effect, which is the highest if not the only justification of the death penalty, than the fact that no sooner is the verdict pronounced with all due solemnity by the Court than a shocking competition is begun by some of the most degraded and unfeeling wretches in the country, each vaunting his skill and naming the terms on which he is willing to undertake "the job," as they term it correctly enough, for that is evidently all it means to these applicants. The thing is not only revolting, it is distinctly demoralizing. But what is to be done? Dr. Caven, in introducing the resolution, said that he did not propose that this act should be done by the sheriff, but by a public official appointed for the purpose. But as Dr. McLaren pointed out, no reputable, respectable man, no man of character and position, would accept such an office. It is better to look the question fairly in the face and to speak frankly. The feeling may be weak and wrong; it may, perhaps, show that modern society has degenerated from the severe sense of justice which nerved men of an earlier time to become executors of its sternest decrees without misgiving or remorse, but where is the man of ordinary sensibility who can imagine himself as returning complacently to the society of wife and family and friends after having performed the function of such an office? What conceivable consideration would prevail upon any reader to consent that any member of his family should accept the office of public hangman? How long would such an officer, we care not what his previous character or

position, continue to be held "reputable" or "respectable," after accepting such an office and entering upon its duties? We put the case with this disagreeable plainness in order to emphasize an irresistible inference, which we have on former occasions stated more mildly. That inference is that there is something radically wrong in the case. That wrong lies too deep to be reached and removed by the simple process of appointing another public official to do what it is admitted the sheriff, the proper executive officer, cannot be expected to do. Whether it lies deeper than any possible mode of carrying out the capital sentence we need not now attempt to determine. The one thing that seems clearly demonstrated is that hanging, as a mode of execution, is a relic of barbarism, unworthy of and irreconcilable with the spirit of modern Christian civilization. The same objection lies against any other mode the success of which depends upon the skill and insensitiveness of an executioner. It can never be right or necessary, in the interests of justice and morality, to require a fellow being to perform an office which no virtuous or respectable citizen would perform. In the olden Jewish times, to which some of the speakers at the Presbytery referred, the evil was avoided by every citizen present taking a part in the execution. As a return to that practice is obviously impossible, the only alternatives remaining, so far as we can see, are the calling in of the aid of science so as to make some natural force, such as electricity, the immediate agent, and man's application of it as simple and remote as possible, or the substitution of some other form of punishment for the death penalty.

WE are glad to learn that a committee of the Senate of the University of Toronto has been deputed to consider the subject of University extension, on some such lines as those which have been followed with the most gratifying results in connection with the great English Universities. We have often urged the desirability of some forward movement of this kind by our Canadian Universities, and are glad that the Provincial Institution proposes to take the lead and set the example. We shall wait with interest to learn the result of the deliberations of the well-chosen and energetic committee of Senators who have the matter under consideration, and hope that they may see their way to devise and promote a large and liberal scheme.

THE Superintendent of Indian Affairs has, it appears, admitted his mistake in the threat made in his letter of a few weeks ago to withhold from the Protestant Indians at Oka their share of the Government's annual pittance, and has made the payment to Protestants and Catholics alike. This is well. It was, in fact, the only possible course, for, as the *Montreal Gazette* said a week or two since, the public opinion of Canada will not tolerate making a distinction in the distribution of this gratuity on religious grounds. Is it not now high time that this dispute should be taken in hand and settled once for all on equitable principles? The *Gazette* gives what purports to be a full, though it is certainly an unsatisfactory, history of the attempts that have hitherto been made by the Dominion Government to have the question brought before the courts. So far as we can gather, successive Governments have urged upon Mr. McLaren and other persons representing the Indians the desirability of having a test case submitted, and these gentlemen have tried unsuccessfully to bring about this result. The cause of failure, so far as appears, has hitherto been the refusal of the legal representatives of the Seminary to consent to such a reference. Whether that or something else be the real obstacle there surely must be some means of securing its removal. There is an element of danger, as well as of injustice, in the continuance of this long-standing quarrel. The nature of the difficulty is unfortunately such that an appeal is but too easily made to prejudices of race and religion. Surely the Indian Department can find some means of obtaining a legal decision of the main question. The rights of the Indians, as the weaker party, should be maintained at whatever cost; and should it even appear after full judicial enquiry that the law is on the side of the Seminary, public opinion will sustain the Government in dealing generously with the Indians, to the extent of providing them with a location that will be equally satisfactory with that they have so long occupied.

WHATEVER may be the political faults of Premier Mercier, of Quebec, want of courage and of firmness cannot be reckoned amongst the number. Perhaps in no case has he more conspicuously shown himself possessed of the former quality than in his declaration the other day,

in the course of the debate upon the Address, that the Government was fully determined to retain absolute medical control of the insane asylums of the Province; and it is pretty certain that in no previous instance has he had more need of the latter quality than he is likely to have, if he adheres to his avowed purpose in this matter. We need not remind our readers that hitherto these asylums have been in every respect, including medical attendance and supervision, wholly, or almost wholly, under clerical influence and control. The practice of giving over the care and general management of this most pitiable of all classes of the unfortunate to private individuals has long been a standing disgrace to the Legislature of the Sister Province. The case hardly admits of argument, save from the point of view of the religious orders. The very fact that the patients are cared for on remunerative terms, and that as a natural consequence it is in the interest of those who have the contract to have each remain as long as possible, condemns the system as radically wrong in principle. Then, again, every humane citizen who has given any thought to the subject, must feel that most solemn obligations rest upon society, and upon the Governments and Legislatures, which are its representatives, to see to it that the unhappy patients are placed and kept constantly under the very best conditions which the highest medical skill can devise, with a view to the amelioration of their state, and, wherever possible, the restoration of their health and reason. That these conditions can possibly be secured by farming out the poor creatures to the members of religious orders, with no medical training and no special skill in scientific nursing, and leaving it to the members of these orders to choose and summon medical advisers, is simply out of the question. It is greatly to be desired that the reform proposed should be radical, instead of partial, including the support and care, as well as the medical treatment of the patients. But it is very likely that Mr. Mercier has wisely determined to do one thing at a time. With the medical advisers under Government direction and control the worst defects in treatment can be remedied, and abuses, if such exist, corrected. There can be little doubt, we think, that the intention is ultimately to place the asylums wholly under Government management as in Ontario. The existing contracts have, we believe, yet a year or two to run, and it would, perhaps, have been premature, and therefore unwise, to have aroused the full strength of clerical antagonism by too sweeping a change. To Premier Mercier honour is certainly due for having attempted a reform which none of his predecessors had the nerve to undertake. It is to be noted, however, that time and growing intelligence have wrought in his favour, and that influential individuals and newspapers of both parties have been advocating the reform.

IF the *New York Herald* Bureau report by cable is reliable, General Laurie, M.P., took the role of "Candid Friend" at a recent meeting of the Imperial Federation League, in London. The report has, it must be admitted, a somewhat suspicious ring, not so much by reason of the statements ascribed to General Laurie as of the manner in which those statements are said to have been received. Intelligent Englishmen who would be found at such a meeting could hardly be surprised to learn that there is no sufficient reason for believing the McKinley tariff was conceived in hostility either to England or to Canada, albeit a recent speech of the Canadian Premier was adapted to convey that impression. Neither does it seem likely that such men would be either astonished or displeased at being told by a member of the Canadian Commons that Canadians are disposed to repudiate the implication of inferiority and subordination conveyed in the term "colonist"; and are coming to regard themselves as a nation *in esse* and their country as "a Dominion of itself, to be held in leading strings no longer." Some of the foremost British statesmen have long since recognized the fact, and would scout the idea of attempting to coerce the Dominion into any course different from that on which the majority of her citizens may at any time decide. The more clearly these facts are recognized in the Mother Country the less will be the danger of future misunderstanding or alienation. It may, indeed, have sounded strange to British free-traders who have not studied closely the Canadian situation, to be told that the only way to build up an united Empire is by united trade methods and preferential dealing, though it has again and again been pointed out by THE WEEK and other independent journals that this is really the only tangible inducement which could possibly make the proposed federation acceptable to Canada.

Whether such preferential trade, even if attainable, would prove a real blessing to our country may well be doubted, especially when the danger of arousing the hostility of other nations is taken into the account. The possibility of Great Britain sacrificing her free-trade principles at such risk is so remote that it seems scarcely worth while to discuss it. But if General Laurie said with proper courtesy what is ascribed to him, he deserves the thanks of both Englishmen and Canadians for having had the moral courage to speak the truth plainly and frankly, instead of repeating the empty commonplaces about Canadian loyalty which form the staple of so many speeches of Canadians in England. His remarks would have the greater weight as coming from one whose loyalty is, we believe, above suspicion.

THERE seems just now some reason to fear that events may prove that renowned explorers are not always either wise or magnanimous. Nothing can ever rob Stanley of his well-earned rank as the prince of African travellers, but it will be a thousand pities should his fame be permanently tarnished by evidence of that moral littleness which fails to rise above personal spite, or grudges to less fortunate comrades a generous share of the honours of a perilous expedition. Worse than all would it be should it appear that any ignoble distrust or prejudice had betrayed him into unmerited or unnecessary detraction of the dead. In the whirlwind of insinuations and counter-insinuations, horrible accusations and strong contradictions which are just now filling the air with the dust of furious controversy, it is impossible to form any reliable conclusion as to the merits of this strange case. Stanley has great advantages, not only in having been first to gain the ear of the public, but in being able to claim and hold it as the one towering personality in the controversy. His tens of thousands of admirers in both hemispheres will be very slow to admit the existence of serious moral defects in their hero. And yet it must be admitted that appearances are not just now wholly in his favour. The tide of popular sympathy is beginning to develop ominous eddies. The British love of fair-play cannot be repressed even by tumults of applause. The more critical among the onlookers cannot forget that Stanley, by his own showing, took liberties with the materials of his narrative in the way of modifying and suppressing, whenever he deemed it inexpedient that the whole truth should be known. This admission will not fail to have its weight when the case requires a balancing of conflicting testimonies. The affair has now reached a stage of complication at which nothing but a careful sifting of the whole evidence by a judicial tribunal will satisfy the public that justice has been done to the living and the dead by the explorer, whose lightest word would, but a few months ago, have been accepted as the end of all controversy. It is a great pity and shame that such disputes should have arisen to tarnish the fame of any of those entitled to share the honours of the most wonderful expedition on record, but it is now probably useless to suggest that any of the parties should let the matter drop. Perhaps the sooner some of the aggrieved or their friends bring a case before the courts the better for all concerned.

THE old adage which teaches one that he must go abroad if he would learn news about things at home is brought to mind by a paragraph in the last number of the *Christian Union*. This is one of the ablest, broadest and most reliable religious weeklies with which we are acquainted. Under the head of "The Outlook" it gives its readers every week, in a series of crisp paragraphs, a very readable and generally well-informed summary of the great movements in religion, politics, education, science and literature, the world over. These paragraphs we usually read with interest and profit. Hence we were considerably amazed on taking up the number referred to, to find one of them commencing with the startling announcement: "There is really a phenomenal movement in favour of annexation in Canada." Following up the brief article we learn, of course, that the McKinley Bill is the cause, and that the "Quebec" *Telegraph* has "placed itself"—fitly chosen words, no doubt—"at the head of the movement." We do not often see the *Quebec Telegraph*, and though we should, we suppose, blush to confess it, were not aware that it was at the head of any movement, or that there was any annexation movement for it to head. Quebec itself, grand old historic city though it is, is about the last place to which we should have thought of looking for the headship of any great Canadian movement. The *Telegraph* must, however, be an intrepid if not a powerful journal, for the *Christian*

*Union* tells us that in a leading editorial it recently said: "About half-a-dozen of Tory papers in the Dominion of Canada have pronounced against annexation to the United States." This would be hard to beat as an example of the skilful combination of the *suppressio veri*, with the *suggestio falsi*. We doubt if even half-a-dozen Republican papers in the United States have pronounced against annexation to Canada, but it had not occurred to us to draw any such sweeping inference as the *Telegraph* seems to have suggested to the *Christian Union*. Had the *Telegraph* been able to name half-a-dozen newspapers of standing and influence in the Dominion which had pronounced in favour of annexation to the United States, our New York contemporary might have been justified in inferring that there was at least a small movement of the kind indicated. That there is a considerable party in Canada in favour of reciprocity with the United States is true, but that is a very different matter, though the *Christian Union* seems to confuse the two things. It is equally true that a number of influential men in the United States are in favour of reciprocity with Canada. But we can assure the *Christian Union* that if there is a phenomenal movement or any movement, not of the very feeblest kind in Canada in the direction indicated, we have not before heard of it, and we have good reason to believe that the great majority of the people of Canada have not heard of it. The Canadians as a people have the highest respect and the most friendly regard for their kinsmen in the United States. They are willing to trade with them in the future, as in the past, or even more freely; and to cultivate the most intimate business and social relations, as they have long been doing, but they prefer their own laws, customs and institutions, and are fully resolved to retain and maintain them, believing that their country is moving forward to a higher national destiny and one more worthy of their ambition, than that of absorption in the Great Republic.

SAID Mr. Blaine, a couple of weeks since: "The contest that is now waging for membership of the next Congress is not properly a contest between the Republican and Democratic ideas. It is a contest between protectionists and free-traders." As Mr. Blaine, in common with other members of the Washington Cabinet, has declined to see the interviewer since the election, we have no means of knowing whether he adheres to the above opinion and admits that the people of the United States have declared for free-trade. It is very likely that he now regrets having made so strong a statement. He may attempt to explain away the significance of the astounding defeat which the Protectionists, or the Republicans, or both in one, have suffered. It is possible that the statement itself was an extreme one, but even that fact would not lessen its significance, since it is clear that in making the assertion Mr. Blaine believed himself to be using the strongest argument that could be urged in favour of the Republican party. The event shows, however explained, that the protectionist cry was utterly powerless to rally the people to the support of the old party of which Mr. Blaine is the puissant leader. Whatever minor causes, such as Speaker Reed's arbitrary rulings, Senator Quay's reputation for unscrupulousness, the proposed Government control of Southern elections, etc., may have contributed to the result, there can be no doubt whatever that the overwhelming victory of the Democrats is a most emphatic condemnation of the McKinley Bill. It is doubtful if a revolution in popular sentiment so sudden and radical has ever before taken place in the history of American politics. It has more than justified the sagacity of those who predicted that the McKinley Bill would prove to be the beginning of the end, the last desperate effort of a failing cause. In contemplating the marvellous overthrow of the party which fancied itself entrenched so impregnable, one is reminded of the adage too trite to quote, "Whom the gods," etc. The American people have declared in the most unmistakable terms that they will not submit to war taxes in time of peace, that they will not consent to have the cost of the necessities of life artificially increased in order that rich manufacturing and other monopolists may be made richer. That is the one undeniable and chief meaning of the vote of the 4th November.

WHAT will the Democrats do with the great victory which has come to them? Time alone can tell. It is evident that they did not expect so complete a triumph, were unprepared for it, and, consequently, have no plans matured for turning it to account. The meaning of the

vote as a condemnation of excessive taxation is more strikingly manifest in view of the fact that the result was not due to any astute management or supreme effort on the part of the successful party. It cannot be attributed to the prowess of any great Democratic leader, or to any special policy or strategy of the victors. Their general hostility to excessive taxation alone can account for the result. The peculiar political system of the United States will prevent the will of the people so clearly expressed at the polls from taking effect at any early day in legislation. A similar indication of public feeling in England or Canada would be immediately fruitful. The condemned cabinet would be displaced, and the control of legislation given over almost at once to the hands of those in whom the people had voted confidence. The views of the Senate would scarcely be taken into the account. In the United States the Senate is the more powerful body, and there is no constitutional means of changing its political complexion for five or six years to come. Hence the chief political interest will continue to centre in that body. Its leaders may adopt one of two courses. They may either refuse on various pretexts to accept the mandate of the people, and so continue the McKinley Bill in operation, relying on the potent and in many cases sinister means of influence, in the use of which they are adepts, to bring about the desired change in public sentiment before the next election, or they may bow with more or less grace and sincerity to the popular verdict and shape their legislation accordingly. The latter course would expose them to so many selfish but powerful antagonisms that its possibility need hardly be taken into the account. In any case, it is perhaps as well that no immediate reversal of policy is possible. Sudden or violent change might lead to reaction. It is very likely that further education of the people with the McKinley Bill as schoolmaster may be desirable. The situation can scarcely fail to give the whole Democratic party a powerful impulse in the direction of a revenue tariff, if not of absolute free-trade. Meanwhile it is highly probable that Canada's prospects of reciprocity on some fair basis will be considerably improved by this unexpected turn of affairs in the great Republic.

