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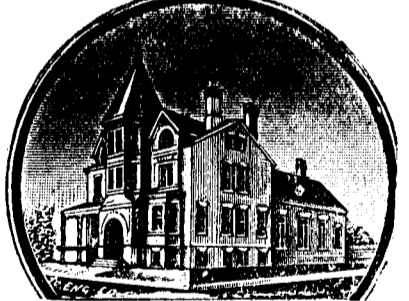
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

NEVER before, we believe, in the history of Canada, were the eyes of the whole people fixed upon the death-bed of any man with such anxious solicitude, as that with which they have been for nearly a week, and are at the time of this writing, fixed upon that at Earncliffe. Everyone who knew anything of the national feeling of the Dominion knew that by far the most influential man in public life, for many years past, has been Sir John A. Macdonald. It has long been a common-place of Canadian politics that so long as the veteran Premier was alive and in the full possession of his powers, the political course of the country would be shaped in accordance with his views and wishes. However widely different persons, occupying different party standpoints, might vary in their conceptions of the secret sources of his power, in regard to the reality of that power all were agreed. But notwithstanding all this, the events of the last few days have exhibited the influence of the stricken Chieftain in a new phase, for which it is doubtful if either friends or opponents were fully prepared. Even the intense solicitude of which we have spoken has been overborne and almost swallowed up, so far at least as an astonishingly large proportion of the people are concerned, by a still stronger feeling—one closely akin to the grief which is the outcome of personal affection. It is now seen that the dying Premier had a hold not only upon the popular intellect and imagination, but upon the popular heart, to a degree which few, probably, had believed or imagined. This fact shows that there must have been in the man, as distinct from the politician, depths of genuine feeling and sympathy, of the existence of which many would have been a week ago incredulous. It is hardly possible that the popular instinct, swayed though it may often be by blind admiration, or fancied self-interest, could be so profoundly misled in such a matter. Not the least noteworthy characteristic of the universal sorrow is the fact that it seems shared in equal degree by people of all classes, from members of the Royal Family in England, to humble toilers all over

Canada, especially those parts of Canada in which Sir John has long been well known personally. Our readers generally will, we are sure, agree with us that the time has not yet come in which to attempt a judicial estimate of the character, in many respects unique, or a critical analysis of the influence upon the public life and the past and future history of the Dominion, of the man whose life forces are slowly ebbing away. So long as his spirit is still with us, even though hovering on the very borders of the unseen land, the occasion seems rather suited to the subdued tones of kindly sympathy than to the harsher notes of extravagant eulogy, much less of cold, discriminating criticism.

SPECULATION is, of course, rife as to the political future. As the physicians are agreed that the case of the stricken Premier is hopeless, and as prompt action upon his demise will be absolutely imperative, in the public interest, such speculation does not necessarily argue lack of proper feeling, or motive. It seems to be generally admitted that Parliamentary custom, if not constitutional precedent, will make it proper that the Governor-General shall first call upon Sir Hector Langevin, as the oldest and most experienced member of the Government, to form a Cabinet, or at least to advise in the matter. It is also pretty generally believed that Sir Hector will decline to attempt the first, and that under existing circumstances he will be wise in so doing. Conjecture then wearies itself in trying to determine who is likely to be deemed most eligible for the second choice. Three names are prominent, those of Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson and Hon. J. J. C. Abbott. The first is not a member of the Cabinet. He is not even in the country. It would, therefore, seem like a pretty severe reflection upon Sir John Macdonald's choice of colleagues, were he to be summoned from beyond the Atlantic to take his place at the head of the Administration. Moreover, Sir Charles Tupper, notwithstanding his great force of character and other strong qualities, would be exceedingly distasteful to the Opposition, and is, it is believed, more or less distrusted by many Government supporters. Both of the other gentlemen named are men of great Parliamentary ability, and of high personal character. It is devoutly to be hoped, for the sake of the future of Canadian politics, that the Conservative Premier to be chosen may be a man of pure and lofty moral principle, as well as of statesman-like ability. There can be little doubt that Sir John Thompson, albeit he may lack some valuable popular qualities, comes nearer to the ideal standard than any other member of the Government, or of the party it represents. But whoever may be the next Premier, and however the Government may be reconstructed, it is by no means likely that the new Administration will be in any immediate danger of defeat, unless, indeed, the reconstruction should be of such a nature as to precipitate a rupture between the rival Langevin and Chapleau factions, which are, it must be believed, eyeing each other with no friendly gaze. In any event, loyalty to the memory of Sir John, to say nothing of many other motives, will be strong enough to hold the party forces together for a time. Should there be, however, in the new Premier, a marked absence of the personal magnetism and marvellous tact which had so much to do with holding together the somewhat heterogeneous elements of the party under the old regime, a gradual disintegration may be looked for almost as a natural consequence of the great change. Many of the best citizens both in public and in private life—those whose judgment is held above the swirl of party feeling—realizing that the country is on the verge of a political crisis, and that the most momentous consequences may be involved in the events of the next few months, would, we believe, be heartily glad were a coalition of the best elements in the two parties possible. Such a coalition, capable of sinking all minor considerations, and devoting itself in singleness of purpose to the task of solving the problem of the country's destiny, might do a work for its future well-being, second only, if second at all, to that which was achieved by the Fathers of the Confederation. But, in the present state of party passion, such a thing is, we fear, too much to hope for.

THE death of Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, removes from the scene of action one who was not only eminent by reason of his faithful discharge of the duties of his high judicial office, but one who in former years had taken a prominent part in Canadian public life. Mr. Dorion first entered Parliament in 1854, representing a Montreal constituency. He was one of the most prominent and influential of French Liberals of the old school, and prior to Confederation was a strong ally of the Hon. George Brown. He was a member of the short-lived Brown-Dorion administration, also of the Macdonald-Sicotte Cabinet. Mr. Dorion separated from most of his political friends on the question of Confederation, and was an ardent opponent of that movement so long as opposition could be of any avail. In 1867 he became Minister of Justice in the Mackenzie Government, a position which he resigned in order to accept the position on the Bench which he has since adorned. Without being exactly brilliant, Chief Justice Dorion was a man of sound judgment and fine abilities and, what is of even greater importance, especially from the posthumous point of view, he was a man of unbending integrity and unsullied purity, even his political enemies being judges. His personal relations with Sir John A. Macdonald are said to have been of the most friendly kind, notwithstanding their earlier political differences, and there is an element of the pathetic in the fact that the two should have been stricken down almost simultaneously by paralysis—the fell destroyer of so many brain workers.

THE "down-grade" movement, against which the most popular of English preachers has been vainly lifting up his voice for two or three years past, seems at length to have reached this continent, and to be gaining headway here. Setting out from Germany, the birth-place and cradle of the "higher criticism," a tidal wave of heterodoxy has passed somewhat lightly over Great Britain, and crossing the Atlantic is now threatening to sweep over America. Judging from present indications it would not be surprising if it were found to have increased its force and volume on striking the New World. Perhaps it is but in accordance with an American characteristic, or with a law which holds good generally in comparatively young communities, that such thought-waves should gain in superficial extent and velocity what they may lose in depth, as they dash over our shores. Be that as it may, all the large denominations in the United States seem to be just now in trouble, by reason of heretical teachers. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists have all their heresy-mongers in prominent places. Were the issues not so exceedingly serious in the view of so many of the best citizens of all the countries concerned, one might be disposed to regard the periodical recurrence of these great thought movements simply as mental phenomena of an interesting kind, for the study of scientists and psychologists. As the matter stands, such enquiries must be left for a future day, perhaps for men of another generation. At present, and for some time to come, practical questions must take precedence of all others. Are these heresies really so deplorable and dangerous as they are supposed to be by the orthodox of the old school? It seems to be generally admitted that many of those who have departed more or less widely from the commonly received views regarding either the teachings or the authority of the Bible, are no less conscientious, reverent and devout than the most zealous of those who are ready to brand their views as heretical, and to cast out their names as evil. May it not be that the question at issue is oftener one of loyalty to creed than of loyalty to truth? Possibly the distinction between the two things is broader than most of us are willing to admit even to ourselves. It would seem unreasonable to deny the right of, say, the Presbyterian Assembly of the United States to veto the appointment to a chair in one of its theological colleges of a teacher who plays fast and loose with its cherished standards of doctrine, in such high-handed and defiant fashion as does Professor Briggs. But would not the Church courts do well, on the other hand, to consider carefully the effects and tendencies of the policy which is advocated by so many, of ruthlessly expelling from their communion every one who feels himself constrained to

depart to any appreciable distance from the beaten theological paths? It can hardly be denied that the great Teacher whom they all profess to follow was the most radical and iconoclastic of all searchers for truth, and that the spirit of His teachings has been the inspiration of the most honest and most fearless of truth-seekers in all ages. Assuming, then, that in the majority of cases those clergymen and professors who have brought themselves under the ban of the majority of their fellow-churchmen have done so in obedience to conscience and as the result of anxious study and research, can this be acting in the spirit of the Master, who would subject them to ostracism and obloquy in consequence? Is not the tendency of such action to put a premium upon intellectual self-deception, or upon dissembling? Can any thoughtful Christian doubt either that uncompromising fealty to truth is of far more value in the eyes of Him who taught His followers to seek and hold fast the truth at all cost than the most zealous defence of traditional faiths, even admitting that the articles of faith held by the latter are the more correct? We are not attempting to lay down a policy or pronounce a judgment for the Churches, but are simply jotting down a few queries that must have suggested themselves to many in connection with what promises to be, during the next few years, a burning theological question.

A RECENT number of the *Woodstock Sentinel-Review* had the following:—

Last night a scene was enacted near the *Sentinel-Review* office which touched the hearts of all who witnessed it. An old man who had been taken in charge by the police was struggling on the pavement while strong men were trying to lift him into a buggy. He pleaded piteously, saying that he had done no wrong and would die before he would go to gaol. He was charged with no crime, was an old resident of the town, having become a citizen under its first mayor; his only offence was his poverty. Many were touched by the old man's agonized expression and the justice of his appeal. Offers of aid for him were whispered by the sympathetic; but a desire not to appear to interfere with the officers of the law prevented anything being done. After a long struggle the aged prisoner was overcome, and was driven off sprawling and pleading to the county gaol.

And this thing occurs in the last decade of the nineteenth century, in Christian Canada, in the flourishing town of Woodstock. Not that Woodstock is a sinner above all other towns and districts in this matter. The same thing, in substance, is, we believe, of no infrequent occurrence all over the country, though the harrowing circumstances may not often be brought so directly to the notice of the public. Woodstock is rather to be congratulated on having a newspaper which does not hesitate to hold the system under which such an occurrence becomes possible up to the light so effectively. The victim in this case is, we believe, a coloured man, but that makes no difference in the principle. He is, nevertheless, a man. His pitiful struggle showed that liberty is as dear to him as to other citizens. As the *Sentinel-Review* well observes, "In a well ordered state of society his poverty and humble station should increase the duty of corporate society to secure him the rights of citizenship and to guard him from outrage." May we not hope that our contemporary's powerful appeal will not be without its effect upon the townspeople, and that the day is near when such an outrage upon civilization as the sending of a citizen to jail for no other crime than poverty or the infirmities of age, will be no longer possible.

IT is repugnant to every sentiment of humanity to deport an aged citizen, charged with no crime but that of inability to support himself, to the county prison to herd with criminals, in order to get rid of him. But our treatment of those who are to be our future fellow-citizens, on the other verge of life, is often no less inhuman, and, from the point of view of national self-interest, vastly more short-sighted and criminal. An incident related by a highly respected clergyman of this city at the opening of the new Industrial School building, at Mimico, the other day, will illustrate our reference. This gentleman said that he had recently gone to visit at the penitentiary two men whom he had known years ago as boys. For some juvenile offence these boys had been cast into prison. Stung, no doubt, by the sense of disgrace, and influenced very likely by the associations into which they had thus been brought, these boys had entered upon careers of crime with the result that many years of the prime of their lives had been spent in prison. For aught that appeared in their younger days there was no reason to doubt that if

these boys had been properly dealt with when they began to go astray: had they, instead of being sent to jail, been placed in an institution such as that at Mimico, they might have grown up to be industrious and useful members of society, a help and an honour to the community instead of a burden and disgrace. The case is referred to, not as a rare one—would that it were—but as illustrative of the terrible blunder in the treatment of child offenders and waifs, which society has so long been accustomed to make, and which it is even now but slow to perceive and to discard. Looking at the matter from the point of view of enlightened common sense, one might well suppose that the first care of every municipality upon its organization would be to provide for the proper training of the neglected young, and the proper care of the indigent aged within its boundaries. Recent legislation in regard to the homes for the poor on the one hand, and the existence of such institutions as the Mimico Industrial School on the other, lead us to hope that a better day has dawned. If every boy and girl, for whom no other arrangement can be made, were to be properly trained and educated in an industrial school, what a thinning of the population of our jails and penitentiaries should we see in a few years. As a mere matter of economy it is doubtful if any other investment of funds, either public or charitable, would bring so good a return to the state. If memory serves, it was stated that one of the convicts above referred to had already cost the public about five thousand dollars. And he is but one of dozens or hundreds of similar cases which could be found in our prisons and penitentiaries. And yet how grudgingly, in comparison, do we tax ourselves to make useful citizens out of the boys and girls who for the want of proper care and training are constantly growing up to recruit these expensive regiments of the vicious and the criminal. The five thousand dollars which are spent in the trial and punishment of one criminal would probably suffice to put several who are in danger of falling into similar courses, on the way to lives of honest industry. Even now we learn that this noble institution at Mimico is obliged to refuse admission to scores of those who should be there.

THE announcement that the unprecedented honour of a peerage has been bestowed upon a Canadian, in the person of Sir George Stephen, is a genuine surprise. That which first suggests itself as the natural and graceful thing to do, is to congratulate our fellow-countryman upon the signal mark of the Royal favour which has thus been bestowed upon him. This we can do the more sincerely and heartily because, so far as we are aware, Sir George as a citizen and a man is without reproach. From the point of view of personal integrity, he is probably as worthy of such honour as any other Canadian. But while fully and gladly admitting the merits of the man whom Lord Salisbury has thus honoured, it is but fitting that we should look a little further into the matter. Two questions at least are suggested for the consideration of the thoughtful: Is the bestowal and acceptance of such titles of nobility—even without the objectionable hereditary feature—a thing to be desired by Canadians? On what special grounds has the selection of the first recipient of the honour been based? The first question is forced upon our consideration by the intimation in a leading London paper—we know not how well informed in this matter—that this is the inauguration of a policy which contemplates the creation of an order of life peerages in Canada. The fact that the first person so honoured is no longer a resident of Canada, is, it must be admitted, rather opposed to this view of the purpose of Lord Salisbury's Government. But, however useful the nobility, as a class, may be in Great Britain and other Old World nations, in which the idea of such class distinctions is firmly rooted, there are many cogent reasons, reasons which we venture to think will commend themselves to the great majority of thoughtful Canadians, why it is undesirable to attempt to transplant caste distinctions to the uncongenial soil of democratic Canada. The native tongue, which with some difficulty accustoms itself even to the harmless "Sir," as a mere complimentary title scarcely carrying with it the idea of social superiority, would be apt to balk obstinately at the recognition of a fictitious superiority in rank, implied in addressing as "My Lord," a fellow-countryman lifted above the honoured level of a common manhood and a common citizenship for no better reason possibly than the possession of inordinate wealth, or the rendering of some special service to a dominant political party.

WHEN we come to enquire into the principle upon which the creation of the first Canadian peer has been based, we are, of course, shut up to a consideration of the distinguished part Sir George Stephen has taken in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of the large additions he is supposed to have made to his wealth by that fortunate investment. A Canadian contemporary tells us that the peerage bestowed is "an unprecedented recognition of a Canadian who has won wealth and distinction by the exercise of worthy qualities." Among these worthy qualities are afterwards mentioned "vigour," "ability," "shrewdness," and the "courage and experience, the capital and resources, the staunchness and ability" which contributed not a little to the ultimate success of that great undertaking. We should be sorry to say a word by which we might seem to detract in the least from what we have honestly said of Sir George Stephen, personally, and we specially request that the remarks we are about to make should be considered entirely apart from any personal consideration. The question to our mind is, simply whether the qualities which lead to the acquisition of great wealth, or even to the accomplishment of large and difficult commercial enterprises, are the qualities which should be singled out above all others, as worthy of Imperial honours? We do not know that Sir George Stephen, or any of his coadjutors in the construction of the great railway, has ever claimed to have been actuated by higher or more disinterested motives than those of hundreds of others who have been less successful in great commercial undertakings, and who, we may add, have been much less fortunate in the amount of aid received from the public chest. We do not care to pursue the enquiry further, lest our remarks should seem invidious, however free from such feeling, but there can be no harm in suggesting serious reflection upon the character of the services to the State or to mankind which should be deemed worthy of the highest honour. We have on other occasions paid our tribute of admiration to the great courage and enterprise which have marked the construction and management of the Canadian Pacific from the very first. But this admiration, and the sincerest desire to do justice to the great services which it bids fair to render to Canada and the Empire, should not blind us to the fact—to which the signal honour just bestowed upon its ex-President is adapted to call attention—that the railway is one of the most powerful monopolies ever established by Government aid in any country, and that there is a real danger that some day, under other and less scrupulous management, it may make its power felt to an unwelcome extent. No one can recall the tremendous influence it brought to bear during the recent election, even though he may regard that influence as salutary in its effect, without being reminded of the possibilities involved in having so mighty an engine under private management and control.