#### CRIMINAL LITERATURE.

WE have not been accustomed to think the Newgate Calendar the choicest reading *virginibus puerisque*—the sort of literature that we would introduce into the school-room, or even tolerate in the drawing-room. Books of this kind may be a sort of necessity on pathological grounds, but right-thinking adults will hardly consider them to be the best means of recreation or amusement. As a matter of fact, they have been found mischievous reading for boys, never or hardly ever deterring from evil doing, but sometimes actually proving an incentive to crime.

For these and other reasons, which need hardly to be specified, most right-thinking persons have regretted very deeply the morbid eagerness of the newspapers to obtain details of no real interest and of no moral or rational significance in relation to the unhappy man who is lying under sentence of death in the jail at Woodstock.

We are, of course, quite aware that, in cases of this kind, there is need of a certain amount of publicity. This is necessary, in the first place, for the sake of obtaining evidence, so that the guilty may be brought to justice. Moreover, it is a fundamental principle of justice, as understood in modern times and under constitutional governments, that the trial of an accused person shall be conducted in public, and that all the details of the evidence, unless so far as the judge shall consider it hurtful to public morality, may be reported in the newspapers. It may sometimes be very offensive to the readers of these papers that they should be under the necessity of wading through a quantity of matter of a very disgusting character, or else of abstaining altogether from reading the account of a trial. This, however, cannot be helped. So long as vice and crime remain among men, and trials have to be held, and punishments inflicted, so long we must put up with such inconveniences, and recognize them as necessary evils.

So far there is a general agreement of opinion, and if these limits were observed there would be little necessity for criticising the doings of our daily press on the subject under consideration. But the question here arises whether there is to be any limit to the publication of matters which concern the doings of criminals during their trial and after their condemnation. And we cannot doubt that, in the case of Birchall, these limits have been greatly exceeded.

We can hardly imagine any reasonable or lawful state of mind to which these newspaper reports have ministered, and we feel quite sure that their publication has been, in many ways, most mischievous.

If the effort of the reporter had been to throw light upon the character and history of this most miserable man, we could not have blamed the efforts made. It is of real interest, it might even be of some utility, to discover the steps by which a young man, well-born, as we say, with the advantages of moral, religious, and cultivated surroundings, should have developed into the hard, callous, reckless criminal who has stained his hands with the blood of a fellow-man with as little compunction, apparently, as he would have felt in shooting a dog. There is no difference of opinion, that we have heard of, in regard to the strangeness of this phenomenon, particularly when it is remembered that, in his ordinary behaviour, the unfortunate man does not appear to have been of a cruel or unamiable disposition. Anything which would help to clear up this problem would, doubtless, be of interest to persons who make a serious study of abnormal humanity, but we doubt whether even this comparatively reasonable provision would have been very profitable for the general public.

How far the newspapers have gone beyond the utmost limits that could be conceded on such grounds as these, we imagine that everyone knows, and it is high time that legislation should interfere, if it does not already provide for some greater restraint in the publication of the doings of criminals. Who is responsible, we should like to know, for permitting continual communication between a condemned criminal and reporters of the newspapers? Such a phenomenon is something new (to us) in the annals of crime. If a man under sentence of death is dead to the law, has he the right to sell the copyright of a biography or any other literary production of his last days? This is a question which it is in the public interest to have answered.

The publication of "Birchall's Biography" in the columns of a paper of the high standing hitherto occupied by the *Mail* is one of the most shocking things in modern newspaper literature. If the wretched man wished to earn a few hundred dollars for his unhappy wife, any claim which the law might have had upon his writings might have been relaxed or set aside. Even in that case the publication might have been deferred. It is greatly to be feared, however, that Birchall is influenced quite as much by the desire for the quasi-heroism of his biography being read by thousands during the last hours of his life, and that he is enjoying the vulgar satisfaction of seeing his own miserable writing and vulgar sketches reproduced in the copies of the daily *Mail* which find their way to his apartment.

If the writing had any interest whatever, literary, intellectual, or moral, its publication would be somewhat intelligible, but it has none of these qualities. A composition which seems partly that of a half-educated school-boy, and of a horse-jockey not educated at all, is hardly the thing to lay upon the breakfast tables of our ladies and gentlemen, or upon the desks of our men of business. We confess that this description is the result of a very slight perusal of the disgusting document. But we dipped into a good many places in the hope that some passages might be found of a redeeming character, but anything more weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable we cannot remember. We are persuaded that hardly anyone would care to read a dozen lines of the trash, but for the fact that it is the production of a murderer under sentence of death.

It is asserted that the other daily papers denounce the publication because they failed to obtain possession of the precious manuscript. We sincerely hope they made no attempt to do so. If they did, we congratulate them heartily on their failure. The *Mail* is jubilant over the number of copies sold of the numbers containing the first part of the biography. We are afraid that there may be grounds for this jubilation, but we are quite certain that, if it has increased its temporary circulation, it has certainly damaged its general character. It is the business of papers which look at these subjects from a disinterested point of view to say plainly what educated men are thinking and saying on this unprecedented literary venture.

THE sounding made by the French engineers on this side of the English Channel in connection with the proposed Channel bridge are now completed. The results of the survey are, it is stated, not so satisfactory as was hoped, the floor of the Channel between Folkestone and Vannes being somewhat unfavourable to the scheme. In this case another route will have to be found—probably between the nearest land points—namely, Cape Grisnez and Dover.

## PARIS LETTER.

I MET an old Spanish friend and tapped him on the Portuguese question. He is a Carlist and I shook the red rag at once: "So Portugal closes her frontier against your cholera, and you intend to bar out her republicanism." His eyes dilated, and his cheeks flushed to the splendid red of a turkey-cock under full sail and strut. "Portugal, the insolent! She and her republicanism are finished! We intend to protect her when her patriotic splits burst; for she has now no England to save her."

"But France may object to that kind of Latin unity?" "Not at all; interfering with Spanish affairs never brought luck to France, it felled the First, and sank the Third, Napoleon. Besides, the Triple Alliance will only recognize Spain as a first-class power when she is stronger." "Then to become a Triton it is necessary to feed on minnows?" "It looks so, believe me, before New Year's Day next, Braganza Carlos will be sucking pomegranates and cracking nuts beside his relative Dom Pedro, at Versailles, while the Mozambique possessions of Portugal will fall into the lap of the Cape Colony." "And the Latin Union, can you tell me what that is?" "No, but if it means the union of all the Catholics, why Spain, the model of religiosity, must be at its head. Second fiddle in any federation would not suit Spaniards."

"But Italy may not like that supremacy for Spain?" "The Italians are obsequious knaves; they only want a good shake to disintegrate their patch-work unity. Look at the Kassala comedy." "The what? You call Anglo-Italian negotiations a comedy?" "Yes, and well-played all round too." He then explained and read letters from Stamboul, that the English wanted to discourage visits of the French naval officers to the Sultan, and at the same time give a hint to Russia not to try on any Kurd incursions into Armenia. By England refusing Kassala to Italy, on the plea that it formed with Central Africa the hinterland of her miner, Egypt, while being part of the Ottoman territory, she posed as conservator and loyalist before the Sultan and the world. But when England has connected the territories of her two great African Companies with the Nile, and all with the Red Sea at Suakim—re-possessing of course Khartoum that pivot of Central African trade—then, but not till then, will Italy pass into Kassala and both powers forget the Porte.

The statue-mania still continues. Camille Desmoulins' statue has been unveiled in his native village of Guise, Picardy, where he was born 1762. It was he who applied the match to the train of the Revolution. He came to Paris when fourteen years of age, as a sizar in the Louis le Grand College. He had for college friend, who remained his life chum, incorruptible Robespierre. He was called to the Bar—but called away from it by politics. Much sympathy has been always extended to Desmoulins, he was so sincere in his enthusiasm, and the fate of himself and his wife was so touchingly sad. At the Museum of the Revolution last year, the most popular relics for visitors were those recalling Desmoulins and his wife. He was impulsive, witty and ambitious, possessing a brilliant imagination, and covetous of celebrity.

Labour has been holding two congresses in France, at Châtelleraut and Calais. The former may be dismissed as terminating in a split. That at Calais was distinguished by the declaring for International Labourism, better known as German Socialism. The divided labour units or sectatomies, in France, have not yet found out the secret of discipline; till then there can be no federation, either national or international. The working classes in France keep pegging away, not the less, for eight hours' work and war to capitalists; while in Australia the fight lies between the right of employers to employ whom they please and the Trade Unionists, who insist on the hiring only their affiliated. A republic being the supreme expression of democracy, the working classes stand by that and sink nationality in cosmopolitanism. The tendency of strikes for the future is to call out the workers in some fundamental industry, as coal mining, all other industries contributing the sinews of war. May Day, wind and weather permitting, will be observed as *memento mori* for capitalists and monied folks. The French peasantry still remain the "Old Guard" for the defence of property.

If France threw physic to the dogs her budget would lose 12,000,000 frs. a year. That is the total the new tax on the sale of proprietary medicines will annually produce—a 2 sous' impost, per every 2 frs., of more or less "perilous stuff." This newly-discovered sop will not stifle the financial war-cry: "Live on the annual revenue receipts and not on treasury kites and cinquantennial loans to wipe them out."

Respecting medicine, the celebrated physician, J. B. Portu, affirmed that symphonies executed upon instruments made from medicinal woods exercised the same effects as the medicaments extracted from the woods or shrubs themselves. What a revolution. Imagine a castor oil flute and an ipecacuanha piano for nurseries; a quinquina clarinet for African travellers, and a clove-tree fiddle for toothache martyrs.

The new Customs Tariff Bill has been published. It excites no criticism, provokes no hosannas. This may be due either to its voluminousness or to its having been out-protected by the McKinley Bill. The framework of the project is simple; it is a sliding scale from A, prohibition rates, to Z, free entries. But, as in all reciprocal treaties, a term must be fixed longer than twenty-four hours; as usual the more one changes the more things remain the same.

The difference between the maximum and the minimum duties is about one-third. It is on that margin reciprocal—not commercial—treaties must be negotiated. All raw materials vital to French industries are admitted free; but imported goods, calculated to cheapen the home manufactures of France, will be McKinleyed. From the columns—longer than half a dozen sea serpents—of duties here are a few specimens. *Ab uno disce omnes*. Per head and in francs: horses 30, mares 18, pigs 6; per 220 lbs., live weight: oxen 12, sheep 15½; per same, dead weight: fresh mutton 28, beef 20, pork 10, canned meats 8, salt pork 12, salt beef 22, margarine 20, cheese 12, butter 15, canned oysters 20, lobster 30. Elephants' tusks free, but if worked up 100 the 220 lbs.; per latter weight for wheat 5, its flour 8, maize 5; tea and coffee nearly 1 fr. per lb.; cigars 3,600 and snuff and quid tobacco 2,500 frs. per 220 lbs. Statuary and sculpture pay the same duty as butter, 15 frs. the 220 lbs. Gold nuggets and silver ore admitted free, but if once touched by the hammer 2,500 and 2,000 frs. per 220 lbs. respectively.

Wines of all kinds, whether made from grapes or otherwise, 14 sous, each alcoholic degree, per 22 gallons; beer 13 frs. the 22 gallons, and alcohols 70 to 80 frs. same quantity. Funeral wreaths in bead-work 120 frs. the 220 lbs. Books, if in a foreign language, free, if in French 18 frs. per 220 lbs.; same rate for music. Maps free—no geographical ignorance henceforth. Those who import printed circulars, chromos, hand-bills and posters pay 40 frs. per 220 lbs. As for cotton, woollen and flaxen threads and tissues the comprehension of their duties must be deferred. Artificial jewellery 600 frs. the 220 lbs.—the latter quantity would suffice to gain the realm of an African chief including treaty duly signed. Needles, per 220 lbs., 300 frs.; pins, 60; steel pens, 160 frs.; knives and scissors, 120 frs., and razors, 600 frs. Statues in metal, and so capable of being melted down in the interests of art, are admitted free. Gold and silver coin 1 sou per 11 lbs. weight. Swords, if not made of hoop iron, 360 frs. the 220 lbs.; dynamite is more favoured as its tax is only 13 sous per lb.

Upright pianos 60 frs. each, but if they have a *queue* 25 more; harmoniums and organs 13 frs. per 66 lbs., and 6,500 frs. if 20 tons and above. Strange to say, street organs are not prohibited; the duty per each instrument varies from 39 to 390 frs.; the grinding must be akin to perpetual motion to work off the latter duty. A harp 75 frs.; a fiddle 2½ frs.; a flute 6 sous, and a triangle for playing "the loves" 15 sous. Musical boxes are taxed like clocks. Trimmed bonnets, meerschmump pipes and muzzle-loading rifles pay 27 sous per lb.; velocipedes and carriages 16 less; wigs, chignons and false hair 6 sous per lb., the same as sweeping, blacking brushes and wooden trunks. If, as it is alleged by French Jeremiahs, that the McKinley tariff bars out cheaper foreign goods, augments the prices of home labour in America, and clips the latter's wings for competition in the neutral markets of the world, what must be the future prospects of France for like case, like rule?

The French duties on cereals and cattle, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, changeth not. But supposing she concedes the minimum tariff on butter and cheese to the United States, on beer to England, on preserved fruits to Portugal, on toys to Switzerland, on iron to Belgium, on chromo-printing to Austria, on skins to La Plata, etc., can Germany claim the benefit of these reduced rates under the favoured nation clause of the Frankfort treaty of May, 1871? That's the little cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, in French McKinleyism.

The 25th October, in addition to being the anniversary of the "Charge of the Six Hundred," is sacred to the memory of Saint Crispin. Every shoemaker is born a democrat, and while he maintains that there is nothing like leather, he ranks politics, from the social side, next in importance. The shoemaker, whether *cordonnier* or *savetier*, is always the best man at a public meeting. He has ever a dash of Pasquin in his views. No candidate-deputy dare despise his guild. The sons of St. Crispin duly feted the anniversary of their patron by a procession, a banquet and a ball. The large boot and shoe making establishments gave dinners to their employees and their families, after which all united at the common professional ball. Shoemakers are as famous for their dancing as for their conversational powers.

It appears from a question paper sent to 23,000 labour centres in Paris and its department, that one-half of the replies are in favour of nine to eleven hours daily labour, and but 6,000, chiefly shop assistants and commercial clerks, desire the eight hours' scale. It is only an illustration of the difficulty of applying any Procrustean method for labour. Those who work for themselves, or by task, demand no restriction; and even those who advocate limitation would prefer long hours, were they paid by time, or had they a share in the profits of the firm.

With the report of the failure of negotiations between the moribund Panama Canal Company and the Government of Columbia the shares keep rapidly dropping. The ruined shareholders rage like the heathen against the liquidator of the Company, for not indicting the ex-directors for swindling them. The French are about running into another noose respecting a Trans-Saharan railway. The Russians made a line from the Caspian to the Oxus, hence, conclude the French, we ought to rail from the Mediterranean to Lake Tchad. Suez and Panama were not Siamese Isthmuses. Z.

## GORING'S RIDE.

ONE bumper, our sweethearts! then up and away!  
For there's hot work to do ere the close of the day,  
The train bands of Essex are out in full force,  
And Cromwell's black troopers are mustered to horse.  
All round—the King's health! for morn's breaking light,  
Now up, boot and saddle! away for the fight!