COMMENTING last week upon the action of Sir Charles Tupper, in leaving the duties of his high office in England to enter as a partisan into the late election struggle in Canada, we observed that it was desirable that some member or supporter of the Government should explain to the public the grounds on which the action of Sir Charles, or rather of the Government in summoning him, were deemed justifiable and proper. The answer to our request came sooner than we expected in the shape of a speech by Sir John Thompson, in reply to that made by Mr. Laurier, on moving a vote of disapproval of the conduct of the High Commissioner. Sir John Thompson's speech is characteristically able, and may safely be accepted as containing the best defence of which the course of action complained of is capable. His argument consists of two main parts. In the first place he denied distinctly that Sir Charles Tupper used such language and epithets as were ascribed to him in the resolution and speech of the Leader of the Opposition, and demanded proof of the accusations. In the second place he denied that Sir Charles Tupper occupies in any degree the position of a Canadian ambassador. He is simply, according to Sir John Thompson, the agent, the confidential agent of the Government, living in London. Both these arguments are questions of fact. As we before observed, the politically important question is quite independent of the manner in which Sir Charles conducted the canvass, and the good taste and truthfulness, or the opposite, of the terms in which he saw fit to speak of one of the two great political parties in the contest. The question with which we concerned ourselves was simply that of the propriety or impropriety of the Canadian High Commissioner's act in leaving his post and returning home to take a hand in a party struggle. We had always supposed,

and we venture to affirm that the great body of Canadians of both parties have hitherto been of the same opinion, that the office of High Commissioner was one in many respects analagous to that of an ambassador, and that in order to the proper discharge of its duties it was very desirable that the person holding the office should maintain a position independent of and above partisan considerations. If such is not the case the fact is, we submit, one to be deplored. The title of "Canadian High Commissioner" is surely a rather imposing one by which to designate a mere confidential agent of the Government, bound to hold himself in readiness to do, if required, strictly partisan work for it, either at home or abroad. The knowledge that such is his position must seriously impair his usefulness, so far as members of the Opposition, that is almost a moiety of the people of Canada, are concerned. No political opponent of the Government could ask his services in case of need with the confidence with which he would apply to a non-partisan officer. An officer to be competent for the position, says Sir John Thompson, and to render efficient service, "must have his political sympathies, and enjoy the very closest alliance with the Government which he is serving." We thought it an unfair advantage to be taken by a Government under the party system, to utilize the services of the High Commissioner, paid from the public funds contributed by both parties alike, as a party canvasser for even a few weeks. According to the view now presented by Sir John Thompson it is right for the Government to use the public funds for the support of a confidential partisan agent all the year round! Why may it not keep another or several more confidential agents at work in the constituencies all the time? They might make the victory much easier when the general elections come on.

THE introduction in the British Commons of the Bill empowering the Queen by Order-in-Council to prohibit the catching of seals by British ships within a specified period in Behring's Sea, marks another stage in the slow diplomatic progress towards a settlement of the seal-fishery dispute. For aught that appears this is a just and necessary action on the part of the British Government, though very much depends on the extent to which it is reciprocated by the United States. The action is, it may be assumed, based upon a conviction that the allegations concerning the danger of the extermination of the seals by the processes now in vogue are to a greater or less extent correct. On that assumption, and on condition that the United States enforce a similar prohibition upon its subjects, the Bill can scarcely be seriously objected to, though it must press heavily on those who may have gone to much expense in fitting out vessels for the season. The chief ground for wonder or reproach is that the conclusion was not reached a few weeks or months ago, before the preparations for the season's work had been begun. It will certainly be hard on those who have fitted out vessels at heavy expense, as well as on the officers and crews of the vessels so fitted out, to be peremptorily stopped just as they have commenced their summer's work. One is naturally curious to know how the Washington Government propose to get over the difficulty with the Sealing Company to whom even a year's prohibition could not fail to be well-nigh ruinous. That however is our neighbours' matter. Should it appear that an exception has been made in favour of the Company, under which it is to be allowed to go on with its operations on the Islands, the prohibited Canadian sealers will have ground for complaint. Judging from the firmness hitherto shown by Lord Salisbury, it is probable that the interests of Canadian fishermen are pretty safe in his hands. It is reasonable to assume, also, that the consent of the Canadian Government, which Government has hitherto been understood to be the chief obstacle in the way of the close-season arrangements heretofore suggested, must have been obtained before the course now indicated was resolved on.

THE resolution to form a third political party, which was hailed with loud acclaim at the National Union Conference held in Cincinnati a week or two since, may or may not prove to be a matter of great political importance in the United States. The name "National" as applied to the convention which adopted this bold resolution was evidently a misnomer, seeing that of fourteen hundred delegates four hundred were from Kansas alone, and much the larger number of those who came from a distance were from four or five Northwestern States.

The powerful "Farmers' Alliance" was, however, largely represented, and was probably the controlling force in the convention. Both the American Federation of Labour and the Knights of Labour were influentially represented. It is undeniable that the meeting represented some very powerful elements and sentiments of disgust with the old parties and methods. The two chief sources of weakness in the movement seem to be the want of able leaders, and the jumbled character of the platform adopted. This platform does not distinctly repudiate the high tariff, though it approves a progressive income tax and makes an indirect but keen thrust at the protective system, by declaring that one interest ought not to be taxed for the benefit of another. It declares for Government control, and, if found necessary, ownership of railroads. It demands the free coinage of silver, and the issue of treasury notes in large quantities. These and other planks represent, as has been said by one writer in reference to the membership of the convention, "a curious combination of strength and weakness," and are mercilessly ridiculed by some of the old party papers. Nevertheless the Convention represents, it is clear, an immense aggregate of political unrest and discontent. Should some of its leaders develop unexpected strength, and should the new organization enter the next great contest, as it proposes to do, with a Presidential ticket of its own, though it would have no chance for success, it would import a most disturbing element into the contest, and seriously interfere with party calculations and the operations of the machine.

OTTAWA LETTER.

PERHAPS one of the most terrible states of tension that human feelings are capable of experiencing, results from the waiting for evil tidings. "Joy seldom kills," and to a few fortunate beings is granted the luxury of anticipation of a certain good. But to how many more, comes sooner or later in their lives a time when the spectre of sorrow looms before them, drawing ever nearer and nearer a sorrow that cannot be withstood, that must be met face to face.

And if this has been the attitude of our Dominion at large, how much more intensified must all feeling necessarily be in the Capital where the great hero and champion of the political life and rights of Canada has been mortally stricken after his latest victory. Truly it would be difficult to over-estimate the depth and sincerity of the grief that pervades the whole community. "All sorts and conditions of men" of every shade of opinion—some of perhaps one short week ago were saying hard things of him are now united with their opponents in one of the most sacred of all bonds—that of a common sorrow. There are occasions when all party differences must be in abeyance, and this is distinctly one of them. So it has been, that every day since Friday evening, when the tidings were brought to the House of Commons that the Premier was *in extremis*, the streets have been filled with anxious-faced men and women, hearing or telling the latest news from Earncliffe, and looking eagerly for a more hopeful bulletin.

And but a little space apart—yet how infinitely far from all the toils and cares in which he had so lately mingled—lay the object of all their thought, all their solicitude. How short a time before, at the commencement of the session, had the brave old Chieftain spoken of the triumph of the "Old Flag, the Old Policy," and proudly confident for the future, repudiated the idea of a "disastrous victory." He had led the campaign, giving himself no rest, and the strain of his exertions was swiftly and surely making itself felt. Yet he was resolute to the end, and though he did not fulfil his expressed wish, to die in his seat in the House, he fulfilled his onerous duties up to the last possible moment.

Perhaps one of the most touching and beautiful things to remember, especially to the subject of it, is that Sir John Macdonald's very last speech in the House was in defence of his absent colleague. It was given in a sportive, almost jocular, tone but there was the ring of true friendship and appreciation. And in a remark made later in the same debate, he emphatically acknowledged that it was at his desire the High Commissioner had come out from England. Shortly after this he left the House, and that night of May 22nd. will be treasured in the memories of all who were fortunate to be there.

Some lines of a great contemporary are worthy to be his epitaph:—

For what wert thou? Some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour.

Large elements in order brought
And tracts of calm from tempest male
And world-wide fluctuation swayed
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

All engagements and festivities are of course suspended; business goes on as usual, but otherwise there is but one absorbing thought, one topic of conversation. And indeed it would be strange if it were not so, in this

city, now that the man who has been its centre of interest ever since it became the Capital of the Dominion, will no more be seen in our midst.

The immediate effect upon the political world is much like that of an impending earthquake. In the streets, lobbies of Parliament, the hotels and clubs, groups of politicians are to be seen discussing the situation with anxious faces, and trying to discount the future. That the fortune of the Conservative party is at stake, goes without saying, and it is generally admitted that the all important first step is the choice of a new leader. Constitutionally, Lord Stanley may send for anybody he pleases to select to form a new Cabinet, the present Ministers meanwhile retaining the management of their respective departments, and such of them as may be selected by the new Premier as his colleagues not having to undergo the ordeal of selection. Three names are mentioned, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, and the Honourable Mr. Abbott. It is rumoured that the first would meet with great opposition from some of the Ontario Conservatives, and his attitude towards the Grand Trunk Railway is also an obstacle. Sir John Thompson has the advantage over both the others of being in the prime of life, and his great ability and coolness of head are universally admitted; the difficulties in his case would be rather owing to such personal characteristics as his retiring disposition and want of practice in the art of managing men, though he is very popular among those who know him personally, than to political reasons, although he would have some trouble in dealing with the Equal Righters. Mr. Abbott seems to be looked upon as the man to meet the emergency, at least until the party can be steadied and some idea formed as to its future policy and the possible combinations which are sure to follow this political upheaval, for such Sir John's death will be. Mr. Abbott has long experience of public life, great tact, and the governing faculty, besides his lifelong intimacy with Sir John and knowledge of his views. But opinion is much divided on this question of succession. Some people think Mr. Dalton McCarthy will be a factor in its determination. Sir Hector Langevin, it is conceded, is out of the running until the Tarte charges have been disposed of.

There will probably be an adjournment of Parliament for ten days or a fortnight to enable the formation of a Ministry. After that, it is generally supposed, the session will be shortened as much as possible, the estimates will be passed, and all else, save the small amount of legislation necessary to carry on the business of the country, will be dropped. It is thought that the Opposition will not object to this course, and will only insist upon the speedy determination of the McGreevy-Langevin affair.

The committee upon the last mentioned matter has held several sittings and is now approaching the crisis of the investigation. So far nothing has been brought out to connect Sir Hector Langevin with the proceedings alleged to have been engaged in by Mr. McGreevy. The only sensational evidence has been that of Mr. Robert McGreevy, who was cynically frank in his statements as to the use his firm intended to make of his brother's influence and as to the way in which it was to be remunerated. But the illness of Sir John Macdonald and the death of Sir A. A. Dorion, who was father-in-law to Mr. Geoffron, Mr. Tarte's counsel, stopped the proceedings at a very interesting point. The committee also had some trouble with the *non mi ricordo* answers of Mr. Connolly, whose forgetfulness of his business, ignorance of the whereabouts of certain of his employees, notably of his bookkeeper, and "judicious reticence" in the absence of his counsel, was at least remarkable, as was also the non-appearance of certain witnesses in obedience to the summonses served on them. Sir Hector Langevin is very ably represented by Mr. Hugh Henry, Q.C., of Halifax, N.S., whose retainer in this important matter brings prominently before the public a counsel already well-known in the courts of his own Province and in the Supreme Court of Canada as both an eminently clever advocate and a sound lawyer. The proceedings of the committee have so far been remarkably free from manifestations of party bias, and there is an unmistakable determination to get to the bottom of this peculiar business in the straightest way.

The few debates that have taken place during the week have been of little general interest, nor have they called forth any speeches of special ability, except that of Sir John Thompson, who in reply to Mr. Laurier's attack on the High Commissioner supported the action and policy of his absent colleague in measured and impressive terms: "*Les absents out toujours tort*"; and it is well that the Minister of Justice should be the one to balance the scales evenly, and to vindicate, as did his chief, the honour of their friend. The very obvious distinction between the position of a foreign Ambassador and that held by Sir Charles Tupper as High Commissioner in England was ably pointed out, and also that the fact of Mr. Laurier's having omitted to place on the Table any evidence in support of his allegations, was hardly in accordance with his assumed reverence for British precedents and British fair play.

Mr. Davin brought off on Monday his attack upon Mr. Dewdney under guise of his motion to restore to settlers in the North-West the interrupted right to a second homestead, and in the course thereof administered some hard thrusts. At any other time the epigrammatic brilliancy of the Member for Assiniboia would have delighted the House, whether or not he found sympathy with his view

on what is a vexed question wherein general interests seem to conflict with justice to individuals, but the all pervading gloom and the anxious expectancy of the fatal news at any moment spoiled the effect.

The private legislation is now in full course, and the Committees of both Houses are occupied with private Bills, which bring a crowd of promoters and counsel to town to the joy and profit of hotel-keepers. These in some measure off-set the stoppage of delegations. But nowhere is the sudden cessation of business more noticeable than in the emptiness of the corridors, and in the early adjournments of the House of Commons.

At this time of year honours and distinctions are flying about, and not a few have been bestowed on this side of the Atlantic. Sir John Ross, who was in Ottawa not long ago, has been made a K.G.C.B., a well-merited reward for honourable service. We have a new knight in Sir Robert Gillespie, and Sir George Stephen, President of the C. P. R., is created a peer of the realm; the first British peerage conferred on a Canadian, with the exception of Lord Dundonald. There is an aristocracy of enterprise whose ranks are swelling fast in these days, and all those amongst us who are not too conservative to be progressive will hail the advancement of these men of the time who are doing so much to enlarge the scope and the resources of the Empire.

The Royal Society of Canada, which met last week in Montreal, had the honour of a visit from His Excellency the Governor-General, who spoke both in English and French, the latter, especially, being greatly appreciated by the audience. There was a complaint made during the meeting that some of the speakers were inaudible, and many professed elocutionists might envy His Excellency's particularly clear and perfect enunciation.

In Chief Justice Sir A. A. Dorion, who passed away quietly on Saturday at Montreal, the Dominion has sustained the loss of a true gentleman, who upheld the honour of his profession, and who bore the most unsullied reputation through the whole of his political career. A thorough-going Liberal, he yet enjoyed the friendship and esteem of both parties, and that there was a strong tie of friendship between him and Sir John Macdonald is testified by the touching enquiry made by the Chief Justice shortly before his death, "*Comment est Sir John?*" Struck down by the same fatal disease and hardly able to speak, he yet thought of his friend, and has gone before him "into the Silent Land."

MORS TRIUMPHANS.

IT is a chill rainy day in the city. The wooden sidewalk is water-soaked and brown with the earth trodden into it by the many hurrying feet. Little pools stand in the worn hollows of the boards. The crossings are muddy; and in the roadway the liquid filth splashes from every passing wheel. It is not raining fiercely or very heavily; the drops fall in a steady, sullen, incessant fashion.

My way leads through the poor quarter. On both sides of the street are low squalid tenements, taverns and cheap shops with tawdry wares displayed in the windows. Here live the pawn-brokers and second-hand dealers; it is the retreat of the pauper, the harlot, the rough and the criminal. An ugly sight even in pleasant weather, under the grey sky and the unceasing rain, its miserable aspect is rendered ten times sadder. There is no cloak for its hideousness. Yet here human beings spend their tale of years, starve slowly and die, while within a square are the rich magazines and the warehouses, stored with food and fuel and clothing; while but a little way through the park are the many stately homes, supplied with every comfort. The poor must be very patient.

The human stream, that I am breasting, flows swiftly past me. Their lips do not move as they pass; or, if they do speak, any words they may utter are lost in the roar and clatter of countless wheels and hoofs. Mute and unspeaking, they flit by me like phantoms. Can it be that they are really living? Living! What a strange idea to come into my head! Living! when the only certain thing regarding them is that each and all are dead. The unalterable thing! the great fact is death. All else is wavering and unsettled. Ye creatures passing! I do not know your names, whence ye come or whither ye are going, or what errands have brought you out, this desolate day. Of your homes, your hopes, your friends, your history to the present moment, I know nothing. But this one thing I know, ye are dead. Ye are dead even as I am myself. That great, hulking mason in the splashed overalls, I see lying at rest. His rough, cold hands are crossed upon the rugged chest; they hold the crucifix; and he wears his best coat. Is this as he will lie or as he has lain? And yonder slight, old woman in black with the ashen-grey face and hollow eyes has clearly not much longer to walk about in the wet. That cloak about her shoulders looks like a shroud. There are so many of these dead! Such a procession of wan cheeks and hopeless eyes! The only bright spot amidst this black and grey are two rosy-faced young street walkers, new to their trade, who pass by, laughing. Their faces are pretty and they do not heed the rain. But plainer on their brows than on the others is the sign manual of death. The worm is busy with the lips and the blue corruption is showing beneath the skin.

And how busy these dead are! how they haste along, as if each had an errand which must be done before the

dreary afternoon closes down in night. It cannot be long before dark. How swift the tide rushes! *Les morts vont vite, les morts vont vite!*

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

A TWILIGHT FLOWER.

THE flower of my heart was glowing red,
Redder than flame, in the sun;
I was like to die when my flower lay dead,—
But there came up another one.

Few cared to look at its petals white,
'Tis the red love they seek to gain;
But they shine for me in the dim twilight,—
This flower is peace after pain.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

WORKINGMEN'S HOMES.

THE rapid increase in the number of dwelling houses in Toronto, all of them of a more or less expensive character, leads one to ask where the workingman is expected to live, and in what sort of a house. More than two-thirds of the middle class houses rent at over ten dollars a month—perhaps it would be more correct to say over fifteen. Of houses for the wealthy we have more than enough, and of houses for the well-to-do, people whose income lies between one and two thousand a year, there is a plethora. Numbers of the old-fashioned cottage houses, with their roomy kitchen and summer kitchen attached, have of late been pulled down. Where are the tenants gone to?

To answer this approximately one must go to the outskirts of the city, to the end, or nearly the end, of each of our street-car routes, and there we shall come upon row after row of houses, brick fronted—or, as is more suggestively said, brick-veneered—more or less ornate, having a little coloured glass in the front windows, and within, a couple of parlours, one opening with folding doors, half glass, into the other, and a bit of a kitchen.

The kitchen is our text. The rent—which is no small consideration to any of us—we leave, merely remarking that ten dollars is a large, too large, rent for the working man, being usually a fourth, and sometimes more, of his earnings—far too heavy a portion to devote to one claim out of the hundred on his slender purse, even for so necessary a thing as shelter.

From the practical housekeeper's point of view—and by this I mean the mother who has to do her own work, nurse her own children, cook the family food, do the family washing and ironing, and also the family sewing—from the practical housekeeper's point of view, the kitchen is the most important room in the house. Here all the household labour, except the keeping clean of the several other rooms, has to be performed; here the meals are prepared and eaten; here the children cluster round mother; here the baby must be quartered, for it cannot be out of mother's sight, except, perhaps, for the little time it sleeps during the day, and indeed not always then. Consequently, then, it is no jumping at conclusions to say the kitchen ought to be roomy.

But what do we find is the case in the modern house? A kitchen in which there is hardly room for two persons to move quickly without collision, and a couple of parlours, each of them larger than the kitchen. But, it will be asked—scornfully no doubt in certain quarters—why shouldn't the workingman have a parlour? He should have a parlour, but one is enough, a pleasant and pretty one it should be, too, where he and his wife can retire when work is over—if it is ever over for the workingman's wife—and where they can receive a friend and spend a pleasant half hour, free from the presence of commonplace if necessary surroundings, where the pretty things of the family may find appropriate place, and where a cheerful carpet and a few pictures may lighten the bundle of care.

One parlour is enough, because the mother should not be called upon to carry her dishes for any meal into and out of another room, nor to run the gauntlet of anxiety, lest in her absence Polly may try to investigate the frying pan and Jimmy reach up to the cup handle he sees on the table above him.

The kitchen should be, and generally is, of necessity, the common room of the family, and therefore it should be roomy. Outside of it, but not cut off from it, ought to be a summer kitchen, where tubs and pots and pans can be accommodated all the year round, and the hot stove in the summer. For purposes of a roomy kitchen then, more than half the space occupied by the back parlour ought to be thrown in, making a pleasant room of two windows, wherein two tables, one for eating and ironing, another for the dishes and the *miscellanea* the housekeeper has to find place for when preparing a meal. It must have place, moreover, for half a dozen chairs, and beyond this give ample space for the operations of washing, etc.

This leads to the conveniences for housekeeping which are so lamentably conspicuous by their absence in houses of all classes; conveniences which the better-off classes can more or less provide for themselves, but which the workingman cannot, at least without taxing his means inordinately, and leaving his wife too often a prey to much unfair worry and overwork. In the ordinary

house, even the expensive ones, no provision whatever is made for stores or food. A larder is nowadays an unheard-of provision. In a good many kitchens a cupboard of three or four shelves, scarcely the width of a dinner plate, is set against the wall, and here, often in necessary proximity to the stove, is thrust the meat (cooked and uncooked), bread, bacon, eggs, sugar, tea, coffee, fish, plates, dishes, teacups, basins, spices, butter, lard, everything in fact that goes to the preparation of a meal. It is horrible to think of the result, the discouragement to the housekeeper, the effect upon the food, the conditions, particularly in hot weather, of the perishable goods. All this might, and ought to be, obviated by a hanging shelf in the cellar, for mice and rats will find their way to any wall shelf; the wall shelf is most useful for storing gem jars, cans, etc., but not for food. Such cellar, moreover, ought to be shut off closely from the coal cellar, and have a little grated window for light and ventilation.

In taking away a second parlour from the workingman's house a space was left beyond that needed for additional room in the kitchen; this space we reckoned as next to the parlour, and here we find a couple of conveniences no housekeeper can do without. On the one hand we would wall the space up into a comfortable china closet and store room, with shelves all round and not too far apart, a rack of hooks on which to hang medicinal and cooking herbs and a couple of drawers beneath a broader shelf than the others, in which the housekeeper could stow her household linen. On the other hand we would wall in the space and furnish it with three or four racks of hooks all round one of them, pretty low down, on which the children's and father's out-door clothes could hang, and also their other belongings in the shape of bags, baseball bats, and other toys not accommodated on a couple of shelves where rubbers, boots, etc., could find place.

Such a ground floor for his home as thus sketched could not fail to win the approbation of the workingman and the workingman's wife by reason of the comforts arising from the ordered arrangement of the household thus rendered possible, and surely commends itself to the judgment of the landlord and architect. The cost of such arrangement would not be one cent more than that of the present ill-adapted house to its uses as a home, and therefore no objection could be made on that score.

In the matter of the bath, kitchen, sink, and furnace there is little to say. Such convenience as arises from these no one needs more than the workingman and his wife; but the sink ought to be larger than it commonly is, the furnace a good one, and not one of those that the bottom falls out when least expected; and the bath-room should be large enough. While liking to see the bit of green grass between the house and the sidewalk, it occurs to one to question whether a foot or two more could not be thrown into the size of the house, much to the advantage of the bedrooms which are usually woefully too small and too few; in most houses the attics could be finished, and thus a good bedroom given the big boys, and a lumber room where they could keep their personal possessions.

The question of Domestic Architecture has been only in the hands of landlords and builders, men who have shown by the results of their labours that their idea of a house is rarely that of a home; perhaps an infusion of the housekeeper element into their councils might lead to better results, and since Lady Burdette Coutts, Miss Octavia Hill and other women have spoken and been listened to with effect in England, Canadian architects and builders will not turn away from a word by

A HOUSEKEEPER.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXVI.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander McKenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapeau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., and Archibald Lampman.

JOHN COOK, D.D., LL.D., PRINCIPAL OF MORRIS COLLEGE, QUEBEC.

DR. COOK, who was for forty-seven years pastor of St. Andrew's Church in Quebec, is entitled to rank with the foremost of the men of mark of whom Canada can boast. His personal qualities would distinguish him in any community. The physical proportions of the man have that degree of massiveness which befits his moral and intellectual stature. Strength is embodied in every feature of his countenance. The pose of his head and shoulders is statuesque still, though he is considerably above fourscore years of age. Every movement of his massive frame betokens energy. A stranger, on first seeing him, at once would ask: What remarkable-looking man is that? And a better acquaintance justifies the expectation of greatness of which his *personnel* gives promise. No discerning person can come in contact with

Dr. Cook, even casually, without realizing that he is no common man. Clearness of intellectual vision is associated with mental hospitality, and both are animated by a fine enthusiasm very unusual in an octogenarian. There are no tokens of decay about him; he is still as open to receive new ideas as when he was forty years old. Not only have his faculties retained all their freshness, but his studious habits have kept him abreast of the intellectual movements of the age, with which he is in full sympathy.

Dr. Cook was born on the 13th April, 1805, at Sanquhar, a village in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in the district which gave Carlyle to Scotland and the world, and which, at a somewhat later period, has yielded Paton, the distinguished South Sea missionary. In no part of Scotland did the Puritanism of the Reformation period more thoroughly leaven society than in Dumfriesshire, in which the memories of martyrdom still linger, perpetuated by revered churchyard monuments. Whatever faults belonged to the system in which Dr. Cook was nurtured, it at least begot a moral earnestness without which there can be no real greatness. Buckle was too contracted in his sympathies to be able to appreciate the influence for good which the religious teaching of Scotland exercised over the formation of the national character; but others of his countrymen—notably Froude and Dean Stanley—have done justice to the subject. The home training of the Scottish people gave them a fine start in life, begetting self-helpfulness and independence. The Shorter Catechism built up a strong moral and religious fibre, as iron does entering into the blood of the physical man; and whatever accomplishments the youth of Scotland afterwards acquired, they never outgrew the earnestness and thriftiness which were instilled into their minds at their fathers' fireside. With this mental and moral outfit, young Cook went first to the University of Glasgow, and afterwards to that of Edinburgh, where he received his professional training under Dr. Chalmers. He was a fine subject for the great Scottish divine to pour out his enthusiasm upon, and no student of the period more thoroughly absorbed Butler's Analogy, with Chalmers' prelections on it, than the future minister of St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, as the influence of the great English thinker is manifest in the style and manner of Dr. Cook's thought. The evangelical impulse which Chalmers imparted in general to his students has also been apparent throughout Dr. Cook's long career. At college he was the contemporary of Dr. Candlish, Principal Campbell, Professor MacDougall and other men who afterwards made their mark in Scotland, and was on all hands counted the equal of any of them.

Having had the advantage of professional experience for three years in the afterwards noted parish of Cardross, it would appear from the ecclesiastical records that he was ordained by the Presbytery of Dumbarton on Christmas Day, 1835, and designated minister of St. Andrew's Church, Quebec; and he immediately set sail for what was then regarded as a distant colonial post, entering upon the duties of his charge in the spring of 1836. At that time Quebec was relatively a far more important place than it is to-day, and the young minister was at once ushered into a sphere of great influence as the representative of the Church of Scotland in the capital of Lower Canada. There were here not only great social opportunities, which he filled to the credit of the Church to which he belonged; but also, as often as the civil affairs of the community demanded his attention and assistance, his recognized business ability was at the disposal of his fellow-citizens. Notably was this the case at the period of the disastrous fires which devastated so large a part of the ancient capital in 1845 and 1866; and it shows how much prudence and tact he must have exhibited in his relations to a population, the vast majority of which was of a different race and creed from his own, that he has lived among them on terms of amity and goodwill for fifty-five years, and earned their universal respect.

From his first entrance into the ecclesiastical arena, Dr. Cook was accorded a leading position. Two years after his settlement at Quebec he was chosen Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the highest position in the gift of his brethren, a fact which shows how speedily he gained an ascendancy in their councils. For at least half a century, at the end of which period he virtually retired from public life, no voice was more influential than his in the discussion of matters affecting Presbyterianism in Canada. Even within the last two years the old man eloquent was roused to utter a fiery denunciation of what he deemed a breach of the good understanding that had hitherto been observed between the Protestant minority and the French Roman Catholic majority, in the notorious Jesuits' Estates Bill. Yet Dr. Cook is no ecclesiastic in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The head of a faction he neither was nor would be. Canvassing, caballing, or any of the tricks to which party leaders too often resort, were abhorrent to his nature. He trusted entirely to the merits of the case he had to put, and after arguing in favour of any position with the clearness, force and brevity that distinguished his speeches, he was wont to leave matters to their fate in the hands of others, and not frequently was absent at the conclusion of a debate in which he took part. Believing in the right of free speech, he credited his brethren with honesty of purpose; and whether his views prevailed or not, discussions ended in such a way as to preserve the good understanding between him and his colleagues. Rev. Dr. Mathieson, of Montreal, and he very often differed in debate; but after it was over,

it was nothing unusual to see them walk away from the place of meeting arm in arm. Impulsive by nature, the heat of discussion might excite him and lead him to say and do regrettable things, but the generosity of his heart made it impossible for him to bear a grudge against any man on account of differences of opinion.

It is on great occasions that men of light and leading are naturally drawn to the front. There have been a few such passages in the life of Dr. Cook. The first was when the wave of the Scottish Church disruption controversy struck the shores of Canada in 1844. Himself a Scot and a minister of the Established Church, he could not but be profoundly moved by the ecclesiastical upheaval that had ended so disastrously on the 18th May, 1843; and not being what might be called a pronounced Churchman at any rate, many supposed that he had not a little sympathy with the position of his former distinguished professor, Dr. Chalmers, and of many young friends of his who were stout non-intrusionists. But whatever thoughts he might have had on the Free Church movement as it affected Scotland, he was resolute in maintaining the position that the Canadian Synod was not called upon to disturb itself on account of the question—that the relations subsisting between the Colonial and Parent Churches were not compromising to the former—and that therefore there was no valid pretext for breaking off the connection established when the Canadian Synod was formed in 1831, or for forfeiting the advantages which such connection had secured. A minority, however, having been carried away by the old Scottish sentiment of enthusiasm for ecclesiastical independence, which had revolutionized the Established Church the previous year, into actual secession from the Synod, and the Moderator, Rev. Mark Y. Stark, among others, Dr. Cook was elected Moderator in his room by the brethren remaining as the man best fitted for dealing with the crisis which had arisen, although it was unusual to elect to that office for a second term. It was meant also to be a conciliatory appointment, as Dr. Cook was known not to be an extreme man, but one who commanded personally the sympathy and confidence of the brethren who had seceded, and it was hoped that even yet the breach might be healed. This expectation was not then realized, but Dr. Cook never lost sight of Presbyterian re-union as an object to be sought, and one in the way of which no insuperable obstacle lay; and as time had already mollified irritated feeling on both sides, and modified the situation otherwise, he proposed to the Synod in 1861 a resolution looking to re-union. The resolution did not then carry, but it launched the question on the ocean of discussion; and as reasonableness and charity were on Dr. Cook's side, and only prejudice and resentment were against him, so far as the Synod was concerned, it needed only time and the letting in of light on the question for him to win the day. Not only had he the satisfaction of finding the principle of union accepted in 1870 in his own section of the Presbyterian communion, and in the other sections as well, but also of seeing all the details for it arranged by 1874. And when at last all the scattered elements of the Presbyterian family in British North America had come together with a view to being fused into one, no one else was thought of for the first Moderator on 15th June, 1875, than the valiant Nestor who had so long contended for this consummation so devoutly to be wished. The sermon he preached on retiring from the chair in 1876 was a noble utterance worthy of the man and of the occasion. Since that date, Dr. Cook has not taken any prominent part in the General Assembly, but has left its destinies in the hands of the younger men of the Church.

It is a common impression that clergymen have no heads for business. This may be true of some clergymen, as it is of some of those whose whole life is supposed to be devoted to it; but it cannot be said of Dr. Cook. Had his practical talents been applied to commerce or to the legal profession, he could not have failed of success in either calling. One of the best brochures on the subject ever given to the public was his plea for life assurance; and his well-known capacity for affairs led to his being frequently requested to act as executor to the estates of deceased friends. But it was in the administration of the business of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland that his talents in this direction shone conspicuously. He was a member of all its important Boards and Committees. To the work of the Clergy Reserves Commission and to that of the Temporalities Board, which succeeded it, he gave a great deal of time and thought; and when the Government of the day resolved in 1854 to commute the life claims of the ministers of the Church of Scotland on the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves lands, Dr. Cook was selected to conduct the negotiations on behalf of the ministers concerned, and was entrusted with powers of attorney from them to that end. The success of the arrangement at last concluded owed not a little to his skilful advocacy. Of the Ministers' Widows and Orphans' Board of that Church he was also a member from the beginning, and it had the benefit of his counsel. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of Queen's College from its origination until he resigned his position in 1864.