What's here? A despatch! the North's up in arms!  
They swarm out like bees at the sound of alarms!  
Rupert's over the Humber like hawk on the wing  
And Lumsden and Astley have joined with the King,  
Each turnpike from Scotland to stout Oxford town  
Is clatt'ring to horse-hooves fast galloping down!

Unfurl the old flag! It has flown for the Right  
At Edge Hill, and many a tough, bloody fight;  
Who'd exchange its old tears, and its dingy blood-stains  
For the gayest new silk the King's army retains!  
And though tarnished its lustre still proudly it waves  
As we dash sword in hand at the psalm-singing knaves!

Open line, you in front! thrust a torch in yon pane!  
Give the churl a house-warming in high Spanish vein!  
Let the jade go, you sirs! Close up the rear ranks!  
You Roger and William—out on the flanks!  
Noll's pets are abroad—it were best to take care  
Or we'll stumble full tilt on their pikes unaware.

Eustace, ride on ahead! we are nearing the plain;  
Keep a sharp look around! gag that ribald refrain!  
Look to priming's my men! pass the word through the  
troop!

And see that each carbine hangs right of the croup!  
The churls if we're careless may play us a trick.  
And the'll follow Noll's nose as the fiends follow Nick.

Boy, whom see you there? by St. Denis of France  
The sight of a Roundhead's like the prick of a lance!  
What make you their colours? you rogue look again!  
Pray God it be Ludlow's or Ireton's men!  
Left wheel! Line advance! Steady! Give your nags  
breath,  
These foxes don't run that we hunt to the death.

Now fellow, your trumpet! a good rousing blast!  
Pikes to front! Ready? DRAW! We have them at last!  
Three cheers—for the Church! for the King! for the  
Cause!

Now down with all traitors, and up with the laws!  
No quarter my lads! Cut the Knaves to the gorge!  
Charge, Cavaliers, CHARGE! Now for God and St. George!  
CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS.

## THE FIRST SONNET IN ENGLAND.

AMONG the uncertain stories which have gathered about the life of Geoffrey Chaucer, there is one to the effect that in the year 1368, when Lionel, Duke of Clarence, took for his second wife, Violante, daughter of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, the greatest living poet of England and the greatest living poet of Italy met; but should this purely conjectural episode not be credited, there is another more authentic piece of history by which the happy meeting may be brought about by those who would delight in such a probable and desirable event.

In 1372 Chaucer and two Genoese citizens were appointed by King Edward III. to negotiate with the authorities at Genoa for the establishment of a factory at one of the English ports, and at the end of that year Chaucer, having drawn some sixty-three pounds for expenses, proceeded to Italy. There he stayed for about a year and it is said he visited Florence, Padua, Milan and other places.

In the "Prologue" to "The Clerkes Tale," the "worthy Clerk of Oxenforde" (supposed to be Chaucer himself) says:—

I wol you tell a tale, which that I  
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,  
As preved by his wordes and his werk.  
He is now ded, and nailed in his cheste;  
I pray to God to yeve his soule reste;  
Fraunceis Petrarch, the laureat poete,  
Highte this clerk, whos rethorike swete  
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie.

Tyrwhitt, referring to the above passage, writes: "This, by the way, is all the ground that I can find for the notion that Chaucer had seen Petrarch in Italy." Perhaps for persons not too critically inclined this passage, coupled with the fact of the Genoese commission of 1372, will be ground enough. It is known that Petrarch was living at the little village of Arquà, thirteen miles from Padua, from January until September, in 1373, and it is most likely that Chaucer paid the old poet a visit during that period. If so he probably saw Petrarch's Latin translation of the story of Griselda, from the Decameron of Boccaccio, or Petrarch may have called his attention to the very popular story, which afterwards formed the subject of "The Clerkes Tale."

Though not actually proven, there can be little doubt of this meeting. On the 18th July, in the year following, Petrarch died of apoplexy at the age of seventy and was found among the books in his library. We cannot refrain from repeating that fine stanza from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," where Byron wrote at his best:—

There is a tomb at Arqua; reared in air,  
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose  
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;  
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name  
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died.

O quicke death, O sweet harme so queint,  
How may of thee in me be such quantite,  
But if that I consent that it so be?

And if that I consent, I wrongfully  
Complaine ywis: thus possed to and fro,  
All sterile within a bote am I  
Amidde the sea, atwixen windes two,  
That in contrary stonden ever mo.  
Alas, what is this wonder maladie?  
For heat of cold, for cold of heat I die.

Chaucer was about forty-five years old when he visited Petrarch. Let us now regard the matter affirmatively and believe that these two choice spirits met and mingled for awhile. The effect of intercourse with a man, already known to fame, must have been of no small benefit to Chaucer, and it cannot be doubted that the English master of metre must have become acquainted with the matchless sonnets of Italy's greatest lyric singer. Perhaps Petrarch may have taken up his lute and sung one or two to his guest; such a courtesy is not at all improbable, for they were known by heart in Italy and by repute out of Italy, and Chaucer must have known and spoken of them. Nothing like them had been written before, and the people were never weary of hearing and repeating the deathless poems dedicated to the mysterious Laura.

It must also be remembered that Chaucer was again in Italy, in 1378, when he accompanied Sir Edward Berkeley to Lombardy to negotiate with Bernard Visconti, Duke of Milan, and the great Sir John Hawkwood, "on certain affairs touching the expediting the king's war" with France. He remained in Italy about four months on this mission and probably heard more of Petrarch's sonnets.

In the sixth chapter of "An Essay on the Cultivation, History, and Varieties of the Species of Poem called the Sonnet," prefixed to "The Book of the Sonnet," Leigh Hunt writes thus: "How are we to account for the non-appearance of a sonnet in the poems of Chaucer?—of Chaucer, who was so fond of Italian poetry, such a servant of love, such a haunter of the green corners of reverie, particularly if they were 'small'; of Chaucer, moreover, who was so specially acquainted with the writings of Petrarca's predecessor Dante, with those of his friend Boccaccio, and who, beside eulogizing the genius of Petrarca himself, is supposed to have made his personal acquaintance at Padua! Out of the four great English poets Chaucer is the only one who has left us a sonnet of no kind whatsoever, though he was qualified for every kind, and though of none of the four poets it would seem more naturally to have fallen in the way."

Leigh Hunt proceeds to account for this sonnet absence in three ways:—

1. That when not writing narrative poetry Chaucer, from his court environment, turned rather to French miscellaneous poetry than to Italian.

2. The sonnets neither of Dante nor of Petrarca had yet followed into England the great poem of the one or the fame of the Latin poetry of the other.

3. Chaucer's propensity to narration and character was so truly his master-passion in poetry as to swallow up all the rest of his tendencies in that direction.

Leigh Hunt proceeds to remark: "The second of these reasons, however, I take to have been the chief. Had Chaucer been familiar with the sonnets of men whom he so admired, the very lovingness of his nature would hardly have failed to make him echo their tones."

We submit, with all due deference, that the conclusion of Leigh Hunt on this point is not correct and had he been a little more familiar with his Chaucer than he undoubtedly was, perhaps he would not have reached or at any rate would have modified this opinion. Leigh Hunt knew and loved his Chaucer well, but he could not have been aware of a fact we will now allude to.

As we have pointed out, it would be unreasonable to suppose that Chaucer did not know of Petrarch's sonnets after learning he had twice visited Italy and was conversant with that country's literature, and that he was not so ignorant is proved beyond a doubt by his having interposed a translation of Petrarch's 102nd sonnet in his "Troilus and Creseide," as the "Song of Troilus." It need scarcely be said that the sonnet does not appear in the "Filostrato," of Boccaccio, of which Chaucer's poem is largely a translation, and therefore it must have been known previously to the Englishman and used when occasion was favourable. The sonnet of Petrarch reads thus:—

S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io sento?  
Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa è quale?  
Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aspro mortale?  
Se ria, ond'è sì dolce ogni tormento?  
S'è mia voglia ardo, ond'è'l pianto e'l lamento?  
S'è mal mio grado, il lamento che vale?  
O viva morte, O diletto male,  
Come puoi tanto in me, s'io nol consento?  
E s'io l'consento, à gran torto mi doglio.  
Fra sì contrari venti in frale barca  
Mi trovo in alto mar, senza governo,  
S'è lieve di saver, d'error si carca,  
Ch'è medesimo non so quel ch'io mi voglio,  
E tremo a mezza state, ardo il verno.

The translation given by Chaucer as "The Song of Troilus" is as follows:—

If no love is, O God, what feele I so?  
And if love, what thing and which is he?  
If love be good, from whence cometh my wo?  
If it be wicke, a wonder thinketh me,  
Whan every torment and adversitie  
That cometh of him, may to me savery think;  
For aie thurst I the more that iche it drinke.

And if that at mine own lust I brenne,  
From whence cometh my wailing and my plaint;  
If harme agree me, whereto plaine I thenne,  
I n'ot, ne why unwery that I feint.

So far as we are aware this is the only place in Chaucer where a translated sonnet has been found. Leigh Hunt was evidently not cognizant of it, but it is nevertheless sufficient evidence that the English poet was familiar with the love-poems of the Italian master. A study of the language of Chaucer and that of Petrarch as exemplified in the constructions of the sonnet and its translation will readily discover to us the true reason why the former poet did not use the form of verse which the latter had made his own, and we shall plainly see that the third reason given by Leigh Hunt is nearer to the truth than the second one, on which he based his erroneous explanation. The English language in Chaucer's day was not fitted for the proper construction of a sonnet. Accent was not finally determined; syllabic value was in a transitional state; words and phrases were undergoing a process of condensation, but were as yet diffused, uncertain, and not in a fixed condition. Chaucer's metrical skill was great, far greater than that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries, but the material at his command would not admit of exact expression, perfect metre or true rhyme, and in sonnet-construction these are essentials; nor would it permit that crystal utterance of refined thought or sweet expansion of deep passion to be found in Italian or later English sonnets.

Rhyme and metre may be said to have come over to England with the Conqueror and they were handled more or less roughly by most of the poets from Layamon to Gower in verses of long iambic, alexandrine, octosyllabic and a composite stanza known as the "Romance." Such a genius as Chaucer, who had a fine ear for musical sound and a good knowledge of French and Italian poetry, could not be cramped in these measures and he proceeded to invent or to import new metres for the enrichment and illumining of his native verse. The so-called heroic metre was his chief vehicle and he used it both in couplets and stanzas; he also wrote ballades and virelays, to which Provençal forms the diffusive language at his command was far better adapted than to the sonnet; but beyond variation of rhyme positions and a more careful adjustment of accent there does not seem to have been much disposition in Chaucer towards poetical novelties.

The English tongue was not as richly pliant and sweetly smooth as the French or Italian, being as iron wire to gold thread for fine art-workmanship, and even the Provençal forms which found expression in France and Italy could not be easily adapted to similar shapes with the crude English mixed with bastard French, which made the transition language Chaucer had to employ. A miniature cannot be painted with a scrubbing-brush, nor can a rose be grown out of a granite rock; so it was that neither Chaucer nor any of his poetical foregoers or fellows wrote a sonnet.

That Chaucer had a propensity for narrative and character is most true; but it was no distinguishing mark of his poetry. It was the regular expression of English poetry up to his time, and he had the taste in common with the lesser writers of the day. Narration, metaphysical speculation and long moralizing were the chief characteristics of the thirteenth and fourteenth century English rhymers. Gower moralizes to tedium point in his "Confessio Amantio"; Minot narrated martially; Longland cracked a long whip of unrhymed alliterative satire in "Piers Ploughman"; Barbour spun out an octosyllabic epic cobweb of rhymed couplets on "The Bruce"; Wynthoun wrote an "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland"; Lydgate was very descriptive except when he trifled with hymns and ballads; Blind Harry and other poets narrated, described and sermonized. It was the tone of the thought of the time that gave rise to this species of poetry, and, as Taine truly discerned, Scholastic Philosophy was at the root of the whole matter.

Figs cannot be gathered from thistles and such sweet fruit as sonnets could not have been picked from the tree of poetical knowledge that flourished in England in Chaucer's time. The summer of the *renaissance* had not yet crossed the sea.

SAREPTA.

ERRATA.—In Mr. Mair's sonnet, "Fulfilment," page 792, read at end of fourth line "care," and at end of fifth line "bare."

THE last report of the Saxon Medical College brings to light some startling facts respecting the prevalence of tuberculosis in the Saxon prisons. Whilst in the agricultural districts the deaths from that disease constituted only about 8 per cent. of the total number of deaths, and that proportion was not greatly exceeded even in the industrial parts of the country, the prison at Waldheim showed 65.63 per cent., and the percentage for all the prisons was 16 per cent. Again, there has been a remarkably large proportion of deaths from lung consumption in the Saxon lunatic asylums. At Sonnenstein it was 12.90 per cent., at Hochweitsch 26.67 per cent., at Colditz 13.27 per cent., and in the United National Institution at Hubertusburg 19.61 per cent. was registered.

## MATAWANDA.

VISITORS to the Exhibition grounds, at Toronto, will remember the monument. It marks the site of the old French fort, Rouillé, which, nearly two centuries ago, defended the surrounding country against the hostilities of the Iroquois. At first this outpost was a mere stockade, in the midst of a vast wilderness, but with its garrison of indomitable Frenchmen, it proved formidable enough to those who sought its destruction.

Among the soldiers stationed here in those early times was a young lieutenant of the name of Leon Le Page, a lithe, handsome fellow, of a good family, and as bold as the bravest cavalier of old. He had been nurtured in luxury, yet his coming to Canada excited in him very little, if any compunction, for he had quarrelled with his father.

It seems that in his boyhood Leon was so attached to a little girl named Louise, the daughter of his father's housekeeper, that he induced his father, who was then very indulgent, to have her educated under the supervision of Father le Blanc, the village pedagogue, who was also Leon's instructor. They studied from the same books, lived in the same château, and hand in hand sought the same pleasures, so that when they grew old enough to understand the sentiment of the enamoured soul, it was only natural that their friendship ripened into love.

Monsieur Le Page, however, became very much annoyed over this state of affairs, for he had hoped that his son would finally give his attention to the daughter of their old friend, Monsieur Boijier.

"My son," said he, one day while lecturing Leon upon the subject, "Your fortune lies in espousing Marguerite. You can never marry Louise, for she is of humble parentage. Marguerite is young, gay, beautiful, and her wealth amounts to nearly a million francs. See to it, my son, see to it. Look to thy purse, and leave sentiment to fools."

"But, father," replied Leon, "I do not love her."

"Fudge! A fool's excuse."

"It is my excuse, sir, and I shall abide by it."

"Very well, my son, but if you persist in defying me, it may go hard with you and Louise, so have a care."

But Leon was adamant. Finally, however, the mother of the little girl died, and Monsieur Le Page, seeing no other course, succeeded in having Louise spirited away, so that her boy lover never saw her again. Strange to say, Father le Blanc disappeared at the same time, and it was inferred, though somewhat indirectly, that he had had something to do with the abduction. However this may have been, the affair caused so great a rupture between the meddlesome father and the obstinate son that the latter joined the army and came to Canada, hoping thereby to forget his troubles in the excitement then prevalent in the new colony.

Upon reaching the Canadian wilds he took up the cause of New France with a zeal which was at once considered reckless, and although among many of the settlers it won for him the encomium of bravery, those who knew him best were of the opinion that he had grown desperate through disappointment. He was ever ready for combat with the Iroquois, and in time of battle became so fierce and venturesome that his men were put to the utmost test of courage, whenever called upon to follow where he led.

In times of peace, however, hunting became his favourite sport, and, with dog and gun, he sought no better pastime than ranging the woods alone. There was something in the hush of nature that fascinated him. He enjoyed the loneliness of the forest intensely. Solitude gave such inspirations that he wished not for companionship. The snapping of twigs, the moaning of the pines, the rustling of leaves, seemed like fairy voices in his ears, and lured him on in his ramblings, and filled his mind with thoughts beyond the power of words to express.