And this brings us to the last aspect in which it is proposed to review Dr. Cook's career, namely, as a friend and promoter of higher education in Canada. Seeing the advantages which the schools, academies and universities of his native country had conferred upon its youth, all his influence from his first coming to Canada was cast in favour of improvement of the provision for education in

the Province. His own scholastic attainments were high, and his professional eminence had received early recognition, his first Alma Mater, Glasgow University, having conferred the degree of D.D. upon him when he was only thirty-three years of age. In 1880 Queen's University honoured itself by honouring him with the degree of LL.D. In 1843, the High School of Quebec, which has left its mark on so many of the youth of the ancient capital, was established mainly by Dr. Cook's exertions, and for many years he remained the chairman of its Board of Directors. But perhaps the most important service which he has rendered to the cause of superior education was in the active part he took in the establishment of Queen's College, at Kingston, and in the valuable assistance which he gave to that institution for twenty-five years afterwards. In company with Rev. W. Rintoul, he was delegated in 1840, by the trustees of the College, to proceed to Great Britain to solicit aid for it, and it was largely through his instrumentality that its Royal Charter was obtained from Her Majesty. Fittingly his name appears at the head of the list of trustees mentioned in it. In 1857, Dr. Cook, on behalf of the College, was authorized to enter into correspondence with leading men of the Church of Scotland with a view to securing a Principal from the Mother Country, but the tables were effectually turned upon him when the answer came back that Scotland could not furnish for that position any one better qualified than himself, a hint which the trustees of the College were not slow to take advantage of, and at a meeting on October 1st, 1857, the acceptance of the Principalship was pressed upon him. After due consideration, he agreed to fill the office temporarily, which he did during the session, 1857-8; but although the trustees urged him to retain the position permanently, and their wish was supported by a unanimous resolution of Synod in 1858, he declined to hold the Principalship longer than another session. Looking back now one is tempted to say that in hesitating to cast in his lot with Queen's College, he made the great mistake of his life. No doubt it would have been hard for him to leave Quebec to which he was bound by so many tender ties. Even as early as 1843, when it is understood tempting offers were made to him to return to his native land, he resolved to stand by his Canadian charge which had always loyally supported him. And he had already attained an age at which men do not easily transplant. St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, the pastorate of which he resigned in 1883, was at that time relatively more important than it is to-day, and the Kingston University is of course now a vastly more prominent institution than it was in 1858; and no one can blame Dr. Cook for not foreseeing the decay of Quebec as a Protestant community and the enlarged influence of Queen's College. But even as things then were, if he had followed the example of the great master whom he revered, Dr. Chalmers, in leaving a large congregation in Glasgow to teach moral philosophy to a handful of students in St. Andrew's University, on the ground that he who prepares the salt performs a more important function than he who only scatters it, he would have consented to enter upon the academic sphere opened to him, for which his abilities and acquirements specially fitted him. Though he did not accept the post of Principal in 1858, he was elected the first Chancellor under the revised constitution of the University, having been unanimously chosen in 1877 to that office by the suffrages of the University Council, in recognition at once of his eminence in the country and of the distinguished service he had rendered to the institution; and a very fine portrait of him in oil, by Notman and Sandham, of Montreal, in his Chancellor's robes, graces the Convocation Hall.

Dr. Cook's splendid academic qualifications have indeed found exercise in Morrin College, Quebec, founded by one of his own elders in 1860, and of which he has been Principal and Professor of Divinity since 1862. The equipment of this College, which is affiliated with McGill University, may be said to be the last item of the work he has done for the advancement of higher education in Canada. But though Morrin College fills now, and seems destined to fill in the future, a most important place in the Province of Quebec, from the nature of things, it reaches but a comparatively small number of students. The quality of the instruction imparted in it, however, and the mark Dr. Cook has made on the candidates for the ministry who have passed through his hands, only increase the regret that he did not allow himself to be persuaded into accepting a position in which his academic qualifications would have had fuller scope. Not that he was not eminently successful in the pulpit. The volume of sermons which he was prevailed upon to publish in 1888 exhibits rare preaching power. Those discourses possess every quality fitted to make a profound impression upon the hearers. Reading them, one has only to regret that their author has not given more of his thoughtful productions to the world. He was contented with the cultured audience to which his discourses were every week addressed; and doubtless through them, dispersed over the country, as many of them are, he continues to exercise an influence over many minds and hearts. But the press, like the College, would have given him a larger audience which would have been grateful for his instructions. He has shown, however, an unaccountable aversion to authorship. It was only at the earnest solicitation of his family and friends that he consented to issue even the modest volume to which reference has been made. But the habit of coming before the public in authorship, like other habits, must be acquired early in life or it never becomes easy; and few men are found to

take the trouble and risk of literary ventures after they are fifty years of age, if they have not done so before.

Reviewing the career of this man of first rate abilities and high accomplishments, one may say that the man is greater than his work. There was always a reserve of power which he did not give forth; his energies were not habitually drawn upon to their fullest tension, nor were the resources within him taxed to their utmost capacity, from week to week, as those of most ministers are nowadays; and this is doubtless one secret of the remarkable phenomenon he presents, of a man of fourscore years and six, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated.

Montreal.

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

PARIS LETTER.

THE advanced section of the working classes is so shocked at the killing and wounding of republicans by republican orders, at Fourmies, on May Day last, that it intends henceforth to ally itself with the clergy, the "co-persecuted," as the members allege. The *mariage de raison* between the blouse and the cassock was unexpected. Strange that the Pope predicted this union, and its gospel has been preached by the Comte de Mun, the apostle of Christian socialism, and also, it may be added, by Cardinal Lavignerie. The French clergy after all are not "high;" they are the sons of peasants, of work-people, of the poor in a word, separated only professionally from the great common labour family. It was a clergyman, not a civil functionary, who rushed between the military and the crowd at Fourmies to implore a cessation of the firing. Could the Church cap the formidable Fourth Estate in course of organization, it would possess the greatest of Temporal Powers.

That shooting affray has had more far-reaching consequences than was at first suspected. The "blood stain" has divided the republican party—after being united against Boulangerism—into two nearly equal and sharply marked groups. The secessionists comprise the radicals of all shades, who decline to remain on the side of the *tache du sang*; their leaders are Messrs. Floquet, Clemenceau, and Goblet. If joined, as they are certain to be, by the monarchists, in a hostile motion against Ministers, a new Cabinet must be the consequence. Perhaps it is felt that the de Freycinet Ministry has been too long in office, and that a new broom may not be amiss. The coming Floquet Cabinet would be bound to deal with the amelioration of labour, a thorny matter suffering from chronic postponement. The French working classes feel keenly that while in England and the United States operatives can march in their thousands through the streets and hold open air meetings, the law prohibits such processions here. The difference lies in the political manners of the respective countries. The First Revolution proclaimed its readiness to emancipate humanity, but it withheld from Frenchmen the liberty of association, and the authorities do not think the concession of that freedom has yet come within the scope of practical politics.

M. Camille Pelletan will be one of the most prominent men in the new radical party. He is about 43 years of age, and, in a sense, Clemenceau's first collaborator. He is a son of Senator Pelletan, the distinguished writer, and if he lacks his parent's erudition, he makes up for it in wit and repartee. He is a lawyer, and an authority on French history. He founded the *Justice* newspaper with M. Clemenceau, and is its chief editor. Personally, he is a strange looking man, long, unkempt beard and hair, careless about dress; has a pleasing stammer and is perpetually swinging his right arm. He is an entertaining writer, an agreeable *causeur* and a debater worthy of any foeman's steel. It is said that he and Clemenceau can demolish any Cabinet when they please. He is integrity itself, and the terror of all Ministers who attempt to cook their estimates. Perhaps he is the only deputy who knows the budget in all its ways and means, and whose abuses and dangers he has exposed. Suspect Cæsar's wife, but do not suspect his republicanism. He is married to the Republic, as others are to the Church. He loves literature, and has a cult for the Fine Arts. He would pronounce a eulogy on the talent of the Duc de Broglie, but would send him coolly to the guillotine for conspiring against the present régime. Once your friend, ever your friend. Pelletan is a stoical edition of Camille Desmoulins.

The discussion in the Chamber on the revision of the tariffs has at last entered the business stage; it is no longer in the iron hands of the ultra-protectionist commission, but before all the deputies, before the country, and before the public opinion of the world. The welfare and future of France, and the very peace of Europe, are involved in the discussion. The proposed tariff if voted would lead to the complete commercial isolation of France, and, with market doors closed against her, the industries of the country would be jeopardized, and internal disorders bred. The question involved is not the old free trade *versus* protection, but reciprocal trade on mutually moderate lines. The ultras are being, if not shaken, frightened into moderate and modern ideas, and reminded that France is not the dictator of the world's commerce, but a solicitor, like others, for a place in the trading sunshine. So far the two best speeches have been delivered by Messrs. Deschanel and Say. The former is aged 35, good looking, blonde, tight-buttoned in his frock coat, a man of

the world, and the greatest of utilities at theatricals. But he has received a solid education, is a well-trained barrister, a sparkling political and literary writer, has much administrative experience, and, if not an orator, is an agreeable speaker. He recites and gracefully acts his speeches. He is one of the few able coming men in France. He advocates self-government for his country and short speeches in Parliament. He is a protectionist, but administered severe castigations to the protectionists. Unfortunately he did not state what his tariff policy was. His criticism was fascinating, and elegantly destructive.

The blue ribbon was reserved for M. Léon Say. He did not put his flag in his pocket; he said he was what is called a free trader and a political economist, but he claimed to be above all a man of the world, of business, and of practical solutions. Léon Say is 65 years of age; burly, and, from his hair-brush moustache, rubicund features, penetrating eye, and ironical mouth, might be taken for a General about retiring from active service. To conclude from his air that he is indolent, would be a great mistake. He can bite like a bull dog, while remaining ever in the best of humours. He can never be ruffled, and chaffs, in addition to refuting and flagellating an adversary. He is a political economist by heredity; his ancestor, Baptiste Say, was the Adam Smith of France. He is a millionaire, as he is a shareholder in the great family sugar refinery, and the owner of much scrip in the various French railways. He married Mdlle. Bertin, the daughter and heiress of the *Journal des Debats*.

Though rich and surrounded with opportunities, M. Say had difficulty to make his way to the front. The Second Empire obstructed him. Immersed in business, he has always found time to write about public and economic questions, and even to live rather retired from the world. There are few foreign learned societies of which he is not an honorary member. His political career only commenced in 1869, and since then he has been several times Minister of Finance; he was Prefect of the Seine, an Ambassador at London, and President of the Senate. He resigned his senatorship to be elected deputy for Pau, so as to lend his aid to the financial and economic discussions in the Lower House. He is not an Orleanist, as some state, but a well-tried republican, holding neither Radical nor Opportunist opinions. He likes politics no doubt, but *en dilettante*, as a pleasure, as an art.

Léon Say is the only deputy who, when he speaks, can draw the upper ten of the business of the commercial world to the Chamber. I have heard Gladstone make budget speeches, and Thiers expound financial policies, but none of them surpassed Say in the juggling of figures, the lucidity of their arrangement, and the facility of their comprehension. On the most wearisome of subjects, he is never wearisome; he makes the "dismal science" the opposite of dismal; he does not, like the majority of French speakers, commit to memory his "improvised" speeches; he rarely consults a note; he stops now and then to sip a little milk, and then resumes, not his speech, but his conversation; his voice is not loud, but is so perfectly clear that you can hear its every sound in the remotest part of the Chamber. Under the charm of his simple, direct and epigrammatic language, he held his hearers spell-bound. Even the clock of the *salle* stopped to share in the treat, perhaps. He literally made a riddled target of poor Meline, the leader of the ultra protectionists; how he did pull him to pieces; revealed what was in the poor man's head, and what ought to be there; turned him lovingly on the grill as the persecutors did St. Laurence, and conveyed the impression that Meline did not know how to calculate, to reason, or to even explain. Z.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

BETWEEN Christianity and society there should be the bond of a holy and indissoluble union. At present, alas! there is the unhappiest of divorces.

Christianity was made for society, and society for Christianity. What God would join together, do we not by our bad social arrangements keep widely asunder?

It is a very popular theory that if we can but succeed in making each individual right, pure in his benevolence, holy in his resolves, then the whole of society will necessarily be right. This is the vainest of delusions. The integrity of each individual no more guarantees the integrity of the whole than the correct form and shape of the bricks guarantee the correct form and stability of the building. As a building is an adjustment of bricks so society is an adjustment of individuals. Bad architecture is no more destructive to buildings than bad laws are destructive of society.

A social system we must have. If not Christian then what are we to substitute? Christianity demands justice, and will have nothing else. If, therefore, we reject Christian socialism, then we reject justice and our formula becomes

Evil, be thou my good.

If, therefore, Christian socialism is to have any meaning at all, it must mean the application of justice to the organization of society. This adjustment means the establishment of such relationships between men that each shall enjoy the same rights and privileges, so that no one can exercise any undue advantage over his fellows. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" is the command of Christianity, and if Christian socialism is to have

any definite meaning it must involve the application of this doctrine to society.

"To love my neighbour as myself"—does this mean to feed and house him as I feed myself? Nay, verily, for that would be to deprive him of his manly independence and make him the recipient of my charity—I, his patron, he, my protégé—a position, not of equality but of superior and dependent. We have tried charity instead of justice, and anyone who wishes to know the dire result has but to examine the history and effect of the English Poor Laws.

But the Christian law of love certainly does mean that I shall be as jealous to secure my neighbour in his rights as I am to secure myself in mine, that I will religiously resist any temptation to gain any undue advantage at his expense.

But at once we are confronted with the question: What are these rights that I should so religiously observe? What are the conditions on which these rights depend? No words more common in the language than righteousness, justice, fairness, equity. Perhaps most people think they have pretty correct notions what these terms mean, but yet the controversies about the applications of these words show that their necessary conditions are anything but well understood.

In discussing this question we can make no progress till we learn to distinguish those conditions that are essentially different. The earth, with its natural stores of wealth, is one thing; the products of labour, the things that labour has fabricated from the raw materials, or drawn from the natural stores of wealth, is an entirely different thing.

Now, when a man has produced anything, raised a crop, built a house, carried coal from a mine, we at once instinctively recognize that he has established a proprietorship, a right to the exclusive enjoyment or ownership of the results of this service, or a right to make a charge for this service. If I can compel him to carry fuel, to build a house, to raise a crop, and then compel him to surrender these things to me without my doing anything in return for these services, he at once instinctively feels that my act is unjust, that I am subjecting him to extortion, to spoliation and servitude. Instinctively he feels that he should be under no obligation to render service except on condition that he receives service in return.

And is not this principle, the reciprocity of service for service, fundamental and essential to justice? If I can take produce without producing, then I deny the right of the producer to the product of his industry, producing must give right to possession, and possession implies the right to demand service when exchanging. If we deny this fundamental proposition, and assert or assume that one has a right to claim product without producing, then we establish a doctrine of slavery, of spoliation, of extortion.

There are some things man cannot produce, viz., the raw materials, the land, the forest and the physical forces. These are the gift of the Creator. What kind of proprietorship can any man claim in these things? Can one part of society on any consideration of justice ever claim these gifts as their exclusive possession? Let it be conceded that one part of humanity, by whatever process matters not, becomes possessed of all these things, what relationship do they occupy to the rest of their fellows?

The relationship we thus establish is a very peculiar one and deserves the closest investigation. Given a world made for humanity, on which men must make their homes, from which they must draw their subsistence, on which they must transact their business, and let once this world or all the valuable parts become the exclusive possession of one part of society, then at once we necessarily divide society in twain, making two distinct classes, giving to one part the worst kind of a despotism. What that despotism is, a few considerations will show.

Civilization means organization; organization means co-operation. To carry out this co-operation involves the construction of factories, railroads, etc. To have factories, railroads, etc., we must have certainty of tenure in land. Men will not make improvements without some hope of reaping the reward of their industry. Men will not build valuable homes from which they may be ousted any day.

And civilization thus gives rise to a most important factor in the distributions of the product of labour; namely land value. This value comes only with fixity of tenure and organized society. Among the nomadic races of this continent land value was unknown. As soon as the European population came with the formation of vast trade centres, then land acquired a peculiar value, a value due not to labour, but to the growth, organization and continuance of society.

Now let this value go to individuals and at once we allow these parties to appropriate product without producing, to deprive the producer of the product of his industry, to obtain all the advantages of civilization without bearing any of its burdens. We thus array society in two camps: the one bearing all the burdens and enjoying but little of its advantages, the other relieved of all its burdens but in many cases enjoying its advantages to the full.

This is society to-day. Certainly not Christian, bearing one another's burden, rewarding each according to his work; but thoroughly anti-Christian, subjecting one part of society to excessive burden and spoliation, while lifting the other portion to excessive wealth to the production of which they may have contributed no effort.

Industrial effort produces goods.

Organized society produces land value. Individuals have a right to appropriate products, but only on condition that they have aided in some way to their production or that. To allow individuals to appropriate land values violates this canon of justice. The obviously just law is to appropriate this peculiar value for public purposes and avoid all assessment of labour products. By the adoption of this simple rule we may then claim that in our social arrangement we are making some approach to the law of Christian brotherhood.

W. A. DOUGLASS, B.A.

A PARSON'S PONDERINGS CONCERNING THE REVISED VERSION.

It is rather late in the day to grumble at the Revised Version; but I can't help it—I must relieve my mind. In preparing for a Sunday's work, I read over the 2nd evening lesson, S. John xx. in the R. V.; and it made me "mad." That R. V. always irritates me. It must make anybody mad—who is a lover of his New Testament, who has (and there are thousands of such) many passages "by heart"—to hear those dear old familiar sentences, with their sweet rhythm, altered and disfigured, for no earthly use that one can see. It jars one's nerves, it rubs one's mind the wrong way, like some atrocious variation thrust into some beloved old tune. That R. V. is responsible for many outbursts of my wrath. Here for instance is the 19th verse so familiar to every church-goer; for it is the opening passage of one of the Gospels for Eastertide. The old Bible reads:—

"The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews." The R. V. thus puts it:—

"When therefore it was evening, on that day, the first day of the week, and when the doors were shut where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews."

Now, in the name of common sense, what is the use of all this changing and shifting and ruffling up of words? What is gained by it, textually, exegetically, homiletically, philologically or otherwise? It will be replied: "It is a more literal translation." Yes, to be sure; as "literal" as if one translating from the French were to render "Comment vous portez-vous?" by "How yourself carry-you?" and leave it at that. When I was a school-boy in England, in translating from the classics, I had of course to do so "literally" first; but, that done, the master would always say: "Now put that into good English." And if I left the sentence at last as some of the sentences are left in R. V., I think I should have had what we used to call, in school-boy slang, a "licking." Take, for instance, S. Paul's quotation from the Old Testament in 1 Cor. ii. 9, beginning "Eye hath not seen;" and compare the old and new versions. I grant the passage is difficult to render into good grammatic English. But at any rate the old version makes sense. The R. V. turns it into a mere jumble of words. What is the subject? What is the predicate?

To return to our chapter and verse, "When therefore it was evening," I object to that word "therefore." It is "literal," to be sure; but it is more than "literal;" it is literalism of a debased mechanical character, that defeats its own purposes. It is true that the little Greek word *οὖν* means "therefore"—sometimes, but not always. It is a monosyllable which S. John very frequently uses; it often enhances the rhythm of his sentences. In argumentative discourse it should no doubt be rendered "therefore." But in narrative, especially in such vivid, picturesque, colloquial narrative as S. John's, it serves just the same purpose as our little monosyllables, "now," "so," "then," etc. It is a particle to indicate transition of ideas, change of subject, sequence of events—it is used in repetitions after a parenthesis, etc., just as we use those little words. But the Revisors make it always "therefore," with Chinese stiffness. Now I hate that word "therefore" stuck in everywhere. It's a long word; it takes a long time to pronounce; it's a stiff, formal word; it's a formidable word; it bristles with logic; it suggests premises and conclusions and Euclid's Propositions, and all that sort of thing. It is so different from our friendly little words "then," "so," "now," "yet," "and," or the Greek *οὖν* and *δε*. Let anyone read the two versions, the old and the new, of the 18th chapter, and notice how irritatingly that "therefore" is reiterated in the latter, and he will surely say, as of old wine compared with new, "The old is better." (S. Luke v. 39.)

By the way, I think I have caught the Revisors napping. Out of the twenty times the word *οὖν* occurs in this 18th chapter, in three cases the Revisors have forgotten their own stiff rule of always translating "the same Greek by the same English word." In verse 3 they have left the old rendering "then"; in verses 12 and 16 they have changed "then" into "so." In all the other seventeen instances that horrid "therefore" occurs. I do not know why these three places should have escaped the infliction of their rigid rule. Doubtless it was an oversight.

In some few places the R. V. emendations are valuable from a doctrinal point of view; for instance, in the distinctions between the Aorist and Perfect tenses; as in Gal. iii. 27: "For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ" (e. g., then and there, at your Baptism). But these places are very few, and by no means compensate us for the ruthless carving up of the

old sentences, spoiling the rhythm and beauty of the style.

I wonder at the bad style so often displayed in R. V., especially when the English literature of to-day abounds in such excellent models. In word-architecture the present age seems to be a golden one. It is refreshing to turn from the turgidity of some of the old learned authors to the limpid and yet vigorous writings of our own times. We have, too, all "styles" of word-architecture. There is the pure stately Gothic, graceful and strong, of Professors Huxley, Goldwin Smith, Fred. Harrison, or the "Decorated" of Lord Macaulay, or the "Flamboyant" of Archdeacon Farrar, or even the "Gargoyles" of Carlyle, to select from. But under what style are we to class the R. V.? I should say, early English, debased.

The Rectory, Atmote.

GEO. J. LOW.

THE SEMITIC NOSE.

A.:

THE Jews not musical? But it appears To me they're even noted for their ears.

B.:

"Their ears," you say! I always thought the Jew Was noted for his nose most, whilst a few Had all but a proboscis which outgrew Anything noselike upon me or you.

Jew (overhearing them):

Yes, Jews are famous always for their noses Since the blest days of the immortal Moses; Yea, long before, when Rachel having cooked That rich ragout for Isaac, Jacob hooked Poor Esau's blessing, which, in vulgar prose, He slyly hooked by following his nose, And handed down both traits the sequel shows.

For as great Samson's strength lay in his hair, So in our noses we the magnet bear, That draws to us the precious ore that flows Into our coffers, hooked from Gentile foes Unblest, unhonoured by our lordly nose.

This nose throughout from Beersheba to Dan, No less than through all times and changes, can Its genuine Semitic kinship show From Royal David downward to "Old Clo:" For, like a red flag to a Bull unfurled, This nose a challenge is to all the world.

Why, Sirs, the very Pyramids display, Clear as if painted only yesterday, This nose of noses, as though neither time, Force of environment, nor change of clime, Could work change here; as though the primal cause Lay central always among Nature's laws, And Nature, having fashioned such a beauty, Had keenly felt it an æsthetic duty To thus continue to the end of time An organ so ideally sublime.

No little pretty, pert, retroussé nose, Nor flat and winged as on the Calmuc grows, Nor chastely chiselled like the dainty Greek, But a good, strong, projecting, honest beak, A nose that shows, except to Gentiles blind, The bent and largeness of a manly mind.

For the big, manly nose throughout 'tis rules, Hence Wellington and Cromwell were no fools; For though but Gentiles, yet, big-nosed, they made Not a name only, but a name that paid—

Paid in good golden guineas—paid, but what Compared to all that fell to Rothschild's lot. For theirs, though big, yet lacked the eagle bend— The true persistent set, that links the end With appetite to spur it, till it gains

All fruits of earth, and from its hidden veins Draws the rich ore, which means all things in one; For money is, when to its roots we've gone, Accumulated energy—a store

Laid up of industry and its results, before It need be used; but just as gases packed In coal or powder look as though they lacked All power of movement, till they prove, let free, Their fearful force of latent energy.

So money can on Ossa Pelion pile, Or pitch the Pyramids into the Nile. The Jew is, then, the wise man, for he knows That out of money every good thing grows.

So Rothschild thought—and energetic, bold, A Jew of Jews, cast in the very mould Of the sly Jacob—heaped up piles of gold And, calmly to weigh matters always used, Thus at one fearful crisis Jew-like mused:

"Napoleon, Wellington, indeed! Who cares Which wins or loses! Only if it squares With this dear Rothschild's interest is what I Ask myself frankly, and forthwith I fly To Paris or London, as the scale Inclines to either side.

But oh! That hail Of leaden death; the 'Old Guard' crushed; and now Blucher upon them; no choice but to bow To despot destiny; the fields all soaked With Frenchmen's blood; and all the highways choked

With dead and dying; while with small remorse They're chased and trampled by the Prussian Horse, Who with drawn swords, like Demons them pursue, Flying pell-mell, for now 'tis "sauve qui peut."

Yes, it is England's innings! So, in spite Of winds and waves, I cross the seas to-night. Such mighty issues hang on speed that I, Cost what it will, on lightning's wings must fly, And buy up shrunken stocks to swell once more Almost to bursting, when from shore to shore The shout is heard of triumph, after I Have turned to my account their victory."

He did it too, and made himself a power, That grows and widens to the present hour.

Such is the great Semitic nose, which gold Scents from afar, instinctive as of old, And needs but to be followed as 'tis bent, Prone to the earth with secular intent, Leaving to fools, for whom such things were meant, The bubble fame, and all such empty things As the poor poet in his folly sings.

But money rules the world! Money is King, And Czar, and Sultan; brings men hope and spring, Gives us society, friends, clothes, and food, And lands and houses, and all earthly good, Pleasures and dignities; yea, once for all, The whiphand of the world! This 'tis is gall To all the feeble strugglers of mankind Who lacking our good noses drop behind.

But in all walks of life it is the same, And we stand foremost in the rolls of fame; With Moltke, Mendelssohn and Beaconsfield, In music, war and statesmanship we wield The sceptre readily; while in the van Of thinkers of the world stands out one man, Spinoza, need I name him, half-divine, His treasured works a deep, exhaustless mine, From which men draw to gild, at second hand, With his rich ore their works, and so command, (Immortal shade!) attention to their own, And so to share the honours of thy throne.

For how could half-nosed Gentiles reach a height, To which the Semite mounts by innate right?

Thus in War, Music, Statecraft, Thinking, and In Physics too, with Jenner we command; While yet our Wealth has, in the public view, Into a proverb passed, "rich as a Jew." Thus, standing on a pinnacle of power, The Hebrew is top-sawyer of the hour.

Blest, then, be noses! Not the stunted things Of which the Poet of the Gentiles sings, That petty index of a feeble mind, Devoid of character or bent, inclined To nothing in particular; but ours Is bent with purposive specific powers.

Then, Gentiles, bow submissive and confess Your grand mistake, and curse no more but bless: This nose it is that does it all, I guess.

A.:

We thank you, Mr. Jew, nor shall we speak Of it again, as though a playful freak Of jesting Nature; whereas all she could With skilful hands she did, in serious mood, To make your nose a paragon of noses, Such as bedecked the face of "holy Moses." Blest be the Jew, then, wearing on his face This lordly emblem of his noble race.

Jew:

The Jew, you see, is wise, since always found Wherever 'tis a question of a pound. When nineteen shillings and eleven pence soon Find themselves in the pockets of this coon— The well lined pockets of the cunning Jew, Whose itching palm soon clasps the odd penny, too. 'Twas thus we fought of old for very life, And, through heredity, keep up the strife: Though to be frank, 'twas never 'gainst the grain, But a fierce instinct deep in blood and brain.

And now that fair play is the rule for all, Will "Old Clo" e'en—gone so long to the wall, Though with nose oft of special size and shape— His portly person in good broadcloth drape; While Rothschild regally lends kings the gold To thrash their foes or subjects grown too bold; For nothing can be done until 'tis known If Rothschild will consent to make the loan, And so uphold the pillars of their throne.

A.:

Yet on one point I with you scarce can go. You say your nose a beauty is, but, oh! May it not be a question, if 'tis so?

Jew:

Utility is beauty, as is shown By Socrates referring to his own Wretched apology for a human nose. If smelling be its end, urged he on those He argued with, mine is a beauty then, Handsome as his—that stalwart prince of men, Young Alcibiades, whose nose I've shown

To be in nothing better than my own,
If his can smell no better; for we've got
No certain standard to assure us what
Is beauty absolute and what is not.

So much is in the seeing. Hagne's wen
Balbinus thought—so different are men—
A special charm, although to you and me
Such seems the acme of absurdity.
Women now bustled, once were hooped, once slim,
And each shape beautified by fashion's whim,
Yet let one of the slim sort but alight
'Mid dancers hooped, oh, cry they, what a fright!
For change of custom makes a change of sight.
Long used to the rich glossy Blackman face,
How poor thought Stanley our pale Northern race.
So our fine noses to the Aryan eye
Their beauty lose, since looked upon awry.

A.:

But Socrates, though only with a nose
Of Aryan make, judged rightly you suppose.

Jew:

So far so good for him! Albeit he
Not having our grand nose, Sirs, could "not see
Beyond his nose"; for he had not our sense
So keen of scent for gold, but was so dense
In this respect, that he preferred to stray
Through Athens' market place the live-long day,
Wrangling, forever wrangling, to no end
Challenging with logic keen each to defend
The thought he uttered, and, by acting so,
He made of each a fool and so a foe.
Buttonholing all he met this Prince of bores,
When he should be at home to do the chores,
Xantippe's temper! Bah! Why, such a muff
'To spoil ten thousand tempers were enough!

For blessed not with our nose, full half his days,
Spent in such fooling by this Socrates,
Might have been spent in adding pence to pence,
And pound to pound had he our common sense.
But, having not our nose, what can you do
But relegate such to the vulgar crew
Of men who lack the instinct of this Jew.

And hence, while Rothschild honoured, lived and died,
Rolling in money, men could not abide
This meddlesome disturber, but decreed
His death to satisfy the public need.

His nose 'twas was at fault. With such how could
He single-eyed pursue his private good,
But must keep mixing up incongruous things,
His own good with his fellows: as though rings,
To eat up each his neighbour, do not prove
The marrow of our souls is pure self-love:
While those succeed who doggedly pursue
Their private ends, defiant of what's due
To others, as philosophers (aware
How self-regarding the fine phrase!) declare.
But, oh! believe not in our place they'd do
The thing so pretty, which they preach to you.

Hurrah for noses then, strong, clear-outlined,
The speaking organ of the stalwart mind,
Great Nature's sign-post on the face of what
In prodigality we Jews have got.
'Tis only envy in the Gentile "cus"
Of our great noses makes him scoff at us.

Could we be rich and great, do you suppose,
Had we been fashioned with a lesser nose?
Then look with reverence on the nose, and pray
You may be blessed with such a nose some day.

J. A. A.

THE RAMBLER.

THE magnificent something we style Success has attended the charmed career of the Premier, and however we may choose to look at life, whether as optimists or pessimists, trusters to Deity or builders upon Chance, we all of us acknowledge the potency of that remarkable factor in his case, as well as in hundreds of others. It would be absurd to say that ability does not always accompany success, since no genuine success could be, I imagine, really floated without ability behind it. But apart from motive, apart from character, and as it almost appears at times, apart from gifts, comes into some men's lives that magnificent something we call Success. Such men will tell you calmly themselves that they are surprised at their own good fortune. It may be in the direction of money-getting or fame-getting, but the process is the same, and the sensations of the lucky men similar. No one will ever delay to concede to Sir John A. Macdonald some of the greatest gifts of the statesman. If his was Success, so also was his Ability—even Power—of a certain kind. And apart from his political knowledge and genius for affairs, his was a well-stocked and highly appreciative mind. I have heard of at least a dozen original epigrams from friends in the intimate Ottawa circle, any one of which would have created a Sydney Smith or a Theodore Hook, and which I have never heard referred to elsewhere, though everyone who knew Sir John had his own special sheaf of epigrams to fall back upon. But to even the gay, the valiant, the good—cometh death, for "a man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over

and over. It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment; 'Livia conjugū, nostri, memor vive, et vale.' Tiberius in dissimulation, as Tacitus saith of him, 'Jam Tiberius vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant.' Galba with a sentence: 'Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani; holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus in despatch, 'Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum,' and the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. . . . It is as natural to die as to be born; to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon something that is good, doth avert the dolours of death; but above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is 'Nunc dimittis'; when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy."

Of course, people who know their English classics will need not to be told that the above is Bacon. For the benefit of the others, I take the trouble to tell them, as I fear very few read their Bacon in these Rudyardian days. Apropos of Mr. Kipling's "American Notes," they are immensely clever—in spots. But they are somewhat too spotty to become literature. It transpires that Kipling is a connection of Burne Jones, the painter, so he can hardly describe himself as the "man from nowhere." He must certainly have had some assistance in London from relatives so distinguished. The statement that Jerome K. Jerome is none other than young Arrowsmith, of Bristol, has been received with much comment and no little surprise. We all know the Arrowsmith Annual which brought Hugh Conway, or Fergus, another Bristolian, into notoriety. The style was so American that many have been dismayed to find in the author of "Three Men in a Boat" and its comrades, an ordinary young English man of business.