One day while pursuing his favourite sport he chanced to wander farther from the fort than was his usual wont, and at sunset found himself picking his way along the shore of that little body of water in High Park which is now known as Howard Lake.

Romantic as is the locality now, it was doubly so then. The wild and rugged grandeur of the scenery, the weirdness of the lofty pine, the placidity of the lakelet, shimmering in the last warm rays of the sun, were picturesque in the extreme, and as Leon carefully proceeded over fallen logs and decaying brushwood, he looked about with admiration. He was glancing over his shoulder at the dark wooded slope of the opposite shore, where sombre shadows, like grimaced myrmidons, were beginning to muster, when suddenly, upon turning to look ahead, he discovered an Indian girl near the verge of the lakelet.

She was looking into an adjacent tree with rapt attention. An expression of terror was written upon her countenance. She did not move. Her gaze was so steadfast that she seemed rooted to the spot. Leon immediately sought the cause of this, and was horrified at the discovery. Upon a limb that bent low with its weight, he beheld the long lithe form of a panther. Instantly he brought it to the ground lifeless, then, stepping from his cover, moved toward the maiden.

Whether she had tripped and fallen while endeavouring to flee, or whether she had been so overcome with fright as to swoon, he could not determine. He thought probably she had tripped; he never heard of an Indian woman fainting. Yet he was nonplussed at finding her prostrate and apparently lifeless. Kneeling, he raised her partly from the ground; he brushed back a mass of luxuriant hair, and was surprised to find that in her features not the slightest trace of an Indian lineage could be dis-

cerned. The face was small, oval and regular; the brow full, the mouth pretty, and the nose slightly aquiline. The cheeks were not at all prominent, and the chin was well-defined. The neck was swan-like and delicate; and the slender, supple form was well moulded and full of grace. She was a child of nature, and as Leon felt her warm pulse-beats throbbing against his own, he wondered who she could be, and how she happened to be there. But as he gazed, a slight tremour ran through her frame, a soft rosy flush crept into her cheeks, her eyelids trembled, then opened to reveal a pair of large bright eyes that looked into his and instantly dilated with alarm. The next moment she sprang to her feet, but, staggering towards an adjacent tree, caught a low-hanging limb, and leaned her head upon her arm. Presently she looked at Leon with a smile.

"Monsieur has saved Matawanda's life," she said.

"But I fear you are hurt," he answered, somewhat surprised at her good French. "You fell heavily upon that stone there, and your arm is bleeding."

He drew forth his handkerchief and bound it about her arm to stop the hemorrhage. For a moment she appeared dazed; then drawing one hand slowly across her brow, and stealing a furtive glance at his face, she asked if he did not live at the fort. He assured her he did. Whereupon she explained that she had come a long distance to warn the garrison of danger. The Iroquois were on the war-path and were directing their course toward Rouillé. They would probably reach their destination by night-fall, and, if the garrison hoped to escape, something must be done immediately.

That she had taken such interest in the welfare of the garrison as to expose herself to the fatigue of a long journey, not to mention the dangers of the forest, struck Leon as being something remarkable. He was satisfied she was not an Indian. He questioned her as to her identity, but she was taciturn and he learned nothing more than that she lived among the Hurons and was called Matawanda.

He had been so absorbed that her warning, for the time being, was forgotten. But just as the last rays of the sun faded out, she started up excitedly:—

"Monsieur must hasten," she cried, "The day has gone, and night is fast approaching. There is barely time. Adieu!"

And like a frightened doe that hears her pursuers in the distance, she sprang from his side and disappeared among the shadows of the forest.

For a moment Leon gazed absently at the heavy pall which hung from the firs and hemlocks like a curtain, to cover the retreat of the maiden, then with a sudden impulse, as if the thought of danger had just occurred, he started for the garrison.

There was much excitement after he reached the fort and related what he had heard. The guard was strengthened, the gates closed, and with breathless anxiety the garrison awaited further developments. Night wore on, however, but not a sound of the enemy was heard. The morning came, and all was quietude and peace.

Inquisitive eyes were now turned upon Leon, and some of his brother officers ventured to ask if he had not been mistaken. Then they began to twit him about the Indian girl, and one bold cavalier made a wager of his sword that he had seen an apparition, or had fallen asleep somewhere in the woods and had been deluded by a dream, all of which tended to increase his chagrin and drive him to desperation, until finally he declared that if anyone would follow him he would proceed at once to intercept the Iroquois. They dared him to make the attempt. It was incentive enough to have stirred even a less daring soul than his, and, gaining permission from the commanding officer, he formed a company of picked men, and set out in search of the enemy.

They scouted nearly the whole forenoon, but discovered nothing. Finally Leon was about to turn back in disgust when, upon entering a little gully about which the underbrush and the timber grew thickly, a shower of spears and arrows and a rattle of musketry, followed by the hideous yells of the Iroquois, convinced them that their search had not only proven fruitful, but much too soon had brought them into a most uncomfortable juxtaposition with the foe. For an hour or more the fight waxed warm; bullets and arrows whistled about in a sickening manner. The woods resounded again and again with the rattle of musketry and the yells of the Iroquois. The little band of Frenchmen were in a most critical predicament. They could not see their enemies, and therefore could only fire at random, and the prospect of any escaping was dull indeed. Presently, with a terrific yell, the Indians left their cover and surrounded the handful of Frenchmen who were still fighting desperately for their lives. Leon was soon overpowered and carried into the neighbouring bushes, where his captors were joined by a number of their comrades whose belts were made hideous with reeking scalps.

Immediately after this the party moved down the valley. They marched all that afternoon, and by sunset Leon was so faint from exhaustion that he could hardly move. When it grew dark, however, much to his surprise and further uneasiness, he was fastened to a tree and left alone. As his captors disappeared in the woods he concluded that they had changed their minds about taking him with them, and out of pure devilishness had left him there at the mercy of the wolves. But his apprehension was soon dispelled. A bright light gleamed through the forest from the direction in which the Indians had gone, and their hideous yells told plainer than words that they

had set fire to some lonely settler's cabin and were enjoying their fiendish work. They would soon return, and he wondered what was in store for him. It was intensely dark. He could distinguish nothing except the few trees which stood between him and the light of the fire. He heard the wolves howling in the distance, but their cries were not half so bloodcurdling as the yells of the savages.

While listening to these unearthly sounds and entertaining unutterable apprehensions, strange as it may seem, he heard a footstep beside him, and was conscious of some one loosening his bonds. Once at liberty, he turned to discover his liberator, when lo! an Indian girl stood before him with uplifted hand that signalled caution. Nevertheless he cried: "Who are you?"

"Matawanda," said she; then added, "Hush, make little noise. Follow quickly."

"What would you do?" he exclaimed doubtfully.

"Save Monsieur's life as he did Matawanda's. Come, follow. Time is precious."

"May all the saints in Heaven shower their benedictions upon you, Matawanda, my fair preserver."

"Hush, Monsieur must be cautious. Follow softly, quickly, in Matawanda's footsteps. She alone can save Monsieur now."

Starting off in a direction at right angles with that in which his captors had brought him, Leon and the maiden left the place together. After proceeding a short distance, she bade him pause, and, to his further surprise, uttered a low bird call, which was immediately answered by some one near at hand. Presently he heard footsteps, and, looking in the direction whence the sounds came, observed a strange looking object emerge from the bushes and move towards them. Dark as it was, he could see the form was that of an old man bowed down with age.

"Who is it?" Leon asked of the girl.

"The father of Matawanda," she replied.

"Fear not, Monsieur," said the old man, "I come to your assistance. You are as safe with us as you would be at the fort."

"And what do you know of the fort, my friend," said Leon, a little incredulous. "One might think you had lived all your life among these rocks, and had never gone beyond their limits. Who are you?"

"Has Monsieur never heard of Father Le Blanc?"

It was a startling revelation. Leon took one searching look at the old man's features, then staggered back as if he had been struck a blow. The next moment he sprang forward like one in a frenzy.

"Monster!" he cried, "What—what—"

He reeled, gasped heavily for breath, made a desperate lunge at the old man, staggered again, then, clutching frantically at his neckerchief, fell forward in a swoon.

(To be continued.)

### FULFILMENT.

TWICE hath the winter sallied from his lair  
In seeming triumph, and as quick retired  
Into the north again. So things desired,  
And loved, still linger in St. Martin's bare.  
The flowers have vanished, and the woods are care;  
But, all around, stray forms, by autumn fired,  
Still glow like flowers; and many a thought, inspired  
By summer, yet is fit for later wear.  
Fit and unfit—since nought consists with Time!  
For 'twixt this being and what is to be  
(Brief space where even pleasure holds his breath)  
All's incomplete. Life's but a faulty rhyme  
Conned half-contentedly o'er land and sea,  
Till cometh the divine creator—Death!

Prince Albert, N.-W.T.

C. MAIR.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN CANADA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In commenting, in your last issue, upon the frightful slaughter on American railways, you intimate a wish to have the corresponding figures for Canada. These are forthcoming every year in the Report on Railway Statistics published over the signature of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways. During the year ended June 30, 1889, the deaths on the Canadian railways were 210. The American railways killed 5,823 persons during the year 1889, or more than twice as many per mile of road than the Canadian railways. Of the 210 killed on our roads, 90 were walking or otherwise being on the track, 18 jumped on or off trains in motion, and 30, of whom 24 were employes, fell from cars or engines. More than half the deaths, therefore, were owing to practises forbidden in well-disciplined countries. Only 8 were killed in coupling cars, but 337 were hurt, mostly in the hands. Of the balance of the 875 persons injured, 120 were hurt while trespassing on the track, and 67 in boarding or alighting from moving trains. The proportion of persons injured is still more favourable to Canada than that of those killed, being 2½ in the States to 1 with us.

THOMAS CROSS.

Ottawa, Nov. 11, 1890.

THERE is no deep love which has not in it an element of solemnity.—Beecher.

### THE RAMBLER.

Next was November; he full gross and fat,  
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem,  
For he had been a-fattening hogs of late,  
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam;  
And yet the season was full sharp and bream;  
In planting eke he took no small delight.

I THINK it a matter for serious consideration whether or no our Canadian climate be radically changing. Truly it would appear so. I do not seem to recollect any autumn of late years so dilatory in snows, so reticent in storms as this one. The foliage, it is true, has gone, but quietly, imperceptibly. The great yellow fans of the chestnut have been sailing steadily groundwards for a month, until these noble trees are only left attended by a few straggling brownish-green and decrepit representatives, soon also to be scattered to the mire and clay beneath them. The oaks are still attractive enough in rich shades of russet and glowing ones of amber. If you will walk into the Park, about sunset time on a fine day, and stand under such an oak to gaze at the setting sun, you will be dazzled at the revelation of colour an otherwise scraggy and fast-fading tree can present. As for the ash, its brilliant metallic foliage has also quickly disappeared, leaving behind, however, the still more brilliant bunches of scarlet fruit that, I hope, will attract the pretty grosbeaks again this winter. Such an ash I have just outside my window, and I am so grateful to it for growing where it does. Many a time has it proved useful on days like the present; it is, in fact, quite a Property tree—a stock-in-trade possession—which I should surely miss greatly were it removed. For this is the season of bare boughs, when we want all the aids we can summon to comfort us for the loss of that Divine thing—the visible, clothed, material Being of the natural world.

If it be true that the climate of Canada, through cultivation and clearing of the soil and kindred causes, shows signs of relenting in its proverbial winter severity, some good will certainly accrue. We may grow less hardy in some respects, but in others more sensible. We shall not deem it incumbent upon us to maintain such a high degree of artificial heat in houses, offices and churches. We may find it convenient and possible to walk more and drive less. We may bathe and hunt and ride more. Country life will not be relegated and confined to three months in the year, and that period one of often intense heat. Our growing leisure class will build for itself genuine broad and comfortable country houses out of the town, instead of red-brick "institutions" on Jarvis and Bloor Streets. Is there at present anything in the way of a private residence in course of erection amongst us equal in generous size and breadth and largeness of effect to some of the old colonial mansions still to be found in the outskirts of the city? I am assured not. I know of one such mansion, situated in the middle of a rolling bit of parkland, strewn now with rustling leaves, but suggestive, in its noble terraces and well-wooded sweeps, of a spotless turf in summer, that is imposing and impressive from the first step inside its spacious crimson-carpeted hall hung with portraits and engravings all mellowed by time and richness of associations. Here we discern something of the colonial spirit—the spirit fast disappearing. Here we become, even the most Radical among us, acted upon and coerced by the mingling of so many different emotions, a lively interest, more than a tinge of pride, admiration for what is antique as well as for what is simply fair to look upon. Such influences as these must have borne fruit, we think, and fitting fruit, in the persons of fair women and brave men—nay, better still, pure women and honest men. Well, assuredly they have—and yet, and yet, ten to one these influences are evil and the reverse of healthy in the case of most young men, although Ruskin's dictum, that it is always a positive crime to arrange matters so that a patrimony or estate falls to the lot of any one who has not earned it—may not be accepted in its tyrannical entirety. The stately homes of England—well, I have seen a few of them. They cluster thick in every county; they smile from distant wooded hills, from dipping valleys, from level meadow-lands. Some, like Chatsworth, are palatial, a trifle rectangular and stiff, show-places, potential museums. Others have put on the last earthly garb—decay; they are Moated Granges, propped-up ruins, held together by strong girths and belts of ivy. Others are strange combinations of ancient abbey and modern villa, perfect as to equipment and appointment, yet revealing at every other step the secret stairway or sliding panel or groined window, that tells of a defunct feudal and mediæval age. In this relation, I think, as I write, of the hotel near one of the northern abbeys. We entered (this is a few years since), and being shown into the dining-room discovered that it had been originally part of a building known as the "Manor House." A romantic refectory truly—and we eat the orthodox English luncheon of cold beef and salad, accompanied by a glass of draught ale in an awestruck and appreciative mood.

Here is the story. "Sir Thomas Curwen, Knight, in Henry the Eighth's time, an excellent archer at twelve-score marks. And went up with his men to shoote with that reknoving king at the dissolution of the abbeys: And the king says to him, 'Curwen, why doth thee begg none of thes abbeys: I would gratifie thee some way.' Quoth the other, 'I thank yow,' and afterwards said he would desire of him the Abbie of Ffurnese (nye unto him) for 20ty one yeares. Sayes the King, 'Take it for ever;'



Quoth the other, 'It is long enough, for youle set them up againe in that time; but they not likely to be set up againe. This Sir Thomas Curwen sent Mr. Preston, who had married his daughter, to renew the lease for him: and he even renewed in his own name, which, when his father-in-law questioned, quoth Mr. Preston, 'You shall have it as long as you live. And I think I might as well have it with your daughter as an other.'

However this may be, the present hotel was formerly a portion of Furness Abbey—probably the eleemosynary—and has been repaired, altered and modernized from time to time with dressed and inscribed stones from the Abbey. In various apartments, notably the coffee-room, sculptured stones are to be met with, boldly drawn but roughly executed. Numerous basso-relievos abound in this curious and interesting hostelry.

Mr. Scott, the well-known art dealer of Montreal, took his pictures back on Friday last from their quondam resting place here in the Academy. Very little appreciation or interest was manifested in his enterprise. He has got the idea, I suppose, that Toronto is a kind of Paradise for art and artists generally, and that Torontonians are the most critical, most cultured, and most generous of art patrons. I am afraid he has discovered his mistake. How many people here know anything about Corot and Daubigny? No, no, Mr. Scott, Montreal may have her limitations, but I am certain she is, in art matters, more appreciative than Toronto.