Making a tour of the churches last Sunday I found an immense crowd assembled in St. Michael's Cathedral during the evening. The enormous throng, the richness of the decorations, the one hundred or so tapers on the white and gold altar, relieved by large circular fire-coloured globes at intervals, the devout upon their knees at the very threshold—all this was highly effective and thrilling, but the music was not in keeping. I did not hear it all, but what I did hear was either insufficiently rehearsed or else marred in performance through some unfortunate cause. The Church of Rome would do much to strengthen her position were she to insist upon more attention to detail in the musical part of her services. What the uninitiated call "wobbling" (I mean of the officiating priest's voice) is not so bad in itself, but when combined with the notes of the organ, not uniformly correct, or the intonation of the tenor, not invariably true, the effect is obviously crude, to say the least. But the immense crowd! It was a spectacle in itself, I think, and, for once, the altar was in consummate taste. Whenever I enter a great Catholic church something of the cosmopolite stirs within me, and I realize of how very very many broken arcs the human circle is in truth composed. In St. James' Cathedral, the service, both tuneful and impressive, was not attended by such an enormous number, though the middle aisles were well filled. The lack of processional and recessional hymns causes a dreariness which mars the service greatly. What can it matter, so long as they have surplices at all, whether they sing or not on their way up and back—dogmatically, I mean! whereas, musically, it matters a great deal. There is something so funereal in the straight, sad march of forty white-robed figures, who ought to be singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and they would find it so much easier to undertake that march. But dear me—Dogma is more than Art, and Prejudice greater than Common Sense, so let us poor journalists retire and wonder at the schisms among Christians—surely the silliest, weakest, most unnecessary of all schisms!

Then I stopped outside Dr. Wild's for a few moments (three churches in one evening, and a warm evening at that) and had not courage to enter, for the remnants of another mighty crowd were loafing about the steps and porch. But I must really go soon and hear Dr. Wild, for I understand that he has predicted the finding of the skeletons of Adam and Eve somewhere beneath the foundations of Jerusalem. So interesting a function will this be that very possibly the Doctor will remove to Jerusalem for the winter season and preach upon the subject. He is an ardent patriot, anyway.

I see that the Theosophists generally find themselves very much injured at the various newspaper comments as to the character and gifts of Madame Blavatsky. "Upon the solid rock" we stand, say they, and displace us not. We have learnt, what you will never learn. We have communed, in a way and with what, you will never understand. We have our gods, our saints, our heroes, as well as you. Nothing is hid from us; to you alone are the present and the future worlds unapproachable mysteries. We are not spiritualists. We are not visionaries—dreamers—fanatics. We are workers, too; believers, too; thinkers, too. If there is humbug amongst us, dare you

adduce a Single Perfect Sect, a Single Infallible Denomination!

We sigh—do we not, and refrain ourselves. But—does it not strike them—how glad and how willing and how grateful we should be if their talking and their writing and their vigils and their trances led to any lifting of the veil, any rending of the curtain! So far, it has not done so. And I am very much afraid, common sense continues to tell us, that Madame Blavatsky was—I won't say, a fraud exactly—but at least a speculator in human consciences and human intelligences. For all that, she may have been a kind-hearted, generous and virtuous woman. Such contrasts are not unusual.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IMPENDING QUESTION OF THE PUBLIC SAFETY—
RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Notwithstanding all the drawbacks to which railway travelling is exposed, modern life owes a large debt of gratitude to the Stephensons—father and son—which can only now be paid to their memory. George Stephenson, born in 1781, the son of a colliery engine tender, near Newcastle in the North of England, was, in the best sense of the phrase, "a self-made man," and the instrument of Providence for some of the greatest developments of human progress.

When his invention of the locomotive engine had advanced so far as to be thought worthy of examination by a committee of the House of Commons, a member of that notable body, having the safety of the future trains in view, and yielding to an impression he quite excusably felt to be original, said: "But, Mr. Stephenson, suppose now a cow were to stray upon the line of your railway, how would you meet that difficulty?" George, in homely, north-country accent, and with scarcely a full sense of future contingencies, only exclaimed: "I would be so much the worse for the cow!"

To-day, in Canada, and amongst her energetic neighbours to the South, we have sadly to declare that the protection of lives, more valuable than those of cattle, has failed to keep pace with the increase in the volume of traffic and the speed of trains; and if the subject has engaged rather more of men's thoughts in recent years, the difficulties arising out of the pressure of the increased traffic have increased in more than an equal ratio, whilst the Upas Tree of a false economy has really poisoned the whole atmosphere of the question.

The Bessemer steel rails in place of iron was a grand advance, indeed—a thing for the nations to be thankful over—and this has certainly been accompanied by some desire for weightier rails and more solid construction of bridges; only beginning to be realized, thus far, although many of the larger spans are fine examples of strength and durability. Improved construction will, of course, have to be accompanied by a ceaseless vigilance of inspection. The whole system of signalling, which, in conformity with human imperfection, so often breaks down, to the direct destruction of passengers and trains, needs to be overhauled. The signals should doubtless often be checked like the operations of a well ordered bank, only, in the former case, the checking must be immediate. There are well-known elements of danger in obsolete forms of brake power—the old heating-stoves not yet abolished on many lines—and numerous other reforms to be referred to in their due order.

The general public—the actual sufferers by all accidents—have never yet developed in their minds the idea, the impulse or the vigour of self-protection, and this apparent apathy—whatever revolutions of feeling it may cover—makes the work of helping to save them more difficult.

In some parts of this continent, violence will follow small provocation when what are deemed personal interests seem imperilled. In the great travelling interest of the public—the most vital of themes—the antiquated fignment of "unavoidable accident" in most cases calms their susceptibilities, unless the hope of a money compensation for actual injury keeps the attention alive. Then courts are the reference, which, whatever their other merits, could hardly be deemed great experts in railway construction and maintenance. The result of all this is that accidents do not greatly decrease in numbers or magnitude of disaster. The soothing belief in the average locomotive and the average railway—the vast capitals required for construction and reconstruction, throwing the management into the hands of but one class of the community—have created powerful monopolies within the State which only the vigour of the general Government could cope with; and have thus been sufficient to put the protection of the people's lives upon the shelf of ignorance and forgetfulness, real and assumed. The first principle of all human government is thus nullified where railways are concerned.

Some who have reviewed the history of these modern disasters believe it would have been a good thing if the locomotive engine had never been invented, seeing that fixed engines at each station, with endless cables, would have provided for safety in an incomparably more complete fashion. Derailment would have been unknown; collisions avoided; and the speed as great as now, or, at all events, sufficient for human purposes. There are a few examples of this method now extant, which, I should think, deserve the attention of the studious engineer who would like to

see how the difficulties of the plan are surmounted. To-day we have not to do with dreams but with facts, and if, in the prospect, the locomotive has come to stay for a good many years in the future histories of these lands, earnest citizens had better do all that lies in their power to make the best of the element that fills so large a space in their social order and their daily lives of business and pleasure.

Every now and again a brilliant and generously moved writer or lecturer takes the stand, or a great journal, like *Scribner's*, goes into the actual history of railway development in skilled detail; but the railway world does not do nearly so well as it knows. Matthew Arnold's "materialized upper-class" goes to sleep even with thunders in its ears. The journals the people read are too often deeply narcotized, and the result is, be assured, a spectacle for the ages to come! Our very impulses of humanity are hardened and repressed by what we read with such benumbing repetition at the morning meal. Careful reporting of unearthly horrors without a word of editorial comment to tell our dazed consciousness how we ought to deal with them!

If we would only take up these subjects in some detail, and bring under the discussions of the Federal Houses the Trespassing and the Level Crossings, in the first place, as the greatest destroyers of life, a beginning would be made. Then we could go on to discuss the excellent invention of the guard rails, and to show how certainly they are required for all embankments just the same as for the bridges. Our early forefathers could build parapets, and did not omit them when the risk demanded their presence. We seldom conceive of ourselves as degenerating from good ideals of the past. In this, at least, we have lost ground, to our inevitable discomfiture and destruction. In the calmest way, then, let us proceed to initiate the work of putting things into a better shape.

Postscript.—I subjoin two of the latest statements of railway disaster from the daily journals:—

A man named Alexis Hamelin, while going to his work yesterday morning, was struck by a locomotive on the Grand Trunk Railway line. He was taken up unconscious and removed to his residence, 198 Atwater Ave. His injuries are not supposed to be of a very serious nature.—*Montreal Witness, May 15.*

But the locomotive more often kills a trespasser when it hits him than lets him off in this way.

A railway accident happened last night between seven and eight o'clock near Churchville, on the Orangeville branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The regular freight train was derailed by striking a cow which was lying on the track. The train was running at a high rate of speed when the engineer noticed the animal lying on the track. He signalled immediately for the brakes, but in another moment the engine, tender and a number of cars were piled up in the ditch. The engineer, Robert Johnson, was instantly killed. The fireman, James Ferguson, was buried beneath the debris, and was also killed instantly. Wm. P. Little, one of the brakemen, was thrown off, a number of the huge stones falling on him and crushing his right foot. W. P. White, another brakeman, got a number of cuts. These two men were brought to the city and taken to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate Little's leg. White is in a very precarious condition. The injured men say that a stranger, supposed to be a tramp, was also killed. "Bob" Johnson was one of the best known drivers on the road. He leaves two children, who are living with friends in Orangeville. James Ferguson, the fireman, has lived in Orangeville for a number of years.—*Quebec Chronicle, May 22.*

Which of us would not save a life in conditions of peril if the opportunity were presented to him? Some of us, I hope, would go the length of making the attempt. If some are endowed with little power, this cannot be said of the Federal Parliament of the Dominion, who, we may believe, are only waiting for the proper initiative. X. Y.

MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.*

It was inevitable that there should be a certain amount of disappointment experienced at the appearance of the "Memoirs of Talleyrand." Not only has his reputation as a brilliant and witty talker been of the highest, but so many specimens of his readiness at repartee have been current that it was hardly possible that a continuous narrative should produce quite the same impression upon the reader as he had already received from these traditional sayings. For all this we have no hesitation in saying that no reasonable expectations will be disappointed in the perusal of the volume before us; and we understand that it is only the first of five.

Some doubt has been raised as to the actual genuineness of the memoirs now at last given to the public. By the will of the author they were not to be published until thirty years after his death, and it would appear that the Emperor Napoleon forbid their publication when that period had expired. But it does not seem clear in what hands they have been during the half century which has elapsed since Talleyrand passed away. There is, of course, no suspicion attaching to the distinguished editor, the Duc de Broglie, who has done his work admirably, furnishing a number of most carefully compiled biographical notes of the greatest interest and utility to students of modern French history; but it has been thought that many families, specially the Orleans family, had an interest in suppressing parts of the memoirs, and that this may have been done. The editor, indeed, mentions that eight pages have been lost from the chapter on the infamous Duke of Orleans. If they were taken away in order to conceal anything about him, they must have been bad indeed, since the remaining portion makes him out to be one of the blackest of the race.

* "Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand." Edited by the Duc de Broglie. Vol. I. London and New York: Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

Referring to these memoirs, Talleyrand remarks: "I am not writing a book, I am only noting my impressions." It has been suggested that the author has suppressed everything which would reflect an unfavourable light upon his own character and conduct, and this is possible; but, on the other hand, there is a look of truth about his statements in general, and with regard to those incidents which are capable of being verified, there seems to be very little that can be called in question. With regard to the assassination of the Duke d' Enghien, for example, for it can be described by no milder name, we are certainly disposed to accept Talleyrand's account as infinitely more probable than that of Napoleon. It is not merely that the great Emperor was a most unscrupulous liar, but Talleyrand had no motive for counselling the taking of the Duke's life, and he was not the man to expose himself to infamy by having his name forever associated with such a crime.

In the first part, on the years preceding the revolution, we get very little of the kind of insight into the *Ancien Régime* which is given by De Tocqueville and Taine; yet we do get a good deal of light thrown upon the events of the time and the men who made it; and here and there we come upon statements which are illuminating and striking. For example, towards the close of the second part he remarks: "If historians make it a point to seek the men to whom they can award the honour or address the reproach of having made, directed or modified, the French Revolution, they will give themselves unnecessary trouble. It had no authors, leaders, or guides. It was sown by the writers who, in an enlightened and venturesome century, wishing to attack prejudices, subverted the religious and social principles, and by unskilful ministers who increased the deficit of the treasury and the discontent of the people." This is very good, but the author shows elsewhere that the selfishness of the nobility and clergy precipitated the crisis.

The second part, on the Duke of Orleans, gives the worst possible view of Philippe Egalité, as the father of King Louis Philippe has been called. According to Talleyrand he behaved badly to every one. It is hardly possible to imagine a darker picture. The third part deals with the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate and the early years of the Empire, and therefore brings us to the time to which belong those actions of Talleyrand which have been most unfavourably criticized. We think there can be no doubt that he did his best to save the royal family; but he had two great difficulties, the unreasonableness of the royal personages, and the excited condition of the French people. With regard to the charges of ingratitude and treachery made against him, respecting his conduct to the Directory and the Emperor, we see no real ground upon which they can be supported.

Two or three things are quite clear. Talleyrand was a worldly, selfish man, and by no means strictly moral; he amassed an immense fortune which he never properly earned. But there is no evidence of his having abandoned any principles which he professed. He was, throughout, in favour of constitutional monarchy, and wanted the Bourbons back whenever their return could be secured, and in the meantime he did his best for his country. Could any one blame him for quietly removing to England when the Reign of Terror was approaching? Those who did not then save themselves were not better, but only less wise, than he was, so he took office under the Directory and subsequently under Napoleon, as first Consul and as Emperor, simply as the best thing that could be done at the time. It is perfectly true that he turned against Napoleon later on, but he marks the time and the reason for his falling away. Up to a certain period the Emperor behaved with moderation, and Talleyrand says plainly that his conduct to Spain and to the House of Savoy marked the beginning of an insane ambition which must necessarily lead to his downfall, and from that time he first remonstrated with Napoleon, and, finding that useless, he worked against him.

The whole of that portion of the volume which treats of Talleyrand's relations with the Emperor Napoleon is of extreme interest. "Napoleon," he says, "was at Finkenstein, and said one day in a cheerful moment: 'I know, when necessary, how to throw off the skin of the lion, and put on that of the fox.' He was fond," continues Talleyrand, "of deceiving, and would do so for the mere love of it." The most heinous example of his treachery he gives in his shameless breach of faith towards the King of Spain. His practical arrest of the Spanish princes, Talleyrand declares to be the most memorable, perhaps, of all the outrages of Napoleon. It was in reference to these events, of which the Emperor was so little ashamed, that he boasted of what he had done, that Talleyrand told him plainly that he had lost more than he had gained by the events at Bayonne. "What do you mean by that?" he replied. "Mon Dieu," I said, "it is very simple, and I will show you by an example. If a man in the world commits follies, has mistresses, conducts himself badly towards his wife, does even grave wrongs to his friends, he will doubtless be blamed; but if he is rich, powerful and clever, he may still expect to be treated with indulgence in society. If he cheats in gaming, he is immediately banished from good company, which will never pardon him." Talleyrand goes on to say, "the Emperor turned pale, remained confused, and spoke to me no more on that day; but I can say that from this moment dated the rupture which, more or less marked, took place between him and me." All this seems perfectly intelligible and straightforward. At any rate we have Talleyrand's own account of the matter.

We should add that the volume is admirably printed on excellent paper and very tastefully bound; but we would strongly counsel the revision of the translation in future by an English scholar. It is quite accurate, but it is not unfrequently clumsy and unidiomatic.

THE SPRING MEETING OF THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB.

It is not within the province of THE WEEK to give a sporting report of the meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club held during last week on the Woodbine Race Course; at the same time we tender to the Club our heartiest congratulations from every stand point on their most successful meeting. Our comments must be complimentary throughout. Horse-racing under able management we recognize as a legitimate sport the world over, and a glance at the names of the officials who hold the helm of this Club is sufficient to warrant its great success. Favoured with phenomenally fine weather and an excellent programme on each day, Canadians have seldom had an opportunity to witness such an exceptional racing week.

The splendid time made by the winners of most of the stakes and the closeness of the competition is a sufficient guarantee of the superiority of the animals, and we would specially mention the horses: Terror Colt (who after his victory in the Queen's Plate was named "Victorious" by His Excellency Lord Stanley), Repeater, Hercules, Myfellow, Sam Wood and McKenzie, nearly all of whom were double winners during the week, and showed the four great requirements of the race-horse: size, symmetry, speed and stamina. Whilst speaking in complimentary terms of the horses, we do not wish to pass over the creditable performances of the mares: La Blanche, Myanna and the Countess, although this is not the season when mares run their best.

Apart from noticing the first horse who passed the winning post, we would pay our tribute to the enterprise of such lovers of the noble animal as Messrs. Seagram, Hendrie and Dawes, who may justly be called the Fal-mouth, Westminster and Portland of the Canadian turf. These gentlemen employ a portion of their surplus wealth in introducing the best blood into their studs, and by the careful training of animals which to serve their purpose can only be produced by the most judicious selection of stock of hereditary excellence and freedom from blemish. The mission of the thoroughbred is not only confined to the production of speed for racing purposes, but in these days when roads are improved and streets laid down with modern pavement, a lighter, more fashionable, and at the same time a more valuable animal is most suitable. One that must owe a part of its parentage to the aristocratic blood-horse. We may add too that "blood will tell" to advantage in every strain, and for every purpose, from the Racer to the Hack.

On the subject of betting we have little to say beyond the fact that so long as the universal love of the horse exists, together with the ambition of man to possess the superior animal, speculation on the result of competition will always be prevalent, and at the meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club we were pleased to see the speculative element confined to a certain part of the ground, so that the sensibilities of the people were not shocked to any great extent.

The meeting throughout was graced with the presence of the Vice-Regal party and some of the best representatives of the beauty and fashion of the Dominion. The grand stand was a sight rarely to be seen at any race meeting.

One word for the jockeys: the horses were well ridden, and we were pleased to notice the humane forbearance of unnecessary punishment. J. M.

ART NOTES.

In the north-west room (continuing our notice of the Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition) we remark eight or nine of Mr. G. Bruenech's clearly-tinted and idealized little sketches. The adjective "little" is not used in any derogatory sense; on the contrary, it is or should be, a platitude to observe that the value of a picture is often in inverse ratio to its size—a truth which, if more fully understood by some of our rising artists, would lead them in wiser paths. Mr. Matthews shows a number of pictures characterized by his usual qualities, of which "Looking down the Goat Pass," valued at \$150.00, is for sale for benefit of the building fund. The veteran name of Verner attaches to canvases in the traditional prairie-manner, and very effective some of them are, namely: 252, "Sioux Tepees," and 216, "Buffalo Sunset." W. Reford's Nassau sketches are quaint and novel. F. M. Bell-Smith's large picture of the "Fraser River" is not so good as his "Wharf, Murray Bay." O. P. Staples shows a "Study from Life," which is good; so is "The Piper," 53, a previous sketch by the same hand. Mr. Manly's "Lismore Castle" is conscientiously painted; his grays are particularly pleasant. Mr. H. Martin's "Niagara Mists" may not be entirely satisfactory, on account, as before remarked of the colossal proportions of the subject, but at all events it shows the only way in which the Falls can be adequately approached—from below. "Marigolds," by W. Revel, stand out in fine relief. T. H. Wilkinson displays a large and effective canvas in 234, "Straits of Messina, Sicily," although the peculiar geometrical character of the waves,

while doubtless true enough to nature, offends somewhat in its angularity. A. E. Boulton has, among others, one very creditable picture, 253. So has W. D. Blatchley, a name which is comparatively new. Two attempts at Pastel next engage our attention, the more successful being Mr. Reid's "Reverie." Are not the hands altogether too red, however, as the features are too much shrouded in gloom? "Evening," by Mrs. Payne is a suggestive little bit. Two studies of "Grapes," by E. Knott and Mrs. Sheridan, are remarkably good; so is Miss Jopling's old "Violin." "Last of the Season," by Miss Clarke, deserves a word of praise; so does Joseph Biehn's "Studio," in which we appear to recognize Mr. Forster and other artists. F. A. T. Dunbar shows three or four extraordinary things, one of which is called a sketch but is more like a smudge. "Buffalo in a Blizzard" is of course by Verner, but in the best manner of this well-known artist. Mr. Challenger is to the fore again with his "Emigrant," and still life, while Mr. W. A. Sherwood has, in 318, a Winter Idyl, a really exceeding pretty portrait. Mr. Forbes' splash of autumnal colours, entitled "October," must be viewed afar off; it then reveals unexpected strength. His remaining pictures in this room are somewhat hard and unequal. Mr. Reid's "Morning Mists," though notable, is a trifle eccentric. In a scene purporting to be near Kenilworth, England, Mr. Matthews has introduced a donkey and a lady, believed to be on a bicycle; these are of course naturally recurring features in an English landscape. Two works of the late M. Hannaford also adorn the exhibition, and in summing up, it is pleasant to note the good preparatory work offered by the following comparatively unknown painters: Maud Wilkes, Gordon Osborne, Miss Gertrude Spurr, Miss Samuel, Miss Palin, Miss Thompson, Miss J. M. F. Adams, Miss Jellett, Miss Wrenchall, Miss Vickers and Miss Howson, who are beginning in the right way and learning to draw and colour accurately before presenting the public with pretentious landscapes or ambitious composition pictures. The architectural drawings, original designs and china painting—the latter the work of only one lady, Miss Maud Masson—are worthy of the Ontario Society of Artists. It is a pity, and a matter, also, for reflection, that so little appears to have been done in the direction of modelling. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy is the chief exhibitor in this direction—why have we no native Canadians as industrious as he? The management have done all in their power to make the exhibition as great a success socially, as it undoubtedly is, artistically. Would that the public responded better, and testified openly, by frequent attendance, its appreciation of the really notable work put forth this season of 1891!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MODERN opera, or as it was originally more amply designated "Opera in musica, in stilo rappresentativo," is generally admitted to have had its birth in the city of Florence, the first work of the kind, the "Dafne," set to music by Peri, having been produced here in the year 1594. Accordingly, says the *London Musical Times*, "Opera in musica" will have its tercentenary three years hence; the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music of Florence have just decided to celebrate the event in a suitable manner, and a committee has been appointed for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries.—*Friends Music and Drama.*

A MAGNIFICENT piano, valued at 500 guineas, is being manufactured in London for the Vatican. It is decorated with tea roses on a dull gold ground, and is varnished with *vernix royal*, which not only imparts an unusual brilliance to its appearance but also to its tone. The varnish is said to be made of the same materials with which the old Cremona violin-makers covered the sounding board of their instruments. The secret has been lost for centuries, and its discovery forms the groundwork of a play said to furnish M. Coquelin with one of his best pathetic characters. Burne-Jones has a piano decorated in dull green with an allegory of good and evil, while Alma Tadema's instrument is inlaid with ivory, and the inside of the cover lined with parchment written with the autographs of his celebrated friends.

THE memoirs of Jenny Lind were published in London on April 23. They are edited by Canon Holland and W. S. Rockstro from letters, documents and diaries belonging to her husband. The two volumes give her history up to the time of her marriage. In early life she had a strong antipathy to a dramatic career. Writing to her father in 1842 she expressed the desire that God would save her from being obliged to sing on the stage. During her whole life there was a gradual increase of religious feeling, which doubtless induced her early retirement from the stage. The work includes accounts of the singer written by the Queen and Mme. Schumann; it also gives the cadenzas which the singer employed, and her correspondence with Mendelssohn. A footnote contains an account of Jenny Lind's chief public appearances after her fateful journey to America.

CHAS. GOUNOD, says an exchange, lives in a large three-storey house in the Monceau quarter of Paris, for about eight months of the year, the balance of the year being spent at St. Cloud, where his wife has a large residence bequeathed to her by her father. In his studio at his Paris residence he has an organ blown by hydraulic power, and his writing desk is a composite one, a moveable key-

board sliding backwards and forwards under the desk at will. Although over seventy, he still sings with intense refinement and feeling, but his voice is almost gone. Personally, he is a most sociable and agreeable man, but at rehearsals he is firm and obstinate. To young composers he says: "Listen to your heart, govern it by your reason, and do not trouble yourself about hampering systems. Inspiration and counterpoint is all the needed baggage of a musician."

"THE only time that I ever met Macready was while I was at the Princess'. He was seeing the performance, and had come behind the scenes to speak to Charles Kean. My dressing-room was at the other side of the Royal entrance passage, and as, with my usual impetuosity, I was rushing back to my room, I ran right into the white waistcoat of an old gentleman. Looking up, I saw with alarm that I had nearly knocked over the great Mr. Macready. 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' I exclaimed, in eager voice; but Mr. Macready, looking down with a very kindly smile, only laughed and answered: 'Never mind, you are a very polite little girl, and you act very earnestly and speak very nicely.' I was too agitated to do anything but continue my headlong course to my dressing-room; but even in those short moments the strange attractiveness of his face impressed itself on my imagination. I remember distinctly his curling hair, his strangely coloured eyes full of fire, and his beautiful wavy mouth."—*Ellen Terry, in New Review.*

THE late Count von Molke was even something more than the most successful general of his time. He was an excellent mathematician, a good classical scholar, an accomplished linguist conversant with some twelve modern languages, an able *litterateur*, an admirable painter, and a musician of no mean skill, possessing also excellent critical powers, which made his opinions of value even in musical circles. He could play half-a-dozen instruments fairly, but like Pope Pius IX. was said specially to delight in the manly tones of the violoncello. He was an excellent sight reader, and was listening to a sonata of Beethoven's that was being played to him when the fatal seizure took place, and the grand old soldier fell on his couch speechless, the strains of Beethoven being the last sounds he heard.—*Musical News.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE THEORY AND TECHNIQUE OF STATISTICS. Part II. August Meitzen, Ph.D.

This is part of Professor Meitzen's work on statistics, previously noticed by us, and published as a supplement by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. In this part, the learned Professor treats the subject in detail in a manner that will prove interesting to all students of statistics. This treatise is not only philosophic, but practical as well. It is the result of profound consideration and comprehensive treatment, and is accompanied by very helpful appendices and index. The Academy is doing good work in popularizing such an able treatise among English statistical readers.

HER PLAYTHINGS, MEN. By Mabel Esmonde Cahill. Price 50 cents. New York: Worthington; Toronto: P. C. Allan. 1891.

The writer of this story possesses a good deal of what we may call crude power; and, if she also possesses a fair degree of humility and considerable power of work, she may some day produce a very good novel. Her actual production does not reach a high degree of excellence. The characters are not very distinct and are far from being consistent, and the incidents are, many of them, highly improbable. To some readers, however, these features may possibly prove recommendations, especially as there is a certain sensational excitement about the story which may be more pleasing to a certain class than higher artistic excellence. Nothing can be prettier than the get-up of these series of Messrs. Worthington.

TEN YEARS IN MY FIRST CHARGE. By Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A. Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

Mr. Scott has set himself a task of no ordinary difficulty, to tell the story of the first ten years of a successful ministry, so as to make the narrative a help to others rather than a means of glorifying himself. Starting in the perusal of the volume with a certain prejudice—rather, perhaps, with a certain fear of what we might find in it—we are bound to say that, on the whole, Mr. Scott has acquitted himself well. Of course, the story is rather spun out. At many places we are forced to stop and reflect that the author might have used judicious condensation. But then we have to acknowledge that those for whom the book was written would probably miss those very passages with which we could best dispense. And, we repeat, there is very little in the book which could fairly be pronounced to be in bad taste, whilst there are a good many things which might be very helpful to men preparing for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. We will give an extract which, whilst it tells a story well known to earlier generations, may yet be useful, whether we have heard it before or not. "Gossips and liars" [here is good plain speech] "belong to the same household, just as tale-bearing and impertinent meddlesomeness belong to the same person. It is told of Dr. Gill, the commentator, that a gossipy woman once called upon him to find fault with the length of the white bands that he wore. 'Well, well,' said the

Doctor, 'what do you think is the right length? Take them and make them as long or as short as you like.' The lady expressed her delight, so the story runs; she was sure that her dear pastor would grant her request, and therefore she had brought her scissors with her, and would do the trimming at once. Accordingly snip, snip, and the thing was done and the bits returned. 'Now,' said the Doctor, 'my good sister, you must do me a good turn also.' 'Yes, that I will, Doctor. What can it be?' 'Well, you have something about you that is a deal too long, and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter.' 'Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate,' said the dame, 'what is it? Here are the scissors, use them as you please.' 'Come, then,' said the pastor, 'good sister put out your tongue.'

A LITERARY MANUAL OF FOREIGN QUOTATIONS: Ancient and Modern. With illustrating and explanatory notes. Compiled by John Devos Belton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In this handsome volume Mr. Belton has added another to the number of kindred books which have appeared on this not unpopular subject. It may be said that such works are a snare to the illiterate, inasmuch as the vanity which sometimes leads them to attempt to parade what they do not fully possess, can only result in their chagrin and discomfiture. On the other hand, the legitimate use of such books is both pleasurable and profitable, for in their pages we find some of the choicest expressions of the wit and wisdom of humanity clearly, concisely and often elegantly expressed. How helpful it is to reflect upon the origin and influence of some wise proverb or pithy saying. To realize that it was the upward turning point in many a noble life; the perhaps casual glance, the profound impression, and the forceful impulse given to life has enshrined it in many a heart. Like the good seed fallen in fertile soil, it has taken root, sprung up and borne abundant fruit. Some idea may be had of Mr. Belton's method from his statement that his work contains "a selection of quotations from Latin and the languages of continental Europe, which are, or have been, used or referred to by modern writers. Only those quotations are given which have a distinctly literary flavour," that "The quotations are, as a general rule, followed by extracts from modern authors in which they are used," and that the origin of the quotation is, when necessary, explained, and the context of the author set forth. As an illustration of Mr. Belton's mode of treatment we quote the well-known saying so indelibly stamped upon the memory of every school boy:—

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT IMPROBUS—(Virgil, *Georgics*, l., 145).—*Stubborn labour conquers everything.*

On this occasion, more than once, I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my stateroom. It was February, and the weather was miserable, but still I did my work. *Labor omnia vincit improbus.*—*Anthony Trollope, 'Autobiography.'*

Mr. Belton has done his work well and provided for the literary worker, one of the most accurate and serviceable works of its class. One very useful feature of the book is the index arrangement which gives a separate index for Latin, Italian, French, and German quotations.

WE observe that the *American Periodical Index* has changed ownership. This is one of those invaluable publications for literary readers and workers which the vast accumulation of present-day literature and journalism renders necessary.

THE *New England Magazine* for June is enriched with two frontispieces—both of Wagner, and both excellent. They accompany an article on "Wagner and Tannhauser in Paris, 1861," by E. H. House. The number has a variety of poems, articles and illustrations.

Summer Reading, a literary companion for the season, is a charming little pamphlet issued by the *Publishers Weekly* of New York. It is a decided aid for literary people to be able, in its bright pages, to find selected portions of popular books with appropriate illustrations.

Belford's for this month intersperses light with heavy. It commences with a complete novel—"A Bargain in Souls," by E. de L. Pierson, following which comes "The Wage System," by Eva McDonald. The editorial department discusses the important topic of "The Tariff and the Farmers' Alliance."

ART readers and students will find pleasure and instruction in the pages of the *Art Interchange* for the 23rd ult. The coloured supplement is a fine, bold study of an Algerian porter's head. There are decorative designs for tile ornamentation, artistic illustrations, as well as the usual useful departmental matter.

THE *Dominion Illustrated* of the 23rd ult. had a venerable and touching sketch by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of that manly young Canadian soldier, Captain Huntly Mackay, whose early death has been so widely deplored. Rudyard Kipling's stirring lines on "The Flag of England" were well worth the reading.

A PORTRAIT of Christopher Columbus is the frontispiece of the *Magazine of American History* for June. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb provides the opening article, "Glimpses of the Railroad in History," which is very entertaining and instructive. Dr. Oscar Brown contributes a lengthy paper on "Distinguished Germans in American Affairs," which does justice to the part the patient toiling Teuton has taken in the upbuilding of the United States.

St. Nicholas for June keeps up the average of this well-known periodical. Their respective admirers will see with pleasure the names of John Burroughs and Sophie Swett in the table of contents. The number is admirably suited to the leafy month of June.

In *Lippincott's* for June we notice some well-known names. The novel—"Gold of Pleasure"—is by Geo. Parsons Lathrop, of which author the frontispiece supplies a good portrait. Edward Fawcett writes of Carroll Abinger; and Lucy C. Lillie of the Princess of Wales. C. H. Herford's "In the Thorvaldsen Museum" will interest many.

The *June Century* is a good number, and one well suited to the season. Those two entertaining writers, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, discuss and illustrate "Play and Work in the Alps." Eleanor Field writes brightly of Newnham Hall in her article "Women at an English University." One of the prettiest little stories in the number is Hamlin Garland's "A Spring Romance," which certainly is charming. Frank Stockton's "The Squirrel Inn" is continued.

With the *June Arena* comes a portrait of that distinguished orator and divine, Phillips Brooks. Julian Hawthorne outlines some work for "The New Columbus;" from the *World of Astronomy*, Camille Flammarion points us to the world of "Unknown Natural Forces." "The Chivalry of the Press" is a bright and clever contribution by Julius Chambers, whose fine, thoughtful face is shown in photogravure. "Society's Exiles" is a humanitarian sketch by the editor, whose kind, intelligent face forms the frontispiece of the number.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for June has a fine portrait of the great astronomer, Nikolaus Copernicus. Dr. A. D. White opens the number with an able and learned paper on "Miracles and Medicine;" S. N. Dexter North in the *American Industry* series treats very ably "The Manufacture of Wool;" "The Characteristics of Insects" is a very interesting and instructive illustrated extract from the work "L' Amateur d' Insects;" in the "Music of Birds," Mr. S. P. Cheney becomes a musical publisher for his feathered friends.