About music, too. Here is the Seidl Orchestra advertised for a grand Festival in Montreal, the end of the present week, under the management of that very energetic and capable lady, Mrs. Page Thrower. The programmes contain several advanced Wagner and Liszt selections and are altogether just what we need in Toronto to develop the newly awakened musical taste for the great modern masterpieces. Mrs. Page Thrower, in the face of much apathy, it is true, nevertheless planned and persevered with noble devotion to her art, and if our local musicians in Ontario are so busily tied down by pressure of work that they cannot spare time to attend these concerts in person, they no less appreciate Mrs. Thrower's efforts to obtain for Canadian audiences something out of the beaten track, something educationally important as well as aesthetically delightful.

Of course people are reading the "Birchall Autobiography." I can only say that I find nothing notable in it; not a vestige of originality, not a note of true humour. Very likely to those who have never read "Verdant Green," or "Tom Brown at Oxford," there may be elements of fun in the recital of most unheroic escapades and midnight brawls, but, to the majority of well-read people, these pages offer no interest. They are stereotyped, even hackneyed, occasionally dull. Really the *Mail* does not, by any means, cover itself with glory. No youthful Thackeray or Dickens will go to the gallows this Friday; no essayist of repute, no budding poet of promise. Anybody who has had a college education, and is not a fool, could write as good English, although from some quarter—Ottawa, I think—are heard verdicts as to the "surprising literary skill" of the unfortunate young man. And we have regarded Ottawa as a literary centre!

### THE EMBATTLED FARMERS.

THE farmers of the United States are up in arms. They are the bone and sinew of the nation; they produce the largest share of its wealth; but they are getting, they say, the smallest share for themselves. The American farmer is steadily losing ground. His burdens are heavier every year and his gains are more meagre; he is beginning to fear that he may be sinking into a servile condition. He has waited long for the redress of his grievances; he purposes to wait no longer. Whatever he can do by social combinations, or by united political action, to remove the disabilities under which he is suffering, he intends to do at once and with all his might. There is no doubt at all that the farmers of this country are tremendously in earnest just now, and they have reason to be. Beyond question they are suffering sorely. The business of farming has become, for some reasons, extremely unprofitable. With the hardest work and with the sharpest economy, the average farmer is unable to make both ends meet; every year closes with debt, and the mortgage grows till it devours the land. The labour bureau of Connecticut has shown, by an investigation of 693 representative farms, that the average annual reward of the farm proprietor of that State, for its expenditure of muscle and brain, is \$181.31, while the average annual wages of the ordinary hired man is \$386.36. Even if the price of board must come out of the hired man's stipend, it still leaves him a long way ahead of his employer. In Massachusetts the case is a little better; the average farmer makes \$326.49, while his hired man gets \$345.

In a fertile district in the State of New York, a few weeks ago, an absentee landlord advertised for a man to manage his farm. The remuneration offered was not princely. The farm manager was to have his rent, his garden, pasturage for one cow, and a salary of \$250 a year, for his services and those of his wife. There was a rush of applicants for the place. Who were they? Many of them were capable and intelligent farmers who had lost their own farms in the hopeless struggle with adverse conditions, and who were now well content to exchange their

labour and their experience against a yearly reward of \$250. The instance is typical. Throughout the eastern States, with the home market which protection is supposed to have built up at their very doors, the farmers are falling behind. Says Professor C. S. Walker:—

"A careful study of New England farming in the light of all points of view, carried on for the past ten years by means of statistical investigation, personal observation during carriage drives from Canada to Long Island Sound, and intimate association with all classes of farmers, assures one that the man who cultivates an average farm and depends upon its profits alone for the support of himself and family, if he pay his taxes and debts, cannot compete with his brothers, or attain to their standard of living, who, with equal powers, employ them in other walks of life."

The same story is heard in the central States. In Ohio farms are offered for beggarly rents, and even on these favourable terms farming does not pay. Tenant farmers are throwing up their leases and moving into the cities, well content to receive as common labourers a dollar and a quarter a day, and to pay such rents and run such risks of enforced idleness as the change involves. At the South the case is even worse. Under a heavy burden of debt the farmer struggles on from year to year, the phenomenal growth of the manufacturing interests in his section seeming to bring him but slight relief. And even in the West we find the same state of things. A large share of recent corn crops has been consumed for fuel; and over vast areas, Mr. C. Wood Davis tells us, "wheat sells at from forty to fifty cents, oats at from nine to twelve cents, and corn at from ten to thirteen cents a bushel, and fat cattle at from one and a-half to three cents a pound." Under such conditions the life of the western farmer cannot be prosperous. From Kansas and Nebraska and Dakota the cry is no less loud and bitter than from Connecticut and New York and North Carolina.

The causes of this lamentable state of things are many. Who shall estimate them? Mr. Davis gives this list: "Mono-metallism, deficient or defective circulating medium, protective tariffs, trusts, dressed-beef combinations, speculation in farm products, over-greedy middlemen, and exorbitant transportation rates." These are a few of the disadvantages of which the farmers now complain. Doubtless several of these causes are working against them. Whether, in their diagnosis of the disease, they always put their finger on the right spot, may be doubted. People cannot always be trusted to tell what ails them. The patient knows that he is suffering, but he does not always discover the nature of his malady. Mr. Davis gives strong reasons for the belief that the root of the difficulty is over-production; that there are too many farms, and that more corn, wheat, oats, beef, and pork have been raised than the country can use. There is the foreign market, to be sure; but in that the farmer of the West must compete with the low-priced labour of India and of Russia. If his product is very greatly in excess of the wants of his own country, he will be forced to sell at very low prices. The fact seems to be that the less of these staples the farmers raise, the more they get for them. The short crops of this year may, very likely, bring them more money than the enormous crops of 1889. The comforting assurance of Mr. Davis, that the acreage of farms cannot increase so rapidly in the future, and that the population will soon grow up to the food supply and will redress the balance in the farmer's favour, is one that may well be cherished.

But granting that this is the chief cause of the depression of agriculture, other causes of considerable importance should not be overlooked. The enormous tribute which the farmers of the West are paying to the money-lenders of the East is one source of their poverty. Scarcely a week passes that does not bring to me circulars from banking firms and investment agencies all over the West begging for money to be loaned on farms at eight or nine per cent., net. The cost of negotiation and collection, which the farmer must pay, considerably increases these rates. The descriptive lists of farms which accompany these circulars show that the mortgages are not all given for purchase money. I find in one of the agricultural papers the following figures indicating the increase in farm mortgages in Dane County, Wisconsin, during the year 1889. The number of mortgages filed was 467; the average amount of each, \$1,252; the total amount, \$584,727.80; the number of mortgages given for purchase money, only nine. But whether the mortgages represent debts incurred in the purchase of the land or those incurred for other purposes, it is evident that when they bear such rates of interest they constitute a burden under which no kind of business can be profitably carried on. The farmer who voluntarily pays such tribute as this to the money-lenders is quite too sanguine. Other business men will not handicap themselves in this way. But probably the larger proportion of these mortgages are extorted from the farmers by hard necessity. Not their hope of increased prosperity makes them incur these debts so often as the pressure of obligations which have been incurred and which must be met.

The steady and increasing migration from the farms to the cities is in part an effect of the depression of agriculture and in part a cause of that depression. If a large part of the most vigorous and enterprising members of the farmers' families leave the farms, it is evident that the farms will not be carried on with the enterprise and vigour which are necessary to the success of any business.

The Farmers' Alliance is not unconscious of its power.

The movement is running like wild-fire over all our hills and prairies, and it is claimed that forty members of the next Congress will be pledged to support its demands. What will be its demands?

1. Cheap money, to begin with. The farmers are generally debtors; they want cheap money wherewith to pay their debts. Of course the cheaper the money, the less groceries and clothing and machinery can be bought with it; but the farmers think of their debts more than of their necessities, and the longing of their souls is for cheap money. They are therefore in favour of the free coinage of silver; but they insist that even this would be an ineffectual remedy, since only about \$45,000,000 a year, at the utmost, could thus be added to the currency of the country, and this amount, they think, would be ridiculously inadequate.

2. The sub-treasury plan, so called, by which warehouses are to be built in every county where they are demanded, wherein the farmers may deposit cotton, wheat, corn, oats, or tobacco, receiving in return a treasury note for eighty per cent. of the value of the product so deposited, at the current market price. These treasury notes are to be legal tender for debts and receivable for customs. A warehouse receipt, also, is to be given to the depositor, designating the amount and grade of the product deposited and the amount of money advanced upon it, and indicating that interest upon the money thus advanced is to be paid by the depositor at the rate of one per cent. per annum. These receipts are to be negotiable by endorsement. The holder of a receipt, by presenting it at the warehouse, returning the money advanced, and paying interest and charges, may obtain the product deposited; and the money thus returned is to be destroyed by the Secretary of the Treasury. This scheme for getting an ample supply of money directly into the hands of the farmers, at a nominal rate of interest, appears to have the endorsement of the Alliance. The journals of the organization are discussing it freely, and are adducing various historical instances to show that the principle involved in it has been tested and found valid; but the verdict of most economists and financiers is strongly against the measure.

3. The ownership by the Government of all the railroads, telegraphs, and telephones is another plank in the platform of the Alliance. Here is a measure which is certainly debatable; let us hope that the farmers will secure for it a thorough discussion.

4. The prohibition of gambling in stocks and that of alien ownership of land are propositions which will also receive considerable support outside the Alliance.

5. The abolition of national banks and the substitution of legal-tender treasury notes for national-bank notes will not, probably, command universal assent.

6. The adoption of a constitutional amendment requiring the choice of United States senators by the people, seems to be a popular measure among the members of the Alliance. To this they will be able to rally a strong support.

With these and other demands inscribed upon their banners, the farmers are in the field. They will make lively work for the politicians in the West and in the South during the pending campaign. No small amount of dodging and ducking on the part of these worthies may be looked for. Several of the strong agricultural districts will return to Congress men pledged to advocate the measures of the Alliance. Already they have picked out the place which they wish their contingent to occupy on either side of the centre aisle in the House of Representatives, where they expect to hold the balance of power, and to take the place of the Centre in the French Assembly.

How long they will hold together is difficult to predict. It may be that the discussions in which they must take part will show them that some of the measures of direct relief on which they are chiefly depending are impracticable; and it is conceivable that this discovery will tend to demoralize them. That they can become a permanent political force is not likely, for parties which represent only classes cannot live in a republic. But several results, by no means undesirable, may be looked for as the outcome of this farmers' uprising.

1. They will secure a thorough discussion of some important economical questions. They will force the people to consider carefully the problem of the state ownership of the great public highways. It is not absurd to demand that the state should own and control, even if it does not operate, the railroads; and that it should own and operate the telegraphs. The conclusion to which such an experienced railway manager as the president of the Chicago and Alton Railway has already come is one to which many other people are likely to come in the course of this debate. If the farmers can stick together, and can stick to their text long enough to get this business thoroughly ventilated, they will do a good service. 2. They are loosening the bands of partisanship and are opening the way for a rational co-operation of citizens for all desirable purposes. "The most hopeful feature of this whole uprising," writes a shrewd observer, "is the smashing of the old party shackles that goes along with it." That it may lead to a reconstruction of parties is not improbable. 3. They are helping to make an end of the sectionalism which has been a large part of the capital of a certain class of politicians. Their manifestoes point to this as the one striking result of their work thus far. "Scarcely a vestige," they say, "of the old sectional prejudice of a few years ago is now visible within our ranks." The South and the West are coming into fraternal relations. Mr. Lodge has already discovered that the West is not supporting his Force Bill.

"The demagogue politician, who now attempts to array sectional prejudice in order that he may keep farmers equally divided on important questions," is admonished that he is about to confront "a superior intelligence that will soon convince him that his occupation is gone."

The farmers' movement is not, probably, the deluge; but it will prove to be something of a shower—in some quarters a cyclone—and it will clear the atmosphere.—*Washington Gladden, in The Forum for November.*

#### A NOVEMBER DAY.

THERE are no clouds above the world  
But just a round of limpid grey,  
Barred here with nacreous lines unfurled,  
That seem to crown the autumnal day  
With rings of silver chased and pearly.

The moistened leaves along the ground  
Lie heavy in an aureate floor;  
The air is lingering in a swound;  
Afar from some enchanted shore  
Silence has blown instead of sound.

The trees all flushed with tender pink  
Are floating in the liquid air,  
Each twig appears a shadowy link  
To keep the branches moored there  
Lest all might drift or sway and sink.

This world might be a valley low  
In some lost ocean grey and old,  
Where sea plants film the silver flow,  
Where waters swing above the gold  
Of galleons sunken long ago.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

#### ART NOTES.

A VALUABLE addition to the Art Gallery of New South Wales has been made by Mr. James R. Fairfax, who has presented to the trustees a complete cast of the celebrated Ghiberti bronze gates, standing eighteen feet four inches high, at the entrance to the baptistery of the cathedral at Florence.

MILLET's celebrated painting "The Angelus" has been sold by the American Art Association to persons in Paris, and the masterpiece will go back to its native country in December. The price was 750,000 frs., 50,000 frs. of which has been paid, the remainder being due on delivery of the painting.

It is suggested that Charles Keene, whose drawings in *Punch* greatly please lovers of wit in art, should receive recognition by membership in the National Academy. It is said that the Academy has been converted in respect to black and white work and is not unlikely to appoint a professor of the art.

THE Russian painter Nicolai, a follower of Count Tolstoi, is at present exhibiting in Berlin a remarkable picture called "What is Truth?" It represents Christ before Pilate at the moment when Pilate asked Christ the above question. The picture, which is causing a great sensation, is of an ultra-realistic type, and represents Christ as He may be supposed to have looked at that moment. The Saviour's clothes are dirty and torn, His hair dishevelled, and His whole appearance suggestive of the struggle He has been going through. Several ladies have, it is stated, already fainted after looking at the picture.

THE new National Gallery of British Art is to be known as the British Gallery. The site provided is not so good as Kensington Palace would have afforded, but at the same time it has its advantages. The east and west galleries, together with the connecting sculpture gallery which is to be erected, form a ground-plan resembling the letter H, in the hollow squares of which lie the New Royal College of Music and the Imperial Institute. The presidents of the various Royal artistic societies of London say the space and arrangements are adequate, and that there is ample ground and wall room for the proper display of oil-paintings, water-colours and sculpture.

SINCE his recent indisposition Mr. G. F. Watts has been devoting himself with undiminished ardour to his work. The first result is the completion of an impressive picture which has been painted as a companion to "The Minotaur" of a few years ago. That work, it will be remembered, symbolized lust, in all its selfish cruelty and brutal hideousness. The newly imagined pendant represents "Wrath," with that vigour of imagination and ingenuity of accessory and completeness of realization which have characterized the emblematical work of the latter half of the painter's artistic life. The hateful passion is typified by a creature with the great coarse body of a man, but with feet of brass, and with hands hideous with claws which, in its thoughtless rage, it digs into its own flesh. Its head is not dignified with human shape; scant speaks, indeed, can dwell in that eagle's head, whose beak bespeaks so much power for evil, and suggests such maliciousness of expression. He has set his hoof upon the gentler side of humanity, typified by a beautiful figure lying prone beside him, and the golden and lurid flames behind, which form the background, reveal how foolish Wrath sets his own house on fire.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

##### THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

JOSEPH MURPHY performing at the Grand Opera House this week is an old stager, and as he has been here for several seasons with precisely the same plays an extended notice is hardly necessary. Irish drama with a certain class of people always seems to "go," and, as long as a piece pays, actors are not to be blamed if they do not trouble about new ones. Dan. Sully, in "The Millionaire," is announced for next week.

##### CORINNE AT THE TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

A BURLESQUE of the well-known opera "Carmen" is something new and perhaps one of the largest houses of the season greeted the reappearance of Corrine in this new extravaganza. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the scenery and costumes used; several of the more well-known airs of "Carmen" and other popular operas such as "Erminie" are introduced. The Company is above the average, Messrs. Fostelle and Dyllin being especially good in their respective parts. The latter gentleman is a singer of first-class ability; during the performance he sings a number of operatic selections and songs. Corrine has improved wonderfully since her last appearance here and her execution of the various dances shows a finish which she has never before attained.

##### TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE interest shown by the pupils and their friends in the students' recitals, given on Saturday afternoons in the lecture-room of the Y.M.C.A. building, is well maintained this year. All have been well attended, and the recital on Saturday last was no exception to the rule. The various items on the programme, which we give underneath in full, were rendered in a very intelligent and careful manner: Piano—"Nel cor Piu" (variations), Beethoven—Miss Clara Rolph. Piano—Sonata, A minor (first movement), Mozart—Miss Bella Geddes. Vocal—"Go and Forget," Adams—Miss Lizzie Wallace. Piano—"Spinnerlied," Mendelssohn—Miss Mamie J. Hogg. Vocal—"The New Kingdom," Tours—Miss Kate Elder. Piano—Sonata, F major (last movement), Mozart—Miss Edith McLean. Piano—"Wiegenlied," Op. 16, No. 2, Rubinstein—Miss Florence Moore. Vocal—"Three Wishes," Pinsuti—Mr. John Heslop. Piano—Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2 (last movement, presto agitato), Beethoven—Miss Julia McBrien.

##### "SEA KING" AT THE ACADEMY.

THE "Sea King" is a comic opera by Richard Stahl. The music is light and pleasing, and while there are no airs so catchy as those in the "Mikado," "Erminie," and other celebrated operas of that class, the result altogether is extremely pleasing to the ear. The scene of the opera is laid in Spain, and describes the various adventures and reverses of Mateo de Quevedo, the Sea King. This part is admirably acted and sung by Mark Smith, well known here as the big thief in "Erminie." Mr. R. E. Graham deserves great praise for his interpretation of the character of "Don Bamboula, the ugliest man in Spain," and he supplies most of the low comedy and burlesque in the play. Mr. Howard, as "Don Pedro," was very acceptable; his song, "He who fights and runs away," was a great success. Among the ladies of the company, Mamie Crebi, as "Miguel," and Augusta Roche, as "Donna Olima," are worthy of mention, the latter especially showing herself a clever little *danseuse*. A quartette, called "Memory Bells," was encored several times, and had to be repeated twice before the audience was satisfied. Altogether this piece should have a good run, and is worth a visit.

NEXT week Annie Pixley will perform at the Academy of Music. She will produce two plays: "The Deacon's Daughter" and "Kate." This lady is well known here and needs no recommendation.

THE Dramatic Recital given by Mr. Kleiser, in Association Hall, on November 4th., was very successful. Mr. Kleiser has a stage presence, a polished manner, and his voice, though rich and deep, is a little wanting in the lighter quality, while his enunciation and facial expression are good. His programme consisted of six numbers which were well rendered. On the "Rappahanock," a touching incident of the American Civil War, was especially well rendered. Mrs. Blight's piano accompaniment was helpful and enjoyable.

THE performance of the "Magistrate" last week at the Grand Opera House marked quite an era in the history of the McDowell Comedy Company. The company itself is an unusually strong one this season and numbers half-a-dozen sterling actors. Mr. Lyons, late of Henry Irving's London Lyceum Company, is not only a capital comedian but is evidently capable of more advanced acting; for in the third act of a most farcical production he evinced, in a well-written monologue, power almost amounting to intensity and passion. Mr. Hight, as "Col. Lukyn," and Mr. Granville, as "Capt. Vale," gave remarkably correct reproductions, natural in the extreme, of "army men." Miss Bessie Hunter appeared as a charming blonde who has been married twice but still retains her youthful freshness and vitality, and reminded one in her richness and grace of Mrs. Florence. Mr. Sterner, who is an established favourite now with Toronto audiences since his creations of the "Private Secretary" and other leading character parts, was inimitable as "Cis." Mr. Sterner's versatility is to be commended. Mr. Livingstone Morse gave a careful and grotesque reading of "Mr. Bullamy," and also of

"Mr. Wormington," both of whom are creations in the truest sense, though possibly considered by the multitude as minor parts. Mr. Robson must also come in for his share of praise, while Miss Ingersoll, a *débutante*, Miss Clitherow and Miss Lee Jarvis, all deserve commendation. It is needless to say that Mr. McDowell in a small, but trying part, was applauded by friends and patrons as "Adnère Blond." While the absence of Mrs. McDowell's bright face and captivating accents was keenly felt by admirers of this lady. The *début* as far as Toronto is concerned on Saturday afternoon of a young actor, Mr. W. J. Romain-Walsh, in the part of "Cis," showed that the aspirant for dramatic honours has a good voice, capital stage presence and every prospect of rising in his art. Mr. Romain-Walsh is well known in Toronto and his future career will be of interest to many.

EDMUND AUDRAN, the well-known composer of the "Mascotte" and other delightfully graceful works, has finished a new operetta entitled "Miss Harriet," libretto by Maxime Boucheron. It will be brought out at the Bouffes Parisiens.

THE revival of Italian opera in England continues briskly. Signor Lago is giving a fall season in London, which promises well. In Berlin, by the way, Verdi crowded close on Wagner in the list of operas given in that capital during the last season.

THE Royal Opera House at Berlin is preparing a performance of Beethoven's ballet music, "The Creatures of Prometheus." The scenarium after which Beethoven worked cannot be found, and so Prof. E. Taubert wrote a new one to suit Beethoven's music.

MISS MINNIE TRACEY, a new American prima donna, has just had a brilliant success as "Marguerite" in "Faust" at the Grand Theatre of Geneva, Switzerland. Miss Tracey has a soprano voice, pure, bright and crystalline, and an excellent method. Every one is predicting a brilliant career for the young singer.

THE composer Pergolese was once in love with Maria Spinelli, one of his pupils. One evening her three brothers entered her room and menaced her with instant death unless she renounced her lover and agreed to wed some man of higher social position. The next day she took the veil, and a few months later she died. Pergolese himself directed the requiem mass. A year later, in 1736, Pergolese died too.

THE Vienna amateurs are interested in a catalogue just published by Artarif and Company, of ninety-six Beethoven manuscripts now in their possession. They were purchased chiefly at auction just after the master's death in March, 1822, and include preliminary sketches of important works, the entire sonatas of op. 110 and 111, and the last movement of the ninth symphony, together with several overtures, songs and some entr'acte music. Should there be a public sale of these treasures the competition would no doubt be very good.

It is said that in a letter of Mendelssohn's, which was sold at Berlin on the 13th Oct., the following passage occurs (premising that an offer has been made to him to give a course of lectures on music): "I must refuse, for I am not fit to *talk music* in a methodical manner for half an hour, much less throughout a whole lecture. It is, I feel sure, a thing that I could never learn to do, and I have given up all hopes of doing anything in that direction. The farther I go the more firmly I am determined to pursue the plan I have formed, to be a practical and not a theoretical musician."

ONE of the notable theatrical events of the coming summer will be the elaborate production in Chicago of Charles Reade's adaptation of Emile Zola's novel *L'Assommoir* "Drink," under the direction of Mr. Edward J. Henley, who will enact the *role* of Coupeau, and will be supported by one of the strongest casts ever seen in melo-drama. Mr. Henley is without doubt one of the best actors in his line now before the public, and in this *role* will find splendid opportunities for the display of his talents. The play will be finely staged, and put on for a run during the months of June and July. Negotiations are now in progress for one of the popular theatres in Chicago.

LISZT's hand was a square, large one, the knotty fingers of which told of the command of learned music. The fingers were remarkable, the first and second being square, third and little fingers flat and broad. The second phalange of the first finger was longer than the first, denoting ambition. The second finger was full of knots, and there was a wart on the third finger of the right hand. The knuckle of the third finger was like a hinge, and the force of the little fingers on both hands was tremendous. The knuckles seemed as if made of iron. Healy, the American portrait painter in Paris, has Liszt's hands in bronze as if they were poised on the piano.

AMONG his treasures Henry Irving has a dagger which belonged to Lord Byron, the knife which Edmund Kean wore as "Shylock," a sword which belonged to that actor which was the property of David Garrick, a sword which belonged to Charles I., and which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented the actor in 1878. He also owns a watch which John Philip Kemble wore, a sketch of David Garrick by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the empty purse which was found in the pocket of Edmund Kean after the great tragedian's death. This purse was the property of Dickens' friend, John Foster, who gave it to Robert Browning, who in his turn presented it to Irving.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SCENES THROUGH THE BATTLE SMOKE. By the Rev. Arthur Mole. London: Dean and Son.

This is a narrative of the experiences of the author, an army chaplain in the Afghanistan War and the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. It is a most enjoyable volume, and sustains the interest of the reader as much as the best novel. The writer has a pleasant way of expressing himself, and a good command of language. The book is not a history of the War, nor does it pretend to accurately describe the details of the operations in these campaigns, and is possibly more interesting to the general reader on that account. Among other graphic descriptions he gives an account of his visit to the spot—a round-topped hill near Gundamuch—where the miserable remnant of the 16,000 souls who were engaged in the Afghan War of 1841 made their final stand, all perishing except one—Dr. Brydon, an army surgeon. The bones of these warriors were still whitening the mound when visited by Mr. Mole. Subsequently the remains were buried decently, and an obelisk erected above them. The author describes the part he took in the Egyptian War of 1882—the battles of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir—and how well General Wolseley's feint on Aboukir Bay succeeded in deceiving not only the enemy but his own staff as to his real objective point, thus allowing the British forces to capture and occupy "Port Said," "Kantara," and "Ismailia," almost without a struggle. The letter press, paper, and illustrations are good. Any one can read this work with much interest.

MEN OF THE BIBLE: THE MINOR PROPHETS. By Archdeacon Farrar. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Company.

This volume is an interesting and useful addition to the very valuable series to which it belongs. When we remember that Isaiah has been treated by Professor Driver, and Jeremiah by Professor Cheyne, our two greatest English Hebrew scholars, it is much to say that the present volume is not at all unworthy of a place beside those two. Archdeacon Farrar would not pretend to the critical scholarship of those eminent Hebraists, but he is a good scholar and a man of wide reading, and he has a very comprehensive grasp of the books which he undertakes in this volume to illustrate. The task is, indeed, no easy one. The writer has to adopt or reject the conclusions of modern criticism with respect to the origin and composition of the prophetic books, he has to ascertain as well as he can their chronological position, and their relation to the history of Israel, and he has further to elucidate the contents of the books themselves. All these things Dr. Farrar has accomplished with a considerable degree of success and with his accustomed literary ability. We confess that we like his later a great deal better than his earlier. As an illustration of the influence of modern criticism, we may mention that the writer assigns chapters nine to eleven of the prophecies of Zechariah to an "anonymous writer," just as Kuenen and others assign the latter half of the prophecies of Isaiah to a "great unknown." We are convinced that there are very few students of the Old Testament who will not be helped by the perusal of this excellent volume.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL LAYMAN'S HANDBOOK. Toronto: Hart and Company.

Earnestness is always worthy of a certain amount of respect, but, in order to be useful, it must be under the direction of a consistent purpose. It is not quite easy to reduce the work before us to a principle, but the aim of the writer is tolerably clear. He is vehemently bent on putting down what is called High-Churchism in the Anglican communion. Now this might be done in either of two ways. One might object to any customs or practices that were not sanctioned by the Church, or he might initiate or forward a movement for the revision of the prayer-book. Either of these courses would be intelligent and consistent; but the two cannot be successfully united; and they are not successfully united in the volume before us. On the title page the author professes to explain "the innovations of the last half-century." But it is not long before he falls foul of the contents of the prayer-book itself. This is a very illogical position to take. In the one department of his work he quotes the prayer-book against his opponents; in the other he assails the very book which he had just quoted as an authority. This will never do. Although, however, the book has no value as a controversial treatise, doubtless it may be found edifying to some persons who agree with its contents; and a good deal of it will be amusing reading to those who do not. Some of the stories about the Bishops are entertaining, but some of them have a very legendary look about them. Some of the proofs given of the dreadful state of things in the Anglican communion in Canada are decidedly curious. For example, an Irish lady had never bowed at the name of Jesus in the Creed, but was informed, when she came to this country, that one of the canons in force in Canada required that ceremony. Has the author ever heard of the canons of James I.? Controversial writers should be acquainted with the authoritative documents by which the controversy has to be settled. Does the Layman know that these very canons furnish some of the strongest arguments against the ritualists? We repeat, some parts of the book are amusing; and it is admirably printed and prettily bound.

HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND. By Rev. William Cleland. Toronto: Hart and Company.

We have only one criticism to offer as to the manner of the getting up of the books published by Messrs. Hart. Generally speaking, they are well printed, even beautifully printed and tastefully bound; but they frequently are undated. The best English publishers seldom adopt this practice, and it is objectionable for obvious reasons. In the case of the volume before us there is no excuse, that we can imagine, for this omission. The Preface is dated, Toronto, 1890, and the contents of the book are not of a character so ephemeral as to be depreciated by a considerable lapse of time between their publication and the reading of the book. Mr. Cleland has chosen a very interesting subject, and he has treated it with ample knowledge and with adequate literary skill. The book will be interesting not only to Presbyterians, but to all who study the progress of religion and civilization among the race to which we belong. The position of the Presbyterian body is a very important one, lying as it does between the Church of England on the one side and the Congregationalists and other bodies which have dissented more widely from the Mother Church on the other. The writer speaks with justifiable pride of the importance of the work done by the Irish Presbyterian Church. Whilst itself a very Bethlehem Ephratah among the smallest of the religious communities, it has been, to a large extent, the parent of the great American Presbyterian Church, the largest religious communion in the United States. The book begins with a brief sketch of the Civil and Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, and then passes on to the Reformation and to the Ulster Plantation, which was substantially the beginning of the history of Irish Presbyterianism. The author writes from the clear point of view of a convinced and undoubting Presbyterian; but his book is not worse reading for that reason, and may be confidently recommended.

Outing for November is full of interest for men of sporting proclivities. It contains some capital illustrations. Among the articles is "The Royal Canadian Yacht Club" with a view of the club-house by Repard C. Knarff. This will be of interest to Toronto people. Walter Camp writes on "Foot-ball Studies for Captain and Coach." Chas. Howard Shinn treats of "California on Horseback." Mrs. E. Kennedy gives a vivid picture of "My First Salmon in Norway." On the whole this number is an excellent one.

THE *Andover Review* for November contains a number of thoughtful articles. Principal Alfred Cave, D.D., takes the lead with a paper on "The Conflict between Religion and Science." "The Reorganization of Congregational Churches" is a subject from the pen of Dr. A. E. Dunning, in which he proposes new orders in the ministry; a new arrangement of parishes and a general adaptation to the changing conditions of society. Rev. Edward Hungerford discusses "Prayers Subjective and Objective," and Professor Smith "Dogma in Religion." Mr. Robert A. Woods commends General Booth's plans "In Darkest England." "Thomas Erskine" is the first of "Leaders of Widening Religious Thought and Life," treated by Miss Agnes Maule Machar.

In the *Methodist Magazine* for November, the Rev. Geo. Bond describes the ruined city of Baalbec. Lady Brassey recounts her closing experiences in Australia. The Rev. Hugh Johnston gives a graphic account of the famous big trees and Yosemite Valley of California. The Editor describes the old historic city of Constance with its martyr memories. These articles are all finely illustrated. An article of much interest by the distinguished Canadian litterateur J. Macdonald Oxley discusses the North-West Indian question, and describes the treaty system. "Samuel Budgett, the Successful Merchant," is by Peter Bayne, LL.D. "James Blackie's Revenge" and "Hoppety Bob" are two character sketches. The announcement for 1891 presents novelties in the way of out-of-the-way travel, popular science and Methodist topics.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for November, a very interesting description of "The Army of Japan" is given by Arthur Sherbourne Hardy. "The American Amateur Stage" is written by Charles Carey Waddle. P. T. Barnum comes to the front with a brief and capital article on "College Education in Relation to Business." George Grantham Bain has a most instructive contribution on "The Executive Departments of the U. S. Government." "The Pursuit of the Martyns" is a story begun in this number by Richard Malcolm Johnston. A very pretty little poem is "Absent" by Ellen Burroughs. And there is also a commendable sonnet "At Eventide" by S. Edgar Benet. The great astrologer, Camille Flammarion, in "Another World," writes of the star Mercury, which he pronounces, astronomically speaking, so close to the earth that a telegram or telephonic message could reach it in five minutes. This number is well illustrated and the frontispiece "A Sister's Charge" is a very touching picture.