The *Quarterly Register of Current History*, published by Evening News Association, Detroit, on the whole is very carefully and fairly prepared; the events which attracted most attention are fully noticed. A publication of this kind is very valuable for reference as time like distance is apt to deceive. Referring to Canadian affairs, our Detroit contemporary naturally prophesies absorption as our natural destiny, and asserts that "the leaven of unrestricted reciprocity has wrought considerable." Surely such prophecy and grammar are companions well met.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* for June is brimful of bright, timely and instructive articles. The brides of June will rejoice over "Just before the Ceremony," by Ruth Ashmore; "Flowers for the Bridal Hour," by C. F. Klunder; "The Etiquette of Bridals," by Ada Chester Bond; "Belongings of a Bride," by Isabel A. Mallon; "When on the Bridal Trip," by Mabel Osborne, and "Home after the Honeymoon," by Emma R. Cook. What more could "a coming" bride desire except a bridegroom—which she could scarcely expect even the *Ladies' Home Journal* to provide.

The *Methodist Magazine* for June deserves a highly commendatory notice. The variety and breadth of its contents are refreshing. The well-known editor writes of "Zurich and its Memories," and Mr. Algernon Blackwood continues his interesting sketches of Alpine travel. Dr. Hart touches on "Medical Missions," and the Rev. Geo. J. Bond, "The Methodists of Moab." Amongst these more ambitious articles is Lady Kintore's sprightly "Homeward from the Antipodes." Two famous books are reviewed with many quotations, viz., "The Light of the World" and "Canada and the Canadian Question." The editor may well be proud of this June number.

The leading paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June is "Abraham Lincoln," by Carl Schurz. It is a clear, concise and comprehensive summary of the life, work, and character of Lincoln by a most competent judge. Mr. Stockton ambles genially through another wing of "The House of Martha." Professor G. H. Palmer draws a capital sketch of Professor Sophocles formerly of Harvard. "Rowing at Oxford" is good reading; it is from the pen of S. E. Winbolt. Bliss Carmen's, "The Last Watch," is the Canadian contribution to the number and is redolent of the sea.

Outing for June has an impressive-toned frontispiece. "A Royal Sanctuary for Noble Fish." "Beyond the Great Lakes" is a pleasing descriptive article by A. B. Guptill. Francis Trevelyan tells a rattling race story in "How Jack Lindsay Bested the Captain." Matthew Richey Knight, the well-known Canadian *littérateur* follows with the fine "Sonnet: Love of Nature." "Distance Running" is another article from the sportsmanlike pen of Malcolm W. Ford. The editor furnishes a bright little paper "Canoe and Rod on the Thames," and Captain Thomas Blackwell has a second contribution on "The Rowing Clubs of Canada."

The June number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* has an interesting paper on "Strange Family Histories." "Some Needlework for the Children's Room" is a useful paper, followed by a story "On the Lake of Lucerne." "Dunedin No More!" is a poem by Frederic E. Weatherly. "How Wills are Proved" and "The Profession of Elec-

trical Engineering" are most suggestive papers. The serial, "A Sharp Experience," is ended in this number, and from its closing chapters we turn to "The Teaching of Cookery in Board Schools," and "Some Pleasant Varieties in Food," very useful papers both.

The *Dominion Illustrated* of the 30th ult. has two fine poems, one "The Angel of Healing," in blank verse by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, and the other a richly-coloured descriptive poem, full of oriental warmth and luxuriance, by Hunter Duvar, entitled "On the Tigris." The writer of "In Study and Camp" pronounces the dictum that "the more cultured the man the more capable he is of being a savage," and mentions Keats, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Parnell, Napoleon. We venture to think that savagery in cultivated men is exceptional and by no means general. Intellectual cultivation refines and exalts rather than debases and defames the man.

WERE the well illustrated story, "The Briefless Barrister," by Grant Allen, the only attraction of the *Illustrated News* of the 30th ult., it would be an exceptional number. There is other matter of merit. Among the illustrations are "The Queen at the Royal Naval Exhibition: the One-hundred-and-ten-ton Gun," and the portrait of the great English tenor, Sims Reeves, who it is said has at last sung his farewell songs in public. Clark Russell's serial "My Danish Sweetheart" is continued. A face of more than usual interest to Canadians is that of the late General Sir Alexander Macdonell, K.C.B., a branch member of that staunch and loyal family the Macdonells, of Glengarry, who figured so conspicuously in the trying days of our early history. "Chickens" has a bright girlish face, sweet and attractive. This capital number has other interesting matter as well.

The *Art Amateur* for June is an excellent number. It is accompanied by three beautiful colour studies "Trillium and Corydallis," "The Ribbon Plaies," and "By the Lane." The frontispiece is "A Portrait Bust," by Herbert Adams. The various departments are full of interesting and instructive matter. "My Note Book" treats amongst other things of "Art Criticism of Art Critics;" "Gallery and Studio" presents a number of crayon studies by distinguished artists such as Chorlemont, Jules Bréton, Mazerolle Boulanger, Meissonier and Hippolyte-Floudrim. There is other important matter and a large number of suggestive supplemental designs very helpful to art students.

"GLAD SPRING," by George Wetherbee, is the beautiful frontispiece in the *Magazine of Art* for June. The opening paper by M. H. Spielmann is devoted to the recent exhibition at the Royal Academy. A reproduction of Hon. John Collier's strong portrait of Professor Huxley is given and also Sir John Gilbert's "Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper." "Berkeley Castle" is a most interesting illustrated paper by Percy Fitzgerald. "The Myth of the Nightingale on Greek Vase-Painting" is by Miss J. E. Harrison. An article on Cassell's famous International Shakspeare gives illustrations from the pencils of Grützner, Emil Bayard, and Frank Dicksee. The Royal Holloway College Picture Gallery is described by Walter Shaw-Sparrow. S. Bing has the first of two Japanese papers, Hokusai, with illustrations, and Frederick Wedmore discusses "The French Revival of Etching."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

In the death of Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, Quebec has lost one of her noblest and most distinguished sons. As a politician, statesman, judge, this eminent Canadian stood in the forefront of the intellectual life of his day, and in the years to come the name of "Dorion" will shine on the page of Canadian History with the lustre which flows from great ability, integrity and patriotism.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously conferred a life peerage on Sir George Stephen. This honour is a palpable proof of the warm affection borne by our beloved Queen to her loyal Canadian subjects. The stupendous achievement of the building and completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway has won for Canada the admiration of the civilized world, and, for Sir George Stephen, the well-deserved honours which have been bestowed upon him as one of the chief factors in the accomplishment of that great work.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S illness has been the theme of every tongue. Political friends and foes alike of the great Canadian statesman have watched with subdued and saddened feeling for the press announcements of their Premier's condition. The hopes and fears of our people have been fully aroused, and never since our Dominion's birth has its veteran founder's life been so precious to us, as in the long and solemn hours of his determined struggle with the invincible enemy of our race.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce the following publications: "Felicia," a novel, by Fanny N. D. Murfree; "Lewis Cass," Vol. XXIV. of *American Statesmen*, by Prof. A. C. McLaughlin; "Ryle's Open Gate," a novel, by Susan T. Moore; "The Silva of North America," by Charles S. Sargent; "Whist in Diagrams," by G. W. P.; "Under a Colonial Roof Tree," by A. S. Huntington; "Notes in England and Italy," by Mrs. Hawthorne; and "Life of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

WINDS of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yell at the English flag.

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;
I chase your lazy whalers home from Disko floe;
By the Great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice field or the Dogger fills with cod.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts that Northern Light;
What is the flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

The South Wind sighs: "From the Virgins my midsea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea egg flames on the coral and the long backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy locked lagoon.

"My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
What is the flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!"

The East Wind roared: "From the Kurlies, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And men call me the Home Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!

"The desert dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
What is the flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!"

The West Wind called: "In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath.

But whether in calm or wrack weath, whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger, or rip their plates away.
First of the scattered legions, under the shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dew have kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"—*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE poetry of the phonograph nobody will deny. Here is the venerable poet laureate reciting into it the "Balaklava Charge," and the fine bugle song in the "Princess." Fancy if we and future ages had thus sealed up, like mighty bottle-imps, the very words which have shaken the world in the great crisis of its history! If, by just turning a handle, we could hear Plato discoursing of immortality to a knot of disciples in the groves of the Academy; his great master logic-chopping with a sophist at the public baths; Demosthenes thundering against Philip of Macedon from the Pnyx; Cicero making the forum ring with the execrated name of Verres; the ten thousand shouting "Thalassa" at their first famous glimpse of the welcome sea; Roland drawing the last echoes from the magic horn at the Roncesvalles fight; the barons of Maria Theresa crying, "We will die for our king;" the voices of Latimer and Ridley, of Pym and Hampden, of Cromwell and Sir Philip Sidney or Shakespeare's recitation at the Globe Theatre of the soliloquy of Hamlet! History would be a different thing. The world would be too interesting for us to sleep o' nights.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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The first trip will take place on June 6th, and the programme includes visits to the House in which Shakespeare was born, to the site of the House in which he spent the last nineteen years of his life and in which he died, to his Tomb in the Church of the Holy Trinity, and to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon; to Kennilworth and Warwick Castles; and to Beauchamp Chapel, which contains Leicester's Tomb, and the Crypt, in the St. Mary's Church, Warwick.

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MIRACLE OF MODERN DAYS.

HAMILTON PRODUCES ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CURES ON RECORD—"TOTALLY DISABLED," YET CURED.

Hamilton Times, May 27th, 1891.

One of the most remarkable cures in the history of medicine has just been effected in this city, and the fame of it is fast spreading throughout the land. Over four

years ago Mr. John Marshall, then employed as manager of Mr. J. C. Williams' coal oil refinery works here, sustained a fall, which at the time was not thought to be serious. He doctored but his trouble grew worse, and contracting cold after cold upon his other trouble, he was compelled to give up work entirely. His troubles developed into ataxy, a nervous disorder, held by medical authorities to be incurable. For four years Mr. Marshall has been an intense sufferer. He lost the use of his legs entirely and could not raise himself from a chair except by the use of a crutch and a stick. Though there was power in his legs there was no feeling. They were like dead weights, cold as ice and not susceptible to feeling. He could take his heavy stick and hammer the flesh until the sound of blows filled the house. During the course of these years no less than fourteen leading physicians of this city treated him. Sometimes two or three of them were in attendance at once. All agreed that his disease was incurable. Mr. Marshall went to Toronto for electrical treatment at a heavy expense, but received not the slightest benefit. He tried every patent medicine that was recommended to him, yet without getting any aid. The "suspension" treatment was resorted to, and he was suspended by means of appliances around his neck and under his arms from the ceiling of the barn, but got no relief. Electric belts and appliances of an endless variety were tried, and thoroughly tried, too, but all resulted the same way—they left Mr. Marshall just as they had found him. At one time twenty pins were run right into the flesh of his leg. He barely felt two of them; the others he did not feel at all. His flesh was cut into with a knife and he felt not the slightest pain; and so he went on until the 13th day of April last, every remedy suggested by any one being tried, and hundreds of dollars spent upon patent medicines, to say nothing of doctors' bills.

Mr. Marshall was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance. He was passed by the physicians of the Order as totally disabled for life. The chief medical examiner passed him, and he was paid the \$1,000 paid by the Order in cases of total disability.

A day or two ago a *Times* representative called upon Mr. Marshall at his residence, No. 25 Little William St. The door was open, and upon knocking a strong steady step was heard. Mr. Marshall opened the door and received the reporter cordially. He walked without either crutch or stick and looked the picture of a sturdy fine man. He conversed freely of his case, as did Mrs. Marshall who came in later. "Five weeks ago," he said, "I could not raise my foot or bend my leg. As for walking without a stick or crutch it was impossible. I had seen an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as they were especially recommended for nervous disorders, I resolved to try them. I had what the doctors called locomotor ataxy. I had not walked for almost four years. My wife said, 'Oh, what's the use of trying another patent medicine?' but I tried the Pink Pills. I had not used one box before I began to feel the effects. The feeling came back to my right leg first. After using them two weeks I was able to walk up to Mr. C. J. Williams' place on MacNab Street, over a mile and a half from here, and back. I had got nearly home when my left leg gave out, and I nearly went down. I had to stand and rub the leg for several minutes. Then it felt as if a thousand pins were running in it. That was the blood beginning to circulate in the leg that had been dead almost four years. From that time it has steadily improved. Now you see how I am. (Here Mr. Marshall arose and walked briskly around the room without artificial assistance.) I have used absolutely nothing but the Pink Pills and taken cold baths as directed on the boxes. To-day I walked to the market and back—a three-mile walk. I have lived in Hamilton for thirty years and am well known. Hundreds of people stopped me on the streets. Some of them stopped me to see if it was really John Marshall. Hundreds of people have been here too see me. Among them came several physicians who attended me. One of them, and the one who did the most for me, said, 'Well, you are the first cure in 10,000 cases.' I can tell you of a bank messenger in this city who has not walked as straight in twenty-five years as he has this last week. He took Pink Pills on my recommendation. Scores more in this city are trying them and quite a number in this vicinity have been benefited."

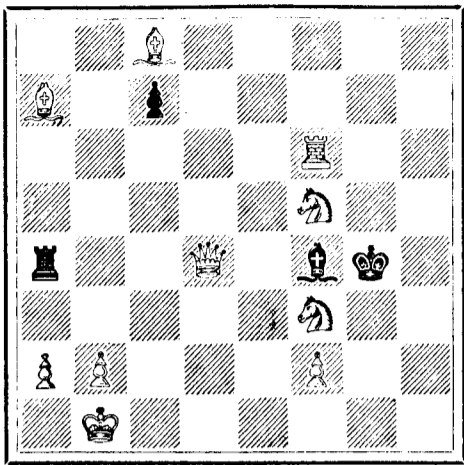
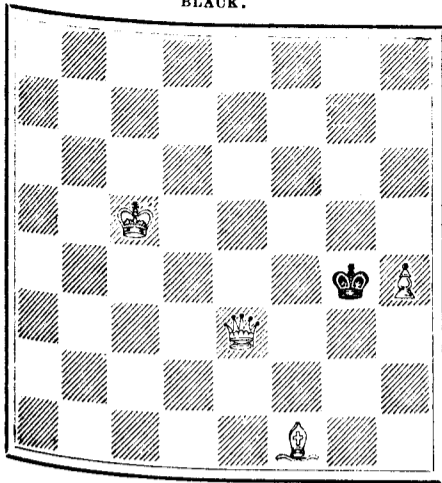
Mr. Marshall is gaining strength rapidly and expects to be back to his work before long. He grows more enthusiastic in talking of Pink Pills and he has good reason to, for his is a remarkable salvation. Since beginning to use the remedy he has gained lost flesh and now weighs more than he has for nine years. He has not an ache or pain, but is conscious of a delicious feeling of healthy life in his legs.

The remarkable case noted in the above article from the *Hamilton Times*, conclusively proves that the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have in no way overstated the merits of their remedy. Pink Pills are a never-failing blood builder and nerve tonic, and are equally valuable for men or women, young or old. They cure all forms of debility, female weaknesses, suppressions, chronic constipation, headache, St. Vitus dance, loss of memory, premature decay, etc., and by their marvellous action on the blood, build up the system anew and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions. Their pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 571. From Chess Strategy. BLACK.

PROBLEM No. 572. By E. Chrimes. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 565. White: 1. Q-K B 2, 2. Q-R 7, 3. Q-Q 4 mates. Black: 1. K x P, 2. K moves.

No. 566. B x K P

GAME PLAYED IN THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS, 1878.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Table showing chess moves for Capt. Mackenzie and Mr. Mason in French Defence. Includes moves like P-K 4, P-Q 4, Q-Kt-B 3, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) A favourite continuation in certain phases of the French game with Mr. Mason, in those days, at least. 8. B-K 3 is nowadays held the proper move. (b) A hazardous attempt to save a P, which, in order to avert the attack, he must otherwise sacrifice by 10. Kt-Kt 3; 11. Q-R 5, P-K B 4, etc. (c) Naturally not 12 Kt x Q R, for then 12. Kt x Kt, when if 13 Q x Kt, B x R P + ! (d) White prepares for the grand coup, evidently some time back in his mind's eye, with elegant deliberation. Every piece is gathered to the decisive point of the struggle. (e) Better seems 16. Q R-K 1 for if then White tenders his Q by 17 Q-R 6 +, K-Kt 1 followed by 18. B-K B 1 yields temporary defence. But Mr. Mason may well be pardoned for overlooking the dazzling stroke that follows. (f) "More elegant than 20. R-R 3 + " justly comments Schallopp, "as White would then have to capture the interposing Kt." (g) "A termination so brilliant," remarks Steinitz in the Field of July 20, 1878, "that it marks the game as one of the finest that ever occurred in any great contest."

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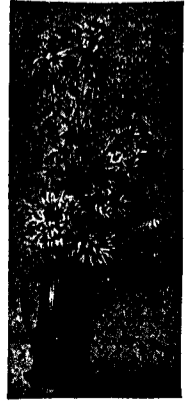
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