The *Forum* for November opens with a masculine article by Francis A. Walker on "Democracy and Wealth." He disbelieves in the modern doctrine that the democracy can do no wrong. W. S. Lilly in "The Shibboleth of Public Opinion" strongly advocates a reformation of journalism in the interests of truth. The Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol reviews the "Kreutzer Sonata" and asserts that Tolstoi lacks the Anglo-Saxon common-sense, and is too sensational. "The Six New States" is by Senator Cullom and gives

some useful information. "Formative Influences," by the Rev. Dr. Eggleston, is the autobiography of one who surmounted many difficulties in early life. It shows the marvellous value of good parental influence. C. Wood Davis in "The Probabilities of Agriculture" thinks that in 1895 the production of the States will not exceed the consumption of its then estimated population of 72 millions. "Recent Views about Glaciers," by Prof. A. Winchell, treats of the influence of glaciers upon the climate and configuration of the earth. "The Embattled Farmers," by the Rev. Dr. W. Gladden, is an account of "The Farmers' Alliance" and its aims. Discontented Canadian farmers should read his account of the depressed condition of farmers in the States. In "French Canada and the Dominion," W. B. Harte severely criticizes the arguments of M. Honoré Beaugrand in a former article. "The Progress of the Negro" by the Rev. Amory Mayo shows the progress of the coloured population since Emancipation. D. R. Goodloe on "Western Farm Mortgages" gives valuable information as to the indebtedness of the farmers in five of the States. He concludes with an illustrative comparison from a financial and independent stand-point between the condition of the American and Irish farmers (having fair-sized farms) to the disadvantage of the former.

THE *Century Magazine* celebrates its twentieth anniversary with the November number. In the editorial on the event the editor claims for *The Century* "a sane and earnest Americanism." An illustrated article by Theodore L. De Vinne of the De Vinne Press describes the advance of the art of printing. The great feature of *The Century's* new year, the series on the Gold Hunters, is begun with John Bidwell's paper, fully illustrated, on "The First Emigrant Train to California." A series of papers begun is Mr. Rockhill's illustrated account of his journey through an unknown part of Tibet. A timely contribution to Dr. Shaw's series on municipal government is his account of the government of London. A pictorial series begins, "Pictures by American Artists;" the example is Will H. Low's "The Portrait." An article on the naval fights of the war of 1812 appears. The fiction of the number has the beginning of a story by the artist-author, F. Hopkinson Smith; "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," and pictures by Kemble. Mrs. Anna Eichberg King has a story of old New York, with designs by G. W. Edwards, and F. P. Humphrey has a ghost story, "The Courageous Action of Lucia Richmond." The frontispiece is from a photograph of Lincoln and his son "Tad," accompanied by an article by Col. John Hay, on "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln." In the prison series is a paper, "On the Andersonville Circuit." W. C. Brownell notes the work of two French sculptors, Rodin and Dallou. The poetry is by Edgar Fawcett, the late James T. McKay, James Whitcomb Riley, G. P. Lathrop, R. W. Gilder, Thomas A. Janvier, John Vance Cheney, and Arlo Bates, besides a full brick-a-brac department of lighter verse. The editorial department discusses forestry, international copyright, etc., and W. W. Ellsworth protests in open letters against "The Spoiling of the Egyptians."

THE November number of *The North American Review* opens with a review of the work of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, on which three representatives of each party in the House of Representatives express their opinions. The spokesmen of the Republicans are Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, the author of the McKinley Tariff Bill; Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, the author of the Lodge Election Bill, and Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania. The Democratic side is presented by Mr. Fitch, of New York; Mr. McAdoo, of New Jersey, and Mr. Clements, of Georgia. "Scottish Politics" is by the Marquis of Lorne. Gail Hamilton gives a graphic picture of "The Ladies of the Last Caesars." Ex-United States Senator Warner Miller pleads for "Business Men in Politics." Mr. George P. A. Healy, the distinguished artist, contributes "Reminiscences of a Portrait-Painter," and tells how he came to paint his famous "Webster Replying to Hayne." This is followed by a brace of articles on Southern politics—one by Robert Smalls, who discusses from personal experience "Election Methods in the South;" the other by A. W. Shaffer, whose article, "A Southern Republican on the Lodge Bill," sets forth serious objections to the Bill entertained by Southern Republicans. A characteristic contribution from Walt Whitman on "Old Poets," gives his opinion of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Bryant, Browning, and others. An account of "The London Police" is furnished by James Monro, C.B., late Commissioner of Police for that metropolis. In the notes and comments Oscar Fay Adams writes of "The Ruthless Sex," Edward Stanwood of "The Clamour for 'More Money,'" Dr. Felix L. Oswald of "A Fatal Synonym," Dr. Cyrus Edson of "Premonitions and Warnings," and John H. Hopkins of "The Army of Mercenaries."

VIRGIL was the son of a porter. Homer was the son of a farmer. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes was a common soldier. Horace was the son of a shop-keeper. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Shakespeare was the son of a woolstapler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Daniel Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Robert Burns was the son of a plowman. Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver, and also a weaver himself. Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow-chandler and soap-maker.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD TENNYSON contemplates a sea voyage for the benefit of his health.

JEAN INGELow lives in retirement with her mother in Kensington, England.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR has accepted the chaplaincy of the House of Commons.

MRS. ALICE SHAW is about to start upon a whistling tour around the world.

A CABLE despatch from London announces the death of Mr. Mudie, the proprietor of the London circulating library known by his name.

THE Wilkie Collins memorial, for which something over \$1,500 has been raised, will take the form of a small library of choice fiction, to be presented to the London "People's Palace."

FIELD MARSHAL VON MOLTKE lives in a plain, square house of two storeys, near Schweidnitz, in Silesia. The entrance is guarded by two great guns from Mount Valerian that were presented to the count by the late Emperor William.

BJORNSTJERN BJORNSON, the Norwegian writer, has a daughter who gives promise of becoming a great singer. Her father has just completed a volume of poems, which, as fast as they were written, Froken Bergliot Bjornson set to music.

THE late Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist, was a man of consummate tact. He was once splashed from head to foot by the carriage wheels of a lady who pulled up suddenly to speak to him. Before she had time to fashion her regret for the misadventure into words, Whyte Melville put her at her ease with the quiet remark: "Ah, Mrs. A—, I thought it must be you; you always have the best horses in London."

ALTHOUGH Miss Florence Nightingale is no longer young and has been for years past far from strong, she has never lost her interest in good work of all kinds, and does personally far more than many who are strong and active. Quite recently she wrote a letter calling attention to the importance of the "rescue work" done under the First Offenders Act, as it is somewhat clumsily called.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, opening a free library in South London recently, found a good word to say for fiction. It appeared to him quite natural, he said, that novels should be read by those who could borrow them from the free libraries, and to read them was not a mischievous but a good thing. Good novels had in them elements of history which were more valuable, and went more easily and directly to the mind of the reader than could be found in other volumes.

In the autumn of 1886, Mr. Browning spent upwards of two months at Llangollen. Every Sunday he walked out, through fair weather or foul, to the little church of Llantysilio—one of the oldest churches in Wales, situated on the north bank of the "sacred Dee." Here he was always found (accompanied by his sister) by his friends Sir Theodore and Lady Martin. A tablet is now to be placed by Lady Martin on the wall close to where he sat, with the following inscription: "In memory of Robert Browning, poet, born 1812, died 1889, who worshipped in this church ten weeks in autumn, 1886, by his friend, Helen Faucit Martin."

THE Rev. Edward Liddon in the *Guardian* gives some interesting reminiscences of his brother, the late Canon. He shows on what slender grounds Canon Liddon has been claimed as a Liberal in politics. "He certainly was no party politician; he subordinated his politics to his religious convictions. He was opposed to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the removal of religious tests at Oxford. He disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and a few days before his death expressed his great admiration and approval of Lord Salisbury's recent action in Africa; he thought it would save much bloodshed and trouble and tend to the peace of the world."

THE *Independent* thus alludes to the death of Mrs. Booth: "With the death of Mrs. Booth the world loses the visible presence of one of the greatest religious heroines of the present day. She has acquitted herself nobly as mother, as preacher, as writer, and as individual saint. . . . She has been the soul of the Salvation Army. The 'General' was nowhere in comparison with his wife. Thousands of people who held him and the more obtrusive features of Army work in abhorrence loved and admired and sat at the feet of Mrs. Booth. She moved all classes. Hers was, theologically, a very narrow horizon; but she made up for breadth by depth. Her intensity was almost superhuman. She herself would have said it was superhuman."

THE first editions of Mr. Eugene Field's "Little Book of Western Verse" and "Little Book of Profitable Tales" were exhausted immediately on publication. A second edition has just been issued by the Scribners; also a new work of practical value, entitled "Electricity in Daily Life," and a new volume of verse by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, entitled "The Lion's Cub and other Verse," and a volume by Benjamin E. Martin, entitled "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb." It may be called a topographical biography of Lamb, as it follows him in his relations to those parts of London with which he was so closely associated. It will contain many beautiful illustrations by Herbert Railton, and a fuller bibliography of Lamb literature than has yet been issued.

THE original log book of Captain Cook has been unearthed in a most unexpected manner. A short time ago the volume was bought by a bookseller in Bond Street. It was there found and purchased by Mr. John Corner, antiquarian of Whitby. This gentleman, knowing that it was from Whitby that Cook sailed on his first voyage, was glad to get hold of so interesting a relic of the great explorer. The book contains a log of the voyages of his Majesty's ship *Endeavour* from 1768 to 1771, and the proceedings are recorded in Cook's handwriting. It has been inspected by the librarian to the Admiralty and other competent authorities, and pronounced to be genuine. It is now being exhibited in the New South Wales Court in the mining exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

THE idea of tacking on a subscription library to a free public library occurred to Mr. Thomas Stanley, librarian of Wednesbury, and he sends us the result of the first year's working. The principle on which it is conducted is that after two years the books are handed over to the shelves of the free library, in return for which the subscription library gets a home provided for it within the walls of the public one. Perhaps all librarians would not be willing to add to their labours in this way, but that it can be made worth their while is shown by the fact that the Wednesbury Subscription Library Committee could afford to offer their secretary a small honorarium for his pains. The idea deserves to be made known widely, and to be copied wherever no good subscription library already exists.

MR. SMALLEY says, in the *Tribune*, that Sir Richard Burton's death may almost be said to have reminded the English public of his existence. His greatest deeds of travel were done long since—his journey to Mecca in 1852, his journey to Harrar in 1854, and his discovery of Lake Tanganyika in 1858. He has done many things since, and written many books, but his books, all but one, are forgotten, admirable as some of them were. His fame as an African explorer has been obscured, though not eclipsed, by Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, of whom he was the predecessor and worthy rival. What the world has of late years known him by is his translation of "The Arabian Nights." That gave him a dubious, or at least a mixed, sort of celebrity. It is a work of genuine scholarship, full of accurate and copious knowledge of the East, and, to use Mr. Gladstone's word about Pitt, befouled with much curious enquiry into matters which might have been left alone. But Sir Richard Burton was a gallant spirit, who fought his own fight with the world and had hard measure in return. England, whose annals of adventure he has illumined, left him to moulder in an obscure consulate. He died at Trieste.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Alden's *Manifold Cyclopedia*. Vol. 21. New York: J. B. Alden.  
 Aristotle's *Ethics* (Camelot Series). 35c. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.  
 Ballard, J. P. *Moths and Butterflies*. London and New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Co.  
 Bartholomew, J. G., F.R.G.S. *The Century Atlas*. London: John Walker and Co.; Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Beauprand, H. *Six Mois Daus Les Montagnes Rocheuses*. Montreal: Granger Freres.  
 Boldwood, R. *The Squatter's Dream*. \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.  
 Cleland, Rev. W. *Presbyterian Church in Ireland*. Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Custer, E. B. *Following the Guidon*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Farrar, Canon. *The Minor Prophets*. New York: Randolph and Co.; Toronto: The Willard Tract Repository.  
 Gaspé, P. A. *The Canadians of Old*. Translated by C. G. D. Roberts. New York: D. Appleton and Co.; Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Guers, Canon. *French Soldiers in German Prisons*. London: Dean and Son.  
 Howells, W. D. *A Boy's Town*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Jenkin, A. F. *Gymnastics* (All England Series). London: George Bell and Sons.  
 Kipling, R. *The Courting of Dinah Shadd and Other Stories*. 30c. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Knox, T. W. *The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Knox, T. W. *Teetotal Dick*. \$1.50. New York: Ward and Drummond.  
 Landor, W. S. *Pericles and Aspasia* (Camelot Series). London: Walter Scott and Co.; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.  
 Layman's *Hand-Book*. Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Macquoid, K. S. *At an Old Chateau* (Franklin Square Library). New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Marshall, Spens, Tait. *Tennis, Rackets, Fives*. (All England Series). London: George Bell and Sons.  
 Mathews, W., LL.D. *Words, Their Use and Abuse*. \$2. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.  
 Maupassant, Guy de, et al. *Modern Ghosts*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Mills, J., Shaw, T. *The First Principles of Agriculture*. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co. (Ltd).  
 Molesworth, Mrs. *The Children of the Castle*. London: Macmillan and Co.  
 Musick, T. H. *The Genesis of Nature*. New York: John B. Alden.  
 Oliphant, M. O. W. *Kirsteen*. 40c. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Parkes, Kineton. *The Painter Poets* (The Canterbury Poets). London: Walter Scott and Co.; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.  
 Patten, S. N., D.D. *The Economic Basis of Protection*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.  
 Stern, H. J. *Evelyn Gray*. New York: John B. Alden.  
 Welsh, Prof. A. H. *Development of English Literature and Language*. 2 vols. \$4. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.  
 Welsh, Prof. A. H. *Digest of English and American Literature*. \$1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.  
 Whitney, Mrs. A. D. T. *Ascutney Street*. New York: Houghton Mifflin and Co.; Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House.  
 Wilkinson, J. A. *A Real Robinson Crusoe*. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## GOD'S MUSIC.

SINCE ever the world was fashioned,  
 Water, and air, and sod,  
 A music of divers meaning  
 Has flowed from the hand of God.  
 In valley and gorge and upland,  
 On stormy mountain height,  
 He makes him a harp of the forest,  
 He sweeps the cords with might.  
 He puts forth his hand to the ocean,  
 He speaks and the waters flow—  
 Now in a chorus of thunder,  
 Now in a cadence low.  
 He touches the waving flower bells,  
 He plays on the woodland streams—  
 A tender song—like a mother  
 Sings to her child in dreams.  
 But the music divinest and dearest,  
 Since ever the world began,  
 Is the manifold passionate music  
 He draws from the heart of man!

—Temple Bar.

## DREAMS AND DREAMING.

IT is an error to suppose, as Hobbes asserts in his "Leviathan," that sleep seals up the senses. Dr. Beattie mentions the case of a man who could be made to dream of any subject, by whispering about it into his ear while he slept; and it is a familiar fact that persons who talk in their sleep will frequently answer questions, if spoken to softly. On this point, the elaborated series of experiments made on himself, with the aid of an assistant, by M. Alfred Maury, are conclusive. The assistant applied various stimuli during Maury's sleep, and then awakened him that he might record his dream. When his lips were tickled with a feather he dreamed that a pitch-plaster was applied to his face, and then roughly torn off. When a pair of tweezers and a pair of scissors were stuck together close to his ear, he dreamed of the ringing of bells, which were quickly passed into the tocsin, and carried him into the events of June, 1848. He was made to feel the heat and smell of a burning match, whilst the wind was whistling through the shutters of his room, and he then dreamed of being at sea when the powder-room of the vessel blew up. He recorded a number of equally appropriate but exaggerated images, suggested by simple sensations in the same way. The philosopher Reid remembered having only one distinct dream after he was about sixteen years of age, and that occurred to him after he had got his head blistered for a fall. The plaster gave him much pain all night; but he slept a little towards morning, and then dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of a party of Indians and was scalped. Dr. Gregory's hot-water bottle one night scorched his feet, and caused him to dream that he was walking up the crater of Vesuvius in the hot lava; and a gentleman who was compelled to sleep over a cheesemonger's shop, dreamt that he was shut up in a gigantic cheese to be eaten by rats. Lord Brougham relates that he dreamed a dream of long-continued action during a short dose, while a droning counsel was pleading before him. Lord Holland fell asleep while listening to some one reading, dreamed a long dream, and awoke in time to hear the conclusion of a sentence the first words of which were in his ears when he became unconscious. Dr. Abercrombie relates that a gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted for a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, had been apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awakened him. Another dreamed he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, having awoke with the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes. A lady confessed that in her sleep she had palmed off a bad sixpence on a beggar, and chuckled at the notion of his disappointment. A distinguished philanthropist, who for many years held a high judicial post, was continually committing forgery in his dreams, and only regretted the act when he learned that he was to be hanged. A lady, whose life at the time of her dream was devoted to the instruction of pauper children, seeing one of them make a grimace at her, doubled him up, and poked him through the bars of a lion's cage.

## NOVELISTS AND THE ROMANCE OF SPORT.

IT is remarkable that American novelists have made so little of those magnificent materials for sporting romance that were once to be found in their boundless territories. There are only two men of genius whose books have had any popularity on this side of the Atlantic; and it is strange that Washington Irving and Cooper should have had few successful imitators. As for the former, he was rather the historian of veritable adventure—though the enterprise, the perils, and the sufferings of the Western trappers and furhunters are as thrilling as anything the fancy could have conceived. The escapes of these daring men—and many of them lived to a green old age—seem simply miraculous. Burdened with their traps and ammunition, and encumbered with baggage animals, they habitually risked their scalps for the hard-won gains which would be lost in a single night of gambling, or squandered in a week of drunken debauchery. They carried their recklessness

into everything, and yet they combined it with a coolness and presence of mind which never failed them in the most desperate emergency. They hunted for months, season after season, in the country of hostile Indians, jealous of the white intruders on their hunting-grounds, and as keen as quick to read their "sign." A broken twig or a crushed blade of grass might be enough to betray them. They launched their frail canoes on the streams, shooting down the rapids, and risking shipwreck among rocks and snags, knowing that the water left no trail. Yet each thicket might shelter the lurking enemy, and they paddled with each sharpened sense on the alert. The flight of a wild duck, a strip of bark floating on the river, or the sudden plunge of the otter or the musk rat round a wooded corner, was enough to give the alarm. They knew no mercy, as they felt no fear, and neither gave nor expected quarter. Had we never read Washington Irving, we should have found far less enjoyment in the delightfully sensational romances of Mayne Reid; for we always like to think fiction credible. But even when Reid is giving the rein to his imagination, he can hardly overcolour such experiences and exploits as those of the exploring pioneers of the rival fur companies—of Captain Barneville and his determined followers. There can be no doubt as to Cooper's idealizing the red man, for he made him impressionable to all the softer passions, and he painted a noble type of barbaric chivalry in Uncas, the last of the Mohicans. The real Indian was a very different being, as we learn by reference to the more matter-of-fact volumes of Catlin. Nevertheless, and not only to boys, Cooper's novels in this way are unapproachable. But they should be as familiar as that preliminary epistle in "Marmion" which we did not venture to quote. Sensation follows on sensation, and each strong situation has a satisfactory termination, save occasionally when there is a touching but natural piece of tragedy. We lose ourselves with the scout and his comrades in the woods, alarmed at the terrors which threaten each step in advance, but confident in the instincts and courage of our guides. In log forts or lumbering scows, in bark-canoes on the rivers, or in small craft on the great lakes, we are beset by all manner of mortal perils. And we have an epitome of the whole range of border adventure and frontier history in the graphic and vivid biography of Mr. Bumpo, from the days when, in the high lands between the Hudson and the Canadas, he won from the Mingoes his name of Hawkeye, and from the French his sobriquet of "Lalongue Carabine," to his last appearance on the Western prairies, a superannuated trapper, with a toothless hound.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## WORLD-RENOWNED AQUEDUCTS.

THE approaching celebration of the opening of the new Croton Aqueduct will suggest comparisons with other famous water-works of ancient and modern times. It is an interesting fact that, to this day, Athens is partly supplied with water by conduits planned under the rule of Pisistratus in the sixth century B. C. The system of tunnels and underground pipes, which conveyed water to Syracuse in the fifth century B. C., and which, according to Thucydides, was partly destroyed by the Athenians, still supplies the wants of the modern town, and the tunnel passing under the sea to the island of Ortygia bears witness to the engineering capabilities of the countrymen of Archimedes. The great masters, however, of aqueduct construction were the Romans. In the time of Marcus Aurelius, Rome was supplied with water by no less than fourteen aqueducts. The chief of these were the Aqua Claudia and the Anio Novus Aqueducts, respectively forty-five and sixty-two miles distant from the city, thenceforth travelled together in two distinct channels, one above the other, supported by a chain of arches attaining at one place the height of 109 feet. Of the fourteen aqueducts required by ancient Rome, three, including the Aqua Claudia, suffice for the needs of the modern city. The aqueduct bridges, or arched walls which traverse the Campagna, are not the tallest structures of the kind reared by the Romans. The Pont du Gard near Nîmes consists of three rows of arches, and the vaulted water-course, which surmounts the topmost row, is 180 feet above the ground. We may here remind the reader that the High Bridge over the Harlem River is 114 feet above high water mark, and 1,460 feet long. The principle bridge of the aqueduct of Antioch was only 700 feet long, but it was 200 feet high. The aqueduct bridge of Segovia in Spain, also built by the Romans, is 2,400 feet long and 102 feet high. The aqueduct near Spoleto, built by the Byzantines in the seventh or eighth century, is 300 feet in height. At Mayence are the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, 16,000 feet long, and carried on from 400 to 600 pillars. The Pyrgos, or Crooked Aqueduct, still serves to convey to Constantinople the waters of a valley situated on the heights of Mount Haemus, fifteen miles from the city. One section of this aqueduct is composed of three rows of arches, one row above another, which are collectively 106 feet in height. One of the most remarkable works of the kind constructed in modern times is the aqueduct-bridge of Maintenon, erected for the purpose of conveying water from the river Eure to Versailles. It consists of three rows of arches, one above another, and is 200 feet high by five-sixths of a mile in length. The conduit that supplies Marseilles with the water of the Durance is about sixty miles in length, and one of its aqueduct bridges is 262 feet high. The length of the conduit which brings water from Kaiserbrunn to Vienna is fifty-six and a-half miles, but the tallest of its aqueduct bridges

is only about ninety-six feet. The main Paris aqueduct is a little over a 110 miles long, and, with its subsidiary conduits, compelled the construction of seventeen bridges. Whether we look at the cost of construction or at the amount of water deliverable, the new Croton Aqueduct surpasses every other structure of the kind. It is estimated that the new Croton Aqueduct alone will be able to supply a population of 2,120,000 with an allowance of 150 gallons a day per head. With the addition of the old aqueduct and the Bronx River pipe-line, the total capacity of the city's water-works will be 150 gallons a day per head for population of 2,873,000.—*New York Ledger*.

## GLACIERS.

IN high valleys, among the mountains whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, are often found seas of ice, called "glaciers." They are formed thus: Snow that falls upon lofty mountains melts very little even in summer. So in valleys high up among the mountains it gathers to a great depth, and, from the weight of the snow lying above, the lower layers become icy, as a snowball does when squeezed. The upper crust melts a little during the heat of the day, and the water sinks down through the snow, and then freezes at night. From this melting and freezing the mass of snow is soon changed into a sea of ice. Remember that when water freezes, it expands. If we fill a bottle with water and let it freeze over night, in the morning we find that the bottle is cracked by the swelling of the ice. So it is with the water that forms glaciers. When it freezes, it stretches, and pushes its way down in whatever direction the valleys slope. Glaciers of to-day are much smaller than the ice-seas of long ago, but still, in studying them, we learn to understand the old glaciers. In travelling down valleys those ancient glaciers left traces of their journey. Over all the places where the ice-seas passed the rocks are rounded and highly polished. A field of these rounded rocks, when seen from a distance, looks like a field filled with sheep crouching on the ground, and Swiss geologists have called them *roches moutonnées*—"sheep-like rocks." In a valley along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, near the "Mountain of the Holy Cross," there is a beautiful display of these polished, rounded rocks. As the glaciers moved down the valleys, great rocks, frozen fast in the ice on the sides and at the bottom, scratched and marked other rocks as they passed by and over them. Sometimes these scorings are very broad and deep, for the immense rocks the glaciers carried were like strong, powerful tools in the grasp of a mighty engine; sometimes the lines are as fine as those of a fine engraving. They usually run all one way, and by looking at the direction in which the lines run, one can tell the direction in which the glacier moved. In the sandstone west of New Haven, Connecticut, the deep, broad scorings can be plainly seen, running toward the south-east. The height at which these scratches occur tells us something of the depth of the ice. Markings in the White Mountains indicate that the ice was more than a mile deep over the region now known as northern New England.—*Teresa C. Crofton, in November St. Nicholas*.

## HOW SUICIDES ARE MADE.

IT is commonly believed that the tendency to suicide, like the tendency to madness, runs in families, and that is no doubt true. But the strongest-minded and clearest-headed man in the world has the possibility of suicide in him. On the other hand, the disposition to madness and suicide, which is so decided a characteristic of some families, is, in many cases, easily to be kept at bay by resolution and intelligence on the part of particular individuals. So that, in most cases, if the story of a suicide be read from the very beginning, the full responsibility must be placed on the victim himself. In our own time the pressure of highly civilized environment urges men in the direction of brain weariness and so of disgust with life. But it is to be borne in mind that no man is compelled to enter into the keenest competition of his age. The brain is fairly mature before the age of twenty-five; and before that age few educated men are married, and fewer still are irrevocably committed to a particular calling or way of life. A young man of average intelligence is then quite able to judge his own intellectual force and staying power, and he is also able to take into consideration the history of his family and his inherited tendencies. It is incumbent upon him at that stage to take stock of his mental and physical resources exactly as he takes stock of his capital. If his available money amount to no more than one or two thousand pounds he would consider himself a madman were he to embark in a business requiring a capital of half a million. But is he not just as much a madman if, with a mind of merely average powers, he enters upon a line of life requiring an intellect of the strongest and clearest order and mental endurance of the most persistent kind? A young man acting thus invites brain worry, invites chronic dyspepsia, invites sleeplessness; throws the door wide open for the entrance of all the physiological foes that destroy health and drive sanity out of the home.—*The Hospital*.

THE wig in former times was considered an important part of the insignia of a physician. Even in the last century, so much consideration was attached to it, that Dr. Brocklesby's barber's boy used to carry a handbox through High Change exclaiming: "Make way for Dr. Brocklesby's wig."

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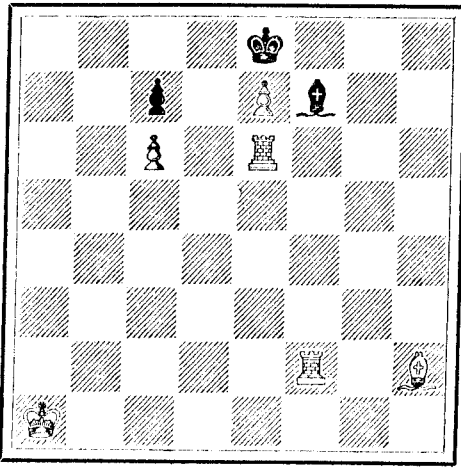
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By F. W. MARTINDALE.

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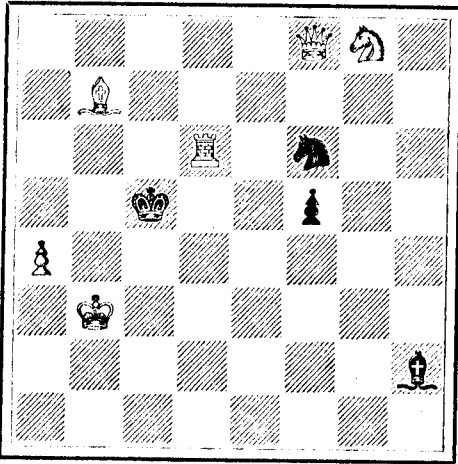
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 514.

By F. M. TEED, from N. Y. Tribune.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 507.

- White. 1. B-R3 2. B-Kt2+ 3. B-Kt6 mate

- Black. 1. P-Q6 2. K-Q5

With other variations.

No. 508.

Q-B1

Game played at the Toronto Chess Club on the 6th November 1890, between R. S. Neville and Mr. Boulton.

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

Table showing chess moves for King's Bishop's Opening between Mr. Boulton and R. S. Neville.

NOTES.

- (a) Kt-Q B3 turning the game into a regular Evans Gambit appears to be the better move.

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It is said that the prototype of Rebecca was an American Jewess, Rebecca Gratz, who was a friend of Washington Irving. Born in 1781, she stayed in Philadelphia, and is described as a very beautiful woman throughout life.

It is a mistake to try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man.

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Table listing F. Marion Crawford's novels and their prices.

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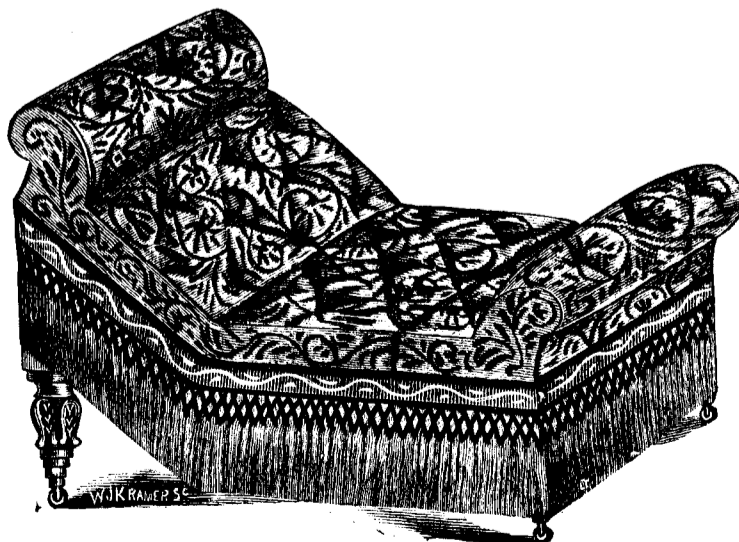
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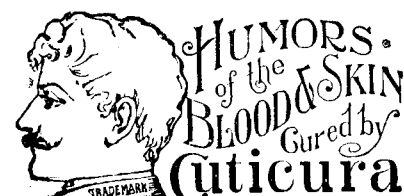
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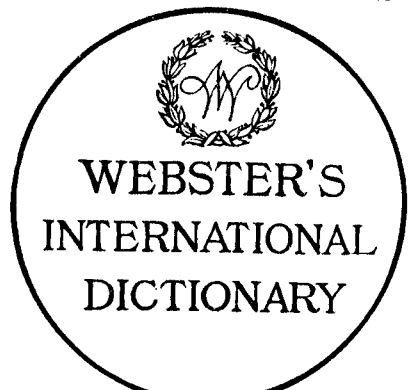
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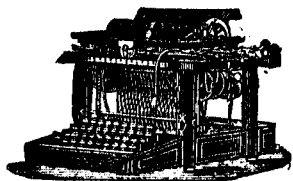
